

# THE FREEWOMAN

A WEEKLY FEMINIST REVIEW

No. 16. VOL. I.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1912

THREEPENCE

[Registered at G.P.O.]  
[as a Newspaper.]

Joint Editors:

DORA MARSDEN, B.A.  
MARY GAWTHORPE

## CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
MR. WELLS TO THE ATTACK: FREEWOMEN AND ENDOW- MENT. By H. G. Wells	301	CORRESPONDENCE:		CORRESPONDENCE— <i>continued</i> :	
TOPICS OF THE WEEK:		The "I am" and the "I do"	310	The Æsthetic Status of Sex	313
The Third Party	303	Development of Food Re- sources	310	Individualism in Morals	314
A Militant Psychology	304	A Coming Famine?	311	"Freewoman" Clubs	314
SEX AND THE STATE. By Wordsworth Donisthorpe	305	State Endowment of Motherhood	311	Australian and New Zea- land Women Voters' Committee	314
SOLDIERS, SHEPHERDS, AND THE WOMAN QUESTION. —I. By Josephine Baker	306	The Feeding of Infants	312	WHERE WOMEN WORK. III. —Clerical Work. By Various Hands	315
THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO GRANVILLE BARKER. By Rebecca West	307	The Individualism of Motherhood	312	LUANG SAWAT, B.A.—III. By B. A. S.	317
"THE DANGEROUS AGE." A TRACT FOR THE TIMES. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. W. M. Gallichan)	309	In the Name of the Nation	312	FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By G. L. Harding:	
		Group Houses	312	Japan	318
		Who are the "Normal"?	312	South Africa	319
		The "Normal" Again	313	China	319
		The Transmutations of Sex	313		
		Mind and Body	313		

## MR. WELLS TO THE ATTACK: FREEWOMEN AND ENDOWMENT.

WE have very great pleasure in bringing to the attention of our readers Mr. Wells' reply to our challenge on "Woman: Endowed or Free?" We hope that the attacks on the Freewoman's position in this matter will increase and not decline. We hope that there will be no backwardness among Endowmentists. As nothing less than the establishment or disestablishment of a serious goal of endeavour is at issue, the matter is worth strenuous backing on the part of its supporters. Next week we shall reply. We have prefaced our own questions to Mr. Wells' answers:—

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

THE FREEWOMAN is too bright and intelligent a paper to indulge in wilful misrepresentation of a position she doesn't approve of, but she is rather wickedly wrong about what she calls, begging the question to begin with, the State Endowment of Mothers. It's the State Endowment of Motherhood she's thinking of, which is a very different thing. It's not human beings we want to buy and enslave, it's a social service, a collective need, we want to sustain.

Here are the answers to her questions, from one who has staked his poor reputation for intelligence on the State Endowment of Motherhood:—

1. Does State endowment of mothers mean an adequate subsistence grant to mothers—say, £100 a year or so? or is it a dole to mothers—perhaps 5s. a week?

1. It means an adequate subsistence for the

child and for the mother so far as the child needs her. "How much" depends upon the standard of life prevailing in the community and upon the resources available.

2. Endowing the mother, does the State propose to make her subsistence grant sufficient for the child also, and, if not, on whom does the cost of maintenance of the child fall?

2. See answer to 1.

3. For what period before birth is the grant to be in operation—nine months, six months, three months, or one?

3. A matter of common sense and convenience. Six months perhaps.

4. If the child lives, how long is the grant to continue—one year, three years, or seven years, or what?

4. The payments will be made to the mother as first and principal guardian of the child so long as it needs a guardian.

5. If the child dies, is the mother to continue to be endowed, or, being deprived of her child, is she to lose her endowment as well?

5. The payments only concern the child, and cease with its life.

6. If the period during which endowment is fixed extends through a number of years, will not women be able to earn their livelihood by continuously giving birth to a small number of children?

6. I presume that the payments will be a pretty complete maintenance for both mother



and child before birth and until the child no longer engrosses the whole of a woman's attention. Afterwards I presume it will fall in amount so as to prevent a woman living parasitically on a solitary child. But there is no reason why a woman disposed to specialise as a mother should not do so through many years.

7. After spending the best years of their lives in bearing children, are women to be thrown aside when their bearing period is over? If not, will not a State pension be necessary at the close of the period?

7. This is only a special aspect of old-age pensions, and is not relevant to the present discussion. It applies equally well to sterile women who have spent the best years in teaching or editing.

8. If this be so, does not this amount to a permanent State maintenance of all adult fertile females?

8. That depends upon (a) the adult fertile females and (b) the ability of the State to discourage excesses of philoprogenitiveness by diminishing allowances.

9. If to the number of those females maintained by the State there be added on the number of children they bear (perhaps also State endowed; certainly not self-supporting), can such a State avoid bankruptcy?

9. This is the general question of Socialism and the available resources of a civilised community. The community *now* supports (through extravagant and wasteful individual media) *all* non-productive females and *all* the children in it.

10. Of whom, for financial purposes, is this State which is to provide such maintenance composed other than money-earning men and a few sterile women?

10. Productive people always have and always will produce everything that is spent in the community.

11. On whom is the motherhood tax to be levied?

11. Why suppose there is to be a tax *ad hoc*?

12. Is it to be a poll-tax on adult men and women, including bachelors and spinsters?

12. Nonsense! *Think!* I'm surprised at you.

13. Is it worth while taxing mothers in order to refund them their money?

13. My *dear* lady! if you go on like this——!

14. Will the protected position of mothers lead to a rush into motherhood?

14. No greater rush need be feared than exists now. It would be quite easy to check an increase of the population by diminishing allowances, and to stop a fall by increasing them.

15. If so, is this increase in the population wanted?

15. Answered.

16. Is there to be any limit to the number of a woman's family?

16. No compulsory limit is necessary—a financial discouragement of excess works very effectively nowadays. (Cp. ex-President Roosevelt on "Race Suicide.")

17. If so, on what grounds is limitation to be made?

17. Welfare of the children and society generally.

17a. Will endowment increase with size of family?

17a. Abundantly answered already.

18. Are all women to be eligible for motherhood?

18. I imagine it would be possible to define "unfitness," and of course the State will not endow the motherhood of unfit women so far as unfitness can be defined.

19. If not, what is to be the standard of eligibility?

19. There we fall back on the wisdom of the medical profession.

20. Who is to set the standard?

20. The collective intelligence working through the organs of Government.

21. Will the standard be a physical or mental one, or both?

21. Both.

22. Will the State require to exercise restricting rights over the selection of fathers?

22. So far as "unfitness" can be satisfactorily defined.

23. If so, by what standard will fathers be judged?

23. Same answer as 20-21. Sauce—goose—gander.

24. Will the State-endowed mother have full control over her allowance? or

24. She is guardian and trustee for the child, and I suppose she will be removable in case of culpable negligence or manifest incapacity.

25. Will the father be able to exercise rights over it?

25. I think not, but there, many who are with me thus far depart from me. I think a father ought to have a right of action to dispossess an incompetent, vicious, or extravagant mother and set her aside, but the rôle of the normal father should be, I think, one of friendly advice, and not of legally sustained intervention.

26. To whom does the child of the State-endowed mother belong?

26. To itself, with the mother normally acting as its guardian.

27. If it belongs to the State, will not the State have to provide for its maintenance until capable of earning its own livelihood?

27. Even without the first hypothesis, yes.

28. Would marriage be necessary as a qualification for endowment?

28. "Marriage" may mean all sorts of different things, but I think that people ought not to incur the liability to parentage without forethought and public formalities. But then I have very liberal views about divorce and marriage; so liberal that I will leave 29, 30, and 31 unanswered. After all, these are quite secondary questions, not affecting the principle of endowment, but only its application.

[29. If so, and the mother should complain of the poor quality of her child from the particular stock, would the State allow her to choose a father outside the marriage bond?

30. If so, why enforce marriage?

31. If it should be maintained that the mother should choose rightly at the outset, can it not be counter-maintained that in these things you never can tell?]

—Your constant reader,

H. G. WELLS.



## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

## The Third Party.

QUITE the drollest things about the coal strike are the daily exhibitions of agonised frenzy which certain leader-writers and platform orators have worked themselves into over the unmerited sufferings of a "Third Party" in the business—the General Public, to wit. There is, for instance, one morning paper which has been a daily delight for nearly a week.

On Saturday the *Morning Standard* said this:—

The Welsh coalowners are prepared to keep their pits empty until the union funds are exhausted and the strike pay ceases. Then the men would come in again, having learned a useful, and, as some of their employers think, an indispensable lesson. Unhappily, the unfortunate third party—the public, and the nation as a whole—will have to pay a heavy, indeed, an unendurable, price for this instruction. If the strike goes on, the condition of the country must soon become desperate—so much so that the authors of the misery may be overwhelmed by such a furious blast of popular resentment and even violence that the Government would be warranted in taking measures of unprecedented severity. In a state of siege ordinary law is suspended, and, if the miners do not hear reason, this entire island may be in a condition of a beleaguered garrison before long.

On Monday it was this:—

There is a factor with which the miners have not reckoned, and that is just the anger of an outraged public. . . .

A short Act, temporarily depriving the trade unions of their most dangerous powers, and recognising the strike in its true character of a criminal conspiracy, is the only effective safeguard of interests, vastly outweighing the exaggerated pretensions of the malcontents.

And again on Tuesday:—

Reports from the mining districts describe some of the men as still quite cheerful, still complacently enjoying their unaccustomed holiday. If so, they are exhibiting a brutal callousness which is simply disgusting. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. Welsh miners are amusing themselves with dog races and picture palaces while their country is going to ruin; while the vitality of the nation is slowly declining; while millions of men, women, and children see privation and hunger staring them in the face. Paralysis is creeping with sure and heavy footsteps upon all the industries of the land. . . .

And what of their miserable wives, their children crying for food! . . .

And it is inflicted upon her (the country) by no "act of God" or political complication abroad. This deadly blow at her heart is aimed by her own sons, who are fleeing the time agreeably at the music-halls and the public-houses. And, so far, it cannot be said that any progress has been made towards getting these selfish labour aristocrats back to their work. . . .

In their insensate arrogance and selfishness these men will be content with nothing less than a complete, unquestioning acceptance of the rates they have themselves dictated. That is the deplorable and disgraceful situation with which we are still confronted.

One must suppose that it never flashed across the brain of the person who penned these humorous opinions that there was just as much compulsion, legal and moral, for these "callous" countrymen of ours to burrow into the depths of the earth to bring out coal for our common use as there is for the man who lounges round clubs, or for the woman who sits in her drawing-room, or for the editor who writes anguished leading articles—just so much, and no more. We have now come upon the most exquisite joke of the age, and of a vast number of ages, fine ladies and gentlemen! Here it is. Why should these people get coal for you if they do not consider it worth their while? *Why should they?* Get your coal yourself—unless you make it

worth their while to get it for you. As for the third party, the "public," we believe that the "public" has realised that retribution is upon it. What has the "public" cared at what cost its wares have come to it, provided it got them? The "public" is too heedless and feather-headed a party to care for the wrongs which any of its servers suffer. One-half the things, and more, with which the "public" is provided, is provided under conditions which amount to crime. What does the "public" care? To make it care the "public" has to be made to feel. Then it *will* care. When some great tragedy fills its sky with a lurid sign, and points with fiery finger and says, "Read this," then the scatter-witted "public" drops its little concerns, looks up, and for the first time *sees*. And so leader-writers, fine ladies and gentlemen, for the first time see how greatly beholden they are to those grimy underworld people of whom they have heard. And they *see* because they have been made to *feel*.

What a magnificent thing this strike is. How it makes us realise who the people are who make the world move! How it has made those people matter who work and *make things*. Shall we ever again live quite so easily now we have the consciousness of the ludicrous requital which toil and wealth-production receive? It is true we are beginning to understand we produce only very little as real wealth—some £20 per head per year, we believe, the figure stands, and this is produced almost wholly by the "working classes," whose toil has to be such as to cover the unproductiveness of the rest. And how we reward them—the wealth-producers! This week we publish an appeal based upon figures which ought to be learnt by heart. We have a population of 44,500,000, and an annual income of £1,844,000,000. Of this, there go £634,000,000 to 1,400,000, i.e., £453 per head per year; £275,000,000 to 4,100,000, i.e., £67 per head per year; £935,000,000 to 39,000,000, i.e., £24 per head per year; that is, under 10s. a week per head *average* for the vast majority of us. The communication referred to goes on to point out that 120,000 persons, with their families, scoop up two-thirds of the nation's income. Whether this last be accurate or not, the former means that, though we are a *very poor* nation, we allow the meagre wealth available to be diverted from the use of those who earn it—and who need to be kept fit in order to earn it—into the pockets of those who do not earn it—mere parasites upon the workers' toil. Our topsy-turvy conditions might well have been conceived in some wild nightmare. They are incredible and a contradiction of reason when calmly thought of. They would not exist for a year were we not all so absorbed in those simple little concerns of ours which engross our minds and prevent us from taking a survey wide over the field of labour and wealth. For this reason, and for many beside, the coal strike will preach a gospel of deliverance, not only to miners, but to that responsible party which has so oddly been condoled with in this crisis—the hitherto heedless and reckless "public." When the full demands of the miners have been met, the "public" will doubtless, by the *grace* and not by any *duty* of the miner, again find its coal supplies ready to hand. Then we can hope, the nasty little first shock of realisation being over, that they will ponder what it means, and is going to mean, when enlightened workers act upon the belief that Englishmen as yet are *free*. Freedom is a big thing, and portends big things.



### A Militant Psychology.

In view of the recent actions of the Women's Social and Political Union, it is worth while to summarise in what relation the former body stands to Woman Suffrage movement in general.

Doubtless it would be considered a hard statement if we were to say that it has become a patent fact of late years that the Pankhurst party have lost their forthright desire for enfranchisement in their outbalancing desire to raise their own organisation to a position of dictatorship amongst all other women's organisations. It would, by many, be considered not only a hard but an incredible and unjust statement to make in view of the fact that six years ago the Pankhursts, by their enthusiasm, showed that they had a very real desire for the vote, and a strong belief in its efficacy as a social reform weapon. Doubtless this latter belief came to them through the natural and recognisable channels of the Labour party, which at the time was at the height of its belief in the efficacy of political action, and it is part of the irony of events that at the instant that Labour is giving a phenomenal instance of its disbelief in mere political action, the W.S.P.U. should be risking its all in a frenzied faith in its importance. Yet, notwithstanding their early and indisputable faith in the value of the franchise, and the natural and recognisable channels whereby they arrived at their faith, we believe we are stating the truth when we say that now the attainment of the vote—for which end all other free developments of women have been woefully checked—is now only in a position of secondary importance for the "leaders" of the W.S.P.U. Before every other consideration, political, social, or moral, comes the aggrandisement of the organisation of the W.S.P.U. itself. Hence we believe that if the vote were to come to women, giving the W.S.P.U. a fillip as it came, then the W.S.P.U. would welcome its coming; but if unfortunately it should steal in by a side track, then they will not hesitate to queer the pitch to such an extent as to endanger its chances on the off-chance that their own organisation shall speak the last loud word, for good or for ill, on the question. Many will consider such a statement debatable, but we think a plain statement of their present and past moves will go the entire way to substantiate it. Let us take the present instance. It is evident that out of this Government we have got the best terms we *can* get. It is true they do not provide us with a conclusion foregone, but they do give us a sporting chance. Tactful assaults upon the unsettled opinions of waverers would have made the situation practically sure before the time arrived for decisive voting. In these circumstances the W.S.P.U. breaks a "truce" which had lasted for years, and which was entered into because the fight was getting too hot. It is a thing to note that, in spite of all the "militancy" that has taken place in past years, last Friday the "leaders" had their first stone to throw, and their first hunger-strike yet to come. So have the militant leaders, until now, "led their regiments from behind." What we have now, however, to puzzle out is this: why, when suffrage affairs are more hopeful than they ever were, the leaders should plunge into militancy, involving even themselves, when, two years ago, upon the feeblest terms that any warlike body ever made a truce, with militancy in its strongest position and the country waiting to see what they dare do next, they shipped their oars and proceeded to float along the stream of repute created by a manifestation of spirit of which they themselves were afraid. The answer to the puzzle

is this. At that time the prestige of the movement was at its height, and it was based upon the actions of women who, deluded by the incident of Miss Pankhurst's first splendid act, had come into the movement believing it to be concerned with the emancipation of women, to which the vote was a symbol of one aspect. During the time of peaceful organisation the small-spirited tyranny which, it appeared, had been present from the time the organisation had lighted on wealth became obvious to any mind which was open to see it. Bit by bit it became clear why they had thwarted all efforts towards combination with other suffrage societies, why the working classes would have nothing to do with them, why the hundreds of thousands of women in the organised bodies of trade unions would have no dealings with them. Everything was revealed and explained in the light of the fact that the paramount interest of the W.S.P.U. was neither the emancipation of women nor yet the vote, but the increase of the power of their own organisation, absolutely limited in authority to three "leaders" and one male outsider. In any of their enterprises they would allow other societies to join, but never would they join in the enterprises of others. Any undertaking in which they were not top-dog was never considered by them. This spirit, good enough in commerce and business, was fatal in a movement whose breath of life it was to have belief in the goodwill of those concerned, and consequently the prestige of the W.S.P.U. went down at an enormous rate in recent years. It was in this period of diminished prestige that there appeared the best opportunity for getting the vote there has yet been. The question for the Union, was then, not how the opportunity should be made the most of, but how their organisation might be made to appear the one which had led victory home. They had not that sound belief in themselves which would have left them complacent in the knowledge that it was their early enthusiasm which undoubtedly wakened the movement into new life, and to leave to chance where the laurels of victory should fall. They must needs make a sensational bid for a front seat in the game. Last November's raid had been a fiasco, and their efforts at the Albert Hall were rendered almost pathetic by their ineffectiveness. It was, therefore, apparent to those who know how their life is bound up with an almost childlike passion for success and public recognition that some such outburst as we have seen this week would be forthcoming. In estimating how great a menace to the safety of the community there may be in the present activities of the W.S.P.U., the first point to be made is that the public is in danger of regarding it too lightly. Egotists can be as dangerous as revolutionaries. The difference lies merely in motive, and need not affect the result. The egotist has been defined as a person who is prepared to burn down his neighbour's house in order to boil an egg for himself, and we ourselves are of opinion that if it should be considered necessary, for the adequate boiling of the W.S.P.U. egg, to burn down a neighbour's house, or its equivalent, the egg will not fail to be boiled. We are not intending here to debate the ethics of the present W.S.P.U. situation. It will be enough to make our position clear if we state that we consider the moral judgments as to house-burning to centre round the nature of the egg. To get rid of our simile we have no horror of violence or destructive action justified by cause sufficiently just and outlook sufficiently hopeless, and this is amply sufficient to explain our disapproval of the present actions of the W.S.P.U.



## Sex and the State.

THE FREEWOMAN is doing good; more good probably than any other paper of equal circulation. I think it would be doing good, even if it did not contain a word of advice; a single sound suggestion for the amelioration of our present domestic arrangements. What is now wanted is "divine discontent." The ailment is acquiescence and consequent inertia. Open the doors and windows and let in fresh air and light—more light.

You cannot carry a reform of any kind when the vast majority see no need for reform. Invalids who believe themselves to be in perfect health do not send for the doctor. Before they will listen to medical advice you must first prove to them that there is need of it. "You have a poor appetite; you cannot walk a mile without sitting down and panting; your muscles are flabby, your cheeks pale, your laughter forced and joyless; you are weary at breakfast when others are sanguine and noisy. You require a *change*." It is necessary to keep on drumming it into the heads of men and women, husbands and wives, that their domestic arrangements are not so perfect as they have been led to believe; that better "marriage laws" are possible, by whatever name known. Perhaps it is premature to point out what those *better* laws and customs are or may be. It may be enough to show that existing sexual customs and laws are thoroughly bad. One article like "The Spinster," by "One" (in your first number, I think), is worth more than a dozen proposed reforms.

At the same time, while admitting that the exposure of present evils has the prior claim to your consideration, you seem to me very wisely to allow suggestions for reform a not inconsiderable space. The old question, "What are you going to put in its place?" is so effective. To cautious minds it is so natural to bear the ills we have rather than "fly to others that we know not of." What, then, is it proposed to put in the place of our present law of marriage and divorce? Perhaps one of the most intelligible suggestions which has appeared in THE FREEWOMAN is contained in an article on "Divorce" by Mr. Upton Sinclair—an article with which I entirely sympathise, but do not entirely agree. This is followed by a powerful "criticism" by Mr. W. B. Esson, whose argument cannot be ignored. And in the same number (February 1st, p. 213) appears a short (too short) letter, signed "A. B.," entitled "The Sex Function," which demands the most careful consideration. With Mr. Sinclair I get along amicably up to the point where he states his disbelief in any revelation on the subject of marriage. "What I do believe is that marriage and divorce are human institutions." Exactly so. So far we are agreed; but at this point we diverge. He continues, "*contrived* by society for the accomplishment of certain practical *purposes*." On the contrary, I hold that sociological laws, like all other laws, must be discovered, not invented or contrived. Our noblest institutions originated in the customs of barbarous ancestors, and these had their roots in the habits of even lower animals. Marriage, as we know it, is an institution evolved in society as the resultant of operating forces. Human laws are good, bad, and indifferent. As a rule, the bad laws perish in the long run. The good laws persist and survive, and are justified by their effect. Their goodness may be verified by deduction from higher laws. Thus I quite admit that a law may be

judged by the purpose or beneficial end which seems to us to justify its survival.

So that even here I need not quarrel with Mr. Sinclair. Unfortunately, the "purpose" discerned in nature's acts by one observer is not the "purpose" discerned by another. "What is the purpose of the institution of marriage?" Mr. Sinclair proceeds to answer his own question: "The primary *purpose* of the institution is the safeguarding of the child and the economic protection of the mother." But he has already stated the purpose in other words, and *the two statements conflict!* First he says, "The purpose of the institution of marriage is so to regulate the sex relationships of men and women as to secure the breeding of the best children and to provide for their rearing under the best conditions." He then says, "The purpose of the institution is the safeguarding of the child and the economic protection of the mother." But why safeguard the child, *every child*, unless it is one of the *best*? If the object and purpose of the institution is the breeding only of the best children, why safeguard the worst, or even the inferior? And why secure the economic protection of the mother in those cases in which she is fitted in no way for the breeding of the best children? There seems to be a screw loose somewhere; but possibly Mr. Sinclair can dovetail the two statements. If he replies, as I think he will, that the institution of marriage was not originally "contrived" by our early barbarous ancestors with any conscious purpose whatever, but that the *effect* of the institution is the breeding of better children than could have been attained in any other discoverable way, I am disposed to agree with him; and, further, I admit that the safeguarding of *all* the children, good, bad, and indifferent, was in those days the best way of ensuring the eventual breeding of the best. I go further. I contend that the tendency to breed a healthy race is the best justification of the institution, and that, in the light of our present knowledge, it would be possible to improve upon the beneficent but purposeless customs and laws which have so long stood the test of time. Without doubt, patriarchal despotism, based as it was on the brute-force power of the male beast over his females and young, was a beneficent institution in its day. It conduced to the maintenance of law and order, and the gradual building up of a stable State. If the patriarch no longer has the power of life and death over his wives, children, and slaves, it is because the then unseen "purpose" (if you like the word) has since become manifest, and we can consciously attain the desired object in a better way. We have reformed the *patria potestas* out of existence, and set up in its stead "the greatest liberty of each, compatible with the equal freedom of all." The same good is achieved (the stability of the State), and many of the concomitant evils are removed. This may be briefly described as the Law of the Greatest Equal Liberty.

We are now face to face with the question, "What should now be the conscious *purpose* of laws deliberately enacted for the regulation of the sex-relations of men and women?" We find ourselves again in line with Mr. Sinclair. We can agree with him that the chief aim should be the breeding of a healthy race. And this involves provision for rearing children under the best conditions. But is there no other aim? By implication Mr. Sinclair affirms that there is. And this aim is the removal of all unnecessary obstacles to the satisfaction of the normal appetites. And here is where he falls foul of Mr. Esson. "Mankind," says Mr. Esson, "but half adapted as yet to social life, has certain instincts 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 which society imposes. Provide conditions whereby they are deterred and discountenanced, and a force is created which more and more fits man to his environment. Mr. Sinclair provides the means for gratification without deterrent, and 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." He proceeds to point out very ably that, "as the need for individuation increases, the power of reproduction diminishes. . . . 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." This is admirably put, and absolutely true; *but*— And this brings us to the short letter by "A. B.," already adverted to. Says he, "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; and æsthetic expression is not generally condemned." Moreover, Nature knows nothing of Enough. It has been estimated that if every seed on a full-grown elm-tree became an elm, the whole planet would in a single generation be covered with one vast elm forest. Let Mr. Esson look over the side of his boat at Greenwich in May or June, where the river is a mixture of fresh and salt water, and ask himself how many out of the *millions* of little fishes (whitebait and shad) which he sees playing there will ever reach maturity. So it is with all the forces of organic life. Everywhere there is an immense superfluity of that which is required for the mere purpose of reproduction and recuperation. If it were not so we should have no *art*. The superfluous energy over and above what is actually required for "walking to the office," as "A. B." expresses it, is given off, first in play and sport, and finally in art; that is to say, rhythmically. The reserve energy not used up in walking and fighting is expended in dancing, which is common to the highest and the lowest tribes of men, and even to some of the so-called lower animals. Again, the vocal organs have their appropriate functions. Parrots use theirs for enticing their prey. Gregarious animals use them for expressing their simple feelings of fear, desire, appeal. They inspire terror in their enemies; they cry for help to their friends; lambs bleat and babies wail for dinner. When little birds have no further use for their vocal talents they sing and twitter out of pure delight. And man makes music. At first in song; afterwards instrumentally, in imitation. Beethoven's sonatas and Chopin's ballads are nothing more than superfluous energy rhythmically expended for the mere joy of sound, and without any utilitarian object whatever. A Manchester factory would subserve all the utilitarian purposes of the Parthenon, but—need I proceed further? Even our palæolithic forefathers found it necessary to convey ideas to *absent* fellows by means of scrawls and scratches on rocks and trees, and in the exuberance of their skill they engraved rude pictures of what they had seen—stags and wild horses—on the bones of dead mammoths. Hence arose Painting and Sculpture. Is anyone bold enough or biased enough to affirm that one kind of superfluous energy, and one alone, must *not* "flow over into æsthetic expression"? Even the culinary art has its devotees (of whom I am one), and I doubt whether your advocates of "abstinence" would go

so far as to say that a vol-au-vent is an accursed thing, because a cold beef sandwich or perhaps a boiled cabbage would suffice for the purposes of sustenance. Abstinence is good, but only when it means abstinence from *excess*. I do not propose here and now to inquire precisely what form the æsthetic expression of superfluous sexual activity should take. All I aim at doing is to suggest to Mr. Esson and those who think with him that, strictly in accordance with his own evolutionary philosophy, it may be possible to cultivate *all* the arts within the bounds of moderation, and without violating the fundamental laws of social development.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

(To be continued.)

## Soldiers, Shepherds, and the Woman Question.

### I.

WRITERS on the history of woman's status (and they are now many) have not often shown much appreciation of the causes of the facts they recorded. They have usually been content to remark in a vague and surprised way, in their earlier chapters, on the high position occupied by women in ancient Egypt and Babylonia, and then they have started on the more familiar ground of the inferior position of women in Greece, and so have proceeded to modern times, not, apparently, realising the real meaning of any of these things, nor the manner in which they are related to one another, and to modern circumstances. I should like, in this brief paper, to draw a more accurate outline of their meaning and to suggest a few of the more obvious ways in which they affect ourselves.

Professor J. L. Myres, in the course of his brilliant little volume on "The Dawn of History," incidentally noted the real secret of the high position held by women in Babylonia.

Wherever the fabric of a civilisation is based directly upon *agriculture*, women occupy a high status. Wherever its customs are derived from a pastoral or nomadic life, their status is inferior. This fundamental fact is crossed by another. During periods of prolonged peace, and when the customs of a country presuppose a state of peaceful existence as the normal rule, the position of women is good, and tends to improve. When, on the contrary, war is frequent, and the prevalent customs and habits are based on an expectation of its continued recurrence, the position of women is not high, and tends to decline. The history of women's status gives no more certain lessons than these. They are inferences which can scarcely be missed by anyone who studies the subject as a whole, and does not get lost in a few limited details of it.

There can be little doubt that among the earliest races of the Mediterranean basin, who were agricultural in their habits, and conducted war on a very small scale, women occupied a very high position, as can be seen in the remains of their religious customs and folklore. It would be too much to say that men and women shared the same spheres; their spheres were, to a large extent, distinct, as they probably always will be, but they were equal in importance, and it seems clear that woman did not suffer under a status that could in any sense of the word be called inferior. The civilisation of these early peoples was the basis of all later civilisation in Europe and Western Asia, save in so far as other races and other cultures have intruded themselves, and its influence has always had a singular vitality, and a very remarkable power of



absorbing and changing foreign elements. All our oldest fairy stories come from it; and it has settled the type of all later fairy stories in which the Princess is rather cleverer and more capable than the Prince.

Into this old agricultural world broke a race with very different customs and traditions, based on a life pastoral and in part originally nomadic and warlike. The so-called "Aryans" introduced the idea of the subservience of women. It must always be the case that migratory pastoral peoples set more value on a man's labour than on a woman's, and reckon their male children more important than the female. And it is obvious also that a pastoral and migratory people, whose wealth is created by work for which only men are fit, and who are at all times liable to raids, wars, and general alarms and excursions, must, if they are to preserve themselves, keep their women strictly guarded, even to the point of seclusion. When the Aryans wandered west and south, destroying, and, at least conquering, the old civilisations of Babylonia, the Ægean, and Western Europe, they brought with them these customs of secluding women and regarding them as dependent. We can see this influence at work in the book of Esther, when the Aryan Persian king is encouraged by his nobles to put down the independent will of women, that "all the wives shall give to their husbands honour, both to great and small" (i. 20). We see it, too, more generally, in the distinctly declining status of women in Egypt, as soon as long wars, frequent invasions, and the influence of a Greek culture derived from Achæians and Dorians began to break down the old Egyptian view. The Greek attitude is notorious, and it was the tradition of tribes bred on the great pastures of the north, who fought their way to the Ægean, and for centuries remained a fountain of war and unrest. The Romans were slightly more liberal, simply because the pastoral migratory influence was smaller among them.

It was not altogether different with the Semitic nomads who from time to time migrated out of Arabia. In earlier ages their influence on the status of women was counteracted by the greater power of the old civilisation; and in Jewish history we often catch glimpses of a hesitation between the old pastoral status that lay behind and the new agricultural status that was not yet fully realised. In later ages we know what Mohammedan Arabs thought and practised; and when the Turkish and Mongol nomads flooded western Asia, they brought with them very similar customs. The harem is an institution based on the tradition of war and pastoral life. It never existed among an agricultural race, save when imposed by a ruling class of pastoral traditions: it never could exist. And when pastoral and military traditions fall into decay and disuse, through long periods of peace and settled industry, the status of women rises, and they acquire rights to freedom and to equality with men.

To sum up, the interests of women depend intimately upon conditions of continuous peace, and upon the practice of agriculture and industry as the foundation of the wealth of the State. In modern ages the pastoral nomad is being slowly squeezed out of existence, and relegated to the limits of the habitable world, and war is never again likely to be so continuous as to become the normal state of existence; but women are likely to find no less an enemy in the danger to them which accompanies the predominance of manufacturing industry over a peasant agriculture.

JOSEPHINE BAKER.

(To be continued.)

## The Gospel According to Granville Barker.

HUMANITY is a little lost dog looking for a master. Men seek without cease some pilot passion to which they can surrender their heavy burden of freedom. The heroes worshipped by the people are those who have succeeded in this search. St. Theresa was the slave of her religion, Paolo and Francesca stripped themselves of all worldly things for love, Joseph Chamberlain gave himself up to a flame-like passion for Tariff Reform. To be respectable one must abandon oneself to Duty, that impulse to seek salvation by doing the things one doesn't want to do, which is so deeply rooted in all savages. But there has always been an unconsidered minority who wanted to keep the burden of their freedom, in order to indulge in the Joy of Thinking. They found a pure joy in solving an equation, and dreamed of the greater joy in solving the problems of life itself. They imagined victories of Reason more splendid than any amorous conquest or the slaying of any wild beast. This was resented by the slaves of passion as cold and inhuman. In the Middle Ages the slaves burnt the thinkers in large numbers: and now they use "intellectuals" as a term of acrid dislike and contempt. So that the thinkers have usually stood aloof and disguised their ecstasy. Hence, when a man arises who shamelessly revels in the Joy of Thinking, who flaunts it as Chesterton flaunts his love of beer, we ought to stand back and look at him.

Granville Barker is this man. Thought bubbles from him like laughter from a healthy child. It is more than a religion to him—it is a sport. One can imagine the hostess at a country-house dinner party asking him, "And do you Hunt, Mr. Barker?" He would reply, with the proud modesty of one who knows a trick worth two of that, "No. I Think." Every one of the four plays that he has published is an eager and happily passionate discussion of some important discussion of some important problem of life. The smallest of them, "The Voyage Inheritance," seems at first only the story of a young solicitor who finds that his father's flourishing family practice has been built up by the wholesale embezzlement of his clients' funds and the payment of princely dividends out of non-existent capital; and his struggles to right the accounts by further embezzlement that shall at least protect the poorer clients from utter destitution. But really it shows the difficulties of the honest man who tries to build a just commonwealth out of the swindling social system of to-day. Even in his one short story, "Georgiana," which was written during convalescence after a severe illness, his delighted spirit hovers over the hard problem of the conduct of an irregular relationship.

Of course, Shaw, too, has this insatiable appetite for debate, this fierce refusal to leave things as they are. But there are two great characteristics that mark off Barker from Shaw. One is Barker's unconventionality. For all Shaw's audacious discussions, there is not one character in all his eighteen plays who infringes the conventions in practice. But Barker again and again draws sinners of the deepest dye with the most ardent sympathy. In that comprehensive survey of modern womanhood, "The Madras House," the woman he values most is Miss Yates. She has the talent to become an excellent shop assistant: she has a spark of genius which makes her refuse to accept the convention that if marriage is denied to her so is motherhood. Shaw never brought anything so



anarchic as an unmarried mother on to his stage. Although he cultivates the flower of argument so well, he does not like the fruit of action. But Barker, glad disciple of the Joy of Thinking, embraces logic like a lover, and shows all the consequences of the theories he advances. The other distinguishing characteristic of Barker is his humility. He has not forgotten God. He knows that at any moment the skies above may open and a mailed hand descend to wreck the reasoned course of human life. He respects the mysterious fumbings of the human mind. There is an illuminating evidence of this in "The Madras House," when Philip Madras, the head of the drapery firm, Miss Chancellor, the stern spinster guardian of the shop-girls' morals, and Miss Yates are met together to discuss the question of the latter's fall. She has told them how she bought a wedding-ring to wear when she saw the doctor.

"Philip: Miss Yates, have you the wedding-ring with you?"

"Miss Yates: Yes, I have . . . it's not real gold.

"Philip: Put it on.

"Miss Yates, having fished it out of a petticoat pocket, rather wonderingly does so, and Philip turns, maliciously humorous, to Miss Chancellor.

"Philip: Now where are we, Miss Chancellor?"

"Miss Chancellor: I think we're mocking at a very sacred thing, Mr. Madras.

"Miss Yates: Yes, . . . and I won't now.

"With a sudden access of emotion she slams the ring upon the table. Philip meditates for a moment on the fact that there are some things in life still inaccessible to his light-hearted logic.

"Philip: True . . . true. . . I beg both your pardons."

Wild censors would not have dragged that apology out of Shaw. And it is just that spirit, that reverence towards Life, that makes Barker's thought so valuable.

Now, at present, the great result of the thirteen years of ecstatic contemplation of the earth that have passed since the writing of Barker's first play is a very vigorous hatred. He hates the sterility of life. All emotion, not only Love, is a desire for procreation. When a little child hears a pleasant sound, it cries, "Again! again!" But soon mere repetition fails to satisfy. The child imitates the sound, and that fails too. At last it achieves happiness in the creation of a new sound. Older children always sit down to paint or write after they have seen a picture or read a story that appeals to them, and attempt to create. So life ought to be a struggle of desire towards adventures whose nobility will fertilise the soul and lead to the conception of new, glorious things. To avoid the ordeal of emotion that leads to the conception is the impulse of death. Sterility is the deadly sin. To-day so many of our activities are sterile. Our upper classes are impotent by reason of their soft living. Our lower classes have had their vitality sweated out of them by their filthy labours: they can only bear dead things. They say that the work that is the excuse for the rowdy bustling of the hideous City could, under a more efficient system of organisation, be adequately performed by a third of the existing firms. Parliament, built up by the lawyers, the fine flower of the intellectual classes of England, is a barren thing. Our art is an anæsthetic rather than an inspiration.

Every one of Barker's plays is a protest against some form of this sterility. "Ann Leet" is a cry against the fruitlessness of a highly bred class whose energies are diverted into political intrigue. "The Voysey Inheritance" is an indictment of the profitless muddle of the present economic condi-

tions. "Waste" contains not only the picture of a woman who had so much of the fear of life that it is the beginning of all evil that she could kill her unborn child; it is an accusation against the governing class which has lost the mysterious quality that makes one's actions bear fruit. "A peasant, . . . a dog might have it." "The Madras House" is a judgment of womankind. He shows many types, and they are all spiritually sterile. The six Miss Huxtables, who exist in idle maidenhood on Denmark Hill, getting nothing from life, giving nothing to life. Old Mrs. Madras, who refuses to cultivate the qualities of her humanity and womanhood, but ceaselessly demands from her husband the rights of submission and companionship she should only have expected during the brief hours of their love, that are really not much use to her now that she hates him. But the worst scoundrel of all is Jessica Madras, the married woman who, by virtue of being Philip's wife and the mother of one child, has secured the right to complete idleness for the rest of her life. Everything she touches turns to voluptuousness. She whiles away the boredom of her lazy life by delicately thrusting flirtation on hard-working men, well knowing that her ladyhood will protect her from any disagreeable complications. Even art she uses to smother God in her. When she comes in, sick with disgust at the squalid world of ugliness and suffering outside her four walls, she can sit down and forget it all in playing Beethoven. To her, whom the world excuses, on the ground of her grace, her culture, and her motherhood, Barker says: "You consume much, but you produce nothing. You live by your sex. When you walk abroad you distract men's thoughts to petty sensuousness. You must either be shut up in a harem or you must be a free woman." And he tells her how she must do it. "There's a price to be paid for free womanhood, I think, . . . and how many of you ladies are willing to pay it? Come out and be common women among us common men!"

That is the solution of the question. We accept it, and we are working towards it. But sometimes it seems rather a questionable ideal—to work among common men, to be sucked under into the same whirlpool of sterile activity. In "The Marrying of Ann Leete," the earliest and most exquisite of all his plays, Barker showed us a fruitless family. There is Carnaby Leet, who has infected his whole family with the perverted passion of political intrigue; his daughter Sarah, who has flitted lovelessly from a husband in one political camp to a lover in the other, to serve her father's interest; his son George, who despises the game, but is too sick of soul to leave it; and the younger daughter, Ann, who, at the very moment of her betrothal to her father's latest political ally, rebels. She means to find her place in the eternal purpose. She finds it by going "back to the land." She marries the gardener, thinking that in the simple life of the people, spent so innocently in "sowing seeds and watching flowers grow and cutting away dead things," she will be able to live and feel fruitfully.

It is the easy solution that would appeal to a very young man. It is the solution that fascinates the child-like minds of Chesterton and Belloc. Perhaps Barker realises now that one finds oneself no nearer the essential things of life by going back to the peasantry than a civilised man would achieve freedom by joining a savage tribe. He would find the religious ceremonies of an African tribe more complex than those of the Church of England; he would find the etiquette of beads far stricter than any decree of fashion in Mayfair, and the marriage laws would be more irrational than those of Holy



Church herself. And in the same way the peasant has to live up to more superstitions than the most over-civilised town-dweller. He is bound to the Past, which is no guide to us. Perhaps if Barker returned to the manner of "Ann Leete," in which he speaks with a vivid dramatic idiom he has since obscured by echoes of Shaw and the Fabian Society, he might suggest some other way to freedom. As it is, he has given us a strong hatred, the best lamp to bear in our hands as we go over the dark places of life, cutting away the dead things men tell us to revere.

REBECCA WEST.

## "The Dangerous Age."

A TRACT FOR THE TIMES.

UNDER this title the Danish writer, Karin Michaëlis, has given recently to the world a remarkable and intimate revelation of a woman. It is perhaps the most extraordinary work of modern fiction, from its rare quality of femininity, expressed with such frank sincerity and biting truth.

It is late in the day to describe a book which has been very widely read, and still more widely criticised and discussed in all the countries of Central Europe. We live in an age of women, which accounts for the reception it has received. The story of the book matters very little, for it is not as the confession of one woman that "The Dangerous Age" gains its importance, it is because it is a sure diagnosis of the conditions under which woman exists, and an acute observation of the woman-soul, or character, which such conditions have produced. It is from this aspect that I wish to approach it, and for this reason I have called it "A Tract for the Times." Thus it is of very little importance to my purpose whether the book itself has, or has not, been read. If the reader will recall to his or her mind any one of the many neurotic women they must know, they will have the history (the variety in the details will not matter at all) of Elsie Lindtner.

This admirable piece of observation deals with a section of women who are daily becoming more important owing to their increase. Marcel Prévost, in his preface to the book, speaks of Elsie Lindtner's confession as a revelation of the feminine soul, and, moreover, of the feminine soul of all time. With the latter part of this opinion I entirely disagree. Rather would I say that it was a revelation of the soul of a woman, as that soul has been evolved through the repression of natural instincts and the want of proper fields for the expression of energy, in an atmosphere which very surely gives birth to the modern demons of neurasthenia and hysteria.

The title of the book is not, I think, well chosen. The Dangerous Age—Elsie Lindtner was forty-two when she wrote her confession—was dangerous because of the life which had preceded it. There is, without doubt, a cleavage in life, which may be said to be marked by the diminishing of attraction towards the opposite sex. But this is common to men as well as to women. It belongs to no special age, and its proportion of danger to the individual rests, first, on the fulness or poverty of experience before this period arrives, and secondly, on the power to extract from the past the joyous impulse for continued loving. But to Elsie Lindtner, as to all women of such false and restricted experience, it was far more than a cleavage; and because she had never lived fully and truly, she experienced that emptiness which strikes the soul with death when the consciousness comes that the oppor-

tunities of life are passing. The terror of approaching age robbed her of her all—her sex-trade, her every reason for life. It is easy to condemn her, to speak of her selfishness, her falseness, her colossal egoism—there are few adjectives of condemnation that I have not heard applied to Elsie Lindtner. Yet if we look at the matter rightly, rather ought we to admire her for the perfect self-sacrifice with which she pursued the one occupation.

The question at its root is an economic one. For mark the real point of Elsie Lindtner's history: all her actions were based on dread of poverty. To gain the possessions of this world was the fixed aim for which she bartered her soul.

What does she tell us herself in one of her letters? She is writing of her school-days. A class-mate had said to her: "Of course, a prince will marry you, for you are the prettiest girl here."

She carried the words home to a maid, who added to the poison.

"That's true enough," she said; "a pretty face is worth a pocketful of gold."

"Can one sell a pretty face, then?" the child asked.

"Yes, to the highest bidder," was the answer given.

The seed thus sown gave a rich harvest. Sex-trade became the object, which Elsie Lindtner pursued with the same unflinching purpose that directs all those who create for themselves the false gods of possessions. Truly, while we support with our praise the successful financier, we cannot in justice give less esteem to the woman who pursues the same end in the way that is the easiest and surest of success.

It is no part of my purpose to give a *résumé* of the history of Elsie Lindtner. The details matter little; a structure built on a false foundation must of necessity fall to ruin. And there is another point that I wish to make clear. The terrible sacrifice paid by this woman for the gain of wealth and position was the denial of love. The real explanation of her unrest, hysteria, and manifold symptoms of excitement was caused by the unceasing warfare within her of two antagonistic forces—the desire to keep the moral dignity imposed upon women by the conditions of the society in which she lived and the natural desire for physical enjoyment. It is necessary for women to have the courage to speak plainly. You cannot deny the needs of the body without the soul paying its penalty. The Puritan doctrine of "thou shalt not" has for too long crippled women's lives. A false purity held Elsie Lindtner from giving herself to her lover, Jorgen Malthe, and kept her faithful in the letter of the law to the husband she had married for his wealth. I say without any doubt that she would have been a purer and a better, because a happier and more natural, woman if she had followed the cry of her heart at the first, as she was driven in the end to do—when it was too late. That she did not do this is the more surprising, when we consider how clear and far-seeing was her judgment in the letter of advice which she wrote to her friend, Magna Wellmann. It is, I think, the wisest letter I have ever read penned by a woman. Only the falseness which had wrapped her own life in a net of pretence could have made her fail to see the truth for herself.

It is a fact of very special importance that Elsie Lindtner and all the women who enter into this book belong to the Scandinavian race, among whom chastity was extolled as the chief virtue of a woman, while any lapse was punished with terrible severity. If the husband of an ancient



Dane discovered his wife in adultery he was allowed to kill her and castrate her lover. "There is a city," says the Scandinavian Edda, "remote from the sun, the gates of which face the north; poison reigns there through a thousand openings; the place is all composed of the carcasses of serpents. There run certain torrents, in which are plunged the bodies of the perjurers, assassins, and those who seduce married women. A black-winged dragon flies incessantly round and devours the bodies of the wretched who are there imprisoned." Again, the Icelandic Hava Mál contains this caustic apophthegm: "Trust not the words of a girl, neither to those which a woman utters, for their hearts have been made like the wheel that turns round; levity was put into their bosoms. Trust not to the ice of one day's freezing, neither to the serpent who lies asleep, nor to the caresses of her you are going to marry."

Now, it may be asked: "What has all this to do with Elsie Lindtner?" My answer is: "Everything!" The customs of a past social life do subsist beneath the surface of modern society; we cannot without strong effort escape from the chains of our inheritance. In the sad nations of the cold north, where the natural joy of the body has been regarded as something to be fought with and denied, a perpetual confusion has arisen at the very source of life. For the sex-passion is a force, huge and fateful, which has to be reckoned with. Woman is more primitive, more intuitive, more emotional than man, and the outlets allowed to her in the past have been more restricted; thus the price she pays for the repression of the natural rights of love is heavier. Elsie Lindtner's history is a sermon to those who set up this false god of chastity for women.

I am aware that this statement will arouse opposition—especially in women. To-day we hear much talk—even among the women who are fighting nobly for the freedom of this sex—of control and the need for imposing upon men the same false code of repression which has in the past held back the growth and development of women. It is a truth realised by few women that repression is not, and never can be, control. There seems to be a very widespread opinion that to use the divine gift of sex for pleasure is wrong. One would be inclined to laugh, if the sadness of this falsehood did not make one weep.

The whole subject, wide as life itself, escapes anything like adequate treatment. The lady—the Elsie Lindtner of society—the household drudge, and the prostitute, are the three main types of women resulting, in our so-called civilisation of to-day, from the process of the past; and it is hard to know which is the most wretched, which is the most wronged, the most unnatural, and the furthest from that ideal woman which a happier future may evolve.

What then, in conclusion, is the lesson to be learnt from this tract for the times? Women must be free—free to work and free to love. Then, and then only, can they claim to be the fitting mates of men; then, and then only, will they be able to fulfil aright their supreme work as the mothers of the sons and daughters of the race. This is the path along which alone freedom is to be found. What, then, is the individual woman to do? This question is one which each woman, at the present, has to answer for herself. But one thing is certain—they must have the courage to tear from their eyes the bandages that have kept them in the darkness of ignorance; better even to sin and know the truth than to live in falsehood and in a child's world of pretence. C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY  
(Mrs. W. M. Gallichan).

## Correspondence.

THE "I AM" AND THE "I DO."

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

May I have space to write a few lines upon the text of a sentence I have read in THE FREEWOMAN? It comes on page 250, in an article on Mrs. Humphry Ward:

"Never will woman be saved until she realises that it is a far, far better thing to keep a jolly public-house really well than to produce a cathedral full of beautiful thoughts."

That way of looking at things is, of course, in the essence of the Western habit of life, combined with the general habit of mankind, to focus its mind upon its own particular aptitudes. It suggests the necessary narrowing of the field of vision which comes from the minute examination, through a high-powered glass, of the local and the immediate. We ourselves happen to be an industrial people, so we have raised industry to the highest niche in our pantheon, above art and above philosophy. People used to swear by the sword; they now swear by the pick-axe. Labour and the brawny arm are so immediately under our eyes that they almost fill the perspective; we appear to be in some danger of seeing modern industrialism, and seeing nothing else. Modern industrialism is of the utmost importance, as an indication of the lines upon which the world at present is evolving, and its immense value as a means of bringing the inhabitants of the globe into closer touch cannot be questioned; but it would be a mistake, I think, to fall down upon our faces and worship it. To do so would be to forget that all processes by which humanity develops itself are evanescent as prevailing processes; they come, they have their day, and they pass to the side. Romanticism has passed; militarism is passing; industrialism is in its heyday, but industrialism will pass.

Now, if we raise our eyes for a while from the glass which has assisted us to examine the sinews of industry, it becomes possible to see that there are other ways of regarding life which are not unimportant. The contemplative "I am" of the East has no reason to fear comparison with the energetic "I do" of the West. The former has given us, for instance, the *Upanishads*, works which so high an authority as Max Müller has described as "unrivalled in the literature of the world," writings which sweep out to a spaciousness and simplicity of metaphysical thought outside the range of most Western minds. These *Upanishads* were written, or communicated, at dates which could not have been later, and probably were much earlier, than 500 B.C.; yet Max Müller, speaking in London at the end of the nineteenth century to an audience steeped in its Bible and its Shakespeare, says they are "unrivalled in the literature of the world."

I am not suggesting, of course, that because the contemplative life cannot be brushed aside as valueless, because, on the contrary, it can be shown to have a high function, we should all forthwith throw down our tools and begin to think. Such a life, indeed, would probably be impossible to the great majority of Europeans and Americans. I recognise, moreover, the imperative validity of two reasons for a life of doing: practical necessity and the impulse of one's spirit to some particular work. But if a woman (or a man) is not urged by either of these motives, and if she discovers in herself some capacity to wing her mind among those problems and those fields of thought, which are not bounded by life as we know it, then I think that, in doing so, and thereby absorbing and spreading the influence of all the more tolerant and sympathetic qualities which lie at the heart of things, she will more truly promote the weal both of herself and of humanity than by keeping "a jolly public-house."

HUBERT WALES.



### DEVELOPMENT OF FOOD RESOURCES.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I am delighted with THE FREEWOMAN. Its advent opens up an avenue of thought which has been signally neglected. I mean in relation to sex matters.

Sex problems have been so little discussed since the time of the "Law of Population" prosecution, that rational language in which to express views on the subject has almost become extinct.

All the other sciences have their express terms, carrying with them definite meanings, and it is in the hope



that Sex Science will also develop a language of its own that I welcome the controversy which THE FREEWOMAN is encouraging.

I am, of course, writing as a working man, and this is a question which must essentially be openly discussed and understood by the working classes, as well as by the pedants, if it is to prove beneficial to the race.

Personally, I utterly deprecate the timidity, undue secrecy, and artificial ignorance which is fostered by so-called religious people, who, as one of your correspondents suggests, "have a vested interest in preserving things as they are." I look hopefully forward to a time in the near future when this vital subject will be discussed with the same freedom as other sciences.

Having followed the many subjects which have appeared in your columns, many questions have presented themselves to my mind, on which I should like to comment did space permit. For the present I should like to add my spoke to the wheel on the subject of Food and Population, and perhaps return, with your permission, to other subjects on some future occasion.

There seems to me no need to dwell on the relative fecundity of rich and poor, for although I notice your correspondent, Arthur D. Lewis, seems to doubt the assertion that it is simply a matter of education, few students of the problem will dispute the fact that it is so.

If the economic conditions of the future allow full opportunity for physical and mental development, there need be little doubt science will supply food enough for all requirements.

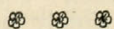
Only a few months ago the editor of one of the horticultural journals pointed out that with our present knowledge food could be produced in this country to support eighty millions of people; and who will prophesy science has reached its limit in this direction?

To those who wish to understand something of the possibilities of food production, I would recommend Kropotkin's "Fields, Factories, and Workshops."

With apologies for presuming on your space, and with all good wishes for the success of THE FREEWOMAN.

March 2, 1912.

FRED COLLINS.



#### A COMING FAMINE?

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Without questioning Dr. Drysdale's general position, I feel I must call in question his views on the nitrogen available ultimately as sources of food supply. Practically unlimited supplies of nitrogen occur in the air, but until a few years ago no one had succeeded in obtaining nitrates from this source on an economic scale. Within the last few years, however, it has been found possible by means of powerful electric arcs to obtain nitrates from the air which can be sold successfully in economic competition with the other nitrates of commerce.

Factories are now being built in Norway, Switzerland, and other countries where cheap power can be obtained from waterfalls, and undoubtedly in a few years, unless the "natural nitrates" are reduced in price, they will be almost entirely replaced by artificial nitrates obtained in this manner. The quantities of nitrogen so available can be calculated, and be shown to be upwards of 1,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

So much for the facts, but this is a matter in which one's fancy likes to wander; what follows is speculative. Dr. Drysdale puts down as the essential food constituents albuminoids consisting of nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; fats and carbohydrates both consisting of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. All these elements occur in inexhaustible quantities in the air, and sooner or later albuminoids, etc., will be synthesised. Organic chemists are on their track, progress in this direction is rapid, and in a generation or two complete synthesised foodstuffs will be available at a price vastly less than we now have to pay for inferior natural products.

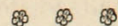
Picture a factory worked by a natural source of power, taking in impure air and converting it into pure air and perfect food at a nominal price. We should no longer need to till the land—the sweat of the brow would be no more—and, horrible to think, the population might increase till we were like blight on a rose-bush.

But all this is reckoning without one other essential to life—phosphorus. To illustrate the importance of phosphorus I state two facts—more than half of the human skeleton consists of calcium phosphate, more than half the ash of burnt corn consists of calcium phosphate. It is absolutely essential to life as we know it. But this element does not exist in the air. It has a very limited distribution, and the supplies are being rapidly exhausted. We have heard much about the coming coal famine, but that is further off and a trivial matter compared with the coming phosphorus famine. Year by year we are deposit-

ing our one necessity, of which the supply is limited, at the bottom of the ocean. Already the dearth is coming upon us, prices are rising, and, unless the unexpected happens, there will be in the future such a famine as humanity has never known—a whole world in starvation, and the greater part of humanity crushed out of existence.

February 26, 1912.

G. H. MARTYN.



#### STATE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

In spite of the leading article in this week's FREEWOMAN, I believe that there is still a case for some sort of State endowment of motherhood. From the point of view of the community, the argument, of course, is clear enough. The community, as it concerns itself more and more with the health and efficiency of its citizens, will interfere more and more with the conditions under which they are born. It will insist on proper food and decent accommodation for the pregnant woman, and for the woman newly delivered of a child. And to provide these, either directly or indirectly, is obviously a form of State endowment. But the point of view the editors have advanced is not the point of view of the people as a whole; it is that of the individual woman whose life is affected. And their theory is that since it is necessary, to save a woman's soul, that she should earn her own living and depend on her own endeavours, she must regard child-bearing as an incident which may not interfere with her work for wages, as a privilege rather than a burden, and must leave child-rearing to women who have made it their professional occupation.

And the years of a woman's working life are many more than the years during which she is primarily a mother, but I believe that those few years and their experiences are as important to the growth of most women's minds as the work they do for wages will ever be. The relation between mother and child is, to my mind, a passionate relation; it is as beautiful as passion between women and men, and as well worth fighting for. It would be as satisfying to bear children and leave them to the care of a State nurse as to give one's body to a State husband because one loved.

Economic conditions must not dictate so far to motherhood; it is motherhood which must exact freedom and space from them. The basic rights of man are surely the rights to the normal happy human relations, and the distribution of wealth should be a secondary matter. Women's employments must be so arranged that there is time in a woman's life for bearing children, and time and strength left in her day to care for them. Granted such humane conditions of work, it ought to be possible for a woman to have one or two children more or less in the way the editors suggest, but it does not seem sensible that the mother of a large family should be compelled to fill jam-pots or sew on buttons for her living, while the State pays someone else to tend her children. It seems to me just and necessary that any woman who is devoting a whole day's work to the business of caring for her babies should receive whatever wage the State accepts as the minimum for unskilled women workers. More she cannot claim, for whatever her qualifications, her work can be under no efficient supervision. Nor is it desirable to set up a State machinery for turning every woman into a nursemaid. I do not propose to pay for all work of this sort, only for that which trenches on a woman's wage-earning capacity. But I believe that every genuine worker has a right to subsistence wages from the community, and I see no reason why those of a mother acting as her own nurse should be paid through her husband or any individual man.

This is not, of course, what most well-to-do women mean when they talk of State endowment. They forget that nearly all women are poor; they do not understand the importance of ten shillings a week. They do not love freedom or children enough to do without their comforts. Nor would most of them accept a scheme that supported the mother only while her children were too young to need the teaching and supervision of trained persons. But I am willing that every woman should have a profession to which motherhood is only an interlude, and I do not claim that the services she renders to the community are worth more than the bare means to continue her life and her health. What I maintain is that a healthy woman has a right to become a mother and a right to be with her children, without thereby becoming the dependent of some man, and that whoever devotes time and strength to producing the labour power of the community has the claim of all human-beings engaged in useful work to be kept alive while they are doing it.

A SOCIALIST.



## THE FEEDING OF INFANTS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I am looking forward with great interest to your article on "Endowment of Motherhood." I admit that I have given precedence to Suffrage over Socialism, because I fear opportunities for State tyranny in such a scheme. But I cannot see the immediate difficulty of a minimum of health. It is surely easy to discover medically whether remedies are, or are not, in the power of the mother. As for the artificial feeding of babes, there is no doubt, I suppose, that, given proper conditions, it is as satisfactory as "natural" feeding, all things considered. My second child, aged eight, who was taken from me at birth because my life was in danger, suffers not at all in comparison with her very healthy brothers and sisters. An intimate friend with six children testifies to the same sort of experience. Another friend—a "hunting woman"—has a nearly grown-up family of five children, all "hand-fed." One could repeat numberless instances. But have you considered the fact that it is physiologically desirable for the mother's health that she should feed her infant for at least some months? HOME WORKER.

\*\*\*

## THE INDIVIDUALISM OF MOTHERHOOD.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Oh, had the gods but granted to me such a grandmother as she who wrote in last week's FREEWOMAN, and with whom the Editors declare themselves "wholly in agreement"!

Because I find her much more interesting than the majority of your correspondents, I wish to say that I am not quite wholly in agreement. There is one point on which I totally disagree with her. "A Grandmother" tells us that that will be the age of free women when "a woman will be able to choose whether she will bear her children to the State as a citizen, or to a man as his wife." A glorious ideal, indeed! A Freemother must therefore be either a good citizen or a good wife!

As a Freewoman, I refuse to bear children either to the State or to a man; I will bear them for *myself* and for *my* purpose! I care neither for the continuance of the race, or the reproduction of any man; my desire is to continue *myself*. Partly this desire is of the natural instinct for motherhood, partly it is of the wish to set a plant of my own stock in ground of my own preparing. I have been forced to spend my energies in breaking through the principles and prejudices which have dwarfed my growth, and have done little more than clear the ground. I would sow the seed in the ground I have made ready, and watch the young plant grow untrammelled to the light, and bear the fruit I have desired to bear. My children shall be *mine* for *my* pleasure, until such time as they shall be their own for their pleasure. I will not bear children to the State or man, and I seek no aid from State or man. The more I can do unaided, the greater joy I will have in the doing.

Such is the Motherhood of a Freewoman.

February 26th, 1912.

HELEN WINTER.

\*\*\*

## IN THE NAME OF THE NATION.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

It is agreed by all clear-headed and honest thinkers that there is only one way of raising the real status of Labour, namely, by removing the barriers interposed by successive Cabinets to deprive Labour of its legitimate remuneration.

The distribution of the national wealth is estimated by Mr. Chiozza-Money, in his book "Riches and Poverty, 1910," as follows:—

The total aggregate income of the 44½ million people of the United Kingdom was, in 1908-9, approximately £1,844,000,000. Of this sum,

1,400,000 persons took	£634,000,000	(or per capita	£453).
4,100,000 " " "	£275,000,000	( " " "	£67).
39,000,000 " " "	£935,000,000	( " " "	£24).

About one-half of the entire annual income of the nation is enjoyed by about 12 per cent. of its population.

It is probably true that a group of about 120,000 persons, who with their families form about one-seventieth of the population, owns about two-thirds of the entire accumulated wealth of the United Kingdom.

How can this intolerable and unjust condition of things be changed? The Independent Political Association suggests a simple and effective plan, and appeals to the people for co-operation.

It is proposed to submit the following proposition to the adult section of the 39,000,000 mentioned above:—

"That the only permanent cure for the present social unrest is that there should be a just distribution of the national wealth by means of which the

workers shall obtain their fair share of the product of their labour,"

and a monster petition presented to His Majesty the King in the name of the nation.

We know that petitions are only a symbol, and are often disregarded, but a petition signed by millions of men, with a just moral force behind them, is a petition that will not, and cannot, be ignored.

We ask every worker, male or female, to sign this petition. Names may be registered at 1, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., and at Miltons Buildings, 244, Deansgate, Manchester, or petition forms will be forwarded on application.—We are, yours faithfully,

A. WATTERS, *Hon. Treasurer.*  
H. VERNON CAREY } *Secretaries.*  
S. SKELHORN }

The Independent Political Association,  
1, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.,  
March 2nd, 1912.

\*\*\*

## GROUP HOUSES.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

As a convinced Feminist and aspiring Freewoman, I, too, feel with your correspondent, Miss Chapman, that this question of housework and housekeeping is the very bottom of the whole question. It is absolutely fundamental, and to me even it seems more important, because more pregnant with consequences than the Suffrage. To get the Vote is to win a flag in a pitched battle, to organise domestic work is to gain the strategic base of the whole position.

To be free is to have leisure. And women, as a whole, will have little chance to get free while the large majority are obliged to spend laborious days in feeding their families and cleaning their houses. The appalling frequency and the inexorable reiteration of human eating can only be realised, not by those who merely eat, but by those responsible for the feeding. Mealtime comes as the recurring decimal of domestic work, and, like it, is monotonous and eternal. Yet, so long as the large majority of women, simply because they are married women, are responsible for this never-ending, never-ceasing work, though the exceptional woman, or the unmarried woman who is freed from it, may advance, women, as a whole, are doomed to remain where they are. *They have no time to get free.* They will only have time when domestic work has been properly organised. This is the key to the whole position, and the foundation stone on which alone the rest can be built. And yet I find it extremely hard to get even "Freewomen" to realise this, while the more showy (though, of course, important, and essentially right) Suffrage question absorbs all their energies and most of their thoughts.

For over two years now, since its inception, I have been connected with, and working for, that Brent Garden Village scheme of co-operative housekeeping mentioned in your pages by a previous correspondent. Tenants we can find in plenty, as many as the estate will hold, which shows how many women urgently need and want this help, but capital without which the scheme cannot get itself into real being comes but slowly. Capital is mainly in the hands of men, and they, not finding their leisure or their occupations interfered with by housework, do not put their money in such enterprises. But if the women who have capital, and have leisure because they have capital, would only realise the need of the vast majority of their fellow-women, the crying urgent need for a little time, time to live their own lives, time to do their own work, time to free their own selves, surely they would help this struggling pioneer scheme, which seeks to lift the incessant, insistent meal-getting, dirt-removing toil, which always must be done, though the sky fall, from off the shoulders of the housewife, and give her time and opportunity to front the other problems of the Freewoman, and to solve that greatest one of all, the economic independence of women.

If space could be found in your pages, I should be only too pleased to give particulars and details of this scheme, which is already working on a small scale.

A. HERBAGE EDWARDS.

\*\*\*

## WHO ARE THE "NORMAL"?

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

If you can spare me a little space, I should like to comment briefly on the letter in the current number of THE FREEWOMAN signed "Kathlyn Oliver." This letter has been written in reply to a letter of mine signed "A New Subscriber," which you were good enough to publish in the number which appeared on February 22; but after carefully reading and considering Miss Oliver's letter, I can find no answer to the arguments I advanced. She



simply repeats her former statements, and draws certain incorrect and general conclusions.

One entirely wrong conclusion drawn by her from the substance of my letter was corrected in a footnote by the Editor, to whom I am greatly obliged. I am not "of the male persuasion," though I fear Miss Oliver will insist on reckoning me among the "lower animals." But these venerable clichés are not arguments, even when backed by indiscriminate denunciation of all one half of humanity, and of such members of the other half, as do not share the opinions of Miss Oliver.

I did not deny that many women (e.g., Miss Oliver and the friends she mentions) are of cold temperament sexually. This is well known to all persons who have had any experience of human nature. And equally well known is the fact that not every woman is so constituted. In my letter I advocated, what I now repeat, that the former (under-sexed) type of woman should be free to live according to her nature; and I protested, and shall protest with my utmost energy, against the cruel stupidity which would enforce complete abstinence, even when dignified by the name of purity and a capital letter, on all, irrespective of temperament, circumstances, and point of view.

I would also remind Miss Oliver that an ardent temperament does not necessarily imply indulgence in indiscriminate promiscuity. The passionate woman may be, and often is, as fastidious in her choice of a lover as her placid sister.

I did not use the word "normal" in connection with Miss Oliver, but with reference to physiological facts, e.g., to hetero-sexual intercourse in contradistinction to auto-erotism, and to the habits of those "lower animals" of whom Miss Oliver disapproves so much, and knows so little. I dislike the use of the word "normal" as applied to certain types of mind and temperament. There is more in human nature than most people admit.

It will be an unspeakable catastrophe if our richly complex Feminist movement, with its possibilities of power and joy, falls under the domination of sexually deficient and disappointed women, impervious to facts and logic, and deeply ignorant of life.

Miss Oliver congratulates herself on escaping "diverse" (?) effects of her way of life, but she admits frequent fits of depression, and she is still under thirty. It is not impossible that the next decade may bring her new wisdom—and even teach her charity.

March 2, 1912. A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

THE "NORMAL" AGAIN.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

After reading the interesting details of Kathlyn Oliver's sexual experiences, no one will be disposed to deny that she is quite a normal woman of the civilised type.

It is well known that the sexual appetite in woman is weaker than in man, and in this respect she does, of course, differ from the females of the lower animals, which seem to suffer more, if anything, from abstinence than the males. But then the female animal is the physical equal of the male, and is often larger and more intelligent. The relative feebleness of the sexual instinct in woman is, after all, only a detail of general physical and mental degradation under modern civilisation, and, in any case, it is nothing to brag about.

Kathlyn Oliver reminds one of the monk who, before undergoing, with his fellows, the penance of walking about with peas in his boots, took the precaution of having his peas boiled, and was thus able to wear a cheerful smirk whilst the faces of his brethren were wrung with suffering.

F. M. P.

THE TRANSMUTATIONS OF SEX.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

"A New Subscriber" raises the question of auto-erotism, which, I agree with him, is much more common than is generally supposed. But I do differ from him in his assumption that it can be an aid to continence. I am ignorant of the views of the medical profession, but, from personal experience, I would say that the effect of indulgence in such forms of excitement is unquestionably injurious to health, and makes abstinence more difficult. Once having ascertained this, I would, quite apart from "moral" objections, no more give the rein to such imaginations than I would eat food I had learnt was certain to disagree with me.

And let me add that, even allowing for the enormous range of variation in sexual matters spoken of by the same correspondent, I cannot but think that the majority of letters on the subject in your paper have viewed this sexual aspect of womanhood rather morbidly. They make of woman a woman first and a human being afterwards; that is to say, they will not allow that she can be

a complete normal human being unless her sexual side has had full scope. Now, I believe this is only one of many avenues to development; there are many doors into the palace of full, vivid, ecstatic life—the passion for a cause, for creative work, for a real or imagined message to mankind, will make us free of it. Why, then, stand wailing before the one closed door, when the others will give as ready access, and make us perhaps more permanent dwellers in it? To quote one of Dr. Whitby's aphorisms, "Some folk, if they found the door of heaven wide open, would have scruples about walking in," because they expected a different kind of door, and forget that a "house that hath many mansions" may also be entered in many ways.

I enclose my card, and sign myself, HIBERNIAN.

Feb. 26th, 1912.

MIND AND BODY.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

Much has been said in your columns of the irresistible impulses of sexual passion; more has been said of the debilitating effect on the physical economy of injurious abstinence in the case of celibacy—both cases to be proven.

Are our dual natures, then, nine-tenths body and one-tenth mind? for so would the specious argument of "man's necessity" imply. Are we to sink below the level of brute creation? for even the creature has periodical times of mating, particularly shown in bird and insect life.

That the mind governs the body is a well-known fact; and the healing of the body by the suggestion of the mind a theory to the forefront.

An unbalanced mind gives us the lunatic and the crank; a diseased and perverted mind, the drunkard and the criminal; but the healthy mental is the healthy physical. A sudden violent emotion weakens the heart. Fear has caused more deaths than disease. And, from the personal experience of some, a lascivious thought allowed, stimulates the sex organs.

If, then, the effect of mind on matter is a physical law, and the power of the mental over the physical proved beyond doubt by prophets, thinkers, and teachers, why should sexual impulse be a thing apart from that law? Because man, for his convenience, has made it so!

"No man is a Joseph after fifteen," is a known but fallacious hypothesis, for all men can be Josephs at will. Let them seek the aid that he sought, and make themselves, like him, spiritually affine. Then, and only then, can they enlist the illimitable powers of the mind to conquer the impulses of the body. "There is no thing we cannot overcome." The result will be the elimination of the 75 per cent. diseased, and *mens sana in corpore sano*.

MARY BULL.

THE ÆSTHETIC STATUS OF SEX.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

In your issue of February 22nd your correspondent "F. M. P." states as a fact that "the artistic impulse is not unconnected with sex." By this, I take it, he advocates freedom in sexual matters, so that we may have an "Academy," regardless of the enormous cost it entails, payable in souls of women. If this is the case, surely these women, who are sent down to the nethermost hell so that men may attain fame, are in their wrong places; they should be considered martyrs for an artistic populace, or, since they themselves have absolute freedom in sexual matters, they should prove to be genii wasting their talents in the desert air. How dare Englishmen rate about the Congo atrocities, or pat themselves on the back because it is recorded in history books that they "abolished slave trade," when they tolerate such a waste of human life yearly for the production of the arts? Again, is it not remarkable that women with artistic temperaments—as soon as they are married—do not develop these latent talents which could not be developed before by reason of their chastity? Another statement of F. M. P.'s is that we should practise continence, if only for tonicity,

SUNDAY AT HOMES

at 8.30 p.m. at the

Strand Lecture Room,

15, ADAM STREET, STRAND (opposite Adelphi Theatre).

March 10th.

Mrs. PEMBER REEVES,

"Life on £1 a Week, and the Minimum Wage."

Chair: CICELY HAMILTON.

The International Suffrage Shop.





and not merely for the purpose of distinguishing us from the lower animals. Why "only tonicity" when "race degeneracy" is one of the most discussed social questions of the day? Does F. M. P. realise that when man has risen to the level of the "lower" animals in sexual matters, social questions of this sort will have ceased to exist.

C. H.

\* \* \*

#### INDIVIDUALISM IN MORALS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I am not a subscriber to your journal, but I have it sent to me regularly by my younger relations, and I must say the world is getting along.

I am not seeking permission to complain of your outspokenness (in this matter, as in some others, perhaps the most shocking thing is our susceptibility to shock), but to offer from an ordinary person some elementary remarks on the rival views represented on the one side by C. V. Drysdale and Upton Sinclair, who express the want for more air, more light, and more liberty, and on the other by W. B. Esson and C. F. Hunt, who seem to want more of humanity and the intrusion of it into the privacy of the individual.

It appears to me that the power to discern the benevolence and rightness of the Malthusian aim, whatever its arguments may be, is a sufficient mark to distinguish the sheep from the goats; for if the teaching of men like Roosevelt be universally acted upon, it must inevitably lead to a world denuded of superfluous life and teeming with humanity of more or less genteel type.

It is their notion, these mistaken people, of the Millennium, when the wilderness shall blossom like Streatham.

I would remind them that it is not a question of food alone. There are other things—coal, for instance. It might be possible to extract from the air (without producing a sufficient disproportion of oxygen to further stimulate the rhapsodies of some of your contributors) enough nitrates to form standard bread for the people, or enough nitro-glycerine for a general burst-up, but the superficialities of the globe will remain fixed; and we don't want always to get admission to nature through the park gate and under the eye of the custodian.

It is a pity, however, to refer to the phenomenon which is producing so splendid a physical type in the middle classes as deliberate limitation. Let us mind our own business! I have lived long enough to find that moral dirt is chiefly caused by the prurience of the vigilants. It is sufficient to state that a low birth-rate would be an unmixed blessing if it took place among other classes and other races as well, and it is in the direction of persuading the less provident (to continence if they choose) that the energies of teachers should be employed. And so far as precaution is concerned, I would leave the freest access to knowledge, but hold up only the ideal. I object to the view that knowledge is for a few politicians and students, and the common people are to be looked upon as irresponsible children. Knowledge is power, to be exerted by us or over us.

May I point out, too, that Mrs. Sherwen is wrong in supposing that functions only become active when fulfilment is prepared for. Throughout nature there is waste—to prevent waste. Nature is sanguine because she is healthful, and all we have the right to hope for is that mutual joys are mutual and spontaneous.

I am sorry Upton Sinclair cannot advocate freedom in the marriage relation without promising some ulterior reward in the form of reduced profligacy, which can never be realised except by putting lewd-minded persons to death (if you can catch them), and even then it would crop up again in about the second generation, despite the eugenicists. Freedom should be sought for its own sake. Not because it *is not*, but because it *is* a sacrament would I keep the love union free from official interference. In a community where Malthusian ideals attained, and there was no need, in view of occasional abandonment of responsibility to the State, to put the official stamp on prospective paterernity, if two young people were entering upon the happiest of all human relations, it would be thought insufferable intrusion for some other to interpose his nasty personality, and equally gross uncleanness for them to continue in that relation if ever it became distasteful. So far as secondary responsibilities were concerned, both would be required to discharge them according to their respective means, whether incurred under external sanction or not.

And now may I say a word to those poor creatures of organised human effort, generally with letters after their names to signify they have been in a reformatory, who have no belief except in the omniscient State, and who are always clamouring to have us trained and legislated for? I wonder if they ever reflect how the State is constituted of permanent officials chosen (without training)

for their success in emulating Datus, and kept under partial control of Parliament—that congenial product of the orgy of lying and drunkenness and riot which we call a general election—and that these are the people who are to train us for fatherhood, and choose our wives for us, after they have chosen their own!

It is a comfort to think that when these impudent busybodies have reduced us to slavery, they and our persecutors will remain subject to the tempest and the earthquake, as soon as it shall please heaven to rid the world of their pestilent influences.

TALLIS AVIS.

\* \* \*

#### "FREEWOMAN" CLUBS.

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I note your suggestion as to THE FREEWOMAN clubs, and feel that discussion on these lines might very well be carried on by readers of the paper who reside in Bristol. I am the secretary of the Fabian Women's Group in Bristol, and, as most of our members read your paper, we thought that perhaps other readers in Bristol would be glad to join us in discussion of many of the articles, which give one so "furiously to think." Would anyone so interested kindly write to me for information?

February 26th, 1912.

ETHEL BRADSHAW.

\* \* \*

#### AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND WOMEN VOTERS' COMMITTEE (LONDON).

To the Editors of THE FREEWOMAN.

I shall be greatly obliged if you will publish the following letter in your paper.

To the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt,  
Colonial Secretary.

I am instructed by the Executive of my Committee to forward you the following resolution, which was carried unanimously at their monthly meeting this morning:—

"That this meeting of the Executive of the Australian and New Zealand Women Voters' Committee deeply regrets that the Colonial Secretary should appear on the platform at an Anti-Suffrage demonstration, holding as they do that his public opposition to the enfranchisement of women is a slight upon those two Dominions in which equal suffrage is an integral part of the constitution."

HARRIET C. NEWCOMB, Hon. Sec.

c/o International Women's Franchise Club,

9, Grafton Street, London, W.,

February 28th, 1912.

#### THE

## "LADY" COMBINED KNIFE and SCISSORS SHARPENER

Regd. 542,986.

FOR EVERY HOME.

*Sharpens Carving and other Knives and  
Scissors. Simple to use. Will last a Lifetime.*

**PRICE - - 6½d.**

#### INSTRUCTIONS.

Rest the Sharpener on the edge of the table, place Knife alternatively in each end slot, and draw towards you, using slight downwards pressure.

For Scissors use the central slot. Scissors require slightly more pressure. Sharpen each blade in turn.

**THE SHARPENING WHEEL IS MADE OF  
THE FINEST HARDENED SHEFFIELD STEEL.**

*The "Lady" Sharpener soon saves its cost.*

ASK YOUR IRONMONGER FOR IT.

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



## Where Women Work.

### III.—CLERICAL WORK.

THE last fifty years have, to enunciate a commonplace, been characterised by the rush of women into industrial life. The reasons for this must be sought in several quarters. First, no doubt, in the excess of women over men and the consequent desirability of the woman's having some employment in the event of her not marrying. Secondly, in the growing dislike of the woman to remain at home, humbly awaiting the "offer" which will put her in the way of earning her living as a wife—which offer she will probably not only have to sacrifice her self-respect to obtain, but will feel obliged to close with whether it marches with her desires or not. It is this woman whose case has been put by Miss Cicely Hamilton with vigour and sympathy in her play, "Just to Get Married." Thirdly, the increase in the cost of living during the last fifty years has made it more and more difficult for a father or a brother to maintain at home a household of what Olive Schreiner would call "female parasites," and he, we have often noticed, who insists most loudly that woman's place is the home is often he who is most determined that his womenfolk shall have some occupation which will at least get them out of his. Hence has arisen the problem of "what to do with our girls." The boys, it has always been understood, must, if possible, be apprenticed, or articed, or sent to college—prepared in some way for a definite career. The girls cannot be apprenticed or articed, since trades and professions requiring such arrangements are closed to them, and are generally only sent to college after superhuman exertions on their parts in the way of gaining scholarships or persuading half-hearted parents. To be sure, there is always the teaching profession, more or less ready to swallow up the bright, intelligent girl; but the cost of maintaining her till she has completed her course of training is not to be borne except by a self-denying parent or by one who is determined to give the girl an occupation as a matter of principle. An occupation is sought, therefore, which will need the minimum of preparation, and give a monetary return at once, regardless of future prospects. Such an occupation has been found in typewriting, shorthand, and the lower grades of office work generally, and hence arises the unabated stream of girls into this occupation.

Is Mary not quite strong or clever enough to be a teacher, or is she now too old to commence to train, or do her parents not wish to spend much money upon her, or are they not able, or must the boys be "placed" first, or is she "likely to be married," or do any of the thousand and one arguments against providing her with reasonable prospects prevail, then must Mary go into an office. Should her education have been neglected, no matter; for the modest sum of £5 or £7 she can be "turned out" at any of a hundred "training schools" as "a competent typist and shorthand clerk"!

Should she have very definite talents for another sort of life altogether, no matter either. On what other career could she be so easily and cheaply launched? So Mary must e'en make the best of it; the illiterate must compete with the cultured, the fit with the unfit in one blind hurly-burly. This state of things is bitterly resented by the men who are already engaged in office work. Should a woman clerk prove capable of doing their work, they stand, in the press of competition, to lose it, since she will do it for possibly less than half the

money which he would receive. She is, in the man's view, the ever-present blackleg. In taking this view he is quite justified. As things are at present constituted, this is exactly what she is; but he cannot perceive that this is partly his own fault, that he helps to maintain her in this position. The two most influential unions of clerks jealously exclude women from their midst as unworthy to receive any benefits arising therefrom. The members of these unions would, no doubt, rise in their wrath if it were suggested that women should receive the same rates of pay as men. Yet this simple expedient would remove a great many of their grievances. If a strong and determined agitation were made for equal pay for equal work by the men and women concerned, then the woman would no longer be a blackleg, but an honest competitor with him for the work, and the best man—or woman—would win. With his complaint that the woman would sometimes win we fear we can feel no sympathy, for he overlooks, in his indignation with the women who have entered his profession, one very obvious fact—namely, that women must live as well as men, and that they, equally, dislike the workhouse as a residence. In fact, it must be admitted by every reasonable being that women do not work from perversity or desire to oust men, but from stern necessity—either physical or moral. The cry, so often raised, that some girls at least become clerks for "pocket money," or to escape the restrictions of well-to-do homes, would be quieted if equal work received equal pay; for such people are often incompetent, being sustained by no serious motive. If competent, they would then have no opportunity of underselling others, and, in our view, they have certainly a right to sell their labour honestly, no matter what the position of their parents. The underselling of their own sex in occupations where women only are employed by this last-named class could be largely prevented by the institution of, and insistence on, a minimum wage.

A typical illustration of the evil resulting to men from this unequal payment of women came very recently under our notice. A particular department in the office of a firm of traders was run by a man clerk, and, working under him, a highly competent woman clerk. His salary was £5 a week, and hers £2. On his resigning his post, the manager of the business summoned the woman clerk, intimated the resignation to her, and suggested that she should now take the vacant place. She immediately accepted, but was checked in her expressions of satisfaction by the manager's remarking that, of course, he could not pay a woman £5 a week, that £2 was quite enough for her to live comfortably upon, and that he did not propose to give her any more, but that he would provide assistance for her by giving her the help of a young inexperienced man at a salary of 25s. a week.

The woman clerk expostulated, pointing out that the new circumstances would entail a tremendous amount of extra work upon her, even in excess of that which fell upon her former superior, considering the inferiority of the assistance to be given. The manager then lost his temper, but was sufficiently wishful to retain her to offer her an extra ten shillings a week, concluding, however, by saying that if she did not close with his offer she must leave her post. Her circumstances made resignation almost impossible, her courage failed, and she became the most unwilling of "blacklegs."

Such a state of affairs is as dangerous to the true interests of the occupation as a whole as it would be to the shopkeeping class if women shopkeepers



were obliged to sell their goods at half the profit made by men shopkeepers.

In this matter of the maintenance of unequal pay—on which we insist a great deal of the unrest in the clerical profession is founded—the Government is one of the chief offenders. This pernicious principle is well maintained in every branch of the Government service where women are employed, half the remuneration of a man being, on an average, the amount received by a woman in an identical position. This is the case with inspectors either of education or sanitation. Thus the woman inspector of Training Colleges receives a salary which is exactly half (£200 to £400) that of the least well-paid of the male inspectors, whose salaries range from maximums of £950 to £800, and so on down to the employees of the Post Office, in which the men receive a salary greatly in excess of that of the women, inadequate though it be even in the case of the men.

The Civil Service is, however, practically closed to women, except in the very lowest grades. One has but to glance down the lists of Civil Servants in Whitaker to perceive this fact. Even the First and Second Division Clerkships are entirely the monopoly of men.

The attitude of the Government to women employees may best be seen by referring to the fact that when typists were first employed in Government departments—about thirty years ago—the scale of salary was 14s. per week, rising by annual increments of 2s. to 24s. per week; they earned no pension, and lost one-fourth of pay if absent on sick leave. To do away with the difficulty that it is impossible for a woman to live decently in London on such sums, the regulations stated that the typists were to be the daughters of Civil Servants or

military men, and that *they must live with their parents or guardians*, who would therefore be partially supporting them, while the State gave them fourteen or a few more shillings for forty-two hours' work a week!

Such audacity is no longer possible; but the root principle—or lack of principle—remains the same in Government employment, to wit, that women can, by hook or by crook, manage to exist on half a man's income, even when that is an exceedingly small one. The minimum and maximum salaries respectively of Government women typists is now 20s. and 31s.

The woman superintendent of such a department known to us is, after twenty years' employment as a superintendent, now receiving £120 per annum! Compare this with the salaries of the Minor Staff and Second Division Clerks, who earn from £250 to £350, with prospects of a liberal pension. The very small pension of women Civil Servants is at once the bait which draws and the hook which retains them.

This lack of opportunity in the Civil Service is repeated in the outside world. At present there is very little scope for women in any of the higher branches of the clerical profession. They must expect to see young boys passed over their heads, and to remain stationary for a life-time.

Prejudice against women's work is in part responsible for this, but it is also partly due to the fact that so many women clerks are typists, and that typewriting means stagnation in one groove. Men avoid this error. They do not take seriously to typewriting, and women who feel strong capabilities within themselves should profit by this example of a sex which has been playing the game longer than their own.

And now, how can women endeavour to break down these barriers which bar their progress towards just return for their labours and honourable positions in the higher branches of their work? Two things are even now possible. First, education, continued after the work has been taken up. Competent women have to compete not only with men, but with the crowd of semi-illiterate girls whose parents have most unwisely thrust them into the commercial world. Proficiency, accuracy, understanding—in a word, brains—must tell in the long run, and "brains" are assisted, to a certain point almost created, by serious effort. Then, in order to ensure due recognition of such proficiency, they must co-operate and organise.

Since men, very unwisely, exclude them from their unions, they must form unions of their own, and unite on certain points. Such a union exists in the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries, which, under the title of the Association of Shorthand Writers and Typists, has existed for eight years. It is at present attempting to raise the number of its members, in order to qualify as an "approved society" under the Insurance Act.

Its objects are chiefly to raise the status of the woman clerk and secretary, to encourage a higher standard of training and proficiency, to co-operate with other professional women's societies, and to secure a just remuneration, with minimum rates.

The minimum wage of those wishing to become full members must be £1 per week—this in order to secure only the more serious-minded workers. This very modest minimum for such an association speaks for itself, and shows more clearly than we can do the valuation put upon the services of women in the clerical profession. The whole duty of women clerks is to create a reputation for themselves.

VARIOUS HANDS.

# Flannelette.

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

## Horrockses' Flannelettes

(made by the manufacturers of the celebrated Longcloths, Twills, and Sheetings)

### are the best.

"HORROCKSES" stamped on selvedge every five yards.

Awarded the Certificate of The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.



## Luang Sawat, B.A.

### III.

LUANG SAWAT, B.A., was driving up the New Road in Bangkok, having arrived early at Windsor Wharf in the steamer from Singapore.

It was boiling hot; and the sun glared all the way along the New Road, on the rows of shabby sheds and shops—on the swarms of half-naked men and women—on the electric trams tearing along, crowded to overflowing—on the throngs of Chinese and Lukchins (Siamese-Chinese) perambulating in the very midst of the traffic—on the dilapidated rickshaws plunging diagonally in front of his carriage. Disgusting smells rose from the open drains in front of the small shops. And how ugly the women were!

Involuntarily, as he stared at the half-nude nursing mothers with black betelful mouths, and heard their screeching voices, he wondered if his wife and mother would seem to him as repulsive. No pity had he, no wish to help these humble folk toiling on in blind, hot slavery. Nothing but repugnance and a backward look to the comfortable fleshpots of the Siamese Legation in South Kensington. He hired a boat at Tar Dien landing, and crossed the river to his old home. Eight years! How different he was from the youth who had left it! What was he coming to? His father had died last year; and in the one long letter his mother had sent him since the death (and that was written to dictation) the only mention of his children had been that Raut was learning English at the Arunapah school, and that she "thought of her father much." Of Ying, his wife (who also could not write) and of Dockmye, his younger daughter, there was no mention. Sawat, for the first time for years, was now speculating about his wife. Though Ying had been found for him by his mother, that lady had meant nothing but temporary amusement for him in such an alliance. She had been deeply indignant when Ying, the Lao boatman's daughter (a nobody indeed), had wanted to accompany Sawat to Europe. Ying had indeed cajoled her husband so that he had actually dared to argue with his mother for a whole day before finally giving up the idea of taking his low-born wife with him to England.

For all the daring and independence of that time, Ying must have since had to pay. Sawat wondered coldly if her spirit was quite broken now.

As his boat neared the junction of the Klong Sarn with the Klong Bahn Luang, memories flooded in on Sawat. Here were houses he knew well. The same bamboo and teak dwellings, some floating, some on piles, the same mud oozing up round the piles, and the same rampant life of pigs, ducks, dogs, and babies, revelling in the mud: the same perpetual coming and going of women from side to side of the little open houses, "cawing" incessantly with the betelful mouth that now seemed to him so ugly. Ah! There was his mother's house!

"Run, boy, and tell Mom Sabai that her son has come."

He followed the boy at some distance, picking his steps. Over the swampy ground surrounding Mom Sabai's house a rickety plank footway meandered for some hundreds of yards. Mangy dogs prowled round, and huge ungainly pigs rooted among the rotting banana skins, rags, and eggshells—the deposits of months. As Sawat came up the marble steps to the verandah, an old woman prostrated herself so low in his path that he, looking about and above her, stumbled on her outstretched

hands. She plunged into her petition, ignorant of his annoyance.

"Sir, you will speak for my daughter in the Law Courts, will you not?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember me, Mom Jeean? And my daughter, whom you tried to get out of prison eleven years ago?"

"No."

"Mè! . . . Well—she's been in prison eleven years, *innocent!* And now she's an old woman, and nearly dying, and Phya Moosah—"

She was interrupted by Mom Sabai; but the cold glance of Sawat as he said, "I have not the least idea what you are talking of," would of itself have silenced her. She crept back, mute.

Sawat, in spite of the years in Europe, instinctively dropped on one knee as he saluted his mother. She raised him graciously, and led him by the hand across the verandah, down another flight of steps, and across the compound and over a plank bridge, to the new floating house which she had Europeanised for him.

The teak boards inside were covered with dull grey paint, and from this background stared highly touched-up photographs of Siamese royalties. A sofa and chairs in red velvet, and a Brussels carpet of deepest dye, blazed in the sun reflected from the glowing Menam. Moored to piles in the tidal river, and floating on it, the house rose and fell incessantly with the flow of water. On one of the round marble-topped tables was a centrifugal system of uncut English books, and on the other were the utensils of betel-chewing. Several young girls crouched on the ground, peeping through the fingers of their upraised hands.

Mom Sabai looked proudly round, then back to her son. "All this I have prepared for you; everything a farang can want."

"Where is Ying?" said Sawat, staring at a pretty girl at his feet. "Why does she not come to see me?"

"Buddho! son, she's in one of her queer tantrums, and won't speak or move. A kind of fit it is; the doctor says a spirit has taken hold of her."

"Well, I want to see her," said Sawat.

"Bradēō, bradēō, . . . you shall see her in a day or two. Here, Raut, come and talk to your father."

Sawat spent several days contentedly with his mother, though feeling limp, inert, and disinclined for anything but lying in a long chair in the floating-house verandah. How hot Bangkok was!

Agreeable, however, was the drinking of iced tea and "wiskee-soda" to the fanning of a bewitching slave-girl, whom Mom Sabai had specially instructed to beguile him from Ying. Sawat made no attempt to resist her blandishments; and a week

## THE FREEWOMAN

### NOTICES & TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

#### EDITORIAL

Letters, etc., intended for the Editor should be addressed: 9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. Telegrams to address below.

#### PUBLICATION

All business communications relative to the publication of THE FREEWOMAN should be addressed, and all cheques, postal and money orders, etc., made payable to the Publishers, STEPHEN SWIFT & CO., LTD., 10, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. Telegrams to "Lumenifer, London."

Terms of Subscription:—Yearly, 14s.; Six Months, 7s.; Three Months, 3s. 6d.; to any address in the Postal Union.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

All orders, letters, etc., concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, THE FREEWOMAN, 9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.



had passed before he at last insisted on seeing his wife. His mother and his daughter Raut were with him when Ying was brought to him. Painfully she entered, a slow-creeping wretched woman, crawling in on hands and knees. Her head completely shaven, her features swollen and distorted with incessant weeping, the light in the eyes alone reminded him of the old Ying. He stood cold and stiff, while she tremulously crept to his feet and embraced them.

"Oh, stop that," he muttered, trying to raise her. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

His mother spoke. "We had to shave her head yesterday. The Chinese doctor said we must. She had fretted herself into fever because Dockmye is to go to another school."

"Not true," panted Ying. "Hear *my* tale, Sawat. *Alone* with me," she pleaded, pointing to a side room.

"Impossible," said Mom Sabai. "You must speak here."

"Either I speak alone with my husband, or not at all."

Mom Sabai turned to her son. "Choose between us, my son," she said calmly. "You know best where to go if you disobey your mother and leave this house."

Sawat looked at Ying again and shuddered. The contrast between her wretchedness and the glowing warmth and charm of the new girl-wife approved of by his mother was too glaring. He knew he ought to consent to Ying's wish to see him alone. But he could not risk disobeying his mother. The old unreasoning habit of obedience was too strong. And he longed to be at peace, and not to see Ying's cadaverous eyes on him. He tried to compromise.

"Come over here, Ying. No one will hear what you say except my mother."

"No," burst out Ying. "Since it must be, I will speak before all." And loudly, incoherent sometimes, terribly distinct again, she told her tale.

"Do you see that child?" pointing to Dockmye, dirty, dishevelled, in the background among the slaves. "When you left for Europe, eight years ago, you loved her as well as her sister. . . . And she went to the King's School at Arunapah, and learnt to be the top of everything. And Mom is angry because she does better than Raut, and she has taken her away from Arunapah, just before you came home. And because I was angry, Mom shut me up, and said I shouldn't see you, and she sent slaves to shave my head. And I haven't eaten or slept for three days and nights."

"Very absurd of you," said Sawat, slowly. "My mother is the best judge of the school Dockmye should go to. I cannot interfere, Ying."

She was lying at his feet, pouring out her eager tale with upturned face and rapid gesture. She raised herself slowly, resting on one inverted elbow. "You—will—not—interfere?" she cried, her whole soul on his answer.

"No," said Sawat, cold, decisive.

"And you will not interfere to get Mom Jeean's daughter out of prison?"

"No, indeed. There are plenty of good lawyers in Bangkok; if they think Mom Jeean's daughter should stay in prison, in prison she must stay. They know best."

He helped himself to betel as he lay, smiling at the background of young slaves, crouching and fanning. This wild woman was the only unpleasant feature of his surroundings. He wished his mother had kept her shut up altogether.

Ying stared at him. Dismay, wonder, horror, passed slowly across her face, leaving only disgust. She rose to her feet.

"Come, Dockmye, let us go back to the embroidery frame. Justice was asleep; now she is dead; and I have no husband."

B. A. S.

## Foreign Affairs

### Japan.

THE undercurrent of social unrest in Japan is finding a vivid expression, which the Japanese Government is quite unable to extinguish, even with the aid of the subtle-stupid autocratic barbarism which they have copied from their honourable enemies, the Russians. Accounts of the recent subjugation of the working population to a modern industrial *régime* are beginning to leak through the confines of this "marvellous little people's" brand-new civilisation. The latest of these, coming from the pen of Dr. Kuwado, a well-known member of the Japanese Senate, has just been published in *Vorwärts*. It reads like nothing so much as those black years of the early nineteenth century, when England was becoming tinged with the first flush of commercial rapacity. As in nineteenth-century England, the bitterest cry of this new Japan goes up from the women and children.

There are over a million factory workers in Japan. Out of these, over 700,000 are women, and of them 70,000, or ten per cent. of the whole number, are little girls under fourteen years of age. The match-making industry recruits one-fifth of all its workpeople from little girls *under ten*; while the proportion of girls under fourteen is as high as thirty per cent. The lead in all this juvenile exploitation is found, as usual, in the example set by the State itself. In the tobacco industry, for example, quite ten per cent. of all the women employees are girls under ten. No wonder, therefore, that with this example the Oriental Gradgrinds have not been slow to follow.

The conditions under which these women and children work in the mills and factories are frankly stated by Dr. Kuwado. The children are "hired" by a sort of press-gang method, and are obliged to "live in" on the factory premises, under conditions of practical slavery. A system of heavy fines for petty misdemeanours prevents most workers, other than nominally, from receiving their wages, and the wages they receive range from two to six shillings a week. Overtime, of course, is practically unknown, for midnight is a usual hour for all-day hands, especially in the cotton factories, to cease work. Corporal punishment is wholly within the masters' rights, and discipline consequently is rigidly enforced by whipping and by imprisonment in dark cells.

As to living conditions, in scores of big factories the men, women, and children live, eat, sleep, and work together indiscriminate of sex, age, or disease. Naturally, as Dr. Kuwado states, immorality and its consequences are rampant. And 700,000 women,

AN IDEAL RECREATION FOR LADIES.

MRS. EDITH GARRUD'S

NEW SYSTEM

OF

JU-JUTSU

SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EUROPEANS.

Terms on application from

9, ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, WEST.



including 200,000 little girls, serve this industrial system, with no present hope of a better.

### South Africa.

The women of South Africa have, we learn, failed to achieve the national franchise organisation towards which negotiations have, until lately, been steadily tending. Had the issue been only one of co-operation between Boer and Briton, the difficulties could easily have been overcome; but the "colour" problem finally broke up negotiations. Largely on the advice of Olive Schreiner, the women of Cape Colony have withdrawn from the scheme, and left the struggle for women's liberties in South Africa little more than a sectional one.

The circumstances in which negotiations have broken down are such as would find an analogy if the women of America failed to join forces because the northern women insisted on making negro enfranchisement an issue second only to their own. To the women of the northern provinces of South Africa, members of a white population to a large extent isolated among numberless natives, such a course is repudiated, the more so since the natives in their districts buy and sell their wives and carry on their old tribal customs. The Kaffirs of the south, they claim, offer no criterion for the treatment of the black belt in the Transvaal, since not only have the Kaffirs broken up their tribal habits and taken on a fair amount of the veneer of white civilisation, but these associations have raised their natural capacity for a "higher" scale of life. Cape Colony women, however, led by Olive Schreiner, refused to join any women's franchise movement which was not committed to gradual franchise reform of the negroes. There the matter has dropped, and with it the immediate possibility of a united women's movement in South Africa.

Alongside these dissensions of women themselves it is interesting to note that while the backveldt Boer is rigidly opposed to any reform in the civil status of women, a substantial section of more advanced Boer opinion views it with great favour. Olive Schreiner and General Botha, the literary and political leaders of the Boer people, have given to Women's Suffrage and its corollary issues the permanent prestige of their support, as have also Colonel Jameson and General Lauer.

### China.

The Western world has yet to learn the part women are playing in China's amazing revolution. There is no doubt, it is clear, that they are seizing the opportunity to enact a revolution of their own. We may piece together the general trend of this women's uprising by half a dozen strands of information, each of them something like a revolution in itself.

First, there is the astonishing promise made by Sun Yat Sen last year in Chicago that women under the Chinese Republic would have equal political rights with men. Now, it seems, steps are actually being taken to redeem this promise by a sort of limited Women's Suffrage. The very thought of Women's Suffrage in China is enough to shake our oldest illusion about the Far East in fragments to the ground. For surely a people which can leap lightly from an absolute Monarchy to a Republic, and from a morale which inflexibly subordinated women to one which grants them voting rights in the State, is not the imperishable, reactionary race our travellers have told us about.

The truth is, of course, that the seeds of the present outbreak have been permeating for decades among the Chinese people. And so, also, among

the women. Indeed, the amount of feminist doctrine which has lately been preached in China is the best explanation available of Sun Yat Sen's disposition to accept as reasonable the demands of his countrywomen for political liberty. There are said to be upwards of seventy papers, edited, written, and read by women, which are preaching the gospel of something very like feminism to the women of China. The greater part of this feminist Press is in the south, but the strength of the new idea in the north and centre of China is attested by scattered movements, such as that which supports at Peking a most enterprising paper called the *Women's Journal*. Its editor is Mrs. Chang, the widow of a court official, who succeeds in recording fairly faithfully most of the important women's movements in the world, paying especial attention, it is said, to the doings of women in Great Britain!

It is in the light of such developments that we can understand how the declaration of the women of China for Sun Yat Sen should have added so much to his prestige. Such is the fact, moreover, that on Sun Yat Sen's triumphant journey back to China from London three months ago, the receptions arranged for him in each city were always featured by the participation of women in an especially distinctive way. In China, too, among the celebrations recently held in his honour, the women frequently played an important, and sometimes even a dominant, part.

Thus it is not surprising that concessions to the women in China have already begun. The Minister of Education has announced, for example, that the new school system will fit girls as well as boys for entrance into higher studies, and on practically a plane of equality. It is useless to expatiate on the ages of precept and tradition thrown down by this single act. It is sure to be followed by others even more sweeping and even more amazing. It appears as if the Chinese had been hoarding up the accelerated energy of change for centuries. There are things about China which a hundred years of civil war and experiments with all sorts of governments on earth could not harry out of the land; China will still be China after all. But the position of Chinese womankind, at any rate, is clearly not a stable one; already it has been stirred not only with a desire for change, but with an intelligent idea, which is gradually spreading through the people, of the ideal and the direction by which the change is to be guided. Meanwhile, we in this progressive Western world can only rub our eyes and look again to see if it is really true—that China is getting up. G. L. HARDING.

### A BOOK FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

By DR. ALLINSON.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman, and it will not harm the unmarried to read. The book is conveniently divided into twelve chapters. The first chapter treats of the changes of puberty, or when a girl becomes a woman. The second chapter treats of marriage from a doctor's standpoint; points out the best ages for marriage, and who should have children and who not, and furnishes useful information that one can ordinarily get only from an intelligent doctor. The third chapter treats of the marriage of blood relations; and condemns such marriages as a rule. Chapter four treats of the signs of pregnancy. The fifth chapter tells how a woman should live during the pregnant state. The sixth chapter treats of mishaps and how to avoid them. The seventh chapter treats of material impressions, and shows that birth marks are not due to longings on the part of the mother, but rather to her poor health. The eighth chapter teaches how to have easy confinements. Certain people believe that women should bring forth in pain and trouble, but the hygienic physician says that confinements can be made comparatively easy if certain rules are obeyed; these rules are given. The ninth chapter treats of the proper management of confinements until the baby is born. The tenth chapter tells how to treat the mother until she is up and about again. The eleventh chapter treats of sterility; gives the main causes of it, how these may be overcome and children result. The last chapter treats of the "change," a most important article for all women over forty. The book is full of useful information, and no book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is told; such can scarcely be the case, for knowledge is power and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in an envelope from Dr. T. R. Allinson, 381, Room, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

(EX)  
HG 1599  
E5 F739  
(Mar. 7, 1912)  
No. 16



# The Compelling Books of our Generation

## THE ROLL OF THE SEASONS

By G. G. Desmond

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

'A writer on Nature who can fill so many pages as are in Mr. G. G. Desmond's stoutly packed book without ever repeating himself, and without saying anything unworthy of print, is in himself almost a literary portent. Mr. Desmond is a most fascinating essayist, skilled alike in literary grace and in scientific knowledge.'—*Morning Leader*. "Enchanting."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"Well written and attractive. . . . Their appeal is wide, and they will tell many a wayfarer how to use his eyes."

—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"Show an enthusiasm for nature which is highly infectious."

—*Evening Standard*.

## THE MASTERY OF LIFE

By G. T. Wrench

Demy 8vo, cloth, 15s. net.

"Extremely clever and stimulating book."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"A book of unusual learning. . . Dr. Wrench has vast learning; but he has something even better than learning. He has imagination, ideas, courage, and a large constructive mind. The book is an indictment of modern life, it is brimful of ideas, bracing and masterful; the volume is valuable, for it communicates something of its energy and vigour to the reader."

—*Publishers' Circular*.

"The reader cannot but find much excellent food for thought in these well-informed dissertations and illuminating speculations."—*Scotsman*.

## "THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

of the White Slave Traffic, and is likely, we believe, and hope, to do all that Mrs. Beecher Stowe's famous work accomplished for the black."—*Liverpool Post*.

# DAUGHTERS OF ISHMAEL

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN. Price 6s.

(Third Large Edition in the Press.)

With a Preface by JOHN MASEFIELD

"The kind of book that moves one to action, and may prove, like one or two famous novels before it, to be the inspiration of a great crusade."

—*Morning Post*.

"A vivid, ruthless, and relentless account of the white slave traffic; . . . is not a nasty book. . . . There is much that is horrible—horrible because we know it to be only too true. . . . A book which, though in many ways ghastly, is nevertheless of such immense importance that every grown man and woman should read it. It is terrible from beginning to end, but above all the horror there is something which makes you feel cleaner, better, more pitiful for a side of life which seldom incites pity. . . . One of the most terrible stories I have ever read."—RICHARD KING in *The Tailor*.

"Appalling. . . MR. KAUFFMAN faces the horrible facts with relentless candour. The work is inspired by a passion for moral and social cleanliness."

—*Liverpool Courier*.

"That he is telling the truth, the simplicity and candid honesty of his telling forces us to believe. . . . An earnest and humanely balanced piece of truth-telling."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Original and full of force, this novel, containing as it does those elements of bigness so rare in these days, is a refreshing change to the ordinary run of fiction.

## THE WOMAN WITHOUT SIN

By Pharall Smith. 6s.

With a pen which is as powerful as it is restrained, the writer attacks convention and upholds his own ideas of freedom between the sexes.

"A relentless and terrible exposure of what has been called 'the white slave traffic.' . . . It is both painful and powerful, and of its sincere purpose there can be no question. Mr. Kauffman's handling

GIVES NO UNNECESSARY OFFENCE."—*Times*.

"The motto adopted by Stephen Swift & Co. is certainly being lived up to; their books really do 'compel,' and are obviously carefully chosen. Their list contains books which many publishers would not have had the courage to publish—unconventional, daring, outspoken and fearless. They are among books what the Little Theatre plays are among the dead husks produced at popular theatres."—*Academy*.

"REMINDS THE READER OF 'ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.'"—*Spectator*.

"Very much above the average. . . . Reveals its author as a writer with exceptional gifts of narration and a power of strong dramatic composition. It is well worth reading."—*Liverpool Post*.

## THE REVOKE OF JEAN RAYMOND

By May Ford. 6s.

"We strongly recommend this book to those interested in modern movements, social, political, or religious."

—*Yorks. Factory Times*.

# IN A GERMAN PENSION

(First Edition, December, 1911. Second Edition, January, now ready.)

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Price 6s.

"Uncommonly bold and artistic."—*Vanity Fair*.

"Original and very forcible in style. . . . A masterly piece of work."—*World*.

"Vivid and often brilliant sketches of life. . . . Extremely well written and in a sense so true that anyone acquainted with German life will keenly appreciate them. We have seldom read more vivid sketches with so great an economy of words."—*Morning Post*.

## THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN

By Munroe Royce

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

"His remarkable book is a sensational exposure of the disease which is threatening the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races in the United States."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

"Frank and incisive criticism."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

## "STARTLINGLY REALISTIC."

—*Daily Telegraph*.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN NEW YORK

By Juvenal

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

"Attacks New York and New Yorkers in the most terrific way."—*Christian Age*.

"His masterly deductions have surpassed all other writers who have written on the same subject."—*Weekly Times*.

"Keen observation and well-judged criticism. . . . Is as breezy a volume as we have seen for some time."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

## THE BOSBURY PEOPLE

By Arthur Ransom. 6s.

## LOVE IN MANITOBA

By A. Wharton Gill. 6s.

## SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY

By Lewis Melville.

Fully Illustrated, 12s. 6d. net.

## LA VIE ET LES HOMMES

By Francis Grierson. 3s. 6d. net.

Send a Postcard for "BOOKS THAT COMPEL," post free from

STEPHEN SWIFT & CO., LTD., 10, JOHN ST., ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.