A PLEA FOR PSYCHOLOGY.

THE most important task for humanity in the onward progression of the life-trail lies in the sphere of Psychology. Subjective material is asking to be treated objectively—that is, mind-manifestations demand to be looked at, that their features may be recorded faithfully. Life can make no steady progress until this work is done. Knowledge of the outer physical world seems to have little, if any, effect as a power exerted to develop the human soul. In spite of our infinitely expanded body of objective knowledge, human consciousness is little finer or more powerful than it was two thousand years ago. Many doubt, indeed, if it is equally fine, equally powerful, or equally great. This dead halt in human progress can only be accounted for in the light of the fact that humanity has taken such little trouble to know itself.

Knowledge of everything else has been eagerly welcomed, but knowledge of self has been shunned. It is true that to-day we have a science of psychology in its infancy; but the young thing has appeared a weakling. It has suffered from the fact that its very life depends upon the two rarest of human qualities—Truth and Courage. Psychology is the Intimate Science, and its first demand upon the student is that he should tell the intimate truth about himself. That is why the psychologist student has so often failed. He has not had the moral courage for it. Any alive adult knows that he has merely to begin the tale of his own inner life and impulses for some long-eared, moralising ignoramus to start up and cover him with moral obliquity. How many men or women dare tell their mental story to their most trusted friend? How many, indeed, dare recite the story to their own inmost soul? Barely one. Forty years ago, a young Russian girl of twelve, an aristocrat, artist, and genius, began a daily record of the events of her life and the intimate emotions of her own soul. She carried the record on until ten days before her death, which came when she was twenty-four. She has left one of the most wonderful documents in the world. Never has there been so fierce a light turned upon the agonised writhings of the creative soul; never such a revelation of the price which Art demands before she consents to dwell with the Artist. The sudden afflatus, the sudden depression, the jealousy, envy, mistrust, the doubt of self, and the passionate belief in self—all is there. The agony of one who knows he has been given a message to tell and is failing to decipher his scroll; the fear that he shall not be reckoned among those who have messages—nothing of that side is omitted. We could almost fawn on this young girl, out of sheer gratitude that she has told what so many would never have dared tell. But even in the Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff the key is never turned in certain locked doors of passion. The passion for Art she is unashamed of; but of the other passions, which lived riotously alongside this, she tells almost nothing. She begins to open out a little from the age of twelve onwards until she is fifteen. At fifteen, some small conventional indecorum fills her with such convulsions of self-abasement that when an utter silence follows it is clear what has happened. She has done what so many women do. (Young girls have a real passion for "goodness," we know from intimate acquaintance; that is why they are like white fire—those who have vitality enough to be anything.) She has closed down the shutters of that part of the mind, and turned the key in the lock. But she has not strained the wrinkling serpent inside. Unless we understand that she has done this, from the age of fifteen onwards, the record becomes unintelligible. The strain on her health, which ended in her early death, the unintelligible agonies, the restlessness, can only be accounted for in this way. Little wonder that the diary has been an unfailing source for parodies, and...
The only relation which the reproduction of the race has with passion is that of a by-product. Passion is an end in itself, or, rather, it finds its end in the development of the individual. Passion is psychic union. Its method of communication is vibrant intimacy, and in such intimacy it realizes itself and finds its pleasure. In passion one travels long leagues into the consciousness of another, and, having travelled, it must be left to do what to itself seems good with the outer temple of the mind, which is the body. We believe that those who seek to elevate an incidental physical act on to a "higher plane," or who seek to browbeat it on to a lower, are wasting their forces endeavouring to regulate an occurrence which is too incidental in its nature to justify such a concentration of attention. We think that many reformers, and particularly women, are striving at the wrong end. Sexual intercourse is very far from being the culmination of passion, because it is so far from being the culmination of intimacy. Human intimacy can only be psychic. Otherwise, we are intimate with a chance individual crushed against us in a crowd. Could we only switch attention off sexual intercourse, and direct it towards the springs of emotion which are behind every kind of emotional expression, then we should indeed be dealing with fundamentals. For only when we reach out to fundamentals in emotion shall we be able to postulate anything worth while about it, and formulate laws for its increase and guidance. We are now in need of reliable data as to the emotional impulses of "normal" and "abnormal" people, from the beginning of their lives to the end. We require a chart of the emotions rich enough in number and variety to enable us to pick out their general features. We need to get rid of our preconceptions as to the association of moral obliquity with particular manifestations of emotion. We need a robuster courage in the face of truth and a greater faith in our own natures and in the scheme of creation. Creation cannot have toiled upward from primal chaos only to faint back appalled and overcome by our bodily sores and excesses. The solution of our human difficulties must be sought in the heart of the difficulties themselves. When Tennyson, pondering the secret of human destiny, soliloquised to the flower in the crannied wall, "If I knew what you were, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and Man are," he appealed to that which was powerless to answer. Man has the power; what he lacks is the courage, the desire, and the clarity to set to the task. When he does so, thoroughly and truthfully, the superhuman man, which is the spiritual man, will begin to be dimly revealed. This will be the "spiritual man" which superseded man, and which, in differing phrase, we call the Christ, the Messiah, the One who is to come; and it is the same impulse which in the Amoeba tended upwards towards man which now sits in the secret recesses of the human mind and says, "Be truthful; Be truthful; have courage and be truthful."

Note.—"The New Morality" articles will be continued as leaders under separate titles.—Ed.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The flutter over the Referendum still continues. Indeed, the debate is getting quite brisk. The Spectator has got so far as showing just what mistakes we should avoid in drawing up the voting papers, showing us, in fact, just how the thing is going to be done. The Spectator does not seem to take into any account the fact that much of the Spectator itself stands for will be “done for” with the Referendum’s advent, and one can only admire the disinterestedness of the Spectator. We have already pointed out that the only question to which the application of the Referendum would be obviously foolish would be in the case of an Electoral Reform Bill, and that this would be so even when the Referendum became the normal method of testing the opinions of the people. This consideration apart, we believe in the Referendum. We believe in it because we realise that the representative system has broken down. The representatives are mere “nithings.” The very mention that they should be allowed to show any effectual power of initiative is pounced upon as a subversion of Parliamentary tradition. The very fact which has given rise to this recent consideration of the Referendum is nothing other than the fact that an important measure like Woman’s Suffrage should be brought forward on the initiative of a private member, and should rest for its decision upon the voting strength which the popularity of the measure might secure without the “nudge” being given by the Party Whip. The Conservative Press, the Liberal Press, the hopeful young party of Women-Politicians, have all joined in the parrot cries, “Unheard of,” “Improbable,” “Impossible”—all of which merely show that everyone believes that Parliamentary representatives are of no account, and that nothing has or should have weight outside the bidding of the close Cabinet Directorate. We do not like direc­tories—not even humane and successful ones, if ever such have been heard of. We prefer the Referendum. We think we should get on faster. It is easier to meet what the people want, but how to get it for them is another pair of shoes. The Referendum may be the solution. Suppose, the Referendum being law, a requisition for its exercise upon any particular measure should be valid if the requisition were backed by (say) a million voters’ signatures. Then we could get ahead. The organised miners could almost manage to validate the requisition from among themselves, and could make a demand for a Referendum concerning the Nationalisation of Mines. The railway men could do the same with the railways, and so on throughout all the great public services. Each question would be fought out on its merits, and not confused with a dozen other and alien issues, as every issue is at a general election. So we should proceed merrily. We very much fear that the politicians know too much of the possible developments of the Referendum to risk their jobs supporting it. It would be too much like politics in reality for the case of mind of the capitalists, the shareholders, and financiers, who “represent” the millions of the workers. And after a while there would be little or no use for a Cabinet. Politics would very soon cease to be a paying concern. It would be left to the men and women, who would do the work for the love and glory of it. We therefore do not think the Referendum is yet at hand. Still less do we think the present Government are likely to countenance it—quite apart from Woman’s Suffrage and quite apart from the difficulties of their present situation. If that section of Women Suffragists which was so anxious for some­one or other to resign from the Liberal Cabinet a few weeks ago still feels the same, there seems a possi­bility of their being satisfied. They wanted the resignation of either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George. The resignation of either would, in their present circumstances, mean the fall of the Govern­ment, with a very problematical chance of re-election at the polls. There is a Coalition party Govern­ment again, with Mr. Smith, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, Lord Cromer, and a few other valiant anti-feminists. What hope then of Woman’s Suffrage? Our only hope of Woman’s Suffrage in the near future lies in the power of the present Government to hold together. Anyone who tells women anything else is talking arrant nonsense, which should not deceive a schoolgirl. Even the resignation of Sir Edward Grey—a much less serious matter than the resignation of either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George—will try the staying powers of the Government to the utmost. It will, too, remove a sincere supporter of Woman’s Suffrage.

* * *

Much prominence has been given during the last fortnight to the Young Men’s Christian Association, which is making a public appeal for a sum of £100,000, and to which sum donations received have already turned into the second half of its completion. We have no knowledge of the Young Men’s Chris­tian Association, either direct or indirect, but the name of the Association strongly reminds us of the Young Women’s Christian Association—which we have very direct knowledge. In case the two organisations are one, we are reminding heedless, simple-hearted donors that when they give money offerings to a charitable-emotional body, they lay up against themselves a moral obligation to watch the expenditure of that body. As we have pointed out, we have no know­ledge whatever of the Y.M.C.A., and our knowledge of the Y.W.C.A. is limited to one only of their residential houses for women, and to rumours as to other houses carried into this one by girls who had lived in other Y.W.C.A.’s, and who had regarded the one of which we have knowledge as an escape from the irritating burden of prayers, Bible-readings, and petty restrictions. Whatever may be the régime in force in the Y.M.C.A., it is quite certain that in known cases of the Y.W.C.A. the residents, while maintaining a profitable business venture, have to submit to a system of harassing, irritating, and unnecessary rules, which amount to nothing short of an unworthy tyranny—a tyranny which, far from being tolerated in an ordinary business undertaking, would be considered too much of an impertinence to be thought of. We were glad to notice that the Press gave publicity a few days ago to a typical case of the religious intolerance of the meaner sort, as it worked itself out in a Y.W.C.A. in Kent, where a girl was dismissed from the residential house for presuming to travel to visit her parents on Sunday—travelling on Sunday evidently being considered more harmful than the undisguised scoffing of the residents at any religious observance at all, rather contrary to it. For the dwellers in Y.W.C.A.’s cannot be considered among the brands saved from the burning which sentimental supporters fondly imagine them to be. Their terms are far too high for that class. It is indeed only to seek this shelter­ing arm thrown out by religious bodies, which under a pound per week, for which sum and less, other commercial institutions (unfortunately hopeless inadequate in number) offer more comfort and
better food. The girls who make use of the Y.W.C.A.'s do so because they are in a good locality, usually central, and, owing to their size, they present an outward appearance which is less depressing than the aspect of cheap rooms in a mean street, and the cheap, large residential houses referred to are always full.

We believe the Y.W.C.A. houses can be run at a profit. It is to be hoped that someone will inquire into the finances of these houses. By all means let them continue to run at a profit, as we believe they do at present, but let us have done with this impudent suggestion that they are carried on as religious charities, for under cover of such impudent suggestions the residents have to submit to the laying down of rules which are an affront to self-supporting and intelligent women, who are compelled to make use of them owing to the inadequacy of the residential accommodation, which makes it impossible for women to resent them as they deserve.

Considerations of such a commercial, emotional body as the Y.W.C.A. calls to mind a similar body, the Salvation Army. We notice that the Charity Commissioners have so far modified their attitude towards the religious work, that they are offering to conduct an "inquiry" into the cause for summary evictions which the Army has carried out in regard to the tenants. Unless very material evidence to the contrary is brought to light in the course of the inquiry, the Salvation Army has been guilty of the sharp cruelty and callousness which only a successful emotional organisation has the "face" to be guilty of. In the commercial world pure and simple the struggle for the master hand is recognised as a legitimate warfare, and both sides are prepared for it, or, if not prepared, at least they are aware of it. But in the emotional, commercial organisation, the organisation gets its weapons home before the other side is aware that there is necessity for weapons at all. The soulful appeals which the organisation makes in its emotional capacity call out the finer sensibilities of its victims, and these finer sensibilities are laid bare ready for the knife. In fact, the very knowledge that the organisation "leaders" have roused the emotions of their victims, their followers, their adherents, seems to exert a subtle fascination tempting them to operate. It is another instance of the perverted, but very real, charm which cruelty can exert.

The £100,000, for which the Y.M.C.A. are asking reminds us of still another commercial, emotional organisation which asked for and got £100,000, and is now asking for a quarter of a million, which it will doubtless get in due course. We refer, of course, to the Women's Social and Political Union. Here, too, the appeal is emotional. Here, too, the result is money. Here, too, as in other cases, the management of the funds is a close concern in the hands of two or three. These latter issue a generalised balance sheet indeed, but answer no questions whatever as to financial management. Here, again, honeyed phrases of sisterly love for the outside world, and for those inside, a commercial hardness, a merciless driving, and an implacable unbending in the face of financial results not up to expectation.

Here, as in the Salvation Army and the Booth family, the passion, enthusiasm, loyalty, work, energy which has surrounded dangers, intellect poured out, money to the uttermost given—all these are perverted in the interest of a commercial cause, and control of the whole bagged by a close family group. As in the case of the Y.W.C.A., where, if they do not like things, residents are merely told they may go; as in the Salvation Army, men who have put hard toil into the land, unprepared to agree to harsh conditions, are told to go, without having regard to the positive energy which in the W.S.P.U. criticism against harsh conditions is met in the same way. Always the same,—"If you do not like it, you can go." From the superficial point of view, this is freedom; looked at more closely, it is merely the unscrupulous use of an advantage of authority which the association as a whole has only acceded to the "leaders," because of the convenience of having an executive on the spot, with powers sufficient to deal with individual cases. It is to be hoped that someone will inquire and at short notice; but delegated chiefly on account of the belief of the association that the powers delegated to the "leaders" will only be used in a spirit of humanity, in accordance with the nature of the cause with which one and all are associated, and which one and all have helped to build up. The most discrepant pages in history and literature are those dealing with the unscrupulous use of power which a passing convenience has enabled "leaders" to lay hold of, to use against those who have equally helped to create that power. Many sacrifices and almost superhuman efforts which are made and put forward on behalf of great causes of necessity create powers which, when enabled to use them, will lead to the destruction of the organisations which are built up round them.

Now to return to our main text. People who give money and services to emotional organisations on the ground of a general sympathetic appreciation of the type of work done by the organisation are thereby morally implicated in the task of learning the temper and tone in which the organisation receives. Time, money, service, sympathy, and prestige they offer. The very gifts they bring decide the nature of their treatment. If they have given to the funds, but who have not had to listen to those who work for them and are paid by them ask of the women who live in the houses, not if they do not like it, you can go." From the superficial point of view, this is freedom; looked at more closely, it is merely the unscrupulous use of an advantage of authority which the association as a whole has only acceded to the "leaders," because of the convenience of having an executive on the spot, with powers sufficient to deal with individual cases. It is to be hoped that someone will inquire and at short notice; but delegated chiefly on account of the belief of the association that the powers delegated to the "leaders" will only be used in a spirit of humanity, in accordance with the nature of the cause with which one and all are associated, and which one and all have helped to build up. The most discrepant pages in history and literature are those dealing with the unscrupulous use of power which a passing convenience has enabled "leaders" to lay hold of, to use against those who have equally helped to create that power. Many sacrifices and almost superhuman efforts which are made and put forward on behalf of great causes of necessity create powers which, when enabled to use them, will lead to the destruction of the organisations which are built up round them.

We very much regret the second part of Mr. Philip Oyler's article on Education, which appeared in last week's issue, was published with the omission of his signature. This was due to an oversight, which we much regret.—Ed.
"Seeing, They Shall See Not."

II.

In my former article I touched upon certain matters which, as it seems to me, are being ignored or wrongly handled in many of the "Reform" schools. One subject I dealt with was that of Sex; another, the complexity of the process further upon both these questions. In this country we have made comparatively little study of Education in its widest sense, or at all events of the principles which underlie. A few people are studying psychology, and trying to apply it, it is true; but even those have only gone a little way as compared with educationists of some other countries, while the rank and file in the educational world do not even profess to know anything of the matter. It has always been to me a matter of surprise that the education process should be held a thing which can be quite easily and simply understood. No one of any sense will maintain that a man can learn doctoring by simply being "interested" in it, and proceeding to treat patients as best he may from scraps of "commonsense" knowledge; he is expected to study thoroughly the principles of medicine or surgery for a considerable period of time. The engineer must learn the technique of his craft; he does not take up his profession in a moment as the fancy moves him. Why is it, then, that the ridiculous notion still prevails in regard to education that technical knowledge is of little importance, and that the well-intentioned "sensible" person will be able to do all that is required with efficiency?

In somewhat earlier times we know that the "fool of the family" was always dedicated to the teaching profession (if not already devoted to the Church), since "anyone" could teach. We have progressed much since those days, but still we find the great majority hold "any sensible man or woman" can teach, and the vanguard of educationists even are far too prone to argue that the inspiring personality is the only essential. Now, I recognise the profound need of inspiring personalities in all educational work, but I desire to point out two things—first, that the inspiring personality does not necessarily know, by nature, the best methods by which to get into touch with the minds he seeks to reach, nor always how to expend his own forces to the best advantage. Moreover, he may be "inspiring" in certain directions, and yet prove ineffective in many others; he may develop admirably certain qualities in personality, yet leave untouched many others; his ignorance of physiology, of certain normal and abnormal tendencies in human beings, may commit him to all kinds of errors, which cannot be wholly atoned for by his own fineness. In any case, it is obvious that knowledge of mental and physical and spiritual processes must add to the equipment of the teacher, however inspiring a personality.

Secondly, I would point out that the majority of teachers—the majority of all human beings—are not (perhaps a future state will alter this, I know not) specially "inspiring" personalities. I know no method by which one may acquire this much-to-be-desired kind of personality; but at least every teacher may gain, by patient work and effort, some understanding of the human minds he will deal with, some knowledge of what actually does and can happen among human beings, and some power of entering into communion with other minds. These things, I say, can be learnt to some extent, and it is a shameful thing that any individual should be suffered to enter the education profession without having set himself thus to learn.

Those who have any knowledge at all know well that in what is called "upper-class" education of this country, training and knowledge of fundamental principles are scoffed at openly. Eton and Harrow masters, University lecturers, expensive private-school teachers laugh at the idea of training for teaching, and at psychology as "twaddle." All they desire, all that is asked from them, is the power to pass all kinds of "advanced" examinations which confer degrees, so that they have plenty of book-knowledge to pour out. I do not think that the more advanced educationists hold this view; they have, truly, realised that the giving out of facts is not education, but I cannot find that they have grasped the necessity of exact training for their work. It may well be answered here that the training of teachers, as we know it to-day, is largely a sorry farce, and with that contention I heartily agree. Perhaps the only way now to go forward would be to abolish training and training colleges as now existent root and branch; but that is not saying that training, the right kind, is not essential—indeed, the essential—for the teacher's work.

I find another rather large difficulty in connection with many of the "Reform" schools. Their directors and heads are most frequently personalities of exceptional nature, inspiring, idealistic, delightful, which is a matter to rejoice over; but here comes a problem. Can these exceptional natures, unless well trained in knowledge of mind, deal satisfactorily with the minds of average minds under their care? I come to the conclusion that they cannot, and thus we are faced with the problem which is the problem for democracy—namely, how shall the leader keep in touch with his rank and file, neither coercing them into what he desires for himself, nor failing to grasp and interpret their desires and impulses? I am quite sure that sometimes the lofty personalities do not really get at the children and young people they are educating; perhaps they cannot realise all the commonplace tastes and desires, the baser instincts of these others; perhaps they will not. However it may be, I am convinced that this non-realisation or deliberate ignoring can only lead to evil results, and this is seen most largely, most evilly, in connection with sex, as I mentioned in my former article. The subject of sex-education and sex in education is so enormous and so difficult that I can only touch upon two or three of the most obvious points. As I have said above, one of the most serious difficulties is this—that the advanced people who run "Reform" schools and institutions frequently are such that they are left wholly, or very largely, untouched by serious sex questions, consequently the matter is not of great importance to them. Or perhaps these men and women will be people to whom sex has come simply and beautifully in their lives, and they are disposed to think that it comes equally beautifully and simply to all, or if it does
not, there is something radically wrong in the others. Well, to many of us sex does not come either simply or beautifully, and I hold that it is the duty of the educator to recognize this at least, and to attempt to gain knowledge wherewith to cope with painful or difficult sex manifestations. It is the commonest thing in the world to find heads of schools treating a sex difficulty when it does occur (usually it is only perceived long after occurrence) as something to be quickly hushed up by punishing the children concerned in the business as "immoral" or "pernicious" characters, who must be got out of an otherwise perfect establishment. Then life goes on again as usual, until the next "scandal" possibly occurs, and we witness a repetition of previous methods.

Even in co-education schools we often find a complete absence of any sane sex-instruction, and the school goes on, sublimely trusting to luck. Unfortunately, open scandals do not often occur, one could wish they would, if for nothing else but that they would perform the attention of educators and parents to the whole matter; as a rule, however, things go on secretly, undreamt of by those in authority, and the latter are indignant at the suggestion that untoward happenings may be rife in their schools. But it is not only an ignorance of what actually happens among men and women, boys and girls, that many of these progressive educators evince; worse still, they do not seem to know at all what they want, or perhaps I should say how to arrive at what they want.

Take an example. I know several advanced schools in which what is dubbed "sentimentalism" is sternly repressed; those passionate friendships, so common in adolescence, of girl for girl, boy for boy, or even of girl and boy for the teacher, are "discouraged" to such a degree that all outward manifestation, at least, is prevented. What is the reason for this? Is it to sterilize emotion and sensibility? We know that it is not; that the same school which thus represses is aiming at the development of sane, well-balanced beings, capable of emotion. Yet I firmly believe that there is no hope of such products unless the emotions may expend themselves throughout, and the legitimate channels for emotion in adolescence is in the direction of adoration, such as I have mentioned above; worse still, they do not seem to know at all what they want, or perhaps I should say how to arrive at what they want.

Vitality relevant to the question I am considering is the matter of the married and unmarried teacher. Here, still, the "Reform" school is unprogressive; still we find the staffs of these schools, anyhow in the case of the women, consisting almost wholly of the unmarried. This I believe to be fundamentally wrong. The topic is a large one, and for the discussion, so as to create a climate of opinion in which criminal stupidity dies a natural death. Discussion on a matter of this kind has been but little modified by the National Insurance Act. It appears that from five to twenty per cent. of the population in European countries is syphilitic, while about fifteen per cent. of the syphilitic cases die from causes directly or indirectly due to the disease. About thirty per cent. of the blind in asylums owe their incapacity to their eyes being infected at birth by gonorrhoea. It has been stated in the Lancet that in England seventy-five per cent. of adult males have had gonorrhoea once, forty per cent. twice, and fifteen per cent. three or more times. This disease, when communicated in its worst form by husband to wife, has frequently been known either to kill the wife or to wreck her health for ever. The evil is often aggravated by the endeavours of the husband to conceal from his wife the disease from which she is suffering, and to prevent her from getting proper medical treatment—the same sort of policy that the friendly societies pursue.

Mr. Havelock Ellis writes as follows of those who think it immoral to do anything that might seem to involve indulgence to those who suffer from such diseases:—"The progress of the race, the development of humanity... has consisted in the elimination of an attitude which it is an insult to primitive peoples to term savage,..." The excuse given by these enemies of their kind is that venereal diseases are "the result of voluntary action." But, as Mr. Havelock Ellis points out, "all diseases are equally the involuntary result of voluntary actions, such as the family poisoned by unpaid for by those who catch the disease of the child she is nursing," and so forth. Nor, of course, can mothers or children be said, as a rule, to come within the classification of voluntary action.

It is perhaps futile to reason with those who really regard venereal disease as a "just visitation of God," even though it leads to the disgraceful fact that in England, as apart from other countries, "the communication of venereal disease by illicit intercourse is not an actionable wrong, if the act of intercourse has been voluntary, even though wilful and intentional concealment of the disease." Criminal stupidity cannot be abolished by Act of Parliament, but only by free and open discussion, so as to create a climate of opinion in which criminal stupidity dies a natural death.
in this country has merely spent itself on measures like the "Contagious Diseases Acts"—statutes which apply only to women, which cannot properly eradicate the evil, and which merely victimise the prostitute, and, possibly, other women also. Other remedies must, of course, be adopted. Compulsory notification is sometimes advocated, and this is often adopted in other countries, such as Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, in conjunction with gratuitous treatment of venereal diseases. Compulsory notification might in some cases lead to a doctor not being consulted at all, but in any case Mr. Havelock Ellis urges that "we must look on every person as accountable for the venereal disease he or she transmits." Hygienic knowledge must also be spread among the young, so as to protect not only themselves, but also future generations from contamination. There was possibly some excuse for omitting to deal with such a gigantic abomination when all disease was regarded as the result of sin. The present attitude to venereal disease is only an atavistic relic of ancient and evil superstitions. It has no justification of any kind for its existence. When vast sums of money are being expended on fighting such diseases as cancer and tuberculosis, it is, in addition to these, quite as common and probably more avoidable, should be left to work their ravages undisturbed. "If preventible, why not prevented?" applies even more forcibly to venereal diseases than to tuberculosis. Politicians will not help; doctors are helpless if no one will cooperate with them.

The present conspiracy of silence, which ought to be denounced from the house tops, will prevail, as it has prevailed for centuries, if women will not put a speedy end to it, and it is for women to begin the crusade. They, at least, are the most obviously deserving and innocent victims, particularly when their votive condition hampers them from exerting the most potent of all political influences. But they must be careful to eliminate theological and obscurantist ideas from their campaign, which can only be won on purely sanitary lines. If men were once assured that women would take this line, and not merely inaugurate a duel between the sexes by introducing the wholly irrelevant ideas of Puritans like John Knox into the question, both sexes could combine with irresistible force in pursuit of their common end.

Looking not only at the present, but also far back on the past, one sees a shocking carnage of poisoned lives, and of hopeful, promising, and highly avoidable tragedies—a carnage more criminal because more easily preventible than that of war itself. Every human being alive to-day should be ashamed of dying without having done something to end it, and the mere insistence on discussion and on removing the taboo is perhaps the most useful service that can at present be performed in the cause.

If such efforts excite the opposition of those who call themselves religious, as has happened in the past, then our opponents will have to face the prospect of being branded in future as the worst foes of humanity, for—sooner or later—they will without doubt be relegated to an impotent silence, and of them it will be said, as it was written of the sacrifice by Agamemnon of his daughter:

"Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum."  

Every preventible birth of a syphilitic child, and every preventible case of blindness at birth due to gonorrhoea, is a crime worse than ordinary murder, and a State that does not strain every nerve to prevent such crimes is merely sacrificing vast numbers of its citizens on the altar of the modern Moloch, the deity of prudery, superstition, and wilful ignorance.

E. S. P. Haynes.
freedom many a man and woman will have to be courageous enough to give pain to people they love. But no advance can be made towards the ideal, which is not to say the impossible, until a much larger number of people can be induced to look the tyranny of home straight in the face. Under present conditions, a man loafs about his club because his home might be too homely; to tell his wife that she may tell her that if she cannot, or will not, look after the house, it would be much better for them both if they engaged a housekeeper. Perhaps he cannot afford such an addition to the household staff; but even if it occurs to him that his wife might earn the money to pay a housekeeper, he dismisses the idea with something like the justification that infra dig. —what would the neighbours say? If it came to the ears of people with whom he does business that his wife was earning her living, how horrified they would be. Again, a wife feels that she would so much rather go on with the work she was doing before she was married than devote herself wholly and solely to domestic affairs. But the prejudices of the labour market force many women to resign a business appointment on marriage—the Government sets employers the example of dismissing women employees in such circumstances, and every member of the Stock Exchange has annually to sign a rule that his wife, if he has one, is not engaged in any kind of business. In cases where the wife could get congenial work, the husband often forces her to be a domestic drudge to her house and children, because of his prejudiced notions that a married woman's only sphere of action should be the home. Yet again, sons run away from home, daughters marry anyone to "get out of it."

But most of the people who keep away from home as much as possible, or "get out of it" permanently, are doing little or nothing more to bring about home reforms than are those who think it their duty to pretend that home is all it should be to them. Yet see how the truants and deserters cherish the ideal of home. The habitues of clubs and restaurants will tell you in confidence that they do not "waste" money (their own money, they must gratefully say, "Thank you." I, personally, know numbers of grown-up daughters who they are handicapped in their choice of friends, and one absurd prejudice. Nor are runaway boys and discontented girls warned by their experiences under the parental roof to avoid family life. They get married, so as to have a home of their own, and the queer thing is that tyranny is soon working havoc under their chosen roof. I myself know more than one boy who ran away from the parental home because he resented its narrow-minded, tyrannical régime; as married men, they are now quite as narrow-minded and despotic as were their fathers. And I know several girls who married because they could not endure life with father and mother; they are treating their husband and children in a very similar way to that by which their own mother helped to make home unbearable.

Lack of courage is certainly one reason why the victims of home life, who are nevertheless devoted to home in the abstract, have done so little to bring about home reforms. But an equally fundamental reason is their tendency to stop far short of the root of the evil in tracing the causes of tyranny in the home. Ibsen, in "The Doll's House," revealed one vital cause of tyranny in the home, with the result that to-day quite a respectable number of men do not regard their wife as a mere plaything. But the great demand is still for the "dolly" type of wife, who will allow a man to play the despot as husband and father. Another far-reaching and vital cause of tyranny in the home was most ably summarised in a recent issue of The Freewoman, in the fourth instalment of "The New Morality": "When women come to the council table. It is the function of the 'mother' and 'wife' with as much horror as they regard the other 'kept' women, and sometimes children whom they keep religiously outside the pale, or as they would regard a male lover who sold his 'love' for board and lodgings, then—and never until—shall we have arrived at the point when feminism will be sure of its strength.

The "kept" mother does so much to make home an undesirable place of abode. She is the woman who neglects her house, so that there is no comfort in it for anybody. She is who neglects her children for the sake of futile pleasures, and alienates sympathy from those mothers who are tired by being expected to play nursemaid, for the very sound reason that they are better equipped for some other kind of work. And she is who is always to the fore in encouraging the prejudice that married women must not be wage-earners.

"Although not by any means all she would like. For the sake of freedom, I have lived on less, and counted any sacrifices cheap at the price. Ibsen, in "The Doll's House," revealed one vital cause of tyranny in the home, with the result that to-day quite a respectable number of men do not regard their wife as a mere plaything. But the great demand is still for the "dolly" type of wife, who will allow a man to play the despot as husband and father. Another far-reaching and vital cause of tyranny in the home was most ably summarised in a recent issue of The Freewoman, in the fourth instalment of "The New Morality": "When women come to the council table. It is the function of the 'mother' and 'wife' with as much horror as they regard the other 'kept' women, and sometimes children whom they keep religiously outside the pale, or as they would regard a male lover who sold his 'love' for board and lodgings, then—and never until—shall we have arrived at the point when feminism will be sure of its strength.

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On Friday, January 26th, at 8.15 p.m.

Mrs. Edith Garrud

Cordially invites all readers of

"THE FREEWOMAN"

To attend a demonstration of modern

JU-JUTSU,

On Friday, January 26th, at 8.15 p.m.

The Rooms,

9, Argyll Place, Regent Street, West.
to express thought. I have not the least doubt but that Dr. Whitby has in his mind two vague groups of qualities which he seeks to express by the terms "feminine" and "effeminate," but he utterly fails to impart his delicate nuance to me, neither does the dictionary throw a gleamer of light upon the subject; therefore it seems that he has proved nothing by asserting that a man may be "feminine," but not "effeminate," since the words have apparently an identical meaning. Similarly the subtle distinction that a woman may be "mannish," but not "virile," is equally valueless.

Dr. Whitby remarks that there may be congenital cases of sex inversion, and also he asserts that there may be cases arising from suggestion and auto-suggestion; in saying this, he merely indorses a remark in my last article, but I am only concerned with the congenital cases, which, I contend, are more frequent than Dr. Whitby is willing to admit.

With regard to the value of Edward Carpenter's book, "The Intermediate Sex," to Uranians, I can only repeat that which I have already stated; everything which helps people to understand themselves, at the same time assists them to guard against their weaknesses, and is therefore of good to mankind; and not only this, but the book assists them to realise that they are not to be any more ashamed of their sex than Dr. Whitby is of his. With the next remark I thoroughly agree. "Not what we are born really signifies, but what we make of ourselves." The complexity of the characters of many species of Intermediates is so very great that they are apt to gyaerate upon a point rent by their many proclivities, as it were, rather than start off down some given line of action. Then, too, in the case of bi-sexuals, their passions are so very great and many-sided that to thoroughly master them is indeed a victory.

Now to recapitulate.

I see in Dr. Whitby's article the attitude of a man proud of his virility and sex, possessing an ideal of womanhood—an ideal a little more advanced than that demanded and produced in the Victorian era, since he allows the woman a touch of the man—"mannishness"—likewise he allows the man a touch of the woman—"femininity."

But supposing the man gets a larger dose of "femininity" than Dr. Whitby approves of, he then calls him a "feminine" or the woman a larger dose of "mannishness" than he deems desirable, he calls it "virility."

What is the result? A homosexualist and a sophist.

These people Dr. Whitby strongly disapproves of, and I do not; but he approves of the mutual adoption of certain qualities. Therefore Dr. Whitby and myself only differ in a matter of degree. He has attached an arbitrary line to his "mannishness" and his "femininity," any excess of which he denotes by two other words which have an identical meaning with the first two, and classes with "dwarfs, imbeciles, and monstrosities." I have attached no such arbitrary line, neither do I class "effeminate" men and "virile" women with these diseases than men have in regard to women.

I cannot associate myself with the general tone of your contributor towards the persons who have the misfortune to be the victims of these venereal diseases. One thing which should be broken down is the artificial horror and bated breath with which syphilis and gonorrhoea are whispered about. They are diseases of gravity like cancer and insanity. Dr. Whitby has called them quasiquasiquasiquasi-criminal, and I cannot appreciate why men or women suffering from syphilis should be regarded as pariahs. It is true that it is very infectious, and transmissible from one generation to another. That is only a proof that many perfectly innocent people may have the misfortune to catch it, or to inherit it. The nature of human beings existed long before twentieth century "morality," and will continue to exist, as it was created, subject to influences of climate, long after present-day prurience has disappeared from society.

The reason I have written in this strain is this; It is useless attempting to get back to a healthy view upon these questions if women will persist in regarding men as solely responsible for the evils flowing from venereal disease. Take the case of children. The fact that men alone can be prosecuted and sentenced to imprisonment and penal servitude for sexual offences against children has led women reformers to imagine that their own sex is free from the commission of these offences. It is true that it is very infectious, and transmissible from one generation to another. That is only a proof that many perfectly innocent people may have the misfortune to catch it, or to inherit it. The nature of human beings existed long before twentieth century "morality," and will continue to exist, as it was created, subject to influences of climate, long after present-day prurience has disappeared from society.

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special taxes on land in it) I must change my idea of single-taxism.

Of course, however, it is not a single-taxer's programme, but a programme intended to lead on to revolution, since, as Engels says in his pages to the observation of the world, ignorant as I am of its affairs, I have heard of Coleman's mustard, Beecham's pills, and Rothschild's loans, and know that Coleman, Beecham, and Rothschild are rich (in varying degrees, no doubt); yet their wealth is based on mustard, pills, and money—not on land. Rent can be extracted for the use of other commodities beside land; interest is paid on money, or on the production (or capital) purchased with money. I hate to see the strong prey on the weak, whatever the traps are like, too. I am the faithful agitator who invests his money in Japan, China, and the Malay States does nothing with brain or hand to produce the wealth that comes to him: why does not Mr. Hunt object to this, if he objects to exploitation? Mr. Hunt has written to you about moral rights: does he think the possibility of investment morally justifiable? I do not. During the last twenty years the incomes derived from business have increased far more than from incomes from land. Land without a spade is useless, and, in fact, capital in these days of large-scale production, when the little man is nowhere, is almost as much actually under the control of the few as land—I know there are a comparatively small number of shares in the hands of little men and trade-unionists, but practically their power counts for nothing. The land question diminishes in importance in a manufacturing country.

As a matter of fact, land can be manufactured in small quantities—look at Holland!

Karl Marx in that programme wanted waste lands cultivated and the soil improved, "in accordance with a common plan," by which I suppose he meant for the benefit of some group of people (or the nation) working on an organised plan. He evidently thought that unemployment is not likely to disappear if supply and demand are left to work by chance and without any plan, with each man guided only by his immediate needs or not.

That is so, and arrangement in this way must be made for the public welfare, so that alterations and improvements in machinery and methods do not throw away the value of workmen's acquired skill; so that production is deliberately arranged with a view to consumption, and freed from the financial speculators who to-day produce waves of trade fluctuation. Improvements in machinery ought to show such success that the community must see that the two go together; competing profit-seekers will not. If sun-spots produce weather-cycles, and these in their turn produce harvests, all the more reason why unregulated cultivation or use of more land will not absorb the unemployed.

Allow me to quote an excellent summary of our view of things from Challaye's "Socialdsocialism révoluonnnaire et syndicalisme reformiste":

"In present-day society, two classes oppose each other: those who own without working, the capitalists; those who work without owning, the working-class. On one side, the thieves, the masters. On the other, the robbed, the servants. The rich can live an easy life, a life of luxury, in this beautiful land 'the hell of wage-earning.' The worker, when he looks for work without finding it, is condemned to atrocious misery, to all the anguish of unemployment. When he succeeds in getting work, he has to labor the whole day for a wage so small that it does not give him either the material necessities of life, or a secure future, or the possibility of attaining the highest joys of intelligence and heart. No comfort; no liberty. The worker is at the mercy of the capitalist, or rather of the capitalists; theoretically completely free, he is deprived of the land and the means of production, obliged to work for them or to die of hunger. Between the modern wage-earner and the old slave or the medieval serf, no essential difference, so far as his society is concerned, is to be apprehended; for the worker is not the owner of the land, and has no property of any kind, or, if he has, it is precarious and precarious property. Of course, the slave-owner has in not allowing his property to deteriorate. . . . How is capital formed? By the amounts constantly deposited in the pockets of the workers: the workers create wealth, the capitalists keep most of it for themselves. The power of the idle is made out of the misery produced by the idle, the 'minority' preys on the 'productive majority'; capital is the result of theft."

As Marx said, the capitalist gets rich not because of his own thrift, but because of the thrift which he imposes on others.

I apologise to G. E. M. for dealing out matter that (as he, or she, truly says) is not 'the most important increases.'

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

The fearless Radicalism of The Freewoman can be compared only with that of the weekly paper started in 1881 in America by Moses Harman, a name mentioned in The Freewoman last week. Mr. Harman's work continued for a quarter of a century, and its results will endure many ages in the increasing liberty for woman. I think Mr. Sinclair slightly in error in regard to the prison term served by Mr. Harman. As I remember it, his sentence for the offence mentioned was five years, of which he served one year; but he had previously served one year for similar "offence," or rather martyrdom. Mr. Harman's sentence would have been much lighter had he shown penitence in court, but his bravery, defiance, and justification of his "crime" of truth-telling is still the pride of the personal friends who survive him.

On two points Mr. Sinclair fails to represent the progressive people of the United States. First, he says:

"It is true that prostitutes are low people, and we don't care very much what happens to them."

Moses Harman would have pounced upon that sentiment with all the power of denunciation he possessed. He would probably say: How is that? MEN go down to bodily ruin, and none calls them "low." Are not prostitutes human beings, and did not men wreck them and cast them out? Who is competent to separate the "low" from the "high" in the moral or civic realm?

Secondly, Mr. Sinclair, in the volume of the main sterile, by "scientific" methods, is the only way conceivable whereby prostitution can be ended.

In the absence of natural opportunity the wages of both the young harlot and the old harlot are not of that point of subsistence; but give all men and women natural opportunity and natural wages (not "minimum" or any other sort of wages), and the importance of agriculture in the world as a whole, and the influence of weather on harvests and sales of harvests and the demand for harvesters, all the more reason why unregulated cultivation or use of more land will not absorb the unemployed.

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To the Editors of The Freewoman.

Jan. 20th, 1912.

I read your paper, and first time the other day (the issue of January 11th), and was greatly interested, especially in the various views expressed in the advanced Feminist articles. From the writers' insistence upon sex and motherhood, one gathers the impression that in their eyes these things are the supreme touchstone of the woman's aspirations—why this whole cause stands so. I found indignation expressed against the "kept" wife, scorn of the "legitimate" mother, and a curious hint of possible "sex hatred" in the confidently worded assertion that "the last male disappeared off the face of the earth, women would doubtless manage to continue the race without male assistance!" ("The New Morality. IV.")

But what strikes one most is the shrill note of pain underlying all these vehement and pathetic outcries. And the cry resolve itself—this frenzied clamour for free love, this language of revolt against sex tyranny as personified in the heraldic husband and, more than all the rest, the declaration that in the new era women "will regard themselves as being finally financially responsible for themselves and their children." No sex hatred here, but rather a most piteous appeal to men.

Why, actually, when women find—as so many do perforce nowadays—that men either cannot or will not marry and assume the responsibilities of a wife and family, so cruel is their need of love that they cry, "We will cost you nothing; our children shall not be chargeable to you; only do you make us mothers." An amazing thing, full of pain and piteousness, that the poor souls should want love and children so desperately as to grasp at them upon any terms—upon no terms at all, in fact.

"Unsexed? Unwomanly?" Surely the trouble is all the other way, for if I read your correspondents aright, in heart-hunger and heart-hunger alone lies the explanation of all the misery and unrest.

A. H. T.

January 18th, 1912.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

May I have space to criticise some of Mr. Upton Sinclair's assertions—not his conclusions, for I agree "that it is 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," but the preliminary remarks he makes about religion and morals? He assumes that "moral codes represent the efforts of men and women to adjust themselves to the environment in which their life has to be lived." What if they represent efforts to change the environment and perfect the men and women? Religious tabus maintain their influence over men because men feel that life and morals are not reasonable; and they are not. Self-sacrifice is not a calculation. Was it right of the heretic to be burnt at the stake? Was it practical advantage that could the heretic get out of it? Why does the mother starve herself to feed her child? Right requires no more proof than beauty. The real, idealistic element cannot be left out of morals. Some of your contributors are, perhaps, forgetting this. Real monogamic marriage, as we see it in the ideal monogamic marriage, I defend it, just as I attack the ideal competitive society with its "What I can get, I shall feel entitled to—let the hindmost go to the devil." Arthur D. Lewis.

January 25th, 1912.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

I have read Upton Sinclair's article on "Divorce" in your January 18th number, and I regret to see such a low standard of ideals and morals. I wonder if some of your writers will feel as I do about it. Surely the ideal should be that

1. Sex relationship and sex organs should be held absolutely sacred as the introduction of children, and never be degraded to minister to a lustful pleasure.

2. Both men and women should aspire to, and learn absolute control of themselves and their desires, that if they did not want children, or could not afford them, or were physically unfit, then they would abstain from intercourse, and find the intimacy and pleasure of their lives on a higher plane.

I grant that the immediate results of the knowledge of artificial reproduction is apparently bad, and seems to solve difficulties for many married people, but that by no means proves it to be a right or moral course of conduct. I feel that the people who propound this doctrine are merely closing a less book for people before they have learned their lesson, and have made easier the indulgence of uncontrolled passions unfortunately outside the marriage circle as well as inside. Self-control must be learnt some time, and neither in the case of drink or animal passions is it any kindness to point out a way whereby a man may indulge and not take the natural consequences. By all means work to get the law altered so that no woman should be legally bound to her husband except under the ideal conditions I have named. Also let us give our best brains and work to shine a light on the path that leads to self-control, and come that it is not an impossible, nor unattainable. Some people already lead this higher form of married life. Let us try to increase their numbers, but never lower the moral standard to regard sexual indulgence that is last minute to a necessity of life.

January 22nd, 1912.

(Mrs.) P. SHERWIN.
Anarchy in Art.

Those purely superficial deviations from the ordinary, in dress and manner, in speech and in gesture—the dyeing of the hair green, by Baudelaire; the pink jacket of Gautier—so often regarded as the sign of a vain and shallow nature, shall have a new significance if we can but show that external peculiarities, so far from springing from no deeper source than vanity (though which, indeed, no deeper could be found), bear always some definite, traceable relation to essential qualities and temperamental traits; and, further, that, in such case, they should be regarded as emblems of revolt, of deep-rooted rebellion against creeds and customs. When, as no doubt will happen one day, we shall have realised that man does not seek to express ideas and emotions which are utterly foreign to his nature—that, himself a product of Nature, he is powerless in the omnipresence of her laws to evince aught that is not of her essence—we shall have attained to a higher plane of truth than we have known hitherto. For to speak of a supernatural happening, in these days when reputations have a more or less rational basis, were to induce disaster; yet daily do we point to this woman or that man as unnatural beings, without knowing that we place them thereby in the order of the supernatural, the mere belief in which, if stated, would suffice to lose us our prestige.

Let it be accepted that man does nothing that is not of his very nature, and we shall see at once that those who have displayed idiosyncrasies of dress and manner, have declared themselves, ipso facto, rebels among men. And it matters nothing for our caprices and our impulses, and perhaps always our intuitions, are sprung from that primal soil in us, the foundest springs of our being. Most often our actions which may be referred to some conscious motive are related to the profoundest springs of our being. Most often our caprices and our impulses, and perhaps always our intuitions, are sprung from that normal soil in us, whereof reason can teach us nothing. Especially in art do we notice this; and it is seldom that an aesthetic creation contains, at its inception, more than the germ of its final intention. Oscar Wilde has recorded that some of his finest aphorisms were penned by him, and it is to be doubted whether genius is ever conscious of more than the approximate import of its own activities. The amazing self-revelation of such men as Richard Wagner (though it were a mistake to class him) is altogether extraordinary, significant of that incommensurable quality in art which makes it so hard to define satisfactorily. If, as we have, he found himself to be with you to break the virgin sod, and become so engrossed in the task that he would plough each field unaided, forgetful even of your presence, and leave you to turn the barren headlands as best you might, if this were indeed so, his art was purely didactic; but if, as we are inclined to think, art has for its object to express and express the significance which lies, for those who seek, behind realities, then there can be no doubt that Wagner was the supreme artist.

Paradoxical though it seem, all vital art, while yet essentially original, is evolutionary in nature, having its foundation in the spirit of its own age. Men who reflect that the seed of deep-rooted rebellion against creeds and customs is ever conscious of more than the approximate import of its own activities. The amazing self-revelation of such men as Richard Wagner (though it were a mistake to class him) is altogether extraordinary, significant of that incommensurable quality in art which makes it so hard to define satisfactorily. If, as we have, he found himself to be with you to break the virgin sod, and become so engrossed in the task that he would plough each field unaided, forgetful even of your presence, and leave you to turn the barren headlands as best you might, if this were indeed so, his art was purely didactic; but if, as we are inclined to think, art has for its object to express and express the significance which lies, for those who seek, behind realities, then there can be no doubt that Wagner was the supreme artist.

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feared to use that critical faculty with which all are gifted in a greater or less degree. The keynote of art is individuality; and the essence of individuality is revolt. George Meredith has shown that to lay bare emotions which exist only in the ante-chambers of consciousness one must destroy sentiment; and that to write the type of love he served. Meredith, in this, was an anarchist, and if he did not carry his standard of revolt into the very camps of the society he satirised, it was because he preferred to be—or was, from temperamental necessity, impelled to be—an anarchist of art rather than a social rebel.

Of modern artists whose work is to be regarded as of some consequence in the scheme of things—in letters, in painting, and in music—scarce one could be mentioned who has not shown a decided tendency to break from prescribed forms of treatment. In England this is amply shown by the paintings of Brangwyn and Simpson; the music of Elgar; the novels of John Trevena, Maurice Hewlett, and George Moore; and the dramas of John Galsworthy and Granville Barker.

Whatever may be the particular aspects of art to which the anarchy can be detected there is a general trend towards revolt. And whatever may be urged in favour of the theory, that art has no aim but to express the artist's individual view of life, we claim that this very fact, if such it be, further establishes that there is, at any rate, a revolt in the form of individual expression.

It is my object either upon marriage and sex-relationship, or upon the economic doctrine of population. My object was simply to call the attention of women who are working for greater freedom—and Suffragists in particular—to the importance of this question, and to show how it may be turned from its old function as the primary cause of their enslavement to the greatest moral and economic power for their complete enfranchisement. But, as I claimed at the outset, and as has been already recognised by more than one of your correspondents, the population question so fundamentally affects every department of human existence that I cannot profess surprise had it not been for long-enduring though unshackled partnerships.

The keynote of art is individuality; and the painting of art is own brother to the social spirit of revolt is one the world over, regardless of the forms its expression may assume; that the anarch of art is open to the women who are working for greater freedom, and that their aim is one.

Selwyn Weston.

Freewomen and the Birth-Rate.

IV.

When writing my first article on this subject it was with no intention of taking up the columns of the Free Woman with a discussion either upon marriage and sex-relationship, or upon the economic doctrine of population. My object was simply to call the attention of women who are working for greater freedom—and Suffragists in particular—to the importance of this question, and to show how it may be turned from its old function as the primary cause of their enslavement to the greatest moral and economic power for their complete enfranchisement. But, as I claimed at the outset, and as has been already recognised by more than one of your correspondents, the population question so fundamentally affects every department of human existence that I cannot profess surprise at finding a large amount of your last issue taken up with communications either directly or indirectly bearing upon it. Just as the mens sana must be based upon the corpus sano, so must all spiritual and intellectual uplifting wait upon satisfactory economic conditions; and, as Mr. A. D. Lewis truly says, "these dull questions of food and hours of labour are at present the most important questions," especially to the would-be freewoman. I would like, therefore, to say a little more on the economic question, but, before doing so, just a word or two to the ladies who have written on the sex and marriage questions.

Mrs. Leatham again kindly supports the doctrine of Malthus, but, as I imagined, prefers the "moral restraint" of Malthus himself rather than the preventive methods of the neo-Malthusians. As I said in my last communication, this is a matter in which women have every right to judge for themselves, and I freely admit that a considerable proportion of women have acquired such a distaste for sexual life under the existing régime that it is quite likely they will prefer such unions as Mrs. Leatham indicates; and no one has any right to disapprove so long as they fulfil any parental obligations they may take upon themselves. But Mrs. Leatham quite recognises that if it were not to take place on the large scale, it would cause difficulties as regards morals. I am unable to see how the break-up of the edifice of life-marriage she speaks of will remedy this state of affairs. If one sex demands more than the other is willing to give, I cannot see any other remedy than that of mutual consent, which can be equally applied either to temporary or long-enduring unions.

But, despite my sympathy with her feelings, I have some reason for hoping that Mrs. Leatham is mistaken, and that there is not any such great difference between the sexes as would at first sight appear. Although not a medical man, I have made it my business to get together the best evidence available, and this tends to show that in both sexes there is normally a strong desire for union, but that the physical and emotional repression imposed upon women leads to considerable functional and mental changes which may not only produce ill-health but a strong distaste for all such matters.

Moreover, the horrible ideas concerning "impurity" and "sin" put forward by religion have told chiefly in the world over, regardless of the forms its expression may assume; that the anarch of art is open to the women who are working for greater freedom, and that their aim is one.
I have laboured to show is that these fetters are not a mere mark of man's brutality to woman, but one of the manifestations of the intrinsic brutality of nature which have only recently learnt how to overcome. Your correspondent says that women have not the only say in the matter, and cannot have until they are economically independent. I say that women will only become economically independent as the birth-rate falls, but that the united interests of men, women, children, and the State really demand this restriction, and it only needs more general recognition to be universally adopted. Then, and then only, women will be able to be economically independent and to impede such terms as regards marriage or other forms of union as they wish. Of course, other efforts (such as divorce law reform, etc.) can be pushed on, but, in my opinion, these will only succeed pari passu with the fall in the birth-rate.

Now I come to the economic question itself, and find that I have to deal with Mr. A. D. Lewis and Mr. C. F. Hunt, as well as some remarks in the "Notes of the Week" of the 4th inst. The former gentleman "fiercely asserts" that those who think that single tax land legislation or a population question is at the root of them have not studied sufficiently, and contends that what has to be attacked is the private ownership of land and capital. The latter appears to be the single taxer complained of, but is a Socialist of the Henry George school; while your correspondent "Britomart" states that, after a long experience of Socialism, she or he has found the population question shirked. I should have thought that these gentlemen would have realised that it is hardly possible that anyone would write with some degree of confidence in support of the population doctrine of Malthus without having become acquainted with the much more attractive proposition of State Socialism, and perhaps they may consider that a pretty thorough acquaintance with the writings of Godwin, Marx, Bebel, Henry George, Kropotkine, G. B. Shaw and the Fabians, Blatchford, Hyndman and Burrows, and sojourns among the Socialists of Battersea and of Letchworth, form some preparation. After a most careful and sympathetic study of the Socialist position, I have been steadily forced by the arguments of the Socialists themselves to recognise that the great bulk of their doctrine rests upon a fundamental error, the belief in a bountiful Nature, which is thwarted by the demon Capitalist, or that there would be plenty for all if it were not for the greed of some who grab more than their share, and keep others from getting a fair amount. Almost the only Socialist writer who is free from this wholly false idea is Mr. Shaw, and I strongly recommend Socialist opponents of the population doctrine to read the first Fabian essay on Economics, in which he traces the evolution of our modern capitalistic system and its evils, and at every stage of which he brings in the increase of population as the initial cause. Again, in a number of the Fabian tracts reference is made to the population difficulty, with the pious hope that since the comfortable classes have small families (only since the Knowlton trial), amelioration of the conditions of the poorer classes would lead to smaller families among them; thus implying that the Socialistic remedy would fail unless the birth-rate were reduced. Those who have studied not only Socialist but other economic literature, and, above all, biology and chemistry, will realise that the human social system is only the present stage of that biological evolution which has been going on since the first appearance of life on earth, and the central feature of which has been the eternal and unceasing struggle for existence due to the more rapid production of life than food. Unless Socialists are prepared to upset the whole evolutionary theory of Darwin and Haeckel, they must admit that the insufficiency of Nature is a fact as regards the whole of the animal kingdom, and it is incumbent upon them to show that their propositions recognise this fact and remove the cause which produces it. I assert, not "fiercely," but with calm confidence, that the law of Malthus, that uncontrolled population always tends to increase faster than subsistence, and consequently sojourns of marriage or other forms of union, is as incontrovertible and fundamental a law of sociology as the law of gravitation is of astronomy; that all attempts to disprove it will only serve to establish it more thoroughly, and that no propositions for social reform which conflict with it will be of any real or lasting value.

Mr. Hunt promulgates six questions, to which I will first give categorical answers.

1. What food products can be named which increase less rapidly than man increases in numbers?
Answer.—Probaby very few which could not increase under favourable conditions much more rapidly than man (e.g., corn, fish, etc.).

2. If none, then how can all food products increase less rapidly than man?
Answer.—Food products depend upon the quantity of nitrogen and other chemical constituents present in the earth's crust. Therefore, there is a definite limit to them even were there no men to consume them. (This is the answer to Henry George's fallacies.)

3. Has anyone noticed a lack of food on the market?
Answer.—Probably not, if by this is meant an actual insufficiency to fill our shop windows, etc. But it must be remembered that harvests are garnered once a year, and that the apparent plenty is only part of the store which must be held over until the next harvest. But there never is sufficient to feed all for the whole period, and the adjustment is caused by careful selection of the species which are free from getting their share. If the prices were lower the whole of the food would be consumed some time before the next supply became available.

4. If not, then the land in use furnishes enough. Would not the much greater area of land held out of use yield a very large surplus of food?
Answer.—In the first place, as has been just said, the land in use does not furnish enough. This has been clearly shown by the statistical work of M. G. Giroud,* who finds that the produce of the civilised world is only sufficient to give an average ration, if evenly distributed, of two-thirds of that required for physiological health. Secondly, a large portion of land, such as that kept out of use in our own country could only be rendered continually fertile by manuring, which would remove fertilising material from other already cultivated tracts. (This is the answer to Kropotkine's assertions.) Thirdly, even if the cultivation of unused land did increase the total food production, the change will take time to bring about, and during that time the total population, if uncontrolled, would increase far more rapidly than the total food.

5. Who has a moral right to hold land out of use?
Answer.—No one. If the advantage of the community demands it, means would legitimately be taken to secure the distribution of the land among those who will cultivate it. It is much better for the land to be so distributed, but even in France, the solution is at the root of them have not studied sufficiently, and they contend that what has to be attacked is the private ownership of land and capital. The latter appears to be the single taxer complained of, but is a Socialist of the Henry George school; while your correspondent "Britomart" states that, after a long experience of Socialism, she or he has found the population question shirked. I should have thought that these gentlemen would have realised that it is hardly possible that anyone would write with some degree of confidence in support of the population doctrine of Malthus without having become acquainted with the much more attractive proposition of State Socialism, and perhaps they may consider that a pretty thorough acquaintance with the writings of Godwin, Marx, Bebel, Henry George, Kropotkine, G. B. Shaw and the Fabians, Blatchford, Hyndman and Burrows, and sojourns among the Socialists of Battersea and of Letchworth, form some preparation. After a most careful and sympathetic study of the Socialist position, I have been steadily forced by the arguments of the Socialists themselves to recognise that the great bulk of their doctrine rests upon a fundamental error, the belief in a bountiful Nature, which is thwarted by the demon Capitalist, or that there would be plenty for all if it were not for the greed of some who grab more than their share, and keep others from getting a fair amount. Almost the only Socialist writer who is free from this wholly false idea is Mr. Shaw, and I strongly recommend Socialist opponents of the population doctrine to read the first Fabian essay on Economics, in which he traces the evolution of our modern capitalistic system and its evils, and at every stage of which he brings in the increase of population as the initial cause. Again, in a number of the Fabian tracts reference is made to the population difficulty, with the pious hope that since the comfortable classes have small families (only since the Knowlton trial), amelioration of the conditions of the poorer classes would lead to smaller families among them; thus implying that the Socialistic remedy would fail unless the birth-rate were reduced. Those who have studied not only Socialist but other economic literature, and, above all, biology and chemistry, will realise that the human social system is only the present stage of that biological evolution which has been going on since the first appearance of life on earth, and the central feature of which has been the eternal and unceasing struggle for existence due to the more rapid production of life than food. Unless Socialists are prepared to upset the whole evolutionary theory of Darwin and Haeckel, they must admit that the insufficiency of Nature is a fact as regards the whole of the animal kingdom, and it is incumbent upon them to show that their propositions recognise this fact and remove the cause which produces it. I assert, not "fiercely," but with calm confidence, that the law of Malthus, that uncontrolled population always tends to increase faster than subsistence, and consequently sojourns of marriage or other forms of union, is as incontrovertible and fundamental a law of sociology as the law of gravitation is of astronomy; that all attempts to disprove it will only serve to establish it more thoroughly, and that no propositions for social reform which conflict with it will be of any real or lasting value.

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* Karl Kautsky has also partially recognised the Malthusian doctrine, while Achille Loria after resolutely denying it for years has recently admitted its truth.
An Expensive Wife.

I

I was six o'clock a.m. on the river Menam at Bangkok. A Siamese boat rowed by two men neared the King's Palace landing. They had been coming down from Bangpa-in all night. The boat was pointed fore and aft, and had a round cover of plaited fibre over the middle. A friendly steam launch had given them a long tow until the tide turned, about 1.30 a.m. Since then they had rowed, aided by the swift, strong currents of the tidal river. Each plied his big oar like a gondolier, standing at his end of the boat, while in the middle, under the cover, reposed a pile of huge prickly fruits. A strange, strong smell came from them, filling the warm air as far as the river banks on either side, and possibly giving joy to many a Siamese dreamer in a bamboo hut or floating house. A European, awakened by the overpowering odour, might bury his face and groan in a fresh fit of homesickness.

De gustibus non disputandum.

It was still dark except for the stars. Light glimmered in the east, however, and the sharpness of breaking day was in the air. The river was already astir with big and little boats, and lights here and there in the floating houses showed moving figures. The man in front was the owner of the boat. He could almost see in the dark. And he could defy the river spirits on such starry nights. The flickering light of the Japanese match showed a pleasant-featured Siamese, dressed merely in a loin-cloth, his brown skin streaming with perspiration from neck to waist, although the December night was comparatively cool.

Bawn was a body-servant of Phra Teeam, who presided over the Siamese arsenal. Intelligent and trustworthy, his master valued him so highly that during the French war scare of 1893 Bawn had been twice sent on special secret service. Once he had had a large sum of money on trust, not one tical of which was afterwards missing.

"I feel quite home-sick," said the man behind, gazing at the dawn and suddenly shouting the sentiment at the back view of Bawn yawning as he rowed his big oar. Against the faint light the tall tower of Wat Cheng showed gloomy and giant-like.

Bawn's companion was a Chiangmai man, and what was in the dim outline of the big temple to recall his northern home, Bawn did not speculate on. He paddled on silently, then remarked, "I am thinking of home, too." His thoughts were in his mother's floating house, and of the long sleep he would have in a shady corner after eating plentifully of rice and "gape" (fish-paste), and the luscious morsels concealed within the prickles of the big prickly "durian" fruits, six of which nearly filled the boat's end.

These delights led him on to thoughts of his young wife and child, who also lived with his mother. Brooey was even more stimulating to thought than a "durian" fruit, and he paddled on silently, without a word.
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quicker, thinking of her soft, round form and pretty cat-like ways. Her little girl, too! She must have grown in the three months he had been away. 

When he left she could almost walk alone, and had begun to add "yang (a) and chom (b) to the pah (c) and me (d)" of early babyhood. Why, there she was, surely! That small black object on the floating-house ledge? Close to the stove already alight under the rice-pot? No. That was a bigger child; and as the boat touched and he sprang on to the house ledge, he recognised his small half-brother. "Where is mother, (a) and Brooey, and Dekh Ying (girls)"

He crouched beside the little boy, and quickened the blaze with a tattered palm-leaf fan. The child looked stolidly pleased, and continued to stir the boiling rice. He was very brown, rather dirty, and absolutely nude. "Mother's sleeping. She's tired out. And Brooey's gone. A stunned pause. "And Dekh Ying's gone, too," he proceeded, as Bawm got up and called his mother.

It was now light on the river, but Bawm stumbled in the back part of the floating house. All the little windows of attap palm-fibre were still closely shut. First, he upset a large bowl of smooth green pluck leaves done up in packets, then he hanged into a water-pot on the river side, and so felt his way gently to his mother's sleeping-mat. Not even in his anxiety would he deliberately waken her. That would be wanton insult to the spirit wandering in sleep away from the body, and it might be revenged. So he crouched down beside her, and waited. Then he crept to the side-window of plaited rushes, and, opening it, let in air and light on the sleeping woman. She stirred and woke. The morning light showed a dark, haggard face, with large, soft brown eyes and upright brush of black hair, still thick and ungrizzled. She was dressed in panning and pahom as in the day, and she lay on the mat without any covering. Her pillow was small, oblong, hard, and its covering once, perhaps, white, was brown, and polished with the dirt and wear of years. She showed no surprise at seeing Bawm, but motioned him to hand her water for rinsing her mouth. This over, she smiled wanly, showing teeth still sound and shining black.

"Where is Brooey?" said the son.

"I don't know. . . I don't, really," she repeated, as her son looked hard at her. "She went to market as usual the day before yesterday. . . and she never came back." "Mé!" said Bawm. "Didn't you go to look for her?"

"Looked everywhere. Spoke to everyone."

"And where's Dekh Ying?"

"Buddho! . . Run away! Where to? How did you look for her?"

"Have done all I can, son. Mé Saloong came down from Pratountane the day before yesterday, with her boat full of durian and mamooang (mango) for the market. And she says"—a pause, during which she sniffed loudly—"Have you brought any durian, my son? I think I smell it." "Of course you smell it! I've got six beauties in the boat. . . But, mother, what does Mé Saloong say?"

"She says Brooey has gone with the lukchin (a), the same man who played with Dekh Ying at Paknam—do you remember?"

"Buddho! Why does she think Brooey has gone with him?"

* (a) = girl. (b) = boy. (c) = father. (d) = mother.

† (a) = son of a Chinaman and a Siamese woman. Luk = son.

Chin = Chinese.
that Bawm was pursuing them. Mooala plodded on...

...Nearly lose an expensive wife like that.

...children when a woman, in large basket-hat and ready. "I'll come back if I can get Ying. Brooey perched high on piles, all very close together. The paddled up in a canoe full of cocoanuts.

...fled north, into the deadly Dong Phya Yen,* and among the market-women that the delinquents had...it

...finished her morning bath in the river with her ladies."

...going into the palace to shave some of the royal men...they.

...which the railway to Korat has pierced.

...Boats can moor here). Mooala jammed in as "Djaut reua ti ni" ("Boats may moor here").

..."All right, mother."

...He was on his knees in the boat, the paddle ready. I'll come back if I can get Ying. Brooey may go with the Lukchin rather than you go to prison... But it's a terrible waste of money to lose an expensive wife like that. Mi... Nearly two catties!"

II.

It was about three weeks, Bawm's mother thought, since that morning he had left for Chiang-rak, and no news of him had she, except a rumour among the market-women that the delinquents had fled north, into the deadly Dong Phya Yen,* and that Bawm was pursuing them. Mooala plodded on and hoped he would come back. She had just finished her morning bath in the river with her children when a woman, in large basket-hat and gleaming green scarf across her brown breast, paddled up in a canoe full of cocoanuts.

"May I tie up here, Mè Mooala?"

"Yes," said Mooala.

"I'll leave the boat here till to-morrow. I'm going into the palace to shave some of the royal ladies.

Sheltering small boats was Mooala's chief source of income. The river banks at Bangkok are lined two or three deep with houses, some floating, others perched high on piles, all very close together. The landings that communicate directly with the roads are few, and, if not private property, are always overcrowded, and usually the resort of thieves. Poor people, without boatmen or other servants to take charge, usually leave their boats at some humble mooring-place. A ticket hanging from the sloping roof of such a house says, "Djaut reua ti ni" ("Boats may moor here").

"Not rich, Mè Saloong."

"Mè Mooala's husband is free, and gets money for his work."

"True. He is a good husband, too. But he's been up at Raheng for two years with the English company, and perhaps he will never come back to me. How do I know?"

She drew up her knees as she sat on the floor, clasped them with her hands, and rested her chin on them.

"Bawm, too, has gone," she continued. "I don't know where he is. And...—leaning towards Mè Saloong and whispering—"Phra Teeam came back from Bang-pa-in last Monday."

"I know," said Mè Saloong, standing up and wiping the lime-paste from her lips with her third finger. "He'll catch you now. He told Nai Wen that if Bawm didn't soon come back he would take you. Good-bye," she said suddenly, and without further ceremony she departed, passing on foot over plank bridges from house to house, and so to the road.

Mooala stayed at home all that day. She was busy, tying and untying boats, securing reluctant coppers, pounding nuts for curry, bathing in the river with the children. Once, in the glaring heat, she lay still for a few minutes. She tried to think a way out of the difficulty, but she soon wearied, and dozed off.

She slept until wakened by a Chinaman clamouring to tie-up. She had meant to steal out on the river later in the evening and try to hear news of Bawm. But when night came there was full moon in a cloudless sky, and even she could tell who was passing in every boat. Her safety lay in keeping at home, for it wasn't likely Phra Teeam would try to catch her there.

She lay awake for hours that night, a thing she could not remember doing before in her whole life, not even when her first husband was dying, or when her two babies were drowned in the river. She now fancied horrors in every sound. But, once asleep, not even the winning number yells of the lottery crier awoke her.

"Mè Mooala, Mè Mooala!" was the first sound she heard. It was then broad day, and a small, oily, dark man stepped out of a covered boat. This was Nai Wen, of whom Mè Saloong had spoken yesterday. He held out a letter. Mooala confessed she could not read, whereon, with loud throat-clearing, he informed her that Bawm, servant of Phra Teeam, had gone away without leave and stayed three weeks. He had now returned to the arsenal, however. That Phra Teeam was very angry, and would not believe his story about looking for his wife in the "Dong Phya Yen," and that dreadful would be Bawm's punishment if she, his mother, did not come at once and swear to the truth of

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Flannelette.

If purchasers of this useful material for Underwear all the year round would buy the best English make, which can be obtained from all leading Drapers, they would avoid the risks they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

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January 25, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN
Bawm's excuse. The letter was signed Luang Tum Di, for Phra Tecom. 

Bidding the small boy take care of the rice-pot, and commending the boats to his elder sister, Moosa lost not a moment. She leaped into Nai Wen's boat. Masses of floating weed (sawal), drifting down with the ebbing tide, impeded the boat in its push up and a low, long, strong current of the great river. Moosa crouched, silent, patient, in the boat, her dark eyes fixed on the shining buildings of the Arsenal on the other side of the river, for which the boatmen were slowly making. As they neared it, she eagerly scanned the loungers on the landing.

"Where is my son?" she asked loudly, leaping on shore.

"Ask Phra Tecom," said one, scoffingly, while others jeered.

"You won't see your son again. He won't come back to save an old woman like you."

"Mooala stopped dead in her rapid trot.

"Is my son not here?"

Roars of derisive laughter came from the crowd. A sudden horrid suspicion made Mooola turn.

The boat was already far out on the river, and flying down with the tide. She could see Nai Wen grinning broadly at her as he lay back, fanning himself under the canopy.

"That letter was a lie—to catch me!" she exclaimed.

She ought to have guessed as much, she thought, as quiet and unresisting, she followed the four soldiers, who now closed round her, branding an order from Phra Tecom to arrest her as hostage for her runaway son. From a fellow-prisoner in the dirty cage where she spent that night, she learnt that Mo Salaung had been sent as a spy to her, and that she and Nai Wen had made up this plan to catch her quietly. They were each to get two tails for their work.

"The Luang has a good heart, and he dislikes getting people in their own homes or on the river. They scream there. Here, they know it is no use, and they go quietly," added her informant.

Yes, poor Mooola was quite quiet. She crouched low, sleeping fitfully, but in that den, though it was the cold season. There was nothing to be done, and no one to help her.

Fortunately they didn't put irons on her. They had allowed her to send a message to her children at the floating house, explaining, and biding them take care of the boats. But she hoped and expected nothing.

Nor did she resent her fate, any more than a dog, beaten unjustly, will turn on his master.

On the third day she was promoted on parole to work in the soldiers' kitchen, "since she had been so quiet."

It was comparative comfort to walk about and do something after the confined inaction. No plan of escape occurred to her, and she was trusted completely not to leave the big kitchen. Two sides of it were quite open to the air, and she could boil the rice outside under the tamarind trees. She was busily stirring it, crouching on the ground near the large pot, when she heard a confused clamour among the soldiers at the landing-stage. Above it sounded a strange voice, half sobbing, from the river bank.

She knew that voice! It was one of the farang (European) ladies from Arunapah. Who could have told her? But the voice died away among rapid oar-splashes, and two soldiers came to jeer at the scene to Mooola.

"Mem was in a rage! and crying! and saying she would write to the King and ask him if it was Siamese justice to lock up an innocent woman. She tried to see you, and we told her farangs were never allowed to see prisoners. Then she wanted to see the Phra himself!! But he had shut himself into the sentry-house, and wouldn't see her. He heard every word, though! And isn't he trumpeting about like an elephant now? Wanting to know if he, the descendant of a supreme king, is to be taught by a white-faced female farang. He will teach her not to meddle again!"

That day, Mooola was taken back to the dirty prison-house, and heavy irons were put on her ankles.

She uttered no complaint. Not even when they told her that Bawm was deliberately staying up country with Brooeey, having got her away from the Ilukchim. He had been heard to boast, "My mother can go to prison for me. I won't go back to be punished."

"Why should he?" said Mooola, quietly. "A mother must go to prison for her son if he wishes it."

B. A. S.

SONG OF A NIGHT.

One night I lay disgusted, sick at heart,
Beside a sodden woman of the street,
Who snored, forgetful of the dreadful mart,
Her outraged body, and her blistered feet.

I could not sleep. I lay awake all night
Questioning newly that old puzzle, life:
While law and custom bridled passion's might,
What matter, then, what you have sold it for?

Soon must you fall back to the earth once more.

Of passion, or they seek paternity.
What is love but the daughter of man?

I could not sleep. I lay awake all night
Questioning newly that old puzzle, life:
While law and custom bridled passion's might,
What matter, then, what you have sold it for?

Alike in essence diamond and clod.

I could not sleep. I lay awake all night
Questioning newly that old puzzle, life:
While law and custom bridled passion's might,
What matter, then, what you have sold it for?

"No one who loves can love for love alone; All, all know passion for some other sake: Yea, love is bought and sold by every one.

"The wives their bodies barter for a ring; For husbands' care, or children's joy and glee.

The husbands seek to rid them of the sting
Of passion, or they seek paternity.

"So all sell love for some low earthly gift; What matter, then, what you have sold it for? If you should strive from earth your soul to lift, Soon must you fall back to the earth once more.

"Your hope is an illusion, sad and vain; Alike in essence diamond and clod.

Pure love is not: all things on earth have stain,
Your soul and hers are as the same to God."
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