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 population 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 forty, at which time they will affix their 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 female time is to be taken up by motherhood, and women are to be shown how to earn it. Sick men are to receive £20 per head per annum being what it suits us to mean. Hence the futility of the "special aspect of old-age pension"; and "it means of the decrease in Government grants will need to be carried through with increasing thoroughness and effectiveness. If, at some time in the past, the generous but wickedly naughty of Mr. Wells advised it, he 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 lodging, even of the poorest variety, to a young woman, with the prospect of being 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 of the third and fourth year 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 fitted 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 does not possess the power to earn 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 found 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 equals equally well to women who have spent their best years teaching or editing." This is really very wide of the mark. The report of Mr. Wells. Editors are not on the scrapheap 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 £5 a year, we believe, from the age of twenty until they are sixty-five, get about 160. 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' statement—that 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 lodging, even of the poorest variety, to a young woman, with the prospect of being maintained from birth till death. 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 "crushing." Their Massacre of the Innocents by means of the decrease in Government grants will need to be carried through with increasing thoroughness and effectiveness. If, at some time in the past, the generous but wickedly naughty of Mr. Wells advised it, he 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 lodging, even of the poorest variety, to a young woman, with the prospect of being 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 of the third and fourth year 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 fitted 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 does not possess the power to earn 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 found 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 equals equally well to women who have spent their best years teaching or editing." This is really very wide of the mark. The report of Mr. Wells. Editors are not on the scrapheap 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.
March 14, 1912  

**THE FREEWOMAN**

"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 try for the aggrandisement of a cow-like type which she detests—that she is going to "keep" the un-exercised, 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 élan of her soul, her 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 a man who signs 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 for the privilege of 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-of-the-wisp schemes to obscure their vision, or to confuse their true goals. And they keep asking themselves why, if 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 status. We are revising our schedules of wealth. 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. Some-one 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 we heard of 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. They 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, into the acceptance of tenancy and 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 thing, but always a highly menacing 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 utilised 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 answer organized 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 passions and 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 thing, but always a highly menacing 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 utilised 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 answer.}

"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 passions and 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 thing, but always a highly menacing 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 utilised 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 answer.
The Great Unclassed.

II.

A FEW concrete cases, illustrating the opinion of the "demi-monde," 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 impertinent 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 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 "genteeel 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 hetairism. Among such women is an accepted principle that a woman is no longer mistress of her own soul, and 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 "elite" 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...
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 an 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 outcomes 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 this impurity that is condemnable. 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.

The 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 vicious teaching that every earnest reformer should combat with all his power.

Do these "emancipators" ever stop 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 pruridies, because she has been brought up along the conventional lines that make for the under-valuing 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, as 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 unhealthy feelings grew 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 and consider marriage the more modest term 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 necessarily 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 "a horse he had hired," and his mother referred to them "with disgust and scorn as of some unknown animal." To him it was as shameful to buy as it is to sell in the market of prostitution, as Duclaux insists in his L'Hygiene 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 disinclination. The very modernity 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
March 14, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

327

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 more respect for each other's privacy. 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 prudery.

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 mingled atmosphere of the Divorce Bench and bar, and 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 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 snearing 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 temper. Hitting the anvil in cross-examination does not preserve the trueness of the original steel. The judges, by their own 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 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, out-of-date hypothesis. 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, the penalty of permitting the Bar Council and the cramming of the mind with adjectives to which we 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 and personal intimacy of their past lives. A medical examination can disprove the inference of misconduct. Yet the conservatism of the judges of the Divorce Court is 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.
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 flummery 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 gentlemanness. 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 nature. 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 per chance 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 any 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 jingoies 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 qua 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 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 the more subtle bonds. It is in an effort to shake off the immediate shackles. If, as some hold, we are moving towards a more amenable 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 culturacy, 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 not 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 never been personally aversive; 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 a mere 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 rumbling 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 imaginably possible.

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 procure to man for all time at least one victim upon whom he can satiate 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 habitualised.

SELWYN WESTON.
March 14, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

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 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 nowadays is through the personal opinions of 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-onto-borowness 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 Ferguson, 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 one 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 inartistic," but that does not prove I am an exception 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 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.
Modernist Painters against the British Public has included me among the "guilty" masses. Thus I was beguiled into believing that I had seen my good fortune to see their work. Now I know that with regard to many things British Public Opinion is constantly being labelled 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 Italian Futurists are equally handicapped in their relation to one another. Let them be brought into contact, and I am convinced that for every professional critic and conventionalist picture-lover who may be antagonistic, one 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 Ferguson's studio are also going to London, where they will occupy the Stafford Galleries for a period starting from March 6th; 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. *

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 excitements grow, 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 not only more effectively 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, love at first sight may prove a disappointing delusion on closer acquaintance." 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 that if I had known that these exhibitions were to be held at these same Stafford Galleries about the end of March, Estelle Rice would have been more effective—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. After what I feel to be a finally hopeless attempt to probe the mystery of this puzzle-picture, I return 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 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.
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, symbolism, and symptom 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, is given as a sort of 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 reconstructing my state of mind in connection with a past parting. They symbolise nothing.

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, a phenomenon which will prove short-lived, or whether 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 the role of a Universal University is no more the test of Art than it is of Friendship.

EDITH A. BROWNE.
to balance, to appraise, to assay, and then... oh, man, beware. See to it that you do not want, and turn from you, saying, "Lovely as life is, we will walk alone, rather than with you." Forgetting, and need not utter this warning—the time is past for that. The new man (following a most natural law) is born of... of the same spirit which in his child, and 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 that...]

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 have been sensible enough to refrain from daining into her ears, week in and week out, tales of moral degeneracy and details of sex sewage. I do not believe there is a demand for the solitary discussion of such disgusting topics. Where there is such a demand it is a specific kind of that general appetite which usually...  

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 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 barred as strangers.  

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.
March 14, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

"LINE UPON LINE, PRECEPT UPON PRECEPT." To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

The enowment 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, it 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 unimpracticable signs of laxity of the laws of sex, as laid direct to the door of our all-triumphant Industrialism. Sometimes one is brought full tilt up against the overwhelming condition that reason 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 restricted in their avocations, 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 of reasons, I hardly know 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 the condition, the community 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 a third, and as her earnings would not keep the tiny family in health, the paller 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. A young 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 widows with children, we should be so ready to separate any 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 créche system, and a minimum wage meet both cases? — E. B.]

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, the 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 in large quantities, 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, using 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 over 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 unpurific to keep up their numbers without being recruited from the poorer classes. The birth-rate in Ireland was 35.6 immediately after the great famine, and the same result attends periodical famines in India. Half a million more children were born in Bengal in 1890 than in 1896. 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 1866 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 1½ per cent 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 26th, in the paragraph on wages in France and England, against cabinet-makers, upholsterers and cooperers in the London column should stand —, meaning “I don’t know,” not “…” as appearing same as above. Now, as regards the ignorance of the working classes and their rate of increase. On enquiry, I find (I admit

THE "LADY" COMBINED KNIFE and SCISSORS SHARPENER Regd. 542,996.

FOR EVERY HOME.

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

Price... 6 1/2d.

INSTRUCTIONS.

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

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

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

The "Lady" Sharpener soon saves its cost. ASK YOUR IRONMONGER FOR IT.

THE NATIONAL VENDORS’ SYNDICATE, 55, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.
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 their ignorance. 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 make that impracticable.

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 book of political economy puts it) that there is "a certain physiological antagonism between genetic activity and cerebral activity" (in a note Gide refers to Geddes' "Evolution of Sex," Van Walsum & Simonen'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 is the cause of poverty: Mr. Drysdale's proofs seem to break down on examination.

I think my 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 work cheaper" is what thelogic-books call the fallacy of post hoc ergo propter hoc. Many means must be used to get more productivity from the community—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 "Taglis 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 poorer classes. 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 express the expropriation is to 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

NOTICES & TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

EDITORIAL

Letters, etc., intended for the Editor should be addressed to 9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. Telegrams to "Lunemitter, London." Postage orders, etc., made payable to the Publishers, STEPHEN SWIFT & CO. LTD., 10, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. Telegrams to "Lunemitter, London." Terms of Subscription—Yearly, 14s.; Six Months, 7s.; Three Months, 3s. 6d.; to any address in the Postal Union.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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

*"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 guerrilla warfare, he apes the politician. And all the while he really could, 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 unbarring 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 heroically efficient, soulless manager, and Arthur Inglewood, a scientific dilettante, corrupted by 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 claaret tastes like nectar; by lure Diana to the consideration of beauty by drawing chalk patterns of red-gold sunflowers and purple peacocks on her sombre back garden of Mrs. Duke's; 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 genii 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-
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 we are to be told of his descent 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. This 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 was so closely sought by a perpetual recurrence of the pride 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 as being a burden, but in terror and fatigue. Again, Mr. Chesterton's detestation of those who desire "to find themselves in un trodden paths and to do unprecedented things, to break with the past and belong to the future," is impious. It is distinctly 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 charmed 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, all unheeded, the nation hears, The din and rattle and roar, the sonorous roll While through the galleries thunder and rush the loaded wagons 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 pay! Let the nation ponder his case, And ponder it many a day.

Let the tap, tap, tap of the pick and the shuffle of the shovel be heard, And the cry of the deadly fire-damps, and the death that comes with the word. Who 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!
The Fire Screen.

MR. ALFRED SUTRO, universally recognised by the critics as one of our foremost dramatists, was playing 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 first act, the wife played. 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 go off 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.

I had been my intention to deal this week with the moral and spiritual aspects of food 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. Wearysome 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 must make 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 was 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 Socialist 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 Socialist 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 Socialist 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:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Birth Rate</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>16.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1908</td>
<td>26.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1909</td>
<td>18.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>15.1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 I 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."

A POSTAL ORDER FOR 3/- or 7/- or 14/- SENT TO THE PUBLISHER WILL BRING TO YOU A COPY OF THE PAPER EACH WEEK, WITHOUT TROUBLE, FOR EITHER 3, 6 or 12 MONTHS.

STEPHEN SWIFT & CO., Ltd., 10, John St., Adelaide, London, W.C.
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 general drift 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.

Let 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:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Birth and Death Rates in:</th>
<th>Correlation Co-efficient.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>15 European countries, 1871-5</td>
<td>0.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28 countries of world, 1901-5</td>
<td>0.81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paris, 20 arrondissements, 1907</td>
<td>0.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berlin, 1841-1909</td>
<td>0.92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toronto, 1881-1900</td>
<td>0.90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Western Europe, 1841-1909</td>
<td>0.83</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The highest possible value for absolute correlation is unity, so that it will be seen how extraordinarily 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 correctness of this kind of argument. 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 advocate good government could 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 feel 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 Socialists’ theory 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 pay 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...
that conveyed, it will not be to the advantage of any community, socialist or otherwise, to convey it.

The Act of Deficiency of the Food Supply—I quite agree that a better distribution of wealth would give our poorer classes a better purchasing power; but the Board of Trade figures, if incorrectly compiled, are much less carefully compiled. So far as the figures are correct, they have generally failed to discriminate between countries where animal diet has been reduced to a two-thirds of a proper physiological ratio; (c) 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 diet, and my experience was quite enough to confirm the opinion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose 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 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 1900 this proportion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose 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 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 1900 this proportion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose 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 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 1900 this proportion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose 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 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 1900 this proportion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose 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 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 1900 this proportion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose 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 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 1900 this proportion had actually risen to 193,500,000 out of a total of 358,900,000 tons. It is quite reasonable to suppose 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
Swift's Compelling List of New Books

PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY

AN INTRODUCTION TO METAPHYSICS. By HENRI BERGSON. Authorised Translation by T. E. HULME. 28s. 6d. net.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BERGSON. By T. E. HULME. 73s. 6d. net.

PSYCHOLOGY. A New System. By A. L. LYNCH. Demy 8vo, cloth, 2 vols., 21s. net.

WATERLOO. By HILAIRE BELLOC. With Maps. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 18s. net.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL

IRISH HOME RULE: The Last Phase. By S. G. HOBSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 35s. 6d. net.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS WORK. With a Hint of his Destiny and Ideals. By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D. (Cantab.). Crown 8vo, cloth, price 36s. 6d. net.

FROM THEATRE TO MUSIC HALL. By W. R. TITTERTON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 36s. 6d. net.

TRIPOLI AND YOUNG ITALY. By CHARLES LAPWORTH and HELEN ZIMMERN. Demy 8vo, cloth, illustrated, 10s. 6d. net.

BELLES LETTRES

The long-lost episodes to the famous Oriental tale have at last been discovered by Mr. Lewis Melville among the Beckford papers at Hamilton Palace.

THE EPISODES OF VATHEK. By WILLIAM BECKFORD. Translated by the late Sir FRANK T. MARZIALS, with an Introduction by LEWIS MELVILLE, and including the original French. Medium 8vo, cloth, 21s. net.

SONNETS AND BALLADES OF GUIDO CAVALCANTI. Translated by EZRA POUND. Crown 8vo, cloth, 36s. 6d. net.

SOME OLD ENGLISH WORTHIES. By DOROTHY SENIOR. Medium 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG. By REMY DE GOURMONT. Translated with Preface and Appendix by ARTHUR RANSOME. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

LEAVES OF PROSE: Interleaved with Verse. By ANNE MATHIESON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

LONDON WINDOWS. By ETHEL TALBOT. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

IMAGINARY SPEECHES: And Other Parodies in Prose and Verse. By JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 36s. 6d. net.

ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1880-1905. By J. M. KENNEDY. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

IN DEFENCE OF AMERICA. By BARON VON TAUBE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

FICTION

GREAT POSSESSIONS. By Mrs. CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE DARKSOME MAIDS OF BAGLÈERE. By WILLIAM H. KERSEY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

AN EXCELLENT MYSTERY. By COUNTESS RUSSELL, Author of “Five Women and a Caravan”. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE CONSIDINE LUCK. By H. A. HINCKSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

A SUPERMAN IN BEING. By LITCHFIELD WOODS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

LADY ERMYNTRUDE AND THE PLUMBER. By PERCY FENDALL. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Send a postcard for “Books that Compel,” post free from

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

Printed by HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LTD., 48, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London E.C.; and Published weekly for the Proprietors at the Office, 10, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.