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WOMAN ENDOWED.

By H. G. WELLS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Your comments upon my complete answers to your questions about the Endowment of Motherhood leave little for me to say further in the way of controversy. You admit that children will be State-maintained in a large measure up to the age of eighteen or twenty-one, and the State Endowment of Motherhood is really nothing more than that *plus* the assertion that the legitimate guardian of a child is its mother. It's odd you won't take that concluding step. What remains of your case—if anything can be said to remain—it is not so much a survival as a relapse—rests apparently upon an extraordinary assumption that women are, or can be made, equivalent economically to men, and that over and above that normal citizenship they are capable of bearing and rearing their own children. That is, I think, a quite impossible assumption. Sex is a graver handicap to a woman than a man—economically. Womanhood is not something superadded to the normal citizen; it is something taking up time, nervous energy, room in the body and room in the mind. It is something carved out of the normal citizen. Apart from child-bearing, it means a periodic disablement for a large number of women, and the only possible way in which woman generally can be put upon a footing of equal and honourable competition and fellowship with men is to correct this natural economic handicap by a collective endowment. Sex in a man is a handicap only through women, not in itself. It does not incapacitate him; it may rule his being, but it does not invade it; for him it is

not a physical let and encumbrance, but only a desire and a possible obsession. It is for men quite as much as for women that the endowment of motherhood is needed. I can see no other way of escape from our present state of affairs in which women, hampered, needy, and economically inferior, live under a constant provocation to loot the superior earnings of men by exciting and playing upon their passions.

I should be glad, dear madam, if the endowment of motherhood is not the way of escape, to learn what is your way. Do you really suppose a state of affairs is possible in which most women as well as most men will be “productive,” and while the women keep both themselves and their children, the men will keep only themselves? I may have missed something in your able leading articles, but that is what you seem to be driving at. You owe it to your readers to develop your Utopia of Freewomen a little more fully than you have done. I want, madam, to know how you propose to keep us and the women with a weakness for dependence upon us, in order, in your magnificent commonwealth of Freewomen, each sure of a job and a minimum wage of thirty shillings, and each maintaining herself and at least ninety-nine per cent. of one child thereon. There is, you know, the Philoprogenitive Male, sometimes a person of considerable earning power. How will your Thirty Shilling a Week Mother feel when her not very expensively turned out child comes into comparison with the three or four rather elaborately cared for darlings of the lady in alliance with the Philoprogenitive Male? I

want to know more about that minimum wage of thirty shillings. Is it for everyone in the State, or only for the women, and if the latter, then aren't you after all getting round to something more extreme than my Endowment of Motherhood, an Endowment of Femininity? I respect your courage and your spirit, dear madam, but at times I find you very far from being clear or consistent.—
Very sincerely yours,
H. G. WELLS.

Mr. Wells thinks that we owe to our readers a description of the Freewoman's Utopia. In no way dismayed—though we excusably might have been—by consideration of the airless regions created by former Utopists, we recklessly promise to add another to the long list of Utopias which are rapidly passing into the realms of oblivion. Here, we must content ourselves with providing answers to the main questions raised by Mr. Wells.

Do you really suppose a state of affairs is possible in which most women, as well as most men, will be productive?

Yes; practically all healthy adults are to be engaged in productive work. All retainers, drudges, idlers, and sharpers are to be induced, by means of an adverse public opinion, which THE FREEWOMAN is doing its utmost at present to create, to seek productive work. Such productive work, failing to be initiated by private individuals, should be initiated by the State.

Is the minimum wage of thirty shillings per week for everyone in the State, or only for women?

Thirty shillings is a relative term, but the cost of living being what it is at present, we give it as a reasonable national minimum for men and women alike. Women can earn it as well as men, and it is for the managers and employers to see that they do; it is also necessary for parents and guardians to see that females get the training necessary to earn it.

Do we make the "extraordinary assumption that women are, or can be, made equivalent economically to men?"

At present women are not. In the future we think they can be. As long as women's place is the home, and the home is the place of undeveloped work, women's work will be inferior to that of men, from a productive point of view.

Mr. Wells instances women's physical handicaps, and we, for our part, should be the last to deny them; but, serious as they are, they are not insurmountable, and on these points we might reasonably expect our opinion to carry as much force as that of Mr. Wells. We have already taken into consideration the handicap of confinement, and the natural feeding of children. Regarding the third and most universal among women, the periodic disablement, neglect and inadequate recognition of its existence, based on a contemptible and inhuman prudery, are accountable for its having to be classed in the category of disablements. A few hours rest allowed to those who are in special need of it is surely not a sufficient ground upon which to argue the permanent economic inferiority of women. If it is, things had better go on as they have gone in the past; the price for consideration is too high.

Are women, over and above their normal citizenship, capable of bearing and rearing their own children?

Yes; as under enormous handicaps, some are doing now, and have done in the past. But we see no general reason why this should be so done; what is there to make it improbable that a man and woman should enter into a contract for the joint support of their child? We see nothing. The wrongness of the Endowment of Mothers does not

affect the rightness of the Endowment of Children. (The term Motherhood confuses these two issues.) As to the Philoprogenitive Male, there is nothing to prevent him from entering into any contracts the liabilities of which he is able to discharge. We can see no more objection to a voluntary paternal endowment of children than to a State endowment of children. Our objection is to the State endowment of motherhood. All minors have a right to protection, nourishment, and education, and there can be no question of indignity in their receiving such from the mother, State, or father. In return for this right accorded, upon passing out of minority, they assume the responsibility of providing and caring for themselves, and sharing in the responsibilities for all other minors. This is the complete case for a wholly free and efficient educational system, from the crèche and kindergarten to the university. Education expenses out of the way, the financial obligations toward children dwindle to a tithe.

How will your thirty shilling a week mother feel when her not very expensively turned out child comes into comparison with the three or four rather elaborately cared for darlings of the lady in alliance with the Philoprogenitive Male?

The self-supporting mother of the child dressed in holland would be just as much perturbed in her feelings at the sight of the silk-garbed offspring of the parasitic mother, as would a poet who manages to keep soul and body together, with powers undefiled, at the sight of the fur-lined garment of a comrade who has prostituted his genius in the interests of corruption and lies. Not exactly joyous, but without temptation to go and do likewise.

How do you propose to keep *us* (*i.e.*, men) and the woman with a weakness for dependence upon us in order?

It would not be the business of Freewomen to keep them in order. Only public opinion could do this, but probably public opinion would become sufficiently effective to make men's alliances with dependent women as little reputable, and as rare, as in the past have been open alliances of men and their paid mistresses. In fact, the whole social scheme would be completely reversed in this respect, the only differing feature being that the binding interest between a man and a Freewoman "mistress" would be one of affection, and not of money. Mr. Wells' remark in respect of the "looting" by women of men's earnings by means of sex-attraction is very illuminating. Men evidently are awakening to the fact that they are being impaled on both horns of a dilemma. They are evidently aware women are unconsciously effecting a corner in sex-gratification and then fixing their own price. With spinsters it is marriage; with married women it is maintenance; and with the prostitute it is cash down. Men can, however, have the slender comfort of reflecting that it is a situation of their own making, and it must be reckoned to women's credit that they have been the first to become nauseated with the situation, little as they have understood it. Of all those who have helped to lighten the atmosphere which has hung so heavily about sex relationships, Mr. Wells must be placed among the foremost, and for this reason we hope to be able to persuade him that the scheme of State endowment of motherhood, conceived in the spirit of humanity as it doubtless is, is conceived with a lack of realisation of the self-conscious power which is daily growing among women to carve out an individual and independent existence for themselves.

We must resist the endowment, because it is not good for us. We can effect bolder things.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The Principle of a Minimum.

AS we go to press the Minimum Wage Bill is being discussed at Westminster. From what we gather of the Bill from the reports of Mr. Asquith's speech, it is evident we are as far from a settlement of the strike as we were three weeks ago. The Bill is as impudent a piece of bounce as was ever tried on a long-suffering people. A million miners, backed by the strong sympathy of the nation, lay down their tools and decide not to resume work until they do so with the guarantee of a stated minimum wage. After three weeks of inconvenience and widespread misery, with national industry rapidly coming to a standstill, the Prime Minister has the effrontery to produce a measure such as his Minimum Wage Bill. The Bill does establish a minimum wage. The miners came out for *the* minimum wage. That is the simple difference between establishing the *principle* of a minimum wage and establishing the miners' schedules. The contempt of the Prime Minister for the intelligence of the people is really too patent. We may be fools, but we are not *such* fools. This is too much—the *principle* of a minimum wage. Every blood-sucker who sweats a miserable seamstress pays a minimum wage. The sweater acknowledges the principle right enough.

The trifling little consideration of *The* Minimum Wage, when the overwhelmingly great consideration of *A* Minimum Wage has been consecrated by the pious consent of gentlemen at Westminster whose minimum is £8 a week, is to be left over for settlement to Joint Boards of Owners and Miners in equal numbers, with a Government nominee to give the casting vote! This happy little measure is to remain in force for three years, unless Parliament decides to prolong the period. Of course, it provides for the "safeguards" for the owners, and non-compliance with the conditions, unless due to forces over which the workman has no control, will deprive him of his right to the minimum wage, no less! Mr. Asquith (who manages to grub along with a minimum wage of £100 a week) laid stress on the statement that the Bill contains no penal provisions, and will neither compel the miner to descend into the pit *nor the owner to open his mine*. This really ought to be the last word tolerated from Mr. Asquith in the rôle of a serious statesman in an industrial community. We really have had as much of him as a serious situation can bear. If he cannot realise the situation, he is deficient in understanding, and if he will not, he is worse. Even with his Featherstone experience he would find it a little beyond his powers to *compel* a million men to go down the mines. It is his business, if he or the country considers it his business to interfere at all, to induce the men to go down the mines of their own accord. They ask for fair and extremely modest terms, and he bleats about a principle and blathers about compulsion. Such sophistry, cunning, and word-mongering are very well calculated to plunge the country into a state of frenzy and riot. There is a maddening influence about those who cheat and bamboozle with words. There is sanity and reason about what is plain and harsh and honest. We hope the miners will not be unduly goaded by the impudent trick of this smooth-tongued politician, but we also hope they will find the word which will make the reality of honest men's righteous indignation penetrate the slime of shams and corruption

which surrounds their paltry scheming souls. We hope they will make the Prime Minister understand that they extended him a confidence which his history might well not have warranted; that they extended him the confidence they would have given a statesman, and he responds like a lawyer of a worse sort. They made it clear to him they had staked much to gain little, and that little he puts at the mercy of chance to make less. There *should* be words with which to make an Asquith ashamed of the wrath of plain and honest men.

Still, provided the men can hold out, things remain exactly as they were. Parliament can pile Bill upon Bill, but that is all it *can* do. Parliamentarians can make their little stirs, arrange their pretty little pothers, and imagine they are saving the nation, and when they have repeated their programme once or twice it may occur to them that men who do specialised work which the nation is unable to do without, are prepared to do that work for a consideration and a guarantee of certain conditions. They will then turn about to see what there is to prevent the establishment of the men's schedules, and when they find out just what there is they will remove it, and whether the period between now and then is long or short, we hope and believe that the men will have the heart to hold out to a finish. They will not allow this revolt, unique in its effectiveness, reasonableness, and moderation, to work out to any save an honourable issue.

Wise Men at Wimbledon.

Doubtless anyone who has ever thought a dozen hours over our educational system would be able to give off-hand as many reasons to account for the pathetic failure of our State School System. We will content ourselves with giving two. Taking the stupidity of the bureaucrats for granted, neither raging at it, nor excusing it, the two factors which have allowed this stupidity unlimited scope are, in our opinion, in the first place, the sex of the main body of teachers, and, in the second, the class from which they are mainly drawn. The vast majority of teachers are women, and it is largely women's patience, conscientiousness, love of obeying orders, fear of revolt, which has encouraged the spirit of laying on impossible tasks, and the acceptance of an intolerable interference in the execution of a course of duties which, if it is to have any value at all, must be individual, and, therefore, as varied as individuality is varied. The patient silliness of women has encouraged the impertinent silliness of inspectors, and of the Education Board. Arising from another cause, but finding an expression same in kind as the first factor, and resulting in the same, is the second factor which we have specified. The State teachers, drawn largely from the better-to-do artisan and the small tradesman classes, are clothed all round and about with an impenetrable respectability, and respectability is always "snod," always subservient, and never rebellious. It is the negation of individuality, personality, of variety, rebellion, and of passionate conviction. The intense respectability of the vast majority of the teaching profession finds a close parallel in the existing Parliamentary Labour Party. The persons whose ambitions are towards the Respectable, are far too anxious to be like others to remember to be themselves. Their real opinion of themselves is so pathetically low that they are at the mercy of any absurd person with social station and a "manner." Their personal misgivings

make them so propitiatory that they need not be taken into account when normal people are making terms. Some little sops are thrown to the Labour members, not to keep them quiet—there is no need—but to save their faces with the men who, happily, have no such respect for “manner,” and whom they are supposed to represent. But no sops are thrown out to teachers. They represent no one. They are the buffeted, and driven, the over-worked and the criticised, the bamboozled and the under-paid. The personnel of both the State school teachers and of the industrial Parliamentarians will have to be changed. It is comparatively easy with labour. If the ranks of Labour cannot produce individuality amounting almost to genius among themselves, they will have to select spokesmen and representatives from other ranks in society. Probably they will do both. But the personnel of the teaching profession is a bigger and infinitely more difficult matter. The number of teachers required of necessity makes it so. How are we to find hosts of women, cultured enough and individualised enough, to put the clever young men from Oxford and Cambridge who come to “inspect,” in their proper attitude to the artist’s work of teaching; to evolve that science and art of life-culture which is “education”; to have the audacity and tenacity to wring from a thoughtless nation the means and facilities for applying such when they have found it. It is almost too much to hope for, and it is therefore one of the cheering signs of the times that men who count in the rank and file of the everyday world are taking up the matter of actual education. The local Education Committees are, indeed, the only section of the educational world one could have had much hope of inducing to revolt. The children could not, the teachers would not, and the inspectors could not be expected to. But a revolt amongst the solid men of substance who find places on the local committees, big-wigs in their own world, are the ideal persons to make war upon the administration and bureaucracy, and the gentlemen of Wimbledon and Ealing are to be congratulated upon making the first move. These gentlemen have begun operations by making fun of the “Code,” and its educational results, and have asked for permission to draw up their own “Code.” Now the Board’s code is a tolerable enough thing in its way, and might be fairly admirable were there fifteen days to the week, one hundred and twenty minutes to the hour, with school staffs multiplied by six, class-room accommodation made accordingly, and the teachers sufficiently cultured to administer it. Things being as they are, it is worse than useless—it is pernicious. It means well, but it cumpers the ground. It fails to accept the fundamental characteristic of education, i.e., its leisureliness. It confuses education with information and skill—hopeless mistakes, which have the added demerit of defeating their own ends. The scholars have neither information nor skill. Not that that would matter much at thirteen, if they had intelligence or individuality. But they have not these. The cramming destroys intelligence as the crowding destroys individuality. We are not overmuch impressed that tradesmen and business men complain that boys write and spell badly, and can only count anyhow. It is not the business of the schools to turn out efficient little errand boys or office boys or apprentices, any more than it is their business to turn out “little mothers” or “likely” domestic servants. It is the business of the schools to take the little boy A, with natural endowments *a*, and to turn him out with *a* developed to their *n*th power

as far as the years spent with him will allow. In the same way they will have to take little boy B, whose natural endowments will not be *a* but *b*. Their duties towards B are not to produce in regard to him *a* *n*th but *b* *n*th, and so on with the school’s duties towards the innumerable little individualities which come under their charge. The State schools have nothing whatever to do with A, B, C . . . in relation to their specific social position. To them they are not potential units of a proletariat, any more than they are future butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers, or dukes. They are little human beings, which the schools have to do their uttermost by. To do this they will have to give young A individual attention, which means that he will have to be part of a small group—not much more than a dozen—guided by an intelligent being, who will have to have attained an individuality of her own, and to have made a wide circle through the tale of human experience before she is fit to take charge of young A. She will need to have both a religion and a philosophy. A religion is a *sine qua non* of the teacher. How is anyone to enter upon life culture if she has no standard of what life’s purposes are? A “teacher” teaching without a philosophy is very truly making bricks without straw. No country can live long without a living religion. Whatever the religion is, Humanity, Super-humanity, Christianity, it is needed to tune the soul. Opportunism, and what with a base slander upon the unfathomed wonder and mystery of matter is called Materialism, are too arid and cheap and easy for a human soul to develop on. The human soul—and especially the young human soul—requires great conceptions, great images, and contact with great souls to feed on. Why, with so much trumpery rubbish given a place in the schools, has literature—and such a literature as we are heirs to—no place in English schools? It is scandalous. The ecclesiastics have done their best to drive out the only decent literary work which ever finds its way into the State schools—the Bible. Among all overweighting of the “Code” syllabuses there is practically no literature to be found. The simple great stories of the past find no new appeal in our State schools. At no point are the “scholars” brought into touch with the culture of the world’s great souls. They struggle with decimals and wrestle with fossilised history, but with the great emotions which bred great deeds they are kept from as from a plague. Why is narrative-giving absent from the schools? Why do teachers neglect this method of education which served in the youth of the world, and which we know would serve so well in the youth of the individual? It should be the basis of education. Feeling is not only the motive-force of willing—it is the chief medium of knowing. That is why old wives’ tales had a greater educational value than has a painstaking and adequate course in arithmetic. Tell the children the great stories of the past, and then trust them to do the great deeds of the future. We are starving the souls of the younger generation. We must not then be surprised if they fail to respond to the call of great emergencies. The spiritual education of the youth of a nation is its most serious collective concern. The Education Committees will have earned the thanks of the nation if they will by their dissatisfaction make the actual curricula existing in the State schools the subject of serious consideration among serious men and women. It is upon such consideration that our Empire is to stand or fall.

[Owing to the large amount of correspondence which we have received this week, we regret that we have been compelled to hold over a considerable number of letters.—ED.]

Sex and the State.

II.

BEFORE treating of marriage as it ought to be (and will be) it is well to begin with marriage as it is. And in treating of marriage as it is it is necessary to be a little technical. Marriage may be regarded either as what some jurists still persist in calling a "status," that is to say, a legal relation subsisting between an individual and the State; or as a "contract," that is to say, an agreement sanctioned by the State, conferring certain rights and duties enforceable by one party against the other. Thus, if a soldier is charged with an offence, it is not necessary to prove that he agreed with anyone to do this, that, or the other; it is sufficient to prove that he is a soldier, and the case can be tried by martial law. Similarly, if it can be established that a man is a "husband" or a "father," it is not necessary, for some purposes, to prove that he agreed with any other person to do or refrain from certain acts; it suffices to show that he is a "husband" or a "father." Thus a father is compelled by the State to "keep his child off the rates," that is, he is compelled to contribute a certain minimum sum towards the support of the child. And it does not signify whether he is a millionaire or a crossing-sweeper. The condition of "father" is proved by his acceptance of the status, and his admission of certain facts is tantamount to such acceptance. Nothing short of an express admission avails in French law, but in England the oath of the mother is accepted as *prima facie* evidence of his acceptance of the status. The status of "mother" is created by the birth of the child. It is held by some that the establishment of the status of "father" and "mother" should of itself constitute the relation of marriage. But, as a legal fact, this is not the case in any European country. The history of the institution of marriage is interesting but intricate. It has at all times and in all countries entailed serious but indefinite consequences. But the proof of the status of "husband" and of "wife" has varied greatly through the ages. The maxim of the old Roman law was that "*consensus non concubitus facit matrimonium*"—the consent of the parties and not the mere fact of cohabitation constitutes marriage. This maxim was accepted by the Church until the Council of Trent declared all marriages void unless made in the presence of a priest and witnesses. And even in England, where the new decree was ignored, either party to a clandestine marriage could compel the other party to solemnise it. If consent alone suffices, the door is open to actions for breach of promise, and we find them coming into vogue in England in the middle of the seventeenth century, and entailing the ridiculous consequences with which we are all familiar. In France no action will lie unless the plaintiff can show what is called "*préjudice réel*," and only for damages to that extent.

But the relation of husband and wife arises not only from status but also from contract, which is a very different matter. By this contract both parties incur very serious responsibilities, positive and negative; and the State will not recognise (or sanction) all agreements for what we will call cohabitation, but only such as are hedged about with most onerous conditions. A woman may not sell herself for one day, or for a year, or for ninety-nine years, but she may sell herself for life; and the conditions of sale are so rigorous as to amount to barbarity. Worst of all, the contract must be "*in perpetuo*," in violation of the wise rule holding

in all other agreements whatever. Religious vows are no longer permanently binding, and apprenticeships are limited to a few years. The last sale of lifelong service in England took place over eighty years ago, and all such agreements are now void; but in marriage alone, if both parties wish to dissolve the partnership, one or both of them must comply with the most revolting conditions; and this is said to be for the good of the race.

From this glance at the history of the subject let us turn to the logic. Time was, even in civilised countries, when an unwelcome infant could be put to death in cold blood by the mother with impunity. Later, custom ruled that, although she should not slay the child with her own hands, she might expose it on some hillside and leave it to the tender mercies of—the wolves and birds. This argued a lack of imagination, for although it might be more horrible for a mother to murder her own offspring, it was certainly less *cruel* than to expose it. Among the Greek papyri translated and published by the Cambridge University Press one is a marriage contract of the fourth century B.C., and another is a letter of the year 1 B.C., in which the writer tells his wife that if the child she is expecting is a male, she is to keep it, but if a female, she is to expose it. This custom is still prevalent in civilised China. But public opinion has compelled European States to forbid the practice. Infanticide is now a penal offence. A mother may no longer kill her child, nor expose it to be killed by other savage beasts, nor leave it without the means of subsistence; and this means that the State is itself in the last resort responsible. But before undertaking the duty it will first compel the mother to do so. If she *will* not, she can be tortured until her will changes; if she *can* not, the responsibility again devolves upon the State; that is, upon the rest of the community. The



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woman very naturally objects single-handed to undertake so onerous a duty. She appeals to the State to make the father jointly responsible, to which the State, in its wisdom, replies, "Certainly, if, *after* the birth of the child, you will point to some man and make oath that he is the father of your child, we will, unless he can prove the negative, make him jointly responsible."

And here the extraordinary stupidity and barbarity of the State comes into play. The intending father (usually styled the lover) comes forward and voluntarily offers to accept the status of fatherhood. "I will admit paternity," he says, "and will agree to contribute not only the niggardly pittance you require, but far more, £50, £200, £1,000 a year" (according to his means and affection). But the State replies, "Oh, no, we will not sanction any agreement to that effect before the event; but after the birth of the child we will hunt you out and *compel* you to contribute. To do as you wish would be to sanction an immoral bargain." Wonderful sagacity! "Then, at least," persists the young man, "let me accept here and now the status of fatherhood, so that the child may be born in honour, with a father ready and willing to acknowledge it, and you may compel me to contribute just what pittance you think fit." "Certainly not," replies the State; "you shall not be the father but the 'putative father' of the child, and it shall be your bastard, and the mother shall be called—whatever other women choose to call her." Such is the law.

Seeing that the alleged object of the State is to make provision for the children of the people to the extent, at least, of "keeping them off the rates," it would be difficult to construct a more self-defeating ordinance. But perhaps the State has some other end in view. Let us then further consider the interests of the parties. Is it not obvious, you ask, that the woman, being physically the weaker creature to start with, cannot bear children and attend to them during infancy, and at the same time earn her own bread on equal terms with the man? Is it not clear that the drain of vital energy implied by maternity must needs detract from her total individual vitality? I admit it, and, what is more, I believe that my fellow-men have recognised the same recondite fact. Recognising the obvious, what is more natural than that a man should help, and (if permitted) even contract to help, the wife of his bosom and mother of his children? Love, honour, and justice all pull in the same direction; and yet we are told that, but for the strong arm of the law, all these potent promptings of nature would be as cobwebs.

And were it otherwise, even supposing the man unwilling, we have another force to reckon with, namely, the reluctance of the woman to enter the unequal contest. Why should she handicap herself in the struggle for existence? There is little poetry in the contemplation of lovers under a hawthorn tree wrangling about finance; but lawyers are not poets, and laws are made, not for the good and noble, but for the mean and unscrupulous. Hence the State consents to sanction certain agreements between intending consorts, by which the husband binds himself to make certain provision for the wife, either during coverture or on the dissolution of the partnership, if any, or both. These "bargains" need not be struck by the confiding bride-elect and the infatuated gallant. Under a reasonable system, as under the present want of system, a prudent girl would confide in her parents or guardian, and the elders of both families would arrange, as they now do, the terms of the contract; and the State would reserve the power of reason-

able interpretation, as it now does, when enforcing the fulfilment of other contracts. Prudent customs will survive, whatever the law may be. Society will not go mad, even when undrugged by policeman and priest. A free society requires no strait-waistcoat. We are thus brought face to face with the status of "husband" and the status of "wife." But what is now the behaviour of the State? The intending father offers to make provision, not only for the children of the union, if any, but also for their mother, so long as the marital relation shall continue, and for nine months after. Again, the State puts down its heavy foot. "No, we cannot assent to that; you must further agree that the marital relation *shall* continue during your joint lives, even though you may both be anxious to dissolve partnership—and even though one of you shall become a lunatic, a drunkard, a convict, an impotent or an utterly unbearable person?" Why? In the name of reason, why? "Because lifelong monogamy is good for the race." Now, either this is an observed social tendency, or it is not. If it is *not*, then the conclusion fails; if it *is*, then it will persist without the aid of a grandmotherly State. In either case it is an unmitigated nuisance.

Ignorant politicians, in a hurry, invariably confound two distinct issues. They assume that whatever practices and customs are desirable should be prescribed and enforced by the law. Because it is foolish and "wrong" to over-eat, *therefore* the State should punish gluttons. Because moderation is good, *therefore* the State should enforce moderation by law. Anyone who opposes State action in the matter is held up to obloquy as opposing the practice itself. A former Bishop of Peterborough said he would rather see England free than sober; in short, he objected to making people sober by Act of Parliament. And he was currently reported as saying that he would as soon see England drunk as not; in fact, rather. Similarly those of us who oppose law-enforced lifelong marriages are denounced as opposing the practice of monogamy. Because a girl ought not, as a rule, to undertake the responsibilities of motherhood without stipulating for reasonable provision during marriage and after its dissolution, *therefore*, so it is urged, the State should frame some suitable and uniform stipulation, and force it upon all who contemplate marriage. It must needs manufacture a type of boot to fit all feet. Reliance upon this vague implied covenant is the sole cause of countless foolish unions. When a business partnership comes to an end, and one of the partners whines for compensation, the State simply asks, "What were the terms agreed upon in case of dissolution? Those conditions must be observed." If the outgoing partner complains that there were none, that he is old and unfit for work, that his strength has been exhausted for the good of the firm, the State coldly replies, "More fool you!" But where the partnership is one of marriage, all is changed. "Women," it argues, "are such poor, helpless things, they must be defended against themselves; we must force suitable stipulations upon them for their own good, whether they wish it or not." Oddly enough, most women seem to acquiesce in this estimate of their mental calibre, otherwise the State is playing the part of paternal despot. On no other hypothesis is the State justified in framing arbitrary covenants and forcing them upon interested parties who are too stupid or too lazy to frame them for themselves.

A community which (rightly) forbids infanticide is necessarily interested in the increase of the population. *Ex hypothesi*, it is compelled either itself to support the children of the community or to see that it is done by the proper person or persons. But

the loves of the citizens should be left to the free accord of the parties, the duty of the State being to enforce the contracts, reserving to itself, as in all other agreements, reasonable discretion as to the interpretation of the intention of the parties.

It will, of course, be objected that to weaken the law is to lower the morals of the people. I deny it. Naturally, those who believe that we are all born in sin and restrained from rushing headlong to perdition only by the terrors of the law will hoist the danger signal; but those who have faith in the steady evolution of society realise that other social evils have diminished *pari passu* with decreasing State control, and with the advance of free institutions.

WORDSWORTH DONISTHORPE.

Soldiers, Shepherds, and the Woman Question.

II.

IT may not be altogether irrelevant to observe at the outset that women certainly invented many, and probably most, of the fundamental arts of civilisation, on which all the rest are based. The very inception of an agricultural settled life was due to women's necessities and preferences; at least, the beginnings of civilisation everywhere show signs of having been determined not by the necessities peculiar to men (for there are none), but by those which condition the life of women. It need give us no surprise, therefore, to find that agriculture itself is, in all primitive communities, a woman's work; women invented spinning and weaving, which remained for ages their own traditional preserve; the making of bread is no less typically a woman's task—indeed, our word "lady" is said to be derived from that source; basket-making (the mother of pottery as well as of weaving) was, as far as it is possible to ascertain, women's invention; agriculture itself owed its beginnings to women's demands. The entire fabric of civilisation is everywhere traceable to the needs of women, and to their inventiveness in subserving them. But it is a commonplace that women do not naturally *specialise*. They seem to find their greatest satisfaction in a breadth of interest which ranges over all the activities of life, and practices all; whereas men have much more tendency to specialise on some one task, and they have in consequence been the chief agents in developing the arts women invented. The average woman is a jack-of-all-trades, the average man, a master of one. The result is that women have always possessed a firmer grip on the essentials of civilisation, and show more aptitude for dealing with its requirements and circumstances than men usually exhibit, while at the same time they have not often excelled in any single art. This point of psychology is exceedingly important, for it explains why women find little satisfaction in an industrial life, and yet feel cramped and denied their full development if confined to a modern home life.

Both these feelings have reason, and are justifiable, although they are not invariably understood. A civilisation that is based on specialised industry is a man's civilisation; it suits him to his degree, but it takes no account of woman's necessities, and does not provide her with scope for growth and happiness, even although she has full freedom to do every kind of man's work. The old peasant life, as it owed its earliest inception to women, so it gave them the fullest satisfaction and scope: it was, and (where it remains pure) still is, the particular form of civilised life that fits them. Its variety was very

great; it was a round of beautiful and enjoyable arts, each one of which was a healthy exercise and a mental training, and all of which eked out, recreated, and harmonised one another. More beautiful work was never done than the best work of peasant wives. Whatever imperfection lay in it was redeemed by its imaginative quality and its obvious happiness; and it underlay all the great ages of art, Greek and Gothic alike, as the source from which these drew inspiration and technical mastery.

Modern industrialism stole nearly all these arts and crafts, and robbed women not only of their own especial work, to which they were adapted, and in which their skill was traditional, but also of their chief pleasures. It turned them all into specialised occupations, and did them by machinery. In doing this, it destroyed the home which women had formerly ruled, and which was their own creation, and the sphere of their training and growth. Indirectly, it spoiled the lives of men, by robbing them of the very basis of their own specialised activities. Olive Schreiner, in her very clever and valuable book on "Woman and Labour," has stated the case in a way which renders it unnecessary for me to do so at greater length. But her final conclusion seems questionable—almost an anti-climax. When women find their own work taken away from them, it is no remedy to suggest that they should have unlimited right to do men's. Apart from the men's point of view, women can find very little real satisfaction in such a solution of the problem. All women who are keenly conscious of the unsatisfactory nature of their present conditions should realise that it is not the vote alone, but the entire range of a woman's life that has to be reconquered. For this reason the Peasant Arts Fellowship should appeal strongly to such women. Besides its more general objects, it aims at recovering for women their own work, and giving them again that possibility of natural and beautiful occupation of which modern industrialism has robbed them. It aims, in fact, at winning afresh the particular sphere of women—not by giving them one or another specific right, but by reviving in public recognition what it is that women are born to do, are happiest in doing, and realise themselves most fully when they have done—the entire world of women's life, which now is abolished so utterly that little sign of it remains. All that women won when they invented civilisation has been undone by industrialism. It is high time they ceased to acquiesce in this strange thing, and set themselves to establish again their right to life, as well as to a vote; and their right to a specifically woman's life, not a man's.

JOSEPHINE BAKER

(Secretary of Peasant Arts Fellowship).

The Wife.

SHE stood by the mantelpiece resting her finger-tips upon its marble surface. The tall mirror into which she stared as she stood showed her a delicately tinted face framed in shadowy hair; showed her, too, the sweep of exquisite shoulders rising from the low-cut gown, its rose satin holding her whiteness about as in a frame.

From the room she had just left came through the half-opened door the sound of men's voices. She stared distastefully towards it, her eyes straining.

She could only see the back of her husband's smooth, dark head from where she stood, but she knew so well what his face would have revealed to her. She knew that he was speaking rapidly,

eagerly, as was his wont; that his eyes were laughing so that little wrinkles crept up around them; that he was telling his friend the little confidential things that she, the wife, must not hear.

The wife. . . . What was she in the house but a china jar on a pedestal, a gilt clock under a glass case? An ornament for the house and the head of the table, a doll to be expensively clothed and befurred and jewelled, so that she might do him credit when his friends came to see them. A doll whose finger-tips and forehead he kissed reverentially and distantly, but never, never a woman to be loved as women adore being loved, passionately, ardently. He treated her as if she had sawdust in her veins instead of red blood, blood that tingled when he came near her, blood that called out for his kisses and for him.

She was his wife, and because she was his wife she had to put up with a colourless, tepid affection, a mockery of the real thing, while it was passion she wanted all the time, the passion of the man for the woman. . . .

Sometimes, when she looked at him, she wished she was a bad woman! Like Rosa, for instance; Rosa, of whom she had once overheard her husband say to his friend, "Rosa! Oh, yes, I keep her on; there is no one like her for the hours of love. . . . She kisses like a tiger-cat. . . . Her skin is like an opal. . . ."

As if she, his wife, couldn't kiss like that, too, if she were given the chance.

She walked, raging, up and down the long room, her train spreading behind her like an attendant pink-skinned serpent. When she had walked for what seemed to her a long time, her husband came in and stood staring at her. He said nothing at first, but when presently, the silence between them remained unbroken, he came nearer and laid an arm across her shoulders. "Is there anything the matter?" he asked. "You look tired."

She moved away from his careless hold. "Yes," she said tonelessly, "I am tired"—she fumbled with the flowers at her breast—"of everything," she added, without looking at him.

"Tired!" He repeated her word with astonishment, and the man's usual anger at the thing he cannot comprehend. "Tired! But what have you to be tired about? Haven't you everything a woman can want? . . . A comfortable home, clothes, jewels, friends in plenty, two lovely children, and"—he bent forward and took her hand caressingly in his—"a devoted husband." He kissed her finger-tips one by one.

She wrenched them from him, and the pent-up love and hatred and longing of four years found vent suddenly in speech. She was no longer the colourless, correct wife in the well-cut satin gown, but a whirlwind of tempestuous passion. It was as if a sirocco had come to life in a dull English town.

"I hate you! I hate you!" she said between her clenched teeth. "You're nothing to me, nothing! . . . You give me nothing. . . ." She tore at her cambric handkerchief, and tears of rage coursed down her cheeks. "Oh, yes, I have plenty of the things that don't matter, but of you, of you, yourself, nothing—nothing at all. . . . A kiss in the morning on the forehead, another at night on the cheek or the hand. Anything except where they count—on the mouth. . . . on the mouth. . . . do you hear?" She raged at him. "I haven't a skin like an opal, I suppose; I don't kiss like a tiger-cat, do I? . . . No, but I haven't had the chance. . . ."

She fell upon the divan. All rose like a sunset among the yellow velvet cushions, and buried her face in their softness. When, a long while after-

wards, she lifted her head, her husband was staring at her as one stares at a stranger.

"Well, but what do you want?" he asked, almost timidly.

"Want!" She rose from the divan and flung out a last, a frenzied appeal. "I want you to treat me for half an hour, an hour, all hours if you will, me, your wife, as you would—your mistress!"

LOUISE HEILGERS.

Views and Vagabonds.*

MISS MACAULAY'S new novel, "Views and Vagabonds," has the initial disadvantage of a heroine who lets her father feed the baby on beer and red herring, keeps old and sticky paper-bags because it do seem a pity to waste paper-bags, and kills mice with the poker. And not only does Miss Macaulay gloze over nothing; she actually defends her heroine's right to amuse herself in all these ways.

Louie Robinson, a hand at the Enderby paper-mills, had the misfortune to be married by Benjie Bunter, a wealthy young man, who had come to the conclusion that only the workers had any right to exist, and consequently had set up a blacksmith's forge at Wattles, the Cambridgeshire village where she had her home. Louie thought he was marrying her for love. Her own love was not such as gave or invited demonstrations; she seems to have done little but gaze at him with dumb affection, except when he scalded his hand, when she went on gazing but also fetched the vaseline. But gradually she began to realise that his marriage was only an incident in his "World for the Workers" campaign. "I said, and I maintain, that we should all marry the hardest workers we know." But as for affection. . . . "That is naturally one of the points I have taken into consideration. It would be ridiculous not to. In my opinion people ought not to marry without caring for each other." A temperate frame of mind that disheartened Louie.

Then a baby came, and Louie felt that she had justified her position by providing a son for Benjie, whom he could train up as a worker in the way he should go. But then old Mr. Robinson, "knowing that babies like a bit of whatever we get," gave John a fatal taste of beer and red herring. Louie said little, certainly no word of blame against her father, but henceforward stood about the garden hugging a pet rabbit in her empty arms, a sad figure of colourless, speechless grief.

So for a change Benjie takes her up to London to stay with his people. And Louie is put under the magnifying-glass as a type: the representative working-woman. All the Bunter family jostle round, calling their friends to look. They decide to educate her, and she follows them apathetically from the Academy to St. Paul's, from the House of Commons to "Lohengrin." Their attitude of interest in her class and their disregard of her personality shows her the more clearly the place she fills in her husband's life. So she leaves him, saying:—"You took me along with the forge and the rest. . . . You can marry for a sort of game, but I can't, and that's 'ow it is."

So they part company. Benjie goes off caravanning with his cousin Cecil, a Girton girl, to preach the gospel of garden-cities, and Augustus John, and sweetness and light in the agricultural counties. And people talk scandal, which Louie hears, and nearly breaks her heart over. But she suffers in silence, until news comes that alters her attitude to

* "Views and Vagabonds." By R. Macaulay. 6s. (John Murray.)

Benjie. He isn't really a Bunter, but their adopted child; he is no longer an aristocrat with a self-conscious mission to the lower orders, but a peasant like herself. Furthermore, he has been burnt in a fire, and needs her mothering. So she starts off at once to find him and bring him home.

It is a bad moment for Benjie. For he has just come to the conclusion that expounding the beauties of Augustus John to rustics isn't much use, and that indictments of the ugliness of their dwellings and the inadequacy of their religion aren't really in good taste. He adopts a new philosophy. "If joy should fill the world, the Kingdom of Heaven would be come upon it in truth; so let each do his part in that fulfilling, and make and take joy while he could, and strive no more against life, which was surely good enough." So he is just going off to seek his way of joy by caravanning round the country *without* a propaganda.

And then Louie turns up, demanding that he should return to "a nice new-looking house, none of them old nasty whitewash and thatch things they had there before; they're all gone, and these are nice semis—yellow brick, you know, with pretty carved porticoes—ever so nice, they are." So Benjie had to puzzle out a new aspect of his philosophy. "Happiness counts. But whose? Yours or mine?" More out of moral bewilderment than any real love for humanity, he decides, "yours."

So Louie gets her yellow semi, ever so nice, and calls it Daisyville. And later on she also gets a new baby, and she calls it Stanley Wilfred, and feeds it with cake out of her mouth. And she won't let Benjie have tea in the garden in case them nasty sniggering Wilkinsons next door overlook the tea-table. And everything is very horrible and vulgar, as Miss Macaulay says Louie has every right to be.

Of course, Louie's troubles are most distressing. Probably she did look as "if, giving up all solutions of immediate problems, she fell back on the wisdom of the ages." My tortoise-shell tabby looks like that sometimes. She has her troubles, too; only last week they drowned two of her kittens. But that doesn't make her a tragic or dignified figure. And neither is Louie. In fact, from her general character, her want of physical charm, her lack of response to other personalities, her apathy towards new sights and sounds, we may suspect anæmia. There are two ways of wanting love. There is the way of sending out the whole force of one's vitality to a fair fight—perhaps to win, perhaps to lose, but certainly to fight. And there is the way of waiting outside as though love were a soup-kitchen and a marriage-certificate the soup-ticket, in the tremulous attitude of one cringing for charity. Louie's way was the second.

Of course, the painting of weak personalities may be good art. In the present case it certainly is, for "Views and Vagabonds" is an exquisitely written book. But, unfortunately, Miss Macaulay uses Louie as a representative type of the Poor—the inarticulate Poor, she would probably call them. She appears to think that vitality decreases in direct ratio to social position, and that Louie with her weak grip on life is a typical peasant. If this were so it would be an excellent thing to form immediately an oligarchy with the proletariat in chains. But the proletariat isn't like that. Even the agricultural labourers have showed in their peasant revolts that they have courage and passion. In view of the fact (quoted quite shamelessly in a pamphlet which invites subscriptions to the Anti-Socialist Union) that 956,185 agricultural labourers earn from 9s. 3d. to 20s. 9d. a week, the modern movement towards the city is an evidence of their

good sense. To appeal for love towards the poor on the ground of their occasional imbecility is treachery. Of course, they do this often in sketches in the Saturday *Westminster Gazette*, when Liberal ladies write in the style of Mr. A. C. Benson breathless accounts of how on the way home from a Free Trade lecture they met a man quite bent with rheumatism, and another man who was a little drunk (but quite respectful). . . . No, they didn't say anything, . . . but it was so impressive, . . . deep, slumbering passions of the poor, . . . their silent tragedies. . . . Of course, Miss Macaulay, being a worthy artist, does not indulge in these spiritual picnics over the ailments and orgies of the poor. But she says we ought to forgive the poor their vulgarities, because of their weakness, not because of their strength.

And that, by the way, is a treachery women often commit in the name of feminism. They say that they too "give up all solutions of immediate problems." They allege that they "fall back on the wisdom of the ages." Which is a transparent trick. And they appeal for equal rights with men because of their weakness. In other words, they claim liberty because they are natural slaves.

REBECCA WEST.

Man the Sentimentalist.

ONCE heard a wise woman say: "Half the trouble in the world arises from the fact that Men are Sentimentalists and Women are not." Illusion in love is Man's great necessity. Men know three kinds of women: Women of the streets, Ladies one kisses, and the sort of Girl one marries. Nights out at the Pavilion: Dances at the Empress Rooms: Sundays under the Parental Eye. There comes a time in most men's lives when they begin to desire a settled house, legitimate children, a plain cook, and all the bourgeois retinue of servants. For these, saving is necessary. The Pavilion becomes a memory; only his "girl" can lure him to dances, but the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons remain. Un-adventurously he is saving up not money alone. He may have to wait long years, but he will have his day—every dog does. At last the coachman will don his white cockade: the tailor will have been paid for one frock-coat, and will have hired out another to the affluent best man. For he it is who pays the customary fees, the nicely graduated scale of tips, and at the supreme moment produces, from God knows where, God's sacramental ring.

All this means money; and most of the world's money is in male hands. Why this is so, foolish historians can explain (some day we will deal with them). In the course of centuries, Man has come to think of Woman through a haze of gold, as a thing possessed of price, in the light of Justice tempered with Mercy. This is the root of all Sentimentality.

But Woman, how does she regard Man? There is no finesse in Woman's education. Her education, did she comprehend it aright, is brutally commercial. She must get hold of a Man. Through him she attains Freedom, Prestige, Life Blood, "Power," as the lawyers tell her, "to pledge her husband's credit." But these luxuries are highly priced. What must she give in return? She must enter the strait waistcoat of monandry—"for better or for worse." In the austere court of Public Morality no female first offender need look for mercy. From its irrevocable decision there is no appeal for the Adulteress (soiled goods have no market value). But the Adulterer lives to fight another day. For he who pays the piper calls the tune. And he has an ample choice. Were no men

bachelors—which God forbid—there would be still a million mateless women in England. And therefore must the married women bow their heads before their Masters, as Trade Unionists whose livelihood is threatened with a flood of Blackleg Labour.

The Price of Failure in the Marriage Market is for the Adventurous the unsheltered pavement, for the rest the sheltered home. For these in their prime the aching pressure of Virginity: in middle-age the piteous similitude of Vegetables. And yet

" They, too, in some obscure, unblossoming strife,
Have felt the stirring of the sap of life—
And they have wept, with bowed heads; in the street
They hear the twittering of little feet,
The rocking of the cradles in their hearts.

This is a mood, and, as a mood, departs
With the dried tears, and they resume the tale
Of the dropt stitches; these must never fail
For a dream's sake; nor, for a memory,
The telling of a patient rosary."

WILLIAM FOSS.

Education from the Universal Standpoint.

IV.—SIMPLE RULES OF HEALTH FOR ADULTS.

WE understand the animals by going and living in the woods with them rather than by examining either stuffed specimens in museums or caged creatures in zoological gardens. We understand the universe by living in harmony with ourselves and it, rather than by trying to get outside it and analyse it. For we understand not by words, nor by eyes, nor by thoughts even, but by feeling. And that is the only way in which we shall ever understand essential things. We can give a star a name, but that does not make us know that star; we can watch a star with our eyes; we can discover more stars by mechanical means than we can see with our eyes; we can calculate with our brains their distances and movements. But none of this avails us to understand the heavens. Unless we feel, unless we watch those dim, vague, subtle agitations of the spirit, we shall never know. And when we do know, we shall not be able to say how we know. We shall only be able to say that we feel it to be so, for all that is truly great, all that is eternal is beyond proof or definition or explanation or words even. It is conviction.

Knowledge of facts may be useful for a particular time and purpose, but experience of deeper feelings, remembrance of deeper feelings, watchfulness of deeper feelings—they are what lead to wisdom. If we heed the sea openly, lovingly, we shall have the sea in us. If we heed the stars, we shall have the stars in us. If we heed all, we shall have the universe in us. But to prove it or explain it or reason it all out—that is impossible. Those who find interest everywhere, mystery everywhere, who are happy, healthy, simple, sincere, open in mind and heart to all that is—they know the universe, whether they can speak anything of it or not. Thus it is that the sage and the tiny child, while yet unspoiled, have so much in common. We assume that the babes do not know, as we assume that the wood-folk do not know. Because they cannot speak, we take their silence to be ignorance. But the sage knows well that only in silence can we feel the deepest things, and that they will always be unthinkable, unspeakable. Wisdom can never be attained by intellectual study and can

never be taught. It comes by personal experience, by instinct, intuition, and revelation.

We can see that all systems of philosophy perish in time, that all scientific discoveries serve only a temporal purpose, that exercises for physical development, that rules as to technique in any form of art, are continually giving way to new methods. All because they are devised by external means, so to speak, instead of by feeling. And they are devised thus, because the inventors of them have not preserved from childhood their natural gifts, having been led away by educational systems.

We all differ, especially on the surface; and we ought to differ, or we should not be true to ourselves. We all change, and ought to change, for change is one of the principles of the universe. But we all have something in common, a spirit, a light against that darkness which neither brain nor eyes can penetrate, a small part sent out from the great Light; small perhaps, but eternal, and capable of gleaning in the fields of the infinite. And because we have this in common with one another, there must always be a base upon which we can all stand and meet, and there must be things which are true for all. If we use our light, we shall find those things, and we shall gradually be able to use our light more and more, and get light, as we say, on any matter whatever. For example, supposing we meditate on the subject of health, we find that if we can look to the Light we can get health for ourselves, and can see that, even if people have not developed themselves sufficiently to be able to draw from the great source what they need, we can see that there are certain means of obtaining and retaining health; means which must be true for all humanity and for all time. The knowledge of these means would be called occult; and it is occult, that is, hidden from civilisation, but those, who live simply, naturally have this knowledge, and make use of it intuitively in the daily round, for occult knowledge that cannot be translated into daily life is of no value. Moreover, such rules of health are practised here and there all over the world by those whom the tides of civilisation have not touched or have only slightly touched. And to them we must look for health, since they alone have got it. As we live more simply, we shall naturally regain our senses' acuteness (for we all have the same senses, though undeveloped), and shall feel how to help ourselves, and what to do to retain our health and how to pass it on as an heritage to our children. Meanwhile, we can observe the natural, simple methods—too simple almost for civilisation, in that it makes life so complex, to believe in their efficacy. These are the general rules for retaining health, and should be practised by all: On waking in the morning, get a cup of pure, cold water and take about twenty small sips of it, waiting a second or so between each sip. This, if done regularly, will help to keep your stomach free and clean, and your tongue clean.

Having risen, rub your whole body with the palms of your hands. Do this very briskly, not slowly, so that it has a stimulating effect. There is no need to press hard. Swiftly and lightly is the way, up and down every limb.

Treat your head by running your fingers through your hair from forehead to back and from top to sides, following, in fact, the direction in which hair naturally grows. This will keep the hair glossy and will prevent it from falling out. A comb is far better than a brush, because in running over the head it opens the pores of the skin, where a brush closes them. Do not cut your hair short, or your brain cannot be properly nourished.

Walk naked about your room, or, if possible, run out of doors for a few minutes at least. The body is fed not only by the food that is eaten and by air that is breathed, but also through every pore and every nerve, by sun, by love, by enjoyment, just as a tree is fed more by other ways than by the soil. A man can live for many weeks without eating, but only for a few minutes without air. Even if allowed to breathe through nose and mouth and allowed to eat, he could not live long if his body were coated, say, with paint, so that he could not feed through the pores and nerves.

Take some deep breaths at the open window, or, better still, of course, out of doors. A dozen is enough. No elaborate system of breathing is necessary. Just stand upright, but relaxed, with your head drooping forward. Take in the air slowly, raising your head as your chest expands. Let out the air, as soon as your chest is full (do not hold it), and begin again.

Take a cold bath, if you like, but it is better still just to sponge yourself all over with cold water. Sponge from your feet and hands upwards over the body, not downwards, because all the pores of the skin (except those on the forehead and top of head) face towards the earth, and by sponging upwards the water is able to enter the pores. If you try both ways, you will feel the difference. Those who find that a cold bath is too much of a shock can sponge themselves in this way, using at first only a little water in the sponge, so that it does not feel too cold. A hot bath should not be taken more than once a month at most. It is very devitalising and weakening in every way.

Rub your whole body, hair included, with olive oil, or any good oil, every two or three weeks. This refreshes, feeds, and cleans your body.

Go to bed at such an hour that you will have slept enough by dawn; and get up then. The sleep after daylight tires rather than invigorates. Moreover, the early morning air is that which we should all strive to get. It is far more powerful than that at any other time. The earth gains power in the night, just as we do, and we can absorb that power by breathing the early air and by lying or rolling on the earth. To roll naked in the dew, to lie in the sun, to sleep against a pine bole, to watch the moon and the stars, who can estimate how great power we can obtain by doing these and other simple things?

When an unkind thought enters your head, drive it out at once. It acts like poison on the body. It is poison, in fact.

Since it is not natural to wear clothes, it will be an eternally debatable point as to what material should be used for them, but this much can be said. Accustom yourself to wear very few garments, and whatever you wear, wear very loosely. Unless the air can freely circulate over all your nerves and pores, your body cannot be nourished sufficiently. To put on more clothes as soon as you feel at all chilly is only one way of weakening your nerves. Rather exercise yourself by running or walking or breathing or rubbing yourself or patting yourself—by any means that warms you naturally, not artificially.

When you feel depressed, force yourself to smile. If you make the outward expression, and hold it, you will soon feel some of the inner emotion too.

Regulate your life by your inner promptings and the seasons, rather than by fixed rules and the clock.

At least once during each day-time, lie down flat on your back, relax every muscle of your body, close your eyes, and empty your head of every

thought. If your thoughts will not be put away, practise assiduously till you can rid yourself of them at will. Till you can do this, you cannot get much in touch with the Light.

Treat life as if it were a book, and underline the passages that please you, remembering always that everything enjoyed is food.

Man's natural food is fresh and dried fruits, grains, nuts, and herbs of many kinds. Aim at this uncooked diet, and arrive at it gradually. Eat the skins of fruit whenever they are edible. Avoid spirits, wines, tea, coffee, meat, and all other stimulants. As you gradually take more of the natural foods, your body will get more nourishment and will not need these stimulants. Avoid all refined foods. Use instead raw oils, wholemeal flours, raw cane sugar, raw cocoa, unpolished rice, etc. The nearer foods are to their natural state the better. Avoid dairy products, especially milk. It is constipating, it overheats the blood, and it is indigestible with other foods. Common sense must tell you that it is unnatural. It is used because, on analysis, it is shown to contain all the constituents of food necessary to maintain life. Of course, it does, because a baby has to live on it entirely, but the same diseases can be caused by drinking animals' milk as by eating their flesh. To an invalid, who is taking, like a baby, no other food whatever, it may be given; but finely crushed barley or wheat, for example, thrown into boiling water, form a better diet still for an invalid, and for a child when weaned. There is a widely spread saying that one man's food is another man's poison. It is more untrue than true. There are certain things that are good for all to eat, and certain things that are bad for all. One man may be ill and unable to take many foods, or may gradually accustom himself to eat or drink something that no one ought to take, till his body cannot do without it; while another, who has never tasted it, would be poisoned. That does not show that it is a food. It is still a poison to the former man, though he cannot at once dispense with it, through having accustomed his body to need it.

When you have arrived at a natural diet, there is no need to clean your teeth. They will be cleaned naturally. Till you have arrived, clean your teeth after each meal with a brush and water. Nothing else is needed.

When you have arrived at a natural diet, you will not want regular meals. You will take a little now and then as you require it. While we have fixed meal times, and make them opportunities for gathering and conversation, we must expect to suffer from indigestion. No one can really be hungry (except by habit) at regular hours, and no one can talk and thoroughly masticate his food at the same time.

Migrate at least twice a year. Man needs change of scene, of climate, of people, of work, of thought, just as he needs change of dress and diet.

Cold water is the best thing to drink, and the most life-giving. If the water is suspected, fresh fruits supply the necessary liquid that your body needs.

Simplify your life at every point, not merely your dress and your diet, but also your house, your personal needs (possessions imply worry, worry implies ill-health), your opinions, your outlook.

Love all, do nothing to excess—except, perhaps, aspire—and beware of ease, for it is one of the paths to disease.

If it should not seem to you worth while to do these things, remember that your first duty to others is the same as to yourself. It is: to be well.

PHILIP OYLER.

Correspondence.

THE DEVASTATING FREEWOMAN.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

For your paper I have, if you will allow me to say so, so keen a veneration that, metaphorically speaking, I bow myself seven times before it every Thursday of the week. Nevertheless, it is rapidly making life not worth living. Indeed, I cannot decide whether to shoot myself or cease taking it in. There seems no choice but to do one or the other. I cannot be free because I have none of the qualities which go to the making of a Freewoman, and I will not be bond because your paper makes me feel such a state to be incredibly base. The strain is so great that I shall soon be sitting with straws in my hair, living on a diet of tea-cups. I suppose you couldn't be persuaded to grade Freewomen into classes; then I might, perhaps, scrape into the last one by the skin of my teeth. It is so bitter to feel that one hasn't even a sporting chance of ever being free.

Moreover, I have a personal grudge against you. I am a journalist, and live on the hopes of future greatness and the proceeds of an occasional cheque wrung from the owners of the capitalistic press. I can buy bread, but no butter, or even margarine. I need to work hard, but since the publication of your paper I can do nothing either on Thursday or Friday. All Thursday I am oppressed with the knowledge that I am a worm in bond, struggling under the inspiring influence of THE FREEWOMAN to slough its skin. Of course, I can't write my inferior, flighty contributions to the capitalist press. Who could?

On Friday my relief at the passing of the "dies iræ" is so great that I wend my way to London in search of frivolity and amusement. Another working day gone.

But that is not all. You tell me that if I ever exchange the single for the married state, I must support, by my own unaided efforts, self and family. Now I ask you how on earth could I do that when by the lavish sweat of my most miserable brow I can scarcely support myself? My children would ask me for bread, and I should give them a returned MS. I have yet to learn that paper, even when covered with great thoughts, is a suitable staple diet for the young.

Madam, have mercy and grade aspiring Freewomen in order of merit; otherwise I must abandon all hope of becoming one.

HELEN HAMILTON.

March 17th, 1912. ☀ ☀ ☀

MOTIVES.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

I quite agree with Mr. Watts that his personal character is not the subject of dispute. The original subject of dispute was the character of those who thought it their duty to write about sex problems. Their character was fiercely attacked by Mr. Watts. Such writers, according to him, were necessarily potential or actual libertines. I do not feel that I have been "dinning" into anyone's ears, "week in and week out, tales of moral degeneracy and details of sex sewage," but Mr. Watts seems forced into such rhetorical exaggeration in sheer self-defence.

I fear that I have been a little too hard on Mr. Watts by reason merely of his possibly dyspeptic attack on men and women of my own way of thinking. I was brought up among people like Mr. Watts, and I am on the most cordial terms of affection and acquaintance with many people like him. I have no doubt that if I met Mr. Watts personally I should much like and respect him. Unfortunately, however, his letter made him a kind of symbol, and just as Mr. Lloyd George is a symbol to me of slim demagogic, and half-educated cunning, so Mr. Watts became a symbol to me of clerical, prudish, and obscurantist tyranny.

Admitting a certain strain of fanaticism, I am not fanatical for fun. My feelings about Mr. Lloyd George are due to seeing the sufferings of the poorer middle-class under the harrow of his preposterous attempts at legislation and taxation. My feelings about Mr. Watts are due to having seen, perhaps more frequently than Mr. Watts, the disastrous effects of reticence about sex on human beings, e.g., the estrangement of parents and children, the estrangement of persons who might otherwise be happily married, the physical ravages of venereal diseases on married women whose husbands were too cowardly to tell them what had happened, the ruin of fine characters due to our infamous divorce laws, the destruction of homes that would have been happy but for a preposterous number of unfed and unclad children, the prostitution of women bilked by their seducers, and the compulsory separation of wealthy unmarried mothers from the children who had the first claim on their affections.

Now I venture to urge that all the above-mentioned tragedies might have been averted, and would to-day be averted, by free discussion, the removal of taboos, and a little common sense. The suffering due to these tragedies will, I hope, appear to posterity much as the appalling tortures and horrors of religious wars and the Inquisition appear to us. At any rate, the prevention of such suffering is my most earnest purpose in life, and I am sure that my own aspirations are shared by others—if only a few.

I do not suggest that this suffering is worse than that which is due to poverty, though even in that department the masses will find Dr. Drysdale a more useful adviser than Mr. Lloyd George, but so few men and women attempt to do the work that the Freewoman is doing that I feel obliged to concentrate myself on an unpopular cause. My heated convictions on this topic will (I hope) excuse me in Mr. Watts' eyes if they have led me into any remarks about him that he or his friends may resent.

☀ ☀ ☀ E. S. P. HAYNES.

"TO WHAT END IN LIFE?"

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

It is strange that no correspondent has yet attempted a solution of the enigma propounded in your leader of February 22nd, "To What End in Life?" "What is the purpose of human life?" nor of the necessarily concomitant further problem, "How shall we as individuals best further that purpose?"

One fact is apparent at the outset of any such inquiry, namely, that our individual personalities (and possibly even "the great globe itself"!) are absolutely transitory. The doctrine of "eternal hope" has come to be politely ignored by scientist, statesman, and public writer, so that for any solution we must have regard only to the physical system of which we, each of us, are but as a grain of dust.

In the procession of time our space of life is infinitesimally small. Your article speaks—somewhat pessimistically—of the "myriads" of our progenitors, but omits to connote the fact that, in the course of some hundreds of millions of years, we have, from lower types, reached a quite respectable grade of frame and intellect; and, in somewhat decrying the "interminable chain of generations which are waiting to come," you also omit to suggest that in the possible millions of years of the future, beings may be developed as different, and probably as superior to ourselves as we are to the sloth or the earthworm.

And, while ignorant of the nature and direction of the Ultimate Good, it is as intelligent links in the chain of life, as I take it, that we must, subject to our own claim to happiness and personal development, foster our most reasonable aspirations.

It is probable that the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, although in themselves marking but a moment in the course of time, will be recorded in history as the first in which man's origin and development, and the science of heredity and eugenics came to be recognised, studied, and acted upon; and, just as some families are pleased to claim descent from men who took part in the Norman Conquest, so individuals of the distant future will with pride claim their ancestry in the first Freewomen who shall have deliberately continued the race, taking full thought for health and strength of mind and body, and for traditions of good conduct in their descendants, and shall have died in the blessed hope of indefinite continuity on earth of their own thread of life.

To most of the present generation this ideal of existence will have been revealed too late for realisation, and we must bow to the fate of annihilation, however promising may have been our personalities; but the coming "Freewoman" of sound constitution will assuredly claim her right to be the foundress, without fear and without reproach, of a possibly endless pedigree.

In pre-Neo-Malthusian days the certain prospect of over-population would have been prohibitive of such a claim; but in our present stage of sex-knowledge the time is not far distant when legislation will enforce marital prudence, so that there shall be space and a fair field for all such endeavours at continuity.

Will any of your readers suggest a different solution of the riddle you have set us?

A. P. MICHELL.

March 15th, 1912.

[We would like to suggest a different solution ourselves. "One fact is apparent at the outset of any such inquiry, namely, that our individual personalities are absolutely transitory." Far from such being apparent, we believe individual personality is the thing which develops and lasts through time and into eternity. In our opinion, personality is the highest manifestation of life, and we believe that it is the one thing which survives physical

death. Hence the deep-rootedness of our desire that individual personality, even in women, should have its chance. It is a big subject, however, and one to which we shall often return.—ED.]



THE INDIVIDUALISM OF MOTHERHOOD AND THE "NORMAL" WOMAN.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

I have a great desire to say a few words in your valuable paper on two absorbingly interesting subjects. The letter of Helen Winter, which appears in the issue of March 7th, seems to strike the highest note than can be struck. I think the writer has grasped the whole of that vast question—the individualism of motherhood.

To be shifted from one owner to another is not what we want, although the patriotic glory of belonging to the State, and working for the State and good of the community at large, may be a compensation, and, to some, the fulfilment of all they desire. But what Helen Winter feels, and is honest enough to say, is that she wants to bear children for her own ends, and she seeks no aids from anyone. Here is the real spirit of independence, of freedom, that a woman with a large and open mind really aspires after. It is what we all want, I am sure—not to be dependent on anyone but ourselves. Oh, for such glorious freedom! I speak feelingly on this subject, as I have never in my own life been independent, and, moreover, have been always in more or less adverse circumstances, where one is at war with one's surroundings, from a limited, narrowly defined home life to that most miserable of all conditions—an unhappy marriage, wherein I still exist.

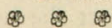
I have often wondered whether any of your correspondents, with many of whom I feel so entirely sympathetic, could find a remedy for my own case? I am a clergyman's wife, which, I suppose, makes difficulties even more complicated; one is afraid of damaging other people, giving unnecessary pain and trouble in so many ways, as one is constantly driven up against the brick walls of narrow thought and convention. Strength to break away, one could have; but—and here is the difficulty—I have a child. Again, I am absolutely dependent on my husband; also, I am neither very young nor very strong, so how could I support myself?

Your correspondent, C. Gasquoine Hartley, touches this subject in the last paragraph of her article, "The Dangerous Age"; but she only states the fact, and offers no remedy—women must be free, free to love and work. Yes; but how? I should like to say something about the other correspondent, "Normal" Women. I cannot help thinking that we are still held back, to a great extent, by false modesty from acknowledging that we are in reality much the same as men in regard to physical desires. I do not agree that the sexual appetite in women is weaker than in men; it is different, that is all. I agree with what Dr. Iwan Bloch says in "The Sexual Life of our Time": "Speaking generally, the sexual sensibility of woman is, as we have seen, of quite a different nature from that of man; but in intensity it is at least as great as that of man." Women still blind themselves a good deal over this question. It has been so long pushed into the background, and treated on a level with the so-called seven deadly sins, that it is not surprising that it should be very much obscured. It is, I suppose, quite true of most women that they do not want to satisfy a physical desire without, at the same time, satisfying spiritual ones; therefore I suppose one might say most women would only give themselves for love. But there are women who dissociate the spiritual from the bodily appetite, and satisfy the latter without the former, just as a man can. There are some, in fact, to whom it is a necessity of health so to do.

It seems to me a contradiction of terms and absolutely wrong in every way to say that two people who have one mind and one spirit may not also be one flesh because they are not married, while, if they are married, the husband may insist on his "rights," no matter what her feelings of repugnance or distaste may be.

If there is one thing in which there ought to be freedom for women, it is in this matter, as there are hardly two feminine natures alike, and nowhere is the difference between individual women so great as in this, sexual temperament.

A WOULD-BE FREEWOMAN.



A W.S.P.U. DEFENCE.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

As one who has been a contributor to your pages, will you be so good as to allow me space therein for a few words on the subject of your article, "A Militant Psychology"? I am too insignificant a member of the W.S.P.U. to claim in any way to represent anyone in it

but myself, though this is hardly a matter for regret in so individualistic a publication, nor am I concerned here to justify the political acumen of that Union. I desire merely to express my profound regret at the attitude adopted by THE FREEWOMAN towards this greatly vexed subject.

Just now, when the "voice of the people" at street-corner, in press, pulpit, law court, and Parliament is raised in one tumultuous and savage howl against the handful of women who have dared, whether rightly or wrongly, to place adherence to their principles above regard for the windows of wealthy limited companies—and many of them sweating ones at this—it is surely strange above all strangeness that a paper which claims to be revolutionary should, in joining in the attack on these women, find itself on the side of every reactionary and repressive impulse in the country. It is true that THE FREEWOMAN hastens to explain, even while "estimating how great a menace to the safety of the community there may be in the present activities of the W.S.P.U.," that window-smashing, as such, is not its aversion, but one stick is as good as another—and even better than another—to beat a dog with; and the stick which is being used by THE FREEWOMAN is one which is also being used in almost every paper in the country. For what has THE FREEWOMAN to say on this crisis? It makes an attack on the leaders of the W.S.P.U. which is of a kind as old as history itself. They are held up to popular obloquy as seekers after self-aggrandisement. Under this charge fell Julius Cæsar, stabbed by the daggers of his friends; under this charge was erected a cross on a wind-swept Eastern hill; under this charge died "Sir Simon the Righteous"; under this charge languished for generations the memory of Cromwell, until the publication of his personal letters dispelled the falsehood. It is the age-old charge which has played its part in the fate of every reformer who has, with Browning's Patriot, gone in the rain to the judgment-seats of his fellow-men, and it is the charge which, of all others, it is from its very nature most difficult to refute, except when time has set the heart of the matter in clear perspective. Its cruelty lies in the food it gives to unthinking antagonism, which always seizes on "motive" when other methods of recrimination fail.

From its very nature also, however, such an indictment is difficult to prove, and hence "a plain statement of their present and past moves" will not, as the writer supposes, "go the entire way to substantiate it." To prove such a statement, one would have to be "within their bosoms" in very truth. In the light of the present situation of the leaders of the so-called Suffragette movement, when they are facing a crisis for which they are too law-wise not to have been fully prepared, when they are confronted with the prospect of a punishment far and away beyond that which any member of their Union has ever had to face, it is surely amazing that THE FREEWOMAN should assist the angry conventionalists by jealously discussing whether this or that particular act of militancy has been duly performed by each of the leaders, and by appearing to suggest that the place of leaders is a perpetual jail!

It is, of course, open to THE FREEWOMAN to contend that, in uniting its voice with that of the people, it is acting as the voice of God, but, in so justifying the old maxim, it is condemning its own publication as a journal of a revolutionary character, it is denying the whole teaching of history, which is a record of the sufferings of reformers and seers, and giving the lie to the greatest of all Revolutionaries—him who came to bring "not peace, but a sword," when he consoled his followers for those things which should be done and said against them by the reflection that "so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

AMY HAUGHTON.

[Surely our correspondent would not have us regulate our opinions in order to keep in unvarying opposition to the voice at the "street-corner, in the pulpit, press, law court, and Parliament"! We are not in the habit of waiting to take our cues from these worthy or unworthy sources, either for agreement or otherwise, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that THE FREEWOMAN may upon occasion be at one with "public opinion." For the rest of the argument, we hope Miss Haughton will forgive us for saying that it is of a kind we dislike, and it is one cause of our disapproval of the W.S.P.U. that they have made such arguments not only possible, but common among their supporters. In relation to it, for us, it is enough to say that had Julius Cæsar, Christ, Cromwell, and Sir Simon shown the same characteristics on the human side, as opposed to the political, as have the W.S.P.U., the verdict of history would have been reversed. We might further point out to our correspondent that we, like posterity in relation to Cromwell, base our judgment very largely upon personal correspondence.—ED.]

EXPERIENCE AND UNDERSTANDING.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

In your issue of February 15th, Miss Oliver expressed the hope that "The 'new morality' which would permit for women the same degrading laxity in sex matters which is indulged in by most of the lower animals, including man, will be choked and crushed before it grows any stronger."

In her latest letter, published in your issue of March 14th, in reply to a protest I had ventured to raise against such an unwarrantable attack on individual liberty and happiness, Miss Oliver writes: "I laid down no laws concerning what was right or wrong for other people—I should certainly be the last to deny 'A New Subscriber' or anyone else all the laxity in sex matters that they desired, provided that they didn't interfere with me, and didn't injure any but themselves."

I am delighted indeed to have been the humble means of bringing Miss Oliver to a kinder and juster frame of mind: still, I think the two "illustrative extracts" I have quoted are interesting comments on one another!

Miss Oliver asks flatly whether I consider a wide sexual experience necessary to knowledge of life? I should like to reply with the same frankness, I do consider that *some* sexual experience, physical as well as psychic, is necessary to the complete life, and to the knowledge of life—as few people have the imaginative sympathy to comprehend experiences which they have never shared. I can assure Miss Oliver that I, too, have had very thorough experience of the decent means of livelihood open to women and of their scale of remuneration.

Miss Oliver is evidently under no illusions as to the economic status of women, but she has allowed herself to overlook other equally important sides of the "Woman Question," and in so far as, I maintain, shown herself ignorant of life, as her first two letters plainly prove.

I regret to have given Miss Oliver the impression that I regarded her early unhappy love with "contempt." I should have felt and expressed nothing but sympathy if she had not been so evidently determined that because she had been disappointed, there should be no happy lovers! The "dog-in-the-manger" attitude is one for which I can feel neither pity nor esteem. Also, I cannot consider a platonic affair at twenty years of age, sufficient material of experience on which to generalise so widely and dogmatically as Miss Oliver has done. I think most northern women of *marked intelligence* are emotionally immature at twenty, but, of course, my experience may be exceptional.

Is it necessary to add that I believe most firmly that the sexual experience which is the *right* of every human being not hopelessly afflicted in mind or body should be entirely a matter of free choice and personal preference, untainted by bargain or compulsion?

March 18th, 1912.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

FEMINISM AND SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

It is doubtless true that, as you say, the State maintenance of mothers is not merely a question of Socialism; but I submit that Socialism is a *very* large part of the question, not only of the maintenance of mothers, but of the economic independence of all women; and I, for one, would like to see this matter more fully discussed in your admirable journal.

The capitalism which is the economic basis of our society requires, as the first condition of its existence, a reserve army of cheap casual labour, and until the State has charge of all the national assets, and the wealth of the community is properly organised and distributed, only a small proportion of women can be always sure of work, and of *an adequate monetary return* for such work.

AN IDEAL RECREATION FOR LADIES.

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SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EUROPEANS.

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9, ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, WEST.

Of course it would be possible to have Socialism with only a shadow of freedom for woman, as witness the treatment of sex relationships by Socialist Utopists, but the complete emancipation of women would be impossible without Socialism.

ISABEL LEATHAM.

[We seek to establish as much "Socialism" as is necessary for the establishment of a thorough-paced "Individualism," which amount, doubtless, will also be sufficient to satisfy our correspondent.—ED.]

"THE FREEWOMAN."

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

Will you very kindly let me know the most practical method of serving THE FREEWOMAN in connection with the purchase of copies? When the paper started, I placed a standing order for it with a newsagent, first making sure that he intended displaying each number in a prominent position among the periodicals on show, and taking a supply for stock. Any other copies that I have wanted weekly I have bought or ordered in separate numbers at various shops and bookstalls. Would you prefer that I should continue this practice, or that I should send you in my subscription for a year, and purchase direct from the editorial or publishing offices any extra copies that I may want from time to time?

EDITH A. BROWNE.

[We are naturally very glad to secure subscribers, either through newsagents or direct through the publishers. Of course, direct subscribers are much more profitable to us, as we get the full threepence for each copy, whereas the return from the stall-sold copy is, we understand, about one penny. The latter method has, however, the advantage of making the paper more widely known.—ED.]

LIBERTY FOR THE ASKING.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

As a rather interested person in the movement towards general freedom, and sexual freedom in particular, may I point out that it seems to me our need is for action, not words?

Only the women who are courageous enough to bear and rear healthy-minded and healthy-bodied illegitimate children, and to educate them so that the jeers of semi-civilised society only rouse their pitying contempt, will really assist the movement.

For the satisfaction of the small but voluble, rabidly "anti-man" section of the feminists, may I suggest that when this practice has arrived at a sufficient degree of perfection, we shall be able to relegate the useless males to the position of the drone in the hive?

Incidentally, it would be interesting to hear the names of half a dozen of the women, who are so eager to *discuss* the subject *ad nauseam*, who would introduce, without excuses or explanation, to their "respectable" friends, the frankly independent mother of two or three "nameless" children, possibly by different fathers—fathers chosen as mates by the woman at different psychological stages of her own development.

We *have* sexual liberty, if we care to avail ourselves of its responsibilities, and the bogey of the "moral law" grows less and less terrifying with each successive generation. There is no legal punishment for the woman who chooses to conduct her life upon her own lines, but every matter of choice is also a matter of payment. If women want the privilege of bearing children which shall in word and deed be their own, they must be prepared to accept such responsibilities as the privilege entails. Wishing THE FREEWOMAN luck,

FLORENCE S. HOWARD BURLEIGH.

March 10th, 1912.

THE PROSTITUTED AND THE VOTE.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

The great arguments involved in the above heading have been unaccountably avoided, and any weapons the champions of woman's freedom leave in the armoury their opponents must needs conclude are too dangerous to be handled. It is true that the economic and social conditions that are responsible for the present deplorable state of affairs have been ventilated, academically; but of the point of view of those actively interested—the men and women who support the degraded custom of "mercenary love"—we hear next to nothing, yet the question covers a wider field than is comprehended in the situation of the sweated female worker. Indeed, it is hardly too strong to describe it as the root of the whole woman question, from which springs alike every *pro* and every *con*.

To take the point of least importance to women—the attitude of man. Many a man would be a whole-hearted

woman's suffragist but for this issue. The man of ideals, the very best of his sex, may yet not be able to see far enough, may yet not have sufficient faith in his kind to allow this long-open sore to heal. Such men tell us they oppose the granting of the suffrage because of the power that will pass into the hands of "bad women." They do not see how a division of the community can be kept; if such division could be assured, the women who respect themselves (which means those who accept the moral code as approved by men) could have the vote to-morrow, with admitted benefit to everyone. It is, alas! impossible to make this distinction; and sooner than that the "good" and "bad" be placed on the same level, and the "bad" help rule the country, and perhaps sit in Parliament, the "good" can never be enfranchised!

Passing over the obvious retort that the male counterpart of the "bad" woman is already ruling the country (and their "good" sister) and sitting in Parliament, we come to a lower type of man—the Materialist. He, as might be expected, shares the desire of his superior brother for the establishment apart—the permanent disgrace of the pariah woman. Otherwise his opinions are diametrically opposite. His fear of the vote is that, with freedom, the prostituted will claim emancipation, and that the business of sexual vice, as now understood—cash down, on the one hand, gratification (of a sort), responsibility, and the onus on the other—will cease. This class of man descends in a scale. First, there is the indirectly selfish—he who sees in the prostituted the safeguard of the woman whom it suits him to keep from solicitation and the risk of seduction. Next, we have him whose profound belief is that "vice—licensed, if only it were possible—is necessary for the health of the male half of the community." Finally, there is the dregs of animal creation—the inferior of any brute, the bully, the *souteneur*, the ponce, to use his chosen designation of himself. These three representative materialists are united in a common sympathy—he who has a wife or sister whom he cherishes; he who would buy—that genial man of the world who squires our pretty daughters and buys the children sweets; and he who would sell—the ponce. This last hates the franchise most of all; he says it will reduce him to destitution.

Let us come to the attitude of the "bad woman," for that is the point of major importance to your readers—that woman apart, of whom we all think, and all fear to speak. What is her opinion of the vote and its advocates? Alas! the freedom of her sex promises no dawn to her; she thinks it will mean but a blacker night. The slave of slaves, is it surprising that her hand is raised against those other bondwomen whom her taskmaster, Man's Necessity, has chosen to place above her? So thoroughly cowed is she, she refuses to believe the possibility of escape from her terrible thrall. It would be futile to deny that the woman who is outcast dreads the franchise. Her experience is too bitter for her to credit that other women wish her well. With society held in repute, the outlook of which, as compared with her own, is so much more healthy proportionately as it is more diverse, she comes in touch with but a small section whose interest it is to keep her where she is—a section that trades on her helplessness, and damns her in this life and the next. The detestable fallacy of women's treachery to woman, which Lady Constance Lytton so touchingly denounced at the London Opera House on March 6th, is ever insisted on. "If the Suffragettes win," the outcast woman is told, "they will take away your livelihood, and leave you to die in the ditch. They will never pardon you for being a blackleg from the Union of Legal Marriage it is their desire to enforce on every man, and which hitherto you have been the means of enabling him to avoid." And this is the only side of the suffrage agitation the prostituted hears!

She looks on at the woman's battle; she hears from afar the cry for freedom; and, to a mind artfully poisoned by a common enemy, it seems such sorry cant. Suffragists who have had ample proof of man's impudence to those who question his code and flout his convenience, should be able to picture vividly the heartrending wrongs of these victims of his want of self-control, whom he chooses, on God knows what ground, to consider inferior to him—this large body of their sex, with no law they can evoke, no redress, no sympathy. Is it not time this human scapegoat be reassured? Is it not time to beg the support in the great fight of this British subject, to enlist her sympathy, to show her not only it is valued, but it is of value?

It is not enough that the degraded old maid, the superfluous woman, who can never benefit personally, has laid aside her poor reticence and voiced her wrongs; that the sweated worker, risking dismissal and ensuing starvation, has exposed the injustice of her oppression. There

is a claim still to be urged, a cry yet to be made. Rank, class, and political opinion have fed the bright fire of a sex's freedom. While men are cogitating about abstract Socialism, the Suffragettes are *living* the men's theories. Many barriers have been shattered for ever, but this one still holds. If the franchise is to remove sex disability, womankind must be united in its demand, and matron and maid, and she, saddest of all women, who is neither must march to victory shoulder to shoulder, comrades sworn.

BLOOMSBURY.

March 10th, 1912. ❁ ❁ ❁

FOOD AND POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

As my last article was written before the appearance of Mr. G. H. Martyn's interesting letter—the only one, in my opinion, which has helped to clear up the matter—perhaps you will allow me a brief space to deal with it. The artificial production of nitrate has naturally interested me greatly, both as an electrician and as an over-populationist, and some years ago I published some calculations concerning it.

It would be sheer folly to pretend that there is not enough nitrogen in the air to satisfy the needs of an unrestricted population for many years to come. But Mr. How-Martyn will be the first to recognise the important fact that nitrogen as nitrogen is of little value, and that it must be converted into nitrate in order to make it available for plant assimilation. Unfortunately, in physico-chemical language, the combination of nitrogen with oxygen is a high potential eudothermic reaction, *i.e.*, it needs a considerable amount of heat or other energy to enable it to take place, instead of being spontaneous, like the union of hydrogen with oxygen. Hence the electrical processes of which he tells us, and which are simply imitations of the natural method of fixing nitrogen by lightning discharges. Now I am under the impression (but should like more exact information from physiologists) that something like a kilogram of fixed nitrogen is required for the formation of an average human body, and, according to the best returns hitherto, this would require about 800 units of electrical energy, or about two-thirds of a ton of coal. In order, therefore, that the present population of the world (1,700 millions) should be able to increase at the unrestricted rate of 4 per cent. per year, this would need the equivalent of nearly 50,000,000 tons of coal per annum. I am aware that there is a good deal of water power and oil fuel available, and that the present output of coal for this country alone is about 265 million tons; but the present moment hardly seems a propitious one for proposing an increase of our rapidly dwindling store, especially when we remember that it would have to double every seventeen and a half years, or increase fiftyfold in a single century, and that the amount needed for heating and transit would have to increase in something like the same proportion. Those who have given most thought to the matter are anxious as to what will be the future with our present coal consumption, and it is time that we were slackening, rather than increasing, our demand, and taking to afforestation as a provision for the future. Again, even apart from these technical considerations, I must again remind my readers of the conservatism of not only the ruling classes, but of the whole of humanity; and I personally do not for one instant believe that if all restrictive laws were removed we could colonise our own country of town-bred workers, and get these new improvements in operation at a rate sufficient to provide for a 4 per cent. increase of population, starting with 1,800,000 additions each year; even if there were not the further

THE FREEWOMAN

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consideration that the majority of women do not want the unlimited families, however the means of subsistence may be increased.

I am much obliged to Mr. How-Martyn, however, for calling attention to the phosphorus question. This was first brought to my notice by a friend some years ago; and I believe it to be quite correct, and that it affords an even more stringent justification of the population difficulty than anything else. I did not, however, refer to it specifically in my previous articles, as I have not yet been able to get any statistical information concerning it. But in an article which appeared in the *Malthusian* a month ago, dealing with the lack of life-supporting material in the sea, I called attention to the fact that not only nitrogen, but phosphorus was missing, and this in itself appears to me an important confirmation of Mr. How-Martyn's doctrine. If he can supply me with additional statistical or other information on this point, I shall be greatly indebted to him, and it will give the final proof necessary that subsistence cannot only not keep pace with population, but that there is a rigid limit, which we shall not be long in reaching. I have not hitherto been quite so pessimistic as Mr. How-Martyn appears to be on this point, as I have been under the impression that the phosphorus thrown into the sea was practically all returned to us in fish; but if the available supply is actually diminishing, the case is black indeed (unless some other optimist wants to tell us that we can transmute other elements into phosphorus by radium, etc.). When Prince Kropotkin begins to tackle this question, his book will be worth consideration. Up to the present I have sought to show, not that we are up to, or even near, the limit of food production, but that we have not been, and cannot expect to be, able to extend this production as fast as population would naturally increase. To use a homely simile, population may be likened to an express train running steadily at forty miles an hour (representing the 40 per 1,000 natural increase of population) behind a slow goods train running at ten or fifteen miles per hour, stopping between the stations (harvests). It is small consolation to the passenger in the express to be told that the ultimate limit of the line is a thousand miles away, and that there is therefore no fear of a collision, if the slow train is only just ahead. There are only two ways of averting the collision in this case—either the slow food train must be speeded up to forty miles per hour (which I do not believe can be done over a large area or time by any process), or the quick population train must be slowed down to ten or fifteen miles per hour, and only be allowed to go faster when the food train has got ahead. If Mr. How-Martyn's idea concerning the phosphorus is correct, the end of the line itself is in sight, and population will have soon to come to a dead stop; but, in any case, I shall continue to claim the necessity for a slowing down of population until a more rapid rate of food production is not only promised, but attained.

May I, in conclusion, congratulate the Editor upon her excellent article on the Endowment of Motherhood, the arguments in which appear to me to have an important bearing upon many other social problems?

* * * C. V. DRYSDALE.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

CONNECTION BETWEEN BIRTH AND DEATH RATES.

On this question Dr. Drysdale has now modified his earlier statement "that the rate of increase of population can only be 1 per cent. . . . per annum." I have already pointed out that Denmark, with one of the largest birth-rates in Europe (28.3 per 1,000), has the low death-rate of 13.3 per 1,000. (See my letter in your issue of February 29th.)

THE EVOLUTIONARY DOCTRINE OF DARWIN.

An individual man has to struggle for existence against his fellow-men, as well as against the niggardliness of nature. Consequently there is nothing anti-Darwinian in saying that poverty is due to the extreme power of property possessed by some men and not to man's incapacity of producing enough food. I am surprised that it should be disputed that the animal that uses railways, coal mines, and flying machines is an animal with an exceptional power of looking after itself.

DESTRUCTION OF FRUIT, ETC.

The essential point I wished to make is admitted by Dr. Drysdale in his next paragraph, where he says that "a better distribution of wealth would give our poorer classes a better purchasing power, and a more effective demand."

THE ACTUAL DEFICIENCY OF THE FOOD SUPPLY.

He then goes on to say that if the population all over the world increased, any increase of food for the whole population in one country, due to the better distribution of wealth there, would take food from other countries—because the rate of increase of food is limited.

Now I do not think, apart from the heat of controversy, that Dr. Drysdale would deny that systems of land tenure and legal methods of transferring and holding property do make for more or less of the "idleness or inertia of human beings," for better or worse cultivation of land. It really seems sometimes as if Dr. Drysdale thought that the production of food is automatic. If it is not, a more effective demand due to better distribution of wealth (and this Dr. Drysdale admits can take place) can overcome human inertia and increase food production. Besides, without in the slightest suggesting that it occurs automatically, the fact remains that increased prosperity always goes with diminished fertility—that is, if wealth is better distributed, either because more wealth means more leisure, more leisure more thought, and more thought less prejudice against the use of preventatives, and more chance of hearing of them, or for some other reason—it is always found, I say, that the birth-rate for the richer classes is to-day lower than that of the poorer classes.

WAGES IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Dr. Drysdale tells me "normal wages are certainly lower in France than in this country, and some important necessities of life are dearer." Incontestably, the hours of work are usually longer. As France has a very low birth-rate, this seems quite enough to show me that Malthusianism is of little interest to me.

THE APPEAL TO AUTHORITY.

I see Dr. Drysdale refers to J. S. Mill as a supporter of the "population doctrine." Mill was: but there are passages in his works which contradict Dr. Drysdale's rigid "law." "In proportion as mankind rise above the condition of the beasts, population is restrained by fear of want rather than by want itself. Even when there is no question of starvation, many are similarly acted upon by the apprehension of losing what have come to be regarded as the decencies of their situation of life." (Book I. Chapter x. of "Principles.") This is the doctrine of diminished birth-rate *resulting from* (not the cause of) increased prosperity.

What is practically a criticism of Mill's position will be found on pages 6 and 7 of W.H. Beveridge's "Unemployment." Perhaps Dr. Drysdale will kindly read these two pages. The two propositions supported in them are that "there is clearly no insufficiency of land in the United Kingdom to-day. There is land enough and to spare. The greater part of the United Kingdom, instead of being over-populated, is being depopulated by the drift to the towns. The growing nation avails itself of a constantly diminishing proportion of its total territories." And, second, "as the population [of the United Kingdom] increases so do the wealth and the productivity per head of the population. The estimates of Sir Robert Giffen and others are familiar. In 1867 the national income was put at £814,000,000 for a population of 30,000,000, or at just over £27 per head. In 1901 it is put at £1,700,000,000 for a population of 42,000,000, or at just over £40 per head. The standard of income measured in money has risen nearly 50 per cent." What has to be noted, you will see, is that whatever may be thought about a general law of population, these facts seem to show that something else is the matter in England.

Perhaps Dr. Drysdale will be kind enough to tell me where statements by Ruskin and Bernard Shaw on the population question are to be found.

I should like to call Dr. Drysdale's special attention to the following paragraph in Mill's essay on Socialism (published in *The Fortnightly Review* for 1879):—

"Among those who call themselves Socialists, two kinds of persons may be distinguished. There are, in the first place, those whose plans for a new order of society—in which private property and individual competition are to be superseded, and other motives to action substituted—are on the scale of a village community or township, and would be applied to an entire country by the multiplication of such self-acting units; of this character are the systems of Owen and Fourier, and the more thoughtful and philosophic Socialists generally. The other class, who are more a product of the Continent than of Great Britain, and may be called the revolutionary Socialists, propose to themselves a much bolder stroke. Their scheme is the management of the whole productive resources of the country by one central authority, the general government."

In view of Dr. Drysdale's perpetual references to "the State management which Socialists desire as a remedy," it is of interest to note how persistently the ideal of the local commune which arranges its work to satisfy its own needs and by the multiplication and addition of which the State is to be abolished, persists within the Socialist movement; it is clearly seen in French Syndicalist writers. The aim of Socialism, it cannot too often and too emphatically

be said, is to give more liberty and more property to the millions; any machinery advocated by it (such as nationalisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange), if it fails to give more property and more liberty to millions, simply is not Socialism. State-owned industries can, obviously, be worked without transferring any property or authority from the dominant class to the dominated classes, and, further, it may be argued (and I believe it) that a centralised system of production places a dangerous amount of power in the hands of a few officials. But this does not prevent me from being a Socialist who opposes extreme centralisation, but believes in levelling. At this moment, I can't follow Dr. Drysdale's point about levelling up and levelling down; my letter is long enough already.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.

March 15th, 1912. ❀ ❀ ❀

A REPLY TO MR. LEWIS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

Such a good reasoner as Arthur D. Lewis will eventually become a single taxer; but he needs a few suggestions.

1. How can the little man be "eaten up" by the large capitalist, if, as Marx says, land makes him INDEPENDENT?

2. No one knows what interest will be when all men may produce capital, and land rent is used in place of taxes for public purposes. When each has enough capital, surely no one will pay interest. True interest is not a tribute without return. It is a part of the wages of capital; a part of the return due to the use and possession of capital, just as rent is the earnings of the more productive land. But as capital is produced by labour, the producer of the capital should receive the interest; and equal right to land demands rent as a public fund.

3. All single taxers believe in State-owned railroads.

4. "Nature makes steam engines just as much as fields." This is "going strong," and disputes the Socialist contention that labour creates all wealth, an idea better stated in this way:—There is no wealth without labour. If Nature and Man collaborate, then each is a factor in production; that is, each produces. Marx agrees, saying that a waterfall is one form of natural productive power and a source of ground rent. Then in another place he says: "All rent is surplus value, the product of surplus labour!"

5. We do not have a "competitive society." Real, fair competition implies equal opportunity. Mr. Lewis shows that we do not have it. Under entail, the younger son cannot compete with the elder. Similarly, landless men underbidding one another for jobs, are not really competing; they resemble wrecked sailors clamouring to get on an overloaded raft.

6. Single taxers surely do depend on this: the natural law of exchange will result in just exchange, under freedom. Even now the law does not fix values. I believe that a Socialistic law to fix the ratio between gold and wheat would be a failure. The greatest living Socialist would oppose such a law. Karl Kautsky says ("Soc. Revolution," p. 129):—

"There could be no greater error than to consider that one of the tasks of a Socialist society is to see that the law of value is brought under perfect operation, and that only equivalent values are exchanged."

7. Taking ground rent by the collectivity is obviously not a tax in the sense of tribute, for all should be equal owners of rentable land; nor will it interfere with the law of value and exchange; the best land that commands no rent will be free to the user; wages will be fixed by the product on this land, equalling the reward to labour on rent-land, because the excess on the latter goes as rent.

8. If the capitalists "rent is called interest," then give up all attempts at exact definition. If the Socialist sees no difference between natural raw material and the tool formed by labour his ideas need differentiation.

9. Land can never diminish in importance as the source of all wealth. No matter how much capital we employ in the curing or canning of fish products, for instance, the lakes, rivers, and sea would still remain the only sources of fish, and to turn these sources over to the ownership of one man or more would be equally disastrous, no matter what may be the degree of elaboration of the finished product.

10. The "position of mortgages on land" is the same as that of other titles; for a mortgage is a conditional title, valid if the debt be unpaid. When the abolition of slavery was first agitated, slave owners had notice that the rightfulness of owning men was questioned, and might be soon denied. They bought more slaves at their peril and risk. For thirty years the rightfulness of taking ground rent for personal use has been in the balance. Owners of land titles have fair warning. The English

budget declares land rent to be a rightful source of public revenue. *Verb. sap.*

11. Very well. Marx was not a single taxer, because he would make capital collective in addition to ground rent. How much capital? The Syracuse (N. Y.) Socialist Convention repudiated Henry George as their candidate because he rejected their demand to make collective "all the means of production and distribution." Karl Kautsky says private property in such means of production will exist, and even increase under Socialism ("Soc. Rev.," pp. 164-166). Somewhere between these extremes exists just the right quantity of collective capital, to believe in which makes one a Socialist. Will Mr. Lewis say what the amount is? It seems we are seeking quantities, not principles.

C. F. HUNT.

Naples, March 14th. ❀ ❀ ❀

FOOD AND POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

In your issue of March 14th, Dr. Drysdale makes an attempt to belittle my arguments, although he frankly admits that on a diet derived from the vegetable kingdom the population could be doubled. The question is too vast for discussion here, and as my books on the subject are out of print, they can only be referred to in the British Museum. I can draw his attention merely to a new method of inquiry.

The problem is based upon the science and practice of agriculture, to which I have devoted the best years of my life at home and abroad, and none of the authorities which he has quoted have any special knowledge of this deep and wide subject. There was no science of agriculture in the days of Malthus.

When Dr. Drysdale accuses me of neglecting "all question of manuring the soil," he would be laughed at by any agricultural scientist, for the implication is that only animal manures can be saved from waste, or that vast crowds must always be huddled together in cities, which is the cause of so much manurial waste. Cattle cannot, neither can men, put any fertility into the soil, which they have not previously abstracted from it through their food.

Given a population with a specific system of diet, which draws on a fixed area of land, on the one hand, and the average yield of food, on the other, it is evident that the consumers can then be adjusted to its subsistence area, and that money has nothing whatever to do with the question—except that our present money system prevents

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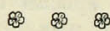
such adjustment. It is the social system that is unfit to survive, and not certain persons amongst the population. The fittest, economically speaking, tend to become the unfittest in the vital sense, and even Darwin has not grasped this phase of the struggle for existence.

Here it may be argued that, although the adjustment of the population to its land equivalent may be solved, yet the "unfittest" must still be eliminated in order to keep it within its subsistence area. What is known, so far as home affairs are concerned, is that the United Kingdom could support at least three times its present population without importing any food, if the people could get access to the land, and renounce animal foods (except fish and animals fed on products of the sea) and animal products. Dr. Drysdale must have been misinformed with regard to nitrogen, for since it has been discovered that some food plants obtain much of their nitrogen from the air, it is now known that phosphorus, not nitrogen, is the scarcest element in soil fertility, and so fixes the limit to the population.

It is therefore unwise to worry ourselves about problems which, if they arise at all, belong to generations far ahead of us.

Of course, Dr. Drysdale will say that this solution is impossible, that the problem is more individual than social, and many will agree with him. Still, I should like to know why I, living on one-third of an acre, should be pronounced unfit, while he, needing fifteen acres for his support, should be fitter to survive than I. Shall we fight it out with the bludgeon?

W. A. MACDONALD.



AN AMERICAN CRITIC OF MALTHUS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

Mr. C. F. Hunt, a friend and member of the Chicago Single Tax Club, mailed me your very interesting issue of February 1st from Cairo, and I enjoyed the number and its ponderous deliverances very much.

The article on "Teaching" was true to life. I state this without having the least knowledge of English conditions of women teachers. The article rings true, because it reflects, without stating so explicitly, the condition of these white "slaves" of the essentially autocratic system of alleged education existing, somewhat tuned down, in the United States also, and, I suppose, throughout the English-speaking civilisations of our time.

Addressing you in a somewhat lighter vein of expression, such as we press-writers use in the States, it seems to me that the bottom trouble in these petty and tyrannical conditions can be traced to the fact that when professional teachers have to deal exclusively with immature minds, they grow out of touch with the swift changes of modern thought—the "Mores" of this period. They are liable to become ossified. They find no resistance when they top one fad on another. They become biassed. Incidentally your article sets forth very clearly that these teachers can have no will, no initiative, no economic freedom in their overcrowded profession, hence I use the word "slave" in summing up the situation.

Now, I bring to your attention the interesting fact that the women teachers, especially in Chicago, have found a way which is simplicity itself to better their economic and their professional status, under the leadership of Margareth Haley, Unity Building, Chicago.

Our Chicago teachers affiliated themselves with the Chicago Federation of Labour, organising themselves in a Teachers' Union. Thus they deal with the Board of Education as a body, and not as individuals. The Board of Education has for years, in the main, through a body of "public-spirited" tax (rate) dodgers, fought this departure very hard; but the teachers' federation, backed up by organised Labour and by an intelligent public sentiment, has gradually won recognition step by step. A very capable woman educator, Mrs. Young, co-operates with them, and thus the solution has been worked out. Whether that same thing can be done in Great Britain, I cannot judge, of course. English women teachers might,

with profit, get in touch with Miss Haley, ask for literature, and take up this matter of organisation.

A few words on the article by Mr. C. V. Drysdale, a Malthusian, who loftily enlarges on the "fallacies" of the Georgian philosophy, and sums up with the bold statement that an intelligent modern economist (person) can still retain his "belief" in Malthus, even after reading the strictures on that preacher's notions by George.

I have not the least objection against letting others "believe" whatever suits their idiosyncrasies. That is their inalienable right. Neither have I serious objections against the still too much prevailing cult of "authorities." Many minds are so constituted that they absolutely need the staff—the "authority" of men, dead and gone; of men who represented the knowledge and the beliefs, and, in short, the "Mores" of a past period. Therefore I have no quarrel with Mr. Drysdale as to his "belief" in Malthus.

But two facts occur to me.

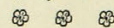
First, poverty persists because the living cannot use the natural bounties under our wicked land monopolisation system—a fact of which Malthus had no conception at all. Second, we know now that God (call it Nature, if you choose) has provided such an inexhaustible storehouse of natural resources, which man can change by labour into artificial resources, i.e., wealth, to satisfy human wants and desires, and that, as a fact, we have hardly begun to use this storehouse. Here are some instances. The whole population of the United States could very easily make a comfortable living within the boundaries of the State of Texas. Less than one-fourth of the useful area of the United States is now in actual full use, but all of it is monopolised. I daresay that the same situation exists in Great Britain and elsewhere in the moderate zone. Malthus lived before the scientific achievements of the nineteenth century begun, I daresay. He had no idea of what we now call intensive cultivation. In fact, the Malthusian theory did not need the complete refutation of George and of practically all modern economists. It died long ago, and is now merely one of those "scientific" theories—those scientific "brain-tools" of man thrown on the scrapside of the ancient "Theory" graveyard, which we have discarded. As I take it, the real reason why the Malthusian theory was accepted for some decades is this:

This "theory" was needed to bolster up the claims of the privileged classes of his period, and, as such, it became "popular" among the defenders thereof. This is a historical fact, known to modern economists and sociologists. *Sapienti sat.*

As to eugenic reforms, I am of the mind that these reforms will come about when mankind learns to adjust civilisation to the eternal laws of nature, and ceases to hamper these primordial laws with the ever-changing "human" laws, which stupidly interfere and set at naught, for instance, the "Natural" law that all of the living have an equal right in the use of Nature (the Earth). This, I take it, is the basic truth.

A. WANGEMANN.

Chicago, February 8th, 1912.



ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN CLERKS AND SECRETARIES.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

In the article on "Clerical Work," published in your issue of March 7th, this Association is mentioned as a union for women clerical workers only, and it is noted that we are forming an "approved" society under the National Health Insurance Act.

Will you grant me space to give a few details about the Association which may prove of interest to your clerical readers?

As the Association of Shorthand Writers and Typists (founded eight years ago), we were a union for men and women, though, as a matter of fact, our male members were very few. The change in our title and policy was brought about by the passing of the Insurance Act. Our members felt that we must either rise to meet the new conditions, or dissolve the Association—and that they were determined not to do. Having decided to work under the Insurance Act, the question of mixed membership came up. The Act, as everyone knows, distinguishes between men and women workers—their rates of contribution and benefit are different, their funds must be kept separate, the rules governing their "approved" societies are not the same. So the step was reluctantly taken that the union should henceforth be an association for women only, though our two or three male members were invited to remain with us. We did not wish to work, as it might seem, against the men, but circumstances forced our hand. Until men and women are paid equally for equal work—i.e., until women are

AN APPEAL.

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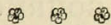
enfranchised—men and women in the clerical profession are bound to be competitors rather than fellow-workers. It would have been a grave hardship for women clerical workers if they had been obliged to join "approved" societies in which their votes would have been swamped by the votes of these male competitors. Hence the success with which this Association is meeting in its campaign for an increased membership.

We shall hope to work our "approved" society very economically, and eventually we hope to be able to induce Government to give us a useful superannuation scheme, which should be of even greater benefit to women workers than the sick insurance provided for in the Act in its present state. We shall also hope to press forward with our task of improving the conditions under which clerical women work, and the equally important task of levelling up the standard of efficiency. Later, when women are enfranchised, and their unions no longer labour under crushing disadvantages as compared with men's unions, we shall hope to work hand in hand with men clerks and secretaries, for our interests will then be identical, and the experience each will have gathered while working separately will be used for the benefit of both. That will be a good day for the secretarial and clerical profession!

In conclusion, may I urge all your readers who are in this profession to rally round the union of their profession—for their own sakes and for the sake of their fellow-workers less well off—and to join our "approved" society (as we hope it will soon be) in the new financial year, which begins in April? By that time we shall hope to have our insurance rules, modelled on those supplied by the Insurance Commission, ready.

Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns,
 VERA COLLUM,
 Press Secretary to the Association.
 8, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.
 March 15th, 1912.

P.S.—All inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, at the Office, 8, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.



NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

I have seen in this week's issue of THE FREEWOMAN an anonymous article, by "Various Hands," under the heading, "Where Women Work," dealing with women clerks.

Much of it is certainly interesting reading, but the writer is either woefully ignorant of the true facts of the case, or has wilfully distorted them, more particularly when she writes: "The two most influential unions of clerks jealously exclude women from their midst as unworthy to receive any benefits arising therefrom. The members of these unions would, no doubt, rise in their wrath if it were suggested that women should receive the same rates of pay as men." Since the National Union of Clerks has been started, it has always accepted women as members, on the same terms as men. It has never made any distinction whatever between the two sexes. It has also worked very strongly for the principle of equal payment for equal work. From the enclosed copy of our bulletin, No. 5, you will see that we have got our minimum of 35s. per week for all London clerks, on reaching the age of twenty-one, adopted by the West Ham Town Council. The second list in the table, showing what increases were secured as the result, consists of practically all women

A BOOK FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

By DR. ALLINSON.

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

clerks. You will notice, therefore, that one secured an immediate increase of 17s. per week through the efforts of the N.U.C.

We have also a situation bureau, which is developing very rapidly. From this we never think of sending out any clerk, male or female, twenty-one years of age or over, for less than 35s. per week.

Further, I might mention that for some time past we have hammered away at the Board of Trade, trying to get them to adopt the principle of equal payment for equal work. I am sure you will be interested to know that with regard to the new appointments which they have advertised for in connection with the Labour Exchanges, this principle is to be put into force. Your readers will, therefore, see that the position of women clerks, as far as the National Union of Clerks is concerned, has been greatly misrepresented by the writer of the article appearing in your paper.

Another point I should be glad if you would allow me to refer to is, that my Union has decided to apply to become an Approved Society for the purposes of the National Insurance Act. We have, already, more women clerks in our organisation than any other clerks' society. I think, therefore, your readers will be able to see that from a purely selfish point of view, *i.e.*, that of trade protection, it is far better for women clerks to join the N.U.C. than any sectional organisation. There is no doubt that far more will be done to raise the economic and social status of the clerical profession by men and women working together than for them to be split up into separate organisations. As "Various Hands" writes, by accepting women as members, the N.U.C. is "removing a great many of their grievances."

I hope that the clerks reading your paper will write for particulars of the N.U.C., and a copy of our organ, the *Clerk*, which I should be pleased to send them on receipt of a postcard.

I trust in fairness to my organisation you will kindly insert my letter in your next issue, to remove the wrong impression that must undoubtedly be caused in the minds of your readers by the serious mis-statements of "Various Hands."

Thanking you in anticipation,

HERBERT H. ELVIN,
 General Secretary.

194-200, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.
 March 12th, 1912.

OF SUFFRAGETTES AND OTHERS.

I.

These for the love of Freedom hazard all:
 They condescend to hatred: they deny
 All they have learnt of womanhood: they try,
 Shuddering, the ugly tools of the arsenal
 Of violence, if so they may appal
 Our world, beholding with a startled eye
 How all its vaunted justice twists awry
 And makes of gentleness a criminal.
 They hazard all for freedom—it may be
 Fondly, but yet they hazard all for that:
 While in our prudent comfortable way
 We shake our heads, "Thank God, we are not as
 they
 Who give their honour to be hooted at
 And pawn their souls to purchase liberty!"

II.

And also, for the love of Freedom, we,
 Abandoning obedience, hazarding
 Our souls on every stroke of the struggle, fling
 Challenges to whatever power may be
 Betwixt the spirit of man and Liberty.
 Nay, whatever the sacred-seeming thing
 Bidding us or forbidding, we must bring
 Among men all the peril of being free:—
 Peril of a liberty that must refuse
 Faith and obedience to any but the Guide
 Of life, its spirit, who with the Absolute
 Ever communes: Freedom that may commute
 This for no easier surety; nor may hide
 Cloistered, and from the world itself excuse.

—HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

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