THE NEW MORALITY.—V.

THE Bishop of Exeter, writing in one of the morning dailies on Socialism, is bold enough to venture thereon a few philosophic reflections. He says, "We need to remind ourselves that the Cause of Liberty is not yet won: I am a firm adherent of that Cause, and a believer in Free Institutions. But there are those who do not share this belief, and who assure us that 'Free Institutions lead to Anarchy.' Anarchy is not a permanent phase of Society.... The friends of Anarchy are the worst enemies of liberty." Thus the bishop. It is interesting and encouraging to learn that even bishops may come within shooting range of philosophic reality. Here is a bishop picking up and curiously turning over the truth that "Free Institutions lead to Anarchy." As they do.

Liberty demands Free Institutions, and Free Institutions, matured and perfected, breed the Anarchic State. Let us revert again to the statements of the bishop, who, while arriving invariably at the wrong conclusions which one would expect from a normal bishop, manages to state a number of accurate premisses. He says, "If Anarchy exists, men will do anything to escape it." That is only too true, and it is true, not because men love liberty, but because, fearing liberty, they hate it, and seek to escape it. For human liberty is essentially "anarchic," that is, it is "free from civic rule," which is what the dictionary tells us to be "anarchic" means. Liberty is not compatible with authority laid on from without, as that most acutely observant body of authority, the Romish Church, has accurately and consistently maintained. Men such as Cardinal Newman and Mr. Hilaire Belloc are perfectly well aware of their own views of liberty. These men fear liberty. Though they play at the end of a long chain, they feel a necessity for a chain, decently though they may cover it up. The intellectual clarity of such advocates of authority is a welcome relief from the middle-headedness of their Protestant brethren. The figure of the Protestant bishop vainly recoiling from a downright truth like "Free Institutions lead to Anarchy," and frankly confessing that men seek to escape from it, is intellectually feeble in comparison. We repeat, men and women hate liberty. They adore the chain—of fairish length. Consider the watchwords of some of the great periodic struggles for "liberty," the French Revolution, for instance, in which blood enough to indicate the sincerity of someone, surely, was spilt—the watchwords "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." The spirit embodied in each or any of these watchwords culminated, in the immediately ensuing Napoleonic régime, in anti-climax, and following the fall of Napoleon, mental confusion was confounded. Liberty and Equality together would confuse a ser. Little wonder that ordinary struggling human beings lost their bearings; yet the war-cry lived on to addle the brains of a century and more of reformers. Men are afraid of all forms of liberty—afraid of the liberty to think; afraid of the liberty to perceive; of the liberty to will, to act; of liberty to judge—afraid of the novelty of these things; afraid of their loneliness, and afraid of their consequences. That is why the multitude, when a daring soul has flashed the light of "Liberty," immediately cap it with the extinguisher "Equality." Liberty goes too far. Equality brings Liberty to heel. It explains why revolutions simmer down; why the chasm which the upthrust of a single "libertarian" here and there causes in the drab level of humanity is so hastily bridged over. The single pioneer is followed by the "followers" who "organise" the thought of the first-comer. That is, they level it out; they pack the new wine into the old bottles, harness the new spirit to the old machine; strangle the new freedom before it is well-nigh born. "New Presbyter is Old Priest writ large." There is, indeed, nothing so tyrannical, so hostile to freedom as a newly fledged
theory, because the “rules” in which the new thing is dressed are strong and fresh with their new refurbishing. Every revolution seems to follow this cycle—crash and disorder, bloodshed and great bishing. Every revolution seems to follow this one brief glint from off a new idea, then back again under the new-old tyranny. And that is as far as we have yet got. The bishop speaks the truth. He is speaking truth when, for instance, he says, “It would be a gross error to confuse Socialism with Anarchism. The Anarchist refuses to be governed at all. The Socialist aspires to be governed too much,” and because this is true, there are men and women of intellectual clarity who refuse to call themselves Socialists, not, indeed, because they regard the appropriateness of the profits of labour to the benefit of those who produce them as robbery—indeed, not to do so they consider robbery—but because they dread the tyranny of this socialised civic rule. They fear to come “under the heel of the swinish multitude.” The Socialist, in regard to this matter of Anarchy, probably cried out a little before he was hurt. Accustomed to find anæmorphism in every epithet hurled at him, when he was termed “anarchic” he retorted, taking the imputation as being offensive, “Not anarchic—quite contrary—most completely socialised.” Well, certain men and women refuse to enter into this complete “socialising” compact, simply because it does not suit them. A correspondent brings to our attention an instance of a community made up of five hundred asses and a lion. In such a community, he maintains, the lion must give way to the asses, and if the lion does not like the asinine way, he must make the best of it. At any rate, he would be an ass to complain. We do not agree. Let us change the terms. A community with five hundred men of ordinary intelligence has one man of extraordinary intelligence. The five hundred cannot afford to make life intolerable to the odd intelligent man, nor, on the other hand, can the intelligent man, with honour, sit meekly and humbly in the presence of the stupid. It is a contemptible weakness on the part of the intelligent to suffer themselves to be made insignificant under the wide-spreading robes of the stupid. Anarchy is the fit condition for a mature community, but if an immature community makes all its regulations to suit the stupid, it remains for the intelligent man, as far as he is concerned, to act as a Libertarian Anarchist.

Such a Libertarian Anarchist can give sporadic adherence only to the law of external authority, because the law which speaks from within demands a still closer allegiance. This is why every great reformer—the extraordinary man—has shown himself in deed and in truth an Anarchist whenever external law has clashed with the law speaking from within. He has then abandoned, transgressed, and trodden under the common law—the law of the five hundred ordinary ones—in order that he might carry into effect the dictates of the “Voice within.” A Christ, even when a child, turned aside a whole code of conventions with little more than an expression of surprise that anything other should be expected of Him. “Know ye not I must be about My Father’s business?” A Luther planted himself firmly upon the authority of the inner law, no matter if a whole hierarchy should fall thereby. “I can no other. So help me God.” Neither could Cromwell, in the fateful year of his influence (1649), and no other law demands from him than this, “I do feel lifted up by a strange force. I feel He giveth me light to see the great darkness that surrounds us at noonday.” Joan of Arc followed her Voices in unflattering simplicity from her sheep-folds in Domremy to the crowning of her king at Rheims. Margaret Wilson discarded external authority, and her life with it. Asked to submit, she was ready with, “Never; I am Christ’s. Let me go.” And the waters closed over her. The long scroll of history is epoch-marked by such instances of the jealous guarding of the claims of the inner voices against those of the outer. It is a curious fact that almost all such advocacies of the inner reason might have been based upon a direct respect to the external communal concerns such as religion, patriotism, or the commonweal; that is, they have been inspired by belief in things and persons rather than by belief in the individual self. Hence, in forging a New Sex Morality, the opposition to the establishment of such is all the more potent on this account, i.e., that not only has the steadfastness of purpose to emanate from oneself, as has always been the case, but the idea believed in, and in behalf of which the purpose is made strong, is to be found in oneself also. The self has to guarantee, therefore, the reality of the idea, the worth of the idea, and the strength of purpose to carry the idea into effect. This accounts for the fact that morals change so slowly. Each change necessitates a belief in one’s personal individuality and judgment, which is extremely rare to meet with. Hence there is no necessity to imbue people with any anti-anarchic theories. Their native endowment of courage is not such that they are likely to leave the friendly shelter and protection of law and convention unless they are impelled by some inner conviction. This inner conviction, we believe, can be inspired by the possibilities of development which are existent in potential freewomen. We have used the word “anarchy,” where we might easily have used some other word as “individuality,” and yet no purpose. We have done this deliberately, in order to make clear a truer sense of direction and a truer perspective. Until this is done, we, and especially we women, get a wholly wrong sense of values. We are putting wrong valuations of worth on things. We have, for instance, long become accustomed to valuing the regulation—the actual ruling—at a higher rate than the things regulated and ruled. The law and the moral code have loomed larger than the living spirit-material through which these work. So, by setting limits to the sphere and working area of external authority, we have endeavoured to make clear the inner permanent reality to which external law administers as a servant, but may not dictate as a master. So we come nearer to the conception of what is the most urgent need in life. Our in is a true conception of “what things matter most.” This conception arrived at, life becomes clear. It then becomes evident what is worth fighting for and what is not. To freewomen this conception is becoming clearer. To face life unafraid, to welcome its emotions, to try their value, to be alive and capable of living intensely; to seek life, and that more abundantly; and, if there is a price to be paid for it, to be ready with the toll.
NOTES OF THE WEEK

During the week, a flutter of excitement has been raised in regard to a Referendum proposals concerning Women's Enfranchisement. Following upon an earlier effort in the same quarter, the Daily Chronicle, with much style and great circumstance, opened out the case for a Referendum. The same day, the organ of Liberal Nonconformists, in a smug little paragraph, stated that "the Referendum is to us an odious instrument in all circumstances," it might apparently be very fittingly applied to Woman's Suffrage. We think it is a pity that so much unnecessary circumstance should be put upon so little necessity. A neat little notice would serve the purpose quite as well — the choice between rich black and pure white, to meet every possible exigency of party with rates—such and such. Nothing more is required really, and it would bring us all appreciably nearer to the point where the worth of the party Press will be calculated at its true value, which is nil. We do not, therefore, suppose that the opinions recently expressed in regard to the Referendum are any more representative of convictions than were the contradictory opinions on the Referendum expressed by the same paper at the time of the General Election. We regard them merely as feelers, sent out to test the temper of the people, in regard to Woman's Suffrage and the Referendum.

Although our opinion upon the Referendum may be different from that expressed by such papers as the Daily Chronicle at an earlier time, the party interest dictated a particular kind of opinion, we nevertheless think that any reference to the Referendum might fitfully be applied a Franchise Reform measure is indestructible on account of impossibility of securing a just and common-sense method of putting it into operation, but the Referendum in regard to Woman's Suffrage is futile on account of the subject matter with which the measure deals. Woman's Suffrage is so mixed up with emotional and temperamental consideration, that no amount of argument has any weight in the matter. The different temperaments will never amalgamate. They will have to go their own way. Argument will no more change temperament than argument would erode a leopard's spots. It is waste of breath.

The text-book students of constitutional history are just now bewildered because the Cabinet finds itself in an unprecedented position. They suspect a perversion of the fundamental law because the Cabinet is divided. Their text-books should have told them it was controllable, and that party in power. In the new crusade for honourable conditions for those who work, it is to be hoped that women and men will be working together. The Women's Party have qualities to give assurance of new allies. The temper of the men is taking on a new likeness to that of the rebelling women. For more reasons than those of Woman's Suffrage we earnestly hope that these two parties will draw together. Their interests are one. Women must have higher wages. Men must have a minimum wage. Women's Trade Unions must be protected, and must not be injured. The sympathies and political needs of those who carry weight in the women's ranks are Labour sympathies. The Party who are trying to blow hot and cold Woman's Suffrage next session. In the new crusade for honourable conditions for those who work, it is to be hoped that women and men will be working together. The Women's Party have qualities to give to Labour, for lack of which Labour has dropped in the past, and the Labour Party for their solution, which they each attempted foiling of a settlement of Women's Franchise agitation. They are holding up the hedges of contemptible political shifters, whose principles are as worthless as their political honour. Labour acting solidly could throw any Government, and endanger the security of the seats and the security of the franchise, which women could regalivise Labour. They could bring it to the valuable audience before the Thorough audacity. We believe the Labour Party and the Women's Party could be one, and the natural alliance would also be the complete answer to the tergiversations of the past. Women are beginning to blow hot and cold at one and the same time in regard to the Referendum and other matters. In unity is strength.

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guarantee of validity. We demand admission because we refuse to remain amenable to government while we are outside. The basis of government is found in the 'Constitution of the Government. Nothing can force or compel that admission. It is a voluntary affair. If Mrs. Humphry Ward and others gladly chose to be governed without having a vote, they give that consent which justifies their continued government. We do not so consent, and we have given proof to the uttermost of our determination to withstand such compulsion. We have undergone the utmost indignity, and have held on to our decisions, though battered, bruised, manacled, hunger-striken, and naked in a prison punishment cell. In face of such determination compulsion is fruitless.

Not only is the Referendum in regard to a Franchise measure inadmissible on account of impossibility of securing a just and common-sense method of putting it into operation, but the Referendum in regard to Woman's Suffrage is futile on account of the subject matter with which the measure deals. Woman's Suffrage is so mixed up with emotional and temperamental consideration, that no amount of argument has any weight in the matter. The different temperaments will never amalgamate. They will have to go their own way. Argument will no more change temperament than argument would erode a leopard's spots. It is waste of breath.

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Divorce.

RECENTLY I happened to be reading a letter from Turkey describing the efforts which were being made by a few women of that country to free themselves from the obligation of wearing the yashmak, or veil, to conceal their faces. The correspondent quoted an orthodox Turkish religious journal on the subject of the dreadful inroads of this new innovation. It explained that there was no commandment in the Koran that women’s faces should be veiled, but there was a commandment forbidding men to look upon women lustfully, and it was obviously impossible for men to avoid doing this unless they compelled the women to keep their faces hidden in public. In the same way I recently read an account by a missionary from China of the struggle there going on to free women from the custom of foot-binding, which turns their feet into stumps and makes them cripples for life. Here, too, were pious religious exhorters, discussing the advance of this dreadful new wickedness. Somewhere among the natives of South America is a tribe which bound and distorted the jaws of its babies, thereby causing certain diseases in the nerves of the teeth and the practical extermination of the tribe. Among certain tribes in Central Africa it is contrary to religion to eat chickens, and among others to eat any sort of meat until it has arrived at a stage of putrefaction where a joint falls from the hanging carcase of its own weight. Among the orthodox Jews it is forbidden to eat meat and butter from the same plate, and it is also forbidden to eat the flesh of swine.

All these are examples of religious tabus. And now comes the scientist and examines them. He finds that the custom of foot-binding and the custom of jaw-binding are monstrous and horrible offenses against life. He finds that the custom of not eating butter and meat from the same plate is harmless, but wholly without meaning. He finds that the refusing to eat the flesh of swine has a basis, in that these animals are often infected with a communicable disease. He finds, however, that the presence of this disease can be determined by a microscopical examination, and that the trichinae can be killed by a certain amount of cooking. He therefore says that when either of these precautions have been taken the flesh of swine is wholesome—as has been proven by the fact that the American continent has largely been settled and cleared by pioneers living upon that food. But this, of course, makes no difference to the orthodox Hebrew. He still forbids the eating of swine’s flesh under any consideration, and he regards it as a sign of moral decay that his children are coming to conform in this respect to the customs of the people about them.

The bearing of all this upon the subject of marriage and divorce should be obvious to anyone. We have at present a code of marriage and divorce customs, modelled mainly upon certain probably not authentic and certainly misinterpreted words of Jesus, plus a grotesque misconstruction of the Seventh Commandment of the Mosaic code. This has produced the teaching of certain fathers of the early Christian Church, and by the altogether blind and unscientific prejudices of various theological gentlemen who have come after them. The mixture has been finally coated over with an icing of social respectability, and the resultant product is our “Christian” ideal of marriage, which is universally taken by our ecclesiastical guardians and our newspaper moralists to be final revealed truth on the subject of the relationship of the sexes, any departure from which must be regarded as a symptom of dreadful social decay.

Now, with people who hold this religious idea of marriage, I have no argument. I have simply to ask questions until I have drawn out the fact that they really do believe in a revealed marriage and divorce law, and then I stop. A magazine article is no place in which to discuss the basic ideas of anybody’s religion. I can only explain that I do not myself believe in any revelation on the subject of marriage and divorce. What I do believe is that marriage and divorce are human institutions, contrived by society for the accomplishment of certain practical purposes shortly to be set forth, and that the institutions are to be studied scientifically from the standpoint of whether or not they do accomplish their purpose in the most effective way possible.

If the reader is prepared to admit that premise, let him go with me to the balance of the argument; if he is not prepared to admit it, let him turn back and join those who tie up the feet and jaws of their babies.

What is the purpose of the institution of marriage? It is so to regulate the sex relationships of men and women as to secure the breeding of the best children, and to provide for their rearing under the best conditions. Inasmuch as it is obvious that the best conditions for the rearing of children are not a home made by tormented and unhappy parents, it is obvious that the attainment of this ideal must necessarily take into consideration something of the rights of the parents as well. But the primary purpose of the institution is the safeguarding of the child and the economic protection of the mother. Can it be maintained that the institution which at present exists represents the best possible method of securing these ends?

What is it that actually exists? When our ecclesiastical advisers and newspaper moralists discuss the question they invariably assume that what actually exists at present is the monogamous home: one man marries one woman, is true to her—or at least decently pretends to be; they have children, and take care of them and raise them, and so the lawless sex-impulses of humanity are confined within bounds of order. This is the premise from which the orthodox and respectable advocates invariably start. If this exists, it is a beautiful and noble thing, and anyone who attacks it is of necessity an enemy of society and of the home.

But now use your common sense for a few minutes, and consider the difference between this imaginative picture and the actual facts of life as you know them. Men go out into the world and struggle for a living; some succeed better than others. Practically all wait until they have attained to a certain stage of success before they marry. During the period before they marry a very small number of men abstain from all sex relationship; some because they happen to be under-sexed, and others because they happen to be intensely religious or fastidious. The vast majority, however, seek, more or less regularly, casual relationships with professional prostitutes. A very large number thus wreck their characters and their health. Prof. Kelsey, of the Department of Psychopathy of the University of Pennsylvania, stated before one of his classes last winter that it was his opinion that fully 85 per cent.
of the men students in that University were infected with venereal diseases.

It is true that prostitutes are low people, and we don't care very much what happens to them. Their average life is only about five years, and the potter's field is their final home. But unfortunately the diseases of prostitution are not confined to the prostitutes—they are afterwards spread by the institution of marriage to our leisureed classes. I respectfully refer the inquiring reader to Brieux's recently published and extraordinary play, Baiser: or, Entitled "Damaged Goods," or else to Dr. William J. Robinson's "Never Told Tales." Here are a few sentences from the latter book, which will serve for the argument of the moment. They describe the fate of a beautiful and innocent young woman:

"I took her history, and I copy it briefly from my case book: She began to all about three months after her marriage. She had a bad sore throat, very severe headache, fever, pains in the muscles, her hair came out, her face and cheeks got blotchy, etc. (Of course, I needed no more symptoms to know what was the matter with her.) She wanted to see a doctor, but her husband didn't think it was necessary. He said he knew something good himself. He bought her some pills, which did her very much good. The pain went away, the face cleared up, etc. About two months later she had a miscarriage. In two more months another miscarriage. She had all in five miscarriages; finally, about nine months ago she gave birth to a living child, but it was very weak, had an eruption on the body, and its nose was flat and fallen in."

And so we come to the woman's side of the case. The women, too, have to struggle for a living. Most of them are reared for the profession of marriage; they are trained to be sex creatures, to wear seductive and alluring clothes, high-heeled shoes, which stop the circulation of their blood, to wear tight corsets which distort their breathing apparatus. They curl their hair and cultivate pleasant smiles, and most of them manage to get husbands and children, and so satisfy the great need of their natures. Many, however, fail in this struggle. Some of these grow up with their needs unsatisfied, to make that most pitiful of all the distortions of our social system, that butt of all the novelists and dramatists of the age, the old maid. Others are driven into the army of women wage-earners or become domestic drudges. Many of these women, who are barred from marriage by economic forces, satisfy their sex needs in hidden ways, which accounts for the statistics of nervous disorders, anaemics, and insanities. Finally, some fifty thousand every year in this country are driven into the ranks of that most pitiful class of all, the professional prostitute.

This is the real truth about the sex institutions of modern society. It is not the institution of "marriage" at all, as I have written in my novel, "Love's Pilgrimage"; it is an entirely different thing, the institution of "marriage plus prostitution." Let our ecclesiastical advisers and our newspaper moralists face this indisputable fact and discuss it if they dare. (But you may rest assured they will not dare.)

The moral codes of human beings represent the experience of the race; they represent the efforts of men and women to adjust themselves to the environment in which their life has to be lived. But no code that once had any influence can last long, for the fact that the environment is continually changing; life is a process of evolution, and moral codes evolve also. Those races which are unable to change their moral codes to fit new conditions are doomed to extinction; while those nations which adjust their customs and their laws most quickly to new facts are the ones which move on most certainly to power and success.

Now, the central fact which conditions the law of marriage is that from the relationship of the sexes, under normal conditions, there results a child. The mother of this child must be protected while she is undergoing the strain of maternity; and someone must feed and clothe and shelter this child. But modern science has brought out the fact that some children are driven into the ranks of that most pitiful class of all, the professional prostitute. The women, too, have to struggle for a living. Most of them are reared for the profession of marriage; they are trained to be sex creatures, to wear seductive and alluring clothes, high-heeled shoes, which stop the circulation of their blood, and tight corsets which distort their breathing apparatus. They curl their hair and cultivate pleasant smiles, and most of them manage to get husbands and children, and so satisfy the great need of their natures. Many, however, fail in this struggle. Some of these grow up with their needs unsatisfied, to make that most pitiful of all the distortions of our social system, that butt of all the novelists and dramatists of the age, the old maid. Others are driven into the army of women wage-earners or become domestic drudges. Many of these women, who are barred from marriage by economic forces, satisfy their sex needs in hidden ways, which accounts for the statistics of nervous disorders, anaemics, and insanities. Finally, some fifty thousand every year in this country are driven into the ranks of that most pitiful class of all, the professional prostitute.

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are in position to support them. This is the way, and the only way conceivable, whereby prostitution can be ended. And yet to think that our ecclesiastical advisers have caused the passing of laws against the spread of information about it! I am trying here to show the difference between the scientific and the superstitious attitude toward the problems of sex. If we are to prepare to go with me so far as to study the institution of marriage from the practical standpoint of human welfare, the first thing to be done is to consider the economic facts of our modern world. I believe that it will be very long before a gigantic change takes place in society, which will enable us to deal for any man or woman who is willing to work to earn a living with decency and self-respect. At present, however, such a condition does not obtain; at present the competition for life is terrific, and demands all the time and strength of the person who takes part in it. A woman who has assumed the burdens and risks of motherhood is hopelessly handicapped in this struggle, and so society provides and endorses a method whereby she can compel the father of the child to be responsible for the care of the offspring and the burdens therefrom.

This is the institution which we call marriage; and when it is studied scientifically, it is seen to be a purely economic institution. It is very much better that it should be as permanent as possible, and society is obviously justified in bringing every moral and physical power to bear to make people realize the seriousness of the relationship, and the importance of keeping it permanent when possible. But it is certainly no part of the right or duty of society to use force to compel people to remain in the marriage relationship when it has become repugnant to them. All that society has the right to demand is that they shall fulfill the economic obligations which they have assumed; that is, that they shall care for and rear the child, and that the man shall assist the woman financially, if her health or earning capacity has suffered through her marriage-part in it. But it is just here that the advocate of the tabu marriage steps in. Marriage, he declares, is not a merely economic and social institution, it is a religious sacrament. That which God hath joined together, no man may put asunder; and therefore two people who have walked into the trap are in the trap for life. As I have said before, I do not mean to attempt to argue with the advocate of the tabu marriage; I only ask the reader to make sure that he really believes in that kind of marriage, and is willing to follow his argument to its logical conclusions. Are you willing to say that man may not put aside the marriage if one of the two is a lunatic, or a hopeless drunkard, or an habitual criminal, or a degenerate, or the victim of a disease which can be communicated to his offspring? Are you willing to go with our ecclesiastical advisers who seek the right to maintain an institution which compels a woman to bring into the world the children of drunkards, epileptics, consumptives, syphilitics, and lunatics? Stop a moment, and think what this means.

The question of divorce is being much discussed at the present hour, and it is a fact that I note with a mixture of amazement and fear that in practically every argument it is taken for granted as a truism that divorce is the solution of all problems, and that it is an ever-increasing evil, and that its abolition would make for the protection of the home and of women. I say I note it with fear, because it seems to me that the triumph of ignorance and superstition in this matter is a most serious symptom of the degradation of American thought. The most superficial study of the divorce statistics proves the fact that our so-called "migratory" divorces form an almost negligible percentage of the total; and that by far the largest percentage of divorces are gotten by men, and under conditions which make of the woman a slave, and of her life a torment.

Just at present there is well under way a movement for the establishing of a uniform divorce law in the United States; what this means, or is meant to mean by all our ecclesiastical advisers, is that all the states are to be coaxed or forced to submit themselves to the standard of the tabu marriage. There are portions of America, mainly in the West, where freedom still has a message for the minds of men and women, and I would most earnestly urge the people of those happy regions of the earth to study this most important of social problems, and not to set their faces resolutely against any attempt to force them back into the conditions of sex-slavery and degeneracy which obtain in the medieval states of our country, such as South Carolina and New York.

UPON SINCLAIR.

Home Products.

EXCLUSIVELY home-made goods too often fail to acquire those special characteristics which the fleeting fashion of a day demands: they may have immortal merit, and yet touch no happy moment. We believe that it is as true of hats, and it is a fact that depresses one wherever one comes across a family of well-brought-up, home-bred girls. One knows that they will probably have to pay so heavily for their virtues. The Englishman's home stands firm (hitherto) on the social wreckage of too many English women: I am not speaking only of the wife, who may gain some moon-like reflection from a husband's radiance, but of the sisters and daughters also.

We all know how the girls of a family have to stand aside in the matter of education for their brothers, with the natural result that brothers expect sisters to stand aside for them all through life;
also to stand aside from all life, in the sense that the brothers understand it. Men may work, and women must wait. But a brother's capacity for tyranny is nothing to a father's. And the worst of it is, fathers often mean so well.

It has been held for generations that the female must practise principles to counteract male example. Rather difficult, this. A solving compromise is found in the ideal of purity in one's nearest and passion in one's dearest. How often one has heard it said of a really attractive woman, "But I should not like my sister or my daughter to be like her"! So the sister or daughter is thrust into a vicarious asceticism. This asceticism is not openly enforced, only indirectly hinted at. It is clear that the girl is under a moral obligation, in return for her husband's and her board, to walk abroad, to be, though in the world, not of it. And this state of things continues indefinitely, until it becomes really true that the world has no use for her. The "coldness" of the modern woman, which sociologists continually refer to, exists mainly in consequence of a constant system of repression: a hypocritical system, professing disbelief in that which it vetoes.

Physical passion is only inglorious when it is regarded ingloriously, and those of us who believe in passion as a factor in race-building must see that this view of its shamefulness is weakening the nation. It is doubtful whether any science of eugenics will ever better the good old Shakespearian argument of beauty as a basis for breeding: but to attain beauty we must check the masculine disciplinarian, who would stamp out all youth, all individuality, all joy of life from those women who, to put it with brutal truth, come within my view as being one of considerable national importance. Such endowment, except in the case of the nearest and passion in one's dearest. How often one has heard it said of a really attractive woman, "But I should not like my sister or my daughter to be like her"! So the sister or daughter is thrust into a vicarious asceticism. This asceticism is not openly enforced, only indirectly hinted at. It is clear that the girl is under a moral obligation, in return for her husband's and her board, to walk abroad, to be, though in the world, not of it. And this state of things continues indefinitely, until it becomes really true that the world has no use for her. The "coldness" of the modern woman, which sociologists continually refer to, exists mainly in consequence of a constant system of repression: a hypocritical system, professing disbelief in that which it vetoes.

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I hope it is understood that in using the words "marriage portion" I mean a dowry which will be in the woman's own control. If we do not want a "sex war," we must, in one way or another, make the individual woman independent of the individual man. At present this can only be attained by strenuous work and economic competition, which the sociologists say is not good for the race. This is not proved; but if those who offer negative criticism will evolve some positive beneficial plan, it will be more to the purpose. Independence is sought, and, by one means or another, independence will be found. It rests with those in power to direct the means.

There has been an attempt to turn women who have revolted from the old allegiance into blind idolaters of the future. This ruse will fail. It is the present and the present only with which we have to deal, without concerning ourselves about a hypothetical posterity. The hierarchy of the home, with man as high priest and woman as sacrifice, will have to go, or change so completely as to be unrecognisable.

Woman must be justified of herself.

GLADYS JONES.

Tertium Quid.

It was no doubt inevitable that the subject of homosexuality should be broached in THE FREEWOMAN. Such a paper exists precisely to let the light of day into these dark and dusty corners. From its point of view—if I understand it—there are no forbidden facts or topics. The difficulty seems to be that homosexuality is one of those subjects which those who are competent to discuss would prefer to leave alone. This factor of competency I possess; as to any others—well, at all events, I am a medical man! So that I do not feel justified in declining an editorial invitation to deal, from the medical standpoint, with the subject of Mr. Birnstingl's article. The more so as his position seems to be based on Edward Carpenter's "The Intermediate Sex," and frankly I do not like that book. Mr. Carpenter is a democratic anarchist of the school of Whitman and Rousseau, and it is axiomatic with him that everybody is as good as his neighbour—" and a damned sight better, too," as the Irishman said. Consequently, it is only necessary to prove the existence of homosexuals—or, rather, to assert that other people have proved it; and it indubitably follows that they are the salt of the earth. But imbeciles, dwarfs, and mon-
strosities also exist, unfortunately for themselves and Society. We are told that "many of the world's pioneers" have come from the ranks of sexual inversion, and it is insinuated, although not stated, that such an arrangement is typical of genius. This is a good illustration of the fineness of the line which, in regard to such subjects, divides truth from radical error, and of the perspicuity with which Mr. Carpenter and his disciples keep on the wrong side of it. Genius is androgynous, but it is never homosexual. A man of genius may be feminine, but he must not be effeminate. If you do not recognise the distinction I cannot make it clear to you, any more than one could explain the beauty of a sunset to one who was totally colour-blind. Virility in a man is first and foremost a matter of spiritual polarity; in its highest degree it may coexist with a physique of ethereal exquisiteness and frailty. On the other hand, the biggest and most robust man may be often, mawkishly effeminate in regard to the things that really matter. Similarly, with regard to women, and particularly to very gifted women, the criterion of their femininity is a spiritual one. In Greece, where to be feminine was to be the best, the fundamental womanliness of the point of view is never overpowered by the masculine qualities of intellect and constructive power. In her inferior works it is otherwise. They are not virile (no woman's work is or could be), but they are "manly." In order to pretend to part the pose of masculinity in a woman or femininity in a man offends all fine palates to the point of loathing. As to the Philistine, he will tell you in the smoking-room, as one recently told me, that "such creatures are cited by German and English writers of passions of all grades, rarity, and that the vast majority of passionate attachments between adults of the same sex can be enlisted vanity among the motives for such a change. It ought to be shot at sight!" In view of which attitude of brutal misconception I submit that it is inopportune and even cruel to write books implicitly encouraging "Uranians" to come out into the open and flaunt their sexual vagaries as a token of open eyes. It is begging the question to decide before the controversy is opened, and then to announce with our neo-Puritans a word of warning from "advanced" writers who otherwise explained. They are of the nature of a pis aller, and liable to be superseded at any moment by the appearance upon the scene of a nearer (heterosexual) affinity. Numbers of the cases that are cited by German and English writers of passionate attachments between persons of the same sex really support my contention, because they have been mere episodes, aberrations on the part of otherwise heterosexual individuals. On the sound principle that entia non praeter necessitatem multiplicanda, we must assume that the same explanation will hold good in other instances. For obviously the conditions of our time are in an exceptional and increasing degree favourable to such occurrences. Marriage is to thousands of educated men and women an economic impossibility. They come in time to recognise this and to accept it as an unalterable necessity. The passionless and affective part of their natures, thus denied its natural outlet, seeks alternative satisfaction. Homosexual alliances are to be regarded as the euthanasia of love. It certainly looks as if the trend of our industrial civilisation were towards the production of a class of (functionally) sexless workers, from women primarily, because they are the more passive and adaptable to such demands, but also from among men. We know that among bees the same tendency has prevailed: the workers are sexually functionless females. In our own civilisation it is environment which I deem responsible in the main for the change that is in process. It is an extension of the "Masculine" in which virility may be conceived as acting upon the lines of circumstance and providing individuals congenitally adapted to the new conditions. Just as one seems to observe that the modern demand for mechanical aptitude is in some way increasing the birth of a number of children with a taste for machinery, so the matrimonial slump may be tending to the birth of human "neuters." That the process is a cruel one goes without saying. If anyone doubts it he has only to study the records in which works upon this topic abound. To be born a man with the instincts of a woman, or conversely, is a predicable from which only a hero can emerge with dignity or success. But persons in such tragic plight will derive little real aid from books like "The Intermediate Sex." Not what we are born really signifies, but what we make of ourselves. Besides, if the conditions of the age are in fact tending to the sterilisation and ultimate atrophy of any sex instinct, one may expect a word of warning from "advanced" writers who undertake to deal with such matters, so that those concerned may accept or reject the sacrifice with open eyes. It is begging the question to decide beforehand that a sterilised and adult of the same sex can be otherwise explained. They are of the nature of a pis aller, and liable to be superseded at any moment by the appearance upon the scene of a nearer (heterosexual) affinity. Numbers of the cases that are cited by German and English writers of passionate attachments between persons of the same sex really support my contention, because they...
the State out of such matters as far as possible; but I have no tolerance for violations of the holy innocence of childhood. Alike in public schools and in the outside world it is indispensable that the immature shall be protected.

In this article I have purposely avoided the term "Uranian," because I deprecate a purely sexual application of the word. A recent article in the New Age deals with persons under the influence of Uranus, the planet which awakens the spirit from lethargy and brings it into strange conditions and hazardous enterprises. To such persons the writer applied the title of Uranians, and I gladly second has endeavoured to rescue it from its present limited and none too attractive connotation.

CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

The Gospel According to Chesterton

It is prima facie a curious fact that of all the men and women at present competing for the pilotage of the ship Humanity, Mr. G. K. Chesterton alone enjoys that privilege. Under the influence of Uranus he has associated itself. But this does not, as is commonly supposed, shut him off from consideration as otherwise supposed, shut him off from consideration as one who has made himself a brake on the chariot of progress. He forgets (possibly) that a brake of this sort is not a normal flow. The horses may be bolting in the right direction, but they are, at any rate, obstinately resisting the flood. But he resists is, as much a fanatic as a runaway horse. He is quite other things than progress—with at least two other things. Progress stands for the vast, unexplored regions of the Future. There remain, at any rate, the vast, unexplored regions of the past and of the present.

This is unfortunately not a platitude. Most people seem to forget that it is only quite recently that "Progress" has become the living thing that it is. A century ago people should have thought no higher intellectually of a prophet than of a politician or a student of antiquity. Euclid was as intellectual as Plato; Napoleon as Rousseau; Shakespeare as Christ. Nowadays we do not admit this. Euclid was only a mathematician; Napoleon a soldier; Shakespeare an aesthete. The Progressive alone is the Intellectual—the follower (yes, even follower!) of Shaw, or Nietzsche, or Tolstoy.

The ostensible cause of this concentration on the future is Darwin. Darwin created the progressive movement. Darwin was (uncconsciously) the first of the Futurists. He opened a new channel of thought into which modern mind poured with an intensity that shook the very foundations of the earth. The force of that revolution (if it may be so called) has grown from a madness from an obsession with which it was accompanied by that obsession, that subtle, petrifying at the expense of new ideas as Shaw's is revolutionary movement. Darwin was (unconsciously) the actual fittest of Mankind, by a natural, comprehensive process. The world was bred with the impetus of a new ambition. The renaissance of religion dates from the very moment when the Church was most in despair. Unfortunately, it was accompanied by that obsession, that subtle, intellectually moralistic intellectual asceticism, which the opponents of intellectual asceticism, which the opponents of religion have always been so quick to seize upon. G. K. Chesterton is not so much an opponent of religion as of this obsession with which it was associated. He finds the old paths of thought—not at least one old path—deserted, and duly laments the fact. His wit becomes as paradoxical at the expense of new ideas as Shaw's is of old ideas. He stands with his back to the wall, obstinately resisting the flood. But he resists is, primarily at any rate, because it is a flood, because it is not a normal flow. The horses may be bolting in the right direction, but they are, at any rate, bolting, and the immediate need is for a brake. Chesterton has made himself a brake on the chariot of Progress, and he jams himself on with a force and persistency which would do credit to the most abandoned individualist.

He forgets (possibly) that a brake of this sort is as much a fanatic as a runaway horse. He is quite as much obsessed with his business as Shaw and the Progressives are with theirs. That is the basic similarity between G. K. Chesterton and Shaw. That is why they can never convert each other. They have their definite and distinct functions in life. Shaw is the horse; Chesterton the brake; the driver God—or as the case may be.

The obsession to which Chesterton is thus dedicated, and which acts—or is intended to act—as
a check to progressive tendencies, is, to put it briefly, the Present. He is quite logical. Man, he says, is neglected in our infatuation for superman, and man is the more important of the two. Superman is vague, but man is obvious. Concentrate, therefore, on man's happiness, and let superman take care of himself. This is the attitude he reflects with such extraordinary elasticity into all the problems of the day. He simply refuses to consider any of the problems of the day so long as there are men and women left to consider. It is a very plausible attitude. It represents the mood in which Ibsen wrote "The Wild Duck." Chesterton might base his whole case on "The Wild Duck." So long as truth and right are not agreeable to human nature, truth and right are wrong. To the progressive who would reform the ideas of the people he says, as we should say to a big boy found bullying a little one, "Leave him alone. Mind your own business." In fact, he would treat man altogether as a benevolent old gentleman who treats a little boy—life as a huge school treat, with plenty of cakes and buns and no lessons. The objection to this, of course, is that the little boy will one day grow into a man. Schoolmaster Shaw wants to prepare him for that state. Naturally, however, Mr. Pickwick Chesterton will not listen to him. "Who taught you how to prepare him?" he says. "Instinct," says Schoolmaster Shaw. "It isn't his instinct," says Mr. Pickwick Chesterton. "His instinct is all for cakes and buns." "I tell you——" says Schoolmaster Shaw. So they wrangle on. All the other schoolmasters appear on the scene, and Mr. Pickwick Chesterton gets red in the face, while they laugh at him and his ideas of education. Where are your supporters?" they ask, and he replies that the subject of all the discussion, the little boy, is his supporter. He likes cakes and buns, he says, and there's an end of it. The "cakes and buns," needless to say, represent a great deal more than mere cakes and buns; they represent drink and lies and vice; they represent the evil of jingoism, and the evil of woman's subjection. It is all the same to G. K. C. "They like it," he says. "It helps them to enjoy life. Throw it in." A good answer to "The Wild Duck" and the still wilder Chesterton is to be found in that other modern dramatic masterpiece, "The Lower Depths," by Maxime Gorki. The "school treat" here is of a very unpleasant and a very realistic kind. Yet here is Mr. Pickwick, as cheerful and smiling as ever, with his gospel of "making the best of things"—of bread and butter if you can't get cakes and buns, of bread if you can't get bread and butter, of nothing if you can't get bread. The poor wretches we see here can scarcely get bread, but they can get drink, and they can get drunk, which, for Mr. Pickwick's purpose, is better still; and yet, with all the old man's preaching, this does not satisfy them. As soon as his back is turned they begin to reason for themselves, reason very hungrily, very naturally, very deeply (are they not in the "Depths"?) And it is not for Mr. Chesterton that they vote. They want something more even than cakes and buns. They yearn for higher things, not so much material (and here is the point) as spiritual. They are sick of being worms. One hangs himself in despair; the others just drink, drink till their souls and the yearning which fills them are drowned in—"cakes and buns." One sees them as the curtain drops, grinning, leering, rolling about the floor—utterly debased. They have swallowed the Chestertonic—faute de mieux. It is a revolting sight—the sort of sight that leads to real revolt.

So much for Chestertonism—we come to the real subject of this article, its relation to Feminism. Feminism is part of the New Religion—the religion of Darwin and the Evolutionists. Science shows us that the female, among "lower" animals the equal of the male, began to lose ground gradually and steadily from the dawn of consciousness; that this arose from the fact that her reproductive functions prohibited exclusive devotion to intellectual pursuits, and hence participation in the development of Reason and the consequent formation of Law and Morality, which latter, left to the male, were based and built (subject to occasional religious amendments) not only on animal greed, but on male animal greed. Scientifically, male reason to-day is totally out of proportion to life; scientifically, woman advances as male greed-reason relaxes; scientifically, when male reason has "climbed down" to its proper level in the scheme of things, the female status will have risen automatically till woman has taken her place in the family, in Society, in the governing body, as an individual with much the same rights and responsibilities as man; scientifically, out of these free men and women will grow superman and superwoman. This is the burden under which Progressives are storming the citadel of Convention. How does Mr. Chesterton meet it? Observe him, cool, impassive, almost bored. Slowly the massive intellect gathers itself for a reply. Before him thousands of faces, alive with the fervour of religious enthusiasm, flushed, expectant. He faces them with the calm of a man whose thoughts are far away—possibly with his dinner. "My charwoman," he says, "does not want a vote." Voilà tout. Those, I believe, are his exact words. I hope they are. They are consistent with everything he has ever said. *

*A "jolly" if fantastic vision occurs to me. The scene is a wild forest, Somewhere, a million or so years ago. Hanging from the tree-tops by their posterior adjuncts, for Mr. Chesterton is a fantastic dreamer, monkeys are discovered philosophising in the full glare of mysterious day. "How glorious it would be," says one (or, rather, he conveys the idea by the method then in vogue), "how glorious it would be if we could only think and express ourselves and understand something of the world in which we live, if we could only become human." The other shakes his head, and, yawning, points to a neighbouring tree where a fellow-member of the species is engaged in devouring a smaller and weaker creature in the open and unashamed manner peculiar to his kind. "Our brother," he remarks sententiously, "does not want to become human." With which weighty observation he releases himself, swings to earth, and is lost in the void. *

Scientifically, I suppose, even Mr. G. K. Chesterton had animal ancestors. H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

TO THE IDOLATERS.

Ye are out of the path.

Love is not lust;
Nor beauty hath
Any part in dust.

The sun shapeth shadows,
Malcheth dust to shine.
The glamour is earthly:

The sun is divine.  
E. H. VISIAK.
Correspondence.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

January 18, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

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I suggest that believers in Malbush read Book II.,

"Progress and Poverty," by Henry George, then decide if anything remains in their minds on which to base

their belief. The book can be had for fourpence, of the Land Taxation League, or I will mail a copy gratis to addresses sent me at 6, Haymarket, S.W.

CHAS. F. HUNT.
as merely one milestone on one of the many roads to the attainment of complete sex equality must be new.

Though most of them pay lip service to the doctrine that sex is merely an instrument and not the final goal of women's political activity, yet in actual practice the average Suffragist refuses to think beyond that blessed day when 'Votes for Women' will be obtained from a Suffrage Bill extending the franchise to women. Men have long discovered that the polling booth is not the entrance-chamber to heaven. The reason for the undisguised contempt with which the whole "Votes for Women" agitation is treated by the majority of working women lies in the fact that they suffer under economic disabilities. Economic equality is the first condition of all other sex equality. The vote is only one of many means of gaining economic equality, and not the most fortunate.

I. G. C. CURTIS.
London School of Economics (Univ. of London).

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

I read the first paragraph of "Notes of the Week." In the last number of The Freewoman, first with interest, second with surprise, and last with wonder. I refer to the paragraph in which the writer puts forth her views on Education as it exists at present. May I reply to that paragraph?

First, why do we believe that a better result was obtained from the earlier system, i.e., the system of Granny School, Church School, and Mechanics' Institute, and on what grounds is that belief founded? I presume because the system operates in states, without special proof, that "outcome of the earlier system was increased individuality," I ask, under which system have the majority of the classes been educated? Are the conditions of the working classes any better now than forty years ago? Yes, they have felt discontent, and more than feeling that they have expressed it; they desire to better their own conditions, and they have taken steps to do so. Has not this improved condition of activity anything to do with individualization?

To quote again from the "Notes": "If that education is not going to hand over children to their parents, at least as rich in human variety and quality as they were when seized upon by the schools."

Now, dealing with Elementary Schools, the type of child that enters those schools at the age of five is generally a child of the working classes, and a child whose ideas and perceptions are limited by home associations. Could anyone argue the fact that with the increased associations of school life its perceptions do not become widened? And school life, even in elementary schools, is not the dull, cut-and-dried, uninteresting system that the writer assumes it to be. May I ask whether the writer has recently been inside an elementary school? I have, and I was forcibly impressed by the brightness and activity of the children that enter there. I think it is the aim of most teachers to note and encourage individuality, and I find this sentence quoted from Stanley Hall: "Many secondary intellects (secondary is a poor term, I admit) are cursed by the Examination Fiend, but it is inevitable—therefore negligible. (2) There are certain emotions and experiences which I think most mothers will agree, and which, if we are to be imagination of the things we supply compensations to the willing mother, apart from her pleasure in her children. (3) The writer is surely wrong in his attempt of "mother and children suffer if they are constantly together, and an overworked mother is no companion for her children. The ideal is—outside occupation for the mother for a few hours each afternoon, and the necessary competition and companionship being found in a more social and communal life, in place of the present isolation of families.

B. L."

MILITANT SUFFRAGIST.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

It has occurred to me that, as the mother of a family, I ought to reply to an article on Motherhood in this week's Freewoman. I find I have given away my copy, but, as far as I can remember, I agreed heartily with the writer except on the following points:—(1) I do not think the pains and penalties of motherhood are exaggerated as a rule, and cannot see why we should attempt to minimize them. Women have been too patient in the past, and there is much danger in the ordinary male attitude that a mother's sufferings and discomforts are inevitable therefore negligible. (2) There are certain emotions and experiences which I think most mothers will agree, and which, if we are to be imagination of the things we supply compensations to the willing mother, apart from her pleasure in her children. (3) The writer is surely wrong in his attempt of "mother and children suffer if they are constantly together, and an overworked mother is no companion for her children. The ideal is—outside occupation for the mother for a few hours each afternoon, and the necessary competition and companionship being found in a more social and communal life, in place of the present isolation of families.

MISS C. CRAIG.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

Miles (Jan. 11) Craig's letter in your issue of January 11th is excellent reading, until a few moments' consideration brings to mind the old saying that it is a bad workman who complains of his tools. Are not the children described "edged tools with which the mothers of each generation carve and form the destiny and trend of the following one? Are not all those fathers that Miss Craig mentions...
existence on earth, and for five to seven years after it, every child of whatever social sphere comes under the distinct influence and teaching of every passing mood of the mother or of the woman who replaces her. Even when the child's employment or pleasure does not take him from home, he cannot, excepting under unusual and unnatural circumstances, look so large in his baby's mind as does his mother; and it is during those first years that the foundation of the man's character is shaped and laid. Hence the acknowledged fact that "every great man has had a good mother." Is it wonderful that so many men of today are degenerate in physique and shameful in existence on earth, and for five to seven years after it, every child of whatever social sphere comes under the unnatural circumstances, loom so large in his baby's mind to-day are degenerate in physique and shameful in existence on earth, and for five to seven years after it, every child of whatever social sphere comes under the

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Do your correspondent, Jane Craig, L.L.A., seriously imagine that with the advent of the vote (I crave her pardon for thus writing the word with a small "v") prostitution is, ipso facto, to cease, that moment at which the Women's Franchise Bill becomes law the thousands of prostitutes that exist in London will in a flash cease to exist? I hope that I shall not be accused of undue plagiarism—although, as a German poet has said, "es giebt kein Plagiarismus," when I once more attempt to sum up, briefly and tersely, what appear to me to be the main causes of prostitution.

First, the inability of men to indulge openly in sexual intercourse during the early years of manhood, owing to their being unable to support a wife according to the manner required by current conventions.

Second, the lack of discrimination between sex-intercourse and the crowning point, as it were—and sex-intercourse also under the above circumstances, but for the purpose of continuing the race.

Third, owing to the fact that convention forces a man to continue to live with a woman—likewise a woman to live with a man—after all emotional and passionate attachments have ceased to exist between them.

Thus it will be seen that for the partial abolition of prostitution it is hardly necessary to wait for the vote. It can be begun today, at once; in fact, it has already begun. First by approving, or rather ceasing to disapprove, of cohabitation by unmarried persons for the purpose of sex-intercourse without children—indeed, marriage merely being a State protection for mothers, it should be unnecessary for those who have no immediate intention of being mothers to make use of it. Second, by men demanding that women should be independent, a subject most ably discussed in "A New Morality—IV." Of course, it must be remembered that a great number of prostitutes are willfully so, being merely equivalent to the

Great Fleas.

I f one should read, in the current issue of the Nineteenth Century, an article from the pen of the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, derogatory of the genius of Maurice Maeterlinck, he would perhaps be tempted to exclaim, with Lucian, in a dialogue that you know of: "I saw one who poured water into a mortar, and ground it with all his might with a pestle of iron, fancying he did a thing useful and necessary; but it remained water only, none the less." Or maybe the perusal might stimulate in him a recollection of certain great fleas, which have ever a burden of smaller fleas "upon their backs to bite 'em." And, indeed, it is the relation between the Abbé Ernest's critique and the broad principle of rhythmical progression so aptly imaged by De Morgan's jingle that has prompted this present essay.

Mystically, though intuitively, and perhaps a little vaguely conscious of the drift and meaning of Life, the vastness of its Unity, and the utter incapacity of words to reveal the How and the Why and the Wherefore of it, the Man of Genius is limited in his expression by the very intensity of his temperament and the potency of his intellect; has occasion sometimes to regret that his too piquant sensibilities have fallen upon an age so far to the rearward of them that his culture even, on which he has relied for a more perfect eloquence, appears to evince a curiously inverse aspect, in that it makes him, by just so far as it has raised him above them, the less understood of his fellows at a time which, to himself at least, seems to call for a new, clear light on the prevailing chaos. Herein is found an element of tragedy; for, even because he is compelled by Nature to range a broader mental plane than the average mind can scan, and because he is able only to realise his vision in terms of his own mentality, much of his utterance must needs remain beyond the capacity of the mediocre to understand. His mind moves on, as it were, to the beat of a larger, more generous rhythm, each wave whereof embraces perhaps a thousand of their puny ripples, itself acquiring a knowledge of its minutest motions, but not by them understood, save only on those rare occasions when the smaller waves of the one momentarily absorb the larger ripples of the other, affording the latter a brief clear glimpse of the veiled waters that lie beyond the uppermost crest of the former. This temporary mergence of the small mind in the great is the circumstance upon which we rely for our knowledge of genius, and, owing to their incapacities, whose mind is more often absorbed in its own characteristics, whose mind is more often absorbed in its own rhythm.

And when the genus of a Mystic is in question, it were perhaps well to discover in what measure he complies with the demands of that somewhat elusive quality, in this mystic sense. A Mystic is one who has perceived that there is a unity of purpose in Nature, and who judges the relations of phenomena from the standpoint of that belief, whose mind has been arrested by the strange correspondence between things apparently diverse, the
of his arrogance, because he believed that the individual is himself the only standard by which what is right, and "each one the measure of all things to him­self," it parted perhaps of both these meanings. He might also have argued: "It is possible for me to contradict you, or you, me; but myself I cannot contradict, for myself is what I am now, not what in a moment I shall be, nor yet what in time past I once was; just now and here am I, all else that I was, that I still may be are not myself, not I." Emerson, too, has written: "What have great men to do with consistency?" And the reply is that, in the original connotation of the word, they can have nothing to do with it if they would remain consistent with themselves. The word has a fine range of meaning politically, but expresses doom to all great thought. Let us not disguise the fact that to be sincere with one's self now requires the sacrifice of at least a portion of what one has been. The "differentiation" characteristic of all progress demands that our mental elements shall change their relations perpetually, and it is difficult to conceive how the young Maeterlinck should satisfy this law and yet not contradict himself. It is as though one should deny Tolstoi his niche because his life is divisible into two distinct periods, the latter of which entirely negates the former, as futile as to contend that Wilde could have written "De Profundis" without having gone to the depths.

And here we may note that the Abbé Ernest Dimnet takes too much for granted (and too little), is surprised in consequence to find contradictions in his author's early works, seeks thereby to rule him from the ranks of greatness, though, as he naively confesses, he cannot hope to convince everyone that Maeterlinck is not really the great flea we have thought him, but something much less, not improbably one of those smaller fleas which prey upon the truly great, and whom none but posterity can hope ever to depose. These contradictions seem greatly to have troubled the Abbé, for they are the woful premise upon which the whole structure of his argument is built; woful because, of the two views that may be taken of this premise, the one will show us that the critic does not understand himself, and the other that he has failed to conceive his author. Let us see what others have said on the subject before venturing an opinion ourselves. Walt Whitman has written: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself!" which meant either that he had a perfect right to do so, or that it was quite impossible that he should, and that the contradiction were only in the seeming, a discrepancy which existed only in his critic's mind, born of his narrow vision, his lack of the "rhythmic sense," but to himself quite clear and apparent, because he was tuned to perceive a more subtle relation between the apparently-conflicting statements. In Whitman's mouth, because the soul of man in the budding rose, the star in the grain of corn; and if he shall be able completely to unify his conception of life, then is he undeniably a genius, great in this final reckoning in proportion as he is able to transcribe his vision in words, or in some other definite and lasting form, and so perpetuate what he has seen.

The Abbé Ernest Dimnet takes too much for granted (and too little), is surprised in consequence to find contradictions in his author's early works, seeks thereby to rule him from the ranks of greatness, though, as he naively confesses, he cannot hope to convince everyone that Maeterlinck is not really the great flea we have thought him, but something much less, not improbably one of those smaller fleas which prey upon the truly great, and whom none but posterity can hope ever to depose. These contradictions seem greatly to have troubled the Abbé, for they are the woful premise upon which the whole structure of his argument is built; woful because, of the two views that may be taken of this premise, the one will show us that the critic does not understand himself, and the other that he has failed to conceive his author. Let us see what others have said on the subject before venturing an opinion ourselves. Walt Whitman has written: "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then, I contradict myself!" which meant either that he had a perfect right to do so, or that it was quite impossible that he should, and that the contradiction were only in the seeming, a discrepancy which existed only in his critic's mind, born of his narrow vision, his lack of the "rhythmic sense," but to himself quite clear and apparent, because he was tuned to perceive a more subtle relation between the apparently-conflicting statements. In Whitman's mouth, because

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cannot ask can the Ideal become Reality—it is Reality, because it is a Truth. Being essential in all kinds and manner of reform, in all progress, it is none the less but even more so in regard to the relationship of the sexes, the basis of the question of Feminism; but in many of the verbal discussions and written articles dealing with this and other subjects it seems almost entirely lost sight of—or, perhaps more correctly, proposals are made which push it into a shadowy and dim background—as when, in the question of the necessary readjustment of the marriage state, remedies arrived at are a return to polygamy—a distinct "going back"—and that the wife should receive a salary for her housework, and be—as stated in a former number of THE FREEWOMAN—a paid employee of her husband. This is surely dragging marriage down to a lower level than already exists, instead of placing it on a higher. It is setting it on an entirely business footing. Do away with so-called sentimentalism, by all means, but true sentiment, a wholly different thing, must be the foundation of marriage. In the words of John Stuart Mill, "Unions of thoughts and inclinations and ideals is the ideal of married life... but more by a real enriching of the two natures, each acquiring the tastes and capacities of the other in addition to its own... when the two persons care for great objects, and are a help and encouragement to each other in whatever regards them; minor matters on which these tastes may differ are not at all important to them, and there is a foundation for solid friendship of an enduring character more likely than anything else to make it through the whole of life a greater pleasure to each to give pleasure to the other than to receive it."

"Union of thoughts, inclinations and ideals"—this with equality of rights will go far to make for a life-long and monogamous marriage—with, of course, complete dissolution should it prove a mistake and the love of one for the other die; no truly self-respecting woman could go on living with a man knowing his love for her to be dead."

Woman, in the past, owing to her artificial and subjected state, has been sadly deficient in Ideals, moral or otherwise, but with this realisation is there much tendency to better this in the present and future woman?

In spite of the steadily growing thought current in literature, on the stage, and in the lecture, on the subject of Feminism, it is an amazing fact how little knowledge, thought and care concerning such matters even the higher educated girl possesses. In spite of an advanced University learning, an apparent freedom and fearlessness, how intensely disappointing, usually, is her moral Ideal, her treatment of the other sex, and more particularly her ideals and thoughts concerning friendliness or marriage with the same. Bright, really clever, intelligent and independent, how extraordinarily easily amused and pleased she is with the average musical comedy, the average farce play, and the many "turns" and allusions of the average music-hall, which are by no means elevating, but quite often really disgusting.

That the artificial system of school life is, in a great measure, responsible for all this, there can be little doubt—the unnecessary, unnatural, and therefore impossible code of life and rules in so many schools deliberately aims at the prevention of any encouragement or cultivation of Idealism and high-mindedness, and the destroying of any natural inclination to such that girl may possess. It is no exaggeration to say that deceit is bred and encouraged—though, one supposes, unmeaningly—by rules utterly impossible for any spirited, "alive" girl, or anybody else, to carry out, which are enforced so strongly in the boarding school in which the higher middle-class girl receives her education, moral and otherwise, during important and impressionable years of her life. What a noble profession is that of a teacher, one to whom the human mind is entrusted, "who helps girls to be women," as one of them remarked to the writer; how few, how very few, realise the vast responsibility, the meaning of the work. Instead of a set of prayers in the morning (to most girls a mere outward and empty form) and church twice on Sunday, how much better to cultivate a moral Idealism in everyday human life and relationship. And—another aspect of the matter—girls, in "finishing" their education—as though it ever could be finished—are not made acquainted with the names even of those who stand at the head of mankind, to say nothing of their splendid work and lives, public and private. Such women as Mrs. Josephine Butler, Prudence Crandall, and Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Fry and Olive Christian Malvery. "Taking one point only, this knowledge would help enormously to stamp out the still prevalent idea that if a woman is interested in and works for the common good, those people and duties nearest her must inevitably suffer! And what more beautiful and helpful essays could be studied than those of Emerson?

Let us have ideals, and hold and keep them then in view, and spread the love of Idealism, and there will be general—and not in a fraction of society only—an equal standard of morals for men and women, equal rights, and not a superiority of one sex over the other, but a true and right equality "Here or nowhere, is this Ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free."

C. M. H. EDWARDS.

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The Unspeakable.

It has hitherto been considered improper for women to write or speak on certain subjects. But "circumstances alter cases."

Now that women are educated equally and work public ly side by side with men, no subject that is made publicly known can be held to be unsuited for discussion by men and women together. There can be nothing but agreement with Emerson's contention that every subject can be discussed if treated in the right way.

At the present time all sorts of efforts are being made to induce women to study every phase of hygiene, and especially everything that touches the home and its children.

This being so, and seeing that for every man afflicted with the unspeakable, at least an equal number of women are involved; and seeing that men lay the responsibility of it all upon women; and seeing that in consequence are utterly unequal to and unready for any action for the removal of the evil; and seeing its fatal effects on home and children, it behoves women to take up the task of cure, no matter at what cost.

If men alone were involved it might be left to them to stamp out the evil and purify themselves when they are tired of its suffering and humiliation. But the evil involves women and children and the stability of the nation and the Empire, and, like other infectious diseases, it spreads in every direction, sweeping into its tide the innocent and helpless, and is all the more deadly in that it works in secret and in a conspiracy of silence.

When women awake to their womanhood they are most intensely logical, as irresistibly logical as law; and now that the medical inspection of school children has made known a really serious state of devitalisation and imperfection, necessitating an ever-increasing burden of medical treatment and costly cure, made compulsory because of the danger to national status, women will naturally and wisely ask—if not in words—in instinctive action, What is the use of all this costly, exhausting fuss of cure if an insidious disease is permitted that destroys vitality and sows the seeds of disease before ever the children are born? Why should women suffer the agonies of motherhood only to see their children fade like blighted flowers? In the Navy the percentage of such disease is known because of frequent compulsory examination. In the world at large there is not even so slight a safeguard.

There is no reason to suppose that the men in the Navy are a whit more prone to incur it than an equal number in any town or city of the nation. If rats threaten the health of numbers of people by spreading the germs of cholera or plague, instant means are taken to kill all the rats and so stamp out the danger of infection. Without wishing to liken human disease-bearers to rats, one cannot but ask, Why stamp out one source of disease and not another? If leprosy appears, those infected are isolated for life. If typhoid or other fevers appear, again isolation is compulsory and disinfection severe. When one thinks of the possibilities of public baths and other places, one realises how imperative it is that there shall be no more silly silence about such a disease than about any other.

Quite recently the Bishop of London charged women with selfishness because they do not hasten to incur the "glory of motherhood." Nothing was said by him of the glory of fatherhood, nor of how motherhood is to be safeguarded against a disease which of a surety destroys all the glory of parentage.

But what is not yet realised, as it will be, is that, whether women are granted the vote or not, this question of equal purity is being forced to the front by the pressure of national population.

Men must either purify themselves and assure women of that fact, or parentage must dwindle to the very lowest. For by no power of force or reason can such reports be made public, and educated women be expected to bear the children of such disease. There will be no sort of compulsion about it; it will simply become impossible for any man to face a woman with suggestion of marriage without a positive assurance of a good bill of health. For though men may blind themselves amongst themselves, not even self-dishonour can quite destroy their sense of honour. How can the women they wish to marry when they know that men know.

We are proud of our Imperial prestige, but reports in public newspapers are world-wide reading. Englishmen look with scorn on the men of the East for keeping their women secluded and safeguarded. What will India have a right to reply when reading of the effect of the non-seclusion of women?

Cholera takes its toll heavily in India, but that kills only the body and is not passed on to another generation. The unspeakable may not kill the body, but it does worse—it kills the soul. For no soul-life is possible without honour, and there can be no sense of honour in anyone who, suffering from disease, goes freely about the world, radiating, like a upas tree, physical and moral poison, shielding the one called the stronger by making a scapegoat of the one called the weaker. Surely dishonour cannot deeper go!

In an Empire such as this such things may not be with impunity because of the force of example. It was bad enough while it was hidden in secret, but such a report, once published, no power in heaven or on earth can again shut the door of silence. What has been done in secret is now made known in the sight of the whole world. The Contagious Diseases Acts were refused because they would have made confusion worse confounded, and the position of women instantly unendurable. But it should not be impossible to pass a law that no man should marry without presenting, with his licence, his clean bill of health, and reckless child-birth should be rendered impossible.

ELLEN S. GASKELL.
Education from the Universal Standpoint.*

THE EDUCATION OF THE PARENT.

II.

There is a saying, common both to literature and conversation, that we learn by grief and by pain. It is the expression of a feeling that has arrived in the hearts of every nation that has allowed itself to build great cities and pack its population densely in certain places. It is, indeed, the expression of a feeling which has cropped up in every civilisation since the world began. And the fact that it has occurred so often and in such widely separated regions is in itself a fairly sure sign that it contains some truth. Undoubtedly it does. We can find, by examination of the lives of great people, that wonderful work has often been done by those who have experienced much grief, or by those whose invalid bodies have caused them immense pain. And it is said that those people learned to do their wonderful work by that grief and that pain. Perhaps they did—to some extent. Perhaps we all do learn something by grief and by pain. But is not such knowledge of a rather negative kind? Do we not learn thus only what to avoid? Surely the wonderful work done by those people was done in moments when they had no pain nor grief, or at least in moments when they could forget them. At any rate, if we grant that they learned something thus, there is still a very pertinent question to be asked. How much more wonderful might their work have been if they had known health and joy? That is something that we do not know, for health and joy are rare among the adults of any civilised nation. We only have samples of them—or memories of them left from childhood. We plod on through life, most of us, without knowing the joy of merely being alive, just as we plod on at work—in which we find no pleasure. And the saying that we learn by pain and by grief is weak, is the expression of a weak person or nation, accepting conditions as they are instead of striving to improve them. It is as weak as shedding tears over one who weeps.

In our hearts we all know that perfectly well, and if we but think of ecstatic moments in our childhood, before the world's grief and pain oppressed us, we shall get some idea of the realms of wonder and beauty that will be open to us if only we can keep, when adult, the health and joy of childhood. Indeed, we might almost say that we shall have access to these realms of beauty and wonder if only we have health, for with health there cannot help being happiness, and with happiness there cannot but help being beauty and wonder and loving thoughts. Health is, in fact, the most pressing need of every civilisation, and the lack of it has been the cause of the fall of every great people. We can read that in historical records as well as feel it in ourselves, and we ought to realise that we cannot but be unbalanced so long as we are not sound in the body. It must not be assumed that we place physical health above mental and spiritual things. We do not. We put it on the same level, feeling that all are important, and that we are not in a position to say that one is more important than another, for the fact is, of course, that they all interact continually. But it is foolish to have intellectual and spiritual ideals without having physical ideals too—foolish and useless to have occult knowledge or psychic powers if they cannot be translated into the daily round; equally foolish to say that only the tangible is real, or only the spirit is real, for a dream is as real as a cabbage, and a cabbage as real as a dream. They are all essential for perfect balance, and no matter how spiritual a man is, he cannot command the full power of his light if his body is not sound; and no matter how well developed a man's body is, he cannot command the full power of it unless he works with his light, his soul.

There is nothing new in that. It is a truth that we all know in our hearts, for no one ever really believed only in matter or only in spirit. It is merely this: that we are apt to pay more heed to one than the other, and so lose balance. It is, of course, true, that we should all be striving always to substitute spirit for matter; but while our soul inhabits this temple of the body we ought surely to make the temple as beautiful as possible, and there is not one of us so weak that he cannot help himself to greater health than he now possesses. When we know the value of health, and see the necessity of it for perfect poise, we shall learn to attain it. It is true that we hear from everybody's lips the maxim that health is the greatest gift we can give ourselves, and we have no doubt that that is so; but in practice how few of us give any heed to the maxim! We accept the conditions in which we find ourselves, plod on till we are ill, and then hasten to the physician. We hope, of course, that by purchasing health with the money that we have amassed in the hours in which we have ignored it; and, naturally, we are disappointed, for health cannot be bought at any price. It is something that for adults in all civilised nations can only be attained by conquest, by a continual striving towards simpler dress, simpler diet, simpler faith, simpler pleasures. It can only be attained thus by us, because our ancestors drifted slowly away from the way of nature, and in consequence suffered in themselves and left us a heritage of ill-health. If that seems unfair to us—that the sins of fathers shall be visited upon their children—we must remember that if we follow the way of nature, and look to the Light instead of to the physician, we can get health for ourselves, and, having realised the value of it, we shall leave it as our legacy to our children, instead of working to leave them money and possessions. For of what use are money and possessions, if a man has not health? Money cannot buy it for him, and possessions are a poor substitute, giving, at most, some pleasure that must pall. And of what use are money and possessions if a man has health? If he has health, he will know that it is more valuable than money and possessions. If he has health he will not want possessions. He will want freedom, and feel that possessions are an impediment to it. If he has health he will be happy, and, whether or not he makes any conscious effort to help humanity, he cannot but help by being what he is. If he has health, he will have self-control, will aim at self-reliance; and that is the ideal for each of us to strive for, whether we are men or women.

Health is so valuable, in fact, and so important, that we might almost say that it is nine-tenths of education. It is only the weak child that likes to be waited upon and has no thirst for learning. Children that are sound hate to have things done for them, are seeking all day, in every direction whatever, and are alert with all the faculties open to each any truth. They only need suggestion, a little encouragement, perhaps, and love. They want to learn, though (very naturally) they may not want
When children have that capacity, their characters, everything. But they cannot give those till given simply and quite naturally, as a flower grows quite a day's part of the parent. Since, however, there receive and free from prejudice. In fact, the first should be made well. When health is assured, then we can turn to other things. Till that is assured, we have no right to expect anything of children. And by health we do not mean the capacity to get through a day's work somehow, anyhow, but the capacity to be happy merely because one is alive. When children have that capacity, their characters, which are what schools pretend to form, will arrive quite simply and quite naturally, as a flower grows open to the sunshine; and with freedom given as well, each child will develop its own individuality.

There is, then, no heritage greater than health and freedom. If parents can give these to their children (they can, of course, give love), they have given everything. But they cannot give those till they have got health for themselves and freedom for their thoughts. And that is the duty of parents—to get health for themselves and a mind open to receive and free from prejudice. In fact, the first duty of every man, whether parent or not, is the same to himself as to others: That duty is to be well; and that is the most important part of the self-education of the parent. Since, however, there are only a few, a very few, in any civilisation who have lived simply enough to know how to help themselves to greater health, we will cite a number of means by which each can gradually become stronger and stronger.

The Freewoman.

The title I have placed at the head of the present article is one which gives food for reflection. In the first place, no two persons will be able to agree upon the significance of the term employed. Those of us who think boldly and speak frankly must be agreed that it is woman's right and duty to be free equally with man. There can be no question about this. When one has exhausted the stock of masculine bigotry that fills the literature of the argument against feminism, and noted the domestic and social ruffianism that goes hand-in-hand with the degradation of woman, one has only to be possessed of a sense of common decency to feel convinced that there is absolutely no case against feminism; to know that woman must and shall be free. Indeed, the way in which the condition of woman question is canvassed gives occasion for many merry smiles, and even more half-pathetic, semi-sarcastic touch of humour. The low-line intellect prepares to do battle with the social menace of woman's freedom; it shelters itself behind every form of social privilege and corruption; resorted to the chivalrous tactics of guerilla warfare in its assaults upon the intellectual incapacity of the weaker sex; and is surprised by the very weakness of its case until a woman becomes its exponent. And then how glad mere masculinity is; how it doffs its hat to the feminine intelligence that espouses its reactionary aspirations; and without sense of dignity or shame declares that the woman who has marshalled all the political arguments against woman's suffrage has proven beyond dispute, and with a power that no man could equal, that woman is a political incapable! No; there is nothing to fear from anti-feminism; it is tottering to its grave, unattended by either respect or public affection. Its own guides, supporters, and friends are gentlemen who have picked up their morals in the neighbourhood of military camps. Let it go. The powerful enemies of woman's freedom are to be found in the camp of feminism itself, and not in that of the anti's. And they are all marshalled under the one banner—the banner of "Respectability."

I do not mean to say that the "Respectables" eschew militant tactics. On the contrary, they may be foremost in advocating them and resorting to them. It is not what we do, but what we aim at doing, what we yearn for and what we are, that decides whether we are respectable or not. And the trouble with respectability is that it lacks dignity. This is because it is not true in itself; it lacks the saving grace of reality, and consequently pretends to being what it is not.

Let me state the problem differently. Woman has been socially enslaved and degraded for centuries. Her virtues have been turned into vices, because they have been employed for the purpose of her enslavement. Two thousand years ago, Christ preached a doctrine that rallied pagan women to his standard, because it breathed sympathy with the oppressed, betrayed breath of vision and purity of heart. The Apostle Paul, a semi-pagan himself, imposed, in the former's name, a different doctrine on mankind; and the orthodox Church fathers, being more pagan than Christian, invented fearful doctrines, improved on Paul, and perpetuated the pagan degradation of woman. The consequence is that throughout the Christian cen-
turies woman has laboured under difficulties. Man has given useless books to the world; they have been duly boiled and forgotten. Woman, where she has possessed genius, has killed herself in striving to secure an avenue of expression. All this is true. And woman has still triumphed. George Eliot, the Bronte sisters, George Sand, Mary Woolstonecraft, to instance but a few names, evidence the truth of this assertion. The struggle has been severe; the triumph a conferment of dignity. Reason, in the face of such facts, tells us woman is the equal of man.

It is here that "respectable," if militant, suffragism comes on the scene. The facts I have mentioned supply it with excellent arguments. Beyond this, there is room for theorising and humour. The espousal of a great cause does not mean that one must never smile. So far, so good. But "respectable" suffragism stops short of insisting upon woman's equality with man, at the same time as it is going beyond the bright smile and legitimate deduction from the nature of the tasks woman has attempted and performed. Let us take a glance at what some consider to be "woman's freedom." The extension of the vote to woman on the same terms as it is granted to man. I do not wish to analyse this claim too severely, only to put forward a few arguments exposing its inherent absurdity, its failure to secure what it pretends to desire.

Once in a debate I was opposing anti-Parliamentarian Socialism to the Parliamentary commodity; and as I was about to answer a question put to me on my position, it flashed across my mind that the evil with Parliamentarianism lay in this fact: it was petting the puppy of taking, pleading instead of defending. The simile occurred to me of the Atheist praying to God only to tell him he did not believe in him. And fury does not make the pleading less humble.

I wish to be understood. I am not going to trot out the worm-eaten arguments against militant tactics, that they are unladylike, etc. I am too keenly aware of the insulting, sensuous lengths to which masculine brutality descended in its assaults upon the purity of woman. And yet the majority of the movement has come forward in a manner as it is granted to man. I do not wish to analyse this claim too severely, only to put forward a few arguments exposing its inherent absurdity, its failure to secure what it pretends to desire.

And now with regard to that garden. Women advocate for equal freedom, and few men have done less to achieve that freedom. They are not better appreciated than men. Why not? Why do they not assert the supremacy of motherhood, insist on the negation of the conception of woman now abroad as an instrument of man's lust? Why does a man put an end to man's power to send innocent girls and women on the road to prostitution, by daring to form free-love unions, and preserving their own identity, without fear or shame?

To do this is to take an important step forward in the struggle for woman's equality, and may be taken to the marriage bond. The child that is born is a marriage contract, and one of the conditions of a legal marriage bond is that the child should have a father and a mother. The struggle for the recognition of the separation of marriages and children is a struggle for the recognition of the independence of women. And that is the spring of a more honourable boy.

In this matter, women should consult their own dignity and the sense of justice. And they should not be misled, even by publicists like G. B. Shaw, whose employment of a great cause does not imply the feminine dignity and freedom. The espousal of a great cause does not imply the feminine dignity and freedom. And it removes from many children the stigma that ought never to be cast upon them, whilst it abolishes the cant, whereby the child that is the offspring of a marriage of convenience—born but a few months after the legal contract—is regarded as "being born in wedlock," whilst the offspring of a more honourable contract is socially barrierless.

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