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THE OVER-AND-ABOVE IN LIFE.

IN a state of society which is so heedless of life's requirements that it fails to make the return of life's necessaries in exchange for reasonable labour, it would seem hopeless to expect to secure the Over-and-Above of life; where food and shelter are difficult enough to get, what chance is there of securing life's Thrill? And yet, it is the latter which men and women demand with a greater persistency than they do the former. Whether they belong to those who hold too many of life's "necessaries," or whether to those who hold too few, the phenomenon is the same. Without the "Over-and-Above" for the former, staleness vitiates the whole, and for the latter, its presence flashes colour into existence which even the drabness of penury cannot overcome. The Over-and-Above,—Joy, — the Thrill, — this is the peculiar and single possession which makes life worth living. It is this which makes toil worth while; its flashed vision repays long days of weariness, labour, pain. Its possibility is the lodestar of life. Made impossible, life faints back, hopeless, helpless. Life dies. Many dead men walk the street. The gods have forgotten to remove them. Their joy is dead; and they are dead. As automata they walk about. There are many who seek to bring back life to men, but most come to their task without Joy, and so they come as strangers, as those who do not know men's needs. Men and women must have Joy. When statesmen, teachers, reformers, and preachers realise to its essence this fundamental necessity, they will have discovered the root of hostility, waywardness, and scepticism. Then they will frame their institutions, their systems, and their ideals with the set purpose of making possible to each individual a permanent possibility of Joy. What is Joy? Who knows? What each does know is that when he is joyous a pulse beats somewhere which creates and sets free an additional energy. In joy he realises an overwash of vitality, which permeates his whole being with an accession of new life. In joy, the meanest reaches an O Altitudo. Its heights may not be high, but its realisation represents an expanding impulse. To how many will the beat of a drum seat the heart pulsating to a quicker vibration, and square the shoulders with an increased vitality. Very far out from life indeed must he have gone who fails to respond to the drum. To follow the drum is to respond to the awakening of a very real and primitive life-instinct. And so throughout every activity of life we seek this phenomenon of pulsation, and we standardise the values of life in terms of its duration and permanency in the life of the individual.

Valuations of joy based upon its durability and permanence are the only rational means of discriminating between its greater merit and its less—the only means of discriminating between lust and love. If lust were lasting, and love were transient, their accredited values would be reversed. If promiscuity continued, gave a more permanent satisfaction than passion, passion would give way in worth to promiscuity. And the same test must be applied to judge all other forms of life activity which yield vibrant joy. One could readily form a scale. In success, in work, in the wielding of conscious and extensive power, in the ability to call out vibration in others, as in oratory, and in acting, the Thrill of all these is more permanent than is that of promiscuous "passion," while in religious intoxication, in the passion for causes, in martyrdom, the joy of living is so intense and life so vivid that only the highest form of human love-passion can be compared with them. If any seek to know why the fanatic goes his own gait, though all the world is against him, the answer is here: it is because he finds joy in it. He has lighted upon a natural avenue, which has led, for him, to the gates of ecstasy. Whatever the "Cause," the ecstasy is the same—for the time it lasts.

Everywhere there appears to be this instinctive

seeking towards vibration. So universal does it seem, and so essentially one in kind does its realisation appear to be, that the suggestion is forced on us that it is merely a specialised and self-conscious form of the rhythmic nature which is common throughout physical creation. What more do we know of light than that it is a form of vibration? Or of sound? Of ether, of electricity, or radium? May not life itself be vibrant energy made self-conscious? And may not the instinctive desire for self-abandonment, the impulse to throw off restraint and surrender consciousness to the workings of an outside force, be a driving desire to implicate consciousness in the vibrations which we have become aware of in the physical world?

If this be so, the Elixir of Life must be Joy. So Joy is the Life-Force, and the Life-Force is Joy, which is the pulsating energy which is found in the martyr, the mother, the reformer; and so life learns at once its science and its religion, and in the name of both Joy deals out its death-blow to low-pulsed Neo-Puritanism. Neo-Puritanism we say, because the real old Puritans are to be reckoned among life's revellers. They were intoxicated with the fires of spiritual ecstasy and revelation. Very lightly could these early ones wear the grey mantle of restraint in externals, because they were feasted to the full with the inner spiritual revelation. The Neo-Puritans are those abiders by conventions which were framed to hold in more riotous spirits than theirs. The breakwaters were raised to break the force of the flood-tide. Pathetic indeed do they stand, played round by a thin and sickly stream. Would-be Puritans, would-be Reformers, all the would-be Great have this to remember, that that life is only worth while which produces its Thrill; that those whom they follow have their Joy, and that abundantly; that these can tolerate the rein in things which matter little because they have realised their whole souls elsewhere. The old Puritan *régime* without the sturdy vigour of soul is only life in attenuation. Human nature will not bear it long. It will crave its Joy; and this craving, unsatisfied and unaccommodated, will work its way to the surface as a morass, because it was not tolerated an outlet as a spring. For vice traced backwards finds its root in virtue frustrated. No man seeks his own evil. He seeks his good as he knows it. Hence when we find society worm-eaten with vice, we shall be wise to seek society's cure in its completer satisfaction and not the reverse. The desire is not evil. It is good. It is an instinctive seeking after intenser life. Although as we know it desire has had results not, in the main, in joy and increased vitality, but rather in decay, devitalisation and misery, desire will still have to be recognised as the foundations on which all human development is based. Therefore, desire must needs be welcomed, and if welcomed, accommodation must be made for it. In itself it must be developed and guided. Instead of allowing the assumption to establish itself by default that the satisfaction of desire is mainly in one sphere, those who know will make clear that it is particularly in this sphere that its satisfaction is most transitory and unabiding; that in other spheres—in short, in any sphere where impulse develops to passion—desire obtains a deeper, intenser satisfaction, and counts its duration of satisfaction, not only in moments, but in the more extended period which allows consciousness to become aware of itself and its rare visitant. In its lower development desire baffles itself; in its higher it understands itself. If in the lower, instead of satisfaction there comes disillusion, misery instead of joy, death instead of life, it represents nothing more than Nature's broad hint that this form has been tried to satiety, and that all satisfaction has been got out of that form, which it held in the capacity of its nature to give. It is the box on the ear, which is Nature's rough method of indicating that a new Joy is to be found.

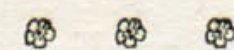
NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FOR future historians of thought and morals the most noteworthy event of the past week must surely be the quaint story with which certain London publishers and editors have sought the assistance of the chief of the Home Office, the Right Hon. Mr. Reginald McKenna. To the historian, the motive for the action of these gentlemen will doubtless be clear, but to most of their contemporaries it will continue to be as inexplicable as their phrases were dark. They appear goaded by some peculiar dread, which seems to afflict them with a corresponding powerlessness to translate itself into language. What can be in the mind of the Editor of the *Spectator* to constitute himself a deputant, and deliver himself thus: "Our request is that the Home Office and the police should be more vigilant and active in prosecutions—that you should, in fact, alter the tradition under which the police and the Home Office act." What tradition? Why? Prosecutions for what?

And this: "It has been urged that the proposals (*i.e.*, for prosecutions) do not cover the case of newspapers, magazines, or other periodicals which habitually and systematically, week by week or month by month, offend in the matter of obscene and indecent literature," but "such publications may be able to keep just within the law as regards any particular number, and yet, regarded as an institution, they are exceedingly demoralising, and are, in fact, a public nuisance. Might it not be possible to deal with them as other public nuisances—such, for example, as houses of ill-fame?" What is the meaning of "demoralising"? and who says so? What is the Standard of Morals? What are the names of specific "newspapers, magazines, and periodicals" referred to? Or are these phrases merely thrown out in order that such shall be unearthed—*by the police?*

And, again, supporting the recommendation of the Joint Select Committee, which issued a report in July, 1908, to the effect that the word "indecent" should be used in conjunction with the word "obscene," he says: "The main recommendation of that Committee was that the word 'indecent' should be used in conjunction with the word 'obscene,' in order to meet the case of magistrates or judges who, though they felt that a book was demoralising, did not feel that it came within the technical definition of 'obscene.'"

Thus the Editor of the *Spectator*.



Mr. St. Loe Strachey was followed by Mr. John Murray, the publisher, who said "he thought a censorship of books *after* publication was impracticable." (The italics are ours.) Therefore we infer that what he begged of Mr. McKenna was the establishment of a censorship *before* publication, and in further remarks anent works which "combined *art and lubricity*," Mr. Murray suggested that the papers should refuse to advertise

and review these. Elaborating Mr. Strachey's statement, that in any prosecution the bookseller should be indicted with the publisher and author, he says: "Booksellers would not risk prosecution and the ruin of the whole of their trade for the sake of a few books, and the police should prosecute even if they are not sure of a conviction." So the artists whom the police may consider mix "lubricity" with their art, are to be bandied from the Police to Publisher, from Publisher to Bookseller, from Bookseller to Librarian, and back again from Librarian to Police. Mr. Winterton, of the Circulating Libraries Association, says so. He makes it quite clear whose hands are to sway the powers which in another sphere are swayed by the distinguished Mr. Brookfield. Mr. Winterton: "The libraries had undertaken the very difficult task of stemming the tide of immoral books, and they would be glad to be relieved of it *by the police*."

With all this Mr. McKenna was deeply impressed, and said so; in fact, if one daily paper reports him rightly, his emotion was such that his phrases became as involved as his feelings. He would discuss the matter with the Chief of Police, "to secure more vigilant enforcement of the law." In moved tones he thanked the gentlemen for coming to assist him—the Guardian of Public Decency, as he said he was—in getting rid of a "loathsome disease." True, he confessed that "probably none of us has seen any literature of this kind," but "the records of Scotland Yard say that it is true." And so, acting upon the evidence of Scotland Yard, Mr. McKenna has prepared a little Bill. He says, "It is quite short, and there ought to be no difficulty in getting it passed through the House of Commons."

Doubtless every reader of THE FREEWOMAN has seen reports of the above, and may wonder why we report news which has already been fully reported in the daily Press. We do so because we feel it represents one of the most dangerous features of our national life to-day. We deplore the mock Puritanism which ever seeks to modify effects while strenuously refusing to touch causes, but shows all the shocked modesty of a prude when the causes develop to a head. In reviewing the effects which such words as those uttered by the Editor of the *Spectator* are likely to have upon minds of the Head of the Home Office and his colleagues, we speak with personal feeling, in view of our indirect knowledge that the delegated guardians of public decency—the police—have expressed themselves of the opinion that a certain journal in whose welfare we are intimately interested has been travelling progressively "nearer the line." What is "the line"? Who traces this line? Mr. McKenna? What is Mr. McKenna? What has he ever produced in the world of art, or of anything else, that he should assume the *rôle* of Pontiff for "the Public Good"? We ask again, what was in the minds of the Editor of the *Spectator* and his fellow-deputationists? Had they, too, like Mr. McKenna, been satisfying their minds with the ghoulish reports from Scotland Yard, or had there come under their direct notice specific instances of the "books, newspapers, and periodicals" so fearsomely referred to? Can they cite any such by name? Did they cite any such as evidence? And if not, why not? We are quite prepared to believe Mr. McKenna when he says that he and they had no personal knowledge of the matter whatsoever. It merely strengthens an already existent opinion that in the world of morals, loose charges are made, in haziness and on unverifiable data, which, made in similar circumstances in the sphere of business or finance, would amount to criminal scandal. Before advocating the passing of any law, we ask that such gentlemen as the above shall answer to the satisfaction and agreement *of all* the following questions: What is the Public Good? What is Art? What is Truth? What is Indecency? What is Obscenity? What is Life? What is our Ultimate and Final Good? Unless some agreement as to the fundamental meaning of all the above is arrived at, wise men will flee the danger of interfering with free expression. Only by so doing can they safeguard the possibilities of the instinctive dashes for Truth which are inherent in the work of all serious artists and workers. We think much will and must be said before Mr. McKenna's "little Bill" becomes law, and still more before such hypothetical law becomes operative.

It is with a keen appreciation of what a *rapprochement* between the Women's Movement and Labour may presage for the future of English politics that we welcome the resolution just passed by the Labour Party's delegates at the Birmingham Conference, which authorised the Labour members to frustrate any attempts on the part of the Government to play false with Woman's Suffrage. Mr. Asquith, to flatter Labour, has offered them Manhood Suffrage. The Labour Party, wanting Manhood and Womanhood Suffrage, have decided they will not accept the former without the latter. So, in respect of the Reform Bill, the Labour Party holds the Government in the hollow of its hand. We do not believe that Mr. Asquith will risk defeat on the Manhood Suffrage Bill, which is practically assured if the Labour members remain firm in their resolution to vote against the Bill in its final form, should that form not include Woman's Suffrage. This attitude of the Labour Party will put an end, we believe, to any speculations on the part of the Anti-Suffragists in the Government as to how they may "dish" the women. They will have enough to speculate upon to find a way to save themselves. Any one of the measures they are about to embark upon is pregnant with difficulties sufficient to break the Government. As always happens when anything is done in which real interest centres, the measure of the satisfaction of supporters is more than equalled by the hatred it stirs up. With each measure, Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and Adult Suffrage, supporters will drop off. The Government's majority will be progressively eaten up by their measures. The situation for the Government is serious enough even in relation to measures upon which they are united. Division in the Cabinet, openly persisted in, is a direct invitation for defeat. Whether Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith can hang together, in spite of Woman's Suffrage, still has to be proved. It is sincerely to be hoped that they can during the next few months. Mr. Asquith is not merely a buffer and stalking-horse for Mr. Lloyd George. He is much more than that. He rallies the confidence of those Whigs and theoretical Liberals who still follow the Radical flag. Mr. Asquith's resignation would be a serious loss for the Liberal Government; while that of Mr. Lloyd George would be a defeat. Consequently, while recognising the difficulties for the Government of the present situation, we do not believe they are greater than can be overcome by audacity and courage on the part of the Minister who possesses these virtues almost to the degree of defect. If Mr. Lloyd George, with his powers of luxuriant imagination, has had visions

of passing measures of first-class importance by the handful, in one session, and has made promises to these ends, he must either carry them through, or stand revealed a political humbug. As far as the Suffrage is concerned, we believe the action of the Labour Party has sealed its fate, provided the Government continues in office. Cabinet Anti-Suffragism appears to have fizzled out in its public form almost before it has appeared. At the coming Anti-Suffragist demonstration, although dukes are to be there in regiments, earls in battalions, and peers in hordes, we have noted merely Mr. Lewis Harcourt and Mr. Reginald McKenna as representing the "Anti" tendencies of the Government.

From the number of supporters of the Opposition who have notified their intention to be present at this demonstration, the defeat of the present Government, previous to the passing of Woman's Suffrage, will evidently result in a postponement of that measure for a considerable period to come. Failing with Labour and Radical, we have no belief in its success with Conservative and Unionist. We fail to see how it can fail if present conditions hold, and we are glad that it is on the good faith of the Labour Party rather than on that of any other that we have to rely.

There were two resolutions which were passed at the Conference of the Women's Labour League just held in Birmingham, which, while having apparently no more weight than pious expressions of opinion, owing to the entire incapacity of the delegates to ensure their execution, they were, in our opinion, nevertheless, two of the most important features of the two conferences of men and women delegates. These were the resolutions on "The Removal of Industrial Dirt," and on "Education."

In the first instance a resolution was moved that the Government should bring in a Bill with a view to removing "industrial dirt from the streets and homes of the people." This resolution concerning existent conditions touches upon, perhaps, the most fundamental of working-class problems. In the great manufacturing towns, to carry such a resolution into effect would practically amount to a *change in climate*. It would deal first and foremost with the suppression of smoke, which would for the first time since the Industrial Revolution got us in its grip, restore to the people the sky and the air. It is a very unobservant person who recognises merely that capital holds Land and the Instruments of Production. It owns the air and sky too. The cost of apparatus to prevent smoke is infinitesimally small compared with the size of manufacturers' profits. It is a primary matter that the workers should demand that employers remove the dirt they make, and that public authorities should not pass dwelling-houses until landlords have installed the necessary apparatus to deal with the nasty little belcher—the dwelling-house chimney. These small mechanical adjustments, combined with washing facilities and overalls in the workshops, would make a difference incalculably great in working-class life. For the first time, they would *see* their life. Through an eternally hanging pall of gloom, conditions at present are seen as distorted as the sun sometimes appears seen struggling through a fog. When politicians understand that women want a new climate, and mean to get it, they will understand that the New Worker has actually arrived, and is claiming that to which his work has established the right—comfort *and* beauty.

If the "Dirt" Resolution touched one of the fundamental conditions of Environment, *i.e.*, Climate, the one on "Education" recognised the necessity of dealing with the other factor of human development, "Character." A resolution was moved that the Government introduce a Bill "to raise the school age to fifteen without any provision for local option; to establish compulsory schools for boys and girls between fifteen and eighteen years of age; and when necessary provide maintenance grants to parents and guardians on behalf of the scholars."

We are inclined to regard this resolution as being distinct from the frivolous and cynical resolutions which are now quite commonly passed by people who regard themselves as educationists, for this reason: that it indicates a distinction between Compulsory Education up to fifteen years of age, and Compulsory Education beyond that age, to eighteen. We hope that the distinction implies this—that the school years of the children of those who are the salt of the earth, *i.e.*, the workers, and who by their toil have earned the right to the best the world can offer—that the children of the workers in their early years shall have the educational opportunities of developing the best that is in them which are open to the children of the professional man and those of the idle rich. We hope it means that technical training, as such, is not to encroach upon the first fifteen years of life. Working men's children are not to be educated as "little mothers," "little seamstresses," "little domestic servants," or anything else save little human beings who have the possibilities of becoming the great of the earth. We could wish that the resolution had been incorporated with a resolution for the abolition of the Elementary School. We would like working women to ponder this question with a view to translating it into practical politics: Does she consider there is such difference between the babes of the working class and those of the wealthy in their native endowment of mind and character which justifies such totally different schemes of character-training as are involved in elementary and secondary education? Does she think her children are so inflicted with inferiority and lack of individuality at birth that they are fairly dealt with when they are herded together in regiments of sixty, seventy, and a hundred? Does she think her child might profit by absorbing the great world stories of the past; the great deeds, great undertakings, and the knowledge of great men? Does she think her child is likely to get from teachers with inadequate education things and qualities which most of the latter do not know and do not possess. When working-class children get their rightful education, the economic and industrial injustices as we know them now will be impossible. When the "tone" of rich and poor is the same, the rich will find it impossible to regard the poor as a different species. And the poor will also cease to do the same. Speaking the same language, having the same assured bearing, wearing the human regimentals—clothes—in the same way, the poor will see that their exploitation is a crime, and their submission to it an intolerable disgrace. It is with the import of these considerations in our minds that we recognise the necessity of Miss Mary Macarthur's appeal to the Labour delegates to guarantee women's political power, and that we appreciate the efforts of Mr. Snowden and Mr. Arthur Henderson in forcing its recognition to the front.

Where Women Work.

I.—TEACHING.

UNDER this heading, so comfortably suggestive of fully satisfactory assistance and information, it has been our lot to peruse many an article in journals devoted to "the interests of women." Bearing on their covers some such reassuring statement as that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," these papers meet the anxious demand of parents to know "what to do with their girls" *before* they assume their imperial sceptre and begin their omniscient sway, with glowing, nay, even rapturous, accounts of each and every occupation which, at present, lies within the so-called "province" of woman.

Even papers of a higher rank, when dealing with this subject, seem to fall generally into a similar fervour of admiration for the opportunities of the said girls; while an address we have recently perused, which was delivered at a conference of head mistresses by one of their number, on this subject, has so amazed us by its glowing account of the lives of the clerk, the laundress, the milliner, the dressmaker, and the rest, and by the record of their salaries (assessed in pounds per annum, which assessment always looks so much better than one of shillings per week!), that we have been constrained to pinch ourselves, as did Scrooge when he awoke after his famous nap, in order to convince ourselves that we are really still in this world, and have not, as the address would seem to warrant, been transported all unknowingly into heaven.

Believing that most cases of women unhappily married to men intellectually or morally their inferiors can be traced either to the absence of employment before marriage, or else to the limited range, and the discomfort in that range, of employment open to women in any case, we shall endeavour in this series of articles to bring the test of long experience to the matter, by showing the conclusions, in each case, of a number of reliable members of each of several professions or occupations for women, to be discussed in turn.

We shall begin with some account of the prospects afforded by the employment which is on all hands acclaimed as the most generally suitable and profitable of these; we refer to the profession of teaching, and particularly, in this article, to teaching in elementary schools. "Elementary teaching" requires many years of preparation, since it is work which demands in itself a great amount of skill and presupposes, or should presuppose, a liberal education.

Fifteen or so years ago, when the pupil teacher system held sway, the young girl, before proceeding to the training college, taught in the day-time and studied in the evening, or in the early morning, either under the supervision of her head mistress or in the evening centres. This system was superseded by one in which the young teacher attended the "centre" on two or three half days a week, taught during the rest of the day-time, and studied at night. Nowadays, this system also is being superseded. The girl proposing to be a teacher receives her education in the secondary school, by means of scholarships from local bodies and assistance from the State, and during the year preceding her State-aided college training, she is allowed to attend the elementary schools on, perhaps, eight half-days out of the weekly ten, to watch the teacher in whose charge she is placed, to give a "criticism-lesson" once or twice a week, and to take a portion of the class, should the teacher wish her to do so at any time.

Neither of these systems has proved admirable. The education of the girl herself suffered in former times, and nowadays her powers of teaching, which can only be developed by experience, are far less when she leaves college at the age of twenty-one than were those of her predecessors. Yet she is supposed to be able to begin her life-work equipped at all points, and to keep pace with the experienced veteran teaching the class next to hers. The misery of the inexperienced teacher placed before a horde of thoughtlessly riotous youngsters may easily be imagined by those accustomed to dealing with children. Meanwhile, although the "bursaries" placed at the disposal of the young student-teacher are of great assistance, yet they are not great enough to relieve the parent of all expense. (We are not advocating such relief as desirable, but merely pointing out a fact.) Moreover, the absence of salary during the college years is a matter to be reckoned with in many a struggling family.

Now, the acceptance of scholarships and bursaries previous to entering college means that, although during the year when the student-teacher is acquiring her limited knowledge of teaching she may discover that she dislikes the work (which fact she has been totally unable, from want of experience, to find out sooner), or that she is in some way unfitted for it, she must either proceed with her training and enter the profession, or else her parents must refund the money which has been spent on her education. As this is an impossibility in most cases, discontinuance, however excellent the reason given, is not to be thought of, and the girl proceeds to the training college with a sinking heart for the future.

There is, however, a much greater menace to success. Arising out of the numbers which these local scholarships have enabled to enter the profession, a body of unemployed teachers has been created, so that the possibility of not getting a post on leaving college is an ever-present one to the college student. Quite recently a father, whose daughter had left college two years before and yet had been unable to obtain employment, appeared before an education committee to request that, such being the case, he might not be compelled to send his second daughter—then holding a bursary—to college, but might endeavour to find her employment in some other occupation. This request was refused, and he was informed that his daughter must proceed with her training, or the amount already spent on her education must be refunded. She possibly, therefore, joined the number of girls who have spent one, two, or even three years in a vain endeavour to obtain a post, and have then, after all, become shop-girls, accountants, and even waitresses in tea-shops! We all remember the advertisement of Messrs. Selfridge and Co. for unemployed teachers, to enter their business at a wage usual among shop assistants. We know of a training college in London the students of which used to go regularly to see some of the "old girls" who were serving as waitresses in a neighbouring restaurant. Girls have become canvassers for tradespeople, have gone into private families as governesses at miserable wages, or have tried their fortunes in the Colonies.

And so the hopes of these young people are frustrated, their lives spoiled, and the money spent on their education as teachers is thrown away, except in so far as the creation of a body of unemployed keeps down the salaries of the rest of the profession. This, however, can be but small consolation to the unemployed themselves, we imagine, or to the people who have managed to obtain the much-coveted "post."

In reference to this matter, the National Union of Teachers, at its Conference of 1911, passed a resolution to the effect that "This Conference deplores the waste of public money caused by the indiscriminate certification of teachers by the Board of Education, without due regard to the demand for their services, and is of opinion that, in order to secure and maintain that high standard of educational fitness and professional skill necessary to ensure the highest possible efficiency in our schools, it is desirable that teaching should become an independent profession, controlling the conditions of admission and regulating the methods of training of all future teachers." Their further suggestions include the discontinuance of the recognition of unqualified teachers (valued for their cheapness) and the reduction of the size of classes, thus employing more teachers. It is odd to reflect that the woman teacher has to sign an agreement to teach for five years after leaving college, but that Government is under no obligation to find her a post.

Imagine our young teacher, however, having obtained a post, and finding that, in spite of the meagreness of her experience of teaching, she has, by some natural gift, obtained a degree of control over her class which, as a rule, only experience can enable the teacher to obtain, we proceed to an enumeration of the difficulties before her.

First and foremost comes the size of the class. The regulation number, for man or woman teacher, is sixty. Imagine yourself, my reader, if you are not a teacher, placed before sixty girls or boys. What would you say to them? how induce them to see things through your eyes? how, even, keep them sitting in their various seats? But, backed by happy ignorance, you will probably consider this an easy task!

We must inform you, therefore, that sixty is an impossible number to teach, and you must take it from us that it is so. If you have your doubts, you should collect sixty Sunday-school children and try your 'prentice hand upon them. You have our blessing. Go forward—and suffer. Some teachers in country schools have less than this number, but then generally they have to combine two, or even three, classes in one, so what they lose in point of size they gain in diversity of instruction. Moreover, in many schools where accommodation is limited, there are sometimes two or three classes in one room working against each other.

Enter upon this scene his Majesty's inspector, armed with his instructions from the Board of Education, well up in "the Code," ready with advice, instruction, and reproof. "The Code" nowadays is all for Heuristic methods—which advocate "less instruction and more real education." The child is to be drawn out of herself. She is to talk, not to be talked to; she is to do, not to watch others do; she is to be taught to see and hear and touch for herself, and to record her sensations.

All very right, very excellent. We have no quarrel with these theories. They are admirable; but—and here is a very big "but"—to apply this method of instruction to sixty children is to court misery for the teacher in the increased restlessness of the class, the hundreds of questions which arise hourly, the greater inventiveness in mischief of the pupils surrounded by "specimens" and "materials," the development of "individualities" among the young people; in short, the life of the teacher compelled to "educate, not teach," sixty pupils is one of the least enviable imaginable. In the old days, dictation gave repose. Now dictation is scouted as lacking in any appeal to the imagination. Composition—and preliminary help and subsequent correcting—takes its place. In the old days girls had "specimens" given out to them in needlework hours; now "specimens" are discarded as useless, and "garments" for each child are the order of the day. The difference between the supervision of the making by the whole class of buttonholes or seams, and the supervising of various and complicated "garments," needs no comment. In the old days multiplication was vexation and division as bad; but nowadays these things would be accounted merely plain sailing. No sum is acceptable unless "in problem form." Sixty minds to tackle problems involving multiplication, therefore, instead of sixty to do multiplication merely and solely! History must be acted; geography must be studied by means of modelling; drawing must be from Nature, not from the "copy" pinned upon the blackboard. "Slates" are discarded. All work must be done in books and duly corrected. All excellent, all very excellent; but all a method of torture to the teacher applying it to sixty young minds. Through these methods of elucidation a class is no longer a class, but is very forcibly sixty individual minds, wills, and temperaments.

Incidentally, children trained in such numbers, on these lines, would appear to lose in habits of self-restraint what they gain in individuality. But we are here concerned with the teacher.

The inspector is ever on the watch to urge the teacher to fresh and more exhausting efforts. Sometimes, he has never in his life taught in an elementary school. He goes from the University to a post in a college or public school, and then becomes an inspector of elementary teachers. Just as one cannot teach except after experience, so one cannot realise the difficulties of teaching except in the same way. Let the inspector be as gentle as a lamb, as kind as an angel, he will still urge the teacher on to impossibilities; he will still demand as high a standard of proficiency *in each subject* from each of "the sixty" as he would do from one; he will still fail utterly to understand the difficulties of maintaining, while using these methods, anything like the degree of discipline without which no teacher can be reasonably comfortable in mind or body, when all his experience consists in watching her teaching in his august presence, which has put the class into a sober and slightly awed frame of mind. As an example of the want of comprehension of her difficulties on the part of those who "direct" the teacher, consider the present "Promotion Scheme," the working of which has trebled the hardships of the elementary teacher's lot, by the constant withdrawal of her best pupils and substitution of those from the lower classes.

Another resolution of the 1911 Conference of Teachers called attention to "the unrest and anxiety caused by the undue interference of some inspectors with school time-tables, schemes of work, and methods of instruction, by the strain of extended inspection, followed by oral and written criticisms of a dictatorial and unsympathetic nature."

It went on to add that "the Conference is of opinion that no person should be appointed as inspector in primary schools without practical experience of teaching in a primary school." Not only has the teacher to face the Government inspector. The inspector of the local body is a much greater possible infliction. He is seen much oftener, is paid for finding fault, so to speak, and does so very often with unsparing vigour. School managers add their little quota to the visits of advice, reproof, or dignified commendation (not too much of this last!). Lastly, the teacher has to propitiate the ever-present head mistress. She is often, not always, a

person of narrow and sterile views, who is bent on making the young teacher "fit in." She is generally possessed of a craven awe of inspectors, and grovels before officialism. Officialism, in fact, has made her what she is. One gives a sigh for the fresh, untrammelled young teacher she may have been once on a time. All these inspectors are endowed with "fads" as a rule, and the "fads" often—nay, usually—are opposed to each other. The distracted teacher must choose her course as best she may. Failure to please her managers or her inspectors can result in the teacher's dismissal with due notice, no reason needing to be given. Moreover, by "testimonials" a teacher stands or falls all through her career. No "last testimonial" means the conclusion to her work as a teacher.

The freedom of the teacher to exercise her own personality in teaching is practically nil. She works to time and to order. Everything must be "got in." She must cease work to the second, and go on to the next lesson, even if her class is in a tension of interest in and enjoyment of the subject in hand. She is loaded with "schemes," plans, views, of other people. She is no gallant discoverer, no tireless adventurer, but a mere henchwoman, a hewer of wood and drawer of water for many taskmasters.

But, you say, her work ends at half-past four o'clock, and she has two hours for dinner during the day.

So it is generally supposed. How, then, do you think she keeps up with her piles of corrections? Every time her class uses pen, ink, and paper, she has sixty compositions, sets of grammar, or sums to correct.

When do her sixty girls "cut out and tack together," so runs the Code instruction, their variety of "garments"? Not, you may easily imagine, when the sixty are present, nor, in the case of the correcting would that be allowed. All this is done "out of hours." Those hand-bags borne by teachers (you have always supposed them to contain changes of raiment for possible festivities!) contain the piles of marking which must be done, whatever the cost, or some of the "garments" to be overlooked. Those dinner hours are often spent in giving the absolutely essential individual supervision to "cutting out and tacking together."

Then those history and geography lessons must be prepared. They *are* prepared—at night. Holidays are good—or appear so to you—but they are necessary, or would not be given. The number of temporary breakdowns before each holiday is appalling. Holidays are the times of recuperation, of gathering fresh strength of body and nerve for a fresh campaign.

There are certain aspects of teaching where women suffer more than men. Headships are not numerous. The huge barrack-like schools preclude that, but, moreover, whenever the departments—boys and girls—are "mixed" the head is a man. Hence the National Union of Teachers deprecates the combining of departments.

The salaries of women teachers are considerably less than those of men, yet in no profession is the work more equal. If anything, the woman's work is the harder, for she has one, and sometimes two, extra subjects—needlework and hygiene. To refer to the National Union once more, we regret to state that it advocates (and women are in a majority in the Union) as a salary to be generally adopted, a minimum and maximum respectively of £90 and £180 per annum for men class teachers in the provinces, but £80 and £145 for women. For metropolitan class teachers the Union advocates for men a minimum salary of £100, and a maximum of £220, for women a minimum of £90 and a maximum of £175.

It is obvious that women do not understand the true interests of the profession as a whole, or they would not have allowed this recommendation to be made. It is true that, at least, the Union does advocate the same rate of salary for a woman employed in a boys' school, though, as a matter of fact, such women are almost invariably paid less than the men. The salaries of teachers, however, are generally considerably lower than even these too modestly demanded ones. In 1906-7 the average salary of women teachers was £94 19s. 9d., while that of men teachers was £139 17s. 2d. per annum.

We ask, is not thirty-six shillings a week a miserable pay for all this effort in preparation and subsequent activity? The price of a woman educator of the young, who, we are told by statesmen when electioneering, are the priceless jewels in our crown, is thirty-six shillings a week. Think of it! A cook may command more.

Arising out of their smaller salary and consequently smaller paying power, the pension received by the woman is less than that of the man. Yet both are laughably inadequate to the needs of a person of compulsory education and refinement of habits. A policeman receives about twenty-six shillings a week after twenty-five years' service. It is called "deferred payment." He has actually paid nothing out for it. An inspector of police receives as much as two guineas.

Among non-commissioned officers a sergeant after twenty-one years receives 2s. 6d. per day, a sergeant-major 4s.—this from the State. A second division Civil Service clerk at a salary of £150 a year, retires on a pension of £100 a year, also wholly provided by the State.

The valuation in which the moulders of young England are held is seen in the Government pension scheme.

Every teacher is now forced to contribute to this scheme, the payments being deducted from their salaries. Men pay £3 10s. per annum from the ages of twenty-one to sixty-five, and women £2 8s. The State contribution to the pensions is 10s. per year of service. The whole (annuity from teachers' own contributions plus State pension) cannot amount to more than £64 per year for a man, nor more than about £45 for a woman. Imagine it! After forty-four years' service the woman teacher may, if she is very lucky, receive seventeen shillings and a few pence a week! Moreover, if she is compelled to retire at an earlier age, the "breakdown pension" realises a very much smaller sum. If she marries she hears no more of her contributions till she is sixty-five, when she receives the pittance owing to her, valued according to her years of service.

Study the handbook of the Teachers' Orphanage and Benevolent Society for a record of the broken-down teachers who have had to apply to that charitable institution for support from fellow teachers after a life spent in work for the community.

The fund, moreover, is badly invested, so badly invested that it seems inconceivable that such a state of things should have continued for so long. Moreover, the expenditure of the Government during the first septennium was less than £200,000 instead of the actuarial estimate of £500,000 on which the system was based. Lastly, the teachers' contributions alone, if invested at Post Office rates, would produce sums almost equivalent to the £64 or £45.

There are, lastly, many personal aspects of the teacher's lot which are deplorable. The teacher—we speak of the woman teacher particularly—lives

for the most part in lodgings—not very elegant lodgings either, as a rule, it being our experience that most women teachers have "ties" which claim a considerable portion of their already inadequate salaries. Imagine the social lives of teachers in the mining towns of Wales or the North of England, in out-of-the-way villages, or hideous manufacturing towns.

Too poor to occupy any social position of importance, debarred, therefore, from mixing with members of other professions, meeting only other teachers similarly placed, spending much of their leisure evening hours in a state of sheer physical exhaustion after the labours of the day, too weary to read or study, and with little or no incentive to do so unless such reading is necessary for the next day's work, what wonder that the teacher often finds life harsh and unlovely, and absolutely lacking in variety, which is the salt of life? To see stretching before her an infinite succession of "school years" spent in teaching the same work over and over again, with no holiday long enough to enable her to travel, with no means with which to travel, even if she had a holiday, with few or no friends outside her profession, with eternal preparation for "inspectors," with constant strivings to come up to "the standard" of proficiency required, with no respite till the age of sixty-five is reached, and with a prospect of a pension of seventeen shillings a week—after that is it marvellous that the teacher loses her personality, becomes just a teacher, immersed in the cares of her profession, putting it first in everything, thinking of it, talking of it, writing of it, shutting out the world for it?

In more enlightened America the High School teacher is sent away for a year's holiday every seven years, and her salary is paid, but in America there is a value set on the personality of the teacher. In England little value is set on the teacher in any way. What is she but a teacher, or, more contemptuously, "a school teacher"? She educates the race, and receives in return thirty-six shillings a week.

VARIOUS HANDS.

Modesty.

IF this "prime grace of woman," as an old play calls it, is based upon an instinct, we have Professor James's authority for holding that it has "very little backbone of its own, and easily follows fashion and example."

We have reached an age when, instead of turning over the family album with shame or derision, we dwell upon the billowing skirts and decorous hair of our mother's girlhood respectfully, if sociologically. Their modesty in dress far outdoes the Jane Austen period, while "modesty in deed, in word, in thought," is no less theirs. The early-Victorian lady has a special, and perhaps pathetic, charm, inhabiting still that garden walled round by two centuries of Puritan restraint, and sunned by the patronage of wits and polite authors, yet threatened on every hand with the encroachments of streets and schoolrooms, the jostling, critical, modern world. Turning over their books, those tastefully bound, carefully expurgated volumes with "gems" from great authors, and then listening to the tales of mothers and grandmothers, one is struck by the odd contrast between their entrenched propriety in speech and the minor details of conduct and their whole-hearted acceptance of life as they found it, or, more strictly, *man* as they found him. They married young—a mid-Victorian heroine speaks of entering "the heat and glare of middle life" at twenty-five—revered the married state with a tenacity which made some of us strangers to George Eliot until a sadly late stage, and their families were not limited by considerations so indelicate as eugenics. In spite of, perhaps because of, an early maturity, they preserved a certain bloom of timidity and reserve, so that their daughters learned from text-books, or Blue Books, as Miss Cicely Hamilton notes, what life had held and might hold.

If this delicacy on vital matters has made some blame their mother's generation and some patronise it as "young in mind," it had its strong side in conveying the impression of being initiated, *at home* in life, in a sense not yet attained by ourselves. Indeed, men are beginning to find the charm of the early heroines much less in their fragility than in their common sense. How securely the Jane Austen type settles herself in life! With what delightful cynicism Charlotte accepts Mr. Collins on account of the poultry! Surely a liability to criticism as to the display of ankles, or petticoat six inches deep in mud after scampering about the country, is a small trouble when everyone is ready to be convinced comfortably as to the chances of happiness in almost any given married state.

For ourselves, we reverse matters. Our skirts and ankles are forgotten on the hockey field. Our language need no longer seek after propriety. The improper stories of our brothers have all been heard. But, debarred for the most part by new economic and educational conditions from early matrimonial adventures, we veil our desperate nervousness of life in elaborating a vocabulary about its inner workings.

A self-consciousness pervaded by physiology, anthropology, and sociology troubles our serious intercourse. "Reputation" is a lost concept, but to think rightly of its relationship to the superman concerns modern youth profoundly. And if it shall appear to our acclimatised elders that here is a vast amount of anxious deference to a "life force"—which somehow never troubled them to label it—let us be consoled by our own charitableness. In due time the panoply of explicit biology, clothing chaotic indecision, will have the charm of the crinoline, and a new generation will wonder at freedom's early fashions.

Mr. Upton Sinclair and Sex Institutions.

A CRITICISM.

I HAVE read with much interest Mr. Upton Sinclair's article in THE FREEWOMAN of January 18th, and, in the criticism which follows, it is assumed that this was put forward as a serious attempt to solve some of the social problems which, in the minds of many earnest readers, are now crying for solution. Mr. Sinclair's article is entitled "Divorce," but it is with the "marriage" side of sex relationships, rather than with the "divorce" side, that he deals, and it is to the former only that I am now calling attention.

Mr. Sinclair describes the sex institutions of modern society with great fairness. He first of all points out, what every thinking man and woman must admit, that marriage and divorce are human institutions, and that they are to be studied scientifically and judged from the standpoint of whether they effectually fulfil their purpose. He then explains the purpose of marriage, describes what married life ought to be, and how far, in many

cases, it falls short of the ideal. Finally, he states that present sex institutions can only be described as "marriage plus prostitution," with which definition, without reference to the relative magnitude of the component parts, we must, I think, generally agree.

We can, therefore, discuss matters on a basis of facts about which we are at one. We discard the religious significance which has been attached to marriage, and regard it merely as an economic institution, but we find that, side by side with this institution, there exists the hideous evil of prostitution. Whatever the immediate cause of individuals joining the ranks of the unfortunates may be, it is clear that men keep this army, as a whole, employed, since, if the demand for its services ceased, the supply would inevitably come to an end. The existence of prostitution is due to lack of adjustment between the individual and the conditions of life which society imposes upon him. His sex instincts are in excess of present-day requirements, and he is too susceptible to the influences which stimulate them into activity.

The long and the short of the matter is that man has not become completely adapted to the social state in which he finds himself, and it will not be until his adaptation is complete—that is, until his nature is brought into complete harmony with his environment—that prostitution and other social evils now prevalent will disappear. It is this non-adaptation that lies at the root of all sinning against society, and it behoves us to be particularly careful, when this or that remedy is proposed, to see that it aids adaptation rather than hinders it.

Having arrived at this, that non-adaptation is the real cause of the prostitution we deplore, what does Mr. Sinclair propose? In his article, he is quite clear as to the advantages of monogamy, as to the virtues underlying the permanency of marriage, as to the beautiful and noble institution of home as pictured by the idealist. And yet, after referring to all these things, it is not too much to say that he proposes taking the most utterly unscientific step that it is possible to devise as a remedy for existing evils, a course which, if persisted in, would undoubtedly intensify the conditions which it is intended to ameliorate. This is not a mere statement, but an incontrovertible scientific truth, as will presently be shown.

Mr. Sinclair advocates "the artificial sterilisation of marriage," and remarks that "this new discovery gives us the means of putting an end to the horrible social disease of prostitution." "The meaning of it," he continues, "is that the man can marry young, the woman can remain self-supporting, and they can have their children later on in life, when they can support them. This is the way, and the only way conceivable, whereby prostitution can be ended." That the general adoption of such means would end prostitution as we know it to-day, may or may not be true; but that it would take away from marriage all the finer feelings and ennobling sentiments associated with it, and reduce it to a prostitution still more terrible than the prostitution which exists, is, I am convinced, the feeling of every wisely thinking person.

But I am not going to talk about feeling; I am to deal with facts, and, as I say, the proposal must be dismissed as unscientific, for the reason that its adoption would tend to unfit rather than fit mankind for the social state. Consider the argument. Mankind, but half-removed as yet from savagery, but half-adapted as yet to social life, has certain instincts which are proclaimed to be in excess of requirements. Provide means whereby these instincts are stimulated and fostered, and a force is created which more and more unfits for the conditions of life society imposes. Provide conditions whereby they are deterred and discountenanced, and a force is created which more and more fits man to his environment. As to which description of force Mr. Sinclair's proposition falls under, there can be no question. He provides the means for gratification without deterrent, and, while claiming to occupy a scientific attitude, he proposes to diminish certain adverse characteristics by offering greater scope for their development. Surely, as a *reductio ad absurdum*, this would be hard to beat.

To offer artificial sterilisation as an incentive to early marriage is a sin against society, but the idea is not new, as Mr. Sinclair supposes. Some thirty years or more ago, a book called "The Fruits of Philosophy," which was issued in cheap form, openly proclaimed the same panacea. Then it was deemed "philosophical," now it is deemed "scientific," though really it is only meretricious. Mrs. Annie Besant was, I remember, one of the persons responsible for the issue, and one of the most ardent advocates of the system. She has, however, long ago recanted, and publicly withdrawn the views she then expressed. Probably some such considerations as I have endeavoured to set forth were instrumental in revealing the mistake she was making, and I have little doubt that due reflection will prompt Mr. Sinclair to a similar recantation. That his views look attractive at first sight is not denied; it is only when carefully examined that they are shown to be illusory. It is by a slow and laborious process of evolution that creatures are, under natural conditions, adapted to their environment, and in the super-inorganic evolution of society this is equally true. That there are forces at work which are gradually bestowing on man social fitness is undoubted, and their study forms an interesting occupation. For example, it was long ago shown by Spencer that, as the need for individuation increased, the power of reproduction diminished; or, in other words, of the vital force available for individuation and genesis combined, the greater the draft for the former, the less the balance left for the latter. In the increased struggle for existence, there is a call for more and more individuation, and as the mental development to meet it proceeds there will be less vital force available for genesis. Public opinion is also aching to amend the views of sex relations, as the very existence of THE FREEWOMAN shows. But do not let any hasty decisions be arrived at, and, above all, let us guard against all plausible but worthless suggestions masquerading in the garb of science or philosophy.

W. B. ESSON.

THE FREEWOMAN

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The Failure.

"IN life," says Barbey D'Aurevilly, "we are strangled between two doors, of which the one is labelled *too soon* and the other *too late*." In this epigram of the clairvoyant French *litterateur* the world's tragedy is expressed more exquisitely, more hopelessly than in the many tear-dewed sketches of Felicien Rops, than whom the Eternal Verities—Love and Death—have no more sinister exponent. I believe it was George Macdonald who said that the phrase *too late* is the most terrible in the whole range of human utterance; yet, to me at least, there is a wealth of melancholy meaning attached to the words *too little* or *too much*.

But it is not so much the things we say that are tragic, as the thoughts we are unable to express; for to say something, however bitter and fraught with pain for others, so long as it precisely conveys our meaning, is among life's greatest pleasures: to be impotent in this is utter doom of self. And which is the greater tragedy—to fail because of something too little, or something too great? To fail because of something too great, or so I think; for to be conscious of teeming thoughts and visions, whose very subtlety defies expression, is the direct antithesis of the bliss by ignorance engendered. I would tell of one who failed by reason of a soul too great.

As I stood by the street corner watching a stream of strangers hurrying by, and vaguely wondering where they went to when they passed beyond my ken, the Blind One tapped his stick on the kerb and called for assistance in crossing. Many passed by unheeding; a few lingered, as though doubting that they had heard aright, and then pressed on again. But, at length, came one who took him by the arm and led him safely through the thickly moving traffic. On the thither side they paused together, and the Blind One thrust out a grimy hand, touching the other's sleeve. The action was spontaneous, unreasoned, born of long habit, maybe, yet the other recoiled a little. Then, quickly thrusting his own hand deep in his pocket, he withdrew it closed. A moment passed, and as the two hands met I caught a glint as of gold.

No word was spoken—of thanks on the one side, or of pity on the other. The stranger went, pursuing his former course. I had drawn closer by now, curious to learn more of him; but I glanced in passing at the Blind One, and, as the beams from a passing bright light smote full upon his face, I was amazed to see there a look of keenest wonderment. His eyes, now more than fully open, gazed intently on his palm, where lay a piece of gold. Realising the vastness of his fortune, his lips took on a sardonic smile. "Fool!" he muttered, and perceived me watching, whereupon he turned and fled with speed over the busy street where just now he had been led by the stranger whose gold he fingered. "Fool!" I echoed, as I passed quickly down the street. But I was not quite sure.

The stranger had seemed a pauper, and I recalled that he had turned up the collar of his coat for warmth. Quickening my steps, I was beside him in a moment, and walked on by his side. Then, turning to me, he laughed shortly—a bitter laugh, I thought. "You are too late," said he, and laughed again. I was conscious that my own laugh was none too pleasant as I replied: "No, I am just in time," scarce knowing what I meant. On approaching a lamp, I looked more nearly at my companion, and was surprised beyond measure to see that his eyes were closed. So firm was his tread, so unwavering his walk, that I could not readily believe that *he* was blind. In my agitation, I grasped his arm, apparently with more force than I was conscious of, for he winced painfully in turning to me. He was the essence of frailty, I thought, as I scrutinised his features and became aware of the truth of what I had suspected. The lids of his sunken eyes were drawn closely down in a manner which left no doubt in my mind. I was sick with delight at the intense irony of the circumstance, and I cried aloud, so that the passers-by turned round to gaze at me. "Then it's a shame, an infamy," I cried. "But, God, how do you do it?"

"What—is an infamy?" he asked.

"That the sick should rob the sick."

"Then he was blind—that other?"

"Can you have doubted that——?" I had not the heart to tell him how he had been duped.

"At first I did," he confessed. "I seem to know when a man deceives: I am seldom wrong. Fate never impairs a faculty without enhancing others. I have a subtler vision since my eyes have failed."

Secure in the knowledge that he could not see, I smiled ironically: "Then you were not always blind?"

"I was an artist once, a painter," he gloomed.

His present indigence was easy to perceive, and I was incensed that he should have given gold to a man less worthy than himself. I took him by the arm, as one familiar, and censured him severely. His reply cost me a bitter smile: "One of God's creatures, as my father would have said." I was tempted to quote a line of Omar, but I refrained, for I was curious to learn of his father. It did not seem strange that I should question him, and he talked freely, without resentment. I learnt that his father, who had disowned him early, was the rector of a country parish, near an old cathedral town. It was but another instance of the Philistine father who had failed to understand the ideals of his artist son, and it was well that they were apart.

"And why did you fail?" I asked, forgetting for the moment his affliction. His reply set me a-thinking.

"I have failed because of something I possess above my fellows—a keener vision, a profounder insight to the essential things in life. My soul's waters welled up within me, flooding the sight of mine eyes. But the radiance within grew brighter, so that my mind was sick with despair, because I could not express the delights my heart conceived."

"You failed because you saw things too intensely——?"

"Because I lacked the power to express what I had seen. I had no language for the thoughts that filled my mind; no thoughts for the visions my soul had seen."

Enlightened, I gazed on him in wonderment. This time, at least, he had expressed himself more fully than he knew, or perhaps I was tuned to conceive him, for an image of an obscure French poet arose in my mind, "whose heart was too full of too pure an ideal." For one moment I had seen and clutched at the secret of an artist's soul, and I was elated by my success.

By his mood I knew that he resented my insight, and I sought to remove his umbrage by other talk. But, seeing me trivial, he left me without a word. When I came to the corner of the street, it seemed that I heard a voice monotonously pealing, "Pity the poor blind"; but I passed on, absorbed by the question, which of the two blind men would I elect to be, had I the choice to make? I told myself that I knew, but as I searched with my key for the hole in the door, I admitted that I was not quite sure.

SELWYN WESTON.

Correspondence.

A DEFINITION OF MARRIAGE.

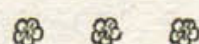
To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe rebukes me for searching the codes of Europe (and vainly) for a definition of marriage, because (he says) that is something which does not and cannot exist. He then contradicts himself by attempting (as I have done) such a definition himself. With a practical, no-theory-about-me air, he says: The question for us is what is marriage as a juridical fact in the land in which we live? Of course, that isn't the question, for the readers of THE FREEWOMAN are not interested in the tomfooleries of English law, except with a view to upsetting them. However, Mr. Donisthorpe answers his own question thus: "Marriage is an agreement between a man and a woman, sanctioned by the State, that neither will have sexual intercourse with any other person during their joint lives." As a "juridical fact," marriage is nothing of the kind, Mr. Donisthorpe. The husband takes upon himself no such obligation, and in most countries of Europe he may have relations with as many unmarried women as he pleases. Your correspondent's definition is no more the legal one than mine was or pretended to be.

He is nearer the truth when he compares the would-be husband to a squatter who pegs out a claim and asks the State to guarantee him peaceable possession against any newcomer. But I maintain that the State has no interest in extending such protection where the man's mere sexual passion is concerned; and where the parties love each other such protection is superfluous, and where they don't, it is downright immoral.

"Our law," says your legalistic correspondent, "says that paternity can be declared for certain purposes, but denies that it can be established." This is rank nonsense. If the paternity is not established, the law has no more right to take money out of the presumed father's pocket than out of Mr. Donisthorpe's. I am amazed that any sane person can listen to the drivel talked by the English law. Perhaps Mr. Donisthorpe believes with the law that the child he so graciously terms a bastard is actually the son of nobody, and that the King never dies. Your correspondent is a loss to the English Bar.

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.



AN APPEAL TO THE HAPPILY MARRIED.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Most of your contributors seem to be people who, unfortunately, have failed to get the best out of marriage. Consequently they seize the opportunity your open columns give them to let off steam, not against their failure, but against the system which prevents them from messing up other people's lives, in addition to the one or two they have failed with. The result of this is that the happy couples to whom I have introduced your paper get sickened by the attitude of the unsuccessful ones, and if the discussion is to be profitable, I fell sure you must get hold of some who are actually living in the ideal monogamic condition.

The discussion is endless, of course, owing to temperaments and circumstances being various, *ad infinitum*.

Personally, I feel sure the public you want to reach does not consist solely of the poor devils who are unhappy or who would be if they hadn't broken loose.

There is a danger, I fear, of the people who desire expression to be given to all the other great aspects of feminism getting choked off by the sex aspect, just as you have been by the "vote" aspect.

A MAN, MARRIED AND HAPPY.

THE FREEWOMAN AND LIFE PROBLEMS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

We need to rescue morality from those sex experts who see the world, not as a battle-ground whereon the rival instincts and tendencies of men make war against each other for ever, but who see it as "this farmyard-world of sex," and a very nasty species of farmyard world too.

As a result of their investigations the healthy person is in danger of mistrusting his own intuitions. Left to himself, he very naturally supposes that it is in keeping with human dignity to rise above the flesh-pots, and seek out the joys of most enduring worth. But what say the sex experts? Their gospel is, on the whole, that the stye is, after all, man's natural home. Behold, cries one, how full of desire woman is at the moment before she crosses the threshold of middle life. Seventy-five per cent. of adult males, cries another, have had gonorrhœa once at least. How prostitution is increasing, exclaims a third. To-day, runs the verdict of a fourth, we are in depravity the equals of the ancients. The newspapers are full of cases of divorce, and rumours of divorce, wails a fifth.

That sex should be written about does not disturb any rationally minded person. The disturbing factor in one's experience of these matters is that it should be considered public service to publish broadcast all that one knows of the shady side of sex. It is rarely the normal functioning of the sex instinct which attracts the sex expert, but oftenest the morbid and disgusting abnormalities of sex. Let us beware of the sex pathologist when he presumes to set up as a sex moralist. One cannot feel that much of the interest in divorce law reform manifested by certain writers is that of the libertine; that the root of their interest in new cures for syphilis is not altogether that the onward march of humanity may be a happy and healthy progression, but partly that they themselves may henceforth sow their seeds of self-indulgence, as Jason sowed the dragons' teeth, but that no disastrous band of armèd men may afterwards arise to slay them.

The labourer who works in the sewers, and is well acquainted with a large variety of nauseating odours, is a useful man on the day when an unusual smell comes up from below the floors of our houses, but continual tales of his experiences in the more loathsome regions of darkness very rightly disgust the normal person. Surely, the women readers of THE FREEWOMAN do not want to read articles every week upon such subjects as Uranians, syphilis, and prostitution. If these are the subjects that attract freewomen, then it must be admitted by sane observers that man in the past was exercising a sure instinct in keeping his spouse and girl children within the sheltered walls of ignorance. But I do not believe that women find such subjects palatable. I believe that women will, whenever healthy, shrink from dwelling upon the abnormal facts of sex as they would shrink from the sight of wanton murder, or the kiss from a leper's lips. This instinctive shrinking, moreover, can be justified upon rational grounds. Psychology teaches us that what we are, depends largely upon what we attend to. Attend, with the whole power of your selfhood, to noble thoughts and noble aspirations daily, and you will tend to become noble. Let you attention be drawn to the morbid, and you will run the risk of becoming morbid yourself.

The greatest difficulty which confronts those who attempt to master and discipline the more irrational and animal-like elements of human nature is, while giving them due thought and attention, to prevent them from becoming a focus of enduring and absorbing interest. The historian, the poet, the novelist, and the musician have by their perennial glorification of the stormier factors of sex-love made this task an exceeding hard one. The subtle, seductive charms of woman have been sung of in every land. Eyes and hair, lips and bosoms have been more to the poet than the life which animated them. We need the poet to-day to praise woman, not principally for her external grace, although every natural, healthy woman is inevitably winning, but because of her humanising and civilising qualities, her diligent care of young children, and her concern for the social welfare.

> "Oh, like a queen's her stately tread,
> And like a queen's her golden head,
> But oh, her heart when all is said,
> Her woman's heart for me."

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the women writers of THE FREEWOMAN will not attempt to compete with men in their researches into the revolting underworld of sexual abnormality. It will be argued perhaps that the net result of experience in this realm may be of great value to a young woman on the threshold of marriage. It is to be gravely doubted. The face of the "average sensual man" will always be an open book to the refined and educated girl. No one quicker than she can see looseness in the lips and selfish desire in the vulgar gaze.

Woman has a spiritual and an economic interest in life as well as a sexual interest, and in developing the former interests she will be performing noble service to the race. She will ere long recognise that if she wishes the doors of opportunity to be opened to her sisters for the full enjoyment of sexual freedom she must not look principally to divorce law reform, though that is imperatively necessary. But she will more and more set her hopes upon the improvement of humanity through education as the means to perfect freedom. All other so-called sexual freedom, this side of such ethical aspiration, is a delusion.

FRANK WATTS.

[Does our correspondent imply that "morbid and disgusting abnormalities of sex" have up to the present been discussed in THE FREEWOMAN?—ED.]

MALTHUSIANISM AND HENRY GEORGE.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Owing to absence from town, I was prevented from seeing THE FREEWOMAN before my last article was sent in, and, since it was written, your number of the 18th ult. has come to hand. Mr. Hunt recommends believers in Malthus to read Henry George. Not only have I referred to the fallacies of this work in my article, but Prof. Huxley, whose strong remarks on the population question I quoted last time, has dealt pretty roundly with its whole economic position. It is, therefore, possible for an intelligent person to retain his belief in Malthus, even after perusing Henry George's "exposures."

May I also express the extreme pleasure with which I have read Mr. Upton Sinclair's article on "Divorce." It is indeed remarkable to see how his remarks confirm many of the views I have expressed as to the real origin of marriage, and the causes of prostitution and war, as well as the advantages of "race suicide." And in calling attention to the immense evil of venereal disease due to prostitution, he justifies my belief that universal knowledge of the means of family limitation is infinitely the most important of all Eugenic reforms. The venereal poisons have been shown to be true blastopthoric or "race-poisons," and if, by the removal of the fear of large families, universal early marriage is promoted, and at the same time women are enabled to avoid having children by infected husbands, one of the most terrible causes of degeneration and insanity would be removed from our midst. It must not be forgotten also that the means for prevention of conception are the best hygienic and prophylactic measures against such contagion, and that innocent women, as well as children, may thereby escape it. But the Church which ordains that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the wives and children unto many generations is naturally distressed at this prospect.

Hence, the persecutions which Mr. Sinclair has told us of, and which are going on in many other countries. All honour to him for his manly and humane support of the brave Moses Harman and his fellow victims in the struggle for women's true enfranchisement.

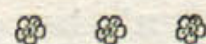
C. V. DRYSDALE.

A QUESTION.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I should like to be allowed to ask Mr. Drysdale a question. I am not doing so for the purpose of "quibbling" or "heckling," but simply because I want to be enlightened upon a subject in which I am most interested, and about which I know nothing. In answer to Question 3, Mr. Drysdale explains that there is a shortage in certain foods, although not apparent to the more wealthy classes. But is it not true that at Grimsby the fishermen sometimes wilfully destroy fish, when they come upon it in vast quantities, in order to keep up the price on the market? And is it not true that in Kent fruit is left to rot on the trees because of the inability to transport it to London? So that if there is a shortage of food in one direction, might it not be counterbalanced by that quantity of food which is wilfully destroyed or left to rot owing to economic conditions?

H. B.



POPULATION AND FOOD SUPPLY.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Those who believe Malthus, must do so reluctantly; that innocent babes are doomed by Providence to starve is surely not fascinating. Yet Malthusians seem to delight in the perfection of their logic. To Deists the doctrine must seem blasphemous. A man who would purposely increase domestic animals, then shut them away from food, would be a fiend, not a benevolent ruler. The doctrine is seldom dealt with religiously. But in the December *Malthusian* we read of a "new form of superstition which puts 'bountiful Nature' in place of the beneficent Deity, and human greed in place of the Evil One, under the assumption that there would be plenty for all if it were not for evil human institutions."

Shall we reject this "superstition," that Nature provides abundance, and go back to Deity, with the Evil One in his rightful place? His function is to limit the food of those who obey the command, "Multiply and replenish the earth," given by a Creator who forgot He had created the "Evil One," and called him Good.

Proofs are always looked for among one class only, the very poor. Suppose we form a cult, neo-something-or-other, based on equally self-evident facts concerning the rich, who, we assume, should multiply and strengthen the State with hardy children, reared in plenty. A million dollars a week seems small to a Rockefeller, but this sum would rear 100,000 children. Such men should be either polygamists unlimited, or offer rewards for all healthy children brought to their rearing places. Millions of other men could rear smaller numbers.

I am assuming that their incomes could be exchanged for food; but Dr. Drysdale assures us that Nature failed to provide enough "nitrogen and other constituents." He should cite statistics of fields of corn that failed to grow from lack of these materials. In new countries are planted more and more fields, and sun, rain, air and soil usually give good crops. No lack of materials was ever observed, except in connection with land held for speculation. If there were a surplus, we are told, it would be washed into the sea, and none is found in the sea! Do we not all know that these materials, when in the form of waste, ferment, and, whether on land or sea, are carried back to growing vegetation by the atmosphere? If any considerable portion were lost we would by this time have no vegetation. The quantity is, no doubt, increasing. Sun and rain reduce rocks, and form soil continually. Farms properly managed increase in fertility. Let Dr. Drysdale get statistics on how many persons could be fed from the products of one man's labour on an average farm per year. He admits that the first cost of land was nil; that no one has a moral right to hold land out of use; and that most food products will increase faster than man, under favourable conditions; that is, if we had not tapped our supply of nitrogen too freely. This is a rather dubious programme for a Malthusianist, but, having adopted it, he should insist on the moral right of men to till the ground, and see how much faster the food would then increase than man could increase, in order to get new statistics on which to base the doctrine of starvation in a bountiful world. He should not get statistics from a class which regularly gives up four-fifths of their products, trying to exist on the remainder. But he tells us it will take so much time to start working new land, that population will surely get ahead of supplies. It would take about one day to pass an Act that anyone wishing to raise crops may go upon any unoccupied land. In one year we would see enormous crops; surely population could not get ahead much in one year?

"If population did not increase, the land grabber would be left in isolation, and he would leave off grabbing."

Here it is implied that land-grabbing depends, as Sam Weller would have said, "upon the taste and fancy" of the grabber, instead of a law enabling him to hold land out of use. After the Act above suggested, would anybody grab land for speculation? Or if land now held vacant were taxed for nearly or all of its potential rent, would anyone grab? I trow not.

Suppose restriction leaves population stationary, would not land-owners still collect ground rent from the few superior children, that is, collect pay for that which cost nothing, and which no one can morally hold out of use?

C. F. HUNT.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIMITATIONS OF THE "NORMAL."

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

When Huxley proved conclusively that God had ceased to exist, or had never existed save in the minds of His purblind devotees, he merely showed that in that realm, also, "*Le Roi est mort—vive le Roi!*" holds good. And King Reason reigned in his stead. Almost the only men who still worship this half-god are the medical profession, and so complete is their faith that they are prepared to make any sacrifices—even human—to its insatiable greed. Reason declares that Intermediates are a "disturbing factor" in the understanding of the human race; hence the scientist, intent on classification and "practical purposes," is concerned with eliminating those examples which obstinately refuse to be labelled. Complete Inverts he puts in prison or a madhouse, and he "explains away" the rest of those who do not conform to his rigid categories. ". . . The great majority of cases of sexual inversion are probably not congenital, but the results of many conditions *inseparable* from our highly artificial civilisation, and, *above all, of suggestion and auto-suggestion.*"

The idea is Dr. Whitby's—the italics are my own. So the human race is made up of men, women, complete inverts, and a large number of deluded Intermediates, who are to be accounted for by "cruel books" giving and asking for information on the nature of the peculiarity. How many cruel books are there from "Secret Remedies" upwards that, "by suggestion," increase the number of ill persons? Should treatises be taboo on that account? Even if the majority of Intermediates were (or are) the results of conditions inseparable from our civilisation, that is surely no ground for condemning books in which their characteristics are studied.

But it is not even so.

Though the cases of complete Inversion are comparatively rare, the occurrence of complete monosexuality is also, though less, rare. The vast majority of persons are, *more or less*, Intermediate, and Krafft-Ebing, I think, gives the proportion of those who are sufficiently so, to suffer misunderstanding on that account, at 10 per cent.

It will thus be clear that wider understanding of the phenomenon of Uranianism is not quite the barren and morbid interest that the ignorant suppose it to be: and the difficulty which the more nearly monosexual person finds in a sympathetic comprehension of Inversion fully accounts for such an one describing an autobiographical record as a "flaunting of the superiority. . . ."

Whether the characteristics of an Uranian, as such, are superior to those of a more normal person is a question for ethicists, not doctors: but they might even be excused a certain sense of *superiority* when they are met on all sides with stupid, unintelligent criticism, which exhibits the undoubted *inferiority* of bigotry on the part of their critics. (The last remark is prompted by some personal experiences, not by anything Dr. Whitby wrote.)

Is it impossible to convince such people that there is a more marked distinction between affection and lust in the Uranian consciousness than is ever found among the "John Bulls"? Thus, whereas Norman Angell is justified in writing of the "average sensual man," it is only the exceptional Urning who is sensual to a similar degree.

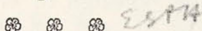
Freewomen and freemen must live in the hope that here, as in everything else, truth, which is a greater stranger than fiction, will in time enter into its own.

January 21st, 1912. ALBERT E. LÖWY.

THE SEX FUNCTION.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

It is as well that your paper should ventilate all views, but it is astonishing to find your correspondent Jane Craig venturing to class a normal function like sexual intercourse with "stealing, drinking, lying, gambling." Such an expression of opinion merely presupposes a mental or physical abnormality, which is not suitably expressed in terms of superior morality. As to Mrs. P. Sherwen's notion that "the sex relationship should be held absolutely sacred to the production of children," it is as rational as it would be to say that a man should never *walk* except to his office. All natural functions require exercise, even when not employed on purely utilitarian purposes. The sex instinct flows over into æsthetic expression, which is by no means connected with the production of children, but æsthetic expression is not generally condemned. It is lamentable to think that women should ever have been educated in such false notions, which spring only from the natural anxiety of parents and guardians to preserve their daughters from the cruelty of society at large to women. A. B.



DIVORCE.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Mr. Upton Sinclair's article "Divorce," in your issue of January 18th, raises in my mind a point which, in the interests of the race, seems to me important.

It may be he has put his finger on the only real solution for the "abolition of prostitution." So many proposed solutions (Votes for Women among them!) are so hopelessly feminine—not Feminist—and irreconcilable with life and man as he is! It is so futile to argue on "man" or "life," or any other subject, as one would *like* them to be, or states them to be. The point is this: Upton Sinclair has *perhaps* found the solution when he says: "This new discovery of science (artificial restriction) gives us the means of putting an end to the horrible social disease of prostitution. The meaning of it is that the man can marry young, the woman can remain self-supporting, and they can have their children later on in life, when they are in a position to support them. This is the way, and the only way conceivable whereby prostitution can be ended."

But has he found a *good* solution, one which will not bring about another evil? It seems to me that this can only be decided if it can conclusively be proved (and I do not think it *can* yet be—Malthusian principles having had such a very short trial) that artificial restriction has no evil effects on the health, mental and physical, of the men and women who practise it. So, until time has proved these practices to be harmless—or otherwise—would it not—always in the interests of the race—be safer not to use such means *until one has had as many children as one intends to have?* The obvious answer to this is that it entirely defeats the object Mr. Upton Sinclair has in view. Of course it does, but, much as any decent human being wants to see prostitution destroyed, root and branch, yet one wants to find a *means* of doing it that will not bring in another evil, for is it not a crime towards posterity even to *risk* lowering one's vitality in any way before the period of reproduction or during it? I have been told, on good authority, that children born at long intervals (say, four years), when artificial means have been the cause of the interval, are apt to be less healthy than children born at shorter intervals, and where no restrictions have been imposed on Nature.

Of course, in viewing this question, I make full allowance for prejudice, secular and religious, habit, etc. Still, two schools of thought *do* exist, both medical and lay: one which believes artificial restriction to be harmless, even beneficial; another which believes it to be harmful. Now all of us must, when experimenting, take risks, and we have the full right, in the interests of scientific investigation, to lay down our health or our lives, but until time has established which school is right, it seems to me we should not run the risk of hurting our bodies and minds in any way as long as there is a chance that we may transmit our weakened constitutions to others.

I hope I have made it clear that I am not aggressively differing from Mr. Upton Sinclair. I am simply interested—ignorantly, but very sincerely—in every and any question touching the future of the race. It is a question which touches me as an actual mother, but still more in a world-mother sense.

There is, of course, a side issue to the idea of marriage for some years without children. I cannot but think that the temptation to have few or no children would be VERY great to the modern woman. If one really cares for one's husband, a family interferes hopelessly (if one is a conscientious mother) with the life with one's companion and friend—husband. Domestic difficulties are so great nowadays that those of us who love our homes most lose heart and get discouraged at the hopelessness of keeping our homes nice, once they grow too large for one person to look after. I have made a point of questioning women—sisters, for instance—about their lives: one perhaps (I speak of ladies) works in a shop from nine till six, or is a secretary or typist. I find she loves her work and gets more and more interested in it. The other sister is married. She loves her husband and adores her children, but she is honestly worried to death by existing domestic difficulties. She tells her sister she often wishes herself unmarried, for it is simply not possible nowadays to run a house smoothly, refinedly, daintily, for we housekeepers are "governing without the consent of the governed." All this may right itself in time. One fully recognises the causes for domestic difficulties, nevertheless, *there it is*, and I think, once the habit of restraint has been contracted for some years, that only the most conscientious people will have children at all. I may be wrong—I hope I am. Perhaps I judge this question too personally, but, under modern conditions, it seems hardly worth while to have children. The Martha-cares caused by the domestic transition stage absorb one to such an extent one hasn't time to enjoy either husband, children, or anything else, unless one can submit to live unbeautifully, and, to put it frankly, *dirtily*, and to feed as . . . well as only the British race could be content to feed. CORALIE M. BOORD.

KARL MARX AND THE SINGLE TAX.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Although the term "single tax" was unknown in 1847, if Karl Marx demanded "application of all rents of land to public purposes" he was substantially a single taxer, even though he held additional beliefs. Marx did not demand further "special taxes on land," nor does the single taxer, for "all rents" taken as a tax leaves nothing more to take.

Single taxers cannot endorse "conscription for industrial purposes"; that is, military compulsion in production. Surely no man needs to be forced to produce.

Single taxers depend upon automatic, natural law, for a just distribution, holding that owners of capital (tools, machines, etc., not franchises and watered stock) can exploit only landless producers. Socialists demand human interference, or distribution by enactment. In this, Marx supports the single taxer (see "Capital," vol. 1, chapter 33) concerning Mr. Peel, who took labourers and much capital to Australia. Because of free land, Mr. Peel "found himself without a servant," and the whole property decayed for lack of labourers.

Land can never "diminish in importance in a manufacturing country." Land is the source of everything manufactured. There are no Aladdins, with genii to produce palaces, etc., on short notice.

Free land, then, furnishes employment at wages amounting to the full product, which can be converted into capital. Present owners of capital will get small interest when competing with workers having both land and capital. To quote Marx again, "Value, Price and Profit," page 121 :—

"Capital may there (United States, in 1865) try its utmost. It cannot prevent the conversion of wage labourers into INDEPENDENT, self - sustaining peasants."

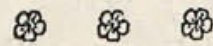
Therefore, if Marx said "the capitalist gets rich" by imposing thrift upon others, he is contradictory, unless he alludes to the "others" who are landless.

Evidently single taxers and Socialists have much common ground to work upon, and, in fact, Socialists in California and other States vigorously push the land rent tax.

Land offers employment and makes producers independent. How get possession? Better than confiscation or purchase is to take from the owner that which makes it valuable—the site-rent. The selling price of land is false value, or wholly "watered stock." It is not in any way the result of labour, nor investment. It is only the price of the right to monopolise Nature's gifts. Take site rent as a tax, and the selling price disappears. Marx confirms this. (Produce a better single taxer than Marx!) In "Capital," vol. 3, p. 730, he says of the purchase price of land :—

"It is the purchase price, not of land, but of the ground rent yielded by it. But this capitalisation of rent has for its premise the existence of rent, for rent cannot be derived from its own capitalisation. Its existence independent of its sale is the condition from which the inquiry must start."

C. F. HUNT.



COLLEGE EDUCATION FOR WORKERS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Any scheme to further the cause of the education of working women should appeal to readers of THE FREEWOMAN. May I venture to call their attention to the proposal of Mrs. Bridges Adams to found a college in London for working women? The scheme can best be outlined in Mrs. Bridges Adams' own words :—

> "About two and a half years ago a band of young working men, the Ruskin College 'strikers,' under the leadership of George Sims, a carpenter, of Bermondsey, took steps to establish at Oxford a Labour College, which should be controlled by the working-class organisations and be free from university domination. Thus the Central Labour College was founded in 1909, with Mr. Dennis Hird as warden and Mr. G. Sims as secretary. Last summer the college migrated from Oxford to London, and found a permanent home at Penywern Road, Earl's Court. From the outset the promoters recognised that the purpose of the college would only be partially fulfilled if its activities were confined to men. Among women trade unionists in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and elsewhere, in the Socialist and co-operative movements also, are many young working women capable of benefiting by the training for service in the working-class industrial, political, and educational movements which the Central Labour College gives to men. The deficiency of trained working women speakers and representatives on public bodies proves the necessity for such a college for women, and the experience and co-operation of those who have established the men's college can and ought to be used in carrying this important educational movement to the further necessary stage, where men and women can together receive the training for service in the working-class movement in which later they will be called upon to work together. Such training can be satisfactorily given only in an institution controlled by the workers—in an atmosphere frankly 'partial' to the working-class standpoint. On such lines, then, a Labour College for women will shortly be established. The skilled personal service necessary for its organisation is already forthcoming. A substantial part of the furniture required has been promised. An appeal for funds will probably take the form of a rent guarantee fund."

I am able to state that the appeal for funds has definitely taken that form. Mrs. Bridges Adams would, I am sure, be glad to furnish any further particulars of the scheme to those interested.

The address of the Central Labour College is 13, Penywern Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

WINIFRED HORRABUD.

POPULATION AND ECONOMICS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I should like to thank Mr. Drysdale for setting forth his reply to my fierce assertion so clearly in his fourth article on "Freewomen and the Birth-Rate." But I do not at all agree with his economic arguments.

I fail to see that there is any "*law*" as to the rate of increase of man or the rate of increase of man's subsistence, and consequently any law as to the ratio between the two. Notice how cautiously Mr. C. V. Drysdale words the law which he asserts: "that *uncontrolled* population always *tends* to increase faster than subsistence." Malthus appears to have introduced the word *tends* into his later writings because it was pointed out to him that improvements in agriculture may at any time enable harvests to jump far beyond our appetites: if at any time, why *could* not improvements *constantly* keep ahead of needs? Just as the skill with which man carries on his agricultural operations (a skill which can be increased at will to some extent, if attention is directed to agriculture) is important in considering the amount of food he can produce, so are human institutions a great factor in determining the rate of increase of man. I feel disposed to ask what an "uncontrolled population" is: thus the state of the poor-law, with its grants of eighteen-pence per child in relief to labourers, the sudden demand for child labour in factories, the abandonment of the term of apprenticeship until the end of which the artisan had been used to defer his marriage, are stated by historians to have been causes operating in Malthus's own day such as led him, "looking at the circumstances of his own era," to formulate "the principles of population in terms which give an exaggerated impression of the tendency for a redundant population to arise." Population is "controlled" by many things: by an unmarried woman's desire (as things are at present) to get out of a factory or shop into a "home of her own": this positive encouragement would be checked in a society where wealth and leisure were better distributed. It even seems as if poverty, by keeping men without any spare energy to divert beyond the needs of their physical existence, increased the birth-rate (even if it does not increase the rate of growth of the adult population): so that, "where population has long been steeped in poverty, the prudential check is weak, and it becomes stronger with growing wealth. It has been too weak in the poverty-stricken past; and the present condition of France and the frequent complaints of the new American race suggest that it may very probably prove too strong in the richer future." Why is the rate of increase of the population in Australia so low? Does it not seem as if prosperity checked the population, and poverty increased it; that poverty causes over-population more than over-population causes poverty; but this is neo-Malthusianism with a vengeance, for it directly contradicts all that Malthus said. "In the better-class Forest Gate Ward of the Borough of West Ham, the excess of births over deaths in 1906 was 9.1 per thousand of the population. In the poor Tidal Basin Ward of the same Borough, the excess was 18.9." The masses of the poor are born poor, and remain poor, and *because* they are poor they tend to reproduce rapidly: it is not the population that presses on the subsistence, but the smallness of the subsistence that creates the large population.

Mr. Drysdale argues that we see no lack of food on the market, but that "there never is sufficient to feed all for the whole period [from harvest to harvest], and the adjustment is caused by the high prices, which prevent the poor 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," for the products of the land in use (he says, following M. Giroud) only yield, when divided up equally, two-thirds of what we need for physiological health. But no test can be made of what the present population would produce if it produced things in the natural order of their necessity: food may, at present, be produced and never brought to market, but left to rot because it does not pay to sell it. "The adjustment," in a society where incomes are monstrously unequal, is obviously very badly made, and (apart from all question of what man *could* do) we are led to supply diamond necklaces to one person before all have been fed. Economic supply and economic demand are quite different from the possible supply and the real needs. The effective economic demand for food, the supply of distributed money to pay for food, is now so slight that it ceases before everyone is fed.

In order to maintain his position, Mr. Drysdale has to do much more than merely assert that Kropotkine's scheme of intensive culture will not put off the pressure of population on subsistence at all, or not for long. He has to show that by no invention, such as the use of electricity to fertilise the soil, can the food supply be made

to increase more rapidly than the population. There is a limitation on fertilising material, no doubt, but new discoveries enable vast new supplies to be extracted and used.

He has to show that the world suffers from want of food and not from want of power to purchase food. The amount of coal in the earth is limited, but it will, I expect, be universally admitted that the poor man who in winter can afford no coal does not suffer from the niggardliness of Nature, but from the working of the capitalist system of production: the coal-mines are not nearly exhausted yet. The countries on the Continent which erect tariffs to shut out imported foods, evidently think that the poverty question is rather a question of inducing the capitalists to allow the workers to produce food in such a way as will yield a profit to them, the capitalists, than a question of a universal shortage of food. The fact is, that the limit of the food the earth can produce, owing to the limited amount of matter that the earth contains, is quite unknown, untested and untestable, and need keep no one awake at night. The amount of manure obtainable may actually have its limit, but the sudden discovery of the rotation of crops in order to return to the earth the exact constituents taken from it by the previous crop—this discovery at comparatively a quite recent period shows that the art of manuring by extracting from the earth or the air exactly what is needed to be put back somewhere else by the decay of some animal or vegetable matter—indicates that at any time further surprising improvements in treating the soil could be made.

I think Sir James Crichton-Browne recently suggested that fish might be bred in enclosed parts of the shallower seas and that thus a very great increase of yield for the same amount of labour might be obtained.

It is sometimes argued that periods of bad trade are accompanied by a lowered birth-rate, and that this shows that population presses on subsistence. But bad trade is never directly stated to be due to over-population—it is rather due (in a minor degree, at any rate) to under-consumption, and the cycle of trade is too short, the return of the bad trade too quick, for an alteration of population to be its cause: it would, therefore, seem that the interconnection between trade and birth-rate shows how sensitive we already are to future possibilities and how little we already allow "uncontrolled population" to press on subsistence. The pressure of population on subsistence would presumably show itself in the lowering of the real value of wages. Can Mr. Drysdale show that, other things being equal, where the pressure is relieved, real wages rise: if we compare France with England, for example? Modern economists go so far as to argue that "in England, *at the present time*, with easy access to abundant foreign supplies of raw material, an increase of population is accompanied by more than proportionate increase of the means of satisfying human wants other than the need for light, fresh air," etc.—this because of the increasing return obtainable in larger scale industries, where there is more subdivision of labour and better organisation—the argument obviously does not greatly appeal to the Socialist, who is more interested in destroying the power of the exploiter than in keeping up the amount of the total wealth of the country.

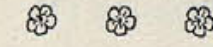
All the people who say that if the working-man asks for more fresh savings will be invested abroad instead of being invested here are afraid of any limitation of members accompanied by a higher standard of comfort such as might make the workers better off. This shows what a "no thoroughfare" the continuance of the present system offers to all hopes of improvement.

At present the providence of the manual workers demands early marriages, at the time when their earning capacity is greatest, so that their children are born before their employment and wages decrease.

Theoretically, no doubt, the cultivation of land differs from manufactures in that as it proceeds lands of worse quality have to be used, and there is "a law of diminishing returns," so that new "lands" do not create as much food for themselves as the old ones did. Further, although improvements, such as steam-driven agricultural machines, decrease the work needed for production, they are believed to be less effective than in manufacture, because of the difficulty in collecting the harvest over a wide area which they create. But the danger of food shortage in these days of railways seems really fantastic: want of purchasing power is much more obvious than want of food which could be purchased. I could write up a scare about the limited quantity of the earth's atmosphere and the coming struggle for breath: but would it be sensible?

The population question, like the drink question, is important for the welfare of individuals, and I believe in the use of preventives, and therefore agree that Mr. Drysdale is doing good work (apart from what I consider his mistaken theory) in maintaining the morality of their use: like the drink question, the population question is of no importance at all in explaining the existence of a poor class.

Apparently, no one wants to show me that the vote raises wages.—Yours faithfully, ARTHUR D. LEWIS.



[*Erratum.*—We regret that owing to a printer's error in Mr. Birnstingl's article, "Uranians.—II.," in last week's issue, the word "Sapphist" appeared as "Sophist." —ED.]

A Matter of Taste.

NO, Mr. Birnstingl, the difference between us is not a difference of degree. It is either fundamental or nothing—I am not quite sure which. For I am still somewhat in the dark as to where you stand, and I suspect that you are in a similar predicament with regard to myself. For you start by misrepresenting my statement with regard to the question of competency. What I said was that "homosexuality is one of those subjects which those who are competent to discuss would prefer to leave alone." I did not say, as you make me say, that competent people *should* desist from discussing these matters. If I thought that, I should act accordingly. As to my competency, the fact that I have for nearly a quarter of a century been professionally engaged in the study of human nature may count for something. But I leave the question to readers of THE FREEWOMAN to decide.

The first point I want to clear up is a point which seems to me of paramount importance. Are we discussing sexual inversion as a factor of endowment, or as a factor of character? Endowment is the raw material of human nature; character is the finished product. A man's inborn qualities, physical or mental, are not justly to be considered matter for censure or praise. It is a misfortune to be born deformed, but it is not a crime. Many deformed persons have been useful and honourable members of society. So far, I am sure we are agreed. The great Immanuel Kant was, for example, a man of pitiable physique. He was, nevertheless, an intellectual giant. Who cares to-day to remember his physical defects, except in so far as they may encourage others who live under similar disadvantages?

But the converse of this holds good with equal force. There is nothing, *ipso facto*, praiseworthy in being physically deformed or otherwise abnormal. There is nothing, *ipso facto*, praiseworthy in being born male with the instincts of a female. That may be the awkward material served out to you by Nature: all that concerns us is what you make of it. Every human being is in some sense an incarnate contradiction: the task assigned is the achievement of individuality, that is, the evoking of har-

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mony out of discord, unity out of multiplicity. The more discrepant and complex the factors of endowment, the higher presumably the potentialities of the personality; but also—here is my point—the greater the danger of failure. And failure in this task involves nothing less than the collapse and disintegration of the personality.

Mr. Birnstingl assumes that what I call effeminacy in a man differs only in degree from what I call femininity. But that is not so. Femininity is a matter of endowment: every man is more or less feminine: pure and unmixed masculinity is an abstraction which does not occur in real life. A man may possess much of the grace and charm of woman, her small hands and feet, retentive memory, quick perceptions, nimble wit, concrete interests, tenderness, even such minor faults as physical weakness and consequent timidity, not only without incurring reproach from other men, but even so as to gain their special affection and regard. But once let a man overstep the line which divides *femininity* from the least suspicion of effeminacy, and he will incur the aversion, yes, and the downright contempt of his fellow-men. It is no idiosyncrasy of taste on my part which makes me feel and write thus: it is the ineradicable instinct which warns us to shun the conditions which make for decadence and disease.

What, then, does one imply when one calls a man effeminate, since it seems that there is no evading the difficult task of definition, and since I reject the suggestion that it is all a matter of degree? An effeminate man is a man who deliberately apes the sexual conduct (normal or otherwise) of women. I use the term sexual conduct in its widest sense, to include, among other things, all those practices by which women attract the sexual interest of men. Many of them are, even in women, distinctly pathological: in men they are abominable. I refer to such things as the abuse of cosmetics, tight-lacing, the wearing of high-heeled shoes, the affectation of a mincing gait. Men tolerate such things in women, more or less contemptuously: does Mr. Birnstingl ask them to tolerate them in men? If so, and if public opinion could be converted to such laxity—which, by the way, is by no means inconceivable, however unlikely—there are men (I could name one or two) who would gladly appear in hobble-skirts and frilly petticoats. There are men, as Mr. Birnstingl must know, with whom it is more compromising for another man to be seen in the street than with a prostitute. I am sorry for such men; I regard them as invalids; but I decline to hold Nature responsible for their vagaries, except in the sense in which Nature may be held responsible for *anything*.

I wish to point out that my definition of effeminacy is one which cannot be considered unduly exacting. It leaves a man perfectly free to indulge all his legitimate predilections. He may knit stockings or embroider tablecloths if he have a genuine faculty for such work, without incurring the reproach of effeminacy in my sense. For I agree with Plato that occupation should be determined by capacity and not by the irrelevant consideration of sex. I am quite willing, for example, that women with a taste for fighting should form a regiment, if there are enough Amazons forthcoming. But I shall not easily admit that a human being may be anatomically male and physiologically or psychologically female. And I question whether those who contend that this often occurs realise the extreme difficulty of proving it. The factors of environmental influence and of suggestion and *mood* have to be eliminated; and this is wellnigh impossible. Nor does Weininger's theory of sex-affinity, rightly understood, support such a contention. If we take the sexual formula of a true hermaphrodite as 50M + 50F, and that of an extremely feminine male as 51M + 49F, it is obvious that the nearest affinity of the latter will be a *woman* with the formula 51F + 49M. It is true that such a man might, on Weininger's theory, be very strongly attracted to another man of the same formula as his own. But not so strongly as to the complementary *woman*. But Weininger's theory, after all, needs confirmation; and, assuming its adequacy, does not help us much, seeing that we are miles removed from the position of being able to form a quantitative estimate of the sexual make-up of a given individual. Moreover, it is to be remembered that Weininger was very far from regarding sex-differentiation as a *mere* matter of degree.

In this and the preceding article I have denounced effeminacy on the ground of distaste; it may be objected that this is too personal and superficial a standard. But I maintain that matters of taste may be of primary importance; and that to waive their significance is a sign of psychological ineptitude. It is true that we are proverbially warned against arguing on matters of taste; not, however, because they do not signify, but because they are too fundamental. Morality is, when you get to the bottom of it, mainly, perhaps exclusively, a matter of taste; so are religions. The rise of Christianity was in essence the abrogation of the classical and the substitution of a romantic standard. There can be no question but that we are at present engaged in a new revision of our traditional tastes. We have carried the process far, and shall carry it further; but it is to be presumed that we shall stop somewhere. And I hope that we shall stop short of disregarding those deep-seated instincts which warn us from the sloping edge of the abyss of vital dissipation and racial ruin.

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Dulayut, a Siamese Child.

I.

SHE was cradled in roasting heat. Her mother, an inferior wife, timid and humble withal, did not have the expensive European doctor. It is true he had already visited the house twice. Once he had pulled the master of the house through a bad attack of cholera. And when the Mia Luang's (the head wife) twin boys were born, he had been sent for, and kept waiting for four hours, though she persistently refused to see him.

A *maw tamyaa* (a midwife) was good enough for Wayo, however; and, being gentle and uncomplaining, the usual methods were practised on her unsparingly. The blankets and hot bricks were packed tight round her slender body, the windows of plaited fibre were closed and tied with strips of attap palm-fibre as tightly as their bamboo frames would allow; the largest chinks were all stuffed with cotton, and the door was shut. All friends who could stand the atmosphere were invited to stay inside, and there was always a relay of betel-chewing gossips drinking cold tea from tiny cups. They squatted and chattered on the floor round Wayo's humble mattress. It occurred to no one that quiet might be good for a newly born babe and its mother, and all day long the noise went on. The heat was stifling day and night. Nevertheless, the baby throve. Even at that stage, Dulayut was a happy little philosopher, and lay contentedly enjoying her mother and the temperature of 99 degrees. She was untrammelled by clothing, having successfully resisted the silver bangles which the nurse tried to force on her ankles.

As the days went on she showed a determination to get to the cooler air of the window-chinks.

"Mè!" commented the nurse, holding the kicking little legs, "dekh ni wun wai ti diow!" (what a fidget this baby is).

When, the fire ordeal over at last, the exhausted young mother crept about again under the mango trees, Dulayut the babe kept up her character for decision. Many were the astonished "Mè's" as she showed her like or dislike of individuals.

"I never saw a child like her," said one to another. "She's not like a Siamese child. As restless as a farang."

"Well, she isn't pure Siamese."

"Pootoh! Who told you that?"

"It's quite true. The grandfather was Indian. Can't you see Wayo's not a true and proper Siamese? Look at her nose, long and pointed like a dog's, and her chin sticking out. And eyes! Big, glaring when she is displeased, just like the English Mems' that come to see the head lady, only theirs are blue like cats' eyes."

"True, true. And Wayo has queer ways, too. She says what she thinks, like a farang. Depend upon it, she'll get into trouble some day."

"Mè! She's black, too; not pale, like the Siamese."

Dulayut was naturally a happy child, full of fun and laughter. She was slender in limb and delicate in feature, her Indian blood showing in the pointed nose and chin, the setting of her eyes and the carriage of her head, and the very dark skin. What the women in the compound said of her mother was also true of her. "She showed what she thought." Had she been the Mia Luang's child, her cleverness would have been considered amusing, and flattery and applause would have completely spoilt her before it was time for her to have a top-knot. But as it was, many a beating and pinching and joint-racking her frankness brought her. When only five she was whipped formally by the Mia Luang herself for inconvenient truthfulness. Two of the lesser wives had quarrelled about a clandestine correspondence, and when the Djow Kong (the master), roused from his mid-day sleep by the noise, came to settle the dispute, he could get no testimony from any of the women and children crouching around. "*Mai saap*" (I don't know), "*Mai daï hen*" (I didn't see it), reiterated the experienced youngsters and their mothers, all too knowing to take sides. Dulayut had been inattentive, and was playing with the Chinese puppies. Suddenly catching a question, she burst out, "*I* did see. I saw Khoon Jeean give a letter to Mè Seeam—*no!* not to Mè Roatfye," she insisted. "Mè Roatfye was sleeping." Nobody doubted Dulayut. But Mè Seeam was the head wife's favourite of the moment. So, for proving her a liar, Dulayut was punished. And Wayo, trembling with suppressed anger, watched from her crouching corner while her child was beaten. In spite of a succession of incidents like this throughout her childhood, Dulayut was happy. Wayo had no other child, and she concentrated on the sunny little dark thing all the latent intensity of her Indian blood. So there was no lack of affection. Each day, too, brought many tangible delights. The early bath, for instance, with her mother in the shady creek, where they

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splashed one another, standing in the muddy water under wide, cool trees. Children abounded in that house—her own half-brothers and sisters, as well as the children of slaves—and in the joys of play Dulayut forgot easily all domestic slights and injuries. Gathering flowers for the necklaces and elaborate floral compositions which her mother helped to make for cremations and hair-cuttings, was also a constantly recurring joy. Her father's property was large, and all the children in the compound, whether his own or those of his meanest slave, roamed freely through gardens and banana and mango groves. A marked day for Dulayut was that on which her half-sister, Korat, the Mia Luang's daughter, came back from the new school at Arunapah. It was at the end of her first week there, and she talked of nothing but the novel doings.

"We eat rice three times a day, and we sleep on high beds, and do theatre in the evenings."

"Do the Krus beat you?"

"Not beat. They are kind."

It was as a concession to her husband, not by her own wish, that the Mia Luang had sent her daughter to the school. She disapproved strongly of anything that might upset Siamese use and wont. She hoped Korat's own dislike would induce her father to take her away. Great was the mother's disappointment when the child insisted on being washed, oiled, and perfumed before it was light, on the morning she was to return to school.

"Kru told me to come back before nine," Korat said, patiently waiting at the boat-landing about seven o'clock.

"Strange," commented the women on their return from escorting her to school. "The pupils all seem to like the school and the teachers!"

"That's enough!" decided the Mia Luang. "It can't be a good school if the pupils like it."

Korat always came bustling back on *Wan Goan* (the day before the Buddhist Sunday) full of important details. She sometimes passed on scraps of schooling to eager Dulayut.

"I want to go too," the little sister once plucked up courage to say to the Mia Luang.

"Mè! What grasping! It's much too expensive. Who's going to pay fifteen ticals a month (about £1 English) for you?"

A day came when Korat announced that she had begun English.

"I know English now. *Baw* (the letter *baw*) is *Bee; Daw* is *Dee!* It's quite easy!"

She volunteered to teach Dulayut. But this soon led to Dulayut's being punished by the Mia Luang for saying that Korat couldn't explain English. Dulayut sobbed out afterwards to her mother, "It isn't the beating I mind. But I shall never be sent to Arunapah, and if I don't go, I shall be stupid and ignorant when I am big."

The superintendent of the school was so touched by this story (instanced by tell-tale Korat in proof of Dulayut's wickedness) that she did not cease to appeal to the father until Dulayut was at last admitted to the school.

Terribly afraid she was at first of the white-faced English teachers, their loud voices, and rapid, bustling ways. There were many daily ordeals. But Dulayut learned quickly, and was very happy on the whole. To her great disappointment, she was put back to the Siamese alphabet, and kept for some time at the three R's in Siamese. In three months she had progressed so much that she was allowed to begin English. Very proud she was when she could write "Dulayut" in large, wavy letters. She was learning other lessons, too. The Mia Luang often commented on her curious farang independence.

"She's forgetting her manners. Yesterday she stood up before me instead of *klaaning* (crouching on the ground). And when her grandmother said the French had left Chantabun, she said it wasn't true! She's proud. She thinks herself as good as Korat now. She needs a lesson."

II

A great entertainment was to be given at one of the important Princes' palaces. The King was to be there. Nearly everybody from Dulayut's home was helping in the preparations. Dulayut picked red bougainvillea and white mali blossoms by the thousand short off the flower stalks, while Wayo strung them into hanging pagodas and garlands for doorways and ceilings, or made large sweet-smelling ropes for the neck. With a big knife in her little hands Dulayut hunted through the wild parts of the garden for hidden pineapples. These she helped the Mia Luang to cut up and heap in silver dishes. All the wives and children were to go. The Mia Luang liked the importance of a large following, and even the humblest could be utilised. Dulayut never doubted she was to go. She secretly hoped that the King might notice her. Anyhow, she should see him quite close, and hear him speak, perhaps. She was up very early and dressed, even to face-powder and mali wreath round her top-knot, long before the other children had scampered out to bathe in the heavy morning shower of the rainy season. She gazed at herself in the still mango pond, the only mirror she had ever used. It reflected a slender, graceful child, the Aryan type showing in the skin (darker than the Siamese), and in the cutting of the nose and chin and the setting of the large eyes. When at rest her expression was grave and thoughtful; but as she admired the reflection of the heavy silver bangles at wrists and ankles, the powder on her face, the stiff panung draped round her slim legs, and the new jacket from the English shop, a wave

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of sunny laughter transfigured the sweet face. She felt a glow of love to all the world. When the Mia Luang waddled into the big hall, Dulayut thought she was as beautiful as an angel. The Mia Luang wore dainty blue velvet shoes, gold-embroidered, high-heeled, and having no side-pieces, so that they dropped off her bare heels with a clicking noise as she walked. Her Manchester-printed panung was starched, and it hurt her as she walked: hence the waddle. Her jacket was new, the "latest" from the big English shop on the Ching Cha road; it had cost 120 ticals (about £8).

"How lovely!" whispered Dulayut to her mother, gazing at the jacket. It was of wide-checked Scotch *tweed*, slashed with purple velveteen, and trimmed with coarse lace, feathers, and bright magenta ribbons in bows and streamers. The wearer was visibly perspiring even at this early hour. Across the jacket a broad sash of crimson silk crossed from shoulder to waist. Throat, fingers, and wrists blazed with jewels. She wore no hat. Her short hair was oiled and combed into an erect brush all over the head. The satin-smooth skin of her face was powdered in white dots like snowflakes. Twisted round each ear, the blossom hanging down in front, was a red hibiscus flower. As she passed along, ultra-scented, the children and most of the women crouched low on the ground. Even her own daughter Korat put her palms humbly together, holding them high from her kneeling posture, as she caught her mother's eye. The mother looked approvingly at Korat's gala dress, but as her eye fell on Dulayut she stopped suddenly.

"Why are you dressed up so? *You* are not going with us"

Dulayut glanced up, wai-ing beseechingly. She must have heard wrong. She—not to go? and Lapoon? and Gia? and Taphan? and Saap? and even Cheua? Were *they* all going?

"Stop wai-ing," said the Mia Luang calmly; "it's no use, you are not to go."

Dulayut found words at last. "But my mother is going?"

"Wayo is going—yes—she must carry my betel-box."

And the head wife waddled on, signalling to Wayo to follow closely.

"Dulayut neednt go to school to-day," she added. "There's no boat to spare; they're all wanted at the Tewadah Palace."

And—they all went. All the wives, all the children, except a dozen or two of the meaner slaves and their little ones, too dirty to be allowed to swell such a grand gathering. "And no one cares. I am left *alone*."

Dulayut tore off her fine shop jacket, her rings and bracelets, and the flowers in her ears, and flung herself on the deep grass under the mango trees. She hid her face. "Beware of the snakes," called the slaves, and the children stood round, jeering. They considered Dulayut's emotion their share of the fun. She, in her deep misery, cared nothing for their mocking laughter.

"A boatman from Aroonapah with a message," said the slave girl crouching near her, some hours later. "The teacher wants to know why you haven't come to school to-day; the boatman is waiting, and what am I to say?" Dulayut's sobs had long ceased. She raised her head. A wild plan came to her. She would write to the "Kru." Never in her life had she written a letter. She didn't even possess a sheet of paper. But she remembered that in a book her father had left near the lotus pond three days ago there was a blank piece of paper. He had looked at the paper, pencil in hand, when reading the book; but Dulayut was certain he had written nothing. She ran to the lotus pond. There was the book still, on the brick path, and covered with black stinging ants. The paper was still sticking out. She seized the corner of it, pulled it out, and shook it free of ants. Several ants fell on her bare feet, biting viciously; but she did not notice the pain. Now for ink and pen. She spread out the paper on the brick pavement while the slaves crowded round, marvelling loudly at her cleverness. She wrote lying on the path, slowly, all up and down in Siamese.

Day the 15th, October, year 113. "This is to let Kru know. No one is here. They have all gone to the Tewadah Palace. Only Dulayut is left behind: she is unhappy." The sense of her wrongs overcame her afresh as she wrote, and the square Siamese characters went sloping up and down. But she signed her name firmly in Siamese, and clinched it in English, so that the Kru (who got cross sometimes over Siamese letters) should not fail to know who had written it: Dulayut, who was left alone, as if she were nobody's child, and had never been sent to school at all. The letter despatched, she felt less miserable. The joy of protesting was on her, and lasted for a whole hour. *Then* she drooped again, and wept bitterly in the farthest corner of the darkest empty room she could find. It was past noon, and the King must be now going round among the guests at the Palace—carried aloft on his golden chair, and dressed splendidly. Oh! how beautiful he must look, shining like the sun! But here—alone—what cruel darkness was on everything. To think that Korat could go so smilingly, carelessly, actually *pleased* that Dulayut should be left behind among the slaves. If even she could have gone to school, she might have forgotten her sorrow and indignity there.

"Where *is* she? I *will* find her," said a well-known queer voice in broken Siamese—and through her tears Dulayut saw the head teacher at her school and Mom Chow Dockmye with her. Dockmye was a slender, graceful Siamese girl, older than Dulayut, whom she had always befriended in little school troubles.

"Mai dai." "Mai sabai" (You can't see her. She isn't well), reiterated the slaves, trying to keep the intruders back. But they persisted, and half led, half carried Dulayut to the boat that had brought them from the school. "Dai" (She must come) was all the English Kru said, smiling but determined; and Dulayut was soon on the glowing hot river. Seated in a little covered boat between her two friends, she sobbed despairingly.

"Poor little Cinderella," said the teacher; "let her cry, Dockmye."

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