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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
CREATION AND IMMORTALITY	361	AN INTERPRETATION OF "THE MIRACLE." By Charles J. Whitby, M.D.	372	The Traps of Ignorance	376
HOME By E. H. Visiak	362	A DISCUSSION CIRCLE	373	"Normal and Abnormal"	376
TOPICS OF THE WEEK:		CORRESPONDENCE:		The Love-Child	376
Politics without a Philo- sophy	363	The "Don't Shoot" Pro- secutions	373	Mediocrity and Mr. Ches- terton	376
The Heritage of the Heavens	364	Motherhood and Child- rearing	373	A Criticism	376
SYNDICALISM. By Guy A. Aldred	365	Endowment of Motherhood	374	Superficial Unity and the W.S.P.U.	377
ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BE- ING HUMAN. By William Foss	367	A Socialised Feminism	374	Population and Food	377
"WOMAN ADRIFT." By Rebecca West	368	THE FREEWOMAN and Social Movements	375	The Inculcation of Vege- tarianism	378
THE ENGLISH CRIMINAL. By Donald Campbell	369	Why do we Discuss Sex?	376	Collapse of Malthus	378
		Facilities for Scientific Studies in Sex	376	The Adequacy of the Earth	378
				Food and Population	378
				A Reply to Dr. Drysdale	378

CREATION AND IMMORTALITY.

THE real difference between one and another of us lies in what we consider most worth while. When we shed the trite phrases which habit and convention have led us to assume when we speak of these differences, and shift on to the ground of what we most want, then we are getting to the real distinctions which differentiate human beings grade by grade. A boy wants a knife, an apple-cake, and glass-allies; some woman a beautiful house, social position, beauty, and clothes; some man, money and influence; some artist, to embody a concept; some scholar, knowledge; and some a maddening thirst to live. Somewhere among such "wanters" as these, we can place all the people we know. Such wants comprise all whose desires are, To Be, To Know, To Create, To Do, To Have. Here, in a descending scale of wants, we have a descending grade of human quality. Between the first and the last we have the varying range of qualities which separate a Plato from an Australian aborigine. So we can sort ourselves out. Better still, we can set a goal for our human endeavours. The aimless, hapless running to and from of the Humans, must disturb, distress, the souls of the Angels. Let us only be sure where we are to get; that we shall then arrive, we are never doubting. It is this turning hither and thither in a human maze which has kept us stand-still here.

What then do we want? We want to live; to live for ever; to be. If our eyes are fixed on the furthest goal, we shall pass through the nearer, there is no fear. We shall get, and act, and make,

and know, because of the greater imperative—that we must live. There is in each of us the primal fire, more and less. This more and less we increase and diminish, but the more we have, the greater does it resist the diminishing. This primal fire, this "life," is the essence of being. Before it becomes conscious of itself, it lays firm hold on its dwelling-place by getting and doing; when it is sure of its medium, familiar with the action of its limbs and senses it pivots on itself, pauses in the flow of things, lights up with the effulgence of its own light, and becomes conscious with a flashed "I am I." That flash is the birth of human "being." Self-consciousness is the stamp of the truly human. Before it has arrived, life is sub-human, and after it has completed its round, when self-consciousness rounds on self-consciousness, snatches its own secret, and finds its own centre, human life will have solved the mystery of its own being, and will be fit to pass on beyond the portals of the human. Self-consciousness arrived, it grows with persistent concentration on itself. Each will know his own growth best; perhaps to the ticking of the clock for years in early childhood the accompaniment goes: I . . . Me, I . . . Me, I . . . Me. Perhaps in the snail-paced amble with which one goes to school, there reiterates the secret, I . . . Me, I . . . Me, the birth-song of the human soul. At first self-consciousness fills of itself its own universe, save for a narrow fringe which is the rest of the world. Its central fact is itself, not as an objective interest, but as a pervasive influence.

Contracting as it intensifies, it becomes at length

a single intense spot in the centre of a vast universe. What it has lost in extent, it has gained in activity and penetration. Like a corroding tongue of fire it burns through semblance to touch reality, and becomes a communication cord between appearance and being.

Like swirling waters beating round a pot-hole, mind-force, by its own activity, presses back the confines of the mind-orb, eats into and consumes the indefiniteness which hides reality, and so lays bare to itself another area of the map of reality. So does mind arrive at revelation, and this is the method of increased revelation. Not always with even progression does revelation make itself felt. Dulled with its own labours, exhausted with the biting avidity with which it has attacked the thick-pressing veil which hides the reality, mind has to wait until its own strength is renewed before revelation flashes itself into full consciousness with unexpected illumination. Thus, mind—consciousness—increases its content, and its own power still further to increase it, by circles of activity. First the mind-fire plays round the featureless surface of appearance wherein reality is buried in indefiniteness, and thereby absorbs that indefiniteness and causes the features of reality to stand in relief; then mind, as it were, photographs reality and flashes its impression back upon the core of personal, self-conscious mind; self-conscious mind forthwith conceives it; and, growing big with its own conception, becomes self-impelled, to issue forth in a revelation of reality clothed in terms of matter; this is the form of mind-activity to which we give the term Creative Art. This form of creation on a mental plane is, to an interesting extent, analogous to creation on the physical. On the physical, matter is impregnated with the self-conscious mind-force which is Life; in Art, self-conscious mind impregnates matter, and the result in creation is the poem, a picture, a cathedral, a prophecy. The chief difference between the two processes—and it is the difference which makes the one higher than the other—is in the medium in which travelling occurs. In the lower, which is physical creation, travelling is in the material; in the higher, artistic creation, the travelling is in mind. The same accidents dog the births of both. There are the same miscarriages, the same stillbirths, the same "deaths" of the creator in childbirth. This explains why so many artists die young. The pains, even as the joys, are greater in the higher creation than in the lower. The entire achievement is on a higher plane. The souls which can search out reality, look it in the face, take it into their being, bring it forth in a material medium, and show it to other men in a form which men can understand, are the forerunners of that new creation of beings who shall inhabit this earth, not as men, but as super-men, embodied not in matter but in spirit. And this is the conception which forces the belief that women are down, down, down in the scale of being. This is the belief which encourages us to wean them from their contentment with the perpetuation always and all-time of the merely physical; this explains what we mean when we say life demands from them not merely reproduction but achievement; that in the

kingdom of the mind creation can not be vicarious; why we preach individuality, not as a possible alternative to something else, but as a primal soul-necessity. Someone suggests that it is as great a thing to be the mother of a great artist as to be the artist himself! What a world away from the truth! To confuse a fortuitous impregnation, as far as pre-science of results is concerned, with a self-sought, self-conceived, self-achieved product of the mind, is to our view to make a very fundamental error in the standard of values. The salvation of our souls is not so easy. (Nor, we may point out, is the corresponding damnation). The salvation of our souls has to be wrought within us. If we choose the material way so often trod by women, then, in our own souls we pay, what though we should mother twin-Rembrandts. We are what we are; that and no more, whatever the toll of our sons and daughters may be. If we measure our worth by our possessions, by what we Have, whether wealth or offspring, then on that grade of human achievement we accept our station. If we are too nebulous in mind, too ungirt and unexercised, to tackle reality at first hand, and to face the harshness of truth without parleying, we must be prepared for a long divorce from the knowledge that matters, the knowledge that is behind creation. We must leave to others the creative world, and allow the exploring of that upper region to pass to those who have strength to soar with eyes turned to the sun. We lag behind in the upward thrusting of life, because we do not live intensely enough to overcome the inertia of the "indefiniteness" which surrounds the reality of things, and which yields to nothing save "definiteness" in mind, which is individuality. In individuality we have the affirmation of the separateness of the soul. We want the separate soul, the separate personal life, not through time, but into Eternity. We want personal immortality, and, to our mind, the want is only the reverse side of the instinct which hints we can have it for the winning; that we can win it by that intensification of self-consciousness, that establishing of coherence in mind which we call personality; of a self-recognisable, mental entity so struck through with the distinction we call individuality that it has a "consistency" to enable it to persist through physical dissolution. We speak of Immortals. Perhaps they are immortal, not because of the works they have left, but because of the powers they possessed which enabled them to produce them. So is the human soul provided with an ultimate goal; a goal worthy of endeavour, we believe.

HOME.

There's nought in life so strong and grand
As the love of a man for his motherland:
And what enchanted climes he roam,
The stars in their courses will draw him home.

And when he sails death's unknown seas,
His soul shall sing with memories;
And faery flowers shall wreath the foam:
The ships of heaven are all bound home.

And those adventurers of the soul,
Though they should pass the frozen pole,
Must inevitably be come,
Northward or southward, rounding home.

E. H. VISIAK.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Politics without a Philosophy.

IT was Disraeli, we think, who said that in times of unrest we should feed the poor and hang the agitator. It was, doubtless, his little joke, but the present Government seem to have taken it seriously.

He should have added, "and destroy the Government which does it." The present Government is forgetting that the poor forget the loaves and soup and remember only that the Government used their power to silence the lovers of the poor. There is some evidence, however, in the reply of Sir Rufus Isaacs to Mr. Lansbury on Monday night that members of the Government are getting a little uneasy about the present and future effects of their terrorism. The Attorney-General "took full responsibility" for the prosecution of the editor and printers of the *Syndicalist*, of Mr. Crowsley, and Mr. Tom Mann. "The prosecution is not at the instigation of the Government . . . the person responsible for the authorisation is myself, and what I have done is done simply in the ordinary course of my duty." This is slender and subtle, but it is perhaps the best the Attorney-General (who, we point out, not for the first time, draws a "minimum" of £7,000 a year—fees extra) could do for the Government of which he is a member. We must suppose that he never conferred with his colleagues upon the matter, but that they awoke one fine morning and were very much surprised to learn that such prosecutions had taken place. Well, well!

We wonder what notice is to be taken of the conduct of the Recorder at the Old Bailey, Sir Forrest Fulton. We wonder how long these paid servants of the law are to be permitted to regard themselves as above the law, and justice as something which they dole out to the public as a charity. The administration of justice in England is fast becoming a farce because of the unlimited insolence of the law servants, who preside over scales weighted with bias and a Peeping Justice. Sir Rufus Isaacs said on Monday that "it was altogether wrong" to think that "these men were being prosecuted because they held Syndicalist opinions. He had never thought of prosecuting anyone for advocating Syndicalist opinions. A man was entitled to express such views." What, then, has Sir Rufus Isaacs to say to Sir Forrest Fulton, who, at the Old Bailey, in charging the Grand Jury, did so in a statement which contained these words:—

"Many of you who might not have known a month ago what Syndicalism means probably know by now what it is, as it has occupied a prominent position. It is a diabolical system invented by somebody or other for the purpose of promoting a general strike, and apparently to establish a Socialistic Republic. It means striking in one trade and inducing workmen in other trades to strike. This organ is called the *Syndicalist*."

This practice of allowing paid servants of the Crown a free platform in the law courts, and permitting any old brew of opinion made up of ignorance, class rancour, and bias to be thrust upon a situation which involves the imprisonment or liberty of individuals, is very rapidly bringing a dangerous but merited contempt upon an entire judicial system. We have in our midst at this moment a man with a sentence of death hanging over him for a crime totally unproved and based upon circumstantial evidence which the Attorney-General unearthed by a cross-examination as malignant and bent upon conviction as though he

held a poor insurance agent's-commission on the job. The Judge was deeply moved.

"'I weep for you,' the Walrus said;
'I deeply sympathise,'"

he might have said, and thereupon sentenced the man to death upon circumstantial evidence which, if it proved anything (which it did not), proved that another person who was acquitted was the guiltier of the two.

O, Justice! *Que de crimes on commet en ton nom!*

Doubtless owing to our unquenchable faith in the human kind (we have faith in Mr. Lloyd George), we feel the stirrings of a faint reviving faith in the Parliamentary Labour party. This is because of Mr. Lansbury. The spirit in which he has conducted his crusade on behalf of free speech is worthy of all praise. We publish a letter from Mr. Lansbury, and we hope that the appeal which it contains for subscriptions will find a response. We do agree, however, with a contributor who writes for us this week on "Syndicalism" (Mr. Aldred) when he says that in such cases the accused should conduct their own defence. They are defending a human right, not a merely legal one, and it is the human defence which should go forth as their essential defence. Their *primary* concern is not that they should be acquitted, but that their claim should reach the public in its pure form. Otherwise they are driven into a false position. Sir Frederic Low, for instance, for the defence, pleaded that the indictment be quashed on the ground that it did not specify any particular soldier. This may have weight, legally and technically, but, humanly speaking, it is trivial. Mr. Bowman undoubtedly meant some, all, or any soldiers. Again, the accused pleaded "Not guilty," but surely they were guilty, and were proud to be guilty. Guilty of what? Of asking soldiers not to shoot down men who were struggling heroically to establish the elementary human rights of living? Who would truly plead "Not guilty" to such a charge? Very few, we hope. Pleading guilty, they could have explained why they incurred their "guilt," and make its public justification, so drawing the good which always accrues from the apparent evil of these stupid and panic-stricken prosecutions. How Mr. Mann and Mr. Bowman must be chuckling over the brilliant advertisement which the prosecutions have enabled them to give to their theories. It is not every day in the week that a Government makes such a goat of itself. When these opportunities come, then, they should be made the most of. What the sentence may be surely does not matter much to the accused. For the impertinence of hard labour, let these men retort with the hunger-strike, and leave it to the imagination of millions of outraged workmen to tolerate the notion of Mr. Tom Mann, for instance, being subjected to forcible feeding. This sheer and utter defiance in defence of a principle is one priceless thing which men may well learn from women's fight for freedom.

Also, is it not yet possible gently to break the news to democrats what democracy entails? Would it quite craze their intelligence if it were just hinted that the Government of All by Everybody finally works out as the Government of Nobody by Anybody? That it results in multitudinous Kingdoms of One? That it results in Anarchy, in fact? Why, then, should Mr. Lansbury have hedged when the Attorney-General dramatically turned on

him with a tone suggesting impossibility: "Would he have Anarchy?"

We put it to thinking people that, in affirming Free Institutions, Free Speech, Free Press, Free Labour, they *are* affirming Anarchy. Let us get the idea behind the threadbare phrases we use, and we shall see better where we are getting. Every politician's creed is a danger until it can repeat its underlying philosophy. A man wandering in a strange country without a guide is as likely to wander to the edge of the precipice as on to a high road.

On what considerations are *we* relying when we say we do not fear Anarchy? In the first place, on the fundamental goodwill of men. This is strong, and the more you rely on it the stronger it becomes. If it were plainly stated that the military were not to be called out, and that the responsibility for guarding life rested on the men, life would be safe. The occasional hooligan, who, though rare among the working class, is nevertheless present, must be looked after by his more responsible fellows. He can easily be held in by the collar when responsible men are not being goaded into irresponsibility by the insulting presence of an armed force (or by the threat of such presence) in their midst. The Ministers who send the military to disturbed centres are deliberately provoking an irresponsible spirit in the men. There is a call to irresponsibility in indiscriminate retribution, and shooting on a mob must of necessity be indiscriminate.

If we consider the specific case of disturbances which might arise from picketing. As a rule the men will jibe and hoot, but they rarely strike out at the worker. A policeman with ordinary tact can keep order, especially when the men know that they are being *trusted* to keep order. The working man has a deep-seated sense of honour which men in higher stations do not seem so familiar with. The working man is so accustomed to "earning what he eats," so to speak, that for trust he accepts responsibility. Anything which breaks through this attribute, which has become so strong as to be instinctive, must be a concern of such vital import that it is raised above all considerations of law, order, safety, or fear. The men, moved to such a pitch, would do as much if there were a whole army present, and a great deal more. It is then a fight to a finish, and the grievance must either be removed or they must be allowed to fight it out. A third fighting element intervening does no good, and does much harm. Bombastic talk about maintaining order is the mere babble of people who do not understand the issues. Conditions having caused disorder, no one can maintain it. Order is an inward thing, and not an outward. In such a case there is one choice of alternatives: on the one hand, the removal of the cause; on the other, Civil War. Some people prefer the first; some prefer the second. But let us be honest, and describe courses by their accurate names.

The Heritage of the Heavens.

It is very little in a material way we are heir to. Nothing, practically speaking, in this life. To get our six feet of earth we have to pass on into the next. Here, to all save, perhaps, two in a hundred, there is toil, ugliness, sameness, privation, and a few little joys we make for ourselves. Jewels, soft fabrics, choice scents, rare fruits, great music, vivid colour, all these for us in the multitude do not exist. The gardens, the houses, the palaces, even the workshops are the heritage of the few, and it is not the least offence of the industrial world which a past century has evolved here that simple-seeming matter like smoke from chimney-pots

should have blackened the fair face of the heavens, and filched its beauty from the lives of the multitude. Who can calculate the untold loss in pleasure and consequent vitality which the dwellers in the great industrial cities, towns, villages, and hamlets have suffered by the interpolation of a never faltering pall of smoke between them and the moving panorama of the sky. There is something in the pale drab, all-enveloping smoke-layer which causes the barometer of the spirit to sink to its lowest. The very expression of the face is altered in the streets of certain towns which add so enormously to the wealth of Lancashire and the Black Country. The brows contract; the muscles of the cheek relax; the feet lag; the laying-on of the black cap crushes out one's very life, until one gets *used to it*, as one would say in euphemistic style.

And not only does the pall have its psychological effect; we breathe and eat the stuff. Slow poison, in fact. We are, moreover, daubed with it. We all look half-washed—another euphemism. It permeates our clothes, turns our few brave colours a pathetic drab; and after a few brave spurts in youth we start off on drab, or black, or brown, because, forsooth, such "keep clean longer."

Being responsible for the ugliness, it is responsible for half the crime. Set in it, the brightness of a gin-tavern looks like heaven, as many a slum settlement worker must confess if she speaks the intimate truth. It is not so much dismay at the girl who has failed to turn in "home" on Saturday afternoons, and who is dragged out drunk from a tavern, as dismay at the thought that there is attraction for oneself in the escape from the gloom outside into the brightness within. There must be little fastidiousness abroad for us to have put up with it so long. Perhaps the compensation of occasional sunsets, with their gorgeous, abandonedly beautiful colour, may be a cause. More likely, though, it is our heedlessness, our lack of thirst for beauty, our painfully strong capacity for "mucking" along which accounts for it. However that may be, we can all now be cheerful. The endeavours of, and the hopes of better things held out by, the Smoke Abatement Society, which is now holding its annual exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, puts into us a revived sense of brotherliness towards all men. When all these wandering pestilential smuts which haunt the air have been removed, we shall see one another clearer, and feel in better spirit to tell each other more clearly what we think of him and her. We shall then be able to meet a coal-owner, for instance, and with less fear of choking with our own emotions tell him that we think he is a dunderheaded wastrel for having squandered by his wasteful, unscientific methods of working the nation's mines, the stores of energy which must remain the life-feeders of these islands, and of which he for too long has been permitted to be trustee. That is a cheering prospect.

We shall be able to point out to the excellent ladies who are laboriously building up a scheme in the University of London, to confer degrees on young women for cleaning grates, that all the grates have been scrapped for old iron, and that the people outside are using electric radiators and electric enamel cookers. We shall then request the male part of the population to desist from wearing garments of hues sad enough to depress balloons, and we shall all begin to revive with the sense for brightness and colour which was once the faculty of all, but which is now rapidly becoming one observable only in infants of tender years. Well, then, let us, morning and evening, renew our vows to assist in the work of the Smoke Abatement Society, for that way the Heavens lie!

Syndicalism.

THE recent arrests of Tom Mann and Crowley, and the monstrous sentences passed on Guy Bowman and Buck brothers, have directed attention to Syndicalist propaganda, of which the now famous appeal to the military was only a phase. Consequently, it is my intention, in the present article, to discuss the whole of which anti-militarism was but a part, after having said a few words about the Bowman-Buck case. Though I do not wish to introduce my own trial for sedition into my reflections as a sort of King Charles's head, I cannot help regarding this activity of our Liberal Administration as a vindication, not only of the attitude I adopted on that occasion, but also of the contentions maintained in my article on "Our Prison System," published in these columns for February 22nd last. In the course of my exposition of the unconstitutional nature of all prosecutions for seditious libel—an exposition that cannot be impeached from the standpoint of constitutional principles or tradition—I made the following reference in the *Indian Sociologist* for August, 1909, to the clamorous reactionaries and time-servers whose anti-social instincts are the levers that set in motion the ponderous anti-constitutional machinery of political persecution:—

"But we have also laid stress upon the misrepresentations, prejudices, passions, and ignorance of those whose boast is law and order, whose rule is chaos, and whose temperamental lack of anything like a sense of judicial calm is the basis of their qualification to discriminate between the niceties of seditious libel and the privileges of individual liberty as understood in law."

This statement was subsequently justified by the attitude adopted by Sir Forrest Fulton, the Recorder, who, in charging the Grand Jury to return a true bill against me for sedition, stated that I published "pestilential literature." As a matter of fact, the Recorder has no right to urge such a charge. His duty, like that of the magistrate, is either to direct the throwing out of the case against a defendant, or else to urge that there is a case to go to the properly constituted judge and jury. Yet it is left to men of his temperament to sit in judgment upon persons charged with seditious libel. In the Bowman-Buck case this same worthy Recorder distinguished himself by delivering a violent and ignorant attack upon Syndicalism in his charge to the Grand Jury, although the defendants were not charged with Syndicalism (which, by the way, is not yet a *crime*), but only with a specific offence, viz., incitement to mutiny, which is a question of fact and not of theory. Was I not justified, then, when I referred to a Government that relied on such men as Fulton, assisted by disgusting "patriotic" clamour of Blumenfeld-edited *Daily Expresses*, as a conspiracy against the Constitution, a despotism flourishing on treason against the liberties of the people? Was I not justified in laying stress upon "the misrepresentations, prejudices, passions, and ignorance of those whose boast is law and order"? And these are our judges, whose clamorous ignorance becomes the precedent for making further judicial inroads upon the liberty of the individual who dares to think, speak truly, and boast some amount of public spirit!

As a matter of fact, however, the present prosecutions of our "Liberal" Government are due to the cowardice exhibited by the so-called revolutionary movement in connection with Indian sedition in 1909. Horsley compromised the right of the free Press with an apology, and suffered four months in the first division. I saw the menace, published the next issue of the *Indian Sociologist* in defiance, thus repeating Horsley's offence, and took twelve months in the first division. *Justice*, "the organ of social democracy," said my attitude "was an ebullition of foolish vanity," and *Freedom*, the "journal of Anarchist Communism" (!), stated that it was a personal matter between the Government and myself! I do not write with any personal bitterness, but with grim reflections at the present consequences of this woeful lack of understanding three years ago. The Government was given a good inch, and it has now taken somewhat more than the proverbial yard. In 1909 it brought out a definition of sedition that belonged to 1818, and a newspaper Act that belonged to 1871. In 1912 it has produced an Act that belongs to 1797, and secured a conviction of hard labour where it only ought to have passed a sentence of first division; and, instead of being met with defiance, it has been met with compromise and complaisance. Every political offender should insist upon defending himself instead of seeking the aid of counsel. Guy Bowman has employed counsel—with what results? There was no defiant plea of justification, no impeachment of governing class terrorism. And with two counsels engaged for the defence, the Government has secured an apology and a total sentence of one year and nine months' hard labour, as against the

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twelve months in the first division and no apology in the case in 1911 to which I have referred. Here, again, we have Tom Mann, the orator of Labour, charged, and he is employing counsel. What a mistake! One man, however, has stood out bold and defiant amongst those accused, Crowsley. One must trust he will defend himself at the Criminal Court as he did at the police court. I extend to him the sincere respect and admiration of one who believes in persistent "ebullitions of foolish vanity," who holds that, in private matters between Governments and defiant upholders of the flag of liberty, is epitomised the struggle between the new order and the old. If only the aroused Socialist movement had seen the force of an insistence on the free Press in 1909, if only it had understood the necessity, if only it had realised that the suppression of the Indian Nationalist Press meant the suppression of the English Proletarian Press, these 1912 prosecutions might never have taken place. The monstrous conviction of Bowman and the Bucks places a premium upon thoughtless murder and senseless obedience. I hold that, if patriotism has any meaning, it should show itself in a devotion of soul that is not opposed to reason, that is enriched by thought, and is not hired out to passive obedience at so much a day. The class laws that murdered Ireland's patriotic genius, Robert Emmet, are laws that consecrate no real principle of patriotism. A soldier that obeys but does not think is a menace to society and the tool of despotism. Not in this journal, but in my own, where I am legally responsible for what I write, I intend to challenge this impertinent governing class claim, and I warn the authorities, not only will I go down with defiance, should I be prosecuted; I also intend to be treated as a political offender, to have the same privileges of writing from gaol as Richard Carlile enjoyed even under a borough-mongering Administration. I care not what energy I may have to expend in the struggle. Which reminds me that the religion of the working class must ere long change from one of sorrow to one of victory. We are brought thus to a direct consideration of the principles of Syndicalism.

In 1909, prior to his return to England from Australia, Tom Mann published an open letter to Trade Unionists on "The Way to Win," in which he anticipates his later Syndicalist propaganda:—

"The weakness of our industrial organisation lies less in the fact that only one-fourth of the workers are organised than in the much more serious fact that those who are organised are not prepared to make common cause with each other. Hitherto we have been content with Trade Unions—meaning unions of skilled workers, supplemented by unions of unskilled workers. But each of these unions has for the most part initiated and as far as possible carried out a policy for itself alone; more recently broadened out somewhat by joining Trade and Labour Federations to secure something in the nature of general help in time of trouble or warfare. Still, the basis of unionism to-day is distinctly sectional and narrow, instead of cosmopolitan and broad-based. In Australia, more particularly, resort to Arbitration Courts and Wages Boards for the settlement of industrial disputes has resulted in settlements being arrived at and agreements entered into by the various unions, binding them not to become actively engaged in any dispute during the period covered by the agreement. Such agreements in themselves absolutely destroy the possibility of class solidarity. Agreements entered into between unions and employers directly—i.e., without the intervention of Arbitration Courts or Wages Boards—are equally detrimental to, and in dead opposition to, working-class solidarity. They, therefore, must be classed as amongst the chief obstructive agencies to general working-class progress. Thus it is clear that to continue entering into binding agreements with employers is to render the unionist movement impotent for achieving our economic freedom."

"If we analyse the justice of this contention we shall understand the methods of Syndicalism as

opposed to those of orthodox Trade Unionism the better. For example, orthodox or craft unionism was responsible for the strike at Vickers and Maxim's works at Erith in 1907. For three months the various unions engaged in these works agitated the question whether they should strike or not. Having agreed to do so, thirteen unions actually came out and four unions remained in work, with the result that Trade Union carpenters knocked up bunks for the blacklegs to sleep in, and Trade Union electricians were willing to supply these same blacklegs with light and power. Again, whenever certain workers are on strike, you will find Trade Union railwaymen willing to convey soldiers and even blacklegs down to the disaffected districts to break the strike. At their lodge and branch meetings these same Trade Union railwaymen will vote funds to help the strikers whom the military are endeavouring to intimidate. Another evidence of the slipshod methods of orthodox Trade Unionism is found in the following gem culled from the monthly report of the General Union of Carpenters and Joiners for August, 1908:—

"Messrs. Lester and Perkins, shipwrights, etc., at the Albert Dock, have been fitting out s.s. *Rohilla* as a troopship. The joiners employed there knew something was wrong, as no rifle racks and tables were put in hand, neither could the firms be located who were making them. At last some of them were delivered, and the secret was out. And lo and behold! the firm was Peacock and Co., Wandsworth Road. We soon waited on Mr. Perkins, and he expressed regret when we gave him the firm's pedigree. And a fine scare we gave him, inasmuch as he has given us a written pledge not to sublet any of his work again. We went to the House of Commons and laid the case before Mr. Wilson, M.P., with the result that he soon had a question down. On Mr. Perkins giving his pledge that he would not let any more, we gave permission to our members to fix the tables, especially seeing that the shipwrights were about finished, and would have only been too ready to take the place of ship joiners."

Here, notwithstanding the Federation of Trade Unions, we find Trade Union fear of Trade Union blacklegging. And incidents and illustrations of this craft union division could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. As opposed to all this, Tom Mann comes forward with the Syndicalist idea of "one big union." This is the same as the Industrial Unionist idea, except that Mann would work through the Trade Unions and the orthodox Industrial Unionist would build up a separate and distinct organisation, with the preamble of the I.W.W.—the Industrial Workers of the World—for its constitution, which runs as follows:—

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organise as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the Trade Unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The Trade Unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the Trade Unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers. These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organisation formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all. Instead of the Conservative motto, 'A fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system.' It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organised, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when

capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organising industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

This industrial organisation means both organisation according to industry and also according to location. It means the whole of the workers in one shop standing shoulder to shoulder in one union. (It is beside the point perhaps to say that I, personally, am not in agreement with this, as I do not see the necessity for the organisation as above outlined. I believe in creating a Socialist proletariat. Without Socialism there can be no solidarity; but given this and certain oppressive conditions, the necessary industrial organisation must arise to perform certain functions of guerilla industrial warfare from time to time, until the last rising of Labour shall take place. Until then, propaganda is really all that can be done and all that workers can come together for.) To proceed, however, with the outlining of the principles of Syndicalism.

In America, where the I.W.W. exists and wages strikes are on an industry basis, it is vigorously opposed to the Trade Union federation known as the American Federation of Labour. In England, where no I.W.W. exists, Tom Mann has been trying to bring the Trade Unions into Industrial combinations, and to this endeavour he has given the term Syndicalism. Briefly, then, Syndicalism is a method of propaganda, aiming at the education of the proletariat through action, despising Parliamentary action, and seeking, through industrial effort, to parley with capitalism on the road to the establishment of the Socialist Commonwealth. It entails social expropriation and relies on the general social strike. Its last words and its first words are: "He who controls the shop controls society. Workers, control the shop!"

In this connection, one might say that while believing in revolution, in industrial solidarity, in social expropriation, one need not believe in Parliamentary efficacy. One may believe that the workers' power lies on the industrial plane, but need not wax enthusiastic over strikes that no more remedy real conditions than would legislative proposals. I personally cannot whittle down Socialism to a mere capitalistic reform. I feel there is much in mere strike agitation that is up against real revolution. Be that as it may, I do not think I can better interpret the aims of Syndicalism than by quoting the following extract from the *Syndicalist Railwayman* (edited by Guy Bowman) for November, 1911:—

"The workers employed in each separate industry must be organised in such a way that they form a complete and self-acting and self-governing group; the several different industrial groups in the country may then be linked up in a federated union; and these, again, linked up internationally with the working-class organisations of other countries, will not only be capable of carrying to finality the present conflict with international capitalism, but will also provide the necessary structure for the reorganisation of production upon the basis of a free and equal association of the producers. That is the direction to which developments are unconsciously tending, and it is in that direction that we must consciously devote our efforts if we wish for an early solution of our labour and social problems and ultimate emancipation from all forms of slavery."

Such, then, is the nature of the Syndicalist propaganda which the recent prosecutions have brought into prominence, and whose exponents have just been struck down as the representatives of working-class aspirations and upholders of the rights of federal combination. It would be wholly in accordance with the principles of Syndicalism for the workers engaged in different industries to declare a general strike until the prisoners are released.

GUY A. ALDRED.

On the Importance of Being Human.

KROPOTKIN relates how an aristocratic Russian lady, seeing the joy of the serfs on their emancipation, remarked, "How extraordinary! They can feel just the same as we can!" That, it will be said, is the remark of a fool; true, but it was a terrific moment in that woman's life. She had suddenly become Human. And fool as she probably was, by that remark she reached a higher stage than do most people to-day. The first lesson children should be taught is To Be Human. It is the hardest of all. It is admitting that you are own brother to Judas Iscariot. It is a conscious belief in the Equality of Everybody. "Equality is fundamental in every department of social organisation."

How we stand to-day can be gleaned from our newspaper—those damning records for posterity. "The Selfish Strike!" shrieks one. "Billiards and Champagne for Miners!" bellows another. And their editors are wise in their generation. Such arguments carry more weight than any economic ones. This Age sees the triumph of Hannah More—unless we can teach ourselves To Be Human. Never shall I forget the brave shout, on a wind-swept Yorkshire Moor, of as brilliant a woman as I shall ever meet, "Thrift! I hate Thrift!" Why should not working men know the joys of champagne? The question of cost does not arise; no one can afford champagne in a world as economically chaotic as this one.

It is justifiable to oppose Trade Unions from a conviction that they are in no way efficacious as a political or an economic Expedient. It is *not* justifiable to oppose them as a band of inferior poor men, gulled by overpaid agitators, rebelling against the Superior Rich. To be truly English, you *will* choose the latter reason. You will condemn Lloyd George's finance, not on the just ground of incompetence (be you right or wrong) but because he is a "damned little Welsh attorney." You will view those poor devils of Syndicalists as an uneducated Anglican views a Roman Catholic. You will mouth the word "Syndicalism" and "Socialism" as if you knew what they meant. G. K. Chesterton has got to the root of the matter. "Most people only think of the working man when he stops working." If you are Human, there is only one possible attitude to take up about the working classes—Jealousy—Jealousy because they are experiencing a phase of life you can never know: perhaps undergoing emotions you can never achieve. Life is incomplete by the sum of its phases un-lived, its emotions un-felt. Because I am a man I miss one of the greatest things in life—the pains and glory of child birth.

To Be Human is to want to know Everything about Everybody. How often it is said, "The charm of London is that you never know your next-door neighbour"! Therein lies London's damnation. I have as much to learn from my next-door neighbour as he has from me. Every New Person one meets is an Undiscovered Country, and at heart Everyone is an Explorer. Romance, too, is born by Being Human. Art is the intellectual application of the facts of life. No art is possible without experience. One must seek to find out Everything about Everybody. Why have men fought for centuries round the Doctrine of Transubstantiation? What is there fundamental about the validity of the Anglican Orders? What is Love? Why does not everyone have equal chances in life?

And, for my part, I should like to know, for in-

stance, the Sexual Experience of Everybody. The autobiographical accounts collected by Havelock Ellis and Iwan Bloch are truly a revelation. I want to get at the point of view of a natural celibate; though, generally speaking, I would rather pick the brains of a prostitute than of the Bishop of London. Usually natural vice is more interesting than conventional virtue. It is difficult to get behind the Mask of Civilisation. I do not even know if my own mother favours monandry or polyandry.

"Economy," says Shaw, "is the art of making the most of life. Vice is waste of life." There is a fit Death Day in each man's life—the day he ceases to Observe. Life viewed aright should be a Glorious Procession to the Grave. No man can march thus alone. He requires the help of every other "amiable sinner endowed with a crown, a wig, a purse, a truncheon, or some dirt." Acclaim him the Greatest who has the most perfect knowledge of Other People. To that man every man is his equal. He is Human. To everyone the Crowd is like the Past—it is either Dead or Immortal. Everyone can make what they choose.

WILLIAM FOSS.

"Woman Adrift."*

MR. HAROLD OWEN is a natural slave, having no conception of liberty nor any use for it. So, as a Freewoman, I review his anti-feminist thesis, "Woman Adrift," with chivalrous reluctance, feeling that a steam-engine ought not to crush a butterfly.

"Woman Adrift" is a respectable piece of journalism, illuminated towards the end by those passages of meteoric brilliance which occur on p. 230, pp. 291-6 and 301-3, which starts out to prove that men are the salt of the earth, and women either their wives or refuse. . . . "Woman is wholly superfluous to the State save as a bearer of children and a nursing mother." There is a kind of humour in the way these things work out. Just as Napoleon proved in his latter end that no man dare be a despot, so Mr. Owen finishes by showing that all men are fools and a great many of them something worse.

It would be unchivalrous, and might tend to increase arrogance among women were I to describe Mr. Owen's loose thinking and arbitrary judgment. So we will pass over his arguments in favour of his conclusions. Two examples will suffice to show how he arrives at these. He attempts to quash the argument that a woman ought to have a vote because she pays taxes by stating that in return for her taxes she is a "citizeness"—which sounds like something odd out of a menagerie—and that anyway John Hampden was an M.P. And in a chapter entitled "Superfluous Woman," which ought to stand for all time as an example of the impudence sex-privilege may engender in the most insignificant male, he is obviously upset by the fact that two women really have attained to the first rank of scientific eminence. So this is how he turns it off: before these women can receive any credit, "it will be necessary to prove that the *collaborated* discovery made by Madame Curie, and the original researches of Mrs. Ayrton would not have been made by a man, if not thereabout, then very shortly after."

I trust this pernicious principle will not be generally adopted. Particularly in the literary world. I shall be ruined if, when I complete my monograph on "The Possibilities of Polygamy in

* "Woman Adrift." By Harold Owen. 6s. (Stanley Paul and Co.)

the South-Eastern Suburbs of London," my publisher accepts it, but declines to pay me until I can prove that Mrs. Humphry Ward would not have written it, if not thereabout, then very shortly after.

But when I said that this book proved the worthlessness of men, I was not arguing from the particular to the general. It is a fact that his conclusions result logically to the discredit of men. He begins by describing the average man as a "big, powerful man, all brain and muscle, and not only the governing spirit in the home, but the breadwinner outside it": a combination of Jack Johnson, Mr. Gladstone, and Shakespeare; of such immense wage-earning powers that he can support all his unmarried female relatives as well as his children and wife (or wives, as the fine fellow may choose); of such delicate moral perceptions and universal experience that he is the wise arbiter of all these destinies.

And he leaves one wondering whether one can safely lend an umbrella to one's uncle.

To take up one of these conclusions by which Mr. Owen damns his own sex, one should turn to Chapter XIII., in which he argues that women should not be enfranchised because the administrators of the law deal leniently with women criminals. In support of this assertion he brings forward a few cases in which women appear to have been treated gently on account of their sex, and one case in which a woman received a much lighter sentence than her male partner in guilt. It would be easy to prove that such is not the general rule by citing the opinion of greater legal authorities than Mr. Owen. But that would spoil the fun. So let us concede him his point. This amounts to an admission that men prefer bad women. For in no other branch of industry but crime do women receive preferential treatment. And the tenderness of the administrators of the law does not extend to women when they are the victims of crime: witness the overwhelming number of cases in which sympathetic judges sentence men to trivial terms of imprisonment, varying from a fortnight to three months, for the most barbarous crimes against women and girls. I present Mr. Owen with the further evidence that the female officials of institutions governed by men are often remarkable for hardness and brutality, and that the circulating libraries are full of the biographies of courtesans and murderesses written by men for men.

Now, consider the appalling results of the recognition of this principle, if all we brazen hussies who are Suffragettes and Feminists became converted to Mr. Owen's belief that every woman ought to throw up her economic independence, and get some man to keep her! Think of us rushing about, trying with all that vitality we are at present misdirecting in clawing policemen and wrecking the home to attract men whom we knew did not value goodness in a woman! We *will* paint the town red. And it will be Mr. Owen's fault.

Again, Mr. Owen gives his sex away in the course of his remarks on Mill's "The Subjection of Women." He quotes a passage in which Mill pleads that the higher education will increase domestic happiness by creating a community of interests between men and women, and he triumphantly points out that after fifty years of the higher education, women have begun to turn their backs on marriage. How naïve, how frank! If I belonged to a sex that was so transparently undesirable, that after only fifty years of the higher education women recoil from it in aversion, I should bury myself tidily in quicklime.

But why do women sometimes turn away from marriage in aversion? Mr. Owen again obliges.

It appears that men are hogs. This is not my own belief, it is Mr. Owen's. In Chapter XII. he sets forth with enthusiasm that men have no sense of decency in conduct, that they are even as beasts of the field, and that unimaginative debauchery—"bodily unfaithfulness . . . rather than spiritual unfaithfulness"—comes natural to them. "If a wife is unfaithful to her husband, a bigger revolution takes place in her moral nature than may take place in the moral nature of her husband." In other words, a man is always more of a hog than is a woman.

Ugh! Men aren't like this—brawny and immoral prigs, with their swelled heads up in the clouds and their feet firmly planted in the gutter! Some men are clean, wholesome beings that can stand on their merits as human beings, and can lay aside the armour of their sex-privileges with an easy mind! Yet . . . this book will stir up many doubts. Many a loving wife will lay aside "Woman Adrift" and wait in fear and trembling for her husband—to feel him for those enormous biceps, to look in his face for any signs of swinishness, to listen for those words of beneficent advice and confounded interference which Mr. Owen regards as man's chief gift to woman. Thank God, she will be disappointed. Or a man-provoked sex war would be upon us.

It is interesting in this connection to contrast Mr. Owen's stealthy attack on his own sex with the loyal and friendly attitude towards men shown in his quotations from THE FREEWOMAN (alluded to above) on p. 230, pp. 291-6, and 301-3.

And I think that this is an occasion to remind all men, as well as Mr. Owen, that a time has come when their work must have some value beside the sex-privilege of the worker. I believe that the ordinary thing to do would be to compliment Mr. Owen on his sincerity; but sincerity is an easy thing for one who labours in a vainglorious cause. Deprived of this merit, the book has few others, for it is ill-informed and loosely reasoned. I say this in all kindness, because I believe Mr. Owen might do better work if he did not waste his time pluming himself on being of the same sex as Shakespeare.

REBECCA WEST.

The English Criminal.

THE cleverest of those who dabble in the 'ologies are liable to lose their sense of proportion. This has happened with the large majority of those scientists who have followed in the steps of the late Cesare Lombroso, himself one of the most brilliant and, at the same time, one of the most credulous men of the last century.

Lombroso and his disciples, doctors, learned professors who haunted the underworlds of cities and passed laborious days and nights interrogating and observing prisoners and unfortunates, lost their sense of proportion. They forgot that the "criminal" problem is one of the great problems that have to be dealt with by every one of us ordinary people.

It is the question of Good and Evil.

The scientists have grown involved. They have written about classes, categories, and subtle divisions, yet their doctrines, resolved to the simplest possible expression, come to this:—

That the criminal is either a moral defective or a moral delinquent.

Each nation has its own type of criminal, part of its local colour, as an artist might say, and there are certain fundamental truths which apply to the thieves of all countries; but the English offender

differs very much from the grim, humorous American or the sinister Latin.

Just as the Cour de Miracles of mediæval Paris concentrated and gave precedents to the French underworld, so did old Alsatia, and especially Seven Dials and Drury Lane, form tradition for our home talent. What our thieves may lack in romance and colour they have made up for in originality. The word "pickpocket" is understood all over the Continent. Is not this a proof of the ability of the dishonest English classes?

Judging by the records handed down to us, the English thief has not changed much during the last 200 years.

Just as the old Bow Street runners have left their mark on the present Criminal Investigation Department, so have the gay "hooks" of old Drury, the frequenters of the night houses and gaming hells of Seven Dials, handed down traditions to their descendants of the twentieth century.

Jack Sheppard is still the beau ideal of the ordinary English thief. Gay, debonair, plundering the rich and the fat citizens who ate large dinners but lacked a sense of humour, earning, or rather procuring, moneys easily, spending them more easily, having a system of information partly on account of his very generosity, fearless, even to the point of openly stating his plans and habits to an informer and then daring him to act—this is your flash thief of tradition, and there are many even in these prosaic times who strive to reach this standard and emulate the underworld heroes of times gone by.

Yet the professional thief would be the first to sneer at the idea of romance entering into his life. Perhaps this is one of the reasons that he IS a thief. Yet a good "gun" loves a spice of risk, though he might deny it; will use his fists and disdain to carry

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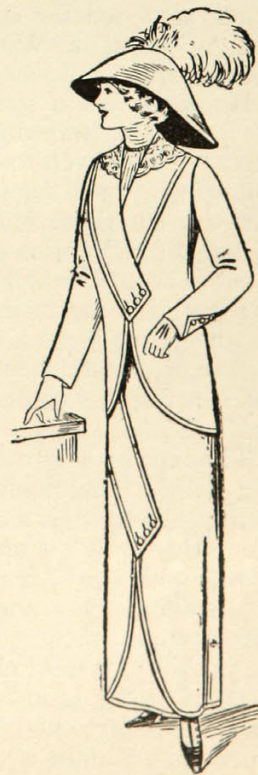
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a revolver, although, since the Houndsditch affair, the East End gangs have taken to carrying weapons, because there has been bad blood between the English and the alien "mobs."

This little fact shows the whole difference between the English thief and his colleagues from Russia, Germany, or Italy. Even in stealing the Englishman would rather be a sportsman than not. It is typical of the nation that their thieves should adventure life and liberty without weapons. Sportsmanship, love of compromise, love of order (unconscious), call it what you will, but it is there nevertheless, and the Continental authorities have always been puzzled when dealing with the English criminal problem on this account.

A good thief in this island never kills. Here is where he differs from the Latin or the Slav. Nor does he dabble in the White Slave trade. Concerning this last traffic, it is good to know that few men of English blood are engaged in it, though London is considered to be the headquarters of the exportation system. Mr. Edward Noble, in his powerful novel "Chains," tells of this, and the conference held by Jewish societies in this city not so very long ago is another proof.

In every large city there is an underworld with its panders, but when an Englishman comes to this stage he is inevitably an ignorant and very inferior thief who cannot make a living even on the race-tracks. He would not have the evil wisdom to make money by the importation and exportation of moral unfortunates, however.

Our criminal classes are drawn from two sources: those unfortunates who are brought up among criminals or who have certain mental weaknesses, and those who are tempted and who are not strong enough to resist.

In the first category are coiners, pickpockets, and what might be termed "routine" thieves. The second class produces occasional "stars" of the underworld, men of education and worldly experience who go in for high-grade confidence trickery. It also produces the poor devils who embezzle or who are used by wiser "heads" to do something that will procure dishonest gain, and who suffer while the instigator reaps the benefit. This was the case with the Liverpool bank clerk who died in prison a year or two ago while serving out a seven years' sentence for stealing from his bank at the instigation of a West End gang, headed by an American.

Hogarth was a great criminologist. He knew the people he was drawing, and his "Rake's Progress" is true even to-day. Take, for example, the following typical example of a boy who "goes on the edge" in these civilised times. He is a street-corner "nut" endowed with a certain amount of intelligence. He has learnt how to read and write, has gambled for farthings when a very small boy, has been present at those happy gatherings held by broad-minded people of vague neighbourhoods when a friend "comes out" after having "done a bit."

The boy, as he grows older, is turned out to work, in a half-hearted manner. He may secure employment; then there is a chance for him, but usually he promptly throws it up or is dismissed. He hangs about with the "bunch." He knows the minor bookmakers, runs and touts for them, learns the first elements of the gentle art of getting something for nothing by mild cheating.

Then he "gets in" with a "mob" and learns to steal. His first exercise may be the snatching of a drunkard's watch or purse. He stations himself near a public-house at closing time, goes into the bar perhaps, enters into conversation with his

intended "mark" or victim, offers to show him interesting sights or to steer him to a place where drink is procurable after hours. If the boy be clever, there is no need for rough work. He then graduates as a full-blown member of a "dip-mob" or pickpocket gang; and is instructed in the subtle science of "raising a poke" or securing other people's pocket-books and purses. At first he is a stall, engages his victim's attention, falls against him or does some trick which enables the artist of the gang to operate. In a pickpocket gang of five there is rarely more than one actual picker. A really smart lad who gets some money together, and can afford to buy clothes and look respectable, has quite a career before him if he be quick and resourceful. But he has to be careful even of his associates. The inexperienced member of a gang is generally the one to be arrested. Honour among thieves, like many of the old proverbs, is a fallacy. The old-timer who is soured by periods of imprisonment, and sees that he is losing his ability, uses the "sucker-crook"—to use a very ugly but expressive term—uses him and leaves him to pay the price.

This is apparent to any reader of police and criminal court proceedings. This treachery also accounts for the fact that the "criminal" bar does not rally to one another's support when face to face with the law, and herein do they differ from American and Continental criminals.

There is a reason for this. England is the happy hunting-ground of the "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, and the "fence" always likes to dominate those who serve him. It would not suit his purpose to have his instruments band together. They might then produce a leader, a master criminal who would dispose of their plunder at better rates than the "fence" cares to give.

If the Criminal Investigation Department would give more attention to the receivers of stolen property there would not be as much crime in English cities as there is to-day. Goron, former head of the Paris Sûreté, said this in his memoirs, and facts bear out his statement. In many big jewel robberies the police know where the stolen property has gone, or, rather, to whom it has gone, but cannot get to the man in time.

G. R. Sims, who knows his London and its shady side well, tells of a receiver the police have been endeavouring to catch for the past twenty-five years. There are many people who know whom "Dagonet" means. The C.I.D. do naturally, but there are scores of newspaper men who do so also.

The thief who is born a thief lacks foresight and imagination. This is the case even among the half-Irish breed of Liverpool and Birmingham and the curious half-Romany type that hails from Battersea and certain parts of the southern counties.

The thief is lazy in a physio-social sense. He is gregarious, must mix with the "mob," and it is this last instinct that so often proves his downfall.

Three-quarters of the arrests made by the Criminal Investigation Department are "from information received," and the spy system obtains quite as thoroughly in London as in Continental cities, although it is less obtrusive.

Take the example of my friend Ninety. Ninety is now "going straight," but in the halcyon days, when he came down from Birmingham because an unsympathetic police force wanted to look him up, he was the most systematic, matter-of-fact little pickpocket who ever "snatched a poke" on a race-track or hustled a prosperous bourgeois at a professional football match.

He plied outside Olympia during the big boxing contests, and consulted the diary of the day's events

as thoroughly as the news editor of any up-to-date daily paper. He was quite honest with his companions in iniquity, but suspicious until they had been tried in the fire of adversity. He claimed that he was safe in certain districts because he "had the coppers fixed," and made startling statements about the race-track and race-train police. Like most thieves, he bore little animosity to the policeman or detective who performed his duty honestly, but would willingly have "done in" a "nark" or informer.

Ninety was absolutely bourgeois in his sentiments. Like all true thieves and bona robas, his great idea in life was to appear, and ultimately to become, a prosperous citizen. He used to play shilling faro off the Commercial Road, and his dealings with women were in no way different to those adopted by men in better social position.

He would not "work" with Americans or Australians or women, and hated the Jews cordially. This was probably because they interfered with his business. His gang clashed several times with a "Sheeny mob," and he went down one night to find the leader and to beat him. Ninety nearly landed up in hospital as a result of this expedition.

Your underworld character always sneers at the respectable. This, in the beginning, is a sign of the inward and spiritual contempt any wise "hook" feels for a "can," "mark," or "sucker," but when the thief is past his thirties he has achieved some wisdom, and begins to envy his law-abiding brethren.

Quetelet, the French philosopher, said that there was one budget paid with greater promptitude and accuracy than any others, and this was the budget of the prison and the gallows. And the "crook" knows it. Even in England, where he comes from poor parents, and rarely indulges in much education, he is progressing with the rest of the community, and can see that "the end of it's sittin' and thinkin' and dreamin' hell-fires to see."

To deal satisfactorily with the criminal problem in England, we do not want people who live by the law alone, not even the learned gentlemen who look solemnly from the raised desks of his Majesty's courts. Wise, sympathetic men of firm character who have lived in the underworld and survived its searing fires, doctors who have observed as well as passed examinations, men of well-balanced minds who have had to deal professionally with the criminal classes—a board of men like these would be far more efficient in dealing with offenders than a judge bound by formidable precedent and dignity.

Mr. Winston Churchill has brought to this question all the vigorous intelligence for which he has been already noted, but his reforms, however efficient they might prove, have only to do with prisons, whereas the reforms necessary have to do with the homes.

The problem of the woman offender is one that no mere man could tackle without expert feminine advice.

Mrs. How Martyn, president of the Women's Freedom League, told the present writer of the gaol horror that comes on a woman when she is imprisoned for the first time. John Galsworthy, in *Justice*, depicts this horror, and any convict will tell you that the gloom of imprisonment is increased by the monotonously regular clanging of cell doors and the echoes thereof which take place every evening at a stated time.

The criminal has always this to face, so no wonder he calls his occupation a "game." It is, indeed, more of a gamble than most trades—a game that is played with loaded dice, for the thief has no friends. Even his receivers round on him when they think

he knows too much. His women give him away out of jealousy. Once he has "done a stretch," the help he finds to procure him honest work is ludicrous. Did any self-respecting "crook" ever enter a Church Army home? These homes and dividend-paying charities are very good for the sporadic offender or the weak-willed person who has given way to a sudden desire and paid the price, and who is not "in with a mob," and who would never have the brains to raise himself above a lowly standard in everyday life.

No thief goes on stealing for the love of stealing. Directly he sees a method of earning a living without running foul of the law, he sets out to earn that living, unless he has strayed out of his category and gone weak morally by drinks, drugs, or other vices.

There are, of course, "rat thieves," those who steal from their own friends and would take pennies away from a child on the street if they got the opportunity; men who are looked down upon by their fellows, but who are in less danger of losing their liberty than the more open "crook," for it is from this class that the C.I.D. find their "stool pigeons," or informers.

The great evil in England is the receiver. He has more facility for exercising his occupation than anywhere in Europe. He organises, reaps the profits, and betrays.

The police have not time to deal with him. They find it more easy to arrest men who have actually committed offences against the law than to trace the men who inspired and facilitated these offences.

There is one feature in present-day crime which is worthy of consideration. Even the beginner, the first offender, seems to specialise nowadays. There is less casual crime but far more organised thievery.

Sir Robert Anderson talks of the existence of master criminals, Napoleons of the underworld, who organise and move their human pawns, and there has been a public outcry for the organisation of a detective force recruited from educated men. This is a sign of the times. The Criminal Investigation Department is probably the finest official body of its kind, but its members have graduated from the uniformed force, and are practically all known to the "mob."

Unlike the American, the English thief does not advertise. Everybody knows that Adam Worth was the cleverest thief who practised during the past twenty-five years. Pinkerton says so, therefore it must be true. But Worth was an American. He was robbed by his own friends, and died in misery. Now, who knows who the cleverest English thief of the past quarter century was?

There are those who say he is an old man who has amassed a huge sum of money, owns his own houses, and has been arrested on petty charges; but this is probably only part of underworld gossip.

Considering the crowded state of our larger cities, the modern influences that have compelled children to be cooped up within city walls, and yet to be over-educated in certain respects, it is wonderful that we do not produce a larger criminal class. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and the semi-educated, under-physioped, sharp lad is the one who has greater temptation to turn wrong than his fellows.

Father Didon, the great French priest who revolutionised the French school system, preached that a boy should have more attention paid to his physical development than to his mental development up to the age of sixteen, and this had happy effects at his school of Albert-le-Grand at Arcueil.

Our public schools may be behindhand in the modern educational race, but they turn out boys full of high tradition and lusty health.

Reducing one idea of a possible remedy of the criminal problem to its shortest possible expression, it might be a formula of two words—the simple life—that the vice and ignorance bred between the diseased walls of city slums and in the curtained houses of tenderloins and red-light districts might be cured by a reversion to the simple life.

The boy, on the high road to manhood, should not be made into a wolf because his parents were thieves or moral unfortunates. There is nothing more abominable than the "cautious statistical Christianity" usually displayed by philanthropic organisations, let alone the Government, when dealing with an offender against man-made laws.

The sentimentalist will not cure the criminal, but neither will your learned gentleman in wig and gown.

Apart from sweeping reforms, very well might the English Government imitate the French, and make more use of medical specialists in dealing with its criminals.

DONALD CAMPBELL.

An Interpretation of "The Miracle."

THERE is little need for me to swell the chorus of eulogy lavished by the Press on Max Reinhardt's achievement. But having, as in duty bound, seen, heard, and enjoyed "The Miracle," I feel moved to interpret, for my own satisfaction and the entertainment of readers of THE FREEWOMAN, the inner sense of this great symbolic pageant. "Great" I say—and say it advisedly. I have always believed in the pageant idea, and seen in it rather than in the wearisome subtleties of the up-to-date problem play the promise of a true dramatic renaissance. "The Miracle" confirms me in my confidence; only I feel that, perhaps, at Olympia the central interest is a little swamped and its poignancy somewhat diluted by the very bigness of the setting. It is one of the besetting sins of modernity to accept mere size as a substitute for a factor of greatness. However, I do not wish to cavil, merely to record my conviction that "The Miracle" would gain in impressiveness by a somewhat more compact and manageable scale of exposition.

Like all products of the higher imagination, "The Miracle" lies open to innumerable interpretations, of which it may be said, as Kipling has said of the methods of the tribal bards, that "every single one of them is right." The inexhaustibility of its symbolism is the criterion of the truth or falsity of every work of art. Tried by this test, "The Miracle" emerges triumphantly: it means all things to all men and women; and I propose to indicate what it has meant to me. But before doing so, a word to those peevishly fastidious individuals, "artists" or dilettanti, who resent all attempts at the explication of æsthetically embodied truth. What Art barely touches, Philosophy fully and consciously grasps: hence the supremacy of the philosophic muse over all her divine sisters. Not, of course, but that the reach of Philosophy must also exceed her grasp, or that the poet may not (or must not) also be a thinker. As Omar sings:

"Up from earth's centre through the seventh gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate."

The opening scene of "The Miracle," in which the Lady Abbess hands over the keys of the Cathedral to the young and beautiful nun who is henceforth to be the guardian of the wonder-working Madonna, symbolises that culmination of the æonic process of celestial ascent and initiation in which the soul becomes ecstatically united with its

own higher principle or true self—the dawn of Nirvanic bliss and illumined contemplation. As the new sacristan prostrates herself before the shrine, so the psychic attributes and potentialities must be surrendered to the controlling and uplifting power of the overshadowing breath or atma. But as we still see the figure of the nun, distinct from that of the Virgin, who is yet *herself*, moving to and fro in the peace of the Cathedral, so we remember that Psyche has been merged, not annihilated; that even the deepest draught of celestial joys will not quench for ever her immortal thirst for the wine of sensuous experience. An eternity of super-temporal meditation may be supposed to have elapsed, when, on the close of the same day, the wizard piping of the Spielmann, mixed with children's voices, is borne in through the now open doors of the Cathedral. The nun's attention is caught by the appeal of an outer world, but fitfully, waywardly, not wilfully or irrevocably. Psyche, in other words, has moved and murmured in her "sleep"; she is dreaming of the earth-life while the nun dances among the children. But it may yet be that her time has not come to awaken—what *we* call awaken! A tremendous issue is trembling in the balance. Suddenly the nun, glancing towards the great portal, meets the intent gaze of a mail-clad knight, whose erect and motionless figure is boldly outlined against the background of the dim landscape—the world that beckons in the lure of the Spielmann's wild piping. At that moment the fabric of her celestial bliss is shattered from base to summit. Eve has tasted the apple; the joys of Paradise are forfeit; the earth-pilgrimage of Psyche is irrevocably ordained. In the dead of night, while the nun is kneeling before the shrine, the summons comes in the form of a knocking upon the great doors of the Cathedral, which the nun wildly but vainly strives to open. Soon they open of themselves; the Knight enters; then is depicted the agony of self-disruption, that cleavage of soul and spirit which is represented by the nun's abandonment of the Sacred Image. The Knight lifts her exhausted body and bears it forth into the darkness: in other words, the soul of man *must* descend into "generation."

"The Madonna comes to life and takes the place of the fugitive nun." Yes, for the true self, so far from having forfeited its divine prerogative by the going forth of its lower faculties, is already deriving from the act of self-exile a harvest of that experience and enlightenment which are the conditions of its growth and vigour. The Madonna assumes the personality and functions of the nun in token that the realisation of the sensuous potentialities of the soul is necessary and right.

I shall not follow Psyche, personified by the renegade nun, through those lurid episodes of the Intermezzo, wherein (as you choose to phrase it) she sinks from depth to depth of degradation or climbs from height to height of initiation. The joy of life, love and freedom, expressed in her first dance on the hillside, is of brief duration. They are surprised; the Knight is killed; and henceforth her beauty becomes a mere chattel, the passive prey of lust and brutality. The poignant pathos of the mock wedding with the King's son is beyond praise; the whole scene breathes the true spirit of mediæval devilry and frankness. By a fine touch of irony the nun is only saved from the supreme degradation of the bed of shame by a father's murder of his own son.

A clinching proof of the legitimacy of my interpretation of this "mystery play" is the behaviour of the Madonna in the final scene. Stumbling

through the snow with her dead child at her breast, the nun reaches the Cathedral and sinks exhausted before the shrine. Once more the image comes to life, and, with a gracious gesture, stoops and takes the nun's "bastard" into her arms. Even thus the fruits of the soul's most bitter and sordid experience are assimilated and turned to divine account by the spirit. It will be remembered that the infant Saviour, symbolising the spiritual harvest of previous incarnations, had been miraculously caught aloft in the first act. The nun, in her frenzy, had just before snatched it from the arms of the Virgin Mother, as if thus to satisfy her newly awakened thirst for experience, and to forestall the decree of exile. In all this one finds a wealth and aptness of symbol that would be amazing but for the previously mentioned fact of its universality in every true poem.

In conclusion, I should like to point out that, although for the purpose of this interpretation I have assumed the validity of certain mystical theories, it may not be taken for granted that I regard these theories as beyond question true. On the other hand, the case for mysticism is no doubt strengthened by every proof of its organic relation to Life or Art.

CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

A Discussion Circle.

IT seems clear from the correspondence in THE FREEWOMAN, and the interest generally aroused by the paper, that a considerable number of people are desirous of a more free and extensive discussion of many of the difficult problems therein broached. To some extent, THE FREEWOMAN has given opportunity for such discussion, but it is impossible, for numerous reasons, to carry discussion very far in the columns of a weekly paper. Many of the readers are now feeling the need of some circle or society at which people could meet and thresh out some few, at least, of the topics already touched upon. In such a way, there would be more chance for carrying discussion on until some conclusions had been reached, and for questioning and answering, things so essential for real discussion.

It is proposed, therefore, that any London readers of THE FREEWOMAN who feel interested in the idea of such a discussion circle, shall meet together on Thursday, April 18th, at 8.15, at

The International Suffrage Shop,
15, Adam Street,
Adelphi, Strand, W.C.

All of those present can then help to formulate methods by which the circle (or possibly several circles) can best be carried on, and on what basis it shall be founded.

Already in the Provinces and in Scotland people are anxious to form such associations, and shortly we hope that there will be suggestions from all sides. It is to be hoped that all will come to the meeting on April 18th provided with some suggestions, so that this preliminary meeting may put activities into motion without more delay.

A further notice will be inserted to remind readers of THE FREEWOMAN a little nearer the date of the meeting, and a large gathering is confidently expected.

Miss Barbara Low, Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, and Mr. H. Birnstingl have agreed to act as a preliminary organising committee.

Anyone desiring to hear further on the matter is requested to write to Miss B. Low, c/o THE FREEWOMAN, 9, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Correspondence.

THE "DON'T SHOOT" PROSECUTIONS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—You will have seen in the Press the prosecution of Guy Bowman and the brothers Buck for printing and publishing the leaflet advising soldiers not to fire on men on strike. These prosecutions are being undertaken, it appears to me, in a panic, but it is quite certain that the Government is serious, and intend to push the matter to extremes.

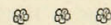
Under these circumstances it is very necessary that public opinion should be aroused throughout the length and breadth of the country. There has been no time to consult with others on the matter, so Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., and myself have undertaken to see that the prisoners are adequately defended. We hope that in a day or two this may be taken out of our hands by the Labour party, the I.L.P., and the B.S.P. together.

In the meantime, however, we must have money for these men's defence, so I make this urgent appeal to all sympathisers to send along small or big subscriptions at once either to myself or Mr. Wedgwood at the House of Commons. It would also be well if at public meetings resolutions of protest were passed and sent to various members of Parliament, the Prime Minister, and others. Any influence we can bring to bear on trade unions, friendly societies, brotherhoods, or any assemblies of men and women will be useful.

Let everyone remember that the offence these men are charged with is simply asking soldiers to refuse to fire on unarmed men and women.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

House of Commons.



MOTHERHOOD AND CHILD-REARING.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Your article in THE FREEWOMAN of March 14th leaves the impression that by "motherhood" you mean the mere bearing of children, whereas their subsequent "mothering" is of equal, if not greater, importance. What mother would willingly acquiesce in the "common arrangements" which you suggest should be made for the child in order that she should return to work immediately after her confinement?

What is required is not, certainly, that mothers should be set free entirely from the necessity of earning their own living, but that they should be enabled (by means of a grant or bonus) to lessen their hours of work, and so take part in the upbringing of their children.

It is true that by incessant work a woman can earn sufficient for the upkeep of one child; but one child is not enough. Children are best reared in small groups, and a mother would not be satisfied with fewer than three. Yet how could she provide for them unaided? Take the case of a professional woman. She is fortunate if, by working seven days a week, she can earn between £250 and £300 a year. If she has children, she must provide for their university and professional education—an almost impossible task. Should such a woman remain childless? Are her children of no value to the State? Well-reared and well-educated young people are a national asset, and to produce them is to produce wealth. Motherhood can never, therefore, be "a purely individual affair."

P. W.

[We should prefer to take these objections in reverse order. Our correspondent, we think, confuses motherhood with child-rearing. The latter can never—or but rarely—be an individual affair. That we have granted. It is the affair of responsible adult human beings, whether these are considered responsible individually, as mothers and fathers, or collectively, as the State.

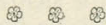
Well-reared and well-educated young people are a national asset, we agree. But why? Surely because they are well fitted for work. A person who is merely splendid and well, and does no work, is to be reckoned on the debit side of a nation's resources. For instance, a healthy, non-working mother who produces half a dozen brilliantly healthy daughters who do no work is a dead weight upon society. This is the reason female children were often destroyed. Though healthy, they were not worth their "keep."

Our opinion is that a woman with £300 a year can very well tackle the situation created by the advent of three children. As to educational facilities, we hold they should all be quite free, and, in a few years' time, when the working classes become even more aware of their value to society, they will be free. In the meantime, Freewomen must paddle along as best they can. Regarding hours of work, these are gradually being reduced in number, especially in the case of men. Women will

be far surer of getting their working day made shorter if they hitch their interests alongside those of men. To seek "preferential" treatment means always to obtain "preference" on the adverse side.

We do not think it possible to generalise to the extent of saying "a mother would not be satisfied with fewer than three." We suppose that mothers would be compelled to derive satisfaction from cutting their coats to suit their cloth.

We agree that it is advisable to bring up children in small groups. Why then object to the principle of grouping such as we have indicated? The only really and essentially individual aspect of motherhood is the bearing. The rearing, important as it is, is a profession, fitly performed only by those equipped by temperament and with adequate training.—Ed.]



ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I have given too little thought to the endowment of motherhood to pose as an advocate of it, and I am not anxious to enter upon a field of conflict upon which Mr. H. G. Wells has already, in your own opinion, been left for dead. But your reply to Mr. Wells seems to me to be largely based on a confusion of the issue. You contend that the State endowment of motherhood involves a financial burden which the community cannot now bear. That is an argument only against immediate endowment on your generous scale (generous for a beginning) of £100 a year. Moreover, it is, I think, doubtful if the burden is so heavy as you assert. At present, all women and children are maintained by the community, sometimes in return for no service at all, and often in a shameful condition. The alternative is that all women and children should be maintained by the State, in every case in return for some service (with children, prospective service), and in a condition, however good or bad, to be deliberately regulated by the State. That, of course, involves an enormous social reconstruction, and it is quite impossible to estimate the resources of such a highly organised society by a simple arithmetical division of the present population into the money value of the resources of a badly organised society.

Turning to the other aspect of the matter, it is, I think, just to assert that the question whether a woman shall have children or not ought to be decided by her alone (though, may I put in a plea for a consultative voice for fathers?). But it is equally just to declare that when children are born it is the State's business, in its own interests, to provide them with adequate nurture.

As for mothers, I anticipate no such rush of them as you fear. There are even now, I think—I speak with the ignorance of a young man; but the existence of THE FREEWOMAN seems to be some evidence of the fact—many women who would prefer to have only a few children, and to render the community, in addition, some human, non-sexual service of active work. By the time we get within close reach of endowment—if we ever do—the number of such women will surely have increased enormously.

As for the quality of the children, I am quite sure that the author of "Mankind in the Making" would be the last to establish a body of doctors making pontifical pronouncements, "If you should cross this stock with this, you will produce a type worth your while." I imagine the functions of the doctors would be confined to certain negative regulations, prohibiting parentage to incurable lunatics, syphilitics, and so on. But beyond these would be the positive effects of an increasingly enlightened public opinion, stimulated even by the negative requirements of the law.

Finally, may I suggest that the title of the discussion ought to be the State Endowment of Childhood? The State's main concern is with the children, not with the mothers, and provision for proper care, both before birth and during early childhood, is only part of a complete scheme of child nurture already begun by free education, school meals, and school clinics, which will inevitably be extended and developed in the future. There is no reason why the State Endowment of Childhood should not be a part of a great reconstruction, enabling women to reach our ideal of a livelihood earned by sane human activities.

R. J. P. MORTISHED.

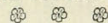
March 17th, 1912.

[We find it rather difficult to reconcile our correspondent's later statements with his earlier. With the latter part of the letter we are in agreement, but an earlier statement is surely preposterous. He says, "At present, all women are maintained by the community, sometimes for no service at all, and often in a shameful condition. The alternative is that all women should be main-

tained by the State in every case in return for some service, and in a condition, however good or bad, to be regulated by the State. That involves an enormous social reconstruction, and it is quite impossible to estimate the resources of such a highly organised society by a simple arithmetical division of the present population into the money value of the resources of a badly organised society."

This is, as far as women are concerned, the slave state with a vengeance, and Freewomen would repudiate any such in advance—what though the "resources of such a highly developed society" should be never so high. The slave state, however "highly organised," is not worth the trouble of keeping going, no matter what its material health may be.

We could not agree to change the title of the discussion, as our correspondent suggests. It would confuse the entire argument. We could, however, turn to it again as a totally different subject, upon which our views differ from those we hold upon Endowment of Mothers. There are two questions—a State Endowment of Children, and a State Endowment of Mothers. The one does not involve the other. The one is, in our opinion, feasible, the other is not. Supposing the latter effected, whether there would be a rush into motherhood or no depends at what period the "reform" were effected. If it had place now, when Freewomen are few, there would be a rush; if it took place later, when Freewomen were many, there would be no rush; but then it could not be effected when Freewomen were many, because they would not allow it. Hence, off slides the "reform" of Endowment of Mothers into the realms of the impossible.—Ed.]



A SOCIALISED FEMINISM.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I have only just found a moment in which to comment on your leader of the 22nd ultimo, deploring the evil lot of woman as mother—"Never the female individual adult: always the babe merged into the mother, and the mother again in the babe. The mind products of the female individual were never harvested. . ." And again: "When she realises that she is an individual, with life demanding its contribution from her in achievement, and not merely in reproduction, she will understand that with mind creation can never be vicarious."

Does not our philosophy carry us more deeply than this? Has our mental development not reached beyond the parthenogenetic stage of your correspondent of the 7th instant—Helen Winter—who would apparently coerce nature to the point of bearing her children "neither to the State, nor to a man," but to herself, and for her purposes? Surely we have learnt that progress and the whole art of life consist in realising not one's self as an individual only, but one's self as an individual who is one with the society of which he or she forms a part in its past, present, and future. The creative output of every individual is to be judged solely from social criteria, and it is setting too high a value on the brains of anyone to imagine that the garnering of mere cerebrations represents the sole duty of woman, or, for that matter, of man either. Thoughts may be the flowers of life, and hold the winged seeds of its spiritual aspirations, but without the physical basis in which they may find their soil, their wings will be useless, and the winds will but drift them to an unregarded doom. Moreover, thoughts themselves are of small value unless animated by the blood-red currents of the race, and warmed by a sense of its physical values. Women who think lightly of their splendid power of giving birth are not likely to achieve much in the world of thought which will be worth the "garnering." To the woman who can think, the garnering of her own small achievements in the children she can bear will never represent a limitation. To have mothered Rembrandt or Goethe is not a smaller thing than to have produced their works; and it cannot be dismissed as vicarious; while to decline motherhood save for the communal sake is to court sterility in every way. To decry maternity is as great a fault as to overvalue it; if we have learnt anything in the march of time, it is the fact of our solidarity: that the true duty of citizens consists in carrying out the social purpose in the best way we find to our hand—not in unduly exalting any one function over any other.

And why this perpetual scorn of man—this attempt to put him out of court? If women are what men have made them, men are no less what women have made them. We have ourselves largely to blame for things as they are, and the sooner both sexes acknowledge their joint responsibility with a proper sense of humility, the sooner we are likely to agree in the work of amending them. The good of the race is, after all, our common goal—not the exaltation of one half over the other, or the emphasis on individual powers.

The general level of intelligence in the contributions to

your columns is so high that one must plead for a little more temperate wisdom!

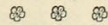
MILLICENT MURBY.

March 19th, 1912.

[We think our correspondent has failed to grasp the meaning of the letter to which she refers, which, to our mind, involved no ideas of parthenogenesis, but merely a very proper individualistic view of the right motive for child-bearing, i.e., the desire of the mother to have the child; and that child-bearing is not the State's business, nor even yet the father's business, but the mother's. The only measure of restriction which the community can impose upon her decision is nothing more than the elastic and never final one of public opinion.]

We also think that our correspondent has come to a rather surprisingly wrong conclusion in thinking that THE FREEWOMAN stands for "perpetual scorn of man." Considering that a large body of our readers are men, and that at least half our contributors are men, we fail to understand the grounds upon which our correspondent's question is based.

For the rest, we hope our correspondent will forgive us if we take her argument as representing a type which has gained strong ground as an outcome of Socialistic theory. In our opinion, it is a fallacious one, and one which we shall very soon be called upon to combat. Certain elementary dues we all owe to the community, such as to earn our own livelihood, share the common responsibilities towards the sick, the aged, and the children. But after this, we are not "one with the State"; we are individual, and all that is highest in life, all that is even interesting in life is to be found in the development of the individual soul. Perhaps the leader which appears in the current issue will serve still further to illustrate our point of view.—ED.]



"THE FREEWOMAN" AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—May I suggest that your attitude towards recent events in the two great movements of the day would appear to show a lack of that clear seeing one would expect to find in the editor of such a paper as yours.

Your denunciations of the actions of the Women's Social and Political Union evidence either failure to grasp the true significance of the situation, or, personal feeling regarding the methods of its leaders obscuring the fact, that since the betrayal of the Conciliation Bill compact this society alone has held strictly and consistently to the demand for sex-equality as distinguished from that of mere vote-getting, and that such a position is quite in harmony with a policy of continued militant action so long as the present unsatisfactory political situation obtains.

I am still of opinion that the true political policy of all Suffrage societies upon the announcement of a proposed Manhood Suffrage measure was simply that of a united refusal to consider franchise extension in any form until the pledge of the Prime Minister had been fulfilled, and the Commons given the opportunity of demonstrating the value or worthlessness of its past support of the Conciliation Bill; but, seeing that this policy was not adopted, that the disunion desired and sought by "the enemy" was allowed to find entrance, then it has been of immense national and international value that one at least of the Suffrage societies has stood out clearly for the principle of sex-equality, with the uncompromising demand for the removal, now, of the sex-disqualification.

The second point in which I find myself at variance with you is in your attitude towards labour strikes as at present organised. I notice that you rejoice in the thought that the miners, having unitedly "laid down their tools," have refused to allow themselves to be coerced into taking them up again until their full demands are conceded; but I find no deprecation of the coercion which compels the "laying down of the tools." Those who shriek hysterically (this is *not* intended as descriptive of your writings!) at the mere suggestion of police or military using severe measures in dealing with the hooliganism which attaches itself to great labour disputes, stand by complacently and approvingly while trade union bullies flog reluctant fellow workers into a faked semblance of solidarity. The very essence of "union" lies in the idea of voluntary association; but trades unionism as at present built up rests upon the compulsion of coercion, and until that policy is abandoned it is more likely to earn the contempt than the respect of the clear thinker, not yet led astray by the growing assumption that "Labour," like "the King," "can do no wrong." To merely exchange for the tyranny of the capitalist over his workers that of the workers over each other is not in any way to raise the basis of society, nor is it a step on

the road to freedom, and the democracy that has no better means of securing and maintaining unity and solidarity other than that of terrorising the workers is more of a menace to the community than any possible autocracy. Such methods, besides being evidence of weakness, show only distrust of the workers themselves, and find their inspiration, I fear, chiefly in the inborn contempt of the typical "agitator" for "the lambs" he deems himself divinely appointed to drive into folds of his choice.

It is a curious commentary upon a recent famous Anti-Suffrage pronouncement that while women everywhere are clamouring for freedom, and the right to share in the full responsibilities of life, manifesting the same spirit that of old inspired their fathers to fight, men, on the other hand, would seem now to be filled with the spirit of the slave mothers who bore them. Their cry is ever for greater and still greater protection, and for the shifting of all responsibility from their own shoulders to those of "the State."

Verily, we may triumphantly reply to Lord Cromer's wondrous discovery that "men are men, and women are women." "Nous avons changé tout cela." *Now, men are women, and women are men!* I. D. PEARCE.

[1. There never was at any time a Conciliation Bill Compact. A compact implies at least two parties to an agreement, which, in this case, would be the Suffragists on the one hand, and the Government on the other. Suffragists *alone* were responsible for the Conciliation Bill. The Government had no part in framing or forwarding the Conciliation Bill, and therefore cannot be said to have been guilty of a "betrayal." All they did was to give it a fair promise of time in the House of Commons—a promise which it has never been hinted should be departed from.]

2. It is, we believe, a matter of exact fact that before the gentlemen of the Conciliation Committee took any steps to form a solid nucleus of Suffragist opinion round the Household Suffrage measure, they first made sure of the backing of the W.S.P.U. for any such procedure. That backing they were assured of. Later, when the measure was still further stripped, the W.S.P.U.'s support was forthcoming. This society, of all non-party Suffrage Societies, has been the one to sanction a departure from the sex-equality franchise basis.

3. When, however, the Government offered hopes of the passage of a Suffrage measure on a wider basis, the W.S.P.U. was the first to scout the idea, and set about making its realisation as difficult as possible.

4. Now that the Conciliation Bill is coming to its moment of crucial decision, the W.S.P.U. denounces that also, a prominent organiser going so far as to say in the public Press that members of the House voting against it will do women suffragists a favour.

5. Their policy, to us, therefore, appears not one "strictly and consistently" demanding "sex-equality," but one of muddle-headedness, and with not a little of the appearance of mere temper.

Regarding our attitude toward strikes, we point out that:—

1. We do not understand upon what grounds our correspondent considers that the workers are being built up "upon the compulsion of coercion," and therefore cannot argue the matter.

2. In the one instance which showed there was a misguided tendency to do so—i.e., in the recent Lancashire Cotton Strike—THE FREEWOMAN'S policy, in spite of a consistent sympathy with Trade Unionism, was to deplore the strike, and to argue for the speediest settlement, our opinion being that the solidarity of the workers is suffi-

THE FREEWOMAN

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ciently assured to be above suspicion of compelling workers into the Unions by threats of starvation. Our correspondent can hardly have followed the policy of THE FREEWOMAN week by week in its attitude towards Labour disputes.

3. Even less consistent with fact do we consider our correspondent's strictures on the organisation and conduct of strikers. What justification is there for this: "Trade Union bullies flog reluctant fellow-workers into a faked semblance of solidarity"? And what justifies talk of "hooliganism which attaches itself to great Labour disputes"? To our mind, all this is playing with fire, and all the more dangerous because it appears so assured it is playing with dead ashes.—ED.]

WHY DO WE DISCUSS SEX?

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I read with relief your answer to Mrs. Boord and her masculine friends. Men and women have *never* had an opportunity of discussing the sex question. The subject has been shirked by the "respectable," defiled by the prurient, or unwholesomely approached by the morbidly curious. Hence we have created a kind of fog, in which myriads lose their way with results truly tragic. THE FREEWOMAN is doing incalculable service by throwing open its columns to sane, serious, searching discussion, not from a one-sided Feminist standpoint, but from a human point of view.

S. SKELHORN.

March 18th, 1912.

FACILITIES FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDIES IN SEX.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Regarding your note to my letter, "Why Do We Discuss Sex?" I did not say women for sixty years at most had had the opportunity to *discuss* sex questions cleanly, scientifically, openly. I said, "to study." I think *very* highly of THE FREEWOMAN, but my sense of proportion (*i.e.*, humour) forbids my admitting that the first opportunity for men and women in the whole wide world to study these questions properly and openly arose about three months ago! I'll dock my sixty years with pleasure, dear Editor, but I can't make it three months.

Should you insert this in your next issue, will you correct a printer's error for me? In my letter, "Why Do We Discuss Sex?" on page 332, "*Lovely* as life is" should have read "*Lonely* as life is."

March 14th, 1912.

CORALIE M. BOORD.

[We are always anxious to learn. We will change "discussion" to "study," and then ask when and under what circumstances our correspondent considers facilities for such studies have been provided?—ED.]

THE TRAPS OF IGNORANCE.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—As the relative of a boy who was entirely ruined by being sent to a public school in complete ignorance of the—to him—alarming change in his body at puberty, and who lost his reason through the practices taught him by his schoolfellows in connection with this change, I protest with the whole force of my being at poor boys being allowed to grow up in ignorance of facts about their body. Thousands of boys suffer agonies of mind for weeks and months because they think at puberty they have got a dreadful disease.

Five minutes' conversation with a good parent or doctor would save these poor boys enormous suffering of mind and degradation of body. As Canon Lyttelton said, "Five minutes' conversation of a boy thus with a parent is invaluable." But many parents are not fit to bring up children. There is a conspiracy of silence amongst (1) parents, (2) doctors, (3) teachers, which ought to be tracked down publicly in every parish in the kingdom. Until there is a public propaganda this holocaust of young

victims will continue. It is perfectly sickening children should suffer the torture they do, because adults are fools and idiots.

"A MOTHER OF SONS."

"NORMAL AND ABNORMAL."

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—It is consoling to know that your correspondent, signing herself "New Subscriber," draws no hard-and-fast line between "Normal and Abnormal," otherwise it would certainly make one feel a very unique specimen.

Perhaps there are not many women who can be satisfied with friendship from both sexes, and who ask nothing more from life except the power to express themselves in some art, or to spend their lives in working for some social ideal. Such women are very little troubled with sex problems, and are therefore freer to give themselves to cosmic ideas.

Is it so very important to continue the race at all costs? Personally, I must confess that "The Endowment of Motherhood" scheme is revolting to me. What difference is there, except in degree, between this and the Hunters' Improvement Society?

Merely to breed healthy children in order to satisfy the demands of the State seems to me to put woman on a level with the brood mare! This is plain speaking; but I cannot imagine any other reason for bringing children into the world except to gratify one's natural instincts for one's own pleasure.

Are we always to remain in this transition stage, balanced between the animal and the god? Do we not need to help our evolution by giving ourselves more to impersonal passions, which will, in the end, free us from the slavery of sex?

I can imagine that this point of view will be labelled "abnormal" by most of your readers—as perhaps it is—in 1912; but when one considers the time it must have taken for mankind to get accustomed to an upright position, after walking on all fours for so long, we may easily allow for further developments undreamt of in our little philosophy.

Certainly one of your correspondents has attained a high level in the scale of evolution when she asserts that she requires neither the aid of man nor of the State in order to continue the race!

"TOUT POUVOIR."

THE LOVE-CHILD.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Why all this fuss? Woman is as free as man himself. She doesn't think she is, that is all. Society has set up for her certain idols, and says worship these! The average woman worships them, the thinking woman ignores them, the coming woman will pull down these idols and worship in their place most probably *the beautiful child*, *i.e.*, the child born from intense mutual passion. Such children are always the best physically and mentally. The mother who brings forth such a child has a thousand compensations for the pin-pricking jealousies of the mothers of the passionless-produced children, who, unable to compete with the beauty of the love-child, call the beautiful one bastard, and his mother odious names.

The mother of love happily despises the mother who produced from economical causes, and is free because love came and gave her strength to take the freedom which is there for every woman strong enough to take it.

The child of intense passionate mutual love is as much in advance of the average child as the European child is in advance of the negro.

GIDEON.

March 23rd, 1912.

MEDIOCRITY AND MR. CHESTERTON.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—May I be allowed to thank Rebecca West for convincing me that I am not mad, by my lonesome, at all events. I have been so jumped upon for maintaining that Mr. Chesterton's glorification of mediocrity does not increase the speed of progress, and that while mediocrity is a necessity, we certainly need not encourage it, to have it always with us, by trimming it in such a wonderfully attractive manner. For progress Mr. Shaw's method of stripping off the trimmings is more to the point.

E. A. RANDALL.

A CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—For some weeks I have been reading with great interest your very clever paper, THE FREEWOMAN.

AN APPEAL.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUFFRAGE SHOP has twice had its windows broken, and the loss of business is heavy. We earnestly appeal to all readers to support us in every way they can. We ask them to call and see our excellent Stock of Books and to order all their literature through us. We are prompt and reliable. We are working for Feminism.

15, ADAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.



Your own contributions to the paper, and those of the other members of the staff, are of so high and intellectual an order, that it seems a pity to mar such a publication by two articles of the class which have appeared successively in your pages. I refer to the attacks on the W.S.P.U. I and others have been deeply pained by these articles, coming especially at the present moment, when the leaders of this great movement are in prison suffering for their efforts in the cause of freedom. Do not forget, however much you may differ from the tactics or policy of the W.S.P.U., that these women prisoners have, in common with all reformers, many devoted followers and admirers.

Take the case of the founder of the Union. Mrs. Pankhurst is revered and honoured by hundreds of men and women, to whom the thought of her present suffering is a deep and poignant grief. Especially is this the case in Manchester, where the memory of Dr. Pankhurst is still alive. Is it quite "playing the game" to give prominence to such attacks as in the articles referred to and at this particular moment?

As one who has had a long experience of journalism, may I also suggest that this policy is bound to injure the circulation and future prospects of THE FREEWOMAN. In my own limited circle I know of two readers who have already cancelled their subscriptions. EMMA ATTWOOD.

[It is very encouraging to learn that our correspondent is a reader of THE FREEWOMAN. As it was from the hon. secretary of the Manchester W.S.P.U. that a resolution to boycott THE FREEWOMAN came to us immediately upon the appearance of our first number, it is pleasing to know that there are Manchester W.S.P.U. readers still to lose or to retain. We think some of our W.S.P.U. correspondents mistake the situation. They do not seem to understand that it must be as painful to us as to them to think of Mrs. Pankhurst ill in a prison cell, with a serious charge hanging over her, and yet to consider it a duty to put the events which she has engineered in their right perspective. They also do not take into account the fact that whenever the W.S.P.U. has been of sufficient interest to the general public to merit a notice from us, it has been associated with circumstances on the one hand, of which we strongly disapprove, and, on the other, with circumstances which lend pathos to the situation of the "leaders." The "followers" always thereupon, of set principle, endeavour to make the point that the pathetic circumstances in which the leaders place themselves shall be a sufficient justification for demanding total silence from other suffragists who feel impelled to criticise the "policy and tactics." This is really taking an unfair advantage of our sympathies. To our mind, this is an attitude unsporting and unfair, and one which, we believe, our present correspondent would not, knowingly, take up.—ED.]

SUPERFICIAL UNITY AND THE W.S.P.U.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I was much surprised and disappointed at your review of the militant tactics of the W.S.P.U. That you do not approve, is nothing; very few think the policy wise at this moment. But openly to revile women who are sick, in prison, or outlawed, and who are on any showing at least extremely brave, clever, self-sacrificing women, at a moment when there is no possibility of their defending themselves, seems both cowardly, un-Christian, and damaging to all women. Even if we of the suffrage must rail spitefully at each other and other organisations, how can we claim unity in the demand for the vote? How will *that* advance our cause? I had intended taking THE FREEWOMAN, but I cannot do so now, nor can I advise others to read it. How different the spirit in which Mrs. Despard treats this outbreak! She disapproves, as do many of us; but there is no railing and backbiting, suggesting some personal affront or grievance of days gone by, some old score now being paid off. If your paper is to succeed, it must be by a noble and broad outlook on life and life's many-sided happenings; it must give full justice where justice is due; and where it metes out blame, the blame should be meted out with discrimination. To ascribe evil motives is no part of a Free-woman's life; her freedom should be part of a wider charity and kindness. I deeply regret the article; and although personally I regret the incident to the full, I think you have intensified the evil, and brought in a worse one—the evil of uncharitableness. ANNIE BALL.

[This is partially answered in our reply to a preceding letter. We think our correspondent has a mistaken view of the attitude of an independent review. To the extent of our ability we ascribe good where good is due; and in the same spirit we are compelled to ascribe evil where we

find it. The W.S.P.U. welcomes plaudits; its followers should learn (hard as the lesson must by now have become) to tolerate a little discerning criticism. Charity, we suppose, is just what one cares to define it. To us, charity includes even a sharp-edged truthfulness. Further, why desire a *show* of unity, when the *reality* of unity is lacking? Freewomen principles and the W.S.P.U. régime are denials one of the other. Also there is no essential virtue in unity, especially amongst women. We are becoming more convinced that women will have to move apart the better to come together in a wider understanding.—ED.]



POPULATION AND FOOD.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I have a habit of leaving my back numbers of journals of "progressive thought" in railway trains and such like public places. In consequence of this I am unable to trace the particular passages which induced me to write my previous letter to THE FREEWOMAN.

In that epistle I suggested "if the economic conditions of the future allow full opportunity for physical and mental development there need be little doubt science will supply food enough for all requirements."

I still adhere to that statement, but at the same time I do not wish to convey the idea that I am opposed to the limitation of families. Those who are advanced enough to understand that this can be effected without injury to health and happiness, should of course take advantage of their knowledge. The difficulty is that there are thousands who know nothing of the subject at all. It is on account of this ignorance in sex matters that I welcome the advent of THE FREEWOMAN with its outspoken views on these problems.

The Malthusian League is no doubt doing good work, but one cannot agree that the only way of social salvation is by family limitation. Restricted production will come as knowledge of this subject advances; but knowledge of this subject cannot advance until we get better educational methods, and real education depends upon better social and economic conditions.

It seems to me the Malthusians do not take into account the difference in the meaning of "prosperity" of the masses as applied to the past and as it will apply to the future. When Malthus propounded his views on restricted production there was practically no knowledge as to the means of bringing it about. We have that knowledge now. It is the diffusion of this knowledge among the proletariat which has been so sadly neglected.

Give the people security and leisure, remove financial and economic worry, and education will solve this problem and many others with it.

I have the greatest respect for Mr. Drysdale and the arduous propaganda he is carrying on; but when he speaks of the lack of acquaintance with the writings of Malthus on the part of your correspondents, I may remind him that to my mind there is nothing very elevating in the perusal of that reverend gentleman's work.

Malthus opposed the granting of poor law relief, because it would save a number of children of the poor from starvation.

He advocated the passing of an Act to refuse to the suffering creatures "even the smallest portion of food." He taught that to make any legal provision for the poor and destitute was "essentially bad."

In his day "prosperity" among the masses meant an increase in population, not wholly by virtue of increase in births, but by a decrease in deaths.

With little or no sex knowledge, and no science of agriculture, Malthus merely recommended as a solution to the problem of poverty sexual abstinence, which in itself constitutes a difficulty.

In face of the statements which have appeared in your columns to the contrary, I believe sexual abstinence is harmful, equally with sexual abuse.

If there is no other means of increasing the proportion of food among mankind than that of sacrificing love, human affairs are hopeless. "The hopes of man lie in a nutshell; they are all comprehended in this question of questions—Is it possible to have both food and love? Is it possible that each individual among us can have a due share of food, love, and leisure?"

I believe it is perfectly possible, and that this problem has only to be perceived and deliberately approached to be ultimately overcome.

I feel absolutely certain that with better economic conditions education will be a natural concomitant, and preventative sexual intercourse the sequence.

With these things agreed upon we need have no apprehension about the food supply. FRED COLLINS.

March 20th, 1912.

THE INCULCATION OF VEGETARIANISM.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Although not an opponent of Dr. Drysdale, in the sense that I would regard his theories as having no vital importance, I do think that in dealing with the dietetic argument he loses sight of factors that are appreciated by a growing number of people at the present day. The spiritual awakening that is manifest in many quarters to-day has given birth to fresh conceptions concerning the amount of food that is necessary for the sustenance of the human body, and no one can foretell what, in the near future, may come to be recognised as the minimum standard of nutrition. The results of recent scientific investigations are sufficient to indicate in what direction this standard is tending, and although the experiments carried out by Chittenden, Haig, and Horace Fletcher are by no means conclusive, they are highly suggestive.

The materialistic—and I use the word in no disparaging sense—conception of life is being superseded by the vitalistic point of view, and the protagonist of any theory does himself or herself injustice in ignoring this factor.

“That the change to a vegetarian diet, like all other changes, can only be brought about slowly,” is a point that would be questioned by many of your readers, who are only too conscious of the enormous impetus that this reform is receiving in all parts of the world to-day. General Madero, the new President of Mexico, and Wu-Ting-Fang, whose position in the future government of China is already assured, are both ardent vegetarians. When rulers set the pace, who shall limit their sphere of influence?

As a worker in a movement that includes this reform in its propaganda, I am daily reminded of the fact that, although many adults find it somewhat difficult to adopt the reformed diet themselves, the number of those who are feeding their children on a fleshless diet is increasing enormously. A generation hence, and Dr. Drysdale and his comrades in debate will doubtless be amazed at the revolution that will have been effected in this respect.

Dr. Drysdale takes Mr. Macdonald to task for his statement concerning the area of land; but would he contend that we are making full use of the manure at our disposal to-day? I am at one with him in his desire for con-

servation, but let it be applied all along the line. He further says that the comparison of Australia and New Zealand—the greatest meat-eating countries, and having the lowest death-rate and infantile mortality—with “vegetarian” countries gives him no enthusiasm for the teaching of the vital school. But what does he mean by vegetarian countries? The vegetarian who arrives at his conclusions respecting diet by a process of consciousness of reasoning is in a different category altogether from the inhabitants of a country where force of circumstances necessitates a frugal mode of living. The significance of this differentiation is highly important, and I hope it will be recognised by those who are inclined to overlook the need for distinguishing between the “conscious” and the “unconscious” vegetarian.

WM. J. TULL,
Assistant Secretary,

“The Order of the Golden Age,”
153-155, Brompton Road, S.W.,
March 19th, 1912.

COLLAPSE OF MALTHUS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Dr. Drysdale does not care to consider the starving surplus as receiving only a fraction of what they produce; that would involve the question whether they would starve if they kept the whole of it. Then he brings forward a matter having nothing to do with the ratio of increase of food and population—the matter of the ultimate capacity of the earth. Everyone must admit a limit to the numbers which the earth will support, but we never were within many billions of that number. If food may increase faster than population, there could be no want until the limit of the earth's capacity is reached; but if numbers increase faster than food, there will be want all the time. If the capacity of the earth is ten billions, it is idle to ask how it can support twenty billions, for the problem will be met and solved somehow at the ten-billion point. Yet anyone with a liking for permutation can set a hard task for a few centuries ahead. What we want is a reason for present poverty.

C. F. HUNT.

THE ADEQUACY OF THE EARTH.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—In the *Egyptian Gazette*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., gives further statistics on Egypt, which will delight the Malthusianists. He says the poor of Egypt are poorer than any other people; that they raise three to four crops a year, while other people, not so poor, raise only one. He says Egyptian soil is more favoured by nature than any other soil; but he failed to tell how they get enough nitrogen and phosphates for three crops when other people are up against the limit of supply for one crop. Perhaps Dr. Drysdale, the expert on phosphates, can enlighten us.

C. F. HUNT.

Cairo, March 9th, 1912.

FOOD AND POPULATION.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—*Levelling*. “Socialism,” said Dr. Drysdale on March 14th, “without restricted population, would mean ‘levelling down.’” I repeat that, whether automatically or not, in our experience, more prosperity means a lower birth-rate. Levelling must be up (for the majority) and down (for a minority); but if waste is diminished the total wealth increases, and the intellectual level rises when brute want disappears.

I am so busy at present I cannot, I am sorry to say, answer Mr. C. F. Hunt adequately. The difference between a field anywhere in Europe and a steam engine is only a question of degree: both are made by man.

March 21st, 1912.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.

A REPLY TO DR. DRYSDALE.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Before replying to Dr. Drysdale, I should like to point out that the heading to my letter of February 29th—“A Challenge to the Malthusian Population Theory”—was not given by me, but one supplied from the Editor's office. My letter was not intended as a challenge to the theory as first enunciated by Malthus, but as enunciated by Dr. Drysdale, and, as such, my criticism still remains unanswered, although he attempts to evade it by shifting his ground. I have, so far, made no reference whatever to the theory, but have simply refused to accept the supposed connection between the

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birth and death rates in the manner illustrated by Dr. Drysdale.

I must confess that the style of argument used by Dr. Drysdale is perfectly unique, for by some law (!) of logic (known only to himself), he is able to make statements and deduce mathematical results from them, and then, when criticised, he finds salvation by saying "I never pretended that the rate of increase of 10 per 1,000 was a constant quantity" (March 14th). Allow me to remind him of his article in THE FREEWOMAN of February 22nd, where he calmly asserts that the food supply increases by 1 per cent. per annum. "As population cannot actually run ahead of food, this means that the rate of increase of population can only be 1 per cent., or 10 per 1,000 per annum," and he goes on to say, "Suppose, then, that we have a birth-rate of 50 per 1,000. This means that the death-rate *must* be 40 per 1,000," etc. (The italics are mine.)

It is quite obvious from Dr. Drysdale's two paragraphs, which I have just quoted, that he was attempting to prove definitely and conclusively that there was not sufficient food to support a larger natural increase than 10 per 1,000, and that consequently the birth-rate minus death-rate was always a constant quantity, viz., 10 per 1,000.

I objected to such statements, but Dr. Drysdale has seized the bull by the horns, and now states that he never "pretended that the rate of increase of 10 per 1,000 was a constant quantity." With such questionable methods of debate, I can only say that I cannot compete; he must win every time if he intends resorting to such tactics.

I now come to his correlation coefficients, where, I think, he gives his case away. From *à priori* reasoning, one would certainly expect some correlation between the birth and death rates; and the quotation which Dr. Drysdale has singled out from my letter distinctly states that "there are absolutely no indications whatever of any *such* connection between the birth and death rates"—meaning the connection given by Dr. Drysdale. I never denied correlation between the two, but the fallacy of the perfect correlation assumed by Dr. Drysdale—*whence the coefficient SHOULD have been unity*—arises. I once again state from the high correlation between infantile mortality and the birth-rate (mind, not the *rate* of infantile mortality).

Further—and this is the weakest part of his mathematical statements—it will be noticed that the highest correlations are found when different observations are taken for *one place*, but is very much less when taken over a large area. Thus, when placed in order of magnitude of coefficients, we obtain:—

Birth and Death Rates in		Correlation Coefficient.
Toronto	1881-190996
Paris, 20 arrondissements ...	190795
Berlin	1841-190992
Western Europe	1841-190582
21 European Countries	1901-190581
28 Countries of the world	1901-190580
15 European Countries	1871-187579
Fall or rise in 21 European Countries76

[NOTE.—These figures are taken from Dr. Drysdale's table.]

In the last five cases, where we are dealing with large areas and large agglomerations of peoples, and where one would expect Dr. Drysdale's theory to find practical proof, we find just the reverse, for we get decreasing correlations, showing that the birth and death rates tend to be more independent of one another in Europe than in the case of single towns, such as Toronto, Paris, Berlin. Thus, the (simple) average correlation coefficient of the three latter towns is .943, whilst that for Europe (the simple arithmetic average of the five readings given by Dr. Drysdale) is .796. This gives a difference of .147 between the correlation for towns and that for Europe, and is a very significant result. This is a very real difference, and cannot be ascribed, I think, to mere chance. (If Dr. Drysdale doubts this statement, I would feel obliged if he could furnish me with further details of his table, so that I might check my statement by a comparison of probable errors; but, in any case, the way in which the figures swing so very closely round their mean, is a very fair indication of the significance of this difference.)

Such a result is important, because if, as we extend the area, the correlation coefficient decreases, it proves that the wider the area, the greater the *independence* of the two rates, and, consequently, the more unable does Dr. Drysdale become to demonstrate his theory. For, in THE FREEWOMAN of February 22nd, Dr. Drysdale made two "scientific" statements—one referring to the connection between the birth and death rates, which I have, I hope, disposed of for ever, and the other referring to the fact that the consumption of food per person *has*

decreased. These two statements, so far as I understand, are the basis for his proof of the Malthusian theory, and it is my intention now to disprove the second statement, for not only is it NOT true, but the consumption per person has actually *increased*.

Coming to his remarkable table, where he proves that the available food supply per person has decreased under the four headings of Albuminoids, Fats, Carbohydrates, and Calories, I must preface my remarks by stating that I am no scientist, and, consequently, when he says their consumption per person has decreased, it conveys very little to my mind. But, I think, that if I proved that in the case of wheat and meat the available supply per person has *increased* and NOT decreased, then we shall have fairly established a proof in terms of commodities familiar to all of us that the two scientific statements made by Dr. Drysdale on February 22nd are both far from being scientific. The following table represents the total consumption of wheat in the United Kingdom, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Austria-Hungary, New Zealand, the United States, India, France, Australia, Russia, Canada, Argentina, and Roumania:—

Wheat.		Millions of Bushels.	Population. Millions.	Bushels per person.
Average of	...			
1880-3	...	1,810	612.4	2.96
1884-7	...	1,870	—	—
1888-91	...	1,890	—	—
1891-5	...	2,080	700	2.97
1896-9	...	2,170	730	2.98
1900-3	...	2,500	756	3.31
1904-7	...	2,700	794	3.40

[NOTE.—The wheat consumption in the table above is about five-sixths of the total amount of wheat produced, and is, therefore, fairly typical of the whole production (for which there are not adequate reliable statistics). The population figures are those for the corresponding countries, and I have interpolated figures where there are none to be found.

The third column is simply the division of column 1 by column 2.

I have in my possession further details of this table; and should Dr. Drysdale wish to test the accuracy of the figures, I would be only too pleased to furnish him with same. My regard for the column space of THE FREEWOMAN makes me withhold them.]

The last column is the most interesting one of all, for it proves, as conclusively as statistics ever can prove, that Dr. Drysdale is on the wrong road.

The same thing is found to be true for all cereals, and, in fact, in all kinds of production. Owing to the fact that this letter is already unduly long, readers of your paper must be content with the single instance quoted above, and take it that the increase in consumption per person is noticeable all round. And this is somewhat obvious without any statistical aid, for never has the average working-class man been better fed or clothed; the improvement is most noticeable in the lowest classes.

In conclusion, I must apologise to the Editor for monopolising so much space, but should like to add one final word to Dr. Drysdale. If he intends establishing a scientific principle, he can only hope to do so by basing his proofs on scientific data, and by operating upon them in a scientific manner, which, so far, has been deplorably lacking in all his work.

ISRAEL HORWITZ.

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