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WOMEN ENDOWED.

WHERE are the snows of yester year? Where are the State Endowmentists? Where are the contributors to THE FREEWOMAN who have each a thousand arguments in favour of the State Endowment of Motherhood? They doubtless feel their case is assured in the hands of Mr. Wells, and that he in himself represents a host. So he may; but, if so, we modestly but firmly believe that the arguments of the host are receiving their quietus in this week's number. The case, according to Mr. Wells, stands thus: State Endowment of Motherhood means an adequate subsistence grant for child and mother, beginning from a date six months before the child's birth, and continuing as long as a child needs a guardian. A woman may specialise in motherhood as a trade for many years, and after doing so may receive a specialised form of old-age pension. No compulsory limit need be set to the size of a woman's family. The children will be State maintained until they are old enough to work. All women are eligible for motherhood, save those demonstrably unfit. What constitutes a state of unfitness is to be based upon "the wisdom of the medical profession," and "the collective intelligence working through the organs of Government." These same founts of wisdom are to provide the standards of physical and mental fitness, and their veto will be sufficient to debar not only women from motherhood, but their prospective "men" from fatherhood. Very arbiters of Life and Not-Life these wise men will be. Should the State find itself saddled with too great a crowd under these conditions, it will be "quite easy to check the popula-

tion by diminishing allowances, and to stop a fall by increasing them," such concertina-like action being sufficient to keep the population at its requisite number, the requisite number also, we presume, being decided by the "wisdom of the collective intelligence, working through the organs of Government."

Respecting the scheme's finances, Mr. Wells points out that the community already supports all the children and non-productive females in it, and that the State can do in an organised manner what the community now does in a disorganised and wasteful manner. Other details of the scheme are given, but these are its main outlines. It is upon this scheme that Mr. Wells says he has "staked his reputation for intelligence," and we hope he will forgive us for saying that to us it appears a very unsure peg on which to hang so weighty a matter. Schemes have a way of looking solid on paper, but which, when taken hold of and made to stand as self-consistent theories capable of practical application, fall asunder like ropes of sand. To our humble thinking, Mr. Wells' scheme is hopelessly unsound, no matter from which side it is approached.

According to Mr. Wells, all fertile females (save the few the doctors have the temerity to debar) are eligible to undertake motherhood as a trade in which the State will guarantee an adequate subsistence grant. We suggested £100 a year (which is a minimum wage of 30s. a week for the mother, and under 10s. a week for a single child), and Mr. Wells did not cavil at this figure. Mr. Wells' State, then, will stand something like this. All children,

male and female, will be State-maintained until they are eighteen. At this age girls will be ripe to specialise in motherhood, and will, therefore, begin receiving their £100 a year. As Mr. Wells sees no reason why women should not specialise in motherhood as a profession, it is to be presumed they will do so until the age of about forty, when Nature will affix her limit. At this age, not having received any other training, such women will have claims on the State for continued maintenance, which they would receive, according to Mr. Wells, from the State as a special form of old-age pension. So practically all females would be State maintained from birth till death. Even such as were deranged, sickly, or criminal would be maintained in asylum, hospital, or prison. So, too, would defective males, as well as all males until eighteen or twenty-one years. Mr. Wells says that the community already does support all non-productive females and children. As a matter of simple observation, we know that these are not "adequately maintained." They manage just to keep alive in the grossest, direst poverty, and, even so, some 5,000,000 women are engaged in productive work, as are also most children from the age of thirteen or fourteen, and even less. It is hopelessly shirking the issue to say that the maintenance of mothers is merely a question of Socialism. It is a question of simple arithmetic. When most of us say "Socialism," we mean just what it suits us to mean. Hence the futility of the term's use. In a better-organised State, Socialist or otherwise, we believe that children will be in large measure State maintained until they are eighteen or twenty-one; but if they are to be so, the nation must, very obviously, become wealthier. It must become more productive. The present miserable sum of £20 per head per annum is NOT sufficient to endow the coming generation with a decent education and upbringing. And this is the solution—call it Socialism, common sense, or what we will—more work of a productive kind has to be done, more wealth produced. The drones, the hangers-on, the drudges, the loungers, the "rich," the unemployed have to be set to productive work. They have to make more wealth for the nation. They have to be trained and fit not only to receive a minimum wage, but to earn one. The man or woman who is not capable of earning it is a menace to society, and a State which has no tasks for willing, able hands to do is a crowning mockery of creation. A statesman, even with a brain no bigger than a mouse, ought to have imagination enough to see that the individual who wants to work is of more value to the State than the wealthiest of idle plutocrats. Hence we do not regard it as a wise lead to women who are groping about amid social needs and responsibilities to find their destiny to suggest that they may, if they choose, establish a privileged caste and to foist it parasitically upon the labours of the community. So much for the financial side of Mr. Wells' proposal. There are several further features of Mr. Wells' financial assumptions which we might have taken up had space allowed. Perhaps before discussing the administrative side of the scheme we might make a brief comment on three. Mr. Wells says that the State grant to women who have reached the limit of the bearing period (perhaps at forty or forty-five) is merely a "special aspect of old-age pension"; and "it applies equally well to women who have spent their best years teaching or editing." This is really very wickedly naughty of Mr. Wells. Editors are not on the scrap-heap at forty-five, nor at fifty-five, nor sixty-five. Even at seventy-five their editing powers may be flourishing. And this apart, we have not yet heard of old-age pensions for editors.

As for teachers—well, this is unkind! Teachers in State schools, after paying to the State about £3 a year, we believe, from the age of twenty until they are *sixty-five*, get about 16s. 10d. per week! This is scarcely the rosy prospect of the State-endowed mother! In view of such facts as these, we think Mr. Wells is mistaken when he states "there will not be a greater rush into motherhood than there exists now." There is no *rush* at the present time, because there is no demand. Young men are not sufficiently anxious to offer board and lodgings, even of the poorest variety, to a young woman, with the prospect of maintaining her children too. But when a fatherly State offers to do as much and more, without any limitations of personal preference, there will be a rush which will probably astonish Mr. Wells. We believe that those who represent the "collective intelligence through the organs of Government" will, very early on in the scheme of things, be called upon to decide whether things are not becoming very uncomfortably "crushy." Their Massacre of the Innocents by means of the decrease in Government grants will need to be carried through with increasing thoroughness. What will become of these misguided little ones whom the nation's wise men have lured into life by aid of mothers' beliefs that there was a place for them it is difficult to say. The State workhouses—the normal refuge of the unwanted—will cease to be a refuge. The workhouse population will be as much the State's population as that reared in the homes of the State "mothers." The State's lethal-chamber evidently will be the last resort of the "unwanted"—a not altogether desirable consummation of the efforts of those who represent the "collective intelligence of the community working through the organs of Government."

Turning to the administrative side, it may be here argued that such a sad state of affairs as is outlined above could never be reached, for, "falling back upon the wisdom of the medical profession," as Mr. Wells advises, it may be argued that the medical gentlemen will demand so many qualifications in prospective mothers (and fathers) that it will be the Few and not the Many who will be permitted to enter the privileged Caste of State-Motherhood. So they may. Men in the past have attempted to restrict the impulses of their fellows into pill-box compass. But the results of such attempts have been the same—the uprising of the multitude and the sweeping away of the cheap "wisdom" of the wise-over-much. There will be deadly humour about when "doctors" assume the pose of Arbiters of Life and Not-Life, in a science written in hieroglyphics to which they have not yet imagined the key. The doctors who have as yet lent their interest to scientific human breeding have not yet in that science furnished facts or theories worth tuppence. They are unable to say in one single instance, "If you should cross this stock with this, you will produce a type worth your while." Indeed, they seem to be trying to experiment with human beings in the same way as they would experiment with hens and horses. They have not even grasped the elementary fact that the distinctly human thing about the human being is the mind, and that mind is an individual thing, and will do its own experimenting, even in breeding, by their leave! The gentry representing the "wisdom of the medical profession" and the "collective intelligence working through the organs of Government" vetoing parenthood would have a vivid time—no good manners, no gentle handling. The vetoed ones would soon be plucking them by the beard, with a

"Go to, old dotards! What wit-bereft fools begat you?" Does Mr. Wells think that the Vetoed would happily pay for the experiments into parenthood of the Permitted? Not much! Does Mr. Wells think that some thin, nervous, irritable woman who has been Forbidden is going to consent to pay for the propagation of a cow-like type which she detests—that she is going to "keep" the unexercised, over-fleshed "mother" whom she considers is an immoral woman because she is trading upon her sex? Again, not much! The woman who believes her type is worth preserving must justify her belief by working to that end. She must learn that the essentially unfit for motherhood, or any other work of creation, are the parasites; that motherhood is the right of every woman who prepares for it, and takes the risks of it; that it is an individual affair; that it is *not* a collective affair; that the reproduction of the individual is an individual human necessity, and that the proper person to look after it, to prepare for it, to safeguard it, and be responsible for it, is the individual herself. What women want is the recognition of their right to work, their need for training for work, and an *adequate monetary return* for work. If every woman were sure of a job, and sure of a minimum wage of thirty shillings a week, probably ninety-nine per cent. of women, "married" or "single," would have at least one child. And there would be no difficulties about caring for it. With a fair competence secured all round, common arrangements could be made. A liberal form of State insurance to cover the period of confinement could easily be arranged, and every woman worker could be allowed two months' leave of absence at least once or twice in her working life. The very talk of a State endowment of motherhood is at the present time a danger and a hindrance. It is a lurking thought in a multitude of women's minds that, somehow or other, their merely sex-capacities are going to justify their existence. And, quite frankly and brutally, they have to realise that *they are not*. More and more, they will be ruled out of fair bargaining. To the woman who steps forward and says, "My work is going to be motherhood; I will achieve economic independence through that,"

women's reply will be ready: "No motherhood for slackers. When you have proved you can provide for yourself, you will be in a fit position to contemplate providing for your offspring. Work and earn money, good woman. Cover the cost of your motherhood just as you would arrange for the cost of your holiday. Far from paying your type for entering upon motherhood, you are the kind we would advise to refrain therefrom." The women who are seeking a "way out" are too much aware of the real nature of their own depressed condition to allow the deceiving glamour of such will-o'-the-wisp schemes to obscure their vision, or to confuse their true goal of endeavour. For their soul's sake, they require worldly wealth, and wealth they must *earn*. Wealth must not be accorded them, or palmed off on them. It may seem a comically needless thing to say anent women who are so largely bereft of worldly wealth, earned or given, but it *has* to be said. Things in regard to women are in a state of flux. Changes are going on, and change can be as easily "change for bad" as "change for good." It is only the right *Idea* behind change which can inform it and make it not merely movement, but *evolutionary* movement. The right Idea makes change progressive. It behoves women to distrust the Greeks when they come with gifts. They have to look in the mouths of their gift-horses. Women need a way out, and they need it *now*. They cannot afford, even if they would, to wait until men have evolved a science of life-forces, as yet unconceived. Women need wealth; therefore they must produce wealth; and what they produce they must receive value for. This is as much as they owe to the communal life, and this much the communal life owes to them. For the rest they will please themselves, from motherhood to their dresses, from lovers to their tricks and "little ways." These are individual and not collective affairs, and, far from seeking the intervention of the State, the **State** must be peremptorily forbidden the presumption of interfering in them.

We regret to have to announce that Miss Gawthorpe has decided to resign from her nominal co-editorship of THE FREEWOMAN. We earnestly hope that the coming months will see her restored to health.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The Ethics of Inflicted Suffering.

THE coal strike still continues, and as it drags along, slow, uneventful, and free from the most fundamental change which can beset a society or an age is almost insensibly working itself out. It is effecting a *change of social values*. We are revising our schedules of worth. We are learning what most merits returns. So we are carrying out the only form of revolution which is at base a revolution. Uprisings, wars, change of frontiers, change of dynasties, change of constitutions, change of governments, these are merely effects in the surface soil. They can take place and make no really essential difference. There is one method and one only of discriminating between the real revolution and the sham, and it is by the measure of the intent to change social and individual valuations which lie behind them. Someone tells us that we are taking the sufferings of the Third Party very lightly. We do not think so; but we are placing the value of the minimum wage struggle extremely high. We consider that it has in it powers more potent to effect basic change than had the French Revolution, the American War of Secession, or the struggle between East and West in the Japanese war. It is more potent than the

American Civil War, which was revolution based on change of values, but on a change realised vicariously in the minds of a third party, rather than a clear revision in the minds of the American slaves themselves. But here, in England, it is the *workers* themselves who have their own first-hand vision. It is no sentimental uprising of another class on behalf of their "poor lost brethren." It is the workman himself who says, "I am worth my hire. For what price I will hire myself out for harsh toil I must be at liberty myself to decide. I am not a pawn. I am a free agent." That is the substance of the workman's demands. If it not conceded, he is not a free agent. He is a slave. It is because we look at the coal strike from this point of view that we are prepared to maintain and to use any influence to induce others to maintain the struggle in the face of heartrending suffering. It is a strange world, and it seems to be a harsh law that the maintaining of anything worth while is effected at the price of almost unbearable suffering. That being so, for great ends, we have to become philosophic as regards suffering. For our country, for our religion, we *do* become philosophic about it. We calmly see the best that is in the nation made a fitting sacrifice on the altar. But in the

religion of humanity, the belief in the powers of the individual soul, by some loose reasoning we have come to regard as right the use of the tale of suffering as a legitimate weapon to break the fighting zeal of the combatants. Time and time again in the battles for the right to live humanly, *the pass has been sold*, and sold always for the same price, to quiet the cries of the women and children. We do not then think here and now that we are saying a hard thing, but rather a patriotic one, when we say that the women must quiet their cries till this fight is through. We think, indeed, that cries are recorded where they do not exist. Never, to our knowledge, have the women themselves urged the hauling down of the flag. They are misrepresented. Hence, when Labour leaders make assaults upon men's courage through their keenest affections, to our way of thinking they do a dastardly thing, which has no justification in circumstances and certainly no justification in ethics. Therefore, we would say to the spokesmen of the strikers that if they sell the pass of the minimum wage, as a reality and not as a theory, they are doing an ignoble deed, for which lovers of humanity will not lightly forgive them. This thing is worth struggling for. Then let us hold by the struggle.

"Revolution."

We attended the crowded and enthusiastic meeting organised by the W.S.P.U. in the London Opera House last Thursday evening. We joined in the clapping and put our mite into the collection box because we agreed so well with the speakers, and mentally congratulated them upon their skill in keeping ten thousand miles away from the points which were, in the first instance, to show that their actions would result in getting the vote more quickly; and in the second, to show that a resort to organised violence—an occasionally righteous, but always a highly momentous thing to do—was justified at the present time by the set of circumstances in which we suffragists were placed. The first they could not attempt to justify. They know they have given the Sir William Byles' of the earth the excuse they were gasping for. It is possible that the Byles species would have secured it in other ways, but the W.S.P.U. have had it delivered to them express. As for the second, they refuse to handle it. It is quite sufficient for them to make wild dabs into history, and sketchy flights into revolutionary theory so new and intoxicating that comfortable and easy-going women imagine references to any great revolutionists in the past is all that is expected from them as justification. They have yet to learn that *justification* is necessary. If they cannot justify it on their political side, then they must find justification on their human side. Both these questions they failed to touch upon. We wanted an answer to them quite apart from the rousing of our emotions by appealing to the memory of Christ, whom we admire, Mazzini, whom we love, and Garibaldi, whom we adore. If it were wished to make capital out of the emotions associated with these great men, the speakers should have shown, if not a corresponding set of circumstances, at least a corresponding likeness of motive. This they did not attempt to do. They left it to implication, and for us the implication was hopelessly wide. The blood may tingle in our veins at the mention of Garibaldi, but the cold dislike which we have for the unimaginative, calculating, commercial *régime* of the W.S.P.U. remains untouched. Mr. Lansbury spoke with the eloquence and power of a wholly sincere and imaginative man. We are glad Mr. Lansbury is mixing himself up in the move-

ment, and in the militant section of it. What these people need, and what, alas! they have never had, is the discipline of the presence of a public man of understanding, integrity, and democratic instinct.

Such a friendly critic close at hand would have made them realise the indecency of exploiting from their platforms the phraseology of the great lovers of the race and then retiring behind the scenes to carry on the meanest, sharpest, and most cynical of working organisations. He might even be able to restore to "followers" the understanding that, morally, in an organisation no member can rightly abandon responsibility for the spirit of the common bond. We hope he will extend his acquaintance with it. We do wish that suffragists would search their armoury of argument and find some reason why they want the vote for *themselves*. They might, we think, with more modesty and stronger force of argument, find something in their own imperfect lot in life which would be sufficient whereon to base their demands for enfranchisement. We are very tired of hearing the plea that they do not want it for themselves, except in so far as they may help their "poor sisters"—the "sweated workers," who, as a matter of fact, will have no dealings with them, nor will the leaders of sweated women—and for the prostitute, who again, as a matter of fact, is used merely as the trimming to adorn a sad tale. Certainly, militant suffragists would not more welcome prostitutes in their ranks. It is unkind to make one's audience sit with fingers in ears to avoid the sensations resulting from these little disparities. The sinfulness of prostitution, to our mind, lies in its *exploitation* of an emotional appeal, and we cannot help feeling that to advance gentle, sincere women to represent the harsh, cruel arrogance of the W.S.P.U. is to be guilty of spiritual prostitution, which, to our mind, is worse, because it is an exploitation of higher, finer, subtler, more spiritual wares. And if this is a type of spiritual prostitution, the methods they use to secure some of their followers (as an instance furnished to us the same afternoon of a young girl now in Holloway Prison shows) is nothing short of emotional seduction. They use the strongest emotional appeals of religion and revolution to make women and girls lose the thread of practical discretion, to get them to throw aside their work, to order a plan of campaign which will of necessity leave wounded on the field, to alienate their "followers" from their natural protectors and friends, and then doubtless will be prepared as in the past to turn round with the cynical assertion that they are not a philanthropic institution. The knowledge that the "leaders" have allowed such needless sacrifices, and presented so callous a front to such hard cases, makes us smile when Mr. Lansbury tries to cajole our intellects into according a support to their humanity which they have ceased to make a bid for on account of their political leadership. If we may dare to approach the confines of sentiment, we should say that the W.S.P.U. have failed because they *have* no love nor humanity. Had they had, their failure as political manoeuvrers would have mattered but little. To lose a point in a political game is neither to win nor lose hearts. It is the smallest of peccadilloes. But to be failing consistently in humanity is to be bankrupt fundamentally of the spirit which inspires and leads people. In the one case, Mr. Lansbury's arguments, though not logical, would have had their meaning, but in the other, the actual case, they served only as a somewhat pathetic illustration of what might have been.

The Great Unclassed.

II.

A FEW concrete cases, illustrating the opinion of the *demi-mondaine* upon her occupation and her mode of life, may prove instructive to those who know nothing of this traffic from the inside. I select, first, a typical example who haunts saloons in the West End. She is about thirty years of age, good-looking, and quietly dressed. At the age of eighteen she married an English officer abroad, more from a spirit of adventure than for love. The union proved unhappy, and she left her husband to live with a lover, who deserted her in London. For a time she was the mistress of a racing man. He went abroad, and she was left penniless. "There was nothing else to do." When asked why she does not try to find other employment, she replied, "What is the good? I am not domesticated; I know nothing of business, and no one would give me a character."

Another type is a German woman of forty-five, who frequents the promenades at West End music-halls. She has been in the profession for many years, and has saved a considerable sum of money. She is about to open a restaurant in a Continental town, and to abandon "the gay life." This woman is quite philosophical about her profession, and thinks she has no more cause for shame than the women who marry for money.

A Russian girl of twenty-four, trained as a nurse, was brought to England by a young medical student, who quarrelled with her and returned to the Continent. She has a boy of six, to whom she is devoted. She pays ten shillings a week for the child's maintenance, and visits him weekly. Her dream is to save money and to open a tea-room in a Dutch town, where a girl friend resides. She is in delicate health, and has failed to find employment in London. In disposition she is gentle, and she dislikes her occupation, but sees no way of escape at present.

Rescue societies would be unable to help either of these women, because they are in revolt against drudgery for low wages. If any work offered that would pay them better or as well as their present trade, they would probably accept it; but they refuse to "live straight" on starvation wages. This is the attitude of an immense number of impecunious women, who follow the business of prostitution intermittently or regularly. They say, "I don't care about the life, but if I live straight I'm half-starved when in work, and when I've no job I'm without a penny." These are not the vicious types of courtesans, who adopt the career naturally and boldly, without apology or shame, but women who have been broken by cruel circumstance, and whose moral consciousness is not acutely sensitive. They are women who have missed the vocation of marriage and have turned to mercenary polyandry instead of to mercenary monogamy.

The fact is patent that there are tens of thousands of women in our community who have an inherent dislike for hard work of any kind. If forced by conditions into the labour market, they take up "genteel employments," such as nursing, typewriting, and clerks' work, in a half-hearted manner, and prove themselves incompetent. Thrown out of employment and faced by want, they drift easily into hetarism. Among such women it is an accepted principle that a woman should be maintained by a man. If they fail in the matrimonial scramble they readily quench their scruples and become paid mistresses or prostitutes.

The incapacity for realising passionate love,

from which so many Northern women suffer, must be accepted as one of the causes of prostitution. The passionate woman, to whom love is all-important and sacred, is not the woman who sells herself! In a society that affects to appraise love lightly, and to treat sentiment as a subject for jest and farce, there is always widespread prostitution. The proportion of cold women in the *demi-monde* is fairly high. And this is a fact that gives rise to several momentous reflections. We are so wont to confuse passion in love with sheer vulgar sensuality that it is necessary to differentiate the two impulses. Passionate men and women are the *élite* among lovers, and these are never in the majority in any order of society. In England a woman's whole training from childhood to the age when she ceases to possess the capacity for motherhood is directed *against passion* in sex-love. Love is vulgarised to such a depth in the upbringing of women in the average British home that a high conception of the importance of passion in the moral, spiritual, mental, and physical development of the race is practically non-existent. "One does not jest with love" should be a common maxim. But among the cold races there is more joking about courtship and, especially among men, upon the physical aspect of the relations of the sexes than upon any other topic. This flippancy, levity, and indecency meet us everywhere. It is the sign of a nation steeped in vulgar sentimentality and sensuality, a nation that hardly knows true passion and sentiment. It is loudly voiced in the claim of those who defend the censorship of art, the drama, and literature that it is better to wink, giggle, and grin about the impulse that attracts man to woman than to treat it naturally, frankly, and respectfully.

The serious novelists and dramatists, who have some concern for doing good by the presentation of



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problems revolving around the sex passion, are classed with loose writers; and vital plays and novels, in which the beauty, the terror, and the tremendous import of sex-love are revealed, are banned; while "piquant," trivial, indecent farces and stories are given to the public without let or hindrance. Sensuality, adultery, any impropriety that you will, may be the motive so long as it is presented with a wink and a smirk.

Is it any wonder that a society possessing no respect for passionate, virile, wholesome sex-love should maintain a huge class of women for its sordid pleasures? Prostitution is one of the out-comes of Puritanism, censorships, the suppression of decent sex-discussion, the narrow education of women, and the tendency of our race to vulgarise and brutalise emotions intrinsically fine and elevating.

The outcry of ignorant fanatics against the nude in art, against co-education of boys and girls, and against mixed bathing is largely accountable for the "impurity" that it condemns. The withholding of the facts of sex and reproduction, with its inevitable risk of acquiring the knowledge by pornographic means, is another factor in the production of more than one social evil besides prostitution.

These perpetual incitements to levity in the attitude of society to sex matters are not reckoned with as causes of prostitution. But they are very patent, and just so long as they exist, prostitution will thrive. The absurd inculcation that love is "silly," "mere mawkish sentiment," and an unimportant thing compared with trade or politics is a vicious teaching that every earnest reformer should combat with all his power.

The frigidity of women, in which so many of the sex actually take pride, should be explained as a phenomenon of decadence and a mark of functional or emotional morbidity. Instead, we find a host of women, passing as sane citizens, and even engaged in "reform" and "emancipation," decrying the massive force of the sex-passion, preaching a species of misanthropy, and posing as the elect of human kind, superwomen, who have eliminated "animal appetite," "mere carnal desire," and all emotions that seem to their perverted brains "on the lower plane."

Do these "emancipators" ever stay to reflect that the ranks of prostitution abound with women who hold views like their own? Do they know that the courtesan laughs at love, and even has her pruderies, because she has been brought up along the conventional lines that make for the undervaluing of pure passion? Do they pause to consider that physical conjugal disharmony, which is one of the causes of prostitution, is very often the result of their ignorance, or maybe wilful premeditation, in marrying a man of normal instincts?

Civilisation, with its benefits to humanity on the one hand, has brought its banes on the other. It has certainly stimulated prostitution in a hundred ways, and made the relations of the sexes even more complicated and difficult. While the ideal of romantic love sprang from the refined emotions of highly developed men and women, the recoil against healthy passions grows also in advanced civilisations. The setting up of celibacy as a supreme religious ideal is an instance of the recoil, and it is possible that an increasing number of women of the "advanced," educated, and energetic class will for some time to come extol the single life as a necessity of freedom of action in the choice of a life's work and its fulfilment. Men who cannot, or will not, divert the sex-energy, as women declare themselves capable of doing, must naturally

suffer as a result. In the meanwhile "the social evil" will grow, for there will still remain countless women who will deliberately sell their sex. And it must be remembered that the supply of such women in all large centres tends already to outpace the demand. This is a fact that most courtesans admit. Competition in this traffic is fierce and increasing.

In reviewing the methods that have been used to diminish prostitution, I can select here only the system of intolerance, the infliction of penalties, and the cruelty meted to those women described by more than one sociologist as "necessities." Such means, inasmuch as they stand for inhumanity and persecution, have always failed, and will continue to fail. It is curiously significant that the class singled out by society for vehement condemnation and suppression shows an extraordinary power to survive and flourish under such treatment. All the more thoughtful modern authorities upon this social problem agree that a brutal attitude on the part of the sexually virtuous towards the forlorn sisterhood is one of the means of perpetuating the evil.

Canon Lyttleton speaks sensibly of the average parents' allusions to prostitutes when warning a son. The Canon's father spoke of these women as of "a horse he had hired," and his mother referred to them "with disgust and scorn as of some unclean animal." It is as shameful to buy as it is to sell in the market of prostitution, as Duclaux insists in his *L'Hygiène Sociale*.

It has been suggested that I should allude to the men's point of view regarding the prostitution problem. I am asked, "Do men justify themselves? What do men really think of the matter?" I believe that the average, thoughtless men—that is to say, the majority—feel a species of pity for "the fallen woman." When asked if they are responsible, they suggest that if there were no sellers there would be no buyers. Personally, I am unable to decide that either one sex or the other is solely accountable for a system that has always had the support of both sexes. In ancient Greece, in modern Japan, and in China women did not and do not lay the onus on men; and in England to-day the class most concerned in this discussion certainly refrain from making men entirely responsible for their calling.

There are, no doubt, both men and women who, wholly from the moral standpoint, condemn men as directly culpable. I have indicated that there is no *one* cause, but many, for the existence of a profession styled "the oldest in the world." There are many other factors in the case beyond the debatable question whether men's passions are more imperious than women's.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

The Administration of Justice in the Divorce Court.

THE conditions of English social life in modern times have transformed the relationship between the sexes in a considerable degree. A few decades ago women were hardly permitted—in middle-class life, at any rate, so strong were the repressive influences of prejudice and sex taboo—to mix freely in the society of men. Those women who braved these silly conventions were regarded by other women with a mixture of envy and disdain. Till very modern times there were not many instances in which married women went to theatres, concerts, or political meetings without the escort and protection of their husbands.

Unmarried girls in those days were chaperoned everywhere. For various reasons, some good, some doubtful, some bad, modern habits have developed along other lines. The new generation of men and women has more confidence in each other's honour and personal integrity than in bygone days. It is, moreover, recognised that friendships between the sexes are not incompatible with the strictest adherence to marital virtue. A natural outcome of this altered frame of mind has been a much healthier atmosphere in sex relationships. That is a national advantage, because it is slowly removing the cramping restrictions on the mind, which have passed in dead centuries by the names of puritanism and prurience.

There is one place which is not yet affected by this change in standard of conduct. That is the Divorce Court. Sir Bargrave Deane and Sir Samuel Evans have the delicate task of administering justice in the Divorce Court. Sir Samuel Evans was a newcomer to the Divorce Court. That Court had not specially fallen within the ambit of his professional activities at the Bar. On the other hand, Sir Bargrave Deane was trained up in the atmosphere of the Divorce Court. He practised there throughout his professional career. He succeeded Mr. Inderwick, K.C., in the leadership of the Divorce Bar. He thus had every chance of gaining first hand and detailed experience of the stress under which litigants who have to seek the aid of the Divorce Court must labour, owing to the intimate character of the facts to be deposed to in the witness-box. The Divorce Court is the gridiron of marital life. Reformers rather anticipated that Sir Bargrave Deane, though a lawyer, was enough of a man of the world to introduce some reality into the practice of his Court. The late Sir Francis Jeune, or Lord St. Helier, as he eventually became, was curiously aloof from the surroundings in which he moved, or else he was too much influenced by Lady St. Helier against reform in divorce procedure, to create a purer atmosphere in the Divorce Court. Sir Bargrave Deane has proved to be a greater disappointment in this respect than Lord St. Helier. The consequence is that the Divorce Court to-day is being administered upon a most injurious principle, bearing in mind that transformation in social behaviour which has been referred to. There is no foundation for this principle in the Statute Book. It is this: Where two parties are proved to have an affectionate friendship for each other, and one or other of them is married, the Court must infer, if evidence be tendered of opportunity to misconduct themselves, that, in fact, adultery has been committed—unless a medical examination can disprove the inference drawn from such tendered testimony of opportunity. The cases where a medical examination could be relevant are, as can well be appreciated, comparatively few which depend upon peculiar facts.

This principle of procedure was invented in the days when the Divorce Court was first established. Yet the conservatism of the judges of the Divorce Court, with gross consequent injustice to the parties in contested cases, is still occupied in applying this out-of-date hypothesis to the suits now tried before them. A recent clerical case was a case in point. However applicable that theory may have been to the circumstances of English social life in the 'sixties or 'eighties, it has, by mere effluxion of time, combined with the development of newer social ideals, become obsolete. From the public standpoint, which is the one standpoint to be considered, not the judgments of dead and gone judges, who interpreted a different set of social prejudices to

those at present governing social codes, it is disastrous that Sir Bargrave Deane and Sir Samuel Evans should be so ingrained with the dust of musty precedents that they should persist in manipulating, in their judgments and summings up, this antiquated device for convicting, in many cases, persons innocent of offences against marital honour. Both these judges must be severely blamed for this deplorable adhesion to a stupid precedent. The prejudices of the past should not subsist to the detriment of the progress of to-day. Unhappily, one penalty of permitting the Bar Council and the judges to administer what they are pleased to call justice, but which is really a most objectionable form of utilising the necessary machinery of justice as a means of covering up fee-snatching and arid legalism, is that the last spot touched by a wave of reform is the dust of crumbling laws. Such are the grave results of allowing the administration of justice to be outside public control, or the humane influences of civilised and reasonable progress.

The Divorce Court is a court where people of delicate feelings are compelled to describe in detail most unpleasant acts and incidents. The embarrassment of a young girl, or a child, or a middle-aged woman, in giving testimony in this Court, is at times very painful to observe. Counsel are often at their wits' end to get a witness to speak the essential words which are required by the rules of evidence. At last counsel will succeed. Then Sir Bargrave Deane, whether unconsciously or deliberately the present writer cannot pretend to say, in a somewhat hectoring tone, which many learned judges mistake for judicial dignity, will request the miserable witness to repeat a reluctantly given answer in sounding cadence. Two necessary qualifications for a judge of the Divorce Court should be excellent hearing power and perfect courtesy in manner and matter. If Sir Bargrave Deane is afflicted with deafness, his place is not on the Divorce Bench.

Whatever may be the explanation of this desire for embarrassing repetition, Sir Bargrave Deane's manner towards witnesses is open to serious comment. This learned judge is certainly deficient in the virtue of perfect courtesy. Courtesy of a high order should be demanded from all judges, and especially from a judge of the Divorce Court. Many judges are without the elements of courtesy in their judicial composition, but they have a full measure of cantankerousness, ill-temper, and rudeness. Lord Justice Farwell, Mr. Justice Ridley, Mr. Justice Scrutton, and Mr. Justice Horridge are experts in the art of sneering at counsel, solicitors, and witnesses. On their exceptionally bad days their Courts are a melancholy example of the defects of English legalism. Mr. Justice Scrutton's methods of presiding over commercial summonses are a diurnal revelation of this judge's distorted humour.

The judges, it should be remembered, are not drawn from that section of the community which has a tradition of courtesy and gentlemanliness. The pushing lawyer, in the daily routine of legal work, speaking generally, soon loses any natural tendency he may have had in his youth towards true breeding or fineness of temperament. Hitting the anvil in cross-examination does not preserve the trueness of the original steel. The judges, by some singular fancy, believe that they are conferring a benefit upon the community by sitting in judgment. Throughout civilisation, let it be noticed, in favour of the people, though the dispenser of justice has been respected, neither the lawyer nor the judge has won popular esteem. The legal class is never

liked by a healthy community; it is merely tolerated as an evil of human society. Many judges delight in demonstrating their power while in the seats of the mighty. The pettiness of their absurd flummerys and antics would be humorous were it not so sad, because, after all, many of them have great intellectual attainments. Their convenience is the only thing to be consulted. Taking the definition of a gentleman as to be a person who shows his consideration to others in all things, not all English judges could claim to be gentlemen. Sir Thomas Scrutton's manners are such that one may be forgiven for assuming that he has a thorough contempt for anything appertaining to gentleness or gentlemanliness. But is it unfair to remind the judges that they receive a salary of £5,000 a year from the public funds for adjudging disputes? The less said about the judgments of some of them the better; but the public should be entitled, as of right, to demand ordinary courtesy from men who are their paid servants.

The Divorce Court, in the name of Sir Bargrave Deane, has been particularised, because if there is any court where discourtesy and impatience in temper are cruel, it is in that Court. In defended cases the topics under discussion are of a most distressing character. Sensitive witnesses should be assisted in their embarrassment, instead of its being intensified by sharp demands from the Bench to reiterate what has been most reluctantly stated. Especially is this objectionable with women and girls. Men are supposed to treat the opposite sex with courtesy in the amenities of every-day life. Why this rule should be suspended in the salubrious atmosphere of the Divorce Court, where one would have imagined it was more needed than elsewhere, Sir Bargrave Deane may perchance inform the world.

C. H. NORMAN.

The Great Equation.*

AT a time when the great mass of Feminist literature, like that of misogyny, is so deeply tinged with sex-antagonism as to be often worse than worthless, and at times distinctly damaging to its own purpose, special notice should be drawn to such writings as are free from that pernicious influence. For assuredly our great equation never can be solved by enhancing the apparent distinctions between its elements.

No less than nations on the verge of strife, we have our jingoes in this matter also, who shall be dealt with the more effectually by a diffusion of those works which bear the stamp of sincere unbiased thought. Among polemics of this nature may be named, as worthy of particular praise, a recent publication bearing (perhaps not wisely) the insignia of the Woman's Social and Political Union, and the title "Mere Man." In the space of 140 pages we find compressed a comprehensive vision, from a new standpoint, of the human institution of marriage. All that is of truly moral import in the relations of sex has been grasped and displayed by the author in a vivid manner. In what measure her moral sense transcends the pseudo-ethical pretensions of those who regard marriage as a *sine quâ non* of social coherence may be illustrated by a brief quotation. In Chapter XIII. we read:—

"It must be borne in mind that the conditions of a less permanent form of marriage would be in no way analogous to the present irregular connection formed chiefly for the convenience of men. In the latter arrangement, children and their welfare are the last thing desired by either party concerned. It is a bond of the senses

* "Mere Man." By Margaret Dalham. 2s. 6d. net. (Century Press.)

only, and one in which woman holds no acknowledged power."

Herein is the author's *motif*. She has learnt to think generically, and insists upon the freedom of the individual as an essential to the soul's persistence in this generic sense. It is true that, by avoiding the more material bonds of the present, woman may become, in an increasing measure, the slave of the future, and therein lies the danger of this generic conception. However, to be free is to be unconscious of bonds, and, since it is the material chains that fret us most, we may be forgiven our ignorance of a more subtle bondage in our fervour to shake off the immediate shackles. If, as some hold, we are moving towards a more ambient existence, wherein the individual, having encompassed all things and absorbed in his own soul the entire universe, shall at length claim immortality in the personal sense, his soul persisting after death in all its *intimacy*, then this generic notion, so favourable to the altruists, will have lost its significance, and we shall have moved appreciably towards ideal freedom. But the freedom which our author advocates can, at least, have no compromise with the bondage which she now discovers inherent in marriage:—

"A marriage contract, like any other agreement, should be open to renewal if desired, but as such a union is repulsive, unless the higher feelings are engaged, a woman would be free to reject the bond—as a man does to-day—if it had ceased to be one of affection."

And again:—

"It is a mistake to cry out that this plan (of marriage for a limited time, dissoluble at will) is non-moral, or against the best interests of humanity. On the contrary, it is immoral to live in marital connection with a being to whom one has personal aversion, or even indifference; this is in some cases called by the ugly word prostitution, though many people assume that that is a state never known inside the marriage bond."

This is sincere exposure of one of the fundamental fallacies which make it possible for marriage to persist in its present form. Without its lies, marriage were an utter impossibility, and here the question may be asked: Is it possible in these days to believe that a mumbling priest who exacts a fee can make my union with the woman of my choice (or who has chosen me, *vide* Shaw) more consecrated than love has already made it? The Church may do this, having in mind its fees, and the millionaire, who thinks he can purchase souls; but in the world it is the most axiomatic falsehood imaginable.

What has been especially realised by our author is that the great evil of prostitution springs directly from this effete system. That this is true in a great measure cannot be doubted, but we have never successfully refuted Weininger's theory, which may indicate a far more prolific cause of prostitution. His classification of women as (1) courtesans and (2) mothers has, no doubt, something to support it, and may be otherwise stated as (1) women who are ultra-individualistic and (2) women in whom Nature's purpose assumes preponderant generic aspects.

In its emphasis of the immorality of most marital relations, "Mere Man" destroys the conception that the state is produced by a divine power having in mind the welfare of its units.

It is, at best, a man-made scheme, whose chief object is to secure to man for all time at least one victim upon whom he can sate his passion. The work, we would say finally, is a sincere criticism of a standing evil of our day, and as such deserves the attention of that large and growing public who are not afraid to face truth, however unpleasant it may seem at first, because so different from the thing to which we have become habituated.

SELWYN WESTON.

Free Art.

YESTERDAY . . . and I am in Paris. It is but a few hours since I arrived, yet, thanks to a friend at court, which is to say an Independent of the Latin Quarter, already I have been to this and that studio of fellow-Independents, to a gallery where portfolios of Picasso's drawings show the evolution of that revolutionary Spanish painter, and to the exhibition of the Italian Futurists. And it so happens that I have been plunged into this debauch without having had the one previous experience which might now have induced my commonly cool British-head to keep comparatively steady and hold a rein on my emotions. I missed the Post-Impressionists in London, since at the time of their visit I was revelling in freedom at first hand in the primeval wilds of the Tropical Bush.

Often have I been intoxicated with the delights and possibilities of my own personal freedom; on such occasions I am wont to be in festive mood. But what a dull-unto-boresomeness companion this great and unexpected experience of freedom at second hand has made me. Some hours ago I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of John Duncan Fergusson, one of Britain's leaders among the Independents, who is not only an amazing artist, but a charming conversationalist. Thanks to his generosity, and to the fact that we have a mutual friend somewhere in the world, it has been his fate to play guide to me. Not a comment of any sort have I made since we started out—started in, I should say, as I was first shown round his own studio. I cannot remember having exerted myself to be even monosyllabically polite since I was taken to see Estelle Rice in her studio, and discovered that there is at least one woman, thanks to America, among the forces in modern painting.

At the moment I am sitting opposite my guide at one of the little tables in a café. What do I care if he has come to the conclusion that I am a gauche ignoramus, without a spark of feeling for Art? For the first time in my life I have been seeing pictures which satisfy desires that have long haunted me, pictures which I should so much like to possess that I would deny myself many things for to buy them. In the National Gallery, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Pitti, the Prado, and among many other collections I have several favourites, but never one has been able to appeal to me so strongly as to make possession seem worth any sacrifice, any effort. Brain dazed with wonder, I cannot talk; heart and soul responding to the pictures I have been seeing, I do not want to talk.

Presently my companion glides on to the subject of British public opinion. That rouses me—in a moment the fighting spirit has me in its grip. I point out that in these days there is no such thing as British public opinion in a national sense; for what with the censor, party politics, and economic conditions, the people who have any opinions do not get much chance of expressing them, whilst most people have little or no opportunity for vitalising the embryo of their inborn sense of appreciation. The only way to gauge public opinion nowadays is through the personal opinions of people who insist on being free to say what they

think and feel, and who have or make chances of seeing and knowing what is going on in the world, outside their own four walls and beyond what they read.

On these grounds I urge my claim to be recognised as a representative of public opinion, and in so doing I strike the keynote to the pleasure which has taken possession of me, but which I could not hitherto rouse myself to express: the pictures I have been seeing have brought Art into touch with my own life. For instance, it is with barbaric colours that the Post-Impressionists as a school, the Italian Futurists as a school, and the Independents as separate revolutionary forces—with the one notable exception of Picasso—have elected to work. Such is my inborn love of what the conventionalists are pleased to call "crude" colours, that, as a child, I would loiter for hours by the riverside on the chance that a passing wherry would afford me a peep at one of those gaily painted water-barrels, which are typical of the wherryman's art. And one of my favourite play-things was a collection of halfpenny skeins of wool, in royal blue, magenta, purple, orange, vermillion, emerald, green, and such-like brilliant hues. I would be happy for hours at a stretch arranging those skeins so as to produce joy-giving colour combinations.

I go on to explain that it was my misfortune to be born without the slightest creative capacity for painting. Yet I have often longed for pictures that would express what I, personally, see, think, and feel; and for pictures that would show me such things as would naturally please and interest me, whilst at the same time they expressed the thoughts or feelings, or both, that such scenes would certainly arouse in me. And I have always known that no picture would ever be able completely to win my heart, either through my intellect or my emotions, unless barbaric colours were its medium of appeal; for such colours can alone express my deepest feelings, can alone represent and interpret all that I consider most vital in the only life that is to me vital—the life of the age in which it is my lot to live. Even with freedom to go where I will, when I will, with exceptionally good opportunities for getting into touch with what is going on in the world, and complete economic independence, it has so happened that not until this very day have I discovered that such pictures as I have always wanted are already in existence. Furthermore, the Italian Futurists have made me realise that within me was a volcanic though dormant desire for someone to do for Art what the cinematograph has done for photography.

Yes, I admit that my taste in colours has often been called "vulgar," "appalling," "most in-artistic," but that does not prove I am an exceptional Briton, in that I can most sincerely appreciate the modernist movements in Art. Let us leave the Philistines and the bigoted conventionalists out of the question—we know they exist in every nation. The point of my whole argument is this: If there were such a thing as British Public Opinion in a national sense, would it condemn the new movements in Art? If the British masses could see your pictures, for instance, those of Estelle Rice, or the best works of the Italian Futurists, do you imagine they would prove as indifferent to Art as they would seem to have become to pictures of saints, angels, ancient-history heroes, and modern grandees who can afford to have their portraits painted?

Hitherto, every charge of lack of artistic appreciation that may have been brought by the

Modernist Painters against the British Public has included me among the "guilty" masses. Thus I was libelled, because it had not yet been my good fortune to see their work. Now I know that with regard to many things British Public Opinion is constantly being libelled because the majority of the people do not get an opportunity of seeing for themselves, thinking for themselves, expressing themselves. So it seems to me quite logical to conclude that Modern Art and the British Public are equally handicapped in their relation to one another. Let them but be brought into contact, and I am convinced that for every professional critic and conventionalist picture-lover who may be antagonistic, there will be found at least one "man in the street" who is as enthusiastically appreciative as myself.

At this juncture I learn that all the works of the Italian Futurists now being exhibited in Paris are going to London, where they will be on view at the Sackville Galleries for a month onwards from March 1st; that all the pictures I have seen in Fergusson's studio are also going to London, where they will occupy the Stafford Galleries for a period starting from March 9th; and that at an exhibition to be held at these same Stafford Galleries about the end of March, Estelle Rice will be represented by four of her pictures. How glad am I to hear such news, but how much more jubilant should I be if I had been told that these exhibitions were to be held at the National Gallery.

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To-day . . . and I am in London, on the way to renew my acquaintance with the Italian Futurists. I tell myself that the moment I again find myself in their midst I shall make a rapid search round so as to know exactly where to look for the pictures that specially pleased me in Paris. Worldly-wise philosophy tries to damp my ardour—love at first sight may prove a disappointing delusion on closer acquaintance. Despite such thoughts, my excitement grows, my footsteps keep pace with the increasing fever of my mood, with eager haste I make my way into the Sackville Galleries. On the threshold of the first room I am suddenly brought to a standstill—my first impression of this exhibition in its British habitation is a tribute to the organisers, and in due course I find that there is ample justification for this impression. The pictures are much more effectively—I would even say artistically—hung here in London than they were in Paris, both as regards background and arrangement, and also in relation to the light.

The picture which has been chosen to act as herald is Russolo's "La Révolte." I stand before it long, quite forgetful of my resolve to seek out all my favourites before lingering with any one of them. In that picture I am not merely shown a scene during the course of a revolution; as I compare its compelling power with the highest power of conventional art I find that it does not merely say to me, "You are a spectator standing on the safe side of a barrier, watching one terrible scene in a great revolt; and such is the 'atmosphere' of the artistic representation of the scene that if you are naturally in sympathy with the revolutionary spirit, you will realise something of the feelings of the attacking mob, or if you are naturally antipathetic to the mob, you will feel profoundly sorry for the inmates of the houses which are being wrecked by maniacs who are slaughtering their neighbours and destroying property in the mistaken interests of some cause." Russolo's picture has nothing whatever to say to the spectator who wants to watch a revolution from a safe vantage-point; such an one will only stand before it and try to make

funny remarks, or talk learnedly about technique, pointing out that the houses look as if they had been drawn by a child. But when the artistic appeal of this picture comes into touch with a complementary response in the way of artistic appreciation, the spectator is immediately transformed into one of the people vitally concerned in that revolution, and transported into the midst of the scene to take a part not only in what is now going on, but in all the troubles that have led up to this crisis.

In the nature of the appeal in "La Révolte" lies a strong clue to the entirely new art of the Italian Futurists. And this explanation of their ideals and their chosen method of achievement is reiterated and amplified by the exhibition as a whole. The Futurists do not take up a position *before* any scene they are going to paint; they place themselves *in the midst* of the scene, and then not only put on the canvas such visible things as constitute their surroundings, but objects in the environment which live in their memory and are so visible to the mind's eye. Thus far in their development as revolutionary artists they are materialists and realists, differing from all conventional artists, and from all other unconventional artists in that they paint not only what they see but what they remember; in that they put themselves in the midst of any scene they are depicting, as a result of which their pictures demand that the spectator shall break himself of the old habit of looking *at* a picture, and form the new habit of seeing a picture as if he were living, for the time being, in the central part thereof; and in that they are veritable anarchists in regard to technique.

My next experience at this exhibition is a very painful one. I locate Severini's "Travelling Impressions," and find that it is labelled "Sold." I am afraid I could never have saved up enough money to buy it, but now there is no longer any use in plotting and scheming with this end in view, as I have been doing since first I saw it in Paris.

I find Russolo's "Train at Full Speed," and once more feel that I am being whisked along within that sixty-miles-an-hour express; over and over again I come back to Severini's "'Pan-Pan' Dance at the Monico," and each time I discover something new in the life that is going on around me in the all-night performance at one of those music halls which Paris runs for the express benefit of the foreigner.

There is another picture that I am drawn to at frequent intervals—Carrà's "Jolting Cab"; it is further described as "The double impression produced by the sudden jolts of an old cab upon those inside it and those outside." My interest in it is not inspired by pleasure, but by my utter inability to understand it. It is typical of what seems to me to be the spiritualist side of the Futurist Movement.

After what I feel to be a finally hopeless attempt to probe the mystery of this puzzle-picture, I return to Boccioni's "Laughter," to take part once more in a wondrous scene "round the table of a restaurant where all are gay." Suddenly I become conscious that a friend is talking to me, but I have only caught the end of his sentence—the next moment I find myself being introduced to Boccioni himself, the leader of the Futurist Painters, and to Marinetti, the Italian poet and leader of the whole Futurist movement in its relation not only to art and literature, but to everyday life. My immediate personal impression of these men is formed by the pleasing, but to me not at all surprising, discovery that everything in their appearance denotes health and strength. Cranks, as everyone with any experience of them knows,

always look or dress the part; they would disown Boccioni and Marinetti at a glance. I spend a memorable half-hour with the enthusiastic pioneers of the Anti-Everything-Old Crusade, but such is the influence of the pictures constituting our environment that, for the time being, conversation is limited to the art side of the movement. My share in the talk calls forth many a complimentary "Yes, yes, you understand"; but I know there is much in this Art that I do not understand, and presently I find an opportunity of seeking help from a master-creator of mysteries that are baffling me.

"I am so puzzled by the strange mixture of materialism, spiritualism, and symbolism in some of these pictures," I remark, "and by the out-and-out symbolism of others."

"What do you mean, mademoiselle?" asks Boccioni, and in chorus with him Marinetti exclaims, "There is nothing symbolic in Futurist Art."

I centre attention on Boccioni's "Leave Taking," "Those Who are Going Away," and "Those Who Remain Behind."

"The realism in these pictures appeals to me, for I know how such a trifling commonplace as the number on a railway engine insists on being noticed when one is going through the tensely emotional experience of a parting; and there is much in them which is quite the reverse of materialism, such as those faces being carried away by the smoke, that replunges me into experiences of past partings and makes me feel that the next time I am setting off on a far journey I will play the coward, as is always my instinct on such occasions, by slipping away without any farewells. But the lines running across these pictures—to me, they are just lines, they do not take any part in reconstituting my state of mind in connection with a parting. What do they symbolise?"

And Boccioni answers simply and frankly, "They are not symbolic; I see them."

I am convinced that he is speaking the truth. Yet never before have I felt anything but sceptical about the "new sense" which we have all heard so much about in theosophy, and which has expressed itself by producing pictures of astral bodies.

In my new state of mind I want to be by myself, I want to think. I leave the exhibition and wander where my footsteps like to take me until I come to this conclusion:—

It is useless to *try* to get into touch with Futurist Pictures; appreciation of them must be entirely spontaneous. What I—or anyone else—cannot understand in them, no amount of technical knowledge, no amount of argument, no gift of sight in other people, can possibly explain so as to command sympathy. And that which appeals to me, or to anyone else, in them finds its response in the very essence of individual nature. Is it, then, for the Conventionalist art coterie to decide whether such pictures are Art? Does not this decision rest rather with "the man in the street"? And if the appeal of each of these pictures finds its complementary response in but a few people, the Futurist Painters are already proclaimed a new force in Art. When their pictures and the international public have had more opportunities of meeting we shall know better whether this new revolution is, as I think, likely to have a wide popularity. But, the gods be praised, no single Futurist Picture can ever be universally popular, whilst every Futurist Painter worthy the name is an individual artist and there is any individuality of human nature in the rest of the world. Too long has Art been cramped through being expected to play up as Universal. Universality is no more the test of Art than it is of Friendship.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

Correspondence.

A REPLY TO MR. HUBERT WALES.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

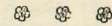
This is most damping. In "The Gospel of Mrs. Humphry Ward" I write a positively eloquent pæan on energy, and hurl my thunderbolts at the woman who will not think. And three weeks later Mr. Hubert Wales startles me by accusing me of worshipping industrialism, and despising the contemplative life (in which he seems to include the practice of art and philosophy). I feel hurt.

Of course, I meant nothing of the sort! How could a Feminist worship the industrial system? It makes the same demand from women as does the home—physical drudgery, combined with mental inertia.

When I wrote that sentence, "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," I was writing about the parasitic women of the upper and middle classes, whose "beautiful thoughts" are the effortless pulp of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, not the fierce struggles towards the light of George Bernard Shaw. The Catherine Leyburns of England are about as fit for the stern intellectual discipline of the contemplative life as are the loafers on the Embankment.

I really advised the parasitic women to become publicans because it occurred to me that the various duties of that profession, such as wringing a licence out of a bench of insolent country gentlemen, paying the rent regularly on quarter-days, and chucking out the drunkards on Saturday night, might foster the qualities of independence, thrift, and firmness of character, so sadly lacking among upper-class women of to-day.

REBECCA WEST.



WHY DO WE DISCUSS SEX?

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

A (man) friend wrote me a short time ago in reference to THE FREEWOMAN: "That little paper is the leaven of a mass of corrupt journalism, and promises well for the day when woman is given her rightful place." Yesterday that same man implored me pathetically to write to THE FREEWOMAN, and beg her not to fill her entire columns, not to concentrate her entire thoughts, not to base all her discussions on sex questions! He said that sex, normal and abnormal, sex hot, sex cold, sex hashed, sex minced, sex yesterday, to-day, to-morrow and for ever was nauseating diet even for him—an ardent Feminist. As for the Philistine, he, perusing THE FREEWOMAN, would gloat exultingly, "I told you so. Women are creatures of sex, and sex only. Under a refined, and sometimes cold exterior, they are really far more grossly sexual than men. It is their only life. Men have other interests. These Feminist women claim that they are 'out' to get wider interests. Bah! it is nothing but a pose. 'Tis license, not liberty, they seek." My friend also says, "Why wallow in these things? We all know them." Do we all know them? The men do, oh, yes—but the women? How long have, even the cleverest and best educated women, dared to know even when they apprehended?

How long have opportunities to study sex questions scientifically, cleanly, and openly been theirs? Sixty years perhaps at most.

Let me frankly admit here, that several issues of THE FREEWOMAN have come very near boring me. The sex diet has somewhat sickened me too. At the same time let me state equally frankly, that I hold the *Feminist question to be purely a sex question, and that for the present it must remain so*. All other questions, however interesting, and however closely bound up with it—the education and upbringing of children, for instance—are merely side issues.

Feminists, consciously or unconsciously, are seeking but one thing, though they often call it by other names, to wit, "The readjustment of the relations between men and women to suit present needs."

So I fear that—my friend and the Philistines notwithstanding—we must be forgiven if we seem to give sex questions an undue prominence. It is only the swing of the pendulum, and will right itself.

At present we are learning, observing, airing our knowledge (a little indecently perhaps), but airing things "sweetens" them—to use a laundry expression!

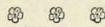
Later, the time will come—perhaps it is here now—when (sounds very dull and stodgy, I admit!) armed with data, stored with facts, educated at last (after centuries of ignorant, simpering prudery), by free and open discussion we shall begin to judge, to weigh,

to balance, to appraise, to assay, and then. . . oh, man, beware. See to it that we do not find you wanting, and turn from you, saying, "Lovely as life is, we will walk alone, rather than with you." But I am forgetting, I need not utter this warning—the time is past for that. The new man (following a most natural law) is born . . . of woman, and stands beside us already. A little young, a little weak-kneed, but . . . women were ever motherly. We will nurse him till he attain his full stature!

CORALIE M. BOORD.

[Why do we discuss sex? The more deeply we scrutinise our own springs of interest, the clearer it becomes that we do so less from the Feminist point of view than from the human. What we are stupendously interested in is the meaning and nature of life, and as emotion, with which sex is intimately bound up, appears to us to touch at the source of life itself, we find our attention concentrated on emotion and sex.

We should hesitate to concur in the statement of our correspondent that women have had the opportunity of studying sex, scientifically, cleanly, and openly "for sixty years. We think women have never had an opportunity, but no more have men. We make bold to say that never before the advent of THE FREEWOMAN has the opportunity, either for men or for women, in England or elsewhere, been at hand. That is the reason why THE FREEWOMAN'S advent is phenomenal.—ED.]



MORE PLAIN-SPEAKING.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

Will you allow me another inch of your valuable space? I am sorry to have aroused the ire of "A New Subscriber," but quite fail to see how or why I did. I simply stated that complete chastity had no bad effect on my health. I laid down no laws concerning what was right or wrong for other people—I should certainly be the last to deny "A New Subscriber," or anyone else, all the laxity in sex matters that they desired, provided they didn't interfere with me, and didn't injure any but themselves. "A New Subscriber" hopes, and legitimately, that the "Freewoman will not fall under the domination of sexually deficient and disappointed women, impervious to facts and logic, and deeply ignorant of life."

I may be sexually deficient—I certainly am a disappointed woman, but one would think that the latter fact, at least, would call forth the sympathy rather than the contempt of an intelligent woman. Granting that I am sexually deficient, I should still like to know what "A New Subscriber" means by ignorance of life of which she accuses me. Must one have a *wide sexual experience* in order to obtain knowledge of life? I have, perhaps, not had "A New Subscriber's" educational opportunities, but at different times during the last seven years I have had to "rough it" as probably she never has and never will. I have known what it is to be out of employment and have a shilling and a gold watch between me and the streets or the workhouse. Yes, I should like to know what constitutes knowledge of life.

The jeer of "F. M. P." at chastity is unworthy of notice or reply, but I should just like to mention that at lectures which I attend weekly on biology, we are told that the more advanced and the more civilised and intellectual we become, the less physical and the less dominated by animal instincts and appetites are we. I am afraid the theory of "F. M. P." of the superiority of those in whom the animal is most pronounced and most dominant will impress few thinking people. I should like, while I am at it, to express my appreciation of the letter by "C. H." in this week's issue in answer to a previous letter by "F. M. P."

KATHLYN OLIVER.

[As we have said before in respect of an earlier communication from Miss Oliver, we value her frank and sincere methods of debate. In our opinion, it is this method which counts for most, in dealing with subjects which have little lay literature and no science. We do not believe, however, that we have passed through our correspondence columns any letters implying contempt of a personal nature. When we have two opposing types striving for supremacy, we naturally get plain speaking. Our own view in the matter, which we consider is quite due, will appear shortly in an article on sex.—ED.]



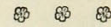
THE DISCUSSION OF "MORAL PUTRESCENCE."

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

Mr. E. S. P. Haynes has succeeded, apparently to his very great satisfaction, in completely misunderstanding my rational point of view with regard to sex discussions.

May I be allowed a final attempt to express myself. I have a daughter who, I intend, shall know, as soon as she is old enough, as much about the normal and abnormal workings of the mating instinct, and of sex diseases, as Mr. E. S. P. Haynes would desire any girl, for her own self-protection, to know. I hope, however, that I shall be sensible enough to refrain from dinning into her ears, week in and week out, tales of moral degeneracy and details of sex sewage. I do not believe there is a public demand for the continual discussion of such disgusting topics. Where there is such a demand it is a specific kind of that general appetite which usually gluts itself upon the divorce and crime columns of the Sunday press. I am told that I should notice Mr. E. S. P. Haynes's attacks upon my personal character, but I decline. It is not the subject of dispute; but I should like Mr. E. S. P. Haynes to understand that a refusal to follow a no doubt gallant lead into the sphere of moral putrescence does not necessarily imply timidity; it may be a mark of healthy disgust for such an adventure.

FRANK WATTS.



THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF POLYGAMY.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

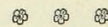
The following account given by Marco Polo, the Venetian, of the Tartar women in the thirteenth century may interest your readers:—

"The women it is who attend to their trading concerns, who buy and sell, and provide everything necessary for their husbands and families; the time of the men being entirely devoted to hunting and hawking, and matters that relate to military life. . . . It is admirable to observe the loyalty of the husbands towards their wives, amongst whom, although there are perhaps ten or twenty, there prevails a degree of quiet and union that is highly laudable. . . . Their expense to the husband is not great, and, on the other hand, the benefit he derives from their trading, and from the occupations in which they are constantly engaged, is considerable; on which account it is, that when he receives a young woman in marriage, he pays a dower to her parents. . . . In consequence of this unlimited number of wives, the offspring is more numerous than amongst any other people."

Among primitive peoples we may, however, connect the custom of polygamy, not only with the value of the women's work, but also with the value of their children, and the ease with which children can be reared, the latter, of course, attaining a maximum in a prosperous pastoral community.

The polyandry practised in the restricted and unproductive area of the high valleys of the Himalayas forms an interesting contrast.

E. G. R. TAYLOR.

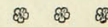


BEAUTY PAIN AND JOY.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

In an article, "Beauty and Progress," by Selwyn Weston, issued in THE FREEWOMAN of February 22nd, I was glad to see Oscar Wilde placed as a Christ, but surely not by virtue of his "De Profundis"? Wilde's new note is in his "Soul of Man under Socialism," viz., perfection through joy and beauty, not through pain and suffering. Christ did not preach after He was crucified, neither did Wilde.

E. B.



CO-EDUCATION AND UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THE SEXES.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

The mutual distrust and reluctance to co-operate that exists to-day between the sexes is a matter of common knowledge.

If men and women are to learn mutual sympathy, would they not learn that important lesson by being continuously co-educated?

In the last ten years many secondary boys' schools and colleges have been opened to girls, but has any girls' school or college been opened to boys over thirteen? I think not.

Severe criticisms of the King's College for teaching domestic economy have recently appeared in THE FREEWOMAN. Although almost all improvements in domestic economy, such as food contrivances and household machinery, have been invented by men, yet men are debarred as students.

The actual experience of persons who have been co-educated as to the effect of that system is much wanted; there are many such persons in Scotland, though but few in England.

VIS UNITA FORTIOR.

March 8th, 1912.

"LINE UPON LINE, PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT."

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

The endowment of mothers or motherhood, or both, is essentially that type of subject which will bring forth countless arguments for or against. While allowing the theorists some amount of latitude, is there not at the same time great danger of our losing touch with the practical, and perhaps more prosaic side of the development of the Freewoman.

As a worker in the City, I find often most unmistakable signs of the tragedies of sex that can be laid direct to the door of our all-triumphant Industrialism. Sometimes one is brought full tilt up against the overwhelming conditions that prevent men from marriage till the best years of their life are gone beyond recall. At other periods one is forced into a circle where the women are perhaps even more oppressed victims, owing to their own incapability of dealing with the situation. With the problem of our young men getting engaged, and remaining so for the best part of a decade, one hardly knows how to deal in a common-sense manner. But with the women who would not let their motherhood instinct be dormant, but have mated regardless of economic drawbacks, something should be done without further delay. State pensions for widows with families dependent on their scanty earnings are not yet available, so if we are not capable of dealing with such claims on the community now, it certainly does not give a very promising outlook for the super-children that are to be.

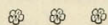
Here are two typical cases where I consider a State pension should be forthcoming:—

(1) A young, penniless widow was left with four healthy boys, but owing to the sweated wages system of to-day, she could only earn 12s. a week. As a result of her inability to procure maintenance for herself and family, she was forced to let three of the boys be taken into the workhouse while she was allowed to retain the youngest. Here was a woman bereft of her husband and three of her children almost at one stroke, and we are supposed to be such a Christian country.

(2) In the second illustration, I would like you to picture an older woman. Her husband had also left her at the mercy of the world, and as her earnings would not keep the tiny family in health, the pallor of the children at school set the inspector on the track of the unhappy mother. As a result of the woman proving conclusively that she could not do more for them than she did, off they whisked her sickly children to the nearest State residence, leaving the mother half demented and distracted with grief.

But, of course, your readers will know even more than I do as to how widows come off under the competitive system. Granted a woman is a fit person to bring up her own offspring, it passes my comprehension that rather than go in for a practical scheme of State endowment of mothers, we should be so ready to separate and wrench apart the closest of Nature's ties. Anyhow, do let some of us at least grapple with the problems as they arise now, for while listening with respect to all and every theory, we should not forget that the Freewoman will have to work out her own salvation. MIMI BRODIE.

[Would not an extension of "Outdoor relief," a crèche system, and a minimum wage meet both cases?—ED.]



SOME NOTES ON THE POPULATION THEORY.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

I enclose notes of an article which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1906, which seem to be of interest, as bearing upon the subject now under discussion in your columns:—

Since Malthus published his *Essay on the Principle of Population*, in 1798, population has increased four times over, and is better fed, clothed and housed. In North-West Canada there is enough good land to produce bread for more than 300 million people, while the plains of Australia and Argentina are almost untouched by the plough. Not only is there a larger area available, but there is a greater capacity of man for food production. Early in the nineteenth century the maximum quantity of wheat one man could produce, harvesting with a sickle, did not exceed 144 bushels—sufficient for the bread of twenty-four persons; now one man, by the help of the self-binding reaper, can produce in England 820 bushels—sufficient for the bread of 137 persons. Two-thirds of the number of field labourers employed in the days of Malthus can now provide bread for four times the population. An acre of potatoes will sustain many more than an acre of wheat, and an acre of wheat more than if the land is used for beef production. Spade cultivation produces a greater crop than the plough. The market

gardens outside Paris produce under intensive cultivation crops worth £200 an acre, providing the labourers employed with an adequate subsistence. Growth in population depends on the death-rate as well as on the birth-rate. Malthusians assume that the birth-rate increases with an increase of food—the opposite effect is the law of Nature. In 1841 Doubleday wrote his book, "The True Law of Population," advancing the proposition that the fecundity of human animals, and all other living beings, is in inverse proportion to the quantity of nutriment, that an underfed population multiplies rapidly, but all classes in comfortable circumstances are by a physiological law so unprolific as seldom to keep up their numbers without being recruited from the poorer classes. The birth-rate in Ireland was never so great as immediately after the great famine, and the same result attends periodical famines in India. Half a million more children were born in Bengal in 1899 than in 1898. The poorest London districts have a birth-rate of 35.6, compared with 18.6 in the wealthiest districts. Within three generations one-fourth of the peerages existing at the beginning of last century became extinct. Thriving plants well protected yield least seed. Of seventy-four titled American wives married in England, thirty are childless, and the average size of their families is one and a half. In every European country the death-rate is high where the birth-rate is high, and they decline in like proportion. In 1876 the birth-rate all over Europe reached its highest, and, except in Russia, has declined ever since. In England the death-rate has declined more than the birth-rate (from 22 to 15 per thousand, compared with 35 to 28 per thousand), so the natural increase of population is at its greatest. In Russia a birth-rate of 3.4 is required for every unit of increase of population, while in England population increases 1 unit for every 2.4 births. E. LINDSAY.



FOOD AND POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

Probably due to my bad writing, there is a misprint in my letter appearing in your issue of February 29th: in the paragraph on wages in France and England, against cabinet-makers, upholsterers and coopers in the London column should stand —, meaning "I don't know," not ,, meaning "same as above."

Now, as regards the ignorance of the working classes and their rate of increase. On enquiry, I find (I admit

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to my surprise) that there are actually married persons in the working classes ignorant of the use of preventatives. But a traditional religious and moral objection to the use of preventatives is evidently far more the operating reason for the greater birth-rate of the poor than of the richer classes. Further, a medical man points out to me that in actual practice their cost and want of space also prevent their use: overcrowding will clearly act in this way.

When I wrote that the poor reproduce rapidly because they are poor, my statement was based on what is to be seen in many books where we are told (as Gide's well-known text-book of political economy puts it) that there is "a certain physiological antagonism between genetic activity and cerebral activity" (and in a note Gide refers to Geddes' "Evolution of Sex," Van der Smitten's "La population," and Nitti's "La popolazione e il sistema sociale" as authorities bearing out what he says). I will frankly admit that I think, after all, that this argument is rot, but evidently it is one of the things which many people besides Socialists tell us—neither Gide, Nitti, nor Geddes being Socialists.

I agree with "the Malthusian aim," as I think it is easier to solve our problems if the population is not too large, but I object to the Malthusian doctrine, because I do not see that population does press on the food supply, and that this is the cause of poverty: Mr. Drysdale's proofs seem to break down on examination.

I think your readers mostly agree with me that when Mrs. Dockrell at the London Opera House meeting said that "the sweating of women so that capitalists could have a good time would not be possible when women won the vote," she is unfortunately talking wildly. If women clerks in the post office had votes in the course of several years, if they agitated and worried postmaster-generals very skilfully they might raise their wages; and similarly with other classes of workers—with great political ability and almost superhuman perseverance, the vote can be used to raise their wages. I still think that successful trade union action is usually much quicker. The idea that men's wages have risen since they have gained votes, and, therefore, because they have votes, is what the logic-books call the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Many means must be used to get more property and more liberty for the multitude—perhaps different means in different countries. In Italy productive co-operative societies have done large pieces of work—including building a section of railway—and divided all the profits among the actual workers. In some cases, it may be possible in time to lock out the capitalists, and use their property without them and their managers.

Those who (like "Tallis Avis") have no belief in "the omniscient state," and no liking for Parliament, need not on that account do nothing to improve the material position of the producing class. At present it is essential to stir up the spirit of revolt and the spirit of hope and the spirit of class-hatred; the best way in which ultimately to expropriate the expropriators will reveal itself later. With no trust in politicians, I yet would not say they can never be used.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.

FREEWOMAN CLUBS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

I should like to say that I am one of those who approve of the idea of the formation of clubs on the lines suggested in THE FREEWOMAN, and would be glad to become a member.

(Mrs.) MARGARET WALKER.

March 3rd, 1912.

THE FREEWOMAN

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"Manalive."*

OUT of his own mouth Mr. G. K. Chesterton once described himself and his failure far better than any mere critic could hope to do. In his monograph on "Robert Browning," published now nine years ago, he penned an illuminating sentence: "The genius who begins life with a very genuine and sincere doubt whether he is meant to be an exquisite and idolised violinist, or the most powerful and eloquent Prime Minister of modern times, does at last end by making the discovery that there is, after all, one thing, possibly a certain style of illustrating Nursery Rhymes, which he can really do better than anyone else." The painful plight of the genius who does not discover his humble destiny in time and goes on struggling to scale Olympus is exemplified by Mr. Chesterton himself. His envy aroused by the majestic figure of Shaw, he tries to play the prophet; or, fascinated by Mr. Belloc's guerilla warfare, he apes the politician. And all the time he really can, beyond all doubt, write fairy tales better than any other living man.

"Manalive," Mr. Chesterton's new novel, is an intoxicating and delicious fairy tale. It begins with a rousing description of a wild wind tearing eastward over England, setting every tree and twig astir, shouldering the clouds to right and left and unbaring the sunset, whirling before it all kind of fugitive treasures of the earth. On its arrival in London it casually drops a new boarder into the back garden of Mrs. Duke's boarding-house in Swiss Cottage. A marvellous boarder this: blonde as a cherub, great as a giant, agile as the antelope, incessantly spluttering nonsense that is the sublimer side of sense, who on the instant sets about to revolutionise the boarding-house. His attention is principally engrossed by four people who ought to be lovers, but lack the vitality to love—Diana Duke, the landlady's niece, a fiercely efficient, soulless manager, and Arthur Inglewood, a scientific dilettante, corrupted into idleness by the possession of small private means; Michael Moon, an Irish journalist, wrapped in the Fleet Street fog of tobacco and whisky fumes, and Rosamund Hunt, an heiress who has remained unmarried because she spies a fortune-hunter in each lover.

In time he brings them all to the realisation of the joy of life—by many small devices. By inviting them to ridiculous picnics on the roof, where even the hardened Michael Moon finds cheap claret tastes like nectar; by luring Diana to the consideration of beauty by drawing chalk patterns of red-gold sunflowers and purple peacocks on her sombre working overalls; by turning every little incident of the drab routine into a rite of some mysterious and everlasting festival. Little by little they learn to exult in life. So that when Manalive, as the new boarder calls himself, procures a special licence and a cab for the purpose of eloping with Rosamund's companion, these two couples seek to take possession of both licence and cab for their own use.

But just at this moment there enter upon the scene the evil geni of this peculiar pantomime: two mental specialists, Dr. Warner and Dr. Pym, frigid materialists of the Karl Pearson type. They come to damp the spirits of the lovers by declaring Manalive to be a criminal deep-dyed in murder, wife desertion, burglary, and polygamy. And unfortunately Manalive instantly justifies their accusa-

* "Manalive." By G. K. Chesterton. 2s. (T. Nelson and Sons.)

ons by asking Dr. Warner whether he keeps his birthday, and, on the doctor's chilly answer that birth is nothing to rejoice over, discharging three revolver shots through Dr. Warner's hat.

But so attached to this tempestuous god of good cheer have the boarders become that they will not let him be taken away until conclusive evidence of Manalive's lunacy is laid before them. And as the doctors lay document after document before them, they get more than they bargained for.

Manalive is proved to have chased the Warden of Brakespear College out of his window and on to the insecure perch of a flying buttress, and sent bullets flying round his head until the Sub-Warden and the porter come to his rescue. He is proved to have enticed a couple of curates from a Church Socialist League meeting to the commission of a burglary on a house in Highbury. He is proved to have had a wife and children in a happy home at Croydon, which one autumn morning he left with a wild declaration that he was going off to another wife and better children in another home far away. And, worst of all, he is proved to have descended upon red-haired ladies in all parts of Britain—typists, schoolma'ams, dressmakers—and lured them forth to an unknown fate.

The defence, of course, shows Manalive to be saner than sanity, and more respectable than respectability. "His principle can quite simply be stated: He refuses to die while he is still alive. He seeks to remind himself by every electric shock known to the intellect that he is still a man alive, walking on two legs about the world." He discharged his revolver round the Warden's head so that he might convince a pessimist of the joy of life by reminding him of the terror of death. It was his own house he burgled, so that he might covet his own goods as keenly as his neighbour's. He left his home so that he might walk eastward round the world and find it again with the thrill of a child finding a new toy. And the maidens he has seduced have been one and the same—his lawful wife. "He has been in the habit of taking the woman whom he loved with a permanent loyalty and leaving her about (so to speak) at schools, boarding-houses, and places of business. . . . He seriously sought by a perpetual recapture of his bride to keep alive the sense of her perpetual value and the perils that should be run for her sake."

All this is delightfully pretty and whimsical. "Manalive" deserves to be read for its flashes of wit and constant charm of style. But Mr. Chesterton's sermonising is trite. For instance, on every page he tilts against the heresy of considering domesticity tame. Nobody holds such a heresy. Domesticity is essentially dramatic, for drama is conflict, and the home compels conflict by its concentration of active personalities in a small area. The real objection to domesticity is that it is too exciting. If Mr. Chesterton takes the trouble to look down any list of murders he will see that in an enormous number of cases the victim is a near relative to the murderer—husband, wife, child, or father. And in "The Criminal," by Havelock Ellis, we read: "Men criminals are everywhere in a more or less marked majority. There are certain crimes which both sexes commit equally, and these are usually the most serious. . . . Of parricides, 50 per cent. are women . . . the crimes of women are essentially domestic, against fathers and husbands and children." People revolt against domesticity, not in boredom, but in terror and fatigue.

Again, Mr. Chesterton's detestation of those who desire "to find themselves in untrodden paths and to do unprecedented things, to break with the past and belong to the future," is impious. It is dis-

tinctly blasphemous to imagine that the toys on the nursery floor of the universe exhaust the Almighty's stock, and that He hasn't quite as many up His sleeve for those who care to ask for them. Think how the youngest art, Music, only began to disclose her secrets a few centuries ago, and has not revealed half of them yet! And when Music is as well charted a sea as Literature or Painting is to-day, God will send us another divine puzzle to solve. Apparently Mr. Chesterton does not mind being silly. But it is worse than silly to despise the future; it is wicked. But Mr. Chesterton's worst blasphemy lies in trying to preach the Gospel when heaven has sent him down a comic song.

REBECCA WEST.

The Sound of the Coal.

The noise of the pick and the shovel is sounding
loud in our ears.

Its echo, so long unheeded, the nation hears,
The din and rattle and roar, the sonorous roll
While through the galleries thunder and rush the
loaded waggons of coal.

Down in the dark and dangerous deeps he has
worked so long,

But only to-day, when he drops his tool, do we
hear of the miner's wrong.

Because he wrought in the dark, should no light of
the human day

Shine through his toilsome years and the lot of his
children at play?

Because he toiled unseen, while Death at his elbow
stood,

Should none think of the miner's grief or seek the
miner's good

In the homes where the fruits of his toil burn
bright on the pleasant hearth,

While he sweats and strives and strains in the deep,
dark caverns of earth?

Well may he leave his place!

He has earned his play!

Let the nation ponder his case,

And ponder it many a day.

Let the tap, tap, tap of the pick and the scrunch of
the shovel be heard,

And the cry of the deadly fire-damps, and the
death that comes with the word.

Whom shall ye honour, O people, who work in the
light of day,

The mighty in place and power or those who risk
death day by day?

Ye prate of the *minimum* wage! If the light of
day be sweet,

The *maximum* wage might he claim who toils in
the dark beneath our feet!

If life is more precious than pelf, and courage is
dearer than life,

Then haste to the miner's aid and avert the
shameful strife.

Give him his due, for the forces of life are on his
side,

And the nation's doom is sealed if his will should be
denied.

Behind him his fellows stand,

For they know that their hour is at hand.

Workers afar and near—

Listen, O listen, and hear.

The song of the pick and the shovel, the rattle, and
thunder, and roll,

The volleying rush of the loaded truck, the fateful
sound of the coal!

A. C. HELEN MEREDITH MACDONALD.

The Fire Screen.

MR. ALFRED SUTRO, universally recognised by the critics as one of our foremost dramatists, has written a new play well up to his usual level. It is called "The Fire Screen." It is one of the worst plays I ever saw. In so barren a season it may seem unkind to damn this particular author; but Mr. Sutro is a great force in the theatrical world, and what the critics are pleased to call "a master of stage technique"! So is Sir Arthur Wing Pinero!

Mr. Sutro manoeuvres his puppets thus: A doctor, after years of experiment, discovers a new cure for a certain disease, and thus has become a recognised leader of his profession. One of those fashionable titled doctors is even dragged in to emphasise his enormous skill and possibilities, who, after maundering in a sentimental manner to the genius' wife, finds himself kissing her for her husband's glory.

Now all this you must accept on trust. For though I secretly believe all doctors to be charlatans, as I invariably tell my own, I have never seen one so dull, undistinguished, or unimpressive as Mr. Sutro's. But then that eminent author—and perhaps Mr. Lloyd George—may really agree with me.

But there is a fly in the amber of the wife's happiness. A cousin of hers, who is finding life a big adventure, and apparently believes that the best way to resist temptation is invariably to succumb to it, turns up. She spins the thinnest of thin yarns to the innocent genius, and then, very considerately, tells his wife that she intends to engage his affections. Lest the wife should forget, she keeps on telling her. I wish all adventurers in life were so eager to put all their cards on the table! Of course, the obvious reply was, "Take him, and may he bore you as much as he has me." But, bless me, that would be original, and we must always observe the seven deadly virtues—which exist only on the stage and the venter of them in the profession. Also Mr. Sutro has taken enormous trouble to accentuate the wife's complete lack of humour (I expect he would deny this, but it really makes it all the worse if he did it unconsciously). Now, there is every reason to believe that the wicked adventuress had no real designs on the straw doctor. She had had first option on him, and had refused. In fact, to make sure that she wouldn't see much of him, she had married him to her cousin, or at least had introduced them and left the woman to hook him—not a very difficult task! And even if they had travelled together as far as Dover, I liked her sufficiently to feel quite sure she would have insisted on their returning at once by different trains. Practically anyone would have served to provide the necessary romance, but really there's no fun in eloping with a lay-figure.

But I was forgetting. The play is for Mr. Bouchier, and Mr. Bouchier must have a "man of the world" part. So this dear, delightful paragon of a wife, who would never deceive her husband (no, not for worlds) calls to her aid one of the idle rich, who, as they think, redeem the fierce evening joys of the West by silly afternoon slumming in the East. He was a dirty cad, this chap. He came down manifestly in the half hope of making love to the wife, but was quite ready to transfer his intentions to the other, if need be. However, the wicked cousin knew his type, the fat, middle-aged "lady-killer," good at repartee, and she refused to walk into the spider's web. Then the wife played her trump card. The wicked cousin must be asked to tea in his rooms—and discovered by the husband.

I was glad Mr. Bouchier was ashamed of the part he had to play. But was he ashamed for the right reason? I'm afraid not. Otherwise he'd see what awful rot the whole thing was, and take the play off. [Dear Mr. Rip Van Sutro, I really *can* ask a lady *tête-à-tête* to tea, to look at my pictures, without being accused of adultery by anyone outside a divorce jury box.] The trap was set: the victim came: the lay figure was brought in a taxi. "Never let me see your face again": added a little homily from the wife, and virtue vanishes triumphant. Then the fat, middle-aged "lady-killer" impertinently tried to recover his lost ground. But the lady, needless to say, went off to tea elsewhere, glad (as I was) to get rid of the whole blessed lot of them.

I am afraid the play will be a great success. And for this reason—there are lots of men and women who will honestly believe that the wife is a noble character, and that the future of England and the welfare of the Empire are dependent on our women being dull, unintelligent, and devoid of humour—in their own word, "nice." They will go to the theatre, leave their brains with their coats in the cloak-room, and at the end go home thanking Providence for "honourable women," and believing that such plays are helpful to real life.

Mr. Sutro is clever enough to create this atmosphere. And therein lies the sting.

WILLIAM FOSS.

Population and the Food Supply.

IT had been my intention to deal this week with the moral and hygienic aspects of family restriction; but as your last issue contains so many references to the food question, it will perhaps be better to thrash this out a little further, as the question of restriction is naturally subsidiary to that of the necessity for it. Wearisome as this discussion is to me, and very probably also to your readers, it is so vitally important to every other social question that it most certainly ought not to be left in the present state of assertion on the one hand and point blank denial on the other.

Before dealing with the specific arguments brought up against my thesis, I feel it necessary to make one or two remarks concerning the tone of the discussion. As is usual in this matter, your correspondents betray the fact that they have a strong antipathy to the population doctrine, and are far more concerned with attempting to discredit my remarks than with impartially studying a question which the best thinkers have regarded as the most important of all those which have confronted humanity. Not one of them has given any evidence of direct acquaintance with the writings of Malthus, Mill and other authorities on this subject, nor with the doctrine of evolution. I have carefully abstained as a whole from appealing to authority, as I much prefer to see a case argued on its own merits, and fully appreciate that no authority should deter us from examining the facts for ourselves. But were I to do so, I could fill a complete issue of THE FREEWOMAN with quotations from statesmen and writers of such high eminence and of such varied attainments as would command at least the grudging respect of your correspondents. Let me mention just one of the most recent, from an article in the Coronation Number of the *Sphere*, by our premier biologist and best known expositor of science in general, Sir E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S. This is of especial interest, as it is the concluding paragraph of an article entitled "Science at the Moment of the Corona-

tion," in which he chronicles the immense progress in science, manufactures, and food production during the past fifty years, and the wonderful possibilities for the future. And yet he concludes this triumphant record at a time of universal rejoicing with the following impressive warning:—

"The greatest danger, the greatest difficulty, the greatest change, which lies ahead of humanity is that which must result from the present gigantic rate of increase of human population, and the consequent occupation of the whole surface of the earth by teeming swarms of human beings like mites on a rotten cheese. Some day the most serious thoughts of mankind will be given to this great event which threatens us."

And this warning comes after thirty-five years of a rapidly falling birth-rate, and when only something like half of our women are married. True, it says nothing about food or present poverty, and those who have read Sir Ray Lankester's "Man's Insurgent Son" will know that he has supposed that many people at present eat too much rather than too little, but there is no hesitation in his mind as to the danger of the increase of population and the struggle for existence. Of our present Government, Mr. Morley has said: "The population question is of vital importance. I wish we did not shirk it so much," and the late Lord Salisbury, as well as Mr. Balfour, have testified to its importance. And when we find in addition Socialistic idealists like Ruskin, Bernard Shaw, and Prof. Forel alive to this difficulty, we have at least some right to expect that others will treat it with respect, and bring real knowledge, instead of ignorant prejudice, to its discussion. And, although nothing is further from my mind than any assumption of authority, I have some right to expect that my statements on this subject should be received as having some weight, as a representative of a family which has for over sixty years worked unceasingly upon it; and which has at least had an opportunity of acquiring more information concerning the progress of the great movement for family limitation than anyone else. Whether it be statistical, biological, agricultural, physiological, or moral, I doubt whether it will be possible for anyone to bring up any argument concerning this question which I have not had to deal with many times before, and I can assure my opponents that no one will be better pleased than myself if they can bring up some convincing argument against this unfortunate population difficulty which will free me from the necessity of carrying on an arduous propaganda, for which I have felt compelled to sacrifice all my real interests.

This explanation may serve to explain why I spoke somewhat strongly and definitely concerning Mr. Lewis's repetition of the common Socialistic contention that family limitation was an automatic result of improved prosperity. When we know that there was practically no such limitation in this and most other countries before the Knowlton trial in any class, and that this trial resulted in the circulation of hundreds of thousands of books and pamphlets over the civilised world, and the formation of the Malthusian League, which has given rise to a great international movement, and that this produced a practically instantaneous fall in the birth-rate in twelve countries at least, we see that it was merely knowledge that was wanting. And those who have been carrying on the work patiently for years past *know* the ignorance of the poor concerning the means of limitation, and are painfully aware of the hollow mockery of the doctrine of automatic reduction of fertility with comfort. One little instance of this came into the

experience of my wife and myself at Letchworth Garden City, which has a large Socialistic element, and has been a centre of discussion of all social questions. In 1908 we brought the population question before their notice, and were met with arguments of the style of your contributors, and the usual accusations as to immorality, etc.* A few months ago I wrote to the secretary of the Garden City Company for its vital statistics. Here are the birth rates:—

1907	1908	1909	1910
16.6	26.0	18.8	15.1

It will be seen that in the first two years the birth-rate had risen to a figure somewhat higher than in the country as a whole, but that the very year after the discussion of this question it dropped sharply back, and it has since fallen to one of the lowest figures of any town in the country. And when we remember the large proportion of young married couples in Letchworth the result is all the more remarkable.

If a few thousands of devoted men and women would spend their time in teaching the poorer classes both the reasons for family limitation and the best means of carrying it out, and especially the importance of refraining from the propagation of hereditary disease, they would do infinitely more for the poor, the nation, and the race than all the humanitarian reforms we have had put together. The example of Holland, where many have done this, is ample justification for this statement.

I am glad to see that my classification of the chief lines of argument for the insufficient food supply has helped to define the issues, and will refer briefly to the criticisms under each heading.

* I am glad to be able to say that in this case a few of the leading Socialists admitted the correctness of the population doctrine.

JOHN BULL says:—

"We are glad to notice the appearance of a new feminist paper called the 'Freewoman,' which deals courageously and impartially with all aspects of the Woman's question, and is quite free from fanaticism and narrow views. Its attitude to sexual problems is singularly frank and daring. . . . To those who have been inclined to associate the Woman's movement with a tyrannical Puritanism, as in New Zealand, the 'Freewoman' should prove welcome reading."

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Connection between the Birth and Death Rates.—Both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Horwitz challenge my contention of parallelism between the variations of birth and death rates. The latter, especially, attempts to give a mathematical demonstration of the unsoundness of the law, which might be excellent but for the fact that there are such things as discontinuous functions. Put popularly, his argument amounts to saying that if two railway lines diverge at a junction they cannot be parallel before they diverge. I have explicitly stated that a death rate of something like 10 per 1,000 is probably a minimum, owing to the natural duration of life, and this is the junction below which, of course, the parallelism does not hold. But why does it not hold? Simply because when the death rate falls to 10 per 1,000, this means that people are only dying from old age, and not from want, and that therefore the birth-rate has fallen to the point where population no longer presses upon food. When any country has reduced its death-rate to this value, I shall cease my demand for limitation of births, and agree that for that country, for the time being, the population difficulty does not exist.

The extent of Mr. Horwitz's investigations into vital statistics, which can permit him calmly to assert that "there are absolutely no indications whatever of any such connection between the birth and death rates," can be gauged by two facts. The first is that not only did Malthus himself find evidence of such a connection with the crude material at his disposal, but that our first Registrar-General, Sir Wm. Farr, noticed it and attempted to explain it in a quite different manner. If Mr. Horwitz will refer to "La Dépopulation de la France," a book published last year by the great Prof. Bertillon, the strongest and most scientific opponent of neo-Malthusianism, and the director of statistics for Paris, he will find that this parallelism of birth and death rates is affirmed and illustrated as being absolutely verified, although he attempts to show that it is the birth rate which depends on the death rate, and not *vice versa*.

The second point is that Mr. Horwitz speaks of the correlation between the birth rate and infantile mortality. As a mathematician, I therefore presume that he is acquainted with the correlation coefficients used by statisticians and biometricians for finding the connection between various phenomena. I have personally applied the Bravais-Galton-Pearson formula to the birth and death rates of various countries at the same and different times, and here are a few of the results:—

Birth and Death Rates in :	Correlation Co-efficient.
15 European countries, 1871-579
21 " " " 1901-581
28 countries of world, 1901-580
Paris, 20 arrondissements, 190795
Berlin, 1841-190992
Toronto, 1881-190996
Western Europe, 1841-190582
Fall or rise in 21 European countries	.76

The highest possible value for absolute correlation is unity, so that it will be seen how extra-

ordinarily close the connection between the birth and death rates is. As a matter of fact, the correlation between the birth and death rates is much closer than between the birth rate and infantile mortality which Mr. Horwitz admits exists. After this, I hope he and others will pause and study a little before making assertions of this kind. The connection between the birth and death rates is the most accurate and definitely established of all social phenomena, and those who wish to deny the doctrine of Malthus had better read Bertillon's attempt to reverse the connection, rather than try to destroy the connection itself. I am dealing with this attempt in my own papers.

One last remark about these birth and death rates. I have never pretended that the rate of increase of 10 per 1,000 was a constant quantity for different countries.* The rate of increase of a country depends on the state of its agriculture, arts, and manufactures, and is very different for different countries, but approximately constant for the same country over a fairly long period. In France the normal rate of increase is only about 2 per 1,000, and in Russia about 15 or 16. Incidentally, therefore, those who believe that good government should enable the population difficulty to be surmounted must consider France the worst and Russia the best governed countries in Europe!

I need not spend much time over the other points.

The Evolutionary Doctrine of Darwin.—Mr. Lewis's remark that man is an exceptional animal about which we know most, begs the whole evolutionary question. Man is only the last and highest product of a series which has been built up by the struggle for existence, due to over-reproduction. Therefore I ask, at what point in the evolution from the anthropoid ape did the struggle due to over-reproduction cease? As a matter of fact, Darwin did "argue about other animals by analogy with man," and the truth of his generalisation is the strongest justification of the original doctrine of human over-population.

The Absence of Nitrogenous Products in the Sea.—I fear that my intelligence is not equal to the strain put upon it by this question. My impression has been that human beings are concerned, not only with getting food for to-day but for the future. If our increase of population leads to such an abstraction of nutriment from the soil or the sea that crops or supply of fish will be lessened instead of increasing from year to year, it seems to me a very serious matter indeed. But I will not argue the point.

Destruction of Fruit, etc.—Waste of all kinds takes place for two reasons, either because of idleness or inertia of human beings, or because it will not pay to make special arrangements for conveyance. The former characteristic is to some extent inherent in humanity, and is especially manifest in the State management which Socialists desire as a remedy. The word "pay," of course, lets loose the Socialistic dogs of war. But let me ask Mr. Lewis why, when there is a glut of fruit, etc., at some distant place, some of our starving people do not go to those places to get it (as a matter of fact, fruit is very frequently given away). Because it would not *pay* them; in other words, the amount of nourishment they could derive would not compensate for the extra muscular effort, the wear and tear of their boots, or for the food or fuel consumption of their means of locomotion. If the amount of vital energy required for the conveyance of food from the producer to the consumer is in excess of

* The application of this figure in my last article was purely illustrative, as being a simple case, and approximately the true figure for Western Europe.

AN APPEAL.

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that conveyed, it will not be to the advantage of any community, socialistic or otherwise, to convey it.

The Actual Deficiency of the Food Supply.—I quite agree that a better distribution of wealth would give our poorer classes a better purchasing power and a more effective demand, and I am only too anxious to help anything which can bring this about as a permanent and not an ephemeral change. But at the same time, I am by no means clear that such a change will bring about any great advance in the total production of food, and, therefore, if a redistribution of wealth were made without restriction of births, it would certainly temporarily increase the nourishment of our own poor, *but only at the expense of the poor of other countries.* Further, if no check were put upon reproduction, the much more rapid increase of numbers would rapidly bring us back to the same state of poverty. It is for this reason that I believe that Socialism without restricted reproduction would mean "levelling down." My object is to "level up," by helping the poor to raise their economic status through limitation.

At this point I am met by Mr. Macdonald's remarks concerning diet. His statement concerning the area of land does not appear to me to have any bearing on the subject, as he, as usual, neglects all question of manuring the soil, and overlooks the fact that the larger area grazed on by cows, etc., needs relatively light manuring. But I can to some extent confirm his statement as to diet in another way. The figures given by M. Giroud show that of 303,900,000 tons of cereals produced in 1907, 155,000,000 tons, or more than half, was consumed by animals. In 1910 this proportion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose therefore, that if human beings were substituted for these animals, they might be at any rate approximately doubled in number. This may seem a great concession to the opponents of the population doctrine, and, if so, I am very glad to be able to make it. But I have simply to remark (a) that if the change were made to-morrow, population could catch it up in seventeen and a half years, instead of "the far distant future"; (b) that already the supply of nitrogen per individual is only about two-thirds of a proper physiological ration; (c) that the change to a vegetarian diet, like all other changes, can only be brought about slowly, and that population will press on its heels all the time; (d) that in countries where animal diet has been reduced to a minimum, starvation and misery are most common; and (e) that I personally do not believe in vegetarianism. Among other advantages of my sojourn at Letchworth was that of an opportunity of carefully observing the advocates of reformed diet, and my experience was quite enough to convince me of the absolute unsuitability of vegetarianism for all but a very few. And when we find that Australia and New Zealand, the greatest meat-eating countries, have the lowest death-rate and infantile mortality, and compare them with vegetarian countries, it is impossible for me at present to feel any enthusiasm for the teaching of the vital school, the chief defect of which has been that it has generally failed to discriminate between chemical constitution and digestive assimilation.

Wages in France and England.—In this reply Mr. Lewis has put his finger upon one of the only points of sound criticism which I have had for some time past. I believe that our Board of Trade index numbers do very fairly indicate the variations as regards the conditions of the working classes in this country, but quite agree that the French figures are much less carefully compiled. So far as the

figures accepted by the Board of Trade are concerned, the evidence is entirely in my favour, and I do not know of any other figures which could be adopted in place, but I have no desire to unduly press a point which depends considerably upon individual preferences in compiling the figures.

As to the actual wages in France and England, this is a large question, which those who have followed the two sides of the Tariff Reform controversy well know the difficulties of. Normal wages are certainly lower in France than in this country, and some important necessities of life are dearer, but it must be remembered that it is a protectionist country, and that it had a most serious setback by the terrible Franco-German war and the huge war indemnity (which, however, it paid off with an ease which astonished the world). But as one who has spent a considerable amount of time in France, I can confirm what has been testified to by the majority of writers, that there is a degree of well-being in the greater part of the country to which the bulk of our poorer classes are absolute strangers. Wages are lower, but work is more easy and steady, and long-enforced unemployment is hardly known. Added to this, the majority of families have a certain amount of inheritance, and the one or two children are easily maintained in comfort. This is all I can say on the matter here, but those interested may like to read "France in the Twentieth Century," by Mr. W. L. George, who is himself decidedly Socialistic in spirit.

It is hardly necessary for me to deal with Mr. Hunt's remarks, as I imagine no one else can have failed to appreciate that our aim as neo-Malthusians is to preserve and cherish all the life we have, and to make life more sacred than it has ever been—not to be conferred without reasonable prospect of happiness, but to be revered when once conferred. Nor will I accept his challenge to deal with Henry George. The only one of his "refutations" of Malthus which has even a semblance of reason, is that of the rapid increase of food, which I have already shown the fallacy of, and unless other readers of THE FREEWOMAN desire it, I shall prefer to leave the others alone. Mr. Macdonald's suggestion that the change of diet would be more "humane" than restriction of births, will doubtless be fully appreciated by the poor, struggling women of our slums with their annual babies.

As one of your correspondents suggests the formation of a club to discuss subjects dealt with in your paper, may I say that this one is more easily dealt with by diagrams, etc., than in writing, and that I shall be perfectly pleased to offer myself as a victim to be heckled at any time?

C. V. DRYSDALE.

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