TO WHAT END IN LIFE?

To one who stands aside from the whirl of human being for a while to observe it, its most curious feature is not that no one seems to know for what he is living his life, but that no one appears consciously bewildered by such a fact. Round and round we all whirl, old and young, sage and simple. Barely one stops to ask why he is part of the whirl, or to what end the whirling is. What is the purpose of human life? To a self-conscious mind, an answer to that question seems necessary before one can rightly set about living at all. To such a mind, it would seem necessary at some period of this life to set oneself a standard of being worth the effort of achievement, and of which one could say at three score years or four, “Towards this Ideal of Being in myself I have effected so much. ’Other Heights in other lives’; but here my gain is so much.” But men and women do not talk like this. Barely one does Life the compliment of taking it seriously. A little food, a few clothes, a little money to buy a few toys, a few jokes, a little chagrin, a little weariness, and then the end. A man sinks back into the unknown, without sufficient knowledge of the purpose of his being to know whether he has been a success or a failure. A mole, grubbing under the ground, would realise almost as much. There can be only one explanation of such a state of affairs. Although we have wonderful creations of mind all about us, of self-conscious mind we have scarcely anything worth speaking of. Had we, our aimlessness would be inconceivable, save by madmen. Real mind would find its bearings, or would strain and break, or put itself out in face of so intolerable an affront to its nature. No wonder an Empedocles plunged into the volcano’s throat baffled with the problem of being. No wonder Omar drowned his questions in wine:

“Why not knowing,
Nor whence, like water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as wind along the waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.”

To have thoughts like these singing through the brain, and to find no answer to them, works madness. We are saved from fears of madness, it seems, because mind is too little aware of itself to be puzzled with its own existence. If the mass of us to-day had self-conscious minds, the principal question for individual and State would be this: What are we for? An answer would be sought with as much feverish haste as a man would make lost in a maze and seeking a way out. So if we stand out of the whirl at all, we have to find a solution, or make one; and to some of us it seems that human life and endeavour is meant for just this—the intensifying of the self-consciousness of the mind. Mind to work alone; mind to be independent of material circumstance; mind to develop a new kingdom of its own; mind to know its own wants and satisfactions: this appears the final good, the ultimate end, in the life on a human plane. Below the scale of humans, subhuman life had other purposes; above the scale of humans, superhuman life will have other purposes; but life for us is a straining and striving after a mental—a spiritual—man, who, finished and revealed, is the superman. We strain and labour to the godhead—with our mind.

The difference between the subhuman world and
the gods of whom we become dimly aware is a
difference in mind. The difference between our
lusts and passions is a difference in mind. Our
lusts pall us and tire, because they are subhuman
satisfactions. Our passions magnify our being,
because they satisfy our mind. Pulsations both, the
one of body, the other of mind and body; the same
in kind, but infinitely separate in degree.

So, discovering a purpose in life, we can frame
its standards, and, when fully realised, we shall
know its new tabus. Anything which exerts an
adverse influence upon the growth and individuali-
sation of mind is pernicious and to be suppressed.

This is the question which now demands an
answer from women. Mentally, they are already
seriously inferior. Are they prepared to remain
inferior? If not, how do they propose to advance
in the realm of mind? To advance, it is not
equal to be free. They must do. They must
create; and the activities which stand in the way
of their creative powers must be arranged for or, if
need be, put aside. If the activities relate to chil-
dren, the woman has to answer faithfully this
question: To whom is her first duty, herself or the
coming generation? We hold, her first, second, and
third duty is to herself, and, that duty being ful-
filled, she will have done her duty to the coming
generation. The mind which can discover the stats
in their orbits can devise a second perfect way of
feeding a child. If it has not done this already, it
must set to work again. It can be done, and, in
adequately perhaps, it is being done; but it will
have to be done more adequately. Do the women
who make so insistent a virtue of a mother feeding
her own child consider how the more highly strung
mothers have nothing with which to feed them, and
the more complex the mother's temperament, the
more often it is so; that the mere mood of the
mother may poison her child's food? Do they re-
member the far from desirable effects which followed upon the epidemic of natural child-
feeding caused by Rousseau's flaming exhorta-
tions to naturalism? Do they ever consider
the strangeness of the aesthetic repulsion of
many women to the process, in spite of its recog-
nised pleasure? Without in the faintest degree
encouraging the artificial feeding of children if
natural feeding is possible, the suggestion is merely
lauded out to indicate a possible development—or, to
use a word which ordinarily we use only with sus-
picion, i.e., a possible refinement—in the artificial
feeding of children, tantamount, perhaps, to as
natural a development as the losing, on aesthetic
grounds, of the useful garment of hair, which we
once wore, like our kinsbodies the animals. The
suggestion may be far-fetched, and the medical
folk may say it is hopelessly wrong, but, whatever these
physical specialists may say, it will not alter our
opinion that, if the feeding of babies is to interfere
with the mental development of women, it is the
feeding of the babies which will have to give way.
This we regard as a dangerous thing for a
feminist to say, because it is the thing which the
enemies of feminism propely and which feminists
always hasten to disclaim. We think they hasten
too much. Feminism may work out that way. We
think that the most specious, but falsest, theory of
human development is that which seeks to find its
realisation along physical lines. One would
imagine, from many well-meaning people's theories,
that to rear a ruddy-cheeked son, ten feet high,
with features which we call regular, was a consuma-
tion greatly to be desired. To our mind, the
only thing which counts in the value of off-
spring is the amount of mind which they can show;
and we believe that the strenuous-working mother
is more potent to bestow mind than her more com-
fortable sister, the "housewife," even should she
find herself unable to provide her child with its
earlv nourishment. Not only has the child a better
chance in life with these endowments. Along its
life-career, it has a mother whose interests still live
in the world and are not limited to the household.
So we believe that the acceptance of the idea of
woman as an individual is likely to lead to many
serious structural modifications in the physique of
women, and it is certain that it will lead to a serious
modification of the value of relationships between
mother and child. Once she has ushered the child
safely through the period of life, with the woman, it
has always been the child that has mattered. To
be sacrificed for her child was to fulfill a duty and
do the right. So it came about that the female
baby, which was so wonderful at birth, and so im-
portant, grew, and developed her powers until they
approached the period of fruition and of full useful-
ness, but only to fail a captive to her babe—which
was the next generation—as her own mother had
fallen captive to her. So ran on the ineliminable
chain—never the female individual adult; always
the babe merged into the mother, and the mother
again in the babe. The mind products of the female
individual were never harvested. They were always
diverted at the moment when they should have been gathered in and used. And
so now: until women reach between twenty and
thirty they do not know what they are, or what they
can do. Until then, they are the haphazard pro-
duct of myriads of progenitors, whose inherited
qualities they have been working out into self-
conscious power. Then, just at the moment they
are becoming conscious of themselves, they become
overborn by the needs of all of the recreations of the
generations which are waiting to come. Between
the weight of the past and the droppings of the
future, the female adult is reduced to the level of
the mere link—the chain which unites the two.
When she realises that she is an individual, with life
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February 22, 1912

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THE GREAT ADVENTURE.
Life to me now I am young,
With loves unloved, and songs unsung,
Crowded with adventure high
An unknown country seems to lie.

When I am no longer young,
My loves all loved, my songs all sung,
Close on life's last throbbing breath
Comes the Great Adventure—Death.

MAUDE SANSOM CARTER.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The Miracle.

February 22, 1912

THE FREELANDER

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IT is difficult to realise that the miracle is even now happening. Things look just the same, and there are no portents in the heavens. They are just as they have always been, and it is said it would happen, sometime—sometime—everybody said it. It is true we have, all of us, felt it, when the old leaden grey. It is true we have, all of us, felt it, when the industrial history is on the borders of tragedy, but the tragedy which is looming ahead is as lightness itself compared with that which would ensue were its courses diverted. Not forgetting what a national and international strike would mean, we greet it with hope. Injustice retorted to by rebellion loses its worst misery. The injustice life cannot recover from lies enfolds in the everlasting patience with mean unrighteousness. It is a far better thing to lie quiet in a last sleep with a spirit and body purified by rebellion than to drag out a mean existence in cowardly submission, and nothing can make forgivable the long toil of purifying poverty, except this sudden uprush of spirit which flings off its slimy chains. The miners are demanding a minimum wage, some paltry shillings. For some petty details their demands are being resisted, with good effect, we think. Nothing more is wanted to make clear the indecent and brutal callousness of the "owners" who control the nation's mines. Of the million workers which comprise their numbers, last year, we remember, in carrying out the nation's work, two thousand were killed, and a quarter of a million wounded. As a nation, we have barely brushed from our eyes the picture of those Lancashire homes whose sons and fathers were entombed in the mines by the hundreds, and of the brain-tired women who, week after week, kept warm the supper nightly in the ovens for those who would not return. We now adjudge the delicate balance as to whether the miners are entitled to a minimum wage. We are, indeed, a stupid and brain-clogged people. We are even now arranging to turn our rifles upon the survivors. Gla­morgen has asked for 3,000 cavalry and infantry immediately. Cavalry and infantry may be employed, but we do not believe they will act against the workers. The working men who make up the British Army will not enjoy the sensation of firing upon their fellow men. But if they do, it will not hurt the cause of industrial freedom. The impulse towards freedom has moved too far. With men finding their spokesmen as never before, with class consciousness articulate as never before, with a belief in the righteousness of their cause, and bound by links of sympathy to the workers of other nations as never before, history here, we believe—and hope—will not repeat itself. This great strike need not prove futile. The strike once safely afoot, the men cannot lose. We pray and hope that a meagre victory will not be mistaken for a triumph. The rights of the situation are simple. Let the issues not be confused by flimsy logic worked out on paper. At present, they are heroically simple. The land—the riches of its surface and its riches underneath belongs to the nation, and the labour of the workers belongs to the workers. The "owners" have drawn their "profits" and their "capital" from the mines time and time again. There were figures given by a thinking journal about mining profits which should be learned by rote by every miner and user of coal in the kingdom. The issue of the New Age of January 25 makes these statements. After referring to the means hitherto taken to conceal the real profits on the railways by means of watering of stock and "a thousand little ingenuities in the form of bonuses, writing off capital, reserves, etc.,” to make the declared profits look less than they are,” the journal, referring to profits in the mines, says:—

"For some reason or other the accounts of the colliery companies—mostly family concerns, it is true—are rather less fraudulent than the public balance-sheets of the railway companies. Except in, say, fifty per cent. of the instances, the profits shown are probably not more than fifty per cent. below the profits actually earned. From a list we have seen of about a score of our leading collieries’ balance-sheets, we calculate that the average rate of dividend confessed and revealed is ten per cent., which means that the total capital of the coal industry is paid to its proprietors every decade. This average, however, is composed of collieries that scarcely pay at all as well as of collieries that pay so handsomely that we wonder their owners are not ashamed to look their workmen in the face. In one Welsh colliery, for example, the dividend actually amounted to nearly seventy per cent. per annum; and this in a district where “labour unrest” has been occasioned by the demand of miners, not for an increase of wages, but for the restoration of wages to their former purchasing level.”

It is the same source which tells of the project of the miners’ march on London. How heartily we agree! If on the march they would pick up the wretched underpaid women workers of the country to meet their starved and body-rotted sisters here! Misery has gone too far. The labour-exploiters have become, happily, too insolent. We hear of the employer employing women whose fines exceed their wages; we hear of employers employing women for a day and a night and a day at a stretch in hot and steamy laundries, holding threats of dismissal over those who prove restive. We hear of women toiling with the needle for twopence a day. The streets are haunted and the prisons are full. On such terms we are no lovers of peace. In such conditions we have small respect for the preachers of peace. Those holders of easy doctrines of maintaining the peace to us appear no whit different from the person who could hear the cries of a young animal with a limb caught in a steel trap, and, without lifting a hand, smugly enjoin peace. This strike can quite possibly usher us into a new era of history. It can be the means of guaranteeing to the labouring man a share of his nation’s wealth; a share, if ably manipulated, put the workers for all time in an unquestioned position of supremacy. There seems every likelihood that it will spread to the miners abroad, and should it do so successfully, it should be only a question of hours to effect the complete capitulation of the exploiters of labour. May no adverse fortune frustrate the miracle under the guise of small gains.
The Home Office Atrocity.

If we remember our history aright, there was a time when Englishmen were so ready to resent a personal outrage that they plunged their country into war to avenge the national honour against a foreign nation because Spanish pirates had cut off the car of an English sailor. If we do not altogether desire a recrudescence of a spirit so sensitive, we nevertheless think that the phrase, national degeneracy, is wholly inadequate to describe the unmoved stolidity with which the country has received the tale of the inhuman outrage just committed on Mr. William Ball, a Suffragist prisoneer in Pentonville Gaol. Two months ago, this young man broke a couple of windows as a protest, justifiable or otherwise, against what he considered the heavy sentence passed on his friend who had assaulted Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Ball was sentenced to two months' hard labour, and because he was denied the privileges of a political offender, which he undoubtedly was, he entered upon the hunger strike as a further protest. Thereupon for five and a half weeks, that is thirty-eight days, twice a day, which is seventy-six times, we presume a tube was thrust through this man's nostril and down his throat, that some substance might be poured into his stomach. The mental effect of the process was such that the man complained of pains in his head and the sensation of electricity. Nevertheless, it was persisted in, for five and a half weeks, at the end of which time the man had become stark mad. The Home Office authorities, thereupon, without consulting the man's relatives, and giving them an opportunity to interfere, despatched him to Colney Hatch, from where finally his wife rescued him and placed him in a nursing home. Questioned as to this amazing atrocity in the House of Commons, the head of the Home Office department, Mr. Reginald McKenna made the statement that it was impossible that five and a half weeks' forcible feeding should drive a sane man insane. It is to be hoped that no one will feed the necessary to feed Mr. McKenna forcibly once, in order to be assured of his insanity. After his statement, a generous interpretation of his condition would be to consider him insane, which relieves us of the necessity of considering him a gross brute. In either case, it is very evident to us who have been inside the prisons, and know the kind of poor, driven, brow-beaten things whom he holds entirely at his mercy, that he is the last person in the world that the public should trust as the custodian of their poor and defenceless men. The honour and reputation of the nation is involved in the condonement of such acts of indecent, cold-blooded cruelty carried out under the aegis of a public Minister. The one bright feature of this story, to run away at sixteen from her respectable working-class home to "marry" the "ponce"—the male procurer—in New York City. Once there, bullied, beaten, deprived of clothes and shoes, de-bauched by the life, kept in a captivity which the police and the whole political machine were paid to protect, the wonder is how she managed to escape and to keep up the desire to escape. Escape, however, she did, only to sink lower and lower, until she was too repulsive to do trade with any customers save the scarred of the slums, and these only when they were stupified or maddened with drink. Fleeting from a scene of murder in a tavern, she mechanically makes her way to the Western State, to her own people. Her mother's horror at her appearance, greater than her instinctive desire to shelter, desires only to get her away from the house before her father's return from work.

"They were sent to feed the young man in the kitchen, as women awaiting the summons of death, when first one steam whistle and then another began to call across the town. It was noon, and the moment of puddler Denbigh's return. Without a word they walked, hand in hand, across the short back-yard, for no one had agreed, must not risk an appearance upon the street in the neighbourhood of her father's house. Without a word, Mrs. Denbigh's knotted fingers opened the latch of the whitewashed gate, and, still in silence, Mary trudged away. She did not look back until she came to the first corner, and, when she got there, she saw her mother's shrunk body still at the gate, the old hand waving, the apered figure shaking with sobs. It was still there when Mary reached the second corner; but when she turned at the third it was gone."

She returns to New York, and seeks out Rose, the brothel-keeper and her former captor. "But Rose, surely, when she went to the brothel, she shook, very positively, her masses of yellow hair. 'No,' she answered, 'I'm sorry, but I can't do that. It wouldn't be good business. You see, the life's got you, Mary: you're all in.'"

Regarding Mary, the rest is silence; regarding her like, the clamour rises daily. Miss Mary Macarthur, eight nights ago in the Albert Hall, told her audience that she had just presided at a workshop, where, after a week's work, the fines were such that the girls were in debt to their employers. What a hopeful thing! If only more
of the employers would fine their girls to this tune! When we can get the girls who take four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine shillings a week wages in London to tell their employers to keep the change, their cry will have reached to heaven.

Kauffman gives most of the methods of harvesting in. He even gives us the making of the "ponce." The entrance to these lower orders lies, as in most orders, and most businesses, through a period of probation: the lad of sixteen plays the rôle of watch-dog and spy for his superiors, for which he earns an occasional fifty-cent piece, or a casual keg of beer, vastly increasing his income if he now and then diverts, as he generally does, to the energies of amateur theft. From this stage he is driven on earnest efforts, to the possession of one girl, whom he bullies into working for him along the streets. He may occasionally appear as a waiter at a café, and offer his women to its drunken habitues; but most frequently he scorns all menial work, for which, in fact, conditions have utterly unfitted him. Sometimes he increases his slave-holding by the taking of a trick of women farms out his victims to friends of his own or other neighbour-hoods or towns: more often he delivers his human wares to the proprietors of houses intended for their reception, being paid in a lump sum, or on a royalty basis; but in either case his ambition is to provide, through an agency, to the possession of a large property-holder, or the political receiver of tribute. If he is an Italian, common consent limits his operations to the southern end of the Bowery. If he is a Jew, his field lies about the Houston and Essex Street districts; whatever his European parentage, he seeks his fellow-countrywomen, and if he is American-born he has the freedom of Broadway. His means are multitude. Wherever there is squalor seeking ease, he is there; wherever there is distress crying for succour, discontent complaining for relief, weariness sighing for rest, there is this missionary, this 'cadet,' offering the quick salvation of his temporal church. He knows and takes subtle advantage of the Jewish sisters sent to work for the education of Jewish brothers, the Irish, the Germans, the Russians, and the Syrians ground in one or another economic mill: the restless, neurotic native daughters, untrained for work and spoiled for play; the virile young lacer of the factory when it releases its white-faced women for a breath of night air; he is at the cheap lunch-room, where the stenographers bolt unwholesome noon-day food, handed about by under-paid waitresses; he lurks around the corner for the servant and the shop clerk. He remembers that these girls are too tired to do household work in their evenings: too untutored to find continued solace in books: that they must go out: that they must move about. And so he passes his own nights at the restaurants and theatres, the moving-picture shows, the dancing academies, and dance halls. He may go into those stores and rooms, more or less filled with immigrant girls, more or less decorated, where they learn to make a half-complete sentence of what they call the American language, learn what they are told are American dances—the whirling 'spiel,' with blowing skirt; the 'half-time waltz,' with jerking hips. He may frequent the more sophisticated forms of these places, may even be seen in the cafés of the more expensive class, journeying into the provinces. But he scents poverty from afar. Where training is too strong, or distress too weak, to make serve the offer of partnership, the promise of marriage usually suffices. The thing is done, and, once done, blows and starvation perpetuate it with the ignorant and stupid and even the shame rivet the shackles on the more knowing. The former suffer for their darkness, the latter are held faster in proportion to their previous respectability. One has said that this church is established; in every city it maintains its incestuous marriage to the State. It controls real votes by the thousands and provides false ones by the tens of thousands. It is a church that may be considered to exercise the old ecclesiastical right of trying its own offenders, with its own courts, and if its sentences have not begun as slavers, when they own no poor but highly rented houses, leased for prostitution, when they do not even accept tithes from the traffic, it is still largely the traffic that elects and can defeat them. What the Black Church owes to the political powers for their protection, the political powers owe to the church for its ballet of benevolence.

He paints the social reformer, Mr. Joshua Lennox, who keeps a draper's store, and who has reached a position of influence which enables him to assist noble charities by money amassed by paying his employees prostitution wages. He was the perfection of that noble work of heaven, a Prominent Citizen. Joshua Lennox endowed Bowery chapels with organs and meat supplies; he contributed heavily to missions among the benighted Japanese; he assisted in arbitrating strikes wherein his fellow-employers were concerned; he always served on memorial committees; he regularly subscribed to the campaign funds of all movements towards municipal and political reform.

His establishment was run by a seneschal modelled on himself, who was able to make an inquiry of a pretty, under-paid assistant with his eyes, and insist on an answer in the same non-committal form of communication. His daughter was beautiful, soulful, and college-bred, and spent her post-graduate period in slumming and settlement work among those whom her revered parent and his kind had helped to create. We are interested in this daughter, Marion, for though she is soulful and holds her neck at the opera at an intellectual angle, she represents a type which will yet have to be reckoned with. At present this type is silly and poseful, priding itself upon its "purity," and rather proud of being shocked by shocking things, reveling in the pose of the "pure woman." She was tall, and moved with assurance; her full throat rose above her dress, and none of her clothes cut her. Her hair was a delicately carved head—the head of a Greek cameo—held rigidly erect. The hair was a rich chestnut, the eyes large and brown, and the mouth at once firm and kindly. Her skin was very fair, her gloved hands long and slender.

"In the midst of Rivington Street there is a house that used, long ago, to be a Methodist parsonage. A little group of devoted women are doing their best to redeem, by social activities, the people of the neighbourhood from the benighted condition in which the people's lot is cast. This best has now been done for more years than a few, and the group still considers itself an active and efficient force in the redemption of the neighborhood. They are college-bred women, with the intellect which is not the meretricious and the moral and mental which is. They are even religious; they have a clean conscience, and a clean character, and a clean home, and a clean reputation; they are the people of the, on the contrary, have a great deal to occupy their attention besides their essays in social entertainment. For the most part they pass their days in really practical investigation. One of them will inspect the public schools, and impartially consider curricula and ventilation. Another will visit tenements, and impartially consider the conditions of the families living there; for the tabular benefit of the Russell Sage Foundation. A third goes into laundries of the best hotels, and..."
finds that these hostels force their washerwomen to sleep twenty in a room. Yet, when they return to Rivington Street, these daylight investigators spur them on to a further exertion, and go forward, not to teach the women the practical cause and remedy of the economic evil, but to form the boys and girls, the young women and young men, into reading groups, debating clubs, sewing circles, cookery classes, and elocutionary juntas. Their zeal is boundless, their martyrdom sadly genuine, and their work helps, perhaps, in the long run, more than humour in their ultimate complaint.

Some of our people we retain, but most of them slip away, and, with the best of fortune, we seem somehow able to do so little.'" Referring to the calculated discouragement of Marion's slumming activities in the area where her prospective husband, a lawyer and magistrate, carried on his unholy practice, "the point wherein these calculations erred was their underestimation of the momentum of girlish impulse. The method of consideration which makes one slow to reach convictions works beyond the convictions and retards one from action upon them once they are achieved; but the impulsive mind that bolts a creed unacquainted, straightforward drives its owner, in the creed's behalf, in the thumbscrews or the rack. It is from the pods of half-baked opinions that there is shaken the seed of the church. Marion meant to keep her purpose. It was Marion's prim purity which drove Violet away from the settlement. It was in order to please Marion's sensitive purity that the machinery of the police force was set in motion to entrap Violet. It was for Marion's sake that Violet whitewashed the record of the magistrate, that she might marry this politician who made his money by prostitution and bought his position by corruption. It was for Marion's sake and her mother's that her father sweated his workers and broke the lives of the women. It is her dulness, and her purity, and her monopolist position, or rather those of her class, which creates the demand which, in turn, creates the supply for vice. When, therefore, she and her sort cease to be pretty, pure, poseful parasites, many things will readjust themselves for the better, in this sad under-world.

"The Daughters of Ishmael" relates to American conditions, and it does not seem likely that the conditions of captivity in brothels are so possible in London as in New York. But to us this seems a wholly irrelevant consideration, as the captivity does not consist in shuttered window, locked door, and stolen clothing, but in the impossible financial position in which girls and women find themselves. When Violet escaped, and there was the whole world before her, was there any money-earning occupation open to her? There was not. The chief hope to women such as these is in the life of domestic servants; but housewives will not take this class of woman into their homes. And this is easy to understand. There is nothing more anti-social than the fear of infection and contagion, and these women suggest both. Who, under ordinary circumstances, will risk either? Not many of us, and certainly not in our own houses. It is suggested, in a very sympathetic leader in the Spectator, that the difficulties and dangers of the situation are perhaps a little exaggerated. We do not think so; in fact, the one criticism which might be asked is: ‘What is the use of considering the whole to the class which are driven into its area by sheer starvation?' As we have said, it is not only absolute starvation which is a factor. There is the factor of joylessness, and, as far as we can gather, the procurers and procurresses carry on an extensive can-

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Miss Rona Robinson's second article on "King's College for Women" is unavoidably held over owing to lack of space; also "Luang Sawat, B.A." Part II., by B. A. S.
Education from the Universal Standpoint.

III.—THE EDUCATION OF THE PARENT.

If man were truly natural—that is, if he in­
habited a warm climate, lived in the open air, 
were no clothes, and ate fruits only—it would be 
vain to suggest a means of getting health, or even 
of keeping health, for he would inevitably have it 
and keep it without making any conscious effort 
towards that end. But in any civilisation what­
ever, a perfectly healthy person is a great rarity; 
and not only is it impossible for any town-dweller 
to attain to great health, but it is also impossible for 
a perfectly healthy person to retain great health, if 
he becomes a town-dweller. The reason, of course, 
is that pure air, wide spaces, solitude, silence, starry 
eskies, earth—that is, real sweet soil—cannot be had 
except in vaguely proportion, even if pure food 
can be obtained. And power will slowly evaporate 
in consequence.

The position is, however, not so hopeless as it 
appears by that first statement. The whole of man­
kind cannot, of course, return at once to its heritage, 
but it will gradually go back to the earth by sending 
its child back into the one who, of course, is com­
elled to remain in the conditions in which they are to remain in those 
conditions, because they have not the power to 
break away and go out penniless into the world, 
could all get for themselves a far greater measure 
of health than they now possess if they only knew how.

It is a commonplace that a study of disease, how­
ever earnest, will never lead to health. We must 
think health, if we want to get nearer to it, 
and must force ourselves to smile, instead of allowing 
ourselves to brood. It is not only true that health 
makes happiness, but it is also true that happiness 
makes health; and it is well known that if we form 
outward signs of a smile and hold them there 
for a while, we feel somewhat of the inner emotions 
too. In the same way, we shall gain power if we 
learn to treat life as if it were a book, and underline 
the passages which we like, instead of dwelling 
upon the things that worry or depress us. If we 
think that fate is unkind to us, and that joys are meted 
audit, we have only to picture our­
obtive of higher things. Only when the brain is still can we be re­
pose, and dies.

There are different ways of speaking of these 
things, of this emptying of the mind. We can say 
that we look to the light, or that we go into the 
silence, or that we walk with God. The words and 
expressions differ, but the fact is the same—namely, 
that the power which we have in ourselves depends 
upon the extent to which we can draw from the 
all-pervading spirit; and we can only draw upon 
that spirit by learning to lay aside our thoughts at 
will and rest the brain as well as all other parts of 
the body. Only when the brain is still can the light 
work. Only when the brain is still can we be re­
ceptiveness of higher things. Only when the brain is 
still can we discover.

If we watch our small children, we see that they 
do not reason out what they will do, but that they 
act as their light prompts them; and they would 
continue so to act if they were given freedom to 
develop naturally. But civilised people, through 
living unnaturally, lose the keenness of all their 
senses, and then are forced to try and discover with 
their brains, or with mechanical means, what they 
ought to know sensitively, by feeling. Hence 
the educational systems established by civilised people 
always pay undue attention to mental work—so 
great attention, in fact, that most adults and it 
difficult to relax the brain at will. Of course, the 
brain is intended to be used, or man would not 
break away and go out penniless into the world, 
but it is intended, like the other more physical 
senses, for observation. It is not meant for dis­
covery. It has never discovered anything—and it 
ever will. All discoveries—spiritual, scientific, 
mechanical—have all been got by the light; for 
what we do not reason or a flash of inspiration is 
nothing else but something that has come through 
to us when the brain was still.

Take a case of common experience. You want 
our bodies by such subtle feelings that man can 
never think of it before the time when we 
may work. For the intellect has limitations, great 
limitations, and cannot comprehend eternal things; 
but the light of each one of us has been from all 
time and will be for all time. It can go forth into 
the fields of the infinite and can come down upon 
ton of the mind, the light that is in us, 


to our minds back, and those who are compelled by 
music, or any other art, only that lives which has 
been done by the light. The rest—that which is 
done by the intellect—has a vogue, serves a pur­
purpose, and dies.

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pose, and dies.
and then, when they are shut off, we become receptive of the message that it brings back—which we cannot catch, or we will continue to think.

Now, this attitude of receptivity, which some adults can only acquire after much practice, is the natural attitude of the little child. It is the attitude in which we are in harmony with the universe and at peace with ourselves. It is the self-effacement which Eastern philosophers teach, and which Western civilisations have misinterpreted as pessimism. It is the attitude wherein the seagull is one with the wave, wherein the child is one with the driven leaves, wherein a man feels his kinship to the stars. It is often mistaken for an attitude of idleness; but the silence of the child, as of the sage, denotes moments in which things begin to mould themselves—things which no lips can ever say.

Until we attain thereto, we cannot know great health or great happiness, and it was to this that Christ obviously referred when he said that, in order to enter the kingdom of heaven, a man must be born again and become as a little child. The kingdom of heaven, of course, a state of happiness: such power flows in when we can remain receptive for a long time that we feel reborn, and we become as a little child when we have an open mind and open heart.

We have only to abandon prejudice, and we shall see have revelation. And when things begin to come through to us we gradually get rid of all fixed beliefs, and know that there is no standard of right and wrong, and do not want to judge others or impose our thoughts upon our children. Then, indeed, we are on the way to wisdom, having got back to childhood, and having learned, probably by many unpleasant ways, what to avoid. Till we reach that stage, we can help ourselves and our children most by giving them freedom and allowing them to educate us.

PHILOV OLVER.

Population and the Food Supply. II.

NOW let us see what are the deductions from the law of Malthus which enable us to judge of its validity. Four of the principal ones may be given here.

1. Connection Between the Birth- and Death-Rates.—According to what has been said above, in order that population should be able to increase without restraint, the food supply must not only be maintained, but be increased by 4 per cent. each year. Now each country can not only maintain the population it has, as a rule, but can increase its supply of food, either by opening up new land, by improving its agriculture, or by developing its manufactures, which exchange for the food of other countries. In no country of the old world is this increase sufficient, but it seems to average about 1 per cent. per annum. As population cannot actually run ahead of food, this means that the rate of increase of population can only be 1 per cent., or 40 per 1,000, 10 per 1,000, per annum. Suppose, then, that we have a birth-rate of 50 per 1,000. This means that the death-rate must be 40 per 1,000, or four times the rate of New Zealand. If the birth-rate falls to 30, the death-rate can fall to 20, and we can only obtain the natural death-rate of 10 per 1,000 with a birth-rate of 20 instead of 50 per 1,000. If the birth-rate rises or falls, the death-rate will rise or fall with it.

This connection between the birth- and death-rate is an all-important one, and, as stated in my last article, it is most remarkably verified by the actual vital statistics of various countries and towns. I have put all these statistics in the form of diagrams, and the way in which the birth- and death-rates rise and fall together is the most remarkable fact in social science. This means that the fall of the birth-rate has produced an immense improvement in the conditions of the people, irrespective of any social reforms; while, on the other hand, no social reforms have been of any avail to prolong life, if the birth-rate has not fallen.

2. The Evolutionary Doctrine of Darwin.—No rational explanation of evolution could be obtained until Darwin—avowedly adopting the doctrine of Malthus—realised the struggle for existence due to the eternal incapability of food to keep pace with reproduction. This doctrine has satisfactorily accounted for the whole course of evolution, from the protozoa to man.* Not only does this verify the law of Malthus as regards the lower animals, but, by showing that man is evolved from them, it justifies the application of this law to him as well, unless anyone can give a justification for supposing that the law ceased to act at a certain stage.

3. The Absence of Nitrogenous Products in the Sea.—This verification is a recent one of my own, which appears to me of some importance, although Mr. Hunt apparently does not appreciate it. In my belief, the amount of life-supporting material in the earth's crust is very decidedly limited, and the doctrine of the struggle for existence teaches us that wherever means for supporting life exists, life will soon appear. Now, three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered by water, into which the drainage of the whole earth's surface pours. The great bulk of the nitrogeous waste of our great cities is poured into the sea, not diffused into the atmosphere, as Mr. Hunt would have us suppose. Every river brings down to the sea a certain proportion of organic refuse, and this has been going on for untold ages. If there were any real excess of life-supporting material, it is evident that it would be found in large quantities in the sea—but the sea contains no nitrogeous products. This can only mean that these products brought down by our rivers are almost instantly absorbed by marine life, and that any attempt at retaining them for greater fertilisation of the soil would only result in diminishing the supply of this material. This point is put by the query of H. B., who asks how there can be any deficiency of fish when quantities are often destroyed at Grimsby and elsewhere. It is one of the tricks of Nature that, while her general supply is insufficient, she tantalises us by sudden local bursts of plenty. The more complex civilisation becomes—and this is especially true of any State-controlled system—the less is it able to work efficiently without regular routine. The railway service and other facilities at Grimsby and other places are based upon a certain average supply, and a sudden large increase, such as occurs every now and then in the fishery, could not probably be coped with unless a large amount of extra labour and rolling-stock were kept available and idle during the ordinary times. This difficulty must apply to all perishable commodities, such as fish or fruit, which are very fluctuating in supply; and those who imagine that any State system would get rid of it cannot have had much experience of the inertia of the systems now in operation. The specialisation caused by the attempt to increase efficiency and obtain subsistence for larger numbers is that at the root of much of this wastefulness,

* I am fully aware, of course, of the part played by sexual selection. But no biologist pretends that this ever eliminated the struggle for existence, and it may be considered as simply a manifestation of it.
and while a large proportion of the people are concentrated in the great towns such waste will inevitably go on.

4. The Actual Deficiency of the Food Supply.—As mentioned in my last article, M. Giroud has made a most careful study of the actual food production available for the civilized portion of the globe for two years, 1887 and 1907, the former being a year of exceptionally great production. Here are his results in simple tabular form:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Population</th>
<th>Equivalent Population</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>754,800,000</td>
<td>564,800,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>929,000,000</td>
<td>697,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The standard ration given above is the amount required per adult man per day, according to the law than the upward movement of a balloon is likely to go on. To imply that we can "show that where the pressure is relieved real wages rise: if we compare France with England, for example?" I am much obliged for the invitation. If he will look at the Board of Trade Labour Gazette for November last he will find that from 1900 to 1910 the index number of wages in France has risen from 100 to 110, and 1.5 of the cost of living from 100 to 104, so that real wages have risen 6 per cent. in France. In England money wages have remained stationary, and the cost of living has increased by about 10 per cent., so that France has shown a 16 per cent. advantage over England as regards real wages during the last ten years. And it is further most interesting to note that in Ireland, where the population is practically stationary, money wages have increased almost in exact conformity with prices instead of remaining nearly stationary, as in England. I am afraid that the "modern economists," of which Mr. Lewis tells us, are most of them far too anxious to avoid countenanc ing the unpopular population doctrine to look at these and other facts squarely in the face.

The other only matter which I must venture to refer to in this already too lengthy article is Mr. Lewis' assertion that the poor reproduce rapidly because they are poor. This is one of the things which Socialists always tell us when they are addressed on the population doctrine. It is absolutely untrue. The poor reproduce rapidly because they are ignorant of the means of prevention, and for no other reason. Before the Bradlaugh and Besant trial of 1876 the richer classes had just as large families as the poorer, and it is simply the knowledge instead of pretending that improved reorganisation and no scientific improvements whatever are going to make the food supply catch up with and maintain an increase of population of 4 per cent. per year. Not even for one year is it likely that food will get ahead. To imply that we should wait until we have got the greatest possible amount of food before restricting population is like assuring an insolvent person, whose expenditure continually exceeds his income, that he need not retrench until he has got the utmost possible return from his business. Surely the more rational and humane course, if there is any doubt upon the matter at all, is to restrict families until it is proved that plenty can be obtained, instead of creating life in the mere hope that food can be obtained for it.

My claim is that the statistical verification of the law of the multiplication of the Mahanad is as follow from it, are sufficient to completely establish it to anyone who is accustomed to look behind appearances to their true causes, and that the apparent exceptions quoted by Mr. Hunt and others no more disprove the law than the upward movement of a balloon disproves the law of gravitation. As John Stuart Mill has said, the law of population ought to be regarded as axiomatic, and beyond the possibility of argument.

And beyond all this theory there are the facts that, wherever restriction of population has been adopted, people are living longer and healthier lives, and that, on the other hand, when the birth-rate rises, even in the more settled parts of Canada, the death-rate rises with it. Mr. Lewis asks if I can "show that where the pressure is relieved real wages rise: if we compare France with England, for example?"
Correspondence.

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

You are quite right. It is too soon for constructive work on the sex question. A great deal of rubbish has to be cleared away first. All cant must be got rid of: among the rest the mischievous variety of it which is to be found in the letter of P. Sherwen, and in many others which you have published—that overrating the natural infallibility of Nature is thrifty, consistent, and reasonable; in short, a trustworthy guide.

In pre-Darwinian days this optimistic view might perhaps have passed muster, but we all know now that Nature is not all-knowing, and that we may be quite certain that she may err. We have got to take Dame Nature as she is, thoroughly immoral, inconsiderate, "red in tooth and claw," careless of everything except the permanence of the species. We must make the best of her by studying her vagaries, allowing a certain amount of leeway, and considering them as our own ends. Of course, it is true that "nowhere in Nature do we find an instinct implanted . . . without a purely utilitarian purpose," but the two are often ludicrously out of scale, and the disproportion between the reproductive impulse in the human male and the necessity for it is a case in point. It is no good blinking the fact, which we must make use of, that it is a task set for civilisation has been to turn the wastefulness of Nature to account; in fact, to devise by-products. Civilization has been busy for thousands of years in performing this task, in turning the superfluous motor power into new channels.

What we are apt to forget is, that the power is being generated in an atmosphere of sin. Sex in itself provides the driving force for progress, not only for the race, but for the individual. Among women, at all events—I speak for my own sex—falling in love is still the readiest method of tapping a new source of power. It quadruples one's ability for it is a case in point. It is no good blinking the fact, which we must make use of, that it is a task set for civilisation has been to turn the wastefulness of Nature to account; in fact, to devise by-products. Civilization has been busy for thousands of years in performing this task, in turning the superfluous motor power into new channels.

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In these modern discussions on sex, people are too apt to focus attention on parenthood, and to forget the motivation of the animal passion of love which it has taken countless centuries to develop. Sexual intercourse is significant chiefly as a sacrament—an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—as a symbol of the mysterious force which serves to raise men and women out of common life into a more vital experience of incarnation and individualization. Compared with this, its role as a preliminary of child-bearing is a commonplace matter, and, as Mr. D'Auvergne pointed out, comparatively easy to regulate.

Let us by all means work towards a reasonably Eugenic regulation of parenthood, which should certainly include as free a choice as possible on the part of a woman of a desirable father for her child, even if he cannot be her exclusive mate; but the subject is not ripe yet for any legislative reform, except perhaps in the direction of easier divorce. The family, as a social and economic unit, is doomed. We who are working for the recognition of State responsibility for children are digging its grave; but it will die hard, and we must have patience.

Some day a woman will be able to choose whether she will bear her children to the State as a citizen or to a private man as his wife. That will be the age of Freewomen, and also of Free men, for no man will need to put his neck under the yoke of domesticity unless he chooses. He will be able to work untrammelled if he prefers to do so.

But let us beware of allowing this more prosaic animal side of the sex-relationship to eclipse the other, which is human and spiritual; and especially let us beware of a second kind of optimistic cant which takes for granted that the love problem and the parenthood problem are identical. It would be very pretty if they were, but we know in our hearts that they are not. Parenthood is a public function; the passion of love, though of immense social value, is essentially individual. Parenthood is an open and permanent responsibility; love is like the wind that bleweth, where it listeth: thou hearest the sound of it, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.

[With this letter we are wholly in agreement.—Ed.]

A Grandmother.

THE CHASTITY OF CONTINENCE?

To the Editors of The Freewoman.

I wonder if your correspondent Kathlyn Oliver means by "the degrading laxity in sex matters which is indulged in by most of the lower animals, including man." I rather think that, among animals anyhow, indulgence in the sexual function is severely limited to occasions when its exercise is physiologically appropriate, the male appetite being excited by the simple stimulus of the female effluvia during the breeding season, this activity occurring only at regular seasonal intervals.

With man the business is by no means so simple, and I think that when your correspondent talks of laxity, she
bad temper and a general lowering of the average of strength, at the same time obviating the unnatural complexity, which is also very annoying. The people regulate their family lives are one long orgy! unable to believe in a natural desire for children at suit-

She makes the usual wild statement that the children of is deplorable that the lady at once assumes that if married

The faculty of life, a mysterious sensory function with no connected with sex, and does not Weininger associate the

One of your writers has written you a letter which must have suggested to your readers that my letter of a fortnight ago was meant as a personal attack on him, for he does not think it worth while to explore by many grateful patients and friends.

Of course this is the usual attitude of the unimaginative young men with ideas that they want to ventilate. Of course, the lady has so cunningly availed herself of the in-

I send a pamphlet by "John W. Taylor, M.Sc, late Surgeon to the Birmingham and Midland Hospital for Women, whose recent death is de-

I have known young women anxiously inquiring of doctors and friends of the effects of such means, and to those the answer that it plays havoc with the nerves," seemed merely "I suppose I may sometimes be hysterical, and I shall try not to be." Whereas far deeper evil lies in having to begone for herself, her husband, and 

Robert Owen, the younger, published a pamphlet, which in most attractive and high-minded words promul-

I have read that he recanted or dishonesty in his system, though the fact is that he died—mad. C. V.

The drawbacks of the disablements caused in the life of child-bearing and bringing up many, are so very distressing in early married life; and I sympathise with those who have experienced them. A complete change of view and of life is necessary before such wise and experienced steps as Dr. Taylor desires can be taken. I think more knowledge and understanding is required to take in the meaning of the results which may follow prevention of conception.

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being Freewomen, and a decent man be content to be ‘a mere fertiliser.’"

(2) “The Free woman started well by defining itself as a non-freedom fighter.”

(3) The way to joy in love and marriage is for Freewomen to educate their mates to be as least as free and content as tom-cats.”

(4) Such an attitude is a purely personal one, and can only be judged by what a given temperament can accept.

To us it seems that our correspondent puts herself in the difficult position of having no employer and no market for her energies. She refuses to undertake the care of the children of other people who would be willing to pay her.
assumed the permanent character of that of men, it must
be of as permanent a nature," but I do not think your
article shows how this can be accomplished satisfactorily.
It appears that, to produce a healthy child, much of a
woman's energy is used up for some time before and for
a considerable period after the birth, and presuming the
child to be of normal size, many months must elapse before she can
leave the child to the care of a nurse. Hence, any work of a permanent nature seems impos-
sible, if one allows for the average woman having one or
two or even three children.
At any rate, an enormous difficulty is presented to the
wage-earner in ordinary business life, as at present con-
stitutes. After having worked her way to a good posi-
tion, she would be obliged to resign to give the necessary
attention to the young child; then, when she was able to
pass the responsibility on to a trained person, she would
have lost prestige in the commercial world, and be forced
to start over again, with the probability of another resigna-
tion becoming necessary in the near future.
I am dissatisfied with the present usual arrangements
regarding marriage—the thought of financial matters
having to play any part at all is repugnant to me; and it is
therefore more human point of view upon the subject.
I maintain that no healthy woman—and only such
people can be considered to be economically trained and
in a position to be independent—should be reluctant to advertise the separation of mother
and child. It is with the birth of the child that
the mother's duties begin. By nature she is meant to
comfort and care for her infant. Rather than spoil this
most beautiful of all relations—by going directly against the current of Nature—
and do otherwise than that which need not be more expensive than the average cheap
boarding-house. It should have a good plain cuisine,
and think and live as you breathe—individually. But if
your correspondence in particular, may not be aware that there
is no occasion for any special training of the family. But she would still remain "wageless," although
 undertakes great responsibilities.
Would Statutory provision for motherhood be advised? I
am anxious to learn, and no doubt other readers of
The Freeman would also be glad of any practical ideas on
this vitally important subject.
With best wishes for the continued success of your
paper,
Florence Graham.
February 13th, 1912.

The above is partially answered by reply to "Home
Workers," and partially by this week's leader. A further
article will appear next week.—Ed.)

A MOTHER'S CRITICISM.

To the Editors of The Freeman.

I feel that the editorial leader in your issue of February
8th calls for a mother's criticism, and as such I venture to
proffer a more human point of view upon the subject.

Undoubtedly, in some few cases, the suggested system of
"factory breeding" might be of advantage, but I
should be reluctant to subscribe to it, as it is not
suited to the child, or the mental training of the
family. But she would still remain "wageless," although
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A RETORT.

To the Editors of The Freeman.

A happily married couple is so rare a spectacle that I
feel my thanks are due to The Freeman for having
introduced me to the heretofore unheard-of species. And
the "gradients" themselves appear to be no less flabor-
gusted than we (the readers) at having found ourselves
out. Indeed, so great is their surprise, that they must
proclaim from the housetops that, though married,
they are still happy. By the way, I wonder how long they
have been married? (Pardon my curiosity.)

I think it would be as well for the "wife" to study her
husband a trifle less; be slightly less overwhelming in
her devotion to Him, and devote a little more time to
her own life. She may then find, probably, where igno-
crance goes, and knowledge comes.

"Marriage is the great school of continence"! This
statement is, obviously, so utterly absurd that I will not
trouble to refute it. I only hope that those of your readers
who are married will ponder over this matter quite
honestly, talk to their conscience man-to-man fashion,
and give you the result of their introspection.

Let me assure you—youth and all the consequences of it—that your readers generally, and this
respondent in particular, may not be aware that there
is a distinction between the terms lust, licence, prostitu-
tion, and free love, and that freewomen are not led by
men, nor wish to lead men.

Let me assure you—you who are the "wife of the
man married and happy"—that we who advocate free
relationships, and find no sin in the sexes having no designs what-
ever upon your particular husband. We do not wish
to rob you of him whom you have promised to love,
honour, and obey. We only desire to see him a free
man, and you a free woman, and your relation-
ship one of staunch friendship, unsullied by obligations
and duties, ties and certificates.

We want you to become disgusted with the barrack-
like existence you are leading to-day, to fill your mind
with thoughts higher than sex—other than sex—to feel
and think as you do now. But if you should ever decide
that your soul never wanders beyond the kitchen and the plush
suite of furniture, then these ideas of freedom and dis-
content will certainly not meet with your approval; it is,
nonetheless, a duty that they should. My best wishes for
The Freeman.

February 16th, 1912.
Rose Witcop.

THE IDEALISM OF SEX RELATIONS.

To the Editors of The Freeman.

I am glad to find that several of the correspondents whose letters have appeared in the more recent numbers of The Freeman have taken a higher view of the

A RESIDENTIAL CLUB.

To the Editors of The Freeman.

I am very glad to see The Freeman week by week dealing with this question, especially with the problem of how to emancipate women from the bondage of housework, and set them free to take their places side by side with men in the ordinary business of life. I believe that if some-
thing practical can be done on these lines it will be a far
more substantial gain than any mere political or legal
emancipation; for politics never fails in the long run to
reflect the general biological and social life of the nation.
It will be a great pity, however, if all the discussion which
is taking place results in nothing but talk, and I have as
yet looked in vain for any definite proposal emanating from it. I say therefore, though a mere man, make a
suggestion?

I would like to see formed a mixed residential club,
which need not be more expensive than the average cheap
boarding-house. It should have a good plain cuisine,
and if, as is very desirable, a large non-residential mem-
bership could be obtained, there ought to be plenty of
public rooms. People with families must be made wel-
come as residents, and a large, airy room must be avail-
able as a nursery. Everything possible should be done
to create an esprit de corps, especially among the resi-
dents, otherwise the responsibility for running the estab-
lishment would devolve upon a very few, perhaps only
one, and it would become a mere boarding-house. I think
it would be desirable to have the concern registered as a
cooporative society.

If the idea commends itself to the readers of The
Freeman, and if any of them care to take this into
operation, I for one would be very glad indeed to give my
support.

William H. Seed.
February 13th, 1912.

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sex question than those expressed by earlier writers to the paper.

W. B. Esson's reply to Mr. Upton Sinclair was especially welcome, and I should like to say that if the editors—while giving voice to all shades of opinion—would make it clear that they are not in any way further the cause of the apostles of licentiousness. It should be remembered that the spiritual includes the material, through which it is expressed. I feel that anything seen from the spiritual plane is seen as a complete and perfect whole; whereas the material, apart from the spiritual, is as corrupt as a form from which all life has fled.

Viewed by the idealist as the vital principle of Nature and humanity, sex is one of the most beautiful things in the universe. A man and a woman is a unit in its physical aspect only, it is perhaps the best.

If THE FREEWOMAN would take a more decided line in this matter, I believe that the paper would gain many subscribers.

WINIFRED ROSE CAREY.

URANIANS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I have been reading THE FREEWOMAN from the start, and I may say that my principal reason for doing so was the sympathetic way in which the Uranian question was treated. May I be permitted to say a few words on the subject? I belong to that class myself; although appearing superficially as a man, I am very much mixed physically, so much so that I know so to know it. Now I know myself fairly well, and naturally my powers of observation are keen in this direction, and the results of my observations are totally at variance with the disgusting generalisations of Dr. Whitby.

I do not know whether that gentleman is under the impression that a woman is a temptress that a man is a potential prostitute. It would seem that he is, as he denies to the whole unlucky Uranian class, where the male is only apparently and not actually dominant, the virtues of chastity and modesty. Now my experience of those who are as I am, and I can generally tell them, is that they are remarkable for both those characteristics. But as to myself, whom I know best, I can say this. Needless to say, the desire to mate with a woman has no meaning for me at all. But as to anything else, the mere idea of it does not occur to me. If I were to marry, I would marry a convent-trained girl, and anything coarse or foul, in conversation or otherwise, revolted me beyond measure. Now it is useless to blink facts. In all our instincts and feelings we are women, in spite of our outward appearance. Why, because Providence has laid this cross on us, should we, one and all, be supposed to lack chastity, the one characteristic which, speaking generally, so sharply divides women from men?

Women, as a sex, are chaste; men are not, though, of course, there are, as all know, numberless exceptions.

I may say, too, that, though the more truly feminine we are, the less we care to parade the fact to the world at large, although, as is natural enough, we dislike making ourselves the exact counterparts of every man living. We may do it, but we feel that it is inappropriate, and we have the natural female preference for some individuality of our own, the mere idea of which seems to terrify the ordinary man.

Speaking for myself, and I do not suppose I am in any way singular, I reserve my womanliness for a few friends with whom I love to play; and I regard myself as being a Uranian, a woman masquerading as a man, disguising or repelling them in any way. On the contrary, they seem rather to like the real, though hidden personality, as far as I can judge. To the rest of the world I am a reserved, passionless man, with whom it is absolutely useless for a woman to try to flirt, with little or nothing to suggest the true self concealed under the manly envelope.

SCYTHON.

THE NATIONAL VENDORS' SYNDICATE.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

The news which appeared in the press a few days ago that the draft of the new Imperial Naturalisation Bill had been sent to the Premiers of the Overseas Dominions for their consideration, has not called forth much comment beyond the general one that, as conditions for naturalisation in different parts of the Empire at present differ considerably, it will be a work of no mean difficulty to arrive at a compromise acceptable to all. But a point which affects women very closely has not as yet called forth any remark. At present, in Great Britain and all her dominions except those of the Antipodes, a woman at marriage takes the nationality of her husband. She has henceforth no nationality of her own. Australian and New Zealand women possess their nationality independent of marriage so long as they remain at home, but they lose it directly they transfer their residence to another part of the Empire.

The Australian and New Zealand Women Voters' Committee (London), who have been watching the proposed new measure from its inception at the Imperial Conference of last year, have pointed out in the Australian press that the position of British women married to foreigners must be carefully reconsidered. Last June the Premiers of Australia and New Zealand gave the assurance in London that the rights already possessed by the women of those countries shall be secured to them under the new Act. But it is high time the disability should be removed in the case of all British women. Even an opponent of Woman Suffrage can hardly defend the present antiquated law. Meanwhile, it is the duty of every enfranchised British woman to work actively for its abolition.

HON. SECRETARY,

Australian and New Zealand Voters' Committee.

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THE NATIONAL VENDORS' SYNDICATE,
55, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.
Our Prison System

The case of Mr. Ball, the Suffragist, must have come as a surprise to persons who are given to believing that prison life is being reduced, surely if slowly, to a humane system of detention. The optimism that is ever ready-to defend authorised iniquity has led us to believe that huge improvements were witnessed in our prison system from the time of Godwin to that of Dickens, and between the age of Dickens and the present time. If this was true, we should shudder to think what it must have been like when Godwin wrote his “Caleb Williams.” That work must have been a very poor indictment indeed.

It happens, however, that optimistic sentimentalism is not only wrong, but hypocritically so. Instead of our prison system improving, it is rapidly becoming worse. To-day, the Prison Commissioners place a premium on despotism and secrecy—which is the last refuge of despotism—that Englishmen would not have tolerated a century back. Yet we are told that political exaggeration was a rife as it is now. Perhaps it was more rife, for its agents were more notorious. I am taking advantage of the Ball case, therefore, to call attention to this curious evolution of our prison system, especially as regards political offences, because I am convinced that direct action and public opinion will destroy this despotism, as it can destroy every other despotism. And the secrecy of the Prison Commissioners, the impudence of prison governors, warders, and wardresses, and their craven attendants, has to go. The State will never destroy them. The people can.

In November, 1910, Mr. Hugh Franklin was sentenced to six weeks’ imprisonment in the second division for deliberately and intentionally assaulting Mr. Churchill. A month later, Mr. McDougall was convicted of an unpunished and, consequently, unintentional, assault on Mr. Lloyd George. McDougall was only eighteen, and Lloyd George received no injury whatever. It was thought, consequently, that McDougall would receive a light sentence. Instead of this he was sent to hard labour for two months. The difference between the cases was this: Franklin was a relative of a Cabinet Minister, whereas McDougall was only a poor lad.

Mr. William Ball was a friend of McDougall, and, regarding the divergences of sentiment as a political and social outrage, he very rightly broke a window as a protest against the sentence. He was sentenced to two months’ hard labour as a result. Ball insisted that his offence was a political one, as it unquestionably was. No heed was given to his protest, however, and he accordingly went on the hunger strike. Just imagine what now happened! Just think over the cant and hypocrisy of present-day civilization! Christmas Day is supposed to be Christ’s birthday. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It is merely a day that signifies the Pagan corruption of the Christian Church and the perpetuation of Pagan Solarism in the terms of Christian unbelief. However, custom and pre-Christian folklore have associated all sorts of sentimental traditions with this day, although such traditions have little effect on the realities of human sufferings. In prison, our social unfortunates are marched to church, amidst the shouting and curses of warders and wardresses, who represent the most vulgar, sordid, and despicable if pathetic outgrowths of our miserable civilization. Cravens before those placed above them by authority, but not merit!
the autumn of 1809, that reactionary son of the hypocritical G.O.M., Home Secretary Gladstone, said to the House of Commons in 1811, that he was proud to have stood in the dock about this time and to have been found guilty of sedition by a jury of nondescript shopkeepers, partly for ridiculing Gladstone's willingness bombastically to settle everything by saying he took full responsibility. When a man wars against the ashes of Dhingra as this mediocrity did, his "responsibility" tends to become a public scandal. Apparently the Government thought so, and transferred him to Africa accordingly. However, this worthy politician inaugurated forcible feeding, and the first victim was Mrs. Mary Leigh. She was pinioned by having her arms and legs held down, and her head was forced through the nose or mouth, and pushed down the throat. At the end of the tube was a cup, through which liquid was poured. Perhaps the chaplain was looking on, in case he was required to read the burial service. That would be in accord with his testimony of leading medical men that, in the case of sane, conscious, and unwilling patients, this feeding by force does not nourish the victim. It is consequently not only futile, but brutal and dangerous, being an attempt to undermine the strength of a starved stomach. Describing the process, Mrs. Leigh said—

"The sensation is most painful. The drums of the ears seem to be bursting. There is a horrible pain in the throat and breast, with noises in the head. It made my eyes gush out with water, and I was horribly sick. The after-effects are a feeling of faintness, a sense of extreme pain in the breast bones, and a noise in the ears."

Under a system where despotism did not pry into the communication of every prisoner, and punish with barbarities the slave who "splits," such hideous torture could not continue a day. As it is, Mrs. Leigh was forcibly fed for a month. At the end of this time the authorities were obliged to release her suddenly, for fear of killing her. As I have said, such treatment is essentially an economic question. At Newcastle, rather than forcibly feed Lady Constance Lytton, the authorities discharged her on medical evidence, stating that she suffered from a weak heart. To her lasting credit, let it be recorded now Lady Constance exposed this hypocrisie. Disguising herself as Jane Wharton, a factory girl, she again went to gaol—

and was forcibly fed. Only when, after seven days, her identity was discovered did the medical officer unearth her weak heart. Of course, Gladstone gladly took responsibility! Such is Liberal hypocrisy!

In all, twenty-nine women were submitted to this degrading treatment. Then the authorities succumbed somewhat to the public scandal. Under Churchill, a new set of rules were adopted for prisoners of the second division, which removed the criminal marks, and practically admitted the right of the Suffragists to be treated as political prisoners. In my "Life of Richard Carlile" I have shown how reaction prevailed, and the most atrocious tenaces were meted out to mild political and religious reformers during Carlile's early manhood. I have then shown how Carlile himself threw himself into the fight with energy and determination; and I have quoted his fearless remarks in the Republican and the Deist, which he edited from gaol. Whether incarcerated for sedition or blasphemy (and Carlile went there for both), he wrote as he liked from gaol, exposed the prison system, conducted and published correspondence, and denounced the prostitution of the Royal Court. Yet Carlile was feared more than any man is feared to-day. Attempts were made on his life, and he thwarted them by publicity. And the administration was the disgraceful Castlereagh one, with all its borough-mongering and corruption.

In every modern prosecution for sedition, the Crown Attorney will repeat, parrot-fashion, "an accepted definition of sedition," which the Court will readily take for granted, notwithstanding its incoherence. As a matter of fact, this piece of rhetorical nonsense was placed on the Statute Book in 1819, and was part of the infamous Libel Bill which was then rushed into law, with other despicable measures. Although this definition is quoted by the Bodkins of our time with a solemn earnestness that is positively funny to any prisoner possessed of a grain of humour, it was recognised by the very men who rushed it into law, as a total physical absurdity. How, under the guise of the Authoritative Governmental despotism quailed—e.g.—

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Earl Bathurst wanted a man to be liable to sentences of transportation, outlawry, and banishment for sedition. That fines and imprisonment were not sufficient to deter men from a repetition of such offences was proven by the fact of Carlile, after he had been charged, repeating his offence up to the very time a verdict had been secured against him.—Dec. 9.

The Earl of Carnarvon stated that it appeared from the informations on the table that there had been no prosecution of libels in 1819, and only Carlile's in 1819.

The Duke of Wellington shared Earl Bathurst's views. The existing laws were not strong enough to cope with the existing evil, and it was necessary to pass a new Act. "A man like Carlile, who had continued the sale of his libel after conviction, and had also published it in another form before sentence was passed upon him.—Ibid.

Lord Holland thought that the noble duke should have gone one step further, and have shown that the court was unable to punish such an offender. Nothing else remained for their lordships except to apply the penalty of death.—Ibid.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Solicitor-General declared that the House had to judge of the character of the Petitioner meeting by its leaders. There was Carlile, who, in his Republican, was continually saying things as strong as that "we had a mock Lord Mayor," and "the mock Parliament had no time to take up arms and play the man."—Nov. 24.

The Attorney-General wished to suppress indoor discussions such as those that had been proposed to be debated at Hopkins's Chapel, Soho, viz. —

(1) "Which of the three professions has the greatest tendency to harden the human heart—the hangman, the grave-digger, or the parson?"

(2) "The Lord Chief Justice Abbott's refusal to allow Mr. Carlile to read the Bible as a part of his course of his defence arose out of a real respect for the sacred writings, or from the fear that their supposed absurdity and folly might be exposed thereby?"—Dec. 8.

To this, one must add the fact that Christianity was deemed part of the common law of England by Carlile's judges, who treated him in the most disgraceful fashion on his trial, and gave orders
whereby his shop was raided and his goods and money stolen. His convictions were hailed also by papers from gaol in the first division, every effort read and pried into by minor prison officials; and although the regulations allowed as it was to Carlile; letters are opened and again, to fight several of these points through. But to the treatment meted out to a political prisoner like myself. I promise, if ever I go to gaol.*

Since Carlile’s time our prison system has been “reformed.” It was being reformed at the time of Carlile’s death. Just before that event, Carlile had sat by Holyoake’s side at the Gloucester Assizes, and heard the latter sentenced to six months’ imprisonment. Holyoake was treated as a felon, and not allowed to edit a paper from gaol, or write and receive letters, or secure visits, as Carlile had been. He showed some defiance, however, and was allowed to wear his own clothes. Forty years later, Foote was sentenced for blasphemy and deprived of even Holyoake’s privileges. He wore prison clothes, and was treated as a felon. Here it has to be remembered that Holyoake and Foote were indicted under the same laws as Carlile had been indicted under, sentenced under more “Liberal” régimes, and feared less by the powers that be. Neither of them possessed the revolutionary aban- don of Carlile. It must also be borne in mind that, on Mr. Foote’s second trial resulting in an acquittal, the principle, so long maintained, that Christianity was part and parcel of the Common Law, was repudiated by Lord Coleridge in a summing up that was a legal precedent. Coming down to the Stewart-Gott trial of last year at Leeds, we find Mr. Justice Horridge excusing even vulgar attacks on Christianity, yet still sentencing Gott and Nikola to “third division.” Here, then, is the situation: The Statute Law remains what it was in Carlile’s time; the Common Law superstition, under which Carlile was most abused, has been abandoned by the Judicial Bench; public opinion is more tolerant; yet the treatment is worse. I offer one reason for this. English people have lost the fire and love of liberty Carlile and his brave shopmen and women possessed. The death of Carlile synchronised with the commencement of the reformulated, constitutional, post-borough-mongering statesmanship, and, trusting to constitutionalism rather than to defiance, the English people have learnt to submit to a prison despotism Carlile and Leigh and Henry Hunt would never have tolerated.

I pass to one other point, the question of “political” or “first-class misdemeanant” treatment. In this connection I am not referring to the abnormal and specially privileged treatment meted out to Dr. Jameson and his irresponsible band of jingoes, but to the treatment meted out to a political prisoner like myself. I promise, if ever I go to gaol again, to fight several of these points out. But I have this to say now: Correspondence is not allowed as it was to Carlile; letters are opened and read and pried into by minor prison officials; and although the regulations allow to prisoners the right of sending papers from gaol in the first division, every effort would be made by the conservative prison hirelings to render it impossible for a rebel writer like myself to edit his paper from gaol. Yet a rebel journalist lives by his pen as much as his hack brother.

We have progressed, then! Borough-mongering days are behind. We have “reformed” prisons, and “Liberal” administrations, and secret ballot. We know genius has suffered imprisonment, and we extol the work Bunyan wrote in his dungeon. Yet we have substituted the power of a prisoner to expose the daily horrors of the prison-house with a secret despotism that corrupts and lies and bullies. We surrender the rights that were jealously main­tained a century back in face of quite as corrupt and powerful an administration, and reduce them to the “special concession” of prison Commissioners and irresponsible Home Secretaries. The whole thing is a grave public scandal that can be remedied only by direct action on the part of prisoners themselves, and revolt on that of the workers outside.*

**Beauty and Progress.**

TOWARDS A PRINCIPLE FOR A NEW SOCIAL SCIENCE IN ART.

If we shall agree that Earth’s more cultured creatures depend on Beauty for the mere consciousness of their most exalted qualities, which they may realise only with her sanction, we must respect also their claim that she is the noblest offspring of Nature, worthy to be sought for herself alone, even as the most elusive divinity. And perhaps the light of this truth will aid us to apprehend that where Beauty is discovered in her highest form, conditions most kindly disposed to progress shall be found. Herein, then, is the essence of our principle, whose sufficiency to interpret social progress will not be denied when it is seen how much broader is its foundation than that whereon the Science of Society now rests.

Nature, so often vaguely imaged as that far-away first impulse from which all things are sprung, is more amply conceived as the final unity wherein creation shall be merged. But in this finality we see Perfection, a thing of such frequent near relation to Beauty that it is become an efficient synonym for that term, at all times potent to evoke in us sensations similar to those which the sublime quality itself inspires. And by thus conceiving Beauty as an emblem (out of due season, we may not presume to say) of that ultimate perfection whereto Nature is constantly aspiring, we are schooled to perceive how a rigid attention to her highest phases, and, so far as they may be traced, the causes which produced them, will enable us elsewhere to induce those same conditions, and so aid the Great Mistress in the making of all things lovely. But, in common with all neologies, this last criterion of progress will permit of no com-

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The genius to perceive that typic Beauty is the culmination of all that in human thought and aspiration is worthy to persist made of Da Vinci the profound mystic he was, and enabled him to express, in a world-picture so magnificent as the lost "Mona Lisa," the innate nobility of that most wonderful of all poems. For this sense of the mystic correspondence of all realities, impelled him to secure, also, from where they lay rotting in the mire of misapprehension, the frayden remains of the true Christian teaching, and with them to weave and for all time fix the type of the Christ Himself, a type which brings an appeal so forcible, so instant, to our "imaginative reason" that we cannot doubt for one moment the verisimilitude of the portraiture. Leonardo's Christ is the true Messiah, not of the Gospels, but of Saint Francis of Assisi, of Tolstoi, and of the Wilde of De Profundis.

It will be remembered how Walter Pater sets Flavian pondering the incidence of poetic epochs, with the melancholy foreboding that the period wherein his own talents were fallen would not appear, in retrospect, as of the highest among them. This was the prescience of approaching death, for the young Flavian, had he lived, would have been in advance of his time; and the tendency to precede, in thought even, the epoch of which he himself was so essentially a product, gave birth to the conviction, to be confirmed thereafter, that he was possessed of genius in excess of the time's requirements. Or, more truly, he was aware of a Fate impending that would not delay to strike so soon as a discrepancy appeared. It is sound warranty for the high quality of rhythm in the art of Pater himself, that, having seen Flavian thus pondering, we are able to predict on the instant, as a thing inevitable, his all too early end.

But it is the naive consistency of Life, the entire absence of change, that is so amazing and of such comfort to the Mystic, to the one appreciating Pope's cry of "All that is, is right," will add, on his own impulse, remembering the demands of rhythm, "But all that remains unchanged till then will, as surely, be wrong to-morrow—nay, even a moment hence." Or, with Browning, so long as his Deity be more of a God than a spirit, that world would appear to him, as the Poet may proclaim: "God's in His heaven; all's right with the World." Though for this, of course, as one who would seem to wait upon Destiny, he shall be named "reactionary," since among his critics will be found a few at least (one may be forgiven for supposing) to whom he will be difficult and "obscure." But if he shall assert that the lengthening of Flavian's life, by so much as a moment, the brain of a Machiavelli, the madness of a Nietzsche, the cobwebs of Flavian's life, by so much as a moment, the brain of a Machiavelli, the madness of a Nietzsche, the)
February 22, 1912

AN APPEAL

WITH this issue The Freewoman will have completed the first three months of its existence. The record and prospects of the paper have just been carefully gone into, and the proprietors of the paper, Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co., in view of the living interest which the paper has aroused amongst thinking men and women, have decided that the existence of The Freewoman shall be continued. This continued existence, however, constitutes a very considerable financial loss each week. This, perhaps, is what might be expected in the early life of any journal of serious import, but the editors feel that in view of the remarkable interest which has been shown, there is no real justification for the weekly loss continuing. In view of the financial support accorded us by our publishers, a support but rarely extended to philosophic journals of a revolutionary nature; in view of the contributions so readily given for the sake of their message; and in view of the energy which has been unflagging on the editorial side, we feel we are justified in making a very special appeal to the fourth party concerned in the paper, i.e., the general reader of The Freewoman. We ask that every existing reader should get at least two new subscribers, and so break the strain which at present weighs upon our financial resources. We ask for this individual effort because it is not possible, even were the means to hand, to adopt conventional methods of advertisement, as The Freewoman can never find its readers among the general public. We feel that the only feasible method is to rely upon individual recommendation of the merit of the paper. As we have complaints daily from readers regarding the difficulty of getting the paper regularly and promptly, we beg that those who have difficulty in securing the paper will become direct subscribers from the publishing office. Those to whom it is not possible to become subscribers, we ask to become more persistent in their demands upon the bookstall and newsagents.

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Subscription Forms and Contents Bills for display will be forwarded with much pleasure to any reader who is able to help in this manner. Such help will be very greatly appreciated.

“FREEWOMAN” CLUBS.

It has been pointed out to us by friendly critics that The Freewoman contains each week matter so highly debatable, and of such serious human import, that it is difficult to digest all that it contains, and to find one’s bearings, in view of the many articles which express opposing points of view. It has been suggested, therefore, that Freewoman clubs, or informal gatherings of men and women, should be started for discussions, of which the weekly Freewoman would form the basis. Of this nothing from several readers, we highly approve, and pass it on to other readers for their consideration.

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