THE EMANCIPATION OF MAN.

One can very reasonably feel compunctions about the men of England in their quarrel with their women-kind. In every quarrel so much depends upon the presence and working condition of the safety-valve, and in this quarrel the safety-valve has unhappily been plugged. There has been no actual occasion for the "row" between the sexes, in which all those slumbering feelings which develop into thoughts only at the time of emotional crises could have found utterance. The reason is not too far to seek. The old order of woman in England remained too long, and the new order arrived too soon to give Englishmen the opportunity of making their ideas concerning women clear in plain speech. They could not tell the newcomers what they thought of them for fear of upsetting the traditions of polite speaking to which the older order was accustomed. With a Queen on the throne, with the clinging Victorians hanging about them, the air thick with romanticism, with Mr. Gladstone doing up Mrs. Gladstone's household arithmetic to the delight of a domesticated nation, with Tennyson solving feminism according to "The Princess," how could Englishmen find the face to tell the small handful of women fighting for the higher education of their sex what they thought was their true station in the scheme of things?

There was an occasional occasion for the "row" between the sexes. "The Servile State" is an alluring abyss of annihilation. . . . When man became sexual he formed woman. That woman is at all, has happened simply because man has accepted his sexuality. Woman is merely the result of this affirmation; she is sexuality itself. Woman's existence is dependent on man. When man as man, in contradistinction to woman, is sexual, he is giving woman form, calling her into existence. Therefore, woman's one object must be to keep man sexual. Man created woman, and will always create her afresh, as long as he is sexual. Just as he gives woman consciousness, so he gives her existence. Woman is the sin of man. Woman is nothing but man's expression and projection of his own sexuality. Every man creates himself a woman, in which he embodies himself and his own

THE EMANCIPATION OF MAN.
guilt... She is only a part of man, his other, ineradicable, his lower part. So matter appears to be as inexplicable a riddle as form, woman as unending as man, negation as eternal as existence; but the eternity is only the eternity of guilt." What the Englishman has is the courage and clarity to speak his inmost thoughts like that.

What is the explanation of this philosophic defencelessness of the modern Englishman? It is the protracted stay of the Victorian. What man could flout a Victorian? Who would break a lily with a coal-hammer? And before the Victorian disappeared, the Blue-stocking was established, rendered harmless-looking with the Tennysonian Victorian varnish of the "sweet girl graduate." Before she had disappeared there was established the "complet suffragist," with a history, arguments, and a plan of campaign, and just as the average Englishman was waking up to wonder what bee the suffragist might actually have in her bonnet, there appeared the full-blown English feminist; that is, the revolting Englishwoman, with an education, and a plan of campaign, and a philosophy. Then Sir Almroth Wright writes a letter to the Times! All this because, by the grace of God, Queen Victoria reigned sixty odd years. No doubt! At least, perhaps.

This distinguished gentleman writes to the Times ostensibly to confuse and confound militant matriarchy, and man men. In reality these things are merely a cover from the protection of which he opens fire upon women as women.

Even so he does not dare to say in good round language just what he means. What he means but shrinks from saying outright is that woman at every stage of her existence, from childhood onwards, is more or less insane, and throughout his argument, on this precise ground, he makes the inference that her judgment can be discounted; an ample ground for such inference we admit. He puts it thus: Man is not "merely mystified"—he is "frankly perplexed"—he is "appalled"—"an eerie feeling is left on his mind"—when he looks upon women displaying the natural physical functions which every healthy woman must perform in one form or another, from the age of twelve to the age of forty-five, or even fifty. He says that "woman herself makes very light of any of these mental upsettings," but "no man can close his eyes to these things," though he does not feel at liberty to speak of them, for the woman that God gave him is not his to give away.

To leave these suggestions of woman's insanity to themselves for the moment, let us go on to Dr. Wright's statements, in which he indicates the psychology of men generally towards women, and of doctors specifically towards women doctors.

Speaking of the "epicene institution," which women are seeking to establish, "in which man and woman shall everywhere work side by side at the self-same tasks and for the self-same pay," he says "these wishes can never by any possibility be realised. Even in animals—I say even because, in the case of the two seasons of the annual periods of complete quiescence—male and female cannot be safely worked side by side, except when they are incomplete. While in the human species safety can only be obtained at the price of continual constraint." A little further on the great physician says:

"I may add in connection with my own profession that when a medical man asks that he should not be the yoke-fellow of a medical woman he does so also because he would wish to keep up as between men and women—even when they are doctors—some of the modesties and reticences upon which our civilization has been built up. Now the medical woman is, of course, never on the side of modesty, or in favour of any reticences. Her desire for knowledge does not allow of these."

This is the statement of the case according to Sir Almroth Wright, and we think it would be reprehensible facility on our part to treat it as farcical. In the first place, it is too rare a matter for Englishmen to state their beliefs regarding women frankly in the open, and we have no wish to make merry over first efforts; and in the second place, we fully believe it contains the kernel of the anti-feminist faith in any dealering with it, we are not going to deny that we are insane. Too many wise people have been deemed insane for us to be unduly affronted. We do not deny that we seek to work alongside men, receiving equal pay for equal work. We do not deny that it is very easy for us to work alongside men, and we can express opinions as to whether it is wise to work alongside women. We have to note, however, that often men are very kind to women whom they work. If there is a chair or a seat, the woman usually gets it; she lives under the delusion that a smile cancels the obligation, quite oblivious to the fact that men are slowly being driven into the conviction they are being "done." Also, we would not deny that there is sometimes constraint when men and women are working together. Their common vanity often prevents them from skipping into the easy and comfortable attitudes which are instinctively sought when strenuous work is being done; and that a certain sensitiveness shrinks from revealing expressions of intentness in relation to work which show how far removed is a man's work from the bland conventionality of polite society.

However, the common themselves are getting over this vanity; in fact, the very proposals which Sir Almroth points out women put forward are proofs that women, no matter how inferior, intellectually, are largely liberated from the domination of sexual impulse, else they would not make the proposals as to whether it is wise to work alongside women. We do not deny that the proposals which Sir Almroth's opposition to these proposals shows that in his view men are as deeply in subjection to sexual impulse as ever; that men are so excessively influenced by sex that they are at the mercy not only of the many women who coolly and deliberately play upon the weaknesses, but are swayed by the mere sex of the worker who stands by them in the workshop. Sexually mad, in fact? Far more needed apparently than the Emancipation of Woman, and, indeed, delaying its coming, is the Emancipation of Man, and the further a man appears to be from his own emancipation, the more he objects to the emancipation of woman; not indeed because he honestly considers her mad, but because he fears for the simultaneous intensification of demand and a failure in supply of a market which at present apparently he knows only too well is necessary for his own support.

When Sir Almroth Wright leaves these disturbing allegations of mental unsoundness, and gets on to purely financial considerations between men and women, he is clarity itself; he expresses our views admirably. He says:

"The programme of these young women is to be married upon their own terms. Man shall—so runs their scheme—work for his support—to that end spurning up his freedom and putting himself under orders for many years of the day; but they themselves must not be asked to give up any of their liberty to him, or to subordinate themselves to his interests, or his pleasures. To obey a man would be to commit the unpardonable sin...."

"Every woman of the world could tell her—whispering it into her private ear—that if a sufficient number of men
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The Rejection of the Conciliation Bill.

The rejection by the House of Commons of the Conciliation Bill by 222 to 208, being a majority of 14 against the Bill, is one of the most significant signs of the decadence of the House of Commons. Everyone will remember the overwhelming majority by which the Bill was carried twelve months ago, and also the various majorities by which the principle of Woman's Suffrage has been affirmed over and over again by Parliament.

It proves once more that the exigencies of party are much stronger than principle in this place. No one who has considered the question will for one moment say that the rejection means that the women who voted are really opposed to the granting of votes for women. As a matter of fact, Mr. Arnold Ward, who wound up the debate for the Anti-Suffragists, based the major part of his case against the second reading on the assumption that the Bill should be rejected because it had not yet been voted on by the people of the country.
that the voters had not been consulted on the matter, and that, therefore, postponement was absolutely necessary.

Even he, however, so far as his speech went, did not appear to think that it would be possible for the House of Commons to reject the Bill. However, rejected it was, and those of us who believe in the cause have now to ask ourselves what are the real reasons which led to this result.

I do not believe it could for a moment be argued that militant tactics had very much to do with the result. It is quite possible that a dozen or so votes were influenced by that. Even were it so, however, nothing more mean could have been done. For men to say that in their judgment, some people have committed illegal acts and done things they ought not to do, and that because of this they will vote against a thing which they honestly believe in, is quite too silly to argue about at this time of day.

The Liberal party is in power because it has condoned and supported the whole Passive Resistance Movement. It also condoned and excused all the law-breaking that has taken place in Ireland during the past twenty-five years, and it has based its claim for granting Home Rule to Ireland, irrespective of what Irish people have done either in Ireland or in our own country, on the broad principle that this is a just and righteous proposition, and should be carried, quite apart from any idea that those who advocate it may have broken the law, but, as I say, in my opinion, the militant action of the W.S.P.U. had very little effect on the debate.

The real reasons the Bill was rejected were, first of all, a large number of men were quite alarmed lest the Bill in committee might lead to the break-up of the Government. There can be no doubt at all that the announcement made by the Prime Minister that a Manhood Suffrage Bill was to be introduced, amendments were to be moved, and that he and his colleagues were each to take up their own line on the subject and fight the question out, not merely in public but on the floor of the House of Commons, had more to do with destroying the chances of Women's Suffrage, either through postponing the Bill or through the Manhood Suffrage Bill, than anything else we can think of, and the result was that men who were loyal to the Government, and personally loyal to Mr. Asquith, voted with them or were obliged to abstain from voting to save the country the spectacle of a Government fighting against itself over the subject of votes for women.

Another factor was the Home Rule question, and here, without in any sort of way wanting to appear to sit in judgment on the Irish members, I feel that the attitude they took up is one which does not redound to their credit, and is not likely to win them support for their case. They are using their power in this House ruthlessly and relentlessly on every great question, irrespective of what they believe to be the merits of the particular question under discussion. They are using their power simply to keep the Government in for the purpose of obtaining Home Rule. Whether they will succeed in placating English opinion by those tactics remains to be seen, but they argue that if the second reading of this Bill had been carried, not merely would it have been carried in defiance of the Prime Minister, and thus have defied his authority in either the Cabinet and in the House of Commons, but it also would have meant that ten days more Parliamentary time would have to be given to the Bill, and that these ten days would have been ten days of stormy debate and division, very likely rending the Cabinet in twain, and thus jeopardising from every point of view their chance of getting their Bill. There is, of course, a good deal of truth in this.

Another set of men who were concerned about time were those who want Welsh Disestablishment, and some of these deliberately abstained; and I know one case where a man deliberately voted against.

So far as the Labour party were concerned, those who could possibly be present were present and took part in the division in support of the Bill. Most of the miners' representatives were obliged to be away, and thus made the vote of the Labour party much less than it otherwise would have been. I think these were the real reasons why the Bill was rejected.

Now, what of the future? Men like myself never really liked the Conciliation Bill, except as the expression by Parliament of the principle that men and women should have the vote on the same terms. Apart from this, the Bill was a very small one, and it would have affected quite a small number. In speaking at meetings in support of Women's Suffrage, over and over again I have said that there was very little hope of carrying a really big measure for the enfranchisement of women until working-class women had been wakened up. I believe that this is the piece of work that requires to be done. The suffragettes have not done that. The agitation had been carried on amongst working-class women as has been carried on amongst the upper, the middle, and the lower middle-class women, I think very much more would have been accomplished.

What the House of Commons dreads is votes, and there is no doubt in my mind that the average man is not thought sufficiently enthusiastic to make them take up Votes for Women in real earnest, and the result is that members of Parliament who give the pledge at election times to women who canvass for them sometimes forget the pledge when they get there. If we could carry on a propaganda which had for its object the teaching of women that the removal of the sex disability with regard to the vote was only one step towards raising their status and securing their economic freedom, we should, I think, get along very much faster.

Now, the main thing we all have to consider is that, despite politicians, it is just possible that there is sufficient enthusiasm in the country for a change in the franchise laws to make it possible to keep the Government up to the mark in respect of the Manhood Suffrage Bill. If this be so, then all of us must, I think, join in doing what we can to influence working class opinion to demand a settlement of the women's question so far as votes are concerned at the same time, and to that end I will repeat that the first and last thing to do is to rouse the working classes, and in this connection the suffrage societies, who really want the vote given to women on the same terms as those which may be given to men, can do nothing better than join forces with the Labour and Socialist movement in the country, which will work loyally and solidly with them for this, and so ensured a volume of influence and secure so enthusiastic a backing for adult suffrage as will compel the Government either to leave the question of the franchise alone or to carry the only possible political measure, viz., votes on equal terms for both men and women.

GEORGE Lansbury.
The Conquest of the Heart.

We read in the Old Testament that, although Moses led the children of Israel to the borders of the promised land, he himself was not permitted to enter it, but was merely accorded a glimpse of its beauty from the top of Pisgah. "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes"—thus ran the divine decree—"but thou shalt not go over thither." The story may be true or fiction in its literal sense, as you please to determine; but it seems to embody an esoteric law as regards the fate of pioneers. Not for them the enjoyment of the boons with which they endow their fellows: for them the toil and tribulation, the doubts and misgivings, the long-despairing patience and the bitter fruit of ingratitude. For others the joy of reaping, the feast and song of the harvest home. It is probable that of those men and women who have fought or are fighting for an extension of the bounds of sexual or other forms of freedom, there are few whose personal history does not exemplify this law. The life of Mary Wollstonecraft, with its ups and downs up to and beyond the limits of sane endurance, is an excellent case in point. But it is only one of many as typical that could easily be cited if it were worth while. When Moses had brought his followers to the very brink of Jordan he died, and another and a lesser man took up and completed the task which he had so reluctantly laid down. This may be taken to symbolise the supersedion of the mood of passion by the mood of controlled purpose, an essential condition of success in all pioneer work. Not that this excludes the more obvious interpretation that the men who bring a great cause to victory are seldom the equals of those who have paved the way.

Nothing really great can be accomplished without passion—the fierce white flame which tempers to adamantine hardness the metal of the will. By passion is implied the preoccupation of the personality by a single irresistible and overwhelming desire. The vast majority of individuals are, needless to say, incapable of passion; and it is fortunate for them that they are. For the thwarting of passion—and it is invariably thwarted, at least in some degree—is a process inexplicable, a painful, a process of death by fire. Passion is (theologically speaking) sin—that goes without saying; and the soul that sins must die. Consequently, no personality has ever survived a true passion. Where this appears to have been the case, a closer inspection will always reveal the fact that the original personality has (like that of Moses) perished and a new one taken its place. Joshua was by no means the equal of Moses, like unto whom we are told that "there arose not a prophet since in Israel "; yet he carried to a triumphant issue the task over which his heroic predecessor had agonised in vain. It is ever so. One works intellectually with an instrument that is still hot from the forge: passion is a disabling condition, although it is the pre-requisite of power. Of love it has been said that it "inspires great ambitions and takes away the means of their fulfilment." But only to give them back in fuller measure and more efficient form. Yet passion can do much in its blundering way: it can do well-nigh anything, by virtue even of its Titanic energy, excepting always the achievement of its own special solace and unique satisfaction. In that field it is betrayed by its excessive ardour, and almost inevitably comes to grief in consequence. The immense human and social significance of passion is largely due to its imperative need of an outlet of some kind in lieu of
Co-operative Housekeeping and the Domestic Worker.

I.

"It's a singular thing that the commonest place is the hardest to properly fill. The hands at work, imposed on full half the race, is so seldom performed with goodwill. To say nothing of knowledge or skill."

—CHARLOTTE GHANMAN.

THE problem of domestic service in England has become so acute and the strain of present conditions so severe that even Punch has at times made references to the "servant question." It is undoubtedly a fact that this classic journal only handles topics that are mellow with age and universally familiar; it is not necessary, therefore, to go any farther to prove that the difficulty is real, universal, and of long standing. It is generally assumed that this particular problem is peculiarly a product of the age—that we are suffering at the hands of a modern "type"—the slatternly maid-of-all-work. Authorities assign various causes which have combined to provide this type, such as free education, the decline of religion, the alleged "souping" of the working classes, and many others, but all these things are entirely irrelevant.

The real difficulty is that domestic work itself has changed—and changed for the worse. Hence it attracts and produces a less desirable and less capable class of worker than formerly. It is generally assumed that "housecraft" has no history, and that it stands to-day in very much the same position that it stood in days past. Perhaps a brief review of the historical aspect of "housecraft" will clear the ground for the proposals to be set forth in the present paper.

The wife of a prosperous burgher in the age of the Tudors was a busy, capable person—a craftsman. She made her own foodstuffs, wove her own linen, pickled, potted, and preserved. In these days would be. All the old objections to domestic service as a career for educated women would cease to the functioning of a child and hoping that some of it will digest.

There were other advantages in the Tudor system. The maids formed a community. They were part of a corporate body, and local rivalry, a common social life and community of work and interests, held them together and kept them alive and jolly. It is a very important thing that work should be done in a sociable and jolly sort of way. The happy worker puts infinitely more into his or her work than the worker who is "pot-boiling," and it should be remembered that this is true, not only of painting pictures, but also of hanging wallpaper and boiling potatoes.

Then, again, the whole business was under the direction of a skilled and capable manageress. The maids did not feel that they were going on day after day performing a mechanical round of routine duties, learning nothing, making nothing, gaining nothing. They were storing up valuable knowledge and acquiring technical ability that would bear its fruit in their own homes. They were developing the pride and self-respect of the good and conscientious craftsman, and the better they served their mistress the better they served themselves. Compare this with the conditions which prevail to-day. This is a ready-made age—an age of tabloid soups and coffee essences; of factory-made jams and machine-made bread, while the term "homespun" has practically dropped out of the language. Which does this mean? That all the more difficult and consequently more interesting part of the old housecraft has been taken out of the home. Thus the modern housewife finds herself left with nothing but the simple routine working and the baser drudgery of scrubbing and cleaning.

There is no doubt that the loneliness of a domestic life has a very great effect on the health of the class as a whole. In spite of the fact that housework is a bustling, healthy sort of occupation, and that in the great majority of cases the food is quite good, a very large proportion of these girls suffer from anaemia and lack of vitality. Then, again, there is the difficulty of the relations between mistress and maid; these vary from house to house. In some cases the girl is treated as a bondwoman and in others she is allowed a great degree of freedom and familiarity, but in no case is she recognised as a member of a craft, having a definite status, definite rights, and a clear claim to an independent life of her own.

Having diagnosed the malady, it is time to consider the remedy; that remedy is co-operative housekeeping. While individual householders cannot each afford a competent general servant, they can, by pooling their interests and living together in a co-operative colony, afford a staff of trained, skilled and adequately paid domestic workers.

Every such colony would employ, maintain, and house such a staff. Their services would be available for any period desired, and they could be employed by the hour, day, or month. Having done their work, they would leave the house and return to their own quarters.

The object of this paper, treating, as it does, the co-operative housekeeping ideal from the point of view of the domestic worker, is to emphasise two great points which must always be borne in mind whenever this aspect of the question is considered. These points are:

(a) That domestic work must henceforth be split up into specialised branches, and workers must be thoroughly trained for those branches. Training, training, training—that is the great secret. Housework must once more be elevated to the dignity of a craft.

(b) That proper conditions of labour must be granted to those who elect to follow this new-odd calling. A living wage, fair hours, and proper opportunities for recreation must be secured to domestic workers.

Consider for a moment what the effect of establishing a guild of domestic workers on the above lines would be. All the old objections to domestic service as a career for educated women would cease to hold good. They would be as independent, as free, and as well paid as any other class of day worker. Their work would be more healthy and congenial than that of a typist, telephonist, or shopgirl. There would be no possibility of the eternal friction and nagging which sometimes prevail between two women of different age, education, and temperament when they are left alone together for hours at a time.

It would, of course, be necessary to found and endow training colleges for domestic science. Wealthy women who wished to do something really useful to the community and beneficial to the future
of their own sex might endow scholarships and exhibitions at such colleges. Girls could be trained to become cooks, needlewomen, nurses, housemaids, infant teachers, dressmakers—in fact, any and every craft that pertains to the home; they could adopt that branch of the calling which appealed to them and to their tastes.

On leaving the college, they should have qualified for a certificate of efficiency in one or more branches of domestic science. They could then take up a position on the staff of a co-operative colony, and have their own quarters, recreation-rooms, etc., at the central hall, where they could form a community of their own. Their hours of work and pay should be fixed and their interests guarded by means of a union. Domestic work under these circumstances would attract clever, capable and energetic girls, and would not be open to the reproach which is often levelled at other callings, viz., that they unfit girls for married life; on the contrary, a girl would be earning her living under decent conditions and at the same time learning the secrets of home-making and housekeeping. She would be economically independent of marriage, and yet fully capable of assuming the responsibilities of married life. Her work would be far healthier than that of the woman clerk, more useful to the community, and more suitable to her abilities.

Woman's place may be in the home, but not in the home as it is at present. The home is often a lumber-room of antiquated methods and disused ideas. Woman's duty to herself should lead her to come out of the home as quickly as she can, until the old basis of home life has been readjusted. Where in the whole wide world could one find anything at once so extravagant and inefficient as the present individualistic system of small, self-contained homes? Twenty little suburban houses, with twenty disappointed and underpaid general servants, are kept going expensively and unsatisfactorily, and yet half a dozen or so skilled domestic workers could do all the work of all these houses in an eight-hour day; the meals could be taken at the central hall, and all the heat, clamour, and unpleasantness of cooking could be taken out of these houses for ever.

To raise the servant problem now that the co-operative housekeeping solution has come to the fore is unnecessary and futile. The idea is in being; all that remains to do is to embody that idea in a working institution. When this has been done, that ancient bugbear, the “worries of housekeeping,” will vanish into thin air and a new era of freedom and opportunity will have dawned for all women, whether wife or spinster, mistress or maid.

Alice Melvin,
Hon. Sec. to the Society for the Promotion of Cooperative Housekeeping and House Service.

The Matador of the Five Towns.*

It is at present the custom of fools to decry Mr. Arnold Bennett’s work as “photographic.” Now photography is an adult recreation, and Mr. Bennett is the child among the authors of to-day. It takes the eyes of youth to see a tram-car lumbering down a high street as the uncontrived chariot of Love traversing his kingdom. It takes the palate of infancy to retain such a glutinous appætite for Life. It takes a child to accept so seriously the mission of justifying God’s ways to men.

In “The Matador of the Five Towns,” Mr. Bennett plunges deeper and deeper into the sea of human affairs. He broods excitedly over the green immensity of the football field, that unimpeachable arena where workers industriously repair to let loose over an insignificant game the passions inherited from forefathers to whom life was an unsettled and surprising adventure—passions suppressed or nagged to death by the prison-regulations of the industrial muddle. He picks up from the vast field one of the figures that is like his own, this game of football, this game of strong flesh, blatantly stupid, of no earthly value save for his strength of sinew. A fancy product of civilisation, an unbeautiful superfluity kept for sport, without the grace that excuses a miner’s whippet; a creature without achievement, save for a collection of “pots” gained as a racing bicyclist—dimest and vicious shapes, uselessly, grossly ugly, with their inscriptions lost in a mess of flourishes.” A creature now on the verge of senility, soon to become carrion: for at thirty-four a footballer is near the end of his career. Surely a being on whom we can satisfy the human appetite for despising people.

Then we follow Jos Myatt home to the “pub,” he keeps, “The Foaming Quart,” and suddenly find ourselves in the midst of a majestic crisis. That night he “is obliged to sit in a mean chamber and wait silently while the woman of his choice encounters the supreme peril.” He broods gloomily over her torments, he is terrified in the face of this savage development of Life. And at dawn his wife bears twin children. He exults, stupidly and silently. Then in the early morning, as he stands wrangling in the bar over an absurd wager, his wife dies. Could there be more grim a catastrophe—more terrible a testimony that the hearts of the gods are deceitful above all things and desperately wicked—than that the woman one loves should die by the fruit of that love? And Jos faces it magnificently. “As God is my witness,” he exclaimed solemnly, in the public, “I’ll never touch another foot-bar again!” For love of his dead wife he espouses senility. He buries his fame beside her even as Rossetti laid his poems in his wife’s coffin. He behaves royally: and we perceive that royalty is bestowed on all of us by the splendid experiences Nature metes out to our common humanity. We may become Supermen and Superwomen as fast as we will, but we can never earn the right to despise anybody, except those voluntary paupers, those moral malingerers that refuse experience. This is a sad thought. Now nice to be a Tory, and have half a nation to despise, magnificently to be a male anti-Feminist, and have half the world’s population to despise. These are the minus plaisiris one must renounce in embracing theories of liberty.

Another remarkable book that deals with the royalty of commoners is James Stephens’ “Charwoman’s Daughter.” This year we shall date the coming of spring from the day I read this book. And, indeed, it is like a wood being awakened by spring. As the buds leap out on the trees, so word by word unfolds its beauty: each lovely in itself and an essential note in the larger symphony of loveliness. It develops slowly with the sedate yet spend-thrift elaboration of Nature herself, and every page brings the book to a ripe beauty that one can hardly bear to leave, just as one wants every April day to linger for ever. Nothing can express the delicate strength of his style: to read the quick, beating sentences is like holding a bird in one’s hand.

The Matador of the Five Towns.*

* “The Matador of the Five Towns.” By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)
* “The Charwoman’s Daughter.” By James Stephens. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)
Mr. Stephens, in a passion of inquisitiveness, has run up the five flights of a Dublin tenement and burst into the attic—the first storey on the way down from heaven,” as the French say—and invades the privacy of the perfect heroine. Now it is a strange thing that Mr. Bennett meets with all his lively faculty for seeing through brick walls, is never completely successful in portraying young women. Always his young women have the slightly vulgar air of a conjurer trying to make an impressive mystery out of a commonplace trick with a bowl of goldfish and a couple of rabbits. But there are times when Mr. Bennett’s childlike glee was never got over his infantile admiration for the bland, magnificent creature in the draper’s windows, whose superb dignity and unchangeable sweetness he does not attribute to the fact that she is made of wax.

The best love story in the collection of tales that follow “The Matador,” “Jock-at-a-Venture,” is enacted between an old local preacher and a strolling actress nearing forty, a motherly body, such as Mr. Bennett can draw with genius. Never could he achieve such a miraculous heroine as Mary Makebelieve, the charwoman’s daughter. She is too busy with the mysteries of life to waste time looking mysteriously from under her eyebrows. But it is Mary’s mother that makes this book; she is a Freewoman. . . . “Her god was Freedom and her religion Love. Freedom! even the last rags of it that remain to a regimented world!” That was a passion with her. She must order her personal life without any godly supervision. And this last fringe of freedom was what nuns had sacrificed and all servants had bartered away. One must work, but one must never be a slave—these laws seemed to her equally imper-ative; the structure of the world swung upon them, and whoever violated these laws was a traitor to both God and man.

And Mrs. Makebelieve had all the virtues. Even she was a Freewoman. . . . “Her god was Freedom and her religion Love. Freedom! . . . And this last fringe of freedom was what nuns had sacrificed and all servants had bartered away. One must work, but one must never be a slave—these laws seemed to her equally imper-ative; the structure of the world swung upon them, and whoever violated these laws was a traitor to both God and man.”

Art and Propaganda have this much connection, that if a propaganda makes art impossible, it is clearly damned. That such a delicate and ex-quisite fairy-tale can be written about Free- women is an answer to the argument that Feminism will make men and can only do us harm. Our thanks to Mr. Stephens for proving that the devil is not going to have all the best tunes.

MRS. MAKEBELIEVE

**THE FREEWOMAN**

April 4, 1912

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**Family Affection.**

“All yours and you,

All, coloured with your blood, or otherwise,

Just nothing to you.”

**SO speaks Romney Leigh to his cousin Aurora of her sex in general, and the words may be taken in their most obvious sense as illustrative of the attitude of mind so common to women as to suggest not duty or virtue, but everyday human nature. And since woman’s world was small, and its interests individual and unique, the speaker need hardly have blamed her that she “generalised nothing.” The reproach has long been out of date; generalising has proved no such staggering feat. The “million sick” in Russia, or in the slums, haunts the modern girl’s imagination, and she feels the “universal anguish” at sight of the beggar and the orphan through our common knowledge of all that unemployed and use-ful mean.

But the old ties of blood remain, and have to be reckoned with. They are hallowed by traditional reverence and by the association of childhood. It may be worth while to consider precisely how they are affected by the entrance into a world larger, at least, in mental and physical outlook, in many cases they remain as strong as ever. We have all met delightful ladies whose affections, on the lines of careful housekeeping, are bestowed in nicely graduated amounts according to the degree of relationship. Other friends may be recognised mainly as similarly situated individuals with family stories to interchange. The case is to be found not
only in the last generation. Even a University education may not extinguish the disposition to attribute their deep-rooted interest in genealogical matters to country life, the possession of household gods of unusual antique charm, or genuine family tradition fast disappearing in the ever-shifting town life. For all of these things we have a genuine tenderness, the greater according to our own detachment from them.

And yet, even without these special influences, the past reigns in many a woman's soul, and she is not only "daughter all the days of her life," but niece, sister, cousin, as the case may be. Supposing that in adolescence, as is probable, she revolts against the family bonds, the old claims, evanescent attributes their deep-rooted interest in genealogical by the cult of the family than in the days of Arnold Bennett's novels of the Five Towns. At the age of seventy-seven, the pure gain of family life in childhood is obvious, but later the very social virtues developed among brother and sister comrades tend to direct energy into a wider sphere; the child is happy at school; the boy and girl learn at college the attraction of a community of equals; having learned to act together with mutual understanding and applause, they miss in the home the common stimulus to action, they lose touch with the collective attitude of mind proper to their generation, and fret and fume as "advanced" individuals against parental fashions, concrete or abstract. Of course, if they marry, they make their own compromise between domestic and social claims, and the adjustment often enables them to throw a more kindly light on elements in life, but of those other children of the sick room and the chimney corner, less docile, less engaging, less hopeful.

"Leave not a human soul To grow old in darkness and pain," prays the poet, hardly to be answered by a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not improbably "the soul of the world" invoked replies through woman's youth.

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mothers’ generation as to despair of startling ventures for new ideals. The leaven of the suffrage movement is working everywhere. Not always does the enthusiast have to leave father or mother cast off by his father, asked a father’s blessing from solution of St. Clare, who ended the domestic opposition to her vocation by drawing both sister and mother into the new Order.

WINIFRED HINDSHAW.

Genius and Decadence.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW has stated somewhat— in one of his inimitable prefaces, I believe—that the man whose consciousness does not correspond with that of the majority is, in the strict sense of the word, a madman; and to indicate the most obvious aspect of the phrase would be inarticulate, because superfluous, when we remember that, like Friedrich Nietzsche, Mr. Shaw may prefer to be thought insane. Nietzsche, driven to despair by a vain and futile world, sought a last refuge in the reclusion of his Weimar retreat, his brain literally consumed by the fierce fire of his genius.

However, since we are to believe that there is a soul of truth in Mr. Shaw’s remark, we must hasten to realise that genius (composing abnormal mentality) cannot be conceived as distinct from madness, which, as we have seen, is that phase of mind which does not conform with the common consciousness. But, unfortunately, Mr. Shaw’s paradox is not perfect, and because it was obviously not intended for our analysis no very deep searching would be needed to see how the meaning of the word madness has been strained to his purpose. But there is a danger of being hypercritical, and it was well to remember that Mr. Shaw’s phrases are often gems that lose something of their brilliancy when removed from the rich setting of their context: that only the purest paradox is in itself complete. Yet, in this instance, we may discern that soul of truth only when we shall have freed our minds from the original meaning of the word he is using, which cannot well happen to such as are impressed by the belief that he sincerely desires to convey some definite meaning.

Lombroso has gone far to show that genius and pathology of mind are inseparable, though it may be urged that his works bear rather the impress of literary empiricism than the stamp of scientific certainty. Max Nordau has also contended that genius and decadence are not absolutely incompatible, even to the extent of concluding that—since ugliness and-randomness, issuing from the extreme flank of the realistic movement, owes much to that abnormal keenness of vision which, with a total disregard for externals, probes right to the heart of realities and extracts their virginal element, thereafter proceeding to mould it anew—for public consumption, as it were. Remy de Gourmont speaks of this process, in its application to music, as the “disassociation of harmonies,” regarding Richard Strauss as the initiator of the method, which is synchronous with Impressionism in painting, and which has latterly extended to sculpture. Strauss is the prime disassociateur, and Strauss is decadent; Claude Monet divided his time, and Claude Monet is decadent; while, later, we have Cezanne, Gauguin, and Henri-Mattise, than whom none more decadent could be found, except perhaps Vincent van Gogh, who has a place apart.

In letters, the supreme realism of D’Annunzio’s “Romances of the Rose” places the young Italian among the first decadents in this branch of art. His book, “The Victim,” is a masterpiece of decadent art, brutal in its crude naturalism, tremendously iconoclastic, yet abounding in passages of forceful southern beauty which sound erotic and voluptuous. In the northern mind, there is mention of the fact that incest is the theme of his greatest drama to serve to show that this marvelous man has touched extremes which make it impossible to regard him as other than the essence of decay.

In England, George Moore was the first decadent, of whose too candid paganism and flagrant contempt for what have come to be regarded as the nobler virtues we have become a little suspicious. His cynicism is a trifle too extreme, we believe; his pessimism deeper than that of a Hartmann or a Nietzsche, if that were possible. But as a true decadent he delights in picturing such, and he has given us many pen-pictures of startling vividness in his frankly brutal, yet wholly delightful, “Confessions of a Young Man.” It would be impossible to forget the sketch, wonderfully complete and glovingly alive, of the obscure Poet-Composer, Cabaner, who though ever conscious of his own failure has yet a word of kindness for the discouraged and a crust of bread for the forsaken; a cooling draught for the parched throats of the penniless, and a home for the homeless ones—in a weird, strange place, furnished with plaster casts and a decapitated Venus de Milo! But that is George Moore’s picture, and I cannot pretend to imitate it. Some years had gone by since I had read the “Confessions,” until, quite recently, by a strange chance, I came upon the fortunate being who possesses the copy of that work which was sent by the author to Walter Pater—the last great English writer—
and the circumstance induced me to read the book again, which I did, with full consciousness of the old thrills, thankfully.

Next came Wilde, and when we have ceased to regard the man in the light of our anachronic morality conventionally, we shall perhaps see in his works a glimmering of the beauty that we know to be there, yet to which we have been blind so long by reason of our emotional incapacity to comprehend his art. It would be no easy task to analyse the varied ramifications of Wilde's aesthetic, and it is curious to note that he has given an entirely new significance to the sense of smell. In "The Picture of Dorian Gray" there is a whole chapter whose intent is to show the emotional meaning of perfumes.

But to him who contends that normal art has shown him anything resembling a complete picture of himself, we would say, either that he is too little introspective, or that his days have been cast on pleasant places, where the monstrous is unknown, and where the normal is sufficient to express the subtlest emotions he has engendered.

Selwyn Weston.


After reading the article on Y.W.C.A. Homes in your issue of February 8th, I felt that I should like to give my experience of one of these Hostels in order to show how they differ—one from another.

First, may I say that they are primarily intended for girls whose income is not sufficiently great to allow of their living in the more expensive boarding-house or hotel; also they provide more of the "Home" atmosphere than is to be found in other boarding establishments.

There are hundreds of girls in London—one might even say thousands—who, after trying the typical "lodgings," come to the conclusion that anything is preferable to the slovenly landlady, the poor and badly served food, and, more often than not, the shabbiness and untidy appearance of their rooms, and, above all, their own great loneliness and need of companionship. All these things tend to make them very dissatisfied with the existing conditions, and, accordingly, they make their way to the nearest Y.W.C.A.

Few people, unless they have experienced it, can in any way imagine the awful loneliness and almost sense of desolation which every girl has to bear when she leaves the shelter of her home for the first time, and begins to fight the battle of life for herself. She feels as though she were leaving her girlhood miles behind her, and that she is, in very truth, a woman, with a very full and heavy burden of life upon her young shoulders, and it is at this time one of the first things she wants companionship and real comradeship more than at any other stage of her career. Notwithstanding its millions of people and its teeming population, London is the loneliest place in the wide world, and it is to the Y.W.C.A. that many girls owe a great debt of gratitude, insomuch as it provides them the means whereby they can meet young, bright and merry girls. The secular and spiritual benefit of these young girls' homes is the real "Home" that is fitted to fit them for their work. These restrictions may be rather galling to a woman of forty or fifty years of age, but I would point out to her that these Y.W.C.A. homes were never meant for her, but for the younger girl or woman, who needs the protection and care which the Young Women's Christian Association provides for her.

A Y.W.C.A. Boarder.

In view of our knowledge of the inadequacy and unsuitability of the housing accommodation for women in London, we are pleased to publish the above article from a Y.W.C.A. boarder, who has a different experience of a Y.W.C.A. home, from the one published in the earlier issue of this paper. It is needless to say, that all organisations attempting to deal seriously with housing of women has our warmest support.—Ed.)
Distant and Random Shots.

IMAGINATION is the tether of the soul.

The boldest is always the wisest policy," said Napoleon. "The largest is always the truest sentiment," said Emerson.

Shamefaced condemnation of a fault or vice often argues its presence, or predilection, in the condemner.

Sensuality insults the soul by ignoring it.

To shirk a duty is to draw a draft upon the soul, which must be paid with interest in later life.

When poetry condenses, it becomes symbol. Symbol is the form or body of reality. False or artificial symbols (as in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird") are symbols of symbols, shadows of shadows.

There is a correspondence between the physique of an author and his style: Stevenson (disjointed), Gibbon (corrupt), Milton (anuous, well knit), Caesar (attenuated). The style is always the man.

Perfection is reality.

The storms of life divulge buried treasures.

Endeavour makes strong, suffering wise.

The strong are intolerant in youth; the weak in age.

Suffering is obstruction, joy expression. Anguish is dumb. Milton's Satan was too eloquent to remain in hell.

"When God loveth He chasteneth." Who is chastened of God loves God.

Prose is to poetry as walking or running is to dancing.

Sentiment is the shadow of emotion. Sentiment is controllable; emotion is not.

Love gives: hate would take.

Imagination is the atmosphere of the soul.

Fancy paints the surface, imagination the soul.

Imagination makes an object subjective, and the external internal.

Poetry has paradox. Milton writes: "The proud shipwreck of the Spanish Armada."

Poetry is the effect of the contact of the material and spiritual spheres, of common sense and uncommon sense. All manifestations of power are born of contact; and the greater the difference of the contacting elements, the greater is the manifestation.

The individualised are the most representative men.

Sublimity is imagination in large prospect.

Great men of action pass through external phases, often ending in the tragic, or St. Helena, phase. Great men of thought pass through internal states, often culminating in the serene, or "Tempest," state.

Poetry is the grouping of words in such an order that when a man sets his face against the proposal to bring in an epicene institution—an epicene institution in which man and woman shall everywhere work side by side at the self-same task, and for the self-same pay. These wishes can never by any possibility be realised. Even in animals—I say even, because in these at least one of the sexes has periods of complete quiescence—male and female cannot be safely worked side by side, except when they are incomplete. While in the human species safety can be obtained, it can be obtained only at the price of continual constraint. And even then, woman, though she protests that she does not require it, and that she does not receive it, practically always does receive differential treatment at the hands of man. It would be well, I often think, that every woman should be clearly told—and the woman of the world will immediately understand—but that when a man sets his face against the proposal to bring in an epicene world he does so because he can do his best work only in surroundings where he can do his best work only in surroundings where he is perfect, free from suggestion, and from the onus which all differential treatment imposes. And I may add in connection with my own profession that when a medical man asks that he should not be the only sex of his profession to undergo the very ordeal which he is perfectly prepared to undergo, it is because he would wish to keep up as between men and women—when they are doctors—some of the modesties and reticences upon which our civilisation has been built up.
Now the medical woman is, of course, never on the side of modesty, or in favour of any reticences. Her desire—

The programme of this type of woman is, as a preliminary, to compel man to admit her claim to be his intellectual equal, and, that done, to compel him to divide up everything with her to the last farthing, and so make her his financial equal. And her annual exhibit to us the kind of Parliamentary representative she de-

It is not necessary in connection with a movement which has been set on foot above any further to labour the point that there is in it an element of mental disorder. It is plain that it is there.

If she asks for an explanation it perhaps behoves a

The true inwardsness of the relation in which woman stands to physical force lies not in the question of her having it at command, but in the fact that forth with without plan of herself within the jurisdiction of an ethical law. The law against which she offends when she re-

This traitor woman at the Tarpeian rock?
We have sufficiently considered her, and with her we have considered the thousands of her sympathisers and subscribers. We may turn now to that section of woman suffragists who incline to the view that any longer exists—which is opposed to all violent measures, though it numbers in its ranks women who are sung up by excitement, by the thought that man, who will concede the vote to the lowest and most degraded of his own sex, withholds it from "even the noblest woman in England."

When that excited and somewhat pathetic appeal is addressed to us we have only to consider what a vote really gives. The Parliamentary vote is an instrument—and a quite astonishingly disappointing instrument it is—for obtaining legislation; that is, for directing that the agent of the State shall in certain defined circumstances bring into application the weapon of physical compulsion. Further, the vote is an instrument by which we give to this or that group a statesmen authority to supervise and keep in motion the whole machinery of compulsion.

To take examples. A vote cast in favour of a Bill for the prohibition of alcohol—if we could find opportunity for bringing into application the weapon of physical compulsion—would be a formal expression of our desire to apply through the agency of the Government into office in a country where murder is punishable by death is a vote which, by agency of the hangman, puts the noose round the neck of every convicted murderer. So that the difference between voting for obtaining legislation; that is, for directing that the= Government concedes the vote to woman is unsound, and that evil must ultimately arise from woman suffrage in the countries we have to deal with in this country are the absolute antithesis of those ruling in any of the countries and States which have adopted woman suffrage. When woman suffrage was adopted in these countries it was adopted in some for one reason, in others for another. In some it was adopted because it appealed to the doctrinaire politician as the proper logical outcome of a democratic and Socialist policy. In others it was adopted because opportunist politicians saw in it an instrument by which they might gain electioneering advantages. In others it was adopted because it would help the legislator in remodelling the divorce and the bastardy laws if he had conjoined with him an unmarried militant suffragist as assessor.

Peace will come again. It will come when woman ceases to believe and to teach all manner of evil of man despitely. It will come when she ceases to impute to him as a crime her own natural disabilities, when she ceases to resent the fact that man cannot and does not wish to work side by side with her. And peace will return when every woman for whom there is no room in England seeks "rest" beyond the sea, "each one in the house of her husband". The Europe of the future will call women. And they loved in the heathen ages, Before men knew the Cross— They loved and were buried together In the days of Abydos.

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9, ARGYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, WEST.

LOVE ETERNAL.

She sang at the shrine of Osiris, To greet the Prince of Jeem;
Her mouth was a crimson-breathed iris, Her face a living dream.
And they loved in the heathen ages, Before men knew the Cross—
They loved and were buried together In the days of Abydos.

She sang to the music of Handel, To please the Lord of Orme;
Her hair was as dusky as the sandal, Her eyes were dim with storm.
And they loved in the cultured city, Beneath the heavy Cross, As they loved by the Pagan sistra In the days of Abydos.

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.
Correspondence.

THE SERVILE STATE.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM—I am after wasting over three hundred words in endeavouring to refute the "servile state" argument you bring forward in answer to my letter in last week's issue. But the length of the letter made me pause to reflect, and I have decided that the onus of proof lies upon you. It rests with you to show the necessary and inevitable connection between slavery and a high degree of social organisation.

It is unnecessary, in these days of railway strikes and coal stoppages, for me to argue that a break-down of the machinery of society necessitates the rendering of some service in return for recompense. But freedom weights the scales in favour of the individual, and in every case, in our social relationships, that is, the machinery of State. Now, madam, I think it rests with you to show that such a use of society is necessarily, or even probably to offer such slavery. For the present I am content to point out that the condition is that we render some service in return for our maintenance, and that the length of the letter made me pause to

If a better organisation of society would greatly increase our resources, and if that organisation would not bring about an inequality of the service we render and the recompense we receive? No. Some of us get a high standard of maintenance in return for no service; others get a low standard in return for great services. There are those that have no concern with the endowment of Motherhood, and are expected to go on working for their living, and without securing proper care for its mother, for example, by limiting her freedom to work at laborious trades, and by maintaining her whilst she is not at work—in a word, by shifting the basis of the recompense to that of the State. But freedom weights the scales in favour of the individual.

The Endowment of Childhood does not, I agree, involve the Endowment of Motherhood in its entirety. But children require care before they are born, and I cannot see how we are to secure proper care to the unborn child without securing proper care for its mother, for example, by limiting her freedom to work at laborious trades, and by maintaining her whilst she is not at work—in a word, by shifting the basis of the recompense to that of the State. But freedom weights the scales in favour of the individual.

My difficulty in reading THE FREEWOMAN and in arguing with her is that I do not know at all clearly what she means by "servile state"—Ed.

On the other matter in my letter upon which you comment, you express difficulty in understanding upon what grounds I consider that Trades Union are built up upon the compulsion of coercion. Surely it is common knowledge that the acting, if not the theoretical principle of the trades unionist, is to make working life unbearable for non-unionists, until they are driven to join their forces with his, and that the overlapping majority weight being so great, it is by no means not an inappropriate term to use regarding those who will ever resort to physical violence against the man who claims the right to work or not, as the case may be.

I would commend a less biased reading of reports of rioting during Labour disputes, if you find difficulty in justifying talk of "hooliganism attaching itself" to such, I can hardly suppose you justify wanton destruction of property and personal assaults as necessary adjuncts of the strike proper. And to conclude, perhaps you will enlighten me as to the hidden meaning of your remark, "To our mind, all suffrage points to physical violence against the man who claims the right to work or not, as the case may be."

I. D. PEARCE.

SEX-EQUALITY AND THE CONCILIATION BILL.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM—I am sorry I have not been so fortunate as to make myself understood. I was under the impression that my Suffrage points at least would be perfectly clear to anyone who was conversant with the strike proper.

You evidently confuse the just administration of franchise laws with extension of the franchise, two things which have not necessarily any connection.

The demand of Suffragists is for the removal of the sex disqualification, which debar women, otherwise qualified, from voting at Parliamentary elections, and this demand has been generally embraced by the House of Commons, and the theoretical approval of the Conciliation Bill compact. The "Conciliation Bill compact" was entered into between Suffragists on the one hand, and Suffragists generally outside of the House on the other, with a view, if possible, to obtaining some practical demonstration of that theoretical principle of the equality of the sexes. The principle of sex-equality by the bringing of existing franchise laws, so far, into line with it. Pending the result of this attempt, from which there was much hope, the demand nothing to lose, hostilities were suspended by the militant sections of the Suffrage movement.

The betrayal occurred when, avowedly, at the instigation of Mr. Lloyd George—whose interest lies not in the just administration of franchise laws, but merely in adding Liberal votes to the tally of the party, the so-called "torpedo the Conciliation Bill compact" by shifting the basis of the Suffrage position to that of franchise extension, and announcing his intention of assuring the House of Commons definitely to confirm the principle of sex-inequality by bestowing the right of the franchise upon all men—with or without the accompanying privilege of some votes to women as the case might be.

Under such conditions, the success or failure of the Conciliation Bill was rendered of comparatively little importance.

Other Suffrage societies are apparently willing to accept an unequal Reform Bill—the most hopeful friend in the Cabinet having openly professed his sympathy with some (more or less) women being included in it. The Women's Social and Political Union alone has repudiated any extension of the franchise system by more than a portion of absolute sex-equality—which, I hold, justifies my remarks concerning it and its recent actions.

On the other matter in my letter upon which you comment, you express difficulty in understanding upon what grounds I consider that Trades Union are built up upon the compulsion of coercion. Surely it is common knowledge that the acting, if not the theoretical principle of the trades unionist, is to make working life unbearable for non-unionists, until they are driven to join their forces with his, and that the overlapping majority weight being so great, it is by no means not an inappropriate term to use regarding those who will ever resort to physical violence against the man who claims the right to work or not, as the case may be.

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I. D. PEARCE.

March 31st.

R. J. P. MORTISHED.

March 30th, 1912.

I agree, involve the Endowment of Motherhood in its entirety. But children require care before they are born, and I cannot see how we are to secure proper care to the unborn child without securing proper care for its mother, for example, by limiting her freedom to work at laborious trades, and by maintaining her whilst she is not at work—in a word, by shifting the basis of the recompense to that of the State. But freedom weights the scales in favour of the individual.

Our "enigmatical" statement which our correspondent refers to means this: That men on strike are not like men on strike proper. Hence our objection to the idea underlying Mr. Mortished's statement that "all women should be maintained 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."—Ed.
labouring under a sense of injustice, who have practised a restraint which is phenomenal, is tantamount to taunting them into an impulsive throwing off of restraint; and that such action should plead justification for the men on the ground that they were put to a strain beyond human endurance, and that responsibility for such strain should be thrown on the women. We have stated unnecessarily aggravating language about the employment of the military as a factor in the settlement of strikes.—ED.)

ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM,—Perhaps the reason why your criticisms appear so extraordinarily less convincing to me than to yourself is that they have their root in the notion that "earning money" means (for women) the pursuit of some career like letters, art, or medicine, which is compatible with satisfactory motherhood simultaneously, or at least with the saving up of a sum sufficient to admit of a few years of mothering in independence from the father.

The women who can earn money so may be the salt of the earth, but they are a negligible number in the problem of how to populate the new world.

To the women with whom we are primarily concerned, your phrase, "saving for motherhood as you would for a Bank Holiday," can they rear children on these savings? Yet if they do not rear children on savings they cannot rear them at all. They can hear children at the risk of losing their employment, but the rearing (much the larger half of motherhood) must be done by a woman who is not employed.

"Motherhood," in your columns, seems to mean the bearing of children in a house equipped with a nursery and a servant. You speak of it as a demoralisingly soft job, compared with "earning" a livelihood. You should try to rear a single baby till the age of two or three without any person to cook, wash, or sew either for it or for you. If you do that at all you will discover the greater industry than any journalist or any mill girl, and if you do it well you will prove your capacity in a profession whose worth and whose difficulty is surpassed by few.

Even if you were to get 30s. a week from the State for doing that work, I venture to think that it would do more "for the good of your soul" than "earning your livelihood" as a lady's maid, or as a vendor, or maker of hats that cost ten times your own weekly wage.

When you declare that "a child can NOT be decently brought up" on the income which our national wealth would allow (about £20), something quite true according to our middle-class standard of decency, but your statement has no relevance to the large and increasing proportion of married women, and their children may greatly affect their freedom and happiness, but it cannot perceptibly alter the national income per capita. For a rise in the birth rate, or in the number of women of reproductive age, must result in the national income per capita. For a rise in that we must look to Socialism, Tariff Reform, Intensive Agriculture, the abolition of military and naval waste, or to whatever economic panacea you may prefer. We need not wait for the introduction of that panacea before we take the next steps along the path of recognising the State's duty as "over-parent" to all infants. Is it not the demand of every woman of the people to do double work properly. Therefore the State before it has time to reduce the inducements?

Your eloquent conclusion is: "We must resist the Endowment because it is not good for us. We can effect bolder things." I reply that self-supporting motherhood means doing two women's work for one woman's pay. It is still all an impossibility for one not rather woman of the people to do double work properly. Therefore the choice must remain between payment by the State, payment by a man (or both of these), and no motherhood at all. But I am in your terms to prefer the last alternative, "for our soul's sake." But is it really a "better and bolder thing" to be a machinist than a mother—a mother who rears as well as bears. Russell Scott.

(1) It is best of all to be an independent, self-supporting housewife, but then you can choose whether you will be a machinist or a mother, or both or neither.

(2) Most women can hear children (and should, if they have a desire, and think themselves fit), but to rear children is a specialised profession requiring temperament and training.

(3) Rearing children is not essentially a human mother's work.

(4) We have stated no objections to the view that the State should become "over-parent" of the children, because we have none. Our objections are solely in reference to the "fathers." We have stated that the State should be responsible for creche, kindergarten, school, and university, and should become so here and now, if we are to do induce it to do. Even at present, the State, in a fashion, and after a certain age, educates children, feeds them, and is beginning to doctor them. This system is about as beneficial as our parental and the State's, and so set free the mother (unless she chooses to be a kindergarten or teacher) to do her own work.

(5) The relevancy of our arguments to the statement that the average productiveness per capita was only £20 lies in this: The average is extremely small, in spite of the fact that many men work hard. Its smallness is accounted for by the fact that there are so many persons doing non-productive work, the chief sinners in this respect being women. The "work" they are engaged in doing is mostly highly unintelligent drudgery—not productive in the true sense—not therefore worth 30s. per week.

(6) We think our correspondent makes a mistake in thinking we have in mind chiefly middle-class women, or women with middle-class means. We had in mind, for instance, the Lancashire cotton operatives, a large and increasing proportion of whom are married women, who in struggling to keep their independence put their babies in charge of a "nanny." The same, of course, is true of the State. This is not an ideal arrangement, but it is a makeshift in a transition period. The creche and public nursery will doubtless soon make it obsolete. The difficult time is the present, and Freewoman mothers have to face the difficulties of pioneers. The unmarried mother would have the added difficulty in the birth rate of her child of being ostracised by society, and of having the few meagre avenues to lucrative toil which already exist close to her. Only determination, personality, and the luck which some women with the brave, can befrend her. This is the lot of the pioneer.

THE REMEDY?

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM,—If it is desirable that women should know the truth about life, and thus be driven out of the Fools' Paradise in which most of them live, we must thank Walter Gallichan for the information conveyed in his two articles on "Uneducated Women."

He does not, however, as far as I can judge, suggest a remedy for this state of things; perhaps, because, from the man's point of view, no remedy is needed. The condition being exactly suited to his requirements, viz., an ample supply of "pretty, amiable girls, well versed in all the arts of feminine fascination," to enliven the years of his single life, and a goodly number of well-brought-up maidens of his own class to choose from, should it eventually please him to give up the varied joys of bachelorhood for the monotony of monogamy. I wish, however, that Mr. Gallichan had told us in what way "the mothers of the community, the straight women, the shoddy wives of the respectable home, the swindler women for a traffic whose very name is spoken of in hushed tones." If he means to ascribe it to their coldness, this surely arises from their knowledge of men's pre-nuptial liaisons, for nothing can be so damping to passion as the fact that the love which should be their due as wives has already been lavished on their predecessors.

Men, being accustomed to share their light-o'-loves with other men, cannot, of course, understand, or in any way appreciate, the women's imperative demand for exclusive possession, which, if satisfied, would result in a sense of security in his affections. On such terms only can she have true peace of mind, gives it its unique value, for "straight women" as a rule, are deplorably ignorant.

If this is essentially a woman's question, as Mr. Gallichan says it is, it is desirable that it should be thrashed out, so that the "straight women" may realise their proper sphere and their relative position in child raising and household life, as compared with that of "the general unclassed." Some of your readers have protested against the discussion of sex questions in your paper, but this, to my mind, gives it its unique value; for "straight women," as a rule, are deplorably ignorant.
If prostitution is indispensable to man’s happiness, as it appears to be, this fact should be greatly to the benefit of unmarried women, so that they may realise, before marriage, the task they are undertaking. Obedience, being a voluntary act, done in the service of her man; in the life of the average working-woman it never

This often causes either a strong revulsion of feeling or else kills by degrees much unhappiness. Although the theory of “necessity” is the cause

It is hardly credible that men, otherwise discerning,

So much for Mr. Wells; now for the Free Woman. You do, I notice, in your reply to Mr. Wells, mention the fact that men might reasonably be expected to go halves in supporting the children to whose life they had contributed, but the whole trend of your arguments hitherto has

As for Mr. Wells, much as I admire the bulk of his work, there is no indication of his having realised the repulsion their self-indulgence gives

So much for Mr. Wells; now for the Free Woman. You do, I notice, in your reply to Mr. Wells, mention the fact that men might reasonably be expected to go halves in supporting the children to whose life they had contributed, but the whole trend of your arguments hitherto has
man. Such things will happen sometimes, even to free-
women, and it will help them nothing to rage into the
shadows of their divas over such ordinary human
irregularities. They will have to do what rejected suitors
and feminine victims of unrequited love have had to do
from time immemorial—accept as they meet, the victors in possession of the field.

March 24th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—If you ask me categorically "when and under
what circumstances" opportunities (I did not say
"facilities") for men and women to study sex questions
cleanly and scientifically have been "provided," I cannot
answer. Perhaps you are right, and they have never been "provided," only made. Opportunity comes to each
one of us in its own way. I am not begging the question in
saying this. I really believe it is a case of "according
to thy faith (or, rather, pluck) be it unto thee." People,
to a large extent, make their opportunities. Facilities they
simply enjoy.

One of your correspondents ("Gideon")—dealing with
another subject—says, "Why all this fuss? Woman is
as free as man himself—she doesn't think so, that is all." On the whole, few things are forbidden by law, and if we
are not brave enough to defy obsolete customs, we must
blame ourselves.

Christabel Pankhurst, "tis true, cannot yet officially use her legal knowledge, but she has acquired it. I take
it there were women-doctors (if knowledge entitles them to
the name) long ere women were legally permitted to
practise medicine. Where there's a will there's a way,
and the sex-love some of us have, in the past, wrung from

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—My attention has just been drawn to an
article in your columns signed "Various Hands," in
which there is at least one misstatement of fact, and
a point of view, unfortunately taken by many feminists,
with which I venture to disagree.

The National Union of Clerks has opened its ranks to
women, and has preached the theory of equal pay
for equal work since its formation. It is well that this
fact should be at once understood. I am not suggesting
that the average male member of the N.U.C. approves of
this because he is a lover of justice. He agitates for
equality of pay because he is a man of intelligence, and
realises that he must safeguard himself against the
blackleg, man or woman.

The question of whether women should join the men's
unions or should form unions of their own is an open
question by reiterating my hope that the new "morality"
of the employers. The employers
will benefit me in any way, but because I believe that
the question of whether women should join the men's
unions or should form unions of their own is an open
question by reiterating my hope that the new "morality"

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I am a member of the N.U.C., not because it
is good that women should have societies
of their own in which they can take all the official posi-
tions and train themselves for public life. This is a very
good reason for forming debating societies and other
harmless organisations, but a Trade Union is something
very much more important.

The essence of Trade Unionism is solidarity—the secret
of its success is solidarity—not only between men and
and the community of interests between
workers, men and women, must be insisted upon in the
future, especially in the clerical profession, if either the
men or the women believe to be booking worth having out
of the employing classes.

Many apologies for trespassing on your space,

DOLLY LANSBURY.

ON THE LOOSE PRINCIPLE.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM.—May I conclude my few remarks on the sex
question by reiterating my hope that the new "morality"
which would permit for women the same degrading laxity
in sex matters which is indulged in by the lower animals,
including man, will be checked and crushed before it grows any stronger? As I said before, I am
neither a prude nor a puritan, nor in any way connected
or in sympathy with the Bishop of London, and it has
long been my desire that the time may soon come when
women, like men, may experience in love without having
their whole lives eternally blighted and blasted.

I would regard with toleration, and, indeed, with sym-
pathy, two or three experiments or trials in love, but the idea of
habitual sexual promiscuousness disgusts me, as I'm sure it must all decent people. Neither "A New Subscriber" (2)
has had any thorough experience of the "simple natural law of
land in England" has diminished in income-producing
value in comparison with other things, and we cannot
make it clear to him that it is not difficult to show that
the primitive and animal instincts and passions in men and
women were allowed and encouraged to run amuck without any
self-restraint or self-control.

I am afraid in her last letter "A New Subscriber" has
rather played into my hands. She assures me that she
has had a very thorough experience of the decent means
of livelihood open to women, which surely suggests that
she believes that there are also indecent means of liveli-
hood.

As an advocate of "individual liberty" and freedom, she
wouldn't regard prostitution as an indecent means of livelihood?

I am sorry to have forfeited the sympathy of "A New
Subscriber," but she has entirely misunderstood and mis-
interpreted me. Not only does she give me the primitive
idea that the sexual freedom I advocate is without morality,
and for my part I may as well have the sexual liberty and
experience that they desire, but I am not yet sufficiently
advanced to regard love and lust as synonyms of the word.

March 24th, 1912.

KATHY O. EVER.

OUR GREAT SOLEMNITY.
The Editor of the Freewoman.

MADAM,—Does Mr. Philip Oyer mean to be funny in
his article on "Simple Rules of Health for Adults"? If he
does, he is over-successful; if he doesn't, he's more
successful still; but he lacks the genius of Katherine
Mansfield, whose book, "In a German Pension," is adver-
tised in your review amongst the "Books That Compl".
I would glad to help him to get it right, but I am doubtful
as to whether the book entitled "The Luft-Bad," which will enable them to keep
their balance in these days of fads! Oh, for a saving
sense that would be independent from own; but I am sure that this book
from which is so much happiness and pleasure as to know of individuals who are
genuinely in love. I am in love myself, and therefore I have
that fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind,
and for my part I may as well have the sexual liberty and
experience that they desire, but I am not yet sufficiently
advanced to regard love and lust as synonyms of the word.

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