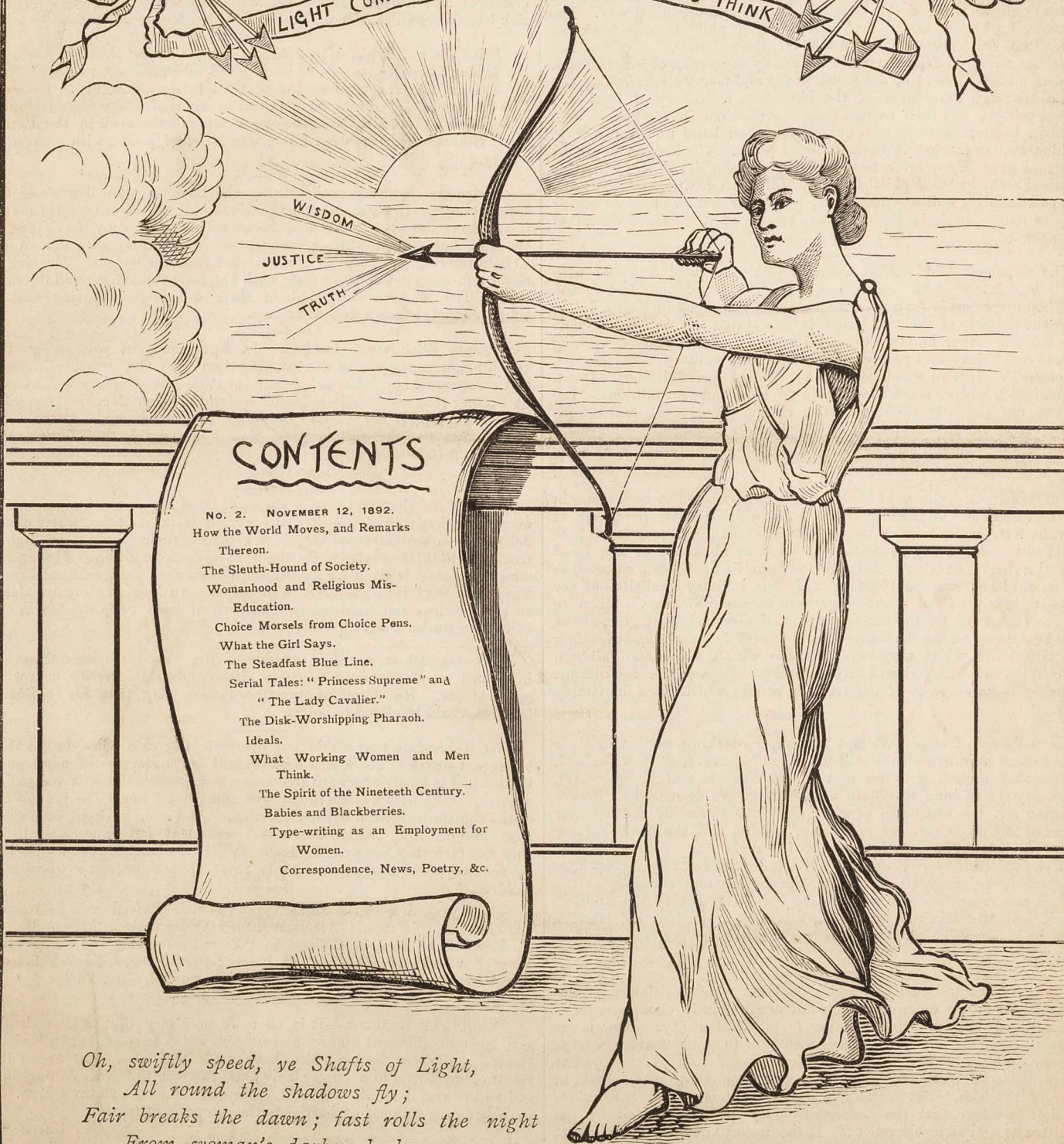


SHAFTS

LIGHT COMES TO THOSE WHO DARE TO THINK



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*Oh, swiftly speed, ye Shafts of Light,
All round the shadows fly;
Fair breaks the dawn; fast rolls the night
From woman's darkened sky.*

HOW THE WORLD MOVES, AND REMARKS THEREON.

GRAHAM WALLACE, as most ethical students are aware, continually uses his influence on behalf of the woman question. His lecture at Essex Hall (Strand), on Sunday evening, concerning the "Duties of Citizens," was no exception to the rule. Again and again he spoke, in unqualified terms, of the immense influence which woman could and ought to exert upon matters of local and municipal government. His treatment of Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," which was almost a humorous key-note to the entire lecture, made it evident that not only should the "orphan boy" be taught "to read," but the "orphan girl" as well—and also the girls and boys who are not orphans. Moreover, Graham Wallace was most careful to enforce the necessity of women doing all work of this kind in a methodical, organised way. The Laureate, he hinted, might have recommended philanthropic work for ladies who find "time hang heavy on their hands," but he had altogether missed the right mark in his kindly suggestion of employment. Women, no less than men, are economically and morally required first to gain a thorough knowledge of the big State machinery of local and general politics, and then to use their energies, not in any merely well-meaning, haphazard way, but by putting their hand to the big State machine and so causing it to do effective work. The lecturer never for a moment gave any quarter to those men who aim at appropriating the organised municipal and philanthropic associations for themselves, while they patronisingly indicate that a sick neighbour and an illiterate boy or girl are ample subjects for the working-out of a woman's duties of citizenship.

The Women's Trade Association is just now well occupied with agitating in favour of the appointment of working women as factory and workshop inspectors. At a mass meeting held last week in East London, under the auspices of the association, it was stated that in London alone there are nearly four hundred thousand women and girls who are working without a sufficient and proper inquiry into the sanitary arrangements, &c., of the buildings in which so large a portion of their existence is spent. The United Kingdom is said to contain no less than four millions of the sex who are similarly situated. Miss Florence Balgarnie, and others, wisely argue that no time should be lost in urging the immediate necessity for appointing women, and especially working women, to inspect factories and workshops.

But, apparently, the need for women inspectors is quite as pressing in another direction. According to the facts which Mr. George Smith, of Coalville, has just submitted to the Labour Commission, our canal boat women and children are shamefully exposed to all kinds of moral and physical evils. The Canal Acts do not seem to have been enforced as they should have been, and consequently the sanitary conditions of our canals are nearly as bad now as they were twenty years ago. When we consider that some six thousand women, and about as many girls, are at present employed among the floating population of the canals, and that their respective cabins, which they have to share with the men and children, only contain two hundred and fifty cubic feet of space, it is not difficult to foresee some at least of the terrible results which must inevitably follow.

An instance of man's attempt to hamper working women in their efforts to earn an independent livelihood is just reported from New Zealand. It seems that, according to the text of the Washers and Manglers Act, (1892), anyone wishing to obtain a washerwoman's or mangler's licence must first get "a certificate of good character, signed by at least four justices of the peace and one policeman." After this she has to further satisfy various public functionaries of the male sex. And even if at length she successfully overcomes all obstacles, if she actually appropriates the womanly privilege (!) of turning the mangle and standing at the washtub, she must be continually at the beck and call of the Auditor-General and the Minister of Public Works, who decide the damages which she is compelled to pay in the event of articles getting injured or lost.

The spasmodic and curiously officious efforts which legislative powers occasionally venture on woman's behalf are generally characteristic of their authors, besides being wanting in practical utility. The latest serious proposal of our French neighbours is to grant factory women a money indemnity in the case of four weeks' loss of employment consequent on the birth of a child. Of course something can be said in favour of the idea. But already, while the bill is yet in a nebulous condition, we find that the suggested money grant is viewed by the committee as a "charitable relief." If the natural owners of an infant

member of the State cannot arrange between themselves to meet the expenses and loss of time which its entrance into the world necessitates for one at least of the parents, we very much doubt whether a law upon the subject would do much good. At any rate, such a law would certainly be productive of confusions measureless, except it were framed by both women and men—by *mothers* as well as by fathers.

It is remarked by a writer in *Invention* that women inventors by no means confine themselves to those departments where they might be supposed to possess special experience. Patents have been granted to women for a plan of deadening noise on railways, for preventing sparks from locomotives, and for a new form of life raft. The greater number of their inventions, however, are connected with dress and domestic appliances. During last year nearly four hundred patents were applied for by women. Some of these have reference to textile manufactures, electrical and railway appliances, and stationery. Appliances for the sick have received considerable attention from female inventors.

A lady in California, Mrs. Johanna Neal, has been placed in charge of the women's department of two leading life insurance companies of New York, for which she receives the unusual salary of £2,000. Hitherto Life Insurance Companies have failed to discriminate woman's ability. This position gives Mrs. Neal the organisation of the work in the Pacific Coast States, which involves filling *one hundred* places with women of ability.

A strange custom prevails among the Bayanzi, who live along the Upper Congo. Brass rings, sometimes weighing 30lbs., are welded round the necks of the wives. At first the neck becomes raw by the chafing of the ring, but after a while it becomes calloused, although a woman has to hold the ring up frequently to get relief from the weight. The ring is never put round a woman's neck until she has attained her full development. The women are proud of their ornament, believing that it enhances their importance and beauty.

George Eliot went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, but was sorely disappointed, even more with the teaching than with the preacher himself. "It exasperated her," she said, "to listen to doctrine that seemed to look no further than the retail Christian's tea and muffins. Mr. Spurgeon said, 'Let us approach the Throne of God' very much as he might have invited you to take a chair; and then followed this fine touch—'We feel no love to God because He hears the prayers of others; it is because He hears my prayer that I love Him.'"

In England the number of women employed as printers increases with every year, but they are still more numerous in America, where about 3,000 women are employed in printing offices, their earnings averaging from £60 to £80 yearly, while the men earn from £120 to £160. No adequate reason is given for paying the women at a rate so much lower, since their work is not inferior to the men's. In London there are about two hundred women compositors, who earn at least twopenny less in the hour than trades union men workers.

There was such an overflow of ladies at Mr. Froude's inaugural lecture in Oxford as Professor of Modern History that University men were crowded out. He therefore announced next day that his ordinary lectures would be closed to ladies.

We feel certain that we do not overstate the case when we say that the recent smash of the Scotch Express will be productive of more good than evil if it hastens forward the time when the signalman is treated as a human being with a home life as well as a "box" life. The present lot of the signalmen is hard beyond question. And none, perhaps, save their wives and children, realise the unjust treatment and unnecessary hardship to which they are systematically subjected—hardships and injustice, by the way, which must inevitably react upon those same wives and children.

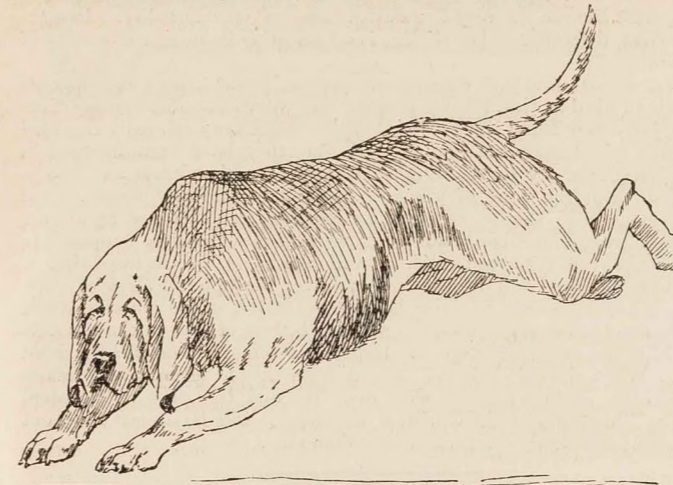
The Association for the Education of Women (Oxford) will have some good lectures this term. Amongst them may be noticed those of Mr. A. M. Edwards, of Lincoln College, on "Piers Ploughman and Canterbury Tales;" "Lessing," by Mr. F. H. Peters; "Outlines of English Literature," by Mr. E. Boas; and "Political Economy," by Mr. Phelps.

RESULTS OF READING.—It is no more necessary that a man should remember the different dinners and suppers which have made him healthy than the different books which have made him wise. Let us see the result of good food in a strong body; and the result of great reading in a full and powerful mind.

Words are an amazing barrier to the reception of truth.

SYDNEY SMITH.

LIVES THAT BAN. THE SLEUTH-HOUND OF SOCIETY.



THE SLEUTH-HOUND of Society assumes many forms, some, perhaps, less terrible than others, if we might dare so to express any of the appearances of a creature in all its actions so deadly. One scent it hath—blood—one instinct, to track its victim untiringly, to follow the scent to the end.

Man makes many supremely ridiculous claims for supremacy, all of which he must, one after the other, lay down. Here, where he makes no claim, he is undeniably first. Let us give him his unenvied precedence: "*Place aux messieurs.*"

The pen shrinks from such a task as this, the hand trembles, the whole being shudders to its centre in describing *this SLEUTH-HOUND*. It is well for many of us women at this moment, it is a comfort inexpressible to think of the men we know and love who cannot be grouped under the heading of this AWFUL THING, this dastardly coward that shuns the light, that tracks to despair and death so many lives that might otherwise have been pure and happy. It hath its haunts everywhere; its paw-marks in all the fashionable streets of our large towns; in quiet country lanes, in fashionable watering-places, where Society gathers; in places of resort at home or abroad; even in the slums of our cities. Heavy of eye, dull of limb, with cruel fangs and poisonous breath, its evil hidden deep within, it treads its devilish way, and the scent for *blood only*, the blood of the young and fair, ever in its nostrils. It is faultlessly, elegantly got up; the cut of its clothes, the brand of its cigars, the quality of its gloves, its studs and rings, all of the first water. Meeting it, you would not guess its dire intent, its hunger accursed, for it hath eyes, voice, and mien which it can change at will. Yet, looking straight into its cruel orbs, the nature of this HORRIBLE CREATION of innumerable mistakes, can be seen. Pure-hearted women and men recoil shivering from such a contact.

In the drawing-rooms of Society look at it; how different its attitude, how deferential, how tender; how impenetrable is the mask it wears. Lovely girls, fresh and sweet as the daisy's golden heart, look up to it with admiration and wonder, and lay upon it their trusting hands. The mothers of modern Society approve of it, pat it gently, look over and under its vicious tendencies, never at them; they see nothing of its remorseless teeth; they give into its keeping their choicest flowers. Living deaths, blasted lives, ruined human souls are the results of this treachery.

Out on the streets in sun or gas-shine, this SLEUTH-HOUND prowls in savage glee. Soft eyes, pretty feet, slim, graceful forms—these are his quarry. Female forms of almost any age or position rouse his horrible instincts. His nose is laid to the ground; his body stiffens to the race; his scent is strong and keen; he is on the *death trail*. Woe to the unhappy quarry now. There are more of him—hundreds of him—thousands, millions of him—he is everywhere, in the highest places of the land. The sweet, the innocent, the tempted, the starving drop down in myriads before his hot breath, and the diabolical cunning of his stealthy tread. Many forces help him—the most powerful forces the land knows are on his side. Hour by hour, day by day, year by year, his victims are crushed to death or to a life tenfold more terrible than any death can be. His victims are everywhere—in garrison towns, in our large cities—housed for him and the millions of him that watch evermore with sickening, insatiable appetite for their prey. And that prey? In the corners of our streets, with agonised eyes, they die inch by inch; in our slums, in our gaols, in our penitentiaries, they pant for death. Down in the depths of rivers, with

eyes that stare, they wait! For what? Who is to crush the head of this monster? Who but she for whose heel he hath so long lain in wait! There are enmities between him and the woman. Let her come, then; open the floodgates of light; let the streams pour upon him and his haunts, until all the world of women and good men shall know him for what he is—shall hold him up to universal execration, to one death-dealing blow—one world-wide, endless condemnation.—**HISS!!!**

WOMANHOOD AND RELIGIOUS MIS-EDUCATION.

(Continued.)

II.

IF the New Testament had begun and ended with the Gospels it is not too much to say that, as regards the religious ideal, woman would have been free. The story of the life of the Nazarene is conspicuous in the entire absence of anything derogatory or unjust and oppressive to womanhood. Women were among the chosen companions of Jesus; He teaches the most absolute equality of moral responsibility in man and woman; He rejoices over the preference displayed by one of these women-friends for the spiritual life, rather than absorbing domestic cares; He endorses marriage only as a means, a necessary concession to the necessities born of the condition into which the human race has fallen, not as an end, or the chief object of existence in either man or woman; He teaches truths of the most profound import to a woman whom the world would describe as abandoned, in defiance of the customs of the Jews which forbade them to speak freely with any woman, least of all the fallen; He rescues the Magdalen and elevates her to a pure and beautiful life, hitherto unknown. The love of His soul and the redeeming purity of His Spirit are breathed forth to all humanity; He has no harsh word—not even for the Judas who betrayed Him—save to the priests whose blind and obstinate guidance He knows too well is a terrible source of error and ignorance in the people; and in all respects He treats woman as a human being, the representative of half of that humanity which it was His mission to lead into light and wisdom. Well would it have been for Christendom if these counsels and this example of the Master had been taken to heart!

After His work is finished the promised descent of the illuminating Spirit came upon women as well as upon men, thus pointing out, as the Scripture page reminds us, that the old prediction that "sons and daughters should prophesy," and that on "servants and handmaidens in those days" should the "Spirit be poured forth," is fulfilled. And the first efforts of Paul were made among women, and his first confirmed convert was one Lydia, a woman of Thyatira. Among the early workers who laboured to spread the spiritual truths taught by Jesus, and to deliver Jews from their worthless ceremonials, and pagans from their godless gods, are many women—the daughters of Philip, Priscilla and (Aquila) (Rom. xiv., and 1 Cor. xvi.), Phoebe, Mary, Tryphena and Tryphosa, Julia, Apphia, and doubtless many others. In the Apocryphal New Testament, Thecla is spoken of as the special co-worker of Paul, and a martyr for the cause, and it is not improbable that the account given was founded on fact, coloured according to the wont of the scribes of those days. The ministry of women, no less than their martyrdom, among the early Christians is well known, and of these none bore themselves with such unflinching fortitude as the women confessors of ancient Rome. Claudia and Pomponia Gracina, who brought the Christian doctrines to Britain about the year 48 A.D.; Chlotilde, who introduced them in France, and Gisela in Hungary; as well as Blandina, Anastatia, Potamiœna, Apollonia, Perpetua, Felicitas, who faced torture and death with dauntless heroism, are all familiar names. As long as woman co-operated with man, the true spirit of Christianity lived; its death-warrant was sealed with the decrees of Constantine, the hatred of womanhood expressed by the early Fathers, and the various councils from which woman was excluded, which met only to wrangle over points of doctrine, and to work for the crystallisation of spiritual truths into mere dogmas and creeds. All this is only one of many illustrations of the futility of any work accomplished by one sex at the expense of, or without the other. There is no life, no vitality in such methods, and Jesus Himself owed His power to the spiritual development of His dual condition—an example of the strength which resides in the human being who manifests the qualities of the woman and the man, of Love combined with Wisdom, the manifestation of a higher law and of the Divine marriage.

And here we come to the key of the question. Up to the period of Constantine, woman had exercised the gift of preaching and teaching which was the natural result of the free and equal bestowal of the spiritual inspiration in the first instance. But two forces arrayed themselves against this divine liberty of womanhood; one was the pagan indifference or hostility to the higher feminine ideal, from which arose the complaint that Christianity assigned too high a place to woman; and the other was the growing asceticism of many of the leaders of Christianity themselves, fathers and anchorites, who regarded woman as a "necessary evil," and the sole cause of "the fall," and nothing more. All this bore fruit, and

the fruit is manifest in those interpolations which speedily found their way into the pages of the Epistles, and have unhappily, notwithstanding their palpable inconsistencies, been regarded as part of Sacred Writ. What was easier in the times when such writings were dependent for their circulation on copyists and manuscripts than to change and amend before they were pronounced "canonical" as seemed best to befit the interests of a growing Church? That it was done there is no doubt, for, as observed, the inconsistencies are too glaring to be passed over. They tell their own tale. We find amid these passages that "woman is made for man," notwithstanding the universal law of masculine and feminine; and also that in spite of this she is advised that it is better "not to marry." Were woman really made for man, surely man should be the sole object of her existence, and marriage the only essential part of her life; but we trace the pen of the ascetic, profoundly influenced by the teachings of the Old Testament, impatient of womanhood, or pointing her to a conventual life, and insisting on a masculine hierarchy, too clearly to be confused. Doubtless this tendency to discard feminine society and co-operation was a reaction produced by the dissolute condition of the Roman Empire at that period, one in which vice rose to phenomenal heights in its widespread influence, and amid which woman as a priestess in the temples of the "Eternal City," Corinth, Cyprus, Abydos, and many another place, was far from preserving moral purity. The later Christian father endured her, nothing more; and the hermit fled from her presence and the presence of all his fellows, and sought retirement amid the solitudes of Libyan deserts and Syrian caves. The true cause of all this moral deterioration was sought as little in those days as in ours, and it is ever the same—the moral and spiritual divorce of man and woman in human life.

Another inconsistency is also apparent to any careful and candid reader. In the first Epistle of Peter, wives are exhorted to cultivate submission and meekness, because "Sarah obeyed Abraham." Now the fact was that Abraham obeyed Sarah, and, according to the text, by a direct command from Deity (a statement wholly irreconcilable with common-sense and the morals disclosed)—"In all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice." (Gen. xxi. 12.) Abraham also "hearkened to the voice of Sarah" with regard to Hagar, who was discarded and deserted after she had become a mother. Yet a large portion of the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians is devoted to proving that "these things are an allegory," and the two women "two covenants." Let us hope they are, for stories more repugnant to the moral sense, or more opposed to all that is divinely appointed, can hardly be found than some of the histories and legends of the Pentateuch. Which is to be credited, the supposed exhortation of Peter, based on literal history, or the argument of Paul in behalf of allegory? If we accept the former, we violate every rational idea; if the latter, then the "example to wives" falls to the ground. Nothing but the equivocations of ecclesiastics could ever have imported such passages into the marriage service, or recognised them as a part of sacred writings at all.

Again, the long hair of the Oriental, as represented in all works of art with regard to Jesus and his disciples, is spoken of as a special attribute of woman, with a view to discrediting her share of teaching in the early Church. Is this likely to have been written by Paul, himself an Eastern, and one who must have known that shaving the head was regarded as a mutilation in the East? Addressed as the passages are to a warrior nation, who, like the Romans, wore their hair short, it is an evident interpolation of later date, made with a view to appeal to the customs and prejudices of those among whom Christianity had hard work to live. The writer declares in the teeth of universal nature that "woman was made for man," and that she must be "silent in the Church"; while we know that woman exists like man because masculine and feminine principles are universal, and that she had received the gift of inspiration as freely as man; that she endured martyrdom for the sake of the faith; that she was prominent in extending the Christian belief, and finally that her prayers and preachings have been quite as useful among the Friends—noted for their humanitarian labours against slavery, and in behalf of peace—or in the Salvation Army, or American pulpits, as those of man. Indeed, considering the enormous number of masculine sermons annually preached in the more stereotyped churches, it is remarkable to notice the result, which, taking into consideration the seriousness with which they are delivered, is, with a few broad and intellectual exceptions, almost *nil*.

We need not examine in detail any further exhortations with regard to women and "wives." The true note is struck in the declaration that in "Christ Jesus," or on the soul-plane, "there is neither male nor female"; in that we recognise at once the clear ring of eternal truth and Divine inspiration; the false, in the various injunctions to wives to obey husbands, although nothing could be more detrimental to a true ideal of marriage. For if one thing more than another is essential to a true morality, to the evolution of a higher race, to the production of a pure and healthy offspring, it is the recognition of the influence of maternity, the sacred claims of woman in motherhood, and her right to be *absolutely free*, and to hold her person inviolate, consecrated to the sole object which

renders the marriage relation honourable. Fatherhood is momentary; motherhood prolonged and vital in many of its issues, and the freedom of woman, and reverence for functions which make or mar coming generations, must become the very foundation-stone of true morality. Respect for woman, deference to her wishes, is all-essential in marriage worthy of the name.

It is unfortunate that these interpolations, penned in an age opposed to such an ideal as this, and by persons who valued expediency more than truth, have ever found their way into pages which are deservedly regarded as sacred; and more unfortunate still that they have been inserted in the marriage service of the English Church, to mis-educate the newly-married. But the hour of woman's freedom has already struck. Not much longer can she be regarded as existing on sufferance, as a mere object of passion, a subordinate being whose functions were supposed to exclude her from all consideration as a human being, at the same time as they were outraged and dishonoured by lusts: she appears already dimly outlined as the glorious feminine half of humanity, whose moral qualities are absolutely necessary for co-operation with those of man in the interests of further progress; as a free and responsible being, a Soul, the Spirit of Love. When the old chains of her enslavement and mispraisal are finally broken, the world will beat with new life, and the pure and exalted morality illustrated by the Christ of the Gospels will be at last lived out in thought and deed by a greater race than ours.

CHOICE MORSELS FROM CHOICE PENS.

Take a lofty aim in a good direction, and never waver. Fly the highest flight; uphold the noblest standard; falter not; and life is better worth.

Hold rank by your sense, skill, and courtesy. Be courageous, be unselfish, and inspire others.

Uphold high ambition; nothing else under high Heaven so helps on all who hold it.

MATILDA SHARPE (from *Never Forget*).

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

SYDNEY SMITH.

The history of human marriage is the history of a relation in which women have been gradually triumphing over the passions, the prejudices, and the selfish interests of men.

WESTERMARCK.

And the better Love ought to be honoured and preserved for the sake of those who are virtuous, and that the nature of the vicious may be changed through the inspiration of its spirit. There is none so worthless whom Love cannot impel, as it were, by a divine inspiration towards virtue, even so that he may, through this inspiration, become equal to one who might naturally be more excellent.

PLATO.

Selfishness is the offspring of ignorance and mistake; it is the portion of unreflecting infancy and savage solitude, or of those whom toil or evil occupations have blunted or rendered torpid; disinterested benevolence is the product of a cultivated imagination, and has an intimate connection with all the arts which add ornament, or dignity, or power, or stability to the social state of man.

The character of actions, as virtuous or vicious, should by no means be determined alone by the personal advantage or disadvantage of each moral agent individually considered. Indeed, an action is often virtuous in proportion to the greatness of the personal calamity which the author willingly draws upon himself by daring to perform it.

SHELLEY.

There are many eyes that can detect and honour the prudent and household virtues; there are many that can discern Genius on his stony track, though the mob is incapable; but when that love which is all suffering, all-abstaining, all-aspiring, which has vowed to itself that it will be a wretch and also a fool in this world sooner than soil its white hands by any compliances, comes into our streets and houses, only the pure and aspiring can know its face, and the only compliment they can pay it is to own it.

EMERSON.

Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death.

SYDNEY SMITH.

A purpose wedded to plans may easily suffer shipwreck, but an unfettered purpose, that moulds circumstances as they arise, masters us and is terrible. Character melts to it, like metal in a steady furnace.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

WHAT THE GIRL SAYS.

Under this heading the thoughts of the Girl on any point will be inserted from week to week. Girls are invited to contribute.

"The Boy thought St. Paul's was the first building ever built in London, and that all foreign churches were imitations of it."

"The Boy thought England was a free country."

"The Boy thought the best horses won the Derby."

From *What the Boy Thought*.—JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

WHILE the Boy thought these, and many other thoughts equally near the truth, the girl stood by. Had she eyes?—ears?—brains? Well—yes. Did she think? No one inquired—girls were not supposed to think, only to be pretty and pleasing. *Voilà tout, que voulez-vous?* Tradition has beautifully idealised the girl as one who stood by admiring the Boy's handiwork; waiting to administer to the Boy's needs; to push the Boy up the ladder; so pleased that the Boy should rise even at the sacrifice of her own individuality; so content to hope that, when the Boy's fame was won, she might be known as that faithful one, the Boy's helpmeet. Did the girl ever realise as she stood by that, though the word HELPMEEET has been written in characters large enough to well-nigh cover the globe, it can never be made to mean aught save one who assists a principal—the one, in fact, who never takes the cake; that no other meaning can be put upon it, unless, indeed, two work together who are both helpmeets?

But who knows what the girl's thoughts have been? who has chronicled them? What were the thoughts of a girl to a world composed of men, and boys who would be men? One pose was given her, the pose of helpmeet to the Boy—she has stood by. . . . Meantime both grew, and the pose was maintained. As the Boy grew, he grew still more assertive in the presence of the girl who stood by. He expressed his thoughts more loudly—the girl listened. Then the pose was somewhat disturbed, for the girl laughed—how she laughed! She laughed more, she laughed long, as the Boy gathered into his own keeping all the good things. He wanted more room also. He wanted all the room. The girl's laughter increased, for the Boy's egotism was irresistibly funny. It is amazing what he has swallowed in the way of self-congratulation; what he has uttered in the way of self-assertion. So the sound of the girl's laughter at the Boy's thoughts has been the ages' undertone; yet bath it a strange echo, surely, for laughter; it comes up to us from the past centuries like a wailing cry—terrible in its meaning.

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

The Girl says, she wonders why people, even women, always say he him, man, boy, as if there were only men and boys in the world. Men might do that, but women and girls surely ought not.

The Girl says she hears much, and reads much, about women being delicate, and men being their protectors but her mother, who really is very thin and pale, has such a lot more work to do than her father. Her father goes out in the morning at six, has an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner, comes home at 5 p.m. or 6 p.m., and has all the rest of the evening to himself. He goes out almost always; often comes home late, sometimes not sober. He stops in sometimes for an hour or so, smokes, and reads the paper; he does not read the news to her mother.

The Girl says, her mother does not like smoke, it makes her feel bad; but her father always smokes, and she knows he has smoked ever since he was a lad of sixteen, for she asked him. She thinks that if she were a woman she would smoke too, and go out all the evening; she wonders how her father would like her mother to do that.

The Girl says, she finds her mother working when she gets up in the morning; when she goes to bed at night she leaves her mother still working. Her mother always looks tired and pale. There are six children; the girl herself is only eight, and she is the eldest. She cannot do much to help her mother, as she has to go to school, but she tries her best.

The Girl says she once saw a hunted stag fall down close to their cottage in the wood; her mother's eyes when she is tired look like the eyes of the poor stag. When the Girl looks at her mother then she feels something squeezing up her heart, and she has to run away and cry. She wonders if her father ever cries when he sees her mother so tired.

The Girl wants to know why women do not preach. She once heard a woman preach; it was beautiful; she wishes women would always preach.

The Girl is just reading Lady Florence Dixie's *Gloriana*. She thinks it grand. She just feels like that. She would feel more and think crowds of things, only she always has to nurse the baby while her brother plays marbles.

The Girl says if she had time like her brother she would go away into the woods and think, and think, and think; but her brother never thinks. He only plays marbles, or turns over head and heels with other boys.

The Girl says she heard her mother say a woman was to be made Poet Laureate, but she knew quite well it wouldn't be done.

THE STEADFAST BLUE LINE.

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

THE "thin red line" has played its part in the world; whether an absolutely necessary part or not, posterity and a higher consciousness alone can determine. It has meant to humanity, war and the shedding of blood; spoliation, destruction, massacre; scenes most dire and dread; the suppression of right by might, powerful, armed to the teeth, fields where of the wolf made the air sick with their cruel beaks in blood; where the hoarse, low cry of the wolf made the air sick with horror. It has meant burning cities, ruined homes, the wailing of mothers, widows, and children; it has meant that wrongs often fancied could not be set right save by a holocaust of human lives. How awful has been its meaning.

Somewhat of justice, it is true, has been connected with this "thin red line"; something of high resolve, of the courage that faced death for "Home and Motherland."

"Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Persena of Clusium
Is on his march to Rome."

"How can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?"

Such feelings as here expressed, descending from age to age in a nation's history and poetry, have hidden from us the horrors of war. Music, banners, pomp, display, sights and sounds inspiring, have drowned the cries of the slain; the moans of those who, with eyes upturned to pitiless skies, have heard within their own souls the fiat merciless: "never again on earth, never again." The awful other side is not seen while our hearts have been filled with the ecstasy of seeming deeds of bravery—honour, glory, martial enthusiasm—

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life
One glance at their array."

Alas! how all this has deceived us; yet slowly, but surely, it is passing away; we begin to see the hideous thing as it is; we are no longer deluded by its glories. Still over the path of progress looms "not peace a sword," but the sword of the spirit. The steadfast blue line has no cry of "Peace, peace" where no peace is or can be; it wages "the bravest battle that ever was fought"—a battle "fought by the mothers of men," by the women of the human race, who have awakened to a sense of what is due to them, for the sake of the whole of humanity.

The enemies this line of battle is ranged against are:—Injustice, tyranny, impurity, excess of every kind; cruelty of every form and shape, or under whatever pretext; sin everywhere, and the apathy or thoughtlessness often worse than sin in its dire consequences. The sword of the steadfast blue line is sharp and keen, though it sheds no blood. It will never be sheathed till the "winter of our discontent" has passed away for ever, and the time of the singing of birds has come.

* * * * *

Miss A. Thomas and Miss E. B. Grant distinguished themselves by taking the degree at the recent final examination at Oxford University for Bachelor of Music. They are the first two ladies who have gained this distinction there, and it is deplorable that in this nineteenth century the reason for refusing the diploma on account of sex should still be in force.

Two sisters, the Misses Pruret, have for several years successfully conducted their late father's printing and publishing business in Brussels. They have also done much literary work, one as a poet, the other as a science writer for the young. The paper *La Petite Revue Belge* is also edited by them.

There was a Woman's meeting of the Church of England's Temperance Society on Monday, 7th, in the afternoon, at Oxford. Addresses were given by Mrs. Temple, President of the C.E.T. Woman's Union, and Mrs. Green.

Miss Hicks, who will succeed Miss Black as honorary secretary of the Women's Trade Union Association, is a tailoress, and possesses, we are told, great energy, combined with practical knowledge of a working woman's life. While heartily regretting Miss Black's resignation, we are disposed to believe that Miss Hicks will readily engage the confidence of the Trade Union members. At least she has a strong point in her favour—namely, that she is herself one of the great working class in whose behalf she is to labour so prominently.

The legal subordination of one sex to another is wrong in itself, and now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement. It ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no powers or privileges on the one side or disability on the other.

JOHN STUART MILL.

A professor of theology said a while ago how sorry he should be to have the law recognise that one-half of the family income belonged to his wife; it would establish such a "mine-and-thine relation." It evidently seemed to him, somehow, more harmonious, less of the earth, earthy, that he could say: "All mine, my love," and that she could sweetly respond: "All thine, dearest."—*State Prohibitionist*, Des Moines, Ia.

PRINCESS SUPREME.

By O. ESLE-NELHAM.

Author of *A Search for a Soul; or, Sapphire Lights.*

CHAPTER I.

THE moon sailed high in the heavens, shedding her silvery rays upon St. Isolde's Keep; and Isolde, a fair descendant of the saint whose name her homestead bore, had wandered out into the Keep grounds to where they gave upon a wide expanse of sea.

She loved the stretch of ocean spread before her, and it seemed her own familiar friend; it rocked her tiny boat, it made sweet music for her when she was sad, and its waves rippled on to her lands, which no strange foot might tread.

She had sat in her skiff to see the moon rise, for she liked to see the glittering crescent soar up from behind a certain high-towering boulder, and she knew the time and place for that bright vision. It had passed; and as the gleaming circlet rose higher and higher Isolde left her seat, and making for the boulder she climbed the rock-hewn steps that led to its summit.

She stood on the top and looked about her—out over the shining flood up into the starry skies—and gave a restless sigh. It was all so beautiful; and yet—the beauty of the night did not content her. An indefinable yearning assailed her, and she longed to know what it was that she herself longed for.

Isolde Courtney had everything that the world accounted best worth having. She was young, and rich, and mistress of her own destiny; she came of a long line of noble ancestors; and, although she had not inherited her dead father's title, the grand old stronghold of the Courtenays was her own. She was beautiful, and strong, and cultured, and wise; and much love had been given to her; and yet—

The thing that Isolde lacked, that unconsciously she went in quest of, was a purpose in life.

She had always striven after something. Many times she thought she had lighted on the thing the diligent pursuit of which would lead to satisfaction; and she had followed such will-o'-the-wisp with undaunted perseverance.

At different times she had set up as her fetish saintliness of life, unselfishness, knowledge; and she had disciplined herself with unswerving rigour to attain to such a supreme standard of excellence in knowledge, selflessness, goodness, and so on.

She had a selfish, pleasure-loving nature, yet she was generally accounted most unselfish, because she had so successfully chosen to master herself.

She had curbed self-will, and was a sweet companion in consequence, yet she did not feel that self-abnegation satisfied the want of her soul, and once more she was filled with restless eagerness to find that good thing that should lead to peace.

Knowledge was power she knew, and knowledge was very dear to her; and she strained after knowledge and loved to hold communion with great minds by means of their works. The thought of genius fired her so that she was ready to lay any homage at the feet of genius; and yet, mysterious and mighty as it was, what did it lead to? she asked herself, with a passionate craving for some noble life-motive, unconscious of the meaning of her desire.

To do something that should make the world a little better for her sojourn in it—that was her wish, that was the incentive that swayed her, but she had not formulated it into words. She did not understand herself; and, urged onward by the impelling force within, she went blindly forward, groping after the best and falling down before false idols in her anxious search.

Isolde did not neglect the narrow work to her hand while her soul went in pursuit of heroic ideals.

She studied her tenants' well-being, and took care of the poor for miles around from a sense of duty; but she did not feel drawn towards squalor (having to do violence to herself before she could enter a labourer's cottage and take her place in the sick room) and chafed at the thought of finding her life's work in going a monotonous round and listening to sordid details. It was pleasant to her to be able to lighten the griefs and brighten the lives of her dependents, but it irked her to come in contact with all that was least attractive in humanity, and to hear of the narrow woes of her squalid fellow creatures.

She told herself that it ought to suffice her the rôle of lady bountiful; but it did not suffice, and it cannot be said that the thought of what she was able to add to a few poor lives exhilarated her greatly. She tried to explain to herself why it was that the manner of work alluded to fell short of her aspirations, but the explanation eluded her. She could only continue to feel dissatisfied without understanding the cause of her dissatisfaction.

The real incentive to disapprobation lay in the transitoriness of such work. It was something heroic and lasting that she was spurred to accomplish—something beyond mere passing kindness; something that should leave its mark on the generations yet to come.

The light would come to her some day, perhaps. We left her on the boulder, looking thoughtfully down into the moon-lit waters.

She stood still for a long time; and then, becoming conscious that she was not alone, she looked up and saw her governess, Madame de Baromprez, coming towards her.

"Anything that will do for 'copy'?" asked the newcomer, with a suggestive smile.

The words jarred upon Isolde. She had lost herself in the solemn beauty of the scene, and it had begun to dawn on her that she might, so to say, find herself—find the answer to her doubts—if she might be alone for a long time in the surroundings in which she then was. But the spell was broken; the discordant words had been uttered, and, as she was not wont to make public her feelings, she hastened down the steps, and, adapting herself with ready tact to the mood of her questioner, answered, with a bright laugh: "Oh, yes! What do you think of 'opalescent waters'?"

"I seem to have heard the expression once before; I think I might almost venture to affirm that I have heard it twice," opined Madame de Baromprez.

"Cruel!" smiled Isolde; then, as an afterthought, added: "So much the better, however; if the expression had been original I might well have been afraid to offer it to the British public in my writings, but as it is a well-worn, good old orthodox word they will welcome it cordially."

"We are in a bitter vein," observed Madame Baromprez, raising her eyebrows in a slightly sarcastic manner, but she passed her arm affectionately through Isolde's, as she did so amending below her breath: "Whisper it not in Gath, but it has sometimes struck me that the ideas of the British public have limits."

"You do not say so!" commented Isolde; and then continued seriously: "But truly it does annoy me! an author may talk of gold hair, golden light, golden things *ad nauseum*, and he is considered by the creature mentioned to have expressed himself happily, no fatigue evidently being felt by the constant recurrence of the same terms. But if an author ventures to introduce to them such an appropriate expression as amianthus hair then there is a nice outcry."

"I suppose the reason is that everyone knows 'gold,' the look and feel and capacities of it, whereas, most probably, the average person does not even know what amianthus is. I entirely agree with you that the latter is much more expressive as applied to hair, because it has something of the same texture as hair. It has, besides, a soft and melodious sound; but the British public likes to hear of things that they know of."

"I like onomatopoeic words. When I hear of golden hair I think of a hard, solid lump instead of wavy masses of delicate fluffy tendrils and fibres. I do not care how often it has been used, nor by what authorities; I consider 'gold,' as applied to hair, a faulty description."

"The conceit of the child!" laughed Madame de Baromprez, with good natured raillery. "It is dreadful, Isolde, believe me, your conceit; all the same I am quite of your opinion. You are a strange mixture of self-satisfaction and of humility, Princess Supreme. You quite lose sight of the extent of your own knowledge. Do you imagine, for instance, that people in general are acquainted with the choice word you used before? Onomatopoeic; it is long enough, certainly, it quite takes away my breath to pronounce it."

"They ought to be if they consider themselves educated at all," returned Isolde, with the hard insolence of youthful critics. Madame de Baromprez's way of not taking her quite seriously, of gently laughing at her, and humoring her fancies annoyed her extremely. She knew that she had a great mind, she was inwardly convinced that she would leave her mark upon her century, and it was unendurable to her to have her thoughts treated as one might treat the crude fancies of a child.

The governess was, in reality, thoroughly aware of Isolde's genius, but she considered it good for her charge that she should not realise the opinion she had of her.

"She never understands that I am grown up," thought Isolde angrily; "she knew me when I was a tiny child, and she thinks that I am a child still."

When she spoke of Madame de Baromprez as a governess it would, perhaps, have been more suitable to use the word companion. She was an English gentlewoman of high birth, a great friend of the late Lady Courtney. She married the Vicomte de Baromprez in troublous times, and after a short-married life found herself a widow thrown entirely upon her own resources. She who had been accustomed to the best of everything felt herself forced to look out for a situation.

The necessity was very bitter to her, but things turned out much more agreeably than she had any reason to anticipate, and she was not obliged to sound the lowest depths of poverty.

Lady Courtney, who knew herself to be dying about that time, asked her old friend to go to her, and having shown her Isolde and begged her to be governess, companion, guardian, whatever she liked to her child, left her orphan treasure to her care.

As Madame de Baromprez received a large legacy and found a salary of £500 a year assured her for her easy duties, and as she was virtually mistress of the Keep—Isolde being five years old—she had some reason to appreciate the friendship of Lady Courtney.

Having been able to save nearly the whole of her salary for eighteen years she had, as her friend had foreseen, a comfortable independence, and could have retired with an easy mind. She had offered several times to do so in case Isolde might prefer some other chaperone, but Miss Courtney would not hear of anything of the kind. She had spent several seasons in town with different aunts, but she liked best to be at the Keep, or travelling in strange lands with her old familiar friend.

Isolde had passing fits of anger at being considered young, but on the whole she was devoted to her guardian and they were excellent friends.

Madame de Baromprez attended to all details of management, but she referred anything of importance to Isolde, and always discreetly went through the form of seeking her sanction, both Miss Courtney and herself being thoroughly well aware who was mistress.

"Yes," resumed Madame de Baromprez, in answer to Isolde's assertion that people ought to know certain words if they considered themselves educated at all. "Yes, but how many of us are really educated? A superficial smattering, something of everything and nothing thoroughly, that is our usual state; we have not time to be thorough."

"But that is just what annoys me," flashed Isolde. "Instead, then, of their liking to be introduced to something new and being glad to learn they will insist on having worn out adjectives. We should not submit to that kind of thing; authors are teachers and have a great responsibility, and we should oblige the public to listen to good things new, and instruct them whether they wish instruction or not."

"It was easy for Isolde to talk, seeing that she could send forth her writings without standing in awe of publishers or caring for the public's mood. It is easy not to truckle to public errors when the sale of our books does not affect our exchequer; when the insensate narrow-mindedness of the public does not take the bread out of our children's mouths," thought Madame de Baromprez,

inclined to laugh at Isolde's delicious assumptions, yet touched, too, by the innocent gravity of the face at her side, at the overweening self-love that was so confident—so foolish.

Isolde took everything seriously, her governess took most things lightly. "At seventeen I was ready to instruct the whole world also. The insolence of youth is amazing!" and indulgently she turned to listen to Isolde's further views, admitting that Isolde spoke sense.

"We should never offer the public anything but the best—whether they appreciate it or not. If authors consistently acted on that idea the public would accustom itself to works of the highest culture, and would learn to appreciate them in time and reject inferior productions. It is the duty of teachers to raise and cultivate their readers, and if they understood their power they would purify the whole tone of literature instead of giving in to grovelling commonplace, as they are weakly inclined to do."

"And then people would appreciate amianthus hair," intimated Madame de Baromprez demurely, knowing that the expression which Isolde had applied to one of her heroines—to the indignation of scoffing critics—was a sore point. As, however, she looked at the classic head that crowned the slim young stately form beside her she told herself that Isolde's description was right, was better than the orthodox one. Isolde's rich hair went rippling into clusters of natural curls and was massed into a coronal on her dainty head. Her crown was held fast by antique silver combs and clasps, and as her friend looked at all the downy circlets that strayed over them and curved down as though to kiss Isolde's white brow she admitted that the comparison referred to was unworthy.

"Have you not had enough of the cold moonlight for to-night, pet?" she asked, soothingly. "I had a fire lit in the yellow room. It is mild just now, but I think there is going to be a storm. Come, let us go and talk over the fire."

Isolde suffered herself to be led into the house. "It seems early for a fire, the end of August," she said; but when she saw the bright, warm blaze she went up to it with a welcome in her face and threw herself down on the hearth-rug.

They had not been long in doors when Madame de Baromprez's prediction was fulfilled: the winds began to moan about the old battlements, and with sudden violence a storm sprang up. The lightning came zig-zagging through the skies, and the thunder growled ominously.

Isolde rose and stole to the window in awed fascination, gazing from the lamp-lit room into the dark night; and as she looked she suddenly started back with a shock: a face was pressed close against the pane and two strange eyes were staring intently into hers.

(To be continued.)

THE DISK-WORSHIPPING PHARAOH.

KHUEENATEN, an Egyptian King, who reigned about 1400 B.C., prior to the Pharaoh of the Oppression, is a most enigmatic personage. It is impossible to forget his long, lean face and scraggy neck, once having seen the numerous portraits extant of him, so very peculiar is he. Also very curious is everything connected with his disk-worship, which is sculptured on the stone bas-reliefs and tombs of his city, named after him, Khuenaten, but now known as the ruins of Tel el Amarna. Mr. Flinders Petrie has brought recently to England the last portable relics of Khuenaten, including a cast of his death-mask; also a plaster cast of one of the rock sculptures at Tel el Amarna, most ingeniously taken by Mr. Petrie himself. These, and several other fragments, were exhibited in London at Oxford Mansions during part of September and October last, and to all interested in that only absolutely certain ancient history, namely, ancient art, it is most noteworthy that in this remote, century 1400 B.C., when probably our wood-stained, even our flint-chipping ancestors, had not yet arrived in the island afterwards known as Britain, an advanced realistic treatment of the human figure was being beautifully shown in sculpture in Egypt, and a complete change was taking place there in the substitution of the simple worship of the sun's disk for the elaborate hierarchy of gods and goddesses, with a complex ritual and state-endowed worship, which filled the Egyptian Pantheon both before and after the reign of the curious Khuenaten and the short rule of his immediate successors.

The priests of the established religion did not approve of the innovation, where no deity is introduced except the disk of the sun, from whence proceed rays ending in hands, which approach the royal faces, handing them emblematic gifts. Instead of a hawk hovering over the head of Pharaoh, signifying Divine protection, as we see in the usual bas-reliefs, all animal figuration is abolished in the disk-worship, and the sun is placed over the royal heads, its rays descending over them.

Khuenaten had a foreign mother of Semitic origin, called Thii, and it is supposed that she brought up her son in her own religion. Mr. Petrie sums it up as "the worship of the radiant energy of the sun as the source of all life, the following of nature in art, and the domestic ideal in social life." Khuenaten's motto was "Living in truth." He had seven daughters, two of whom passed on the royal succession to their husbands. Mr. Petrie has brought back a portion of a frescoed floor from a hall in a mansion, on which are painted two of these little princesses, Makt-aten and Merit-aten, children of five and six years old, adorned with earrings, necklaces, armlets, and bracelets, their hair apparently cropped, their enormous eyes enhanced with black pigment, and drawn in the archaic manner as

seen in front, but with the face in profile. They are talking in an animated and natural way, and one little girl puts her hand playfully under the chin of the other. She curiously resembles her father, Khuenaten. These children are seated on large hassocks, spotted with blue spots, at the feet of their mother the Queen, Nefert-iti. Probably if the Queen's figure were not destroyed, we should see her dandling her baby, or perhaps two babies, as a beautiful little fragment, also secured by Mr. Petrie, shows us. On this bas-relief Nefert-iti is represented seated on Khuenaten's knee, a curious position for a royal personage. The top portion of the figure, but the lower part of the figure of the seated Queen is very well preserved, and just the legs and feet of her baby, which she is dandling. The arm of another little one resting on the Queen's slim arm is intact.

Khuenaten's figure is nearly all broken off except his legs, but the outline of the throne he is sitting on, with lion's legs, is preserved. Likewise a large jar of fruits and a nosegay of lotus flowers resting on it. The Queen wears a fluted and probably transparent skirt, beautifully "got up," reaching to her ankles, edged with a narrow border. Her slender feet hang close together without sandals. This is an extraordinary deviation from the conventional stiffness and dignity of other Egyptian remains. Equally remarkable is the cast in the British Museum of Khuenaten and his family throwing—doubtless precious—collars to the people below. The royal family are seated in a kind of opera-box. There is a peculiar modern air about this pictorial conception, as it were a foretaste of an illustration in the *Graphic*. Such family groups almost savour of photography; there is the modern trivial touch about them.

In the pages of Lepsius' splendid *Denkmäler* we see also the court functionaries of this reign, in their peculiar dresses, in postures suggestive of the most grovelling feeling of respect for royalty.

M. Nestor L'Hôte, who visited the Tel el Amarna tombs in 1839, says of one of the bas-reliefs: "It is remarkable that the king's retinue presents an assemblage of women which is not usual in compositions of this kind." M. Levébure remarks that the fan and fly-flap bearers are women; so are the lady attendants in the chariots which follow the chariots of the young princesses. Each princess has a chariot to herself, and the horses certainly look very prancing and dangerous to be reined in by young girls. This fashion of Khuenaten's always being depicted with wife and daughters is quite unique in remote antiquity, where the privacy of family life was seldom broken in upon. But there is nothing of harem-seclusion in Egypt comparable, for instance, with Assyria, where women are never exhibited at all, except occasionally a few captive wives of very low station; but the high class women never, with the exception, perhaps, of one Assyrian King represented feasting with his wife, with his enemy's head cut off, hanging in a tree opposite for them to look at. Mr. Petrie has also brought back unfinished *Ushabti* figures found in Khuenaten's tomb. *Ushabti* are small figurines of stone or glazed ware, of which hundreds are found in Egyptian tombs. There are two theories as to their object: one, "That they were derived from the older *Ka* figures placed in tombs for the soul to inhabit; the other, that they were derived from an imported idea of slave burial. They are found in most ordinary tombs, and rich burials have many hundreds to one body. The idea was not to assist the person of the deceased, but to fulfil duties for him." Mr. Petrie says that "Khuenaten's *Ushabti* figures are unlike any others, and we cannot yet say what the view of their intention was in his case." As rich people had so many more *Ushabti* figures than the poor it was evidently an outcome of the antique imagination intensely devoid of socialism, when the great appeared toweringly enormous to the multitude. And yet Khuenaten appears to have kept his naturally affectionate disposition in spite of the adulation which was paid him, and he caused to be engraved underneath the rock-sculpture of Tel el Amarna the following words, among others:—"Sweet love fills my heart for the Queen, for her young children. Grant a great age to the Queen Nefert-iti; in long years may she keep the hand of Pharaoh! Grant a great age to the royal daughter Meri-aten, and to the royal daughter Makt-aten, and to their children; may they keep the hand of the Queen, their mother, eternally and for ever!" The survival of so much interesting portraiture of remote and bygone ages is owing to the rainless dry Egyptian climate, which the French archaeologist calls "an indiscreet climate which reveals everything." But surely in this matter we are extremely indebted to it.

The "Friedenheim" Home for the Dying, in Upper Avenue Road, N.W., was formally opened by the Duchess of Teck on Monday. The new institution is a larger growth of the small home which was started some seven years since by Miss Davidson. It is a lamentable fact that such a kindly shelter as this is frequently sorely needed. Not the least of the blots upon our present civilization is the condition of wretched, lonely, destitution in which many a tired-out worker finds herself in life's last terrible moments, as if the great Juggernaut Car of Society almost bestrides its exhausted victims, the poor, right—to die.

Shafts.

EDITED BY MARGARET SHURMER SIBTHORP.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1892.

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.

OUR earnest thanks this week are due to the numerous friends and well-wishers who have sent us such hearty congratulations and such cheering words of praise, who have so kindly predicted success to SHAFTS. Their approval is very sweet to us, and their kindly predictions of success, we trust, may be fully realised. Who can estimate the power of an encouraging word and smile? It is a little thing easily given, but it helps wonderfully: it seems a pity that it should be so often withheld. In order fully to impress our policy upon our readers, it may be well to repeat some of the statements made in last week's issue. We desire it to be specially understood that our columns are open to the free expression of opinions, however diverse. These opinions will be welcomed as the *vox populi* which leads to higher things; advancing by slow and sure degrees to more enlarged views of life; to juster and grander conceptions of what may lie before us. Our object is to encourage thought—thought, the great lever of humanity; the great purifier and humaniser of the world. It seems to us a good thing to put into circulation a paper which takes no side save that of justice and freedom; a paper which invites the opinions of women and men of any party, creed, class, or nationality. All will be treated with equal courtesy. The paper is started specially in the interests of women and the working classes; but excludes no individual and no class. All subjects must be treated with moderation and in a spirit of calm inquiry—a spirit that while it earnestly works for the triumph of right, while it unhesitatingly denounces wrong, also perceives how easy it has been to go wrong, and that love, kindness, and patient determination shall yet win the day. Under the heading of "Influential Lives" there will appear notices of men as well as women. Under the heading of "What the Girl Says" we hope to publish many thoughts of many girls, and of women who can remember their thoughts as girls. Two pages, entitled "What Working Women and Men Think" will be reserved for contributions from them, which are specially invited.

The short introduction to "What the Girl Says," and to the "Steadfast Blue Line," will appear for a few weeks. The design upon the cover is somewhat faulty, owing to an unavoidable mistake; it will be corrected shortly. We publish in the present issue a column entitled, "The Sleuth-Hound of Society," which will appear from week to week. The subjects which will be brought forward in this column will be most painful to read: are still more painful to write. To expose such things is a duty all of us owe to ourselves and to society. There are lives that bless, and lives that ban; the latter must be noticed as well as the former; for social wickedness always hidden, means social wickedness never eradicated. We do not write for those who have already attained to the heights of wisdom, nor so much for the educated, the scholars. Our endeavour is to speed a message to the souls waiting to receive it, of whom there are many in every position in life—especially amongst women. To such SHAFTS will speak its message. We do not presume to lead or to teach the "wise and prudent": our message is to "babes," and to those not so far advanced. For them we wing our shafts, well content if we may do some little fraction of good, glad if it may be said of our written words, as it was of the teaching of a great lover of humanity. "The common people heard gladly." In conclusion, we invite the co-operation and help of all. We ask help in any and every way, so that the bow of our strength may not lose its power, so that our shafts may be keen, swift, and true, speeding their winged way of love, fulfilling to the utmost the intentions we have in sending them forth; so that all who write and all who read may join in the great work to be done.

IDEALS.

IN a book on the study of words by Archbishop Trench, he says, speaking of the word idea: "There is no word in the whole compass of English so seldom used with any tolerable correctness; in none is the distance so immense between the frequent sublimity of the word in its proper use and the triviality of it in its slovenly and popular use." To us an ideal is the blending of our reason and imagination, united to a love of the beautiful—therefore it is evident the keener our perceptions, the higher our thoughts, the more cultivated our understanding, the grander will be our views of life, and ideals will present themselves before us in ever-growing types of supreme and perfect beauty.

Thus, according to our ideals our conduct will be inspired. It is true that an ideal signifies a something which does not exist in reality; but it is an intellectual actuality. It is an inspiration, and it should be an aspiration, and the very essence of a fine mind is that it hopes and trusts more than can be logically proved.

We idealise those whom we love; we imagine more than we attain; sleeping and waking we dream dreams of hope and delight beyond our reach, and had we, even the meanest of us, no ideals, how swiftly should we lose hope, and without hope this life would not be worth the living! Hopes closely allied with ideals transfigure all our existence.

It is a common thing to hear people sneer at any thought, any notion of life a little removed from the ordinary dead level of common-place, as "a mere idea"—quite beyond the sphere of practical life, quite beneath the condescending notice of practical people. Sometimes the magical word "Utopian" is added as a crushing argument against the plea of the idealist, and then all is thought to have been said that can be said to dismiss the subject. Yet if we refer back to that political romance *Utopia* by Sir Thomas More, what do we find? Why only this, that three hundred and seventy odd years ago, one of England's great men sighed after, sought for, and imagined perfections, improvements, and conveniences in laws, politics, morals, institutions, and civilised life, many of which are nowadays so much a matter of course that few of us ever think what the world was like without them! The incubators and foster-mothers which are the common talk of fowl-fanciers to-day were some of the ingenious contrivances in *Utopia* which no doubt caused much shrugging of shoulders and ironical contempt amongst the critics of Sir Thomas More's wild ideals!

Oh! if childhood only planned noble things, or if, during our early years, we were always told we were to be great and good. Or suppose we were always expected to be courteous and compassionate—without fear and without reproach—why, there is so much in the pressure of influence, so much compelling force in consistent, persistent criticism, that the divine fire of ambition would be kindled in mere dullard brains, if only high ideals could be placed before each of us. As it is, the general effort is to see how well people can get on *without* an ideal, and miserable mediocrity suffices for most of us. For are we not easily content! The "any-how" and the "that-will-do" are good enough, we think, and Mrs. Grundy, her approbation or her imitation, is all we desire. To the Jewish proverb, "Teach your son a trade, or he will become a thief," we should add, "And give him an ideal, or he will become a trifler."

It is true, ideals are certain to have their limitations; we are hampered by circumstances, we are defrauded by unknown conditions, which crop up where we least expect them; our powers run short, our energies flag, the enterprise becomes too vast, we feel our own impotence: we are plucked at by daily sordid cares which bark at our heels, and so often disappointed maturity in an hour of despondency relegates to youthful dreams the high hopes with which life was begun. But why should this be? From what has sprung all that is worth possessing, if not from an ideal? What are worship, and love, and success, and honour, and self-sacrifice, and patriotism, and reverence (that angel of the world) but the wondrous magic of emotion, which, quickening the highest feelings of our nature, creates for us living principles for life out of our *ideals*? By them we rise or fall; and as we slowly evolve towards the more perfect man, so do we go on gathering round us completer, larger, nobler thoughts and ways and works.

Nothing ever great was planned from fact alone. Every genius, every great man or great woman has been dominated by ideals, thoughts, and ways, and words at which their own generation has scoffed, the truth of which has only been proved after they, the idealists, have rested from their labours, content not to have reached the goal, if only they have been allowed to show others the way.

To say that success is eventually won through failure is admitted on all sides. Does it not mean, though, that failure is the natural temporary result of all attempts made by those whose ideals cannot be reached by their contemporaries? That they feed on ideas, notions, crude enough to the world around, but glorious certainties in the world of thought to those who possess them? Heine, the German poet, says, "Everywhere that a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is a Golgotha." Too true, alas! too true! But what would the world have done without the

great souls and the great thoughts? As we think of Socrates and Galileo, and Bacon and Vesalius, and Copernicus, and Newton, and Spinoza, and Descartes, without venturing to name in company with others the greatest idealist of all the ages, do not our hearts throb with exultation at the survival of their ideals for which they were despised, destroyed, and disbelieved? And leaving those of past times, think what is said to-day of all social reformers. Are they not idealists, too—men whose high minds reach upwards, onwards, whose keen eyes pierce the scathing light of those vast truths from which we fearfully veil our sight lest we should behold them also, and believe and understand them? For why are we afraid? Because if we durst look our low aims would condemn us; our homes would condemn us; our country would condemn us; and we ourselves should condemn ourselves.

In those divisions of our life what are our ideals? First stands our pursuit in life. What calling is not ennobled by a high ideal? What genius, what chance, what wealth supersedes high aim? Why nothing—absolutely nothing. What does all the long list of unsuccessful men mean but low standards somewhere; low aims of life and conduct in themselves and others. Education does not make up for that; association does not make up. What does one hear? "I am not ambitious," "Such and such is well enough for me," "I do not aspire to this," "I do not pretend to be clever," "I do not expect to get that." Are these the words for men and women with a calling? For is not an ideal the highest calling, and is anything a calling without it?

Second in our list of necessary ideals should be our home and home life. Do not ideals here overwhelm us with their importance as they crowd in upon our brain? With how little are we satisfied! With what small modicum of peace and courtesy and refinement and tenderness do we nourish ourselves! Where is the ideal of hospitality if it aspires to nothing better than ostentatious dinners or scandal-mongering teas? Where is our ideal of courtesy if we snub an inferior or use politeness only as an occasional ornament? Where is our ideal of tenderness when married people and children and friends and neighbours generally have to take love on trust, to believe in an uncertain quantity of civility displayed at uncertain times? Where is the ideal of refinement when company behaviour and company conversation are laid aside with company coats and gowns; and contemptuous indifference to the little trifles which make up the sum of peace in a household is the common currency which passes for manners at home? And where is the ideal of our thirst for knowledge when many of us confine our curiosity to impertinent search after our neighbour's affairs, with impertinent interference, as a synonym for help, in his business? What of the buffoonery which passes as wit; the flirtations which sully love; the folly which is called fun, and the self-indulgence which degrades pleasure?

Alas! our ideals are low. We enter social life, and we let our children enter it after us, without laying before ourselves or fostering in them ideals at all! Here and there the imagination of youth gets a glimpse of something it needs in fiction, but it may be a glimpse in a bad novel, instead of a good one; and a novelist's ideal is not enough, for the social life around us mocks us with its hollowness, and despairing we act as if national vice must exist, political lies must continue, social sins must be endured; and we let one huge sham take possession of our souls and blot out the chance of anything higher and purer. An idealist seems a visionary, we are afraid of the name; we prefer to put ourselves under the rougher, ruder rule of "use and wont." We think we will be practical and accept things as they are!

Our third ideal should concern us as patriots. What is our patriotism worth? It is often nothing but another name for egoism. We care for our country just so far as the "care" does not interfere with our comfort or give us any trouble to think about. If a law is inconvenient to ourselves we vote against it. If a war would give our special trade a little stimulus we vote for it. If we are born in army circles we are Conservative; we do not wish to know why. If we are connected with the law, red-taped Toryism binds us with thews and thongs. If we are of the people, we court the red-capped Fury of "envy, malice, and all uncharitableness," and call that Liberty! Truly, ideals are wanting!

What is England's greatness to most of her young men? A few disjointed words. "United Kingdom. India. Big colonies. National Debt. Habeas Corpus. Trial by jury. Cricket, cycling, boating, tennis." Nothing else? "Oh! yes, that bother about Home Rule!" And what is it to most of our society girls? Less still. Chiefly self-gratulatory. "English girls get out more than French girls; English girls are not such household drudges as German girls; they can follow their own sweet will in most things—flirt a good deal, read a good many novels; would like to be an English man, but as that is impossible, there is not much to do. They hate things generally and find life chiefly dull; and may we add, no wonder!"

Yet every one of these youths and girls are to be citizens—citizens of the greatest nation the world has seen yet! (With what the Germans, Russians and Americans may be in the future we have nothing to do.) Should not that thought bring about some higher ideals for British sons

and daughters? Think of the hierarchy of great and noble women whose names we have not time to tell! Think of the poets, historians, philanthropists, statesmen, leaders of men, and heroes in the very finest sense of the word; did they themselves spring from such parents? were their wives such women as these? Why, the world would never have heard of its greatest men if they had not loved or been loved by women with high ideals; women who could stretch out one hand to strain after the highest heaven of thought, and yet, with the other, hold fast their grasp of life, and hard, stern, rough duty, and in both find their ideal.

Lastly we come to ourselves. In the still, hidden recesses of our hearts, our conduct springs from our ideals. What we wish to be, what we wish to know, what we wish to attain, what we conquer, what we lose—all comes from the ideality with which we clothe life. We may call it religion if we like, or we may call it a good nature, or a bad nature; but it is the truth to say, as we did at the outset, that the higher, the purer, the nobler our thoughts, so will our standards of action become ever growing types of supreme and perfect beauty.

Ideals do not mean the pleasures of the senses, nor the energies of the mind, nor the ecstasies of the soul, alone, but the highest fulfilment of our whole nature. If we strive after this individually with patient self-development, we shall reap not only great personal joy, but we shall promote also the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Guinevere recognised too late:—

"It was my duty to have loved the highest,

It surely was my profit had I known:

It would have been my pleasure had I seen:

We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Selfishness and licence in all forms are low ideals; and fail to bring about the highest happiness for any one. This money-getting age is wrong; it debases the ideal of providing for the wants of the future by vulgar greed in the present. The over-dressing of self is low; the ideal of beauty is sacrificed to display. Our aesthetic craze is bad; we do not aim at ideal art—we copy a fashion, according to our lights, to hide our ignorance. And our culture is cant unless it tends to one object, viz.: to raise our standards of thought, in our occupations, in our homes, in our duties as citizens, in our inner selves; unless it teaches us to pray, with our request for daily bread, a prayer for higher ideals!

LAURA E. MORGAN-BROWNE.

BRISTOL CONFERENCE.

The Central Conference of Women Workers, which opened at Bristol on Tuesday, has been one of unusual interest. The speakers and essay readers for the most part had a thorough knowledge of the various subjects which they treated. On the first day of the conference, Mrs. Alfred Marshall (of Cambridge) advocated the cause of thrift amongst women, and spoke many a good word on behalf of Friendly Societies. Miss Hubbard (of Horsham) gave her attention to the earning rather than to the saving of money. She is strongly of opinion that a girl of aroused intelligence, mentally awake, morally sound, with one talent definitely trained, can always make a sphere for herself. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, with her characteristic practicality, went more into the details of the matter, and gave figures which proved how pitifully narrow is the "sphere" which, nevertheless, many thousands of women are able to make. Possibly Mrs. Fawcett had partially in mind that quality of male opposition which has hitherto so limited the cause of woman's advancement. Next week we hope to give a further notice of this important conference.

ARROWS.

Ideas often seem familiar to us which we have never perhaps before seen put into words. The greatest writers are those who have interpreted to us the echoes of our own hearts: those strange mysterious voices that are always patiently crying to us from afar.

The greatest wrongs are those unrecognised.

Those who have shirked the battle are often the most clamorous for the prize-money.

It is not the most manly men who build on a supposed sex superiority, but those who are perhaps dimly conscious that they have little else to recommend them.

While we live, let us be alive.

Many of the animal creation are capable of, and often show a passionate affection towards some of the human race. We who cry to God because we are helpless and trust in Him, shall we expect Him to listen if we are deaf to the cries of those helpless ones who trust in us?

E. WARDLAW-BEST.

WHAT WORKING WOMEN AND MEN THINK.

ON THE MAJESTY OF WORK.

"True honour doth from no condition rise :
Act well thy part, in that all honour lies."

TO women and men who reflect upon the mere blessing of life, there must come a clear knowledge of the true nobility of work; they must be impressed with heartfelt gratitude that God has, in his boundless love, given them health to use in some service to the world. "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" imply far deeper meaning than is generally accepted. That individual alone is free, and enjoys liberty, who assumes responsibility as a human being at once endowed with mental and physical capacity, and so passes through life in the full enjoyment of honest work. God has endowed us in many ways. By the mere accident of birth many persons are exempt from the need to labour either with the hands or the brain. But although daily bread may not depend upon any personal exertion, and even though luxuries may belong to individuals, still, as human beings, they are responsible for the way in which they employ their time and strength. However they may be placed by birth and inheritance they should so pass their days as to be able to give an account of their lives satisfactorily. If wealth be inherited, then those so blessed ought to feel responsible for the use of it. God, Who created all for happiness, never intended some to be selfishly indulgent, extravagant, or wasteful, whilst thousands on this beautiful earth are not only starving but unable, even with health, strength, and vigorous effort, to obtain work; worse still, many from bodily or mental afflictions are incapable of earning their living. The gift of wealth is indeed a heavy responsibility, and as it is ever "more blessed to give than to receive" let all in power realise the duty to help their brothers and sisters who are struggling. We ought to give a helping hand on life's rough path to all who need it, give them work to do, and pay them honestly what they earn, so teaching them self-dependence and self-respect; but to-day's great fault is that the poor have no chance to rise save through the helping hand of the powerful; because monopoly has crept in to such an extent that only where large displays can be effected is patronage to be obtained. In England there are societies of every kind to help the needy, the sick, and the afflicted, but willing workers are often overlooked or never heard of in the rush of life.

Monopoly has tended to increase the store of the rich and to keep down the earnings of the poor; yet advanced ideas have led to the acknowledgment that labour should be paid according to the way it is done, not with partiality. Hitherto, men alone have been properly remunerated and women underpaid, simply on account of their sex. Intellect is now more valued according to individual worth, and not so much according to the old custom of self-respecting sex alone. Hence, many avenues are opened for women's work.

Let the world openly acknowledge that any work well done is sufficient, and that such honest labour, be it mental or physical, is to be paid for regardless of sex, then the true majesty of work will be felt by all who are in this field. Why should man scoff at woman when she seeks out a path for herself, by so doing she really renders herself more fitted for all life's duties? Intellect and capability belong to no sex, but are equally to be encouraged in either. Education opens the mind to the fact that even the most advanced science has been equally ably grasped by both sexes. If woman be endowed with any one particular talent which can make her self-supporting why should her work be looked upon as unwomanly, and what justice can there be in trying to keep her from performing it when she is in the same field; why pay her less for work done as well as by man? The majesty of work belongs to both alike, and only by acknowledging this can woman be emancipated.

Woman should not have rights to fight for but wrongs to redress. Train up young girls to the fact that they can be, by honest exertion, self-supporting, and you make them purer, nobler, more refined, more fitted for life. Their marriage (which is now their ultimatum) will cease to be such; it will be the result of their choice. They will marry when they can procure themselves homes and happy surroundings, they need not sell themselves for such, and will only link their lives where choice dictates. Man will then realise that woman and he are helpmates to each other, as God intended they should be. Work will never unsex woman. In the day of happy surroundings or of difficulties who is best fitted for the wife and mother's place—the sensible educated woman or the dressed-up doll? Who, in the hour of broken fortune, can best fill the place in the home—the woman who has used her talents and educated herself up to the highest standard, or she who has frittered time away on the empty cults of fashion and in reading trashy novels? Who, when sickness enters the home, can best help to soothe the bed of pain, and cheer the drooping heart—the educated or the merely commonplace woman, who has been taught that all ambition for her is unwomanly? And when the dread visitor enters the home and calls away the father, and, perhaps, only bread-winner,

who can then best provide for the children she loves—the woman who has used her talents, or she who has never been trained to do so?

Money often takes wings, and should the helpless children be left with less happy surroundings than those which were theirs when ushered into life, which mother can best train her little ones for life's battle—she who has self-reliance and help within herself, or she who has always leant upon the husband and father.

In every life must come dark days as well as bright. Women and men must learn that work is noble, that self-help is the best of all help.

M. SCHONBERG.
(A Working Woman.)

THE LABOUR QUESTION.

THE coming winter is regarded by most of those who are qualified to form a judgment on the subject as likely to accentuate in an unusual degree the present distress amongst "the great residuum."

Trade prospects are none of the brightest, and a large accession to the ranks of the unemployed is likely to add a further disquieting element. That "the poor we have always with us" is a patent fact which "Society" accepts as one of the fundamental laws of nature, unalterable, and reaching deep down into the bases of things—a property of associated humanity, much as gravitation is an attribute of matter.

This most excellent view is a comforting, soothing belief, altogether removing the great fact of poverty from the realm of conscience, and elevating any attempts at alleviation from the plane of mere justice to the more self-satisfying region of mercy and philanthropy. An excellent good faith, in truth—for "Society." But what of the "great residuum"? Is it their creed also? Do they believe in its immutability? Put your ear to the ground; listen to the subterranean rumblings, to the sound as of a moving multitude, and review your Articles of Faith.

If the pessimistic productions of those who foresee another great wave of depression are fulfilled, the question, "What can we do with the unemployed?" will become acute. In any case we shall do well to consider the problem, for the unemployed—like the poor—are always with us, and every new labour-saving appliance, every "economy" effected by the consolidation of capital throws out more and more of the workers to swell the army of discontent.

"Philanthropy" can do very little. What these people want is work. Not until they are at the verge of starvation will the genuine unemployed workers accept the offices of the philanthropist, and when they do—when hunger breaks down the spirit of independence—they are demoralised, and sink more or less rapidly into the Slough of Despond, add another unit—or another family—to the "Submerged Tenth," manage to keep body and soul together—God knows how—with a ligature all too weak for the bond; or drift helplessly and hopelessly into the "House."

A revision of our Poor Law system would do much, the provision of a home would cost no more—need not cost so much—as we spend at present in providing our parochial prisons. But the infusion of a little humanity into our workhouse management will not assist us to any considerable extent in dealing with the unemployed. Their need, once again, is work. Can it be that no work requires to be done? Are thousands of willing producers to become unwilling consumers because our industrial system finds no outlet for their energy? Is this vast army of men and women, with brain and muscle adequate to the production of six times their own material needs, to become a charge and a burden to those employed? Sooner or later we shall have to face this difficulty.

Since the London County Council has existed we have had before us, for those who have eyes to see, an object lesson which, carried to its logical extent, would prove a solution of this ever-recurring problem. I refer to the direct employment of labour by the municipality. On October 18th, the London County Council, by an overwhelming majority, decided to carry out by the direct employment of its own labour the works in connection with the erection of workmen's dwellings near the Blackwall Tunnel. Ever since it was elected the Council has consistently favoured the elimination of the middleman, and conserved the interests of labour whenever contractors are employed. Many provincial towns have set a good example in this respect—notably Glasgow—producing its own gas, providing its own water, owning its tramways (or the early reversion of them) and lodging-houses. Halifax and Leicester are working on similar lines.

Municipal employment, therefore, is no new thing. If a County Council may successfully "run" gasworks, waterworks, tramways, and be its own builder, why not have municipal farms, bakeries, boot and clothing factories, and thus absorb the labour for which Industrialism can find no place?

If it is contended that by so acting we introduce another competitor: that it is a dangerous thing to thrust "an iron rod into the delicate mechanism of British trade," we reply that the disturbing element is already there; that this increasing number of unemployed constitutes a

grave danger and menace. We are between Scylla and Charybdis, and if we do not find work for these idle hands, Satan will find mischief. Of course, we can read the Riot Act, and shoot them, but we are beginning to see that under no circumstances is force a remedy; no evil can be cured by dealing merely with its effect.

Suppose the County Council organised large bakeries, to begin with, and relieved the unemployed army of its battalion of bakers. A number of small shops would be crowded out by its competition, let us say, and their workmen thrown on the market; the Council extends its baking operations and again "absorbs"; the small masters, employing none or few hands, would be required to manage dépôts or otherwise become the servants of the Council (which, bear in mind, they themselves elect, thus securing a guarantee for their equitable treatment), and exchange a struggling business and a precarious income for a fixed salary and peace of mind—no small boon, many bakers would tell us.

The next effect of the new factor in production is to bring the municipality into competition with associated capital, and here we have plainer sailing. The "companies" are already working on economic lines; production has been neutralised, the best machinery and most improved methods adopted; no duplication of labour is suffered (we may trust the directors to see to that), and distribution is effected scientifically and without the waste consequent on the earlier methods.

If these organisations have to "go under," the Council has simply to continue them on their own lines, after, of course, revising the wages books. Even before then the owners, with the fear of the future before their eyes, might see the wisdom of transferring their undertakings to the Council, their capital remaining and bearing interest like any other of the Council's loans.

That there would be a serious diminution in the interest goes without saying; but as was said before, we are between Scylla and Charybdis—between the capitalists' wrath and the deep sea of unemployed starvation; and if we elect to avoid the latter, the approving conscience of humanity will assist us to bear with fortitude the anger born of diminished dividends. Anyhow, the Council will have solved the question of the unemployed so far as bakers are concerned, and the 40 per cent. or so which, as we have recently seen, is sometimes realised out of that necessary commodity will go into the municipal coffers in reduction of rates, minus, of course, the amount needed to raise the wages of operatives to a point adequate to provide a healthy life.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve"—*Man or Mammon.*

SAGITTARIUS.

November 6th, 1892.

PHILANTHROPY AND JUSTICE.

THE social problem is decidedly recognised nowadays in all circles. The days have long departed when any section of society could close its eyes to the fact that side by side with our ever-advancing civilisation may yet be seen a terrible percentage of the population sunk in misery of the most wretched description. General Booth (by no means a pessimistic authority) computes this percentage of "Les Misérables," to use Victor Hugo's expression, as a "Submerged Tenth."

The broad facts of the case are indisputable; it is in the remedy alone that differences arise. It is indeed a most hopeful sign that a remedy should be so generally sought for this awful evil. Only a generation ago good advice to the poor concerning thrift, industry, and temperance, with blankets and coals at Christmastide, exhausted the resources of the average philanthropist, while "go to the parish" was the only assistance likely to be offered to the unemployed, whose existence is to day such a reproach to our civilised institutions. Through the worst of these days there have been women good enough and brave enough to sacrifice their own comfortable homes, their wealth, and their rank, to minister to the wants and cares of the outcast poor. Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, and some who did their work alone and unrecognised, have left an undying record of heroic devotion to humanity which can never be forgotten. It is marvellous to those who remember the disabilities under which all women suffered, that such work was undertaken by so many, in days when there were so few women with absolute control over their own fortunes.

Slowly women are emerging into their overdue emancipation. Characteristically one of their earliest thoughts is to seek the amelioration of the conditions of those to whom poverty and its attendant miseries are constant companions. How is this amelioration to be accomplished? Can philanthropy solve the social question? It is hard to have to discourage those engaged in good work, but the fact cannot be overlooked that the average wage in the open market has a tendency to sink to the minimum sum possible to maintain the worker in the bare necessities of life.

This is a persistent fact, which must remain so long as the worker is regarded only as a producer of capital for the employer. Whatever help is afforded the worker by philanthropists must in the nature of the case assist chiefly the exploiter of labour, who, thanks to such external help, is

enabled to obtain all he needs from the worker without accepting the responsibility of taking upon himself the want, the suffering, and often, alas, the sin which he has caused.

Particularly is this fact felt in the case of women workers. More than one shareholder at the recent meeting of the Aërated Bread Company alluded in self-satisfied terms to the allegation that most of their girl workers were partly dependent upon parents and other guardians; while a director, who happened also to be a clergyman, stated that if he had heard of any cases of distress amongst the employés he would have taken care that relief was forthcoming—presumably from some philanthropic friends of his parish.

The foe to fight is Injustice. So long as the efforts of thoughtful people are divided, so long as energies are wasted by misdirection, so long will this cruel foe remain supreme. "Extreme" philosophers have indeed defined the philanthropist as "one who spends in the suburbs five per cent. of what he has unjustly obtained in the city." We have seen a terrible instance of this sort of philanthropy in the case of an American millionaire, seated at a banquet given in honour of his public beneficence, while the men who helped to make his millions were being shot down in the streets.

The first lesson Ibsen's new aristocracy has to teach the world is, that unless justice has marked the gathering of wealth, its future use will inevitably aggravate the evils its collection has created. When perfect justice brings wealth in its train, such gold will be as that of Havilah, which in the Bible is said to be good.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH

REVIEWS.

The Modern Review is a bold and daring publication; its Editor is not afraid to lift the mask from the face of many hypocrisies. The hand that is honest and courageous enough to do so deserves well of those who are not strong enough to do it for themselves. The question is not, ought such things to be known? The question is, are such things done? If so, there can be no doubt that the sooner the evils are brought to light the better, not only for the victims of the evils, and the evil doers themselves, but for humanity everywhere. We lift our heads above the glittering surface of Society; we smile, talk, ignore, but we know well most of us what a terrible state of things we hide beneath the mask Society wears. The brave writers in this review express fearlessly their views, dreading more than ought beside any further skulking of the hideousness they unveil. Mr. Whyte Hall on "Music-Hall Girl-Victims" deserves attention. "Turning the Tables" puts the matter before us in a telling manner.

The facts this magazine brings before us are all proved. There is amongst us still one who has given the whole of her pure and earnest life to destroy the possibility of a continuance of this awful condition of things—Mrs. Josephine Butler. How she and other noble women have worked! and still the cancer is eating into the very heart of our national life and the life of Europe. Is there now on earth any country or state which dare reveal the life behind the mask, any one single geographical portion of the world with a clear record? If so, surely some women and men would be glad to know of it; if not, surely it is time for us to cast aside our scruples and join with heart and soul in the crusade against vice.

No harm can ever be done by openly and universally exposing sin, if only those who attempt it are themselves pure, honest and upright in their intentions. The worst evil that exists can by such be shown forth in words that need not offend any, and will offend only those with whom purity and modesty are on the surface.

OUR LIFE-STORY.

A human being's life is like his first book. The first thing a child has to do is to become conscious, to become a distinct personality, and to know it. The life, at that stage of the tale, goes on like the book. At first the child learns mere names—man, dog, girl, cat, rat: then events—"the cat kills the rat"; equivalent to the later on "Brutus killed Cæsar." And that only seems to be what is happening at this stage,—a child learning to read. But no. It is a child learning to cease to be a child, a child learning its boundaries, and the meaning of them. The first five or six years are mainly spent over prattle; bits of toys and spelling, toddling and kisses, dolls and wooden horses, "You must" and "You musn't"—but all that is only on the surface—that is the tale. Behind all that, and by means of all that, a human being is coming into real existence. The one is only the spending of the years, the other is the building up of personality and coming into rudimentary relations with the world.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, in the *Coming Day*.

A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

Have some purpose in life, be strong in that purpose, be equally strong in endeavour to put your purpose into action. Strong purpose and determined endeavour will not fail in the long run. Every effort to do well is something gained for all our fellows and ourselves.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WE are continually coming across people who think the past the only age worth living in : from the song maker who writes :— "Oh give to me the good old days of fifty years ago"—

to the old lady who says with a sigh : "Ah ! girls are not what they were when I was young. People don't know how to bring up their children nowadays," &c., &c.

Go back as far as we will, the detractors of the time in which their lot is cast still look back to the golden age, and, like Goethe's Tasso, sigh for the bygone days when nymph and faun sported in the golden morning of the ages. This attitude of mind is morbid and unhealthy, and we need to be recalled to our duty in the present by the strong common sense with which the Princess meets the sentimental nonsense of the visionary poet ; feeling that we make the world, and that the mythical golden age can only exist when we call it into being.

It is both useless and mischievous, then, to regret the fabled glories of the past, and it is little better to dream of a millenium to be brought about by no act of ours.

Dreams leave us where they found us : the present is ours wherein to act, and from the seeds of to-day come the fruits of all future ages. Yet though the golden age be an outcome of the imagination only, it is nevertheless true that each age differs from the rest, and is stamped by a very distinctive spirit, either for good or ill. Thus we have the age of devotion, when men and women saw in contemplation and prayer the highest life that it was possible to lead. Religious zeal stamped another age, when men sacrificed life and fortune to rescue the tomb of Christ from the hands of the unbelievers, forgetful in their eagerness to worship at the place where He had been, of the Spirit of Him they called Lord and Master. Other ages have been marked by their missionary spirit, others by their persecutions, and some by their chivalry. Again, the last century opened with an age of scepticism, and closed with one of revolution, when old traditions were cast to the winds, and old landmarks, whether political, social, or religious, were destroyed.

But all this is in the past, and with it as such we have nothing to do. This age is ours, and, this being so, it behoves us to know what spirit governs it, and what we may expect from it.

First, then, this end of the nineteenth century is an age of education. In spite of opposition of foes and mistakes of friends, of the crudities of Education Acts and of ignorant experimentalists, true education has made more way during the past quarter of a century than during the 200 years preceding. It is not only in our Board schools and High schools, in our universities and our various lecture-rooms that this education is given ; but a flood of knowledge is being shed upon our race and nation by the great political and social events of to-day, and by our much-abused and certainly imperfect, but nevertheless invaluable journalistic Press. Men are thinking as they never thought before, and minds are being trained to grasp the problems of the age in a way unknown to past generations.

It is, moreover, an age of progress ; the spirit of to-day is essentially "go ahead," a higher standard of comfort is demanded by all classes. The working man no longer is content with the life of a beast of burden. He demands, and rightly, something more than just permission to live and work to increase the wealth of others ; he demands a wholesome home, decent clothes, leisure to spend in his own home, food for mind as well as for body, and a fair field for his children as they grow up.

The telegraph, the railway, the telephone, the various labour-saving appliances of machinery, make it possible to live the complex life of to-day with little or no more strain upon our health and energy than was felt in the simpler and ruder life of bygone days. I do not think the most inveterate grumbler at the degeneracy of the day would care to live in the rude simplicity of the golden age on which his imagination feeds.

The present is, moreover, an age of free thought ; and though narrow-minded women and men may fear and shrink from the great free spirit of enquiry which is abroad, those of wider insight and nobler faith rejoice in its advent, knowing that it is only by proving all things and fearlessly questioning all things that the truth can ever be attained. In politics, in social life, and pre-eminently in religion, free questioning and free thinking are daily gaining ground, and this, not because faith is dead, but because reason is alive and awake. The faith of to-day is not the belief that sees no danger or difficulty, but goes along the path of life blindfolded and trustful in its absolute ignorance, but a seeing, reasoning belief which questions the hidden things of life, which faces difficulties and fights them. A grander faith, surely, than the former, by as much as innocence is greater than ignorance, and the hearty, loving co-operation of the friend is nobler than the unquestioning obedience of the serf. Free thought may sweep away old traditions, even those which by long association have become as dear or dearer to us than truth itself ; but the good, the true, and the real cannot be injured by it ; nay, they but shine out the brighter and truer for the cobwebs with which they were surrounded being swept away. And with this wider freedom of thought comes of necessity a wider toleration,

a realisation that, though truth is one, no one possesses the whole of truth, and no one dare say to another : "I am right, and hence you must be wrong." Slowly but surely we are learning that truth is like a sphere, of which we cannot see all parts at once, and that what we see cannot be seen by all. True, intolerance, bigotry, and superstition have not left us altogether, but they are anachronisms to-day and opposed to the spirit of the age, and hence must die out as the cold wind of winter, lingering into May, must disappear before the increasing brightness of the summer sun.

The present is, moreover, a Christian age ; and in saying this I by no means refer solely, or even chiefly, to the recognised efforts of the various Christian Churches for the elevation of mankind, but to the spirit of Christ and of His teaching, which is daily spreading in our land, though, maybe, the phraseology and formulas of Christianity are less and less used.

This age too, is the age of the people. Our statesmen are realising that in the masses rests the strength or the weakness of the nation, and each and every party professes to be the true friend of the workers. Now, as never before, power is given into the hands of the people, not the power of brute force or of revolution, but the steady force of the vote and of public opinion ; and though to-day the capitalists may in a great measure have taken the place of the aristocratic ruler, yet in the near future the individual must be pre-eminent. The ball lies at the feet of the people, that they may have the innings for which they have so long waited.

But, above all this, is the age of women. Never since the dawn of history have the rights of women been recognised as they are to-day. Door after door is opening to us, barrier after barrier is falling, and those which still remain are tottering to their fall. True, we are no longer placed on a pedestal to be worshipped as in the days of chivalry, but neither are we held to be mere dolls, whose only mission is to be beautiful and charm the men of our generation. No ! woman to-day is regarded as a human being with brains, heart, and mind, with all the possibilities, capabilities, and needs which such a complex personality demands : more and more is the idea taking root that in binding the woman the race is bound and its powers enfeebled, and that no great strides can be made towards freedom and greatness while one-half of the nation is hindered and handicapped by legal and conventional restraints. The justice and wisdom of our demand for equal rights and equal advantages is fast becoming felt ; though, many and great evils yet remain to be fought. There is injustice and want of truth still, but, as the clouds disappear before the rays of the morning sun, so must ignorance and injustice, falsehood and evil, vanish before the spirit of this great and glorious age ; and that its light may penetrate into every recess, let us draw back the curtains, roll back the stones from the graves in which the mentally and morally dead lie in gloom ; so that the life-giving sunshine may enter in, and all rejoice together in its glad beams.

The present is a glorious age, an age of infinite possibilities which must lead us on to a still greater and still more glorious future—a future only to be won by struggle and stress, but one wherein we shall find— "Man to man united, And every wrong thing righted ; The whole world to be lighted As Eden was of old—"

but with a grander, fuller light ; so that the golden age we shall achieve in the future shall surpass that of the mythological past as much as the cultured adult, choosing the good with open eye, surpasses the child who is only sinless with the innocence of ignorance. Let us brace ourselves for the fight, knowing that the victory is ours—for the spirit of the age is with us—that truth, and justice, and right must conquer as surely as the sun drives the clouds before it and spreads its light over the summer earth.

WOMAN'S LOT IN RUSSIA.

Here and there the popular songs bear traces of the griefs which in the rough furrows of daily life the Russian woman finds it prudent to conceal. "Ages have rolled away," says the poet Nekrasof ; "the whole face of the earth has brightened ; only the sombre lot of mowjik's wife God forgets to change." And the same poet makes one of his village heroines say, *apropos* of the enfranchisement of the serfs, "God has forgotten the nook where He hid the keys of woman's emancipation."

"Mother," said Petkin one morning early, opening wide her bright eyes to the daylight and placing one little hand on her mother's cheek, "when 'oo die I will kill myself !" "What about papa ?" said mother. "What would papa do without his little Petkin ?" "Well, yen I'll live till papa dies, yen I'll kill myself ; but," she added after reflecting seriously, "plaps Dod would be angry wis me if I killed myself. I fink I'd better marry.—From *Petkin's Diary*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Writers are themselves responsible for what their letters may contain.

A CHILD'S LETTER.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MRS. EDITOR.—I am a very naughty little girl. At least, that is what mother and nurse and the governess are always telling me, and so I suppose it must be true. Whenever I ask them a question they always say—"Don't be inquisitive," or "Run away and play," or "Little girls shouldn't ask such things." And sometimes they say that I shall never go to heaven, but go to a bad wicked place where all children that ask wicked questions are put. When nurse told me this last Tuesday, I said I didn't want to go to heaven because I didn't like music ; and Miss — (that's our Bible-class teacher) would be there, and hell would be much nicer because all the children who were worth playing with would be sure to be there. And then nurse said, "You are a good-for-nothing child, and you'll come to a bad end, see if you don't." Now, please, Mrs. Editor, will you tell me what "a bad end" means ? Miss — says I shall never come to any end at all, but go on burning for ever and ever and ever, if I don't love God. Do you think grown up people really always tell the truth ? I'll tell you why I want to know.

Last Sunday I was very good in Bible-class and answered all the questions about how the whale swallowed Jonah, and Miss — gave me a little book called "The Sight of Hell." It is written by a gentleman named the Rev. J. Furniss, and Miss — bought ever so many of them in a place in London called Paternoster-row. Miss — says it's a good book written by a good man to make little children afraid to be naughty, but I think it's a bad dreadful book, ever so bad, and if God treats children like that—I hate Him—so there. This is what it says ; I have copied it out from the book :—

"You are going to see the child that was condemned to hell. See ! it is a pitiful sight. The little child is in this red hot oven. Hear how it screams to come out. See how it turns and twists itself about in the fire. It beats its head against the roof of the oven. It stamps its little feet on the floor of the oven. You can see on the face of this little child what you see on the faces of all in hell—despair, desperate and horrible." And then, Mrs. Editor, it tells you about a boy who is like a boiling kettle inside. It says his brain is boiling and bubbling in his head, and flames come out of his ears ; and about a poor girl who has got a dress made of fire, and about a man who is squeezed into a burning coffin, and is always trying to burst it open. Please, Mrs. Editor, do please tell me how Mr. Furniss got to know all these things. I once heard of a bad wicked man, called Bradlaugh, who said there wasn't any hell at all, and nurse says that though he did ever and ever so many good things when he was alive, and was awful good to poor people, and tried to help them to be happy, God has put him into hell too. Now if what nurse says is true, I don't think it's fair at all, and oh, I do hope you'll be able to tell me. And will you please tell me whether it's really true that God let His own Son be killed a long time ago, when he hadn't done anything wrong, just because a great many people who were born ever so many years afterwards shouldn't be punished when they really deserved it. I don't think good people ought to be punished instead of wicked people, do you ? I should like to know a lot more things but I don't like to ask any more now, except just this. Why do they make us sing "There is a fountain filled with blood" ? Miss — says we shall all have to be washed in the blood to lose our guilty stains. Rosy Lofton (that's my friend) says she's not going to be washed in blood, and I'm sure I won't if she doesn't, and don't you think, Mrs. Editor, the people who make little children miserable have got guilty stains, too ?

I remain, yours affectionately,
AN INQUISITIVE CHILD.

[NOTE.—As a child, we can very well remember being horrified with such pictures and representations. We thought them quite out of date. If not, the sooner public condemnation is brought to bear upon them, the better.—Ed.]

THE BIRMINGHAM CONGRESS.

To the Editor of SHAFTS.

DEAR MADAM,—It seemed to me that the two leading subjects which appeared to take the greatest hold upon the minds of those women who assembled at the Birmingham Conference of the Women's Emancipation Union were—first, the desirability of women-ratepayers banding themselves together to refuse payment of rates, without Parliamentary representation, and second, the need for fighting the cause of women in the law courts. The first question was chiefly discussed informally among the members ; the second was forcibly dealt with in the paper contributed by Mr. Beaumont, a lawyer of Hull, and was warmly supported by Mrs. Sunley. What I am now anxious to point out, is the grave necessity that exists for working out these two aims in some practical and definite fashion. They both, of course, need a tremendous force of womanly opinion to back them up, and there are already indications that this would be forthcoming ; moreover, I believe they would be supported by a section of men. But it appears as though there were real danger that the whole subject will fall to the ground, unless some decided effort is made to lift it out of the vague region of speechifying and resolutions which, though good in their way, are but means to an end.

I wish, therefore, tentatively to throw out the suggestion that much might be achieved by the formation of an organisation or society for these objects, and especially for the first. When Miss Müller, some years ago, made so spirited a stand against injustice to women-ratepayers, she did what was admirable and courageous, but which will never be effective until a vast number of women attempt the same thing, and simultaneously. With the advance of public opinion at this present time, it would surely be possible, and eminently desirable, to set about the establishment of a society which shall have for its object

the enrolment of all insurrectionist women-ratepayers. Such a society would require time and patience to become sufficiently large to be effective ; but I venture to think that even the attempt to organise and enrol for such a purpose would have immense educational advantages, not merely for women, but also for the sex, which in my humble opinion, needs not only education, but, in addition, the wholesome and bracing tonic of a few shocks and surprises. In this connection, I would also draw attention to the fact, that in the deliberate boycotting, if not absolute misrepresentation of women's questions, which is so glaringly apparent in most organs of the daily Press, we have a special difficulty to deal with, more particularly as we wish our aims and movements to be taken note of by men-readers, and notably by the unregenerate. To overcome this, it seems to me that as it is always possible to get a paid advertisement inserted in almost any paper, it would be quite feasible to get such a society, when once started, openly advertised in several directions. Of one thing at any rate I am perfectly convinced, that if we are to trust to the reporters at women's gatherings, or to the generosity of masculine editors for a fair presentment of our work and efforts, we shall be a long time before we obtain what we are struggling for ; for nothing can be more painfully evident than that with the exception of a very small contingent, the whole masculine world goes on its way, neither hearing, reading, nor in the least caring for any of the aims of women.

I venture to ask your kind insertion of this letter, which is not so much written with the idea of offering a ready-made solution, as in the earnest hope of eliciting suggestions from others, which may lead to some practical discussion as to a plan for systematic action, and perhaps eventually bring about some fruitful result for our slowly-advancing cause.

Yours very truly,
H.

BABIES AND BLACKBERRIES.

PART I.

Sunrise is tinting the eastern sky, as soft in their downy nest,
A' cuddled doon the babies lie, our household pets at rest.
Three little cots all draped in green, three little babes in a row,
Three little doves with their brows serene, on three little pillows of snow.
In the woods how the blackberries grow !

Dear little lids, shading innocent eyes, oh these treasures of ours,
Of what are they dreaming in sweet surprise ? Of angels ? of sunshine ? of flowers ?

What reck the darlings of days that are done, what dream they of looking back ?
Life lies before them, and the sun shines bright on the forward track,
Ripening the berries black.

Frank, of five summers, and Dolly, of three, and Hilda, who counts but two,
Our golden-haired darlings so full of glee, so strong, so brave and true.
Who knoweth the place the blackberries hold in each loving baby heart ?
A gleam of gladness, a joy untold, a memory of life a part,
Is it time to the woods to start ?

Sleep, babies, sleep, what a power ye hold in your hands so soft and fair,
Binding our hearts as with chains of gold with the threads of your shining hair.
In the shade of the coming twilight hours ye may wake, perchance to weep ;
Now the dawn smiles on the opening flowers, sleep softly, darlings, sleep.
In the woods how the blackberries sleep.

Oh how we love them, these innocent souls, with their pretty and tender ways,
As their life from its dawn to its noontide rolls we come upon brighter days,
Their nestle deep in our anxious life, and oh, what a joy they bring,
Their laughter falls over care and strife, like the gleam of an angel's wing.
Is't a thrush in the woods, or do blackberries sing ?

Sleep, babies, sleep, a' close cuddled doon, kissed by the sun's bright ray ;
Trouble and grief will come too soon, oh sleep in the dawning day.
Under the hedges the berries peep all quick, and the noontide sun
Riseth in heaven. Sleep, darlings, sleep, yet wake for the frolic and fun
When the blackberries' colours are won.

* * * * *

PART II.

Lo ! in the dewy woodland scene, under a cloudless sky,
Blackberries ripe, and red, and green, in countless numbers lie.
They shout in glee, my sturdy babes, and leap from their cosy nest,
Laughing and running jousously to join in the merry quest ;
For the woods with blackberries are drest.

The time cometh surely to each little child, when the eager feet will run
To pick the juicy berries wild under the autumn sun.
Oh the delight of the careless days, the merry and musical chime !
It will ring through the years, and recall the joys of this most happy time
In the woods when blackberries were prime.

See how they peep from their leafy screen, in thorny coverts low,
Blackberries ripe, and red, and green, blackberries all aglow.
Little ones gather the juicy fruit, staining their pretty lips,
Their tender hands, their rosy cheeks, and bonny wee finger tips
With blackberries, haws, and hips.

But babies that are are not babies to be, a steadfast race must be run ;
Yet blackberry joys shall remembered be when the long, long day is done.
A joy in laughter and song expressed, when life was a gladsome dream,
O'er all life's light and shade shall rest a glamour and a gleam
Of woods where blackberries teem.

When the dimpled hands are shrivelling fast, and golden locks are grey,
The babes will think with a smile and a sigh of the days long passed away.
Oh that the gay glad hours might last, or the years bring less of pain ;
Oh that their souls might bear no taint worse than the berries' stain.
A cry in the woods, and a sound of rain.

A LADY CAVALIER.

By a RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

(Continued.)

ON May 22nd, 1807, Nadezhda Andreyevna Dourova wrote in her diary at Gutstadt these stirring and enthusiastic words:—"For the first time I have seen and taken part in a battle, and now I know how false were the ideas I had formed of war, and of all that the words horror, fear, and courage may mean. Our regiment advanced several times to the attack, not *en masse*, but each squadron by itself. I rode forward with each detachment, not in foolhardiness, but because in my youthful ardour I considered it my duty. The novelty of the scene rivetted my attention, and the excitement of it excluded all thought of fear. What a hideous, mighty roar of thundering cannon, what a howling and a hissing of whistling bullets! What a thrilling and noble spectacle the cavalry charge, and the myriad lightning flashes from the hedge of gallant infantry! Then the glorious roll of the drums, and the massive onward sweep with which our horse bore so calmly and resistlessly down upon the foe. These glorious scenes thrilled my breast with emotions I had never felt before."

In the course of this battle Nadezhda observed that some of the enemy's dragoons had wounded a Russian officer whom, already swaying in his saddle, they were about to finish. On the spur of the moment the young amazon dashed up on horseback to the rescue with levelled spear, and by the dauntless boldness of her attack she put the French dragoons to flight, then, exerting all her strength, she helped the wounded and dismounted man on to her own horse, and, reckless of the fierce storm of bullets raging round them, brought him safely back to the rear. This officer, named Panin, belonged to one of the first families in Russia.

The fatigues of war gradually exhausted Nadezhda's reserve of physical strength, but never her courage or her fortitude. Her strong will to endure bore her up through hunger, cold, and sleeplessness, and enabled her to pass scathless through many dangers to her health. "But there are limits which human nature cannot pass," she says, "and at length I was overcome by sleep and weariness, and the misery of chronic damp and cold. For two days I had neither eaten nor drunk; I had been detained on duty for many weary hours in a dank, unhealthy marsh—always in the saddle, always on the *qui vive*—and with nothing but my damp uniform to protect me from the cold wind and rain. I was worn out, and feeling that my strength was ebbing with each hour I thought I would utilise every precious halt by dismounting and sleeping on the ground beside my horse. This I did again and again, falling asleep the instant I touched mother earth, to be roused shortly by the brutal shouts of the Cossacks, when, with eyes still blind with sleep, I scrambled once more to the saddle and shouldered once again the heavy burden of my spear. Repeating this *ad caput* at every break, however short, in the weary march, my comrades at last lost patience with me, and threatened to leave me to my fate on the field if I did it again; and the quartermaster grumbled, with some ugly oaths, at the folly of allowing such feeble young cubs to creep into the service." So, thereafter, I had to sleep as best I could on horseback, nodding my head till it touched dear Alkeed's mane, and waking with a start with the feeling that I was falling, and so bewildered that I did not know where I was. My eyes were wide open, but everything round me was changing shape and wavering in a dream. The Cossacks I took for trees, and the trees for Cossacks. My head was burning with fever while I trembled with cold, for my clothes were continually soaking wet."

Nadezhda took part in the fatal and bloody battle of Friedland, where more than half her regiment was left dead on the field; and again she behaved with an uncommon courage, and saved the life of a comrade at the risk of her own. After this the army returned to Russia, and our heroine with it; but by this time a rumour had got abroad that she was not what she seemed. This rumour having reached the ears of the Emperor Alexander himself he desired to have a personal interview with her, and accordingly the young Cossack was summoned to the headquarters of General Field Marshal von Buxhövden, then at Vitebsk. The General received her kindly, and tried to reassure the trembling girl. "I have heard much of your bravery," he said, "and your commanding officers have recommended you highly to me; therefore do not be alarmed when I tell you that I am to send you to the Emperor. His Majesty desires to see you; but you have no cause to fear. Our Emperor is gracious and generous, as you will learn for yourself. Nadezhda was terrified, nevertheless, lest she should be commanded to bid an eternal farewell to her regiment and to the service she loved so fervently. With comforting words the Field Marshal gave her into the charge of Sass, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, with whom she now went to St. Petersburg.

The Emperor Alexander received the young girl, now nineteen, and still dressed in her Cossack uniform, most graciously. "He took me by the hand," she writes, "and led me to the table against which he leaned, speaking so kindly and so gently to me that hope revived in my breast, and I forgot to be afraid. 'I have heard,' then said the Emperor, 'that you are *no man, but a girl*. Is that true?' 'No, I trembled, and my hand shook in his. I could not speak at first; but, looking straight at him, I whispered at last, 'Yes, your Majesty, it is true. Though I am a soldier I am not a man.' And the Emperor blushed as I said it, so that suddenly I felt I was blushing too."

The Emperor questioned Nadezhda further as to the circumstances which had led her to adopt so unusual a career, and she told him everything without reserve. He praised her pluck and said that she had set an almost unprecedented example of heroism to the women of his empire. Her commanding officers had praised her highly, he added, and had expressed themselves as well satisfied with her conduct both in the field and in camp; while she had gained an unequalled reputation for courage. "I am glad to believe all this," continued the Emperor, "and it is my intention to send you home to your father loaded with honours, whilst—" Nadezhda was so agitated by this terrible threat that she did not hesitate to commit the crime of *lèse-majesté* by interrupting the Emperor in the middle of his sentence. Overcome with horror, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, with tears in her voice if not in her eyes: "Do

not send me home, your Majesty! I should die—I should surely die! Do not force me to regret that all through the campaign every bullet missed me. Do not, I entreat your Majesty—do not rob me of the life, that of my own free will I have devoted to your service!"

The Emperor, touched by her passionate devotion to her profession, then said: "If you think, indeed, that the right to wear my uniform and to bear arms in my wars is a sufficient reward this right shall be yours; and henceforth you shall be called by my name—Alexander. I do not doubt that you will show yourself worthy of this honour. Never forget that my name must be kept without stain, for I should not forgive you if ever you sullied it by an unworthy act."

All this is reported in Nadezhda's diary. After the audience the Emperor appointed his young namesake to be an officer in the Mariupolsky Regiment of Uhlans. Some time later the Emperor again sent for Nadezhda, and asked her to tell him the story of the rescue of Panin, which she did with becoming modesty. "He is of an illustrious family," said the Emperor, "and this single instance, alone, of your bravery, reflects the greatest honour upon your whole campaign, for it sprang from one of the worthiest of all motives—compassion. Although, then, virtue is its own reward justice demands that you should also receive what, by the laws of war, is your due—the order of St. George"; and with these words the Emperor most graciously and gracefully decorated Nadezhda with his own hands with the cross of that Order. The newly-made "Lady Cavalier" now rejoined her regiment, with which she served continuously for two years and a-half, and then took leave to pay a visit to her father, her mother having died since she left home. Her father's joy and pride may be better imagined than described, when in the dashing young Uhlans officer he recognised his darling child.

But Nadezhda could not stay long in her quiet and comfortable home. The needle and the spindle were not her weapons. The clattering of hoofs and the rattle of the drum drew her back to the life she had chosen, and that the more irresistibly as the terrible year 1812 was now approaching, when every creature who was capable of bearing arms was called upon to fight; and the tender child of 1806 had developed in the interval into a strong and dauntless soldier—and more, for Nadezhda was now the gallant, skilled, and trustworthy commander of a squadron of horse.

The grim and bearded Uhlans veterans under her command had not the faintest suspicion that the captain they obeyed with such prompt precision, that the brave soldier who led them into battle with such remarkable gallantry was a woman. God forbid! So well did she keep her secret, that it often chanced that her own story was told in her presence at the officers' mess or over the camp fire, with many fanciful additions, of course; but no one ever suspected that the heroine of these adventures was among the audience. This fact speaks volumes for the character and conduct of the Lady Cavalier, and proves that she was quite unusually gifted with will and self-control.

From her diary of this campaign, which fills three thick volumes, we learn that Mlle. Nadezhda Dourova took part in almost all its battles, exposing herself fearlessly wherever the fight was thickest and the danger greatest. Some passages, taken almost at random, will give an idea of the hardships which she endured at this period. On one occasion, being thoroughly exhausted by a march which had lasted three days and nights, during which time there had been no opportunity for rest or sleep, she writes: "I could hold out no longer, but slipped into the town in advance of my regiment, and entered the first house I came to, intending to secure half an hour's sleep, which I felt I must have or perish. Dismissing my orderly with injunctions to wake me as soon as the regiment arrived, I lay down at once, while the woman of the house was preparing a meal for us, and fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke it was night, and all was silent round me. I rose and called loudly for my man. 'Has the regiment not arrived yet?' I asked, as soon as he appeared, and was told that it was encamped outside the town. 'Why did you not wake me as I ordered you?' 'It was impossible; you slept like the dead,' he replied. 'We tried to rouse you by speaking and touching you gently at first, and then we shouted in your ear; pushed and shook you; we even set you on your feet, passed lighted candles before your eyes, and threw cold water in your face; but all in vain! You never stirred, nor once opened your eyes; and our good hostess, who was looking on, wept as we laid you down again, 'Poor boy!' she said, 'He looks as if he were dead'; and she bent over you to be sure that you still breathed, saying that it was cruel to ask such young things as you to fight.'" In another place she writes: "I don't know what to do. I am afraid I am quite done for at last! and it will not be put down to the terrible toils, and exertions, and sufferings of the campaign, but to my woman's weakness. I am devoured with thirst, and there is no water to be had but out of the roadside ditches. Once I dismounted to drink there; and, after having with the greatest difficulty succeeded in scraping up a few drops of the green and fetid fluid, I rode five versts with my treasure before I could make up my mind either to drink it or to throw it away. But to what horrors will not dire necessity compel us? I swallowed the diabolical liquid at last. . . ."

At Smolensk our heroine took part in the battle against Napoleon, and had many hair-breadth escapes. Once when her squadron had been ordered to retreat in order to draw the enemy towards the Russian lines, trusting to the unusual speed of her horse she was lagging behind to cover the hindmost of her men, when she suddenly realised that four of the French dragoons were but an arm's length behind her and able to reach her with their sabres. But instead of putting spurs to Alkeed, as she had intended to do in such an emergency, the madness of battle seized her, and, facing them boldly, she attacked them with such fierceness that they turned and fled.

(To be continued.)

When William Pulteney, Earl of Bath—a statesman of a type now happily extinct—was dead, and his biographers were busy compiling his memoirs, some one sent them the following lines:—

Leave a blank here and there in each page.—
'Twill express the fair deeds of his youth;
When you mention the acts of his age,
Leave a blank for his honour and truth.

A WOMAN'S CREED.

Not hate but love!

The love which lies like sunshine o'er the world,
Which softens sorrow, smooths out wrinkled Fate,
And, as a benison from Heaven above,
Leaves wrong and treachery beyond Earth's gate
And finds the good in every heart impeared.

Not war but peace!

The quiet homestead and the waving corn,
The strife of voices, not of blood and fire,
The angel's claron, bidding murder cease,
And the foul scenes of death and carnage dire
Be but a dream on memory's pinions borne.

Not slaves, but free!

Not one sex shackled by a nation's laws,
Framed first by tyranny, upheld by lust;
But, in the glorious golden time to be,
Life dawn, for both, on mutual faith and trust,
And liberty uphold truth's holy cause.

WARNER SNOAD, in *Woman's Recorder*.

TYPE-WRITING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

(Continued.)

THE best age for a girl to learn type-writing is after she has left school; and the best place for tuition is undoubtedly a good type-writing office, as she will there see various kinds of work, the knowledge of which will be useful to her; while, at the same time she will get some experience of the routine of an office. A term of three months' daily practice is supposed to be sufficient; but those wishing for employment in Government offices, as solicitors' or merchants' clerks, or as amanuenses, are advised to remain for a year, either as occasional or regular workers, so as to become really proficient and expert. Now that nearly every office of importance possesses a type-writer, the number of different sorts of situations to be obtained are almost legion, and it is easy for a girl to choose the kind she thinks most suitable to her education or capability. Barristers, solicitors, civil engineers, merchants, public companies, the Government, all more or less employ the services of typists, and in many cases prefer a woman; but it must not be forgotten that it is an absolute necessity women should learn shorthand as well, as the best posts are now obtained by those who are also good phonographers; while some knowledge of French and German—at all events, enough to enable them to write and translate letters in those languages—is most desirable, even obligatory, for those who wish to obtain employment as amanuensis or secretary.

The question of remuneration is, of course, more or less an individual affair. A girl with shorthand and one or two foreign languages would have a higher commercial value than one without; while business-like qualities, quickness, and common-sense would also increase her usefulness. From facts obtained from different sources salaries are found to be more or less thus:—

In a general copying office, where the clerks are paid per piece work, they make as *typists* from £1 to £1 10s. per week. As typist and phonographer combined, £2 to £2 5s. per week.

In Government offices typists begin on a salary of 14s., rising to 35s. per week. As typists and phonographers they get from £60 to £150 a year. (A few can rise to £180.)

As clerks in private offices, such as banks, merchants', solicitors' and insurance offices, the salaries vary from 25s. to £3 per week.

It will be remarked that the 14s. a week paid by some of the Government offices is very little compared with the rest of the scale; there have been consequently some bitter accusations of "sweating" against the Government, though in defence it has been urged that the hours are very short (from 10 to 4 p.m.) and that this pay can be increased by working over hours up to the time usual in many offices. This point cannot be discussed here; still, if the War Office should in time (as it would be justified in doing) only employ the daughters of poor retired army officers, 14s. a week would not be adequate to their wants and position.

It will be seen by the above scale that these salaries compare favourably with those often received by governesses, even in High schools; and therefore there is no reason why girls who have no aptitude for teaching, and dislike the care of children, should not go in for this kind of work; in fact, many a professional man's daughter has found the freer life of a clerk far more to her taste.

The first type-writing office opened in London was quickly followed by others in the leading cities; and now nearly all the principal towns of England possess one, if not several! London alone has about 70, managed in most cases by women, who must, of course, have more than an average share of common-sense, pluck and determination, combined with business capabilities to cope with the different kinds of MSS. sent in; while they must not be afraid of hard work, late hours, and anxieties.

It is a noteworthy fact that the offices opened by men have not been as a rule as successful as those managed by women; perhaps men lack patience in small details, or the monotony of the copying tires them; however, from whatever cause, the fact remains. A short time ago the principal of an office in a large town wrote to another: "I am giving up my business; it is only a woman who could succeed here." The reason for this conviction he did not give, but that he should have considered a woman to be more likely to be successful than himself was the more astonishing, as the town in question was a purely commercial one, and therefore more fitted, one would have thought, to be worked by a man.

If it is important for a clerk to have a good education, if she would be a successful typist, how much more is it necessary for the head of an office. A clerk's deficiency can sometimes be covered or made good by the usual revision of her work before it is sent out; but unless the manager of an office is thoroughly competent in every way, she has not much chance of success. The kind of work she will get depends very much upon the town; still, into almost every office MSS. on all conceivable subjects find their way; the miscellaneous matter sent out in the course of a year being almost incredible, and makes one wonder what the public did before the advent of copying offices. Therefore it will be easily understood that a good manager must have her wits about her, be ready for every emergency, be able to correct misspelt words, and read such undecipherable MS. that even its own writer can hardly make out; keep a good library of reference books, and read up as much as possible those subjects which she is most likely to require in her particular class of work.

The would-be opener of a copying office should at least have six months' training in another office, so as to learn every detail of office work, and if she is wise she will remain another six months in the capacity of a clerk, so as to gain practical experience. Mr. W. T. Stead, in an article on "Young Women and Journalism," lately gave some advice which can be equally given to those desirous of opening offices of their own. "If you go in for journalism," he says, "in order to make a living, do not object to begin at the beginning, and to learn the business before expecting that it will keep you." In the early days of type-writing it was possible, considering the slight competition, for an office to be opened and make its way by degrees, without any great outlay or previous business training being necessary; but that is now quite out of the question, as type-writing is more or less general everywhere, and greater perfection is expected than in its early days. Nothing would be more unwise than for a woman after a little practice on a type-writer to set up in a town without experience or capital, in opposition to an already established office. It must be borne in mind that type-writing, after all, is still in its infancy, and that where there might be work for one office two might be too many.

In conclusion, it may be said that the daily work of women who have offices of their own is very often interesting; the dry routine, generally a drawback to many other employments, being here absent. The contact which such occupation so often brings with the most eminent writers or lecturers of the day is most refreshing, while the revising of their MSS. is indeed a "liberal education"; but if every head of an office were asked to give her experience and opinion no doubt one and all would answer that whatever measure of prosperity they had been fortunate enough to meet with, had not been obtained without a great deal of hard work and energy, rigid attention to small details, and an unconquerable desire to leave no stone unturned which might contribute to their ultimate success.

LILLOISE.

LECTURE ON SHORTHAND AND TYPE-WRITING, AT THE TOWN HALL, OXFORD.

(From the *Oxford Times*, October 29th, 1892.)

A LECTURE on shorthand and type-writing, arranged by Miss Evelyn Burnblum, principal of the University Type-Writing and Shorthand Office, King Edward-street, was given to the members of the University and others at the Town Hall, on the evening of October 27th, by Mr. Munford, F.N.P.S., and principal of the Kensington School of Shorthand. There was a large attendance. The Regius Professor of Medicine, Sir Henry Acland, Bart., K.C.B., M.D., F.R.S., was in the chair, and there were present on the platform, Mr. A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College; Mr. M. E. Sadler, M.A., Secretary of the University Extension; and Dr. E. B. Gray. Having expressed the pleasure it afforded him to be present on such an interesting and important occasion, Sir Henry Acland remarked that, from observations he had made, he was satisfied that the higher education of young people had become in the competition of life an absolute necessity. Amongst the development of progressive education was found that of certain matters of moderately recent discovery, in the shape of shorthand and type-writing, the value of which to those whose parents put them in the way of selecting for themselves a course of future work in life was inestimable.

Dr. Gray said he had great pleasure in accepting an invitation to say a few words for an old friend. Shorthand had been a very old friend of his. He learnt it some forty-five years ago and had written it more or less ever since. Very few of those present, he presumed, knew much about the extraordinary development which during recent years it had undergone. He could well remember the time when shorthand was a kind of mystic power. Then it was employed by comparatively few professional men who exercised their vocation as newspaper reporters, reporters in the law courts, and reporters of the debates in Parliament. Now, however, shorthand has become more general and is used in almost every large manufacturing and commercial house in the country. But not only did commercial and manufacturing firms and solicitors avail themselves of the "winged art," but it made its way into the Government offices, and was now an optional subject in the examination of candidates for all foreign and diplomatic offices, besides which there were thousands using it for private purposes, as he himself did, while many writers of the day dictated their books to shorthand secretaries, who then transcribed the matter with the type-writer. Speaking in regard to the value of shorthand to University students, Dr. Gray said they would save themselves an immense amount of labour if they learnt it, as it would be of great value to them in whatever profession they chose. Many, too, who used phonography in the larger towns of England combined with instruction in shorthand instruction in type-writing, the one being generally held to be indispensable to the other. With this increased demand for shorthand writers there was a new field of industry opened up, in which they had a practical concern—an opening which offered a new and honourable livelihood to all who would fairly take the subject up and master it. In view of the rapidly increasing demand for shorthand, he was quite sure they would be glad to know that a school of shorthand had quite recently been established in Oxford, in connection with the University Typewriting and Shorthand Offices in King Edward-street. There would be three classes formed, one for non-members, and the other for members of the University, and one for ladies, and each would

be under a competent teacher, and he strongly advised all who had a thought of studying phonography to do so at a school, or at any rate under a teacher. By doing so their progress would be greater, and they would save themselves a good deal of time and labour.

Mr. Sidgwick spoke of type-writing as a profession for the young and particularly for girls. It was because of the great necessity he had all his life felt for providing new outlets, new work for those women who were educated, and who wished to earn their own livelihood, that he cordially accepted an invitation to come there that evening. When he said educated women, he did not wish to be misunderstood, because it was not a question of class. They all hoped—and there were a great many in Oxford who at the present were doing their best, and devoting a great part of their time to this end—to see all educational advantages extended to both sexes and to all classes. Shorthand and type-writing as a profession was a rapidly growing sphere of labour, and the evidence on this point was overwhelming. Mr. Sidgwick then dealt at considerable length with type-writing, and remarked upon its utility in all houses of business, to literary men in preparing copy for the Press, and lawyers in getting out their documents.

Mr. Sadler next addressed the meeting, and said he appeared as a lamentable example of ignorance in shorthand, but seemed to think it would soon supersede longhand. At the end of these speeches Mr. Munford followed with his interesting and instructive lecture on shorthand and type-writing illustrated by means of oxy-hydrogen lime-light views. His observations throughout were listened to with much attention and the lecture was thoroughly appreciated.

At the close Sir Henry Acland moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and also to Miss Burnblum, to whose exertions, in conjunction with Mr. Sidgwick and Dr. Gray, they were indebted for this insight into one of the progressive movements of education.

Mr. Munford briefly replied, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

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