THE NEW MORALITY.—II.

THE generalisation which we made in a previous article, to the effect that man's view of life is sensuous, and that woman's is ascetic, can in its broad aspects barely be contested. But in the very act of making it, it has to be noted that such generalisations are being made by women themselves, and that in being able to make them, women are giving evidence that if they are ascetic themselves, they are so consciously, and presumably, with self-approval. This consideration brings us rapidly to the point that at the present time there exist many women who are holding their own psychology (and incidentally that of men) under examination, and are therefore holding their approval in suspension. The women in the present-day woman's movement are in a better position to make judgments in the matter than were the pioneers of fifty years ago. The Women's Old Guard, the Women's Righters of half a century ago, based their claims to women's rights upon women's very definite and grinding wrongs. The result is that many of the more obvious material women's wrongs have been righted, and most of the younger women in the present-day movement have more to tell of the ha'pence than of the kicks which they have received from men. This has become so pronounced—men show so much more consideration to women than women show to other women—that many of the latter have become ashamed of the heavy burdens which they put upon men. They have come to realise, for instance, that there is something to be said for men, at least on the financial side of the sex case, and in the chastened spirit resulting from this realisation they have approached the psychology of the sex case, where there would appear to be less to be said for men. Women, indeed, are only just emerging from a period of bitterness in relation to this second matter. The reason for this bitterness is not far to seek. Women, as we have said, are the social ascetics. They have become ascetic through their long exercising of restraint. They have restrained themselves in order to remain "pure." They have remained "pure" because men like them "pure," and men's likings in this matter are backed up by women's religion, which, while being women's, is man-founded, man-expounded, and man-administered. Men have insisted upon this caste of "pure women" because they themselves were afraid of the senses. For men had given rein to the senses and, having tried them, men knew their dangers. Hence they kept the women from them, incidentally inculcating in women the power of restraint, for which women should be duly grateful, as they will be when they realise the power which accrues therefrom. Before this realisation of power has arrived, however, woman has been made to feel that men are unsatisfied with the pure woman—not with her purity, but with the type of individual which the purity has produced. She became aware of man's genial contempt for her; she knew she had been selected because her purity had enhanced the man's pleasure in the first instance, and had rendered her good for breeding purposes in the second. But with her personality and her virtues she learnt he was bored. His pleasures he sought away from her, while all hers, her "purity," demanded, should come from him. It was this boredom on the part of the man which stung the Victorian woman into her implacable revolt. She was dimly aware that man had demanded the production of her type. She had merely acquiesced, and he, not liking the results, had stung her in her sorest point—in her vanity and pride. This offended pride is behind the resentment which has certainly not yet died down in the older women. It is also what is behind the efforts which are seeking to bind men up in the strictest bonds of puritanism which they themselves
which gives knowledge of the open avenue along which creative vibration communicates. Along this avenue the consciousness of the created is in intimate touch with the strength of their faith to enforce puritanism on men. Men have feared for women over-much. Women have over-readily imbued the fears of men. As we said at the outset of the article, many women are coming to realise their own psychology, and are abandoning their long mistrust of life, with its impulses and pleasures. They are beginning to realise that capacity for sense-experience is the sap of life, that the power to feel is in direct ratio to the strength of their hold on life, and to the height of their attain¬ment in the scale of being.

It is only one of a thousand indications of the niggardliness of our emotional life that so many human beings have a capacity for emotion in respect only of sexual feeling. This restrictedness of emotion means that the capacity for feeling is really in the last ditch. Bound up as sex is with the sense which is first to come and last to go—the sense of touch—and integrally bound up with the reproduction of human life is the fact that all feeling should be bound up with sex means that feeling is making its last effort to live; and should feeling in this respect die out, then the curtain will ring down upon the human drama with no hope of a recall. Consequently, sexual emotion being the commonest emotion, it is in regard to this that women have to find out what a different acceptation of the purport of sensation in this sphere will entail.

And here we will endeavour to be precise in our phraseology. And not only is it necessary for us to be precise; it is equally necessary for readers to be precise. A word or phrase is restricted to its own meaning, and cannot bear the added weight of associated meanings. These associated meanings must be provided with specific and precise words or phrases appropriate solely to themselves. Half the philosophic arguments which run on from century to century would have been comfortably laid to rest in as many years had the combatants taken the preliminary trouble to state exactly what the argument was about. Hence, forewarned, we realise that, although there must of necessity be argument upon sex morality and sex right¬ness based on biological and teleological consider¬ations, there should be as little as possible of the kind of argument which rests for its continuity upon the fact that one side refuses to argue the same proposition as the other, and vice versa. So we consider passion and sex-passion. Passion is a rare thing, and more valuable than it is rare. It will, therefore, be clear that we do not now speak of desire, nor of lust of one thing nor of another. We do not speak of the turbulent excitement of sense which rushes to work itself out to a swift finish. We speak of that arrestation of all the powers of sense by an object or cause whose first attraction has made it clear there is communication between it and the mind which becomes aware of it. It is this first suspension of the senses which produces the susceptibility which becomes sensitive in a higher degree to every added manifestation to which the senses may become alive. So it rivets attention, and it is the riveted attention
NOTES OF THE WEEK

November 28, 1911

THE FREEWOMAN

103

HOW ineruptedly pagan we are, and how far we have travelled from the establishment of the innate right of the natural instincts since the time of the Reformation and the Puritan Revolution, it takes little more than a Christmas speckle to startle us. The way to do "working people" of Lancashire, to make clear. They have money to spend, but an opinion that until that Christmas the right thing to do is to spend it. So here, in these close-knit and wealthy towns lying behind Manchester, we see probably what the rest of industrial England may become after perhaps fifty years of hard struggling at industrial reform. The thought is not depressing; it is merely chastening; it merely makes one think that since the time when the amends that should have been made were not made, until the time of the Reformation, that the people of a county which within a few days may do within the throes of a lock-out be rationally and by that the fact that the Lancashire people have not enjoyed it, and they have seen to it that there was something that was wrong, and that this was normal tolerate this heavy fall of smoke, which droops eternally over these cotton towns, or tolerate these long, stoned-paved, treeless streets which stretch their lengths of weary brick into the gloomy horizon which only too fittingly engulfs them? So alive to the beauty of sound, why are they so deaf to the beauty of vision? Perhaps, one sense driven inward transmutes itself into another, and their music becomes excellent because their towns are hideous.

The prospect of a lock-out in the cotton trade has always so appeared to diminish the merriment of the Christmas season. Although we possess sympathy so strong as to constitute a bias in favour of Trade Unionists, we are unable to follow the Trade Unionists in the demand to make, that the employers shall dismiss all non-unionists in the cotton mills. In a still employing hundreds of hands, one or two refuse to enter the Trade Union, and the trade unionists, having failed by fair means, i.e., honest persuasion—to induce the non-unionists to come in, are endeavouring to force the employers by threats of cessation of work to dismiss the non-unionists. The cotton operatives, who belong to the great inarticulate mass, must their influence be merely in promoting the amenities of life. The ordinary lack of their service fosters gentler manners. The decency of the worshippers has fostered a higher standard of living. But, more than all, they have socialised the community. The church, among the people, proves the means of intercourse and the organised social gaiety which correspond to the social functions of the wealthier, and they do it under much better conditions—they are not a social evil; the musical evening, the Sunday School, the holiday meeting together as a society. It is at a festival time like Christmas that one realises that function of the churches which establishes and justifies their hold over the people. With the "socials," "charities," "children's breakfasts and mornings, grown-up "teas," "amusements," they provide that background and incentive for achievement which constitutes the social community. They are small, and intimate in proportion to their smallness, the churches are largely responsible for the sense of individuality, which is more marked in the provincial than in the London.
The Dethronement of the Pompadour.

The movement which has for its war cry the staccato refrain, "Votes for Women," is the most absurd yet one of the most necessary movements of our time. It is absurd because women have awakened to a desire for the franchise at a moment when the franchise has almost become a discredited thing; and it is necessary because the illusion of the trustworthiness and invincibility of the vote is still one of the most persistent beliefs of civilization. The very fact then, that, to all intents and purposes, the democratic principle has been admitted by modern nations, ought to be sufficient argument for the inclusion of women as well as men in its operations. That women are more numerous than men is no argument against their having the vote, if democracy still believes in the will of the majority. And it is equally absurd to delete women from political life because of a theory or a fact. I do not know which, that during certain days in the year they are incapable for certain physical reasons, which re-act on the mind, from making well-reasoned judgments. Disfranchisement of women on such a theory would be comparable only to the disfranchisement of men because they are at times distraught by indigestion. But there are no logical objections to giving women the vote; not that logical objections matter either one way or the other, for there is not the logical negation that could not be capped at will by its opposite logical affirmation. The real objection to giving women the vote is beyond all logic, so far beyond that the male opponents of the franchise for women have never been able to realize it. With the women who oppose the Feminist movement in politics, the facts are otherwise; they know very precisely, even if they cannot or will not make their knowledge articulate, that the vote for women does not matter because women have actually been more powerful politically, socially, and, when they liked, intellectually and economically, without it. Up to now the power of woman has been veiled and not a little futile; and all men and most women have been satisfied with that state of things. . . . If the stone, for the extension of the franchise to women might dish the Suffragette by passing an Adult Suffrage Bill, but that would be a futile revenge, an expression of impotent resentment. If the old-fashioned man wants to spite his ancient enemy, the old-fashioned woman, by giving the modern woman the vote—but it is not a question of spite; men must adopt female suffrage in self defence.

When I refer to the modern woman, I do not refer merely to the woman who wants a vote, for the majority of the latter I am inclined to believe are old-fashioned women, who have made the mistake of imagining the vote worth having—in the old-fashioned way, and for the old-fashioned purpose. If the vote is worth having, it is worth having for exemplary rather than political reasons. Above all, it is worth having as a purely moral stepping-stone, for the old-fashioned woman who verily will free men ultimately from feminine control. It will help to complete the rout of chivalry and charm, by forcing women to recognize that they must be the equals of men—and not their superiors. Women will no longer be able, for instance, to trade upon the weakness of men by making a currency of her own weakness, for men will then be in the position to reply, "Woman, save thyself!" That, I think, will be to the advantage of both men and women, for no one can save the world unless everyone knows first how to save himself. The establishment of political freedom for women is thus of great value to men; and even if it does no more than rob him of the illusion that he takes the initiative in all vital actions, by doing so it will give him the chance of proving his ability to initiate and test his strength to command. But above all, the equalisation of political rights will free man from, under present conditions, the intolerable dominance of sex. It will do that by forcing women into their true categories: the new type which sees other things besides sex in life, and the old type which looks upon sex as the main thing, the prime medium of barter, and the sharpest instrument of power. We have had plenty of opportunities of judging the masculine slavery
which has been the effect of long ages of sentimentalism (that is, sentimentalism in the Mere- 

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

must return.

the feminist movement is that it does open the door 

social life, man has his strength, just as woman has 

other reason than that nothing could be more 

Local Government Board (Cd. 5,865) give food for 

December 28, 1911.

Blue-books are, in the nature of things, 

when health is of prime importance, and by adding mental 

registration laws, the deeper has become the stigma 

prostitute, but motherhood, and if this has given enormous encouragement to the methods 

a real danger in discountenancing the effect. It 

openly countenances the cause, while it constitutes 

half-deranged girl who, in the horror of her isolation, has killed the 

the expected mother can be adequately nourished and 

and accorded as follows:——

Number of admissions...... 3,125 1,368

Prematures...... 311 173

Deaths of mothers...... 24 15

Deaths of children within 14 days of life...... 120 58

The comments upon these figures furnish useful 

"information has been furnished in the returns 

"the percentage of children who died 

"the general type and 

"of prenatal 

"the necessity for 

"the motherhood 

Blue-books are, in the nature of things, 

"the system 

"the doctrine of parental 

"the community has a 

"if he is pressed, he does not 

"the community has a 

 watch over the care they have lived are the dominating factors in 

the death-rate."

that such institutions "sap" not 

"self-respect," which must, above all things, be in-

"repentance" are the necessary credentials for 

"the child, of which the wants and condition of 

the children, and the condition under which they have lived are the dominating factors in 

determining the death-rate."

"Information has been furnished in the returns 

respecting the weight at birth of 105 out of the 106 

infants in the Metropolitan and adjoining unions 

who died within the first week of life. The average 

weight at birth of infants in the general population 

is 7 lbs., and only 11 of the 105 infants attained 

this standard. The average weight of the 105 

infants was 4 lbs. 6 oz.

"A highly stated fact be a more con-vincing 

conviction of the way in which motherhood 

the unwanted type is treated? We may well 

accept the disclaimer that the union management 

is not responsible for the conditions under which 

the mothers have lived. But who is? The system 

by which these children are brought to birth in a 

workhouse is radically wrong. The State has 

intervened; but its duty does not end there. It 

should see that proper surroundings and proper 

conditions are given to those who are producing 

children for its purposes; and the calous way in 

which the State, and the Government Board, are 

through the medium of the Poor Law is the most 

damning condemnation of our boasted civilisation. 

Yet whatever any remedy for this or any other 

aspect of the social evil is touched upon, there is a 

curious tendency on the part of the Philistines to 

throw up his hands and exclaim that you may call 

him old-fashioned, but at least he is not going to 

"encourage vice." He professes the utmost symp-

athy for the unfortunate; but you know, as Mr. 

Harold Owen put it recently in the Daily Chronicle, 

young women must suffer for their indiscretions": it is such a "useful deterrent." Between philanth-

ropy and Pecksniffism, the real economic problem 

of solving these derelicts is hidden from view in a 

cloud of ill-considered prejudice.

The problem which has got to be solved rests 
on three incontestable propositions. These are:

(1) That the stricter the enforcement of our 

registration laws, the deeper has become the stigma 

of marriageless motherhood and illegitimate birth. 

So that what was a century ago a comparatively 

venial slip is now a crime of the first order.

(2) That this social ostracism does not attack 

illicit sex-relations, but motherhood; and if this 

has given enormous encouragement to the methods 

of evading motherhood which are doing more to sap 

the health and physique of the nation than any 

number of illicit unions.

(3) That this cannot act as a deterrent, as it 

openly countenances the cause, while it constitutes 

a real danger in discountenancing the effect. It 

enforces a system of social outlawry at a time when 

health is of prime importance, and by adding mental 

to physical torture it saps the health of child 

and of mother together.

These facts cannot be denied. Your Philistine,

however, shrugs his shoulders and asks what he is 

to do. He is full of the doctrine of parental 

responsibility. He forgets that the community has a 

responsibility too. If he is pressed, he does not 

object to charitable institutions giving aid; this 

apparently does not "sap responsibility." He 

knows, as a fact, that such institutions "sap" not 

only responsibility but self-respect; "shame" and 

"repentance" are the necessary credentials for 

admission to such places. Thus the vital factor, 

"self-respect," which must, above all things, be in-

culcated, is deliberately sacrificed; and though we 
do full justice to the work done by charity, we 
cannot hope for real success until the State steps 
in and organises these haphazard and half-
neglected efforts on an economic basis.

But our Philistine argues, this will be very 

expensive. It will be such an inducement to promis-

cuous maturnity. To read the sermons of the old-

fashioned critics, one would think that the State 

offered to provide a luxurious home to the mother 

and an assured income to her offspring for the rest 
of their days. What is the real proposal? It is 

to provide cleanly and sanitary surroundings where 

the expectant mother can be adequately nourished 

and looked after during the critical weeks when she 
cannot, and should not, earn her own living. In 

many cases, indeed, a contribution could be paid 
towards the expense of maintenance; but in any 

case the charges would be inconsiderable compared 

with those actually borne at present. It would no 

longer be necessary to maintain for years, in a 

prison or lunatic asylum, some half-deranged girl 

who, in the horror of her isolation, has killed the 

child to whom she gave life, but was unable to 

maintain for years in the poorhouse some half-

witted child, to whom she gave life, but was unable 

to give health or nourishment. Is the balance of 

economy on the side of the present system? This 

is no question of sentiment or philanthropy; it is 
one of plain public economy. "If we want to im-

prove the national health," Mr. Lloyd George said 

the other day, "we must begin with the child." 

Yes; and if we want to begin with the child, we 
must inevitably start with the mother. Give her
health during her troubles, and she will look after her responsibility. Mothers do not shirk their responsibilities, and God knows, after a girl is well enough to leave the home, there will be time enough in which she can exercise them.

Let us get rid of what remains of our bastardy law—indelensible in principle, outrageous in practice. Give the mother health, the child equality; let neither have to face the troubles of life with the brand of social ostracism. Give them their right as citizens—Self-respect. "Each woman," as Bernard Shaw says in his airy way, "has a right to sexual experience." The experience is usually bitter enough without the more fortunate—often equally guilty—ones making it unbearable. The worst aspect of our social system is the eagerness of women to evade their nature, or even, at the risk of life, to cheat its fulfilment. These things should not be. But it is of no use to tilt against the evil, as the Bishop of London does; it is of no use to imprison an occasional doctor who bungles his job; you must go to the source of the evil, and attempt at least to solve the problem that Society has deliberately evolved. "Naturam expellas furca, simul usque recurreat"; but give Nature a chance, and she will cease to avenge herself in the helpless agony of thousands of innocents. It is a work which has to be done, and which women alone can do; it must be done in face of the closest and oldest trade union in existence—that of the married woman. Now, however, that the married women are becoming the minority, it must be carried through.

F. W. L. R.

**Woman—and the Revolution.**

It was Walter Pater who said that any great spiritual event in the world-scheme tends to establish a higher standard of feminine beauty, and although there are some who would seek to prove the truth or futility of this, there are yet souls that are tender to the spark of intuitive conceptions; and for these, it would seem, the words were penned.

Typical beauty, bearing the impress of an age's aspirations, can be borne only of a unity of spiritual purpose from which all sporadic influences have been purged. But art in this age has given us no such type, and the age, not art, is to blame; the type does not exist. What we do find is an irregular, fortuitous beauty compounded of elements unstable in themselves and in their relations to each other: a complex precluding perpetuity, individual rather than typical.

From this premise the conclusion may be drawn (at least, tentatively) that the present is an age stripped utterly of the nethermost shred of its spiritual garment, devoid of the last, or even the first, refinement. For as progress is marked, not merely by the fermentation of new ideas in some highly cultured mind, but by the diffusion amongst peoples of the knowledge so derived, so also our estimate of beauty should be based rather upon the broad characteristics of a type, than upon the superlatives of a particular mind on view.

What Pater did not tell us (what, indeed, he had no occasion to say in writing of the feminine type) is that events which culminate in an enhanced love-likeness in woman must evoke also a nobler strength in man, marked by the large generosity that rightly belongs to strength. For though it were denied that beauty is potent to inspire the beholder with a high idealism akin to strength, we yet may suppose that man's nature, no less than woman's, is impressionable clay under the fashioning finger of world-events.

The essential distinction between the sexes (if such be insisted upon) should be sought rather upon psychological than physiological lines; and if the difference so disclosed seems to be equally harmful, it is either because Nature has not had her way with the types selected, or because the mind of the searcher lacks the degree of perception that is needful to an ultimate harmony of vision. An adequate and comprehensive view of life cannot be other than asexual; and for this reason do we look, when seeking a sound philosophy or a sane aesthetic, to such as have solved in themselves the great equation of sex; in whom the masculine element scarcely outweighs the feminine, or the reverse. A glance through the gallery of Life's great interpreters will discover to us the anomaly of men having salient feminine characteristics, and women whose outlook is essentially virile; and it would appear that a partial mergerence of the sexes were a condition of the attainment to that rhythmic sense, which, for Novalis, embraced the whole meaning of the word Genius.

Few will dispute that women are more instinctive than logical; more intuitive than cerebral. But too often do we hear these epithets applied with a contemptuous inflexion; too frequently forget that a cynical, like a sexual, standpoint is exclusive, individualistic, therefore, valueless. The true distinction between the psychology of man and woman is as the difference between thought and feeling. Man feels through his brain: woman thinks through her heart. Each contributes to the Being of the other; each is indispensable to the other, even on a purely mental plane.

We may regard sex as an equation which must finally be solved, and when one of its elements becomes changed under new influences, the other must evolve to conformity with it, if the balance upon which a solution depends is to be maintained. And unless Nature's laws have been subverted by man's enactments, there can be nothing in either element iminimal to the ultimate solving of the equation, so that the menace of a sex-war could only materialise under some entirely false Social Order, such as obtains to-day. The sexual strife which first became articulate in Ibsen, and which now finds audible, intelligible expression in the activities of a well-organised movement, is not the least significant token that we are standing on the threshold of a new social era. Nature will not long permit one element of her sublimest equation to lag: she will bring the sluggard to book in her own harsh way.

But a people tossed forward on the full tide of a new movement can but vaguely image the strand towards which they are striving. The many demand a sign, and the more perceptive fling back a symbol to enable those behind to extend the limits of their vision. It happens frequently, however, that the Idea, springing fresh from the ordered soil of Universal Law, evolves towards a higher plane of perfection. But the symbol, rigidly fixed in the minds of men, conserves its first significance, and so lapses, in course of time, from the intimate association with the Idea, which alone makes it potent to evoke in the primitive mind some semblance of the conception it was designed to express.

It is seldom that the final import of a world-movement can be more than dimly prefigured until it approaches its climacteric; but there are always a few great minds abreast of its most varied developments, for the very mode and degree of its progress are determined by the imaginations of such. Clearly,
these free spirits range wider than the uttermost horizon comprehended by the eager symbols of the new movement; and for them the small measure of freedom which, in this sexual strife, the franchise has come to signify, marks but the fringe of an ultimate sex-emancipation, a primitive desire for which is evinced in the brooding, troublous unrest pervading the whole social atmosphere of modern life; which has a subjective existence, as a thing at hand, yet elusive—a more conscious yearning—in the minds of not a few to-day, who have realised that the coming of sex-freedom must synchronise with the emancipation of all mankind, upon an economic plane.

For, as said, this intersexual strife is Nature's protest against the tampering with her laws by man, we may not hope for a lasting truce, nor yet for an armistice, until the pressure of certain social institutions upon the human equation (whose mode of solution is surely from within) shall have been removed, which cannot well happen before we have grasped the full significance of that portion of the social code whose function it is to regulate the relations of the sexes.

Seeking to discover in what this human code has failed, we scrutinise the principle on which it has its foundation, for Marriage is a form of monopoly which assuredly did not spring from a natural source, since its success depends upon the stability of human characteristics which we know to be infinitely variable. But lest it be urged that natural source, since its success depends upon the stability of human characteristics which we know to be infinitely variable. But lest it be urged that

Wherever, in the more material human dealings, a bond is required to ensure the observance by contracting persons of the claims of each, it is recognised that a lapse of mutuality may ensue; so to avoid conflict a clause is comprised in the Deed, not a revertion to the bestiality which we commonly associate with primordial ages, but a continued social development around the central idea of freedom; not a return to the bestiality which we commonly associate with primordial ages, but the attainment to a more moral plane whereon coercion, either emotional or physical, shall have neither place nor meaning.

Now, if, as I have said, this intersexual strife is Nature's protest against the tampering with her laws by man, we may not hope for a lasting truce, nor yet for an armistice, until the pressure of certain social institutions upon the human equation (whose mode of solution is surely from within) shall have been removed, which cannot well happen before we have grasped the full significance of that portion of the social code whose function it is to regulate the relations of the sexes.

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Rodin on Art.

THOUGH the interview is a modern invention, M. Rodin, whose opinions are emphatically anti-modern, has of recent years allowed himself—somewhat paradoxically—to become a very much interviewed subject. Until a short while ago he led his toiling life in silence and in deep meditation, as we learnt by the essays on the cathedrals of France published in different periodicals, and as to-day again in his conversations on Art with M. Paul Gsell,* which completed Mlle. Judith Cladel's less ample but no less faithful gleanings from the master's doctrines in that study from life of hers (Auguste Rodin pris sur la Vie), which, as one of the earliest written around him, remains one of the freshest. Not any of the subsequent works on the great leader of modern art can take the bloom off these pages, moving in their worshipfulness, and precious because they present us with the flower of M. Rodin's philosophy. Whereas most interviewers and biographers have a deceptive way of using their heroes to set themselves off, Mlle. Cladel has so completely effaced herself before her hero that her modesty emphasises her intelligence and good taste.

Nor can M. Gsell be accused of having obstructed himself between M. Rodin and the reader. He has achieved everything possible to an interviewer to bring the interviewed into prominence, and each word he utters is clearly intended as a background for deriving the maximum of the master's sayings. What these conversations lack, therefore, in spontaneity, they gain in tightness and accuracy, for one realises that this is not so much an interview—which, as such, might not always be reliable—as a collaboration. M. Rodin has doubtless grown more considerate in giving his permission, of being shown through the deforming interview-glass, and this volume corroborates or corrects, as the case may be, once and for all, his statements on some of the hundred and one subjects on which he has recently been consulted by irrepressible and ingenuous journalists. For, after having been dismissed, disputed, and even denied, as a master of the art he professes, he is now restored to an oracle who, because the force of his sculptor's genius has at last impressed the world, must of necessity be omniscient. True it is, he has always been on his guard with these inquisitors, while in his conversations with M. Gsell he has been careful not to touch upon any theme irrelevant to the sphere prescribed by the title of the book. It is indeed a large one, and if we believe, as does Rodin, in art in life, its aspects are as unlimited as those of life itself. But the artist's gift being essentially selection and deduction, he concludes that the realm of art is, if infinitely subdivided, defined. Thus this book embraces the theme chiefly in its broad, synthetical outline.

Personally, we might have preferred it not on the question-and-answer plan. The questions are often not those we should have put, and one is, mayhap, a little impatient with the pilot-interviewer for imposing a course to the drift of M. Rodin's ideas. Yet, were it not for M. Gsell and other journalists, M. Rodin might never have broken his mutism, and his influence on his period would, therefore, have been greatly lessened. As it is, they have induced him to let us all benefit by his vast experience and profound insight, as we have done by that of his predecessors, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Fromentin. This not being an artistic period, there is the more reason to be grateful to journalists for giving artists opportunities to voice their views, even though it be according to the journalistic methods which make them acceptable to the general public.

For this reason M. Rodin's book on art, as compiled by M. Gsell, has just a trifle of that vulgarisation touch which, exceeded, might have led us to imagine the words "pour tous" appropriately following the succinct and comprehensive title adopted. But if the form of the book might suggest this addition, M. Rodin's lofty standpoint in the different themes subjected to his judgment entirely forbids it. We feel that those which are quite free from an inexpressive waste of form, line, and colour, but where everything, absolutely everything, resumes itself in thought and soul; when he says that the aim of art is to awaken the imagination without exterior assistance—to give it spring to vagabond,
according to its whim," while the forms the artist creates must excite the emotions to develop themselves indifferently; when he says that art shows men their raison d'être, reveals to them the significance of their action and throws them over to their destiny, and is consequently a guide to them; when, applying his arguments to the sculptor's craft, he says that, while statutory may limit itself to the representation of breathing flesh without preoccupation as to subject, the manual workmanship must not be at the expense of the thought governing it; that, if it may dispense with the quest of symbols, this is not a reason why it should be deprived of spiritual significance," as, "in truth, everything is idea, everything is symbol," he not merely answers questions, but leads you on to others, for, according to Rodin's conception, if the great synthesis is defined and stable, the inner shades are mobile and progressive, renewing themselves and overlapping each other like the ocean's waves.

Art," he again says, "is contemplation. It is the pleasure of the spirit as it penetrates nature, and there divines the spirit with which it is itself animated. It is the joy of the intelligence which sees the world clearly and re-creates it, while illuminating it with its conscience," for, as he assures us, all masters are fully conscious, and if the sceptic who questions it "only knows what energy an artist brings to bear in his effort to translate, however feebly, what he thinks and what he feels, with the utmost force, he would certainly have no doubt that what appears clearly in a painting or a statue was really intended." To this man, who originally reached us as an artist through sculpture—a small phase of art in which he has conveyed all art's expressions—art is everything and everywhere, or nothing and nowhere. He adopts the creed of the English Pre-Raphaelites" when he says: "Art, again, is taste. It reflects his soul on all the objects fashioned by the artist. It is the smile of the human heart over the house and its belongings.... It is the charm of thought and sentiment incorporated to everything of use to men. But how few are those of our contemporaries who feel the necessity of living in tasteful houses and among tasteful furniture? In France, formerly, art was met with everywhere. The humblest citizen, the peasant even, only made use of objects agreeable to the sight. The chairs, cushions, cushions and pans were pretty. To-day art is hunted out of daily life. What is useful, it is said, need have no beauty. Everything is ugly, everything is manufactured in a hurry and without taste by stupid machines. Artists are enemies." Yet they alone are useful, for it is they who give us happiness and motives for contemplation and dreams.

So it will be seen that this vigorous sculptor, called a "realist" by many, is an aesthete, otherwise an "idealist," that is, one who would have art put into life, brought back to life and to its place it always held among us until the day the engineer came along with his unnatural, useless romance.

Sculptors and students in the plastic arts will look forward to instructing themselves in these pages—the conclusions of a long life's practical experience, study, and observation. They will not be disappointed. One of the most interesting chapters compares the art of Phidias with that of Michael Angelo—the former described as "la volupté réglée par la mesure: c'est la joie de vivre cadençée, modérée par la raison," while the great representative of the period we call Renaissance and Rodin calls the culmination of the Middle Ages, appears as a revolutionary—a plastic Beethoven, so to speak. The passages on realism; on how to pose (or, rather, how not to pose) models; on the beauty of character; on Academic versus Greek art; on the science of modelling; on drawing; on action in art—which represents the progressive unfolding of a gesture showing the transition from one movement to another, while action as represented by photography arrests time—are all eloquent lessons.

And there are others, all made clear to us by M. Gras's approaches and parenthesis. The book teaches us many things, for it comprises artistic, lessons and moral lessons, as when M. Rodin says:—

"Nearly everyone nowadays seems to consider work as an awful necessity, as an accredited drudgery; but it would be regarded as our raison d'être and our happiness.

"Yet it must not be supposed that it was ever so. The objects which have been handed down to us from the past reveal great conscientiousness on the part of their makers.

"Man will just as soon do good as bad work: I think, even, he likes the former best, it being more in conformity with his nature. But he listens now to good, now to evil, counsel, and just at present he is following the evil.

"And yet, how much happier humanity would be if work, instead of being life's rason, were its aim.

"To insure such a marvellous change, it would suffice for all men to take the example of artists, or, rather, that they all become artists, for the word 'artist,' in its broader signification, implies, to my mind, one who takes pleasure in his work."

Like those of William Morris, who gave the same interpretation to the epitaph, Rodin's teachings are of vast social import, for he would improve human life by elevating the character of its labour.

"The proof that the great masters introduce new ideas and tendencies to their generation lies in the fact that they often have much difficulty in making themselves heard. They frequently spend their whole existence struggling against routine." That also is the story of Rodin's life: an incessant more than half a century's struggle against routine. He is at last given the chance to speak, but will he be heard? Perhaps his written words, united to those of William Morris and other prophets of art, will one day induce a problem-troubled world to consider the social aspect of art, and the possible social action of the men who are useful," as the Maori said of artists to Paul Gauguin—those men who find contentment in life because they take pleasure in their work.

Muriel Ciolkowska.

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Domesticity.

The beauty and sanctity of the "happy hom­side clinic," celebrated by Burns and exemplified even in these days in certain rare and fortunate households, I should be the last to deny or impugn. Certainly the luckless poet knew only too well the futility of his own erratic ways for the attaining of a comparable serenity. He was the right man, therefore, to hymn the joys of domes­ticity, since it is ever the joys that we have missed that we tend to value above all others. Yet Burns, after all, was dedicated to a higher initiation: he had heard the call of the wild. The heaven of lyric ecstasy, like all other heavens, must be paid for, and its price is a high one.

But we live in an age when, as Walt Whitman prophesied, questions more searching than ever were asked before have not merely to be asked but reiterated until some final answer be forth­coming. It is an age of tragedy, since it is an age of contending ideals. In such strife quarter may be neither asked nor given: it is and it must be a question of war to the death on both sides.

Over against Burns's eulogy of the domestic past and present we set the searching snare of a contem­porary rival poet, Byron, who, lamenting a marred friendship, accounted for it by the observation that Haydon, the friend in question, was "inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity." Now Byron was not a great poet, but he was a man of keen and powerful intellect: in relation to such topics he cannot be denied the insight of bitterness—and malice. The insight of sympathy has its value and its indispensability; but for purposes of critical diagnosis, for the discovery and identification of latent factors, time essence hold a candle to the insight of malice. Only, when this has brought them into the light, it must be banished from the scene, leaving to higher faculties the deter­mination of their relative significance. So, for the mere existence of a pathological factor in domes­ticity, I should be prepared to accept the testimony of Byron—even if other evidence were lacking—but not for more than that.

The first suspicious feature that strikes one in reference to domesticity is that it is a quality which we give to others, not to ourselves. What man would not be praised for his courage rather than for affinity to the requirements of a house­hold code? What woman would not hear herself described as a bewitching creature with more delight than commended as "a sweet home bird"? Domesticity, in so far as it is an expression of active qualities (a true virtue) and not the result of a taming process, of pressure from without, belongs to its own service, weaves about him a subtly ener­gizing spell. In proportion as men or women are taming process, of pressure from without, belongs to its own service, weaves about him a subtly ener­gizing spell. In proportion as men or women are relieves, so that when tried by the finger of emer­gency its cord gives out a muffled murmur instead of a martial twang. Under the pretext of its offer of balm and solace to life's wounded warrior, the spirit of domesticity, bent on suborning him wholly to its own service, weaves about him a subtly ener­gizing spell. In proportion as men or women are live and alert, they find the domestic mood uncon­genial, and are deaf to the lure of its syren song. In proportion as their interests widen, they become impatient of its triviality and the anti-social exclu­siveness of its aims. Objectively regarded, Byron's diagnosis and the philosophical indict­ment may be brought up to date by attributing those cravings which find relief in domestic ameni­ties to the presence in the blood of some nerve­toxin of a devitalising kind. Shockingly material, this tonic of a devitalising kind in general. Womankind—the everlasting­irony in the life of the community—changes by intrigue the universal purpose of government into a private end, transforms its universal activity into a work of this or that specific individual, and per­verts the universal property of the State into a pos­session and ornament for the family.

Subjectively interpreted, this indictment implies that domesticity is not merely an unheroic but an essentially anti-heroic quality. In its close, with­drawn atmospheres, it would be impossible to exalt in the heroic. There is no heroic among those who are devoted to the "private end". In proportion as the individuality of a man or woman is useful to those living under his or her own roof—presumably, in the main, of his or her own flesh and blood—and to these alone. It is the sum of qualities in virtue of which those intimates or depend­ants find him or her "easy to live with," devoted to the special interests of the household group to which he or she belongs, and even preferring their to all others. Here at once the fatal flaw in the nature of domesticity becomes apparent: not merely is it a virtue of essentially petty scope, but absolute and unwavering fidelity to its law will in the long run prove incompatible with any high order of achievement. Those large impersonal ends to one or other of which all outstanding indi­viduals are impelled to devote their lives inevit­ably bring them within the grip of movements of corresponding width and all-exacting power. A great man was never in the full sense a domesti­cated man, by which I do not necessarily imply that a capacity for the domestic virtues may not have been a part of his natural endowment, but only that it would be denied complete realisation. One cannot serve Zeus, or Pallas, or Apollo with­out some slighting of the claims of the humble Penates. For these major divinities accept nothing less than whole-hearted devotion, and seem often to derive a wicked joy from the impos­i­tion of tasks involving at least the semblance of criminality from the point of view of rival codes. A complete renunciation of domestic ties and sanctions was the primary obligation of those "golden" men and women to whom Plato assigned the guar­dianship of his ideal Republic. And a similar conception of the domestic sphere as an archipelago threatened by the ocean of communal aims and interests underlies the following extract from Hegel's "Phenomenology of Mind":—"Womankind... the universal property of the State into a pos­session and ornament for the family."
is liable to progressive modification. If a man were

to be born capable of dispensing with sleep, he

would be justified in regarding his contemporaries

as a race of invalids. Similarly, those to whom a

periodical retirement from the social arena to the

"sheltered" conditions of domesticity, as we have

it now, is a sine qua non, are invalids from the point

of view of those who have outgrown this necessity.

"sheltered" conditions of domesticity, as we have

reversion, through overstrain, to the ultra-domesti­

cated mood. The general disintegration of this

mood which appears to be imminent will release the

positive ethical factor which it incorporates, as the

soul is released by the disintegration of the body to

function on a higher plane. For while it is true

that no real existence can perish, it is no less true

that every reality tends to outgrow its perishable

vehicle and to find in the death of that a condition

of its own rebirth into transfigured life. Of this

great law the resurrection myth is a symbolic state­

ment, and the law applies no less to social forms,

ideals, religions, than to the lives of individuals or

nations. In accordance with this law, domesticity,

if the signs of the times may be trusted, bids fair to

be one room in your castle which you will not be

allowed to enter—except on business, paid business.

The denizens of this room will receive trade union

rates for the work they do there. If there is any

competition from amateur blacklegs they will strike

and throw the whole castle out of gear.

Expense? Not a bit of it. Is yarn dearer than it

was when you spun it yourselves? Besides, this

castle is not wholly in the air. It is materialising

already. Here and there it stands on solid ground,

and it is not expensive. It is your business, and

yours alone, to set it up everywhere. How many of

you are learning architecture? Apprentice your­

selves at once (it is far better fun than cooking),

and then by the time you get your votes, you can

begin by making a law that every firm of architect­

s shall contain at least one partner who is a

woman.

Finally. A word of warning. Emancipation has

its dangers as well as its blessings. If you had the

cost, when they had to work for competition wages.

When you have swept the kitchen away from your

house, beware of the seven devils in the drawing­

room, lest they enslave you more abjectly than

ever. Think of all the labour you lavish now on

these useless parlour pets, and think of the deplor­

able result. Think how much worse it might be if

you spent much more time on it, and sweep away

the whole museum. Artists have always agreed

that the great art is to conceal art, and the most

artistic nation in the world only displays one picture

in one room at one time. Conceal all the art you

can lay your hands on, and all the decaying vege­
table matter too. Make your room a living room

and not a workshop and market-garden. Try it for

a day and note the improvement. No, you superior

ladies, your copper tulips! Why don't you

enlarge them? You and your copper tulips! Why don't you

melt them down into honest business pennies, and

turn them to some account? If you were to, it

would make a respectable record for one session of

work towards a piecemeal acquisition of freedom.

P. R. BENNETT.
Correspondence.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

I am sorry Mr. d'Auvergne fails, as he says, to understand my letter of December 2nd.

The point is simply this: That it is desirable that sexual intercourse should not be divorced, either in theory or practice, from the normal result of it—namely, children.

Further, that such divorce inevitably means manipulation of one kind or another.

That such manipulation generally, or even commonly, practised is bad in itself and in its result on the mental and spiritual quality of a people.

That Church and State should set themselves against such practices.

That it is better to give childless, even wilfully childless, married couples the privileges of the married and fertile (i.e., to assume that they would-be fertile if they knew how) than to remove from unlicensed cohabitation the stigma of immorality.

That, if a man and woman "live together" unmarried and have no children, the assumption is not that they are infertile, but that they take steps to ovulate their fertility.

That the childlessness of such a couple amounts to a proclamation on their part that they "do something to stop it."

That such a proclamation is indecent.

That, if men and women don't want to have children, they should live apart.

That, if they can't live apart—and oh, Lord! it is difficult—then they should be counted as sinners.

That the world doesn't consist of "advanced" people—Fabians, Freewomen, etc.—but of "ordinary" people, for whom certain general rules and a general conception of the significance of the universe dogmatically proclaimed are desirable and necessary.

That such a general rule is that men and women living together sexually ought to have a family.

That "you can't have your pudding and eat it."

That if it's wrong for {Henry} Jones to live with {Sarah} Jones, it's wrong for a Socialist to live with a Freewoman.

That "one law for the lion and the ass is a tyranny," but

That, where there is but one lion to five hundred thousand asses, the lion must not complain if the asses think him a sinner and legislate accordingly.

That the lion's casus belli is his complaint.

Q.E.D.

December 19th, 1911.

ERIC GILL.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

The Suffragist papers all clearly outline the deplorable condition of "working-class" women (yours more vividly than many others), but I have yet to find an adequate remedy offered—something that women should vote for, when they may vote. A vote with nothing to vote for is useless.

Your sole remedy is to reject thrift, which you hold "responsible for all the ills of the poor." This is like advising a waif on a raft in mid-ocean to eat all his food at once. You yet will "welcome any expedient" that will make labor independent. Every writer seems to assume that uncertainty and want are the normal lot of the worker, one writer even giving credence to the exploded fallacy of Malthus. All is hopeless; except some may hope to mitigate the lot of the poor a little.

As work only creates wealth, should the work not be the only source of a good living? The "iron law" which reduces wages to bare subsistence is not the true law of wages; you have shown that the wages of some women are less than subsistence.

I wonder that no reference is made to the known laws of distribution, which, when unhampered, will give to the worker all he produces; to which laws he can appeal whenever he wishes, and under the operation of which poverty cannot exist.

The matter is simple. All wealth comes from land; and wherever and whenever labourers may have access to land, wages are high. Economists admit this. A London paper, dealing with Africa, demands that land shall be taken from the natives in order to compel them to work for low wages.

Every country possesses land enough to raise the wages of all its labourers, if it be thrown open for use. The way to throw it open for use is to put a tax on its value equal to what it is worth to the possessors if used.

Many Suffragist women in America recognise this truth, and work for it as being necessary if woman is to be free. In states where women vote, few changes are noted, because this land question is ignored. I have yet to find the first references to it by English Suffragists.

December 28, 1911

C. F. HUNT.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

"What I want to know is this, How does Society recompense me for remaining a virtuous—that is, anti-natural—and moral citizen?" Hesta leaned forward and gazed around, searching the faces of her companions for an answer. They remained silent.

"Frankly, I'm fed up with playing at love," she continued; "that's what it really amounts to, this farce of being 'engaged'; beside, I resent the impotence that Society imposes upon my womanhood; I hate myself for submitting to its tyranny. George and myself have been 'engaged' for three years, but our marriage is a financial impossibility; our youth is being wasted, the woman in me is being murdered, and George is worrying himself into ill-health. What does Society care? Society doesn't care a rap until we take our Natural Right into our own hands and defy it; then it avenges itself upon our children; Society will damn them, and make our lives unbearable. If we remain 'straight,' of what use is our love to us?" She removed her engagement ring and held it aloft—the symbol of woman's subordination to respectability, of her half-way step towards self-realisation, an insinuating device to pacify her desire, a symbol of her submission to the slyly, canting hypocrisy of morality. Her companions moved uneasily. "Girls," she said abruptly, "did you ever hear of a woman selfish enough to be brave and sufficiently in love with a man to save him from Hell?"

December 19th, 1911.

A. F. T.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

May I, an obscure member of the W.S.P.U., range myself on the side of your friends, and as a friend say a few words to the Christabel Pankhurst controversy?

Certainly the outburst of the members of the W.S.P.U. has both shocked and pained me, and I can well believe Miss Pankhurst must be praying to be delivered from her friends; and why they should have taken such a personal action as personal attack I cannot imagine. It was as obviously impersonal as Mrs. Billingent Greig's was obviously personal.

As to whether the criticism was wise or called for, or well timed, is another question, and one upon which I should like to criticise the critics.

The W.S.P.U. has, as far as I can see, held consistently by its principle to demand for women a franchise on the same terms as it, or may be, is given to men.

Whether the Reform Bill is in the future passed with the Woman Suffrage amendment nobody can prophesy, and in politics one can only depend upon the present and conquer one step at a time. The actual fact is that the Government are proposing to give votes to all men and no women. The only obvious retort of the W.S.P.U. must be to protest immediately and against the Conciliation Bill. The members of the W.S.P.U. had the right to expect their leader to make this retort.

The women who made the militant protest went of their own free will; therefore, as the leader acted upon the well-known principle of the Union, and the soldiers offered themselves, no one, it seems to me, has any right to call upon Miss Pankhurst to consider the physical consequences of militant action except those who took part in it, and their remedy was in their own hands, namely, to stay at home. Moreover, as the event was over, there was nothing to be gained by criticising at the present juncture, and much to be lost by showing division in our forces where no division need have been shown. Unquestionably everyone has a right to criticise; but criticism is very easy, and often very barren work, and we of the
of simple justice to women under existing franchise laws is a distinct and deliberate insult to the qualified women point. It has been practically acknowledged and endorsed throughout the country, and in friendly discussions on the householders in the country, and, of course, through form of franchise extension—even that of full adult any form. Therefore, at this juncture, to suggest that accepted and approved generally—as every Suffrage as the women householders are concerned, has been by the law, they have demanded that the law shall be equitably administered, that sex shall not be made an claimed equality under the existing franchise laws for value in the first place, not the vote. a symbol of equality, and it is the equality that is the your thoughts. You seem to me to look at the matter equality," the only really important point to us. The from the fact that your new work has naturally absorbed, although I do not find myself quite in harmony W.S.P.U. are, in every case, free agents. bered that a soldier is compelled to go into action even against his judgment, whereas the members of the W.S.P.U. are, in every case, free agents.

Having said my say, allow me to congratulate you on the appearance of The Freewoman. I had been longing for an English feminist paper, and I find yours stimulating, although I do not find myself quite in harmony with the editorial attitude on sex, and especially marriage. However, if I do find it is too strong to judge, and I prefer to keep my opinions until they are digested, and perhaps later on you will allow me to give them a vent.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

I am looking forward to much interest in your paper, and rejoice at the advent of a woman's review open to the fearless handling of any subject. You may be sure I wish it all success.

Having said which, if I proceed to add my criticism to your pile of such, on your criticism of recent events, you will not include me amongst those dear ladies who seem so shocked at the idea of a "freewoman" expressing her self freely, or so doubtful of the stability of the W.S.P.U. to withstand feminine onslaughts, however successfully it dekes those of the men!

No doubt, of course, this latter feeling is largely owing to the fact that the onslaughts have come from women who have been the close friends of the past, who are evidently now giving a new rendering of the mystic initials, Worshipped So Passionately—Until! /

My feeling with regard to your dealing with the present position and question is one of disappointment that you have not apparently grasped it with the clearness I would have expected of you, though that may be largely from the fact that your work has naturally absorbed your thoughts. You seem to me to look at the matter from the point of view of "votes," not from that of "sex equality," the only really important point to us. The vote, though not, as you say, a symbol of freedom, is still a symbol of equality, and it is the equality that is the value in the first place, not the vote.

Now the position, as I see it, is this: Women have claimed equality under the existing franchise laws for many years; having fulfilled all the qualifications required by the law, they have demanded that the law shall be equitably administered, that sex shall not be made an article of contention in their case. This claim, so far as the women householders are concerned, has been accepted and approved generally—as every Suffrage worker and speaker can testify, in their experience throughout the country, and in their discussions on their point. It has been practically acknowledged and endorsed by the House of Commons in its large majority for the second reading of the Conciliation Bill, and only awaits the opportunity to crystallise that approval into concrete form. Therefore, at this juncture, to suggest that any form of franchise extension—even that of full adult suffrage—shall possibly be allowed precedence of this act of simple justice to women under existing franchise laws is a distinct and deliberate insult to the qualified women householders in the country, and I do not feel like condemning them, to the whole womanhood of Great Britain. The Suffrage societies seem to have lost their heads, and lost, with them, a magnificent opportunity of throwing their united pressure upon the Government, which would have had some weight and would probably have induced Mr. Asquith to reconsider his refusal to guarantee that the Conciliation Bill have its week before any such proposal as he had outlined were entertained. Apparently, from his attempting to assure the ladies of the delegation that the point of precedence is not important, whether they take it or did not, or did not wish to, consider it of value, and not one of the women present had the sense to see it so, or political acumen to press it and difficulties. However, I know, of course, the "Adult Suffrage" red herring scent is very seductive and confusing to the ordinary Suffrage mind.

My objection to the present militant outburst is that it is premature and ill-timed. The only true and logical position for all Suffragists was that of a solid combination, to demand fulfilment of the Conciliation Bill pledge before franchise extension of any kind should be considered. That could be dealt with in its own time, and it was simply falling into the trap prepared to touch it now. It is pure folly to talk of accepting a Manhood Suffrage Bill with any sort of Women's Suffrage amendment the House of Commons may magnanimously agree to tack on. I hold that you cannot properly "amend" that which is not yours by nature, and I prefer to keep my opinions until they are digested, and perhaps later on you will allow me to give them a vent.

Mrs. SOPHY GUDINI.
Education from the Universal Standpoint.*

FOREWORD.

THE greatest influences for good on any child are those of noble people and of the open air. The best schools in the world are the schools of the woods and of simple homes, and the best teachers are young-hearted, healthy, happy parents. And no educational system, however long considered and thought out, however well managed, can hope to compare with those. In fact, when men and women insist on living nearer to nature; when they insist on getting health for themselves and on giving it (as the only worthy heritage) to their children; when they insist on fulfilling, each for self, the daily needs, and on becoming self-reliant in spiritual as well as in practical things, then parents will really be educated and there will be no need of schools and colleges. Everyone will be a graduate of the universe, not of an university, and will have learned, rather than been taught, those things which are essential in life; will have learned them in the only great ways that man can ever learn—by experience, by freedom, by simplicity, by love.

Of course, it will be objected at once that such an education is not possible in any great town or city, and that, if it were possible, it would afford no equipment for the complex life in large communities. That is true—to some extent. It is true that such an education is not possible in any town or city, but it is untrue that such an education would afford no equipment for city life. It could not help doing so. Everyone who has learned the simple, essential things of life will always find a place in the world—even in any town whatever. The basis of life is the same—it is still a matter of food and clothes and shelter—and must be the same for the city as for the country. The difference is only superficial. It is a difference of manners, of dress, of speech, of work, of morals. Stripped of these, townsman and countryman meet upon the bedrock of human needs and human feelings, and know each in himself and in the other their relation to the savage and to the Masters. Starvation will soon show to both the point of view of the savage, and love will bring to both vistas of eternity, dreams within dreams, and silences more pregnant and compelling than all the words that man shall ever utter.

However that may be, it is obvious that an ideal form of education is quite impossible in cities; but that is no reason for ignoring it. The cities must change, not the ideal. And the cities will change. Here and there all the world over man has raised from time to time great civilisations which have endured for a few generations perhaps and have then passed away. And why? Because they have lost sight of the essentials of life and put faith in local and temporal things that cannot last; because, in fact, they have built up around themselves such rows of houses, such walls of convention and towers of laws, that the truth shines upon them as dimly as the starlight through the smoke pall that hangs over the city. But man will have the truth, for he thirsts for it and lives by it. Civilisations may here and there prevent him from it for a space of a few generations, so that he does but exist, knowing neither health nor joy. But an hundred years are only as a sigh to the eternity of which we all have measure, and soon or late he will hear above the noise of the city the call of the wild, calling family at first, then more and more insistently, till one day he can withstand it no longer, and goes forth to seek the heritage that he or his ancestors have abandoned and has inherited for him. Whether or not he has sought in books by day, or by the aid of a lamp at night, whether he has given any heed except to the transient fashions of the street, he will now go forth and find. Deep within him there has always been an undying love of the earth, and no sooner is he beyond the outskirts of the city than he is caught up in a rush of emotions. The world-old rune of the wind in the trees, the scent of the good sweet soil, the wonder of birds and of freedom, the flight of birds, the passage of clouds, the beauty, the mystery everywhere ravish him away from the man that he was in the city, to the self that he is indeed, and convince him that he has a light in himself by which he may see and know and live. The capital thins the life of the country. Only when the capital goes to the hill-top does it gain some vision and note the limits of itself and feel in terms of infinite spaces. And that is exactly what happens. One by one the townsman returns to the land, and lives, lives. There is no need to take fire and sword and destroy the crowded houses. Wind, rain, sun, frosts, plants, animals, will come and work in their own ways, and in their good time will raise to the ground the buildings and make the city's site a place of greenness and sweetness again. That is not a dream. That is a fact of which there are proofs in all parts of the world. And what has been true of past civilisations will be true of all others. Were it not so, man would work himself steadily farther from the truth and in time cease to exist on the earth at all, in the same way as the inhabitants of the moon worked out their own destruction and extinction.

But we are taking a side path, and must return to the main road. We said that an ideal form of education—schools of the woods and of simple homes—was impossible for large civilised communities, but this is the goal of which we must always keep sight, and towards which we must always be striving. Moreover, the best schools will bear this in mind, will offer to children freedom of action in continually increasing degree, so that they may become self-disciplined, large-minded, generous-hearted; will see that they get more and more freedom of the open air, so that they may keep in touch with nature and the great unseen (by the eyes) forces of the universe, and gradually become as the simple children of the soil, who do not need to search for health and truth and happiness, because they were born with them, and have never lost them. And the best schools will encourage the frequent presence of parents, so that there may be a firm bond between children and their parents, and so that the ideal of the school may find sympathy and support in the home, and the days at school and at home be equally happy.

It is terribly true that the sins of ancestors are visited upon their children, and that in consequence health is very rarely an heritage at birth, but there is such wonderful recuperative power in all forms of life that even children of most degenerate parents, if allowed communion with the wind and the flowers and the brooks, and if fed upon love as well as on good material food, would speedily grow strong. 

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enough to suppress all tendencies of inherited disease, and then strong enough to combat successfully any other disease that might assail them. And when children have great health, they will have happiness and know truth and want to make themselves self-reliant, for health is a power which cannot well be over-estimated, in that without it life cannot show us its possibilities, for it cannot be joyful.

There is a complaint from many teachers that the children forget in the holidays what they have learned in the term, and that parents are often so stupid and incompetent that the less they see of their children, the better for the children. Now, if this is true (and, alas! it undoubtedly is to a large extent), it is for the schools to alter things. They must cease to teach subjects which are not shown, and cannot be shown, to have any relation to life’s needs. (If the subjects taught were useful in life, they would not be forgotten, because they would frequently be used.) And they must not discourage the attendance of incompetent parents, but must educate them too. Later, of course, when simple faith, simple diet, and simple dress are not merely matters of discussion, but are in common practice, there will be no necessity to educate the parents, because they will have learned as children the essentials of life; but until that is so the education of parents and children must be carried on simultaneously. We do not suggest that education should ever be finished, for we ought all to continue to educate ourselves up to the time of our death and after; but instruction will cease to be necessary, and learning will take its place. And there is all the difference in the world between these two. Leave children alone in the open air, and they will...

**THE NATIONAL VENDORS’ SYNDICATE, 55, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.**

learn the lessons of life by feeling them—far, far better than they could ever be taught them. It is idle for us adults to imagine that, because we are older than our children, we are wiser than they, for if we have been brought up in any orthodox system whatever, we are certain to have less of the truth, much less, than our smallest children, because we shall have been taught things that are only of local and temporal importance. We are in a position to teach (and that by example and suggestion) only if we have learned to translate what the wind says in the trees, what the waves tell to the shore, what the heart knows but can never utter. We may have learned a number of foreign tongues, but what does that avail us if we cannot commune in the universal language, the language of feeling? We may have learned the theories of harmony and composition, yet what do we know compared with those who can hear the songs of flowers and the music of the stars? We may have read and loved the poems of all ages, but what is that if we cannot read the poems that people are? We may have studied anatomy, botany, chemistry; we may have searched the earth for rare drugs and precious herbs, but how does that benefit us when in our study and search we ignore the healing power of cold water and fresh air, and busy ourselves so much that we have no time for rolling naked in the dew of morning fields, or paddling up brooks, or crumbling the earth in our hands, or watching for the dawn, or sleeping in the woods? What is the value of travelling all over the world, when, if only we lived simply and developed our spiritual powers, we could remain bodily in one place and travel not only to any place on this earth, but to any other planet, too, and glean from the infinite fields of the Light? Oh, we adults must remember this, that the mind and the eyes are for observation, but that it is the spirit which discovers and commands, discovers the truth and commands matter. And we must remember that our children, though born of the body, receive at birth a light, which is the light that lighteth every man coming into the world, and which proceeds from the great Light; and we must remember that our children will naturally work with the spirit and live by it, if we will but allow them to do so.

Until parents recognise this fact they must be educated to it. **PHILIP OYLER.**

Feminism under the Republic and the Early Empire.

**IV. (continued).**

**E** have already touched upon the vindication of their claim to possess money and property. This state of things had been brought about by the reluctance of the guardians of heiresses to let their dowries go “into the hands of their husbands on marriage, and by the consequent “evasive lawyers’ expedients,” as Mommsen defines them, by which the marriage ceremony had been so altered as to allow of this possession of wealth by the matrons. These “expedients,” however, were aided by the dictates of nature and by the growth of public opinion—rather than by actual amelioration of the laws of marriage and possession, for Tacitus, in the Annals, records the indignation felt by reformers under the Empire when considering the freedom of women in respect to their fortunes; but the manners of antiquity had...
become completely relaxed, the old forms of marriage were voted unsupportable by both sexes. Rome had expanded her conquests on all sides, and the preservation of the Roman family—the gens—in its pristine purity was growing more and more impossible. Moreover, the burden of maintaining the family sacrifices, which was the second of the original ends of marriage, was felt to be a heavy one, particularly as the old Roman religion had been undermined by Greek teachings. Thus women escaped from the old binding rites, and thus the day of their absolute servitude was gone. Moneved women were many, and knew how to value their positions. "The portionless wife," says Plautus, "is subject to her husband's will. Wives with dowries are as executioners for their husbands." Juvenal has a word to say of them. Thus the rhymer:

"Sure, of all ills with which mankind is cursed,
A wife who brings you money is the worst."

This possession of money by women, aided by the contempt generally felt for the institution as such, often made marriage into a mere financial speculation. There were not lacking critics to suggest that even Cicero divorced the wife of thirty years' standing to wed his second, most unsuitable bride, on account of her wealth.

So utterly had the ancient marriage ceremonies slid into abeyance—as could not fail to be the case where there was so wide an agreement as to their unreasonableness and severity—that in the reign of Tiberius, so Tacitus informs us, considerable difficulty was experienced on one occasion before a candidate for the chief-priesthood could be found whose parents had, as the canon required, been wedded in accordance with the old custom—the ancient and binding rite of confarreation.

The looser forms of matrimony which took the place of the former ceremonies allowed dissolution of the tie on almost any pretext. As a result, divorce became gradually so common as to provide an ever-anxious problem for all successive lawmakers. One law fixed the number of possible marriages at eight. Juvenal records that some women reached this limit in five years, while Seneca says that women reckoned years not by the names of consuls, but of husbands!

Yet another danger stung Roman Governments into action. Celibacy was becoming more and more popular in the Roman world, and, at the same time, the birth-rate of free citizens was declining. Penalties were multiplied with no success. Rewards for fathers of families had as little effect. The whole marriage-system needed readjustment, and there was found no one to attempt this labour of Hercules. We have already quoted in a previous number of The Freewoman the remark of the court poets, commanded to sing in praise of the marriage-bed with taint have cursed,

Our times, in sin prolific, first
The marriage-bed with taint have cursed,
And family and home;
This is the fountain-head of all
The sorrows and the ills that fall
On Romans and on Rome."

Accordingly the Dictator set to work with his usual devouring energy, to alter the state of affairs matrimonial, with the result that he declared the most drastic punishments for both adultery and celibacy. He endeavoured to detain Italians in Italy, he shortened the term of the soldiers' foreign service. In brief, he did everything in his power to scold and coerce his people into harmonious wedlock.

His ever-to-be-regretted death prevented our learning what was still further in the great man's mind on this subject.

Augustus, however, came freshly to the attack. He found that the laws of his uncle had failed lamentably in effect, and proceeded to act accordingly. Since free men complained of the decrease in the number of free women (due, no doubt, to their frequent exposure as infants), the law regarding the unions of free men and freed women was relaxed, and such ties legalised for all but Senators. But the canker had eaten too deeply into the rose of voluntary matrimony. The matter was beyond the skill of even an Augustus. Rewards and penalties were multiplied in vain. They were openly despised on all hands. Horace and Propertius, as the court poets, commanded to sing in praise of marriage, did so with ill-concealed insincerity, and continued themselves to remain celibates.

The one thing which would induce the Roman to marry was the prospect of acquiring wealth thereby. Augustus continued his efforts. The fathers of children were exempted from public burdens in proportion to the size of their families. Divorce was made more difficult of attainment. Adultery was heavily penalised. A front place in the theatre was held out as a bait for dutiful parents of families. Still the unmarried state continued to be lauded as the summit of human bliss and the way to success in life. Pliny openly stated that he considered that celibacy alone afforded a clear way to power and fortune.

"Tis delightful to be the father of children," says Pleusicles in the play of Plautus. "Troth! 'tis very much sweeter by far to be free yourself," Pericleomenus retorts, and Romans were echoing his words with ten-fold vehemence.

In short, Augustus experienced, in forcing the nation into marriage, all the difficulties which we might expect from a people whose attitude was so well expressed by Juvenal when he exclaimed to his friend on the eve of his wedding:

"Heavens! Wilt thou tamely drag the galling chain,
While hemp is to be bought, while knives remain?"

AMY HAUGHTON.

(More to be continued.)

MATER DEI

Fair Night! in spangled robe thou lookest down
On Bethlehem, what time a peasant maid
Untended, rough, in lonely travail lay
Low in a straw-strewn stable of the town,
Brought forth Her Son, this grey world's Light
And Crown.

Deep-mouthèd oxen lowed from out the stall,
Loud-bleating ewes lay huddled by the wall,
Rough-throated hounds bayed, herding hell's fall.

Lo! there He lay, and held His infant court
Fair Night! in spangled robe thou lookedst down
On Bethlehem, what time a peasant maid
Untended, rough, in lonely travail laid
Low in a straw-strewn stable of the town,
Brought forth Her Son, this grey world's Light
And Crown.

Deep-mouthèd oxen lowed from out the stall,
Loud-bleating ewes lay huddled by the wall,
Rough-throated hounds bayed, herding hell's fall.

Lo! there He lay, and held His infant court
Throned in a manger. At His feet from far
Barbaric myrrh and gold in tribute brought
Kings of the East—yea, mighty Belshazzar,
Brown Khan, and jewelled Sindh, their faces wild
Bowed and adoring. Mother Mary smiled.

Oxoniensis.
Another Way of Spinsterhood.

Soon after reading the account in The Freewoman of the Spinster, "the withered tree, the aciculous vestal under whose pale shadow we chill and whiten," I felt impelled to set my steps eastward, to gladden my mind and refresh my eyes with the sight of my life-long friend Hélène Y., whose surgery, though unknown to Belgravia, is the hub of the universe to millions of the inhabitants of a certain region at the back of Baker Street.

Hélène would by now have closed her surgery door for the night, her dispenser would have filled the last bottle and betaken herself to the suffrage for Underwear all the year round

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Nemesis," the "failure" among us! She, who stands at the birth-bed and death-bed. She, to whose company flock similar women, with eyes as steady and creed as simple, with lives equally rounded and productive in their work in hospital, school, or study. Meanwhile I, the wife and mother, I am presumably the success, the fruitful vine. I laugh the idea to scorn! My husband and his children are dead, and I have not wept for them. But when I faltered by the wayside, and my feet were cut by the sharp stones, the Spinner held me up. I owe to her that I am even what I am. To me, at least, she has given life, and whatever hope I have of the future. And to the world? What is she to the world? She is the Healer, walking high and clean, holding out a hand to the lowest, the most unclean. She is the Vestal guarding the sacred flame of the purest ideal of Race. She is the Seer looking to the future, aware that this is not all, that the spiritual force everywhere conquers the material. She is the High Priestess of the hope of the times to be, when social barriers will be cut down, and men and women will perform more freely find their complements. She is the true Freewoman, who has not stiven with, or violated, the sacred instinct to refuse all but the fitting father of those children, of whom now, truly, she will never, in the way of the flesh, be the mother, but who, in her unerring wisdom, she sees will yet, in the way of the spirit, owe their being to her, when, in days probably far distant, other women, faithful to her example, will bear into the world the children strong and splendid of those whom happier circumstance has united.

Elizabeth Barry.

Their Wrongs are Mine

I ask not for mine own. The wrongs of others,
Women and girls, beat fiercely in mine ears,
Women, unsexed by toil, yet wives and mothers,
Girls, sweated workers, slaves to joyless years.
I ask not for mine own.

I ask not for mine own, yet faces haunt me,
Careworn, deprived, and weakly stained with tears,
While fingers point and raucous voices taunt me,
"Daughter of luxury, behold thy peers!"
I ask not for mine own.

I ask not for mine own. The glamour rises,
"Have thy lost sisters then no claim on thee,
Those whom the selfish realm of man despises,
Suppliants wretched to thy chivalry?" I ask not for mine own.

I ask not for mine own. A voice is crying,
"Mummy!" Ah God! the likeness to that mite
Clasped to a tattered breast, too bruised for sighing,
December 28, 1911

I ask not for mine own. A voice is crying,
Those whom the selfish realm of man despises,
I ask not for mine own. The clamour rises,
While fingers point and raucous voices taunt me,
"Daughter of luxury, behold thy peers!"
I ask not for mine own.

Again and again she glanced across the breakfast table at Josiah, who sat opposite the glass door, communicating with the little shop, in order to be able to glance occasionally over the top of his morning paper, and mark the entry of a customer, or any particularly worthless conduct on the part of the ever-proclaimed-worthless shop-boy. Of this uneasiness of Em'ly, Josiah was all unconscious. He had just finished the usual excellent breakfast of Em'ly's providing; his plump, red face wore a particularly pleased and placid expression; his legs were extended under the table; two buttons of his capacious waistcoat were undone for greater comfort, and he shone with soap and self-satisfaction. Three times Em'ly essayed to speak, and each time she closed her lips and looked round the walls of the shop-parlour as if for inspiration. It was the neatest and cleanest of shop-parlours. The tables and chairs shone with Em'ly's polishings of forty years past, the haymaker clock was similarly luminous, and I am positive that if you had removed from the walls the portraits of the King and Queen, or the frames containing respectively the still highly coloured sampler and the map of Italy, long since faded to a delicate yellow, tokens of the combined elegance and solidity of Em'ly's education in the dim past, you would have found no speck of dust behind them.

"Josiah," said Em'ly at last. He raised his head in amiable response. "Josiah," said Em'ly, her tone becoming noticeably feeble and more hurried, "do you think that as there's only us two now for Christmas, and as it's a deal of trouble preparing a Christmas dinner, and we are going to Edie's for Boxing Day, and are sure to get a good dinner there—she was always the one for liking a good dinner, was Edie, when she was here at home; she took after you more than any of the other children,

Em'ly's Josiah.

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Josiah— Where was I? Oh! Do you think we might do without much fuss over the dinner this year? We could have the pudding, of course, and perhaps just a chop apiece, and it would save a deal of trouble, Josiah.

Em’ly was quite out of breath when she stopped speaking, but not so much out of breath as Josiah. His round, pleasant face was a study of horror and amazement.

“Em’ly!” he managed to get out at last. “Em’ly! I am that surprised that I declare you have fair taken my breath away. No dinner! Em’ly!”

Then suddenly the full weight and meaning of her words seemed to galvanise him into life. He rose and stood with his back to the fire, and gazed at her with reproof, amazement, and injured worth, all in one sorrowful expression. He explained that if he, Josiah, was willing to toil and slave—those were his exact words, to toil and slave—to provide a Christmas dinner, that Em’ly, then, should surely be willing merely to cook what Providence, in the shape of Josiah, had thus generously bestowed upon her equally with himself, for had he not been a man who believed in sharing everything with his missus? He would like to see the person who said he had not—and so on.

What demon, what strange, lurking demon possessed Em’ly? This was the burden of Josiah’s reflections when Em’ly (duly chastened and quite subdued into his easy-chair; the clatter of the plates and dishes came in a pleasantly subdued manner from the kitchen regions; the shop-boy, too, had attended quite satisfactorily to two small purchasers of pennyworths of salt and wood; the fire crackled and spluttered; his breakfast had been even unusually large; what wonder if Josiah nodded lower and lower, and finally dozed off into his habitual after-breakfast nap.

His next conscious sensation, so it seemed to him, was of the steady tapping of a hammer on the crown of his head. It was an unpleasant experience, and he could not remember at first where he had read, or heard, it described, till he remembered that Em’ly had always spoken of her numerous headaches as partaking of this character when discussing ailments with lady customers. Suddenly he realised that he was Em’ly! It did not cause him the surprise which one might have expected; but, then, one is never surprised in dreams, even when one finds oneself walking in a snowstorm airily attired in one’s night raiment; still, I cannot say that he experienced much satisfaction in finding himself to be masquerading as Em’ly. He was conscious, moreover, that it was Christmas morning, and that he, as Em’ly, was washing up the breakfast-things in the back kitchen. He, or she—really it was very confusing—was somewhat stiff and weary with a back-prospect of Christmas Eve spent standing in a draughty shop; he had the curious affection of the head described above, and altogether he did not feel what he might have called “up to the mark” at all. He finished washing up the breakfast dishes, and then proceeded to collect the materials for THE DINNER—the sacred and necessary Christmas dinner. A turkey had to be drawn and prepared—this would have been done beforehand but for the shop and its exactions—and the whole business of preparing that bird was now to be revealed to Josiah as Em’ly. He registered a vow that never would he buy one prepared again, though a very special and particular fad of his, as he had always explained, was his dislike of anybody but Em’ly ever meddling with his Christmas dinner.

The legs—oh, the legs of that bird! She alone who has had to deal with a turkey can know the full extent of the cussedness of their construction. Josiah-Em’ly first cut the tough skin with a knife all round the top of the grey, scaly part, and then, opening the back kitchen door, gingerly inserted the aforesaid scaly portion, and, knee against door, began to tug vigorously at the bird in order to induce it to part with the lower part of its limb and its appendages in the shape of all the steel-like sinews which make any Josiah wrathful when he discovers them in attacking his dinner.

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This scheme had been suggested, long ago, to Em'ly by Josiah, as he now remembered to his cost; but Em'ly never invited Josiah to assist, and, as Em'ly, he now knew why. As Em'ly he realised that the fuss and worry of Josiah's undertaking, the amount of assistance he would need, the soiling of his shirt-cuffs, the probable loss of his temper, would all more than balance the good of his presence.

So Em'ly-Josiah now pulled and tugged, first at one leg and then at the other; which other, with a wickedness shown at times by inanimate objects, can never be controlled. Josiah staggered right across the kitchen, still clutching the body of the bird, bringing his head into sharp contact with the wall. Then he sat down for a moment on a chair, for the tap of the smaller instrument had now become as the impact of a steam-hammer on the crown of his head, and it took him fully five minutes to recover. Afterwards Josiah-Em'ly went up the steps from the kitchen to the shop-parlour to put the coals on for the real Josiah, lest he might, as his custom was when not looked after, "sit the fire out," as he read his novel from the top to the bottom, and smoked his pipe. It was certainly the strain of the real Josiah in Em'ly-Josiah which caused him a distinct feeling of annoyance, when the real one looked up from his book and inquired kindly as to the probable hour of the dinner.

Space does not permit me to dwell at length on the preparations for that dinner. There was the stuffing to make, the bread-sauce to prepare, the potatoes to peel, the greens to cook, the sausage to fry, the gravy to make from the weird entrails of the bird, the pudding to put to boil, the brandy pudding to be cooked, the trestle for the mince-pies to get ready. In short, a hot, fagged Em'ly-Josiah placed that dinner upon the table at three o'clock, and prepared to carve as Em'ly always had done since the day of her marriage—which was well for Josiah, for so he got, without appearing greedy, all the tit-bits that he liked the best. To-day the carving was performed somewhat awkwardly, the cook having scalded his hand in endeavouring to rescue from the saucepan the pudding, wrapped in a cloth in accordance with Josiah's somewhat old-fashioned ideas of the correct boiling of puddings.

The aforesaid cook ate little. He felt as if the sight of turkey would evermore be anathema to him.

Afterwards he washed up the innumerable dishes he had used in his culinary operations. That gave him just time to run upstairs and change his blouse before coming down again to make tea by six o'clock. Again he washed up, and at ten o'clock they retired to bed.

That was Josiah's dream! No ghosts or spooks! Nothing but food and Em'ly! When he woke it was not Christmas Day, there had been a little lower, the shop-boy was making castles of sugar on the counter, and his first feeling was one of immense thankfulness that he was not really Em'ly but Josiah after all. But what was he to think of Em'ly? That his dream was true he did not attempt to deny; it overrode him with its truthfulness. For forty years Em'ly had been his wife; that Christmas Day was typical of what her life had been, and he, Josiah, had never seen it. Em'ly was only too good, that was not to be controverted, thought Josiah, but what about himself? He, who had in his youth frequented the meetings of Plymouth Brethren, and had often been informed of the two possible destinies of man, felt a premonitory heat rising to his forehead, and he mopped his head with his neatly darned silk handkerchief. Em'ly was safe, he admitted, without any tinge of resentment. Again he thought rustily. After all, was it not through practising his virtues on him that she was so? A sudden brilliant idea occurred to him; could he not even yet redeem himself by practising similarly on Em'ly? She should not beat him after all in the race for salvation; he would outwit her at her own game.

"Em'ly!" he called loudly, then paused—of course, he must not bring her up those stairs. He stepped out to the kitchen, where she was still washing up, enveloped in a cloud of steam.

"Em'ly," said Josiah, "I have been thinking, and I think you are right after all. You sha'n't cook the dinner; let us have a treat, old girl, and go to dinner to Frascati's, or the Holborn Restaurant, to-morrow, and, Em'ly, I would like to give you a Christmas box. Couldn't you buy " (oh, foolish Josiah! ) a lilac bonnet like the one you were married in, and go in that, and, Em'ly —here he paused awkwardly—"I haven't always been a good husband, perhaps, but you know I have always been fond of you, missus "—which was a true word of Josiah's.

"Oh, Josiah," said Em'ly, "the best husband that ever was!"

All of which goes to prove that when circumstances, which, when you come to consider it, were chiefly Em'ly, gave Josiah a chance he was not such a bad sort after all.

And here, gentle reader, I leave you to extract the moral. It is the festive season. May I be excused a thankless task?

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