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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
THE SERVILE STATE	421	FOOD AND POPULATION. By		Women in "Mixed Trade	
TOPICS OF THE WEEK:		C. V. Drysdale	429	Unions "	436
Some Thoughts on Religion	423	WINGS OF DESIRE. By		Wanted—the Grounds for	
A NEW FORMULA. By Charles		Rebecca West	433	Differentiation	436
J. Whitby, M.D.	425	DISCUSSION CIRCLES	434	On the Importance of be-	
WOMAN: A REPLY TO MISS		THE HAPPY CHILD. By		ing Human	437
CICELY HAMILTON. By		E. H. Visiak	434	Corporal Punishment of	
William Foss	426	CORRESPONDENCE:		Girls	437
"FUTURISM." By Harry J.		The Remedy	434	The Human Complex	437
Birnstingl	427	"Let the Women be Alive"	434	The Value of the Quick	
		Remedies for Disease	436	Unbalance of Women	438
				A Correction	439

THE SERVILE STATE.

A SERVILE State is a community of which the people are willing to be governed by an external authority for their own good. It is a State which develops within one to which tyranny has done its worst, and has driven its serfs to a point at which life is not worth living, and at which the mass of suffering life turns round at a common impulse and makes a blind movement to provide itself ease. In this concerted impulse lies the compelling strength of the mass. Had not slavery done its worst by inducing spiritual slavery, at such an impulse a slave community might enter into a heritage of freemen in an hour. But slavery which has maintained itself triumphant until physical sense has to revolt against intolerable suffering has long since effected the unspeakable sin; it has already made the human subhuman.

"The unborn, uninstructed impulses,
The naked spirit so majestic"

of the human, are not there; they have been destroyed, and the slaves' owners know that it is so. They act accordingly. How they act, the economic and political history of the past hundred years shows. A few sops at the moment for the hungry, a salve for the instant for the more burning sores, a little fiction that the slaves shall be called freemen henceforth to lull to sleep a flickering memory of a lost estate, and then back to the old round again. In England, the repeal of the Corn Laws and Free Trade, some factory legislation, and the effecting of the Franchise Laws correspond exactly to this method. It is a little more than a hundred years since the magnificent uprush of human indignation of the French Revolution, and a little less since its paler English sister had its Peterloo. The

French outburst, the more impetuous, was the swifter to be brought to heel. A mere decade separated Marie Antoinette from Napoleon. The English spirit, slower to rise, was slower to subside and harder to pacify. It took all the guile of the Reform Bills to pacify Englishmen, and by adopting the ruse of doling them out piecemeal, the franchise fetish has kept insurgent labour quiet three-quarters of a century. Only at this moment are they beginning to realise that the franchise system in itself is a filching away of a liberty which, though little more than nominal, was all that they had saved from the wreckage of the freedom which was theirs before England was conquered and crushed by a foreign nation. The franchise constitutes a document taking away such freedom, inducing the people, moreover, to affix their name to the document. We are perhaps for the first time becoming conscious of the real conflict between two forms of human government, *i.e.*, between democracy and autocracy. It has taken a thousand years for this struggle to become articulately comprehended by the masses, so stunning a blow did the Latin conquest of England, nine hundred years ago, inflict upon the national genius of Englishmen for self-government. William the Conqueror introduced slavery into free England; he created an English proletariat, a people without land and without rights, and such they have remained ever since. Though the personnel of the people's over-lords has changed from kings to aristocrats, from aristocrats to capitalists, the essential character of slavery in the system is as real to-day as in the eleventh century—more real, in fact, because more subtle and intangible. Our representative system calls itself so, in order to obscure its true intent. It is a cover

under which the chains of slavery are forged more finely. It is an ingenious device which makes the people acquiesce in and be the agent for their own subjection. The people's masters are safer so, for masters have found the people ugly in temper when driven too far against their will; they drive them, therefore, but nominally with their will. It will be perhaps as well to define the functions of a State.

The big looming notion of the State as something which stands over and against individuals is a childish delusion. Such a sentiment as is embodied in the tag "When none was for a party, but all were for the State," is demonstrable nonsense. Delving for its meaning is like delving into one of those big boxes which sometimes come on the first morning of this month, from which are removed layer after layer of tissue paper and paper shavings to reveal in the depths nothing more than a little mirror, which reflects oneself. The State, likewise, has neither existence nor meaning apart from individuals and groups of individuals. It has a function only inasmuch as individuals having certain convictions in common, desire to register such convictions, and to ensure the appointment, should such convictions involve action, of officials to carry them out. The State is, or rather should be, no more than a registration machine plus an executive. When a Parliament, for instance, attempts more, it is filching powers which only a slavish or sleeping people would allow. The State should maintain, for instance, an army and navy, because the people desire the country guarded against invasion. If a plebiscite were taken on the subject tomorrow, it would stand for an army and navy. If a vote as to the internal organisation of army and navy were taken, it would be against the present action of the State. If a vote were taken upon the State providing adequate school accommodation, it would authorise the State to act. If it were taken as to the modelling of curricula at Whitehall, it would withhold consent. It would be for nationalisation of the land and the railways and the post office, but it would be dead against State management of the conditions of labour in the post office and the schools, and against wages boards, with State appointed chairmen, such as Lord Mersey, Sir William Collins, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Robert Romer, and Sir Clarendon Hyde, empowered to give the *casting vote* as to the conditions and wages under which men shall carry on their individual work. General arrangements, authorised by the consent of the people, the State may make, but it should not meddle with anything which is individual, growing, mobile. It is its function to keep the ring, because the people consent that the ring should be kept. It is its business, as we have said, to keep the Germans from our shores, but it is just as much its business to keep open to the people access to the land, and to administer effective punishment to any, whether capitalist or other, who frustrates access. The people are becoming more and more convinced that each and all should have the right to work, and the right to live. What they are more and more to be persuaded of is the right of any man *not* to work, to starve, to die if he wills to. The two sets of rights go together, and unless we insist on the latter, misguided and short-sighted enthu-

siasts of the former will soon be talking of and enforcing, through that unscrupulous, immoral engine of the State, *i.e.*, Parliament, the duty to work and the duty to live. Our already existing "law" against suicide, for instance, is an insult to the human spirit. The most brilliantly promising manifestation of the human spirit in England to-day is that of the hunger-strikers, who challenge to its extremity the right of the State to coerce, in the region of ideas, or to inflict a punishment of a kind not endorsed by the individual. The recent strike of the miners exemplified both sets of human rights, the right to live and the right not to live, the right to work on their own terms, and the right not to work. When workmen are so imbued with the idea that they owe it to life only to live in decency and to work only for decent returns, they will adopt the hunger-strike in solemn earnest, and their wives and children with them. And they have need, for forces for their undoing close in around them. Misled by the "cultured" patter of those in whose power they are, tempted into bog and marsh by reformers and would-be friends, betrayed by the weaknesses of their own fellows when placed in positions of trust, it is clear that nothing save unlimited belief in their fundamental right to live, and equally fundamental right to refuse to live, except on their own terms, can save them from going astray. Leaving aside altogether such types as Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, it must be regarded as an alarming symptom that Social Reformers and Socialists show no startled fear at the abrogation of fundamental human rights—the right *not* to work, for instance. A Mr. Sidney Webb would have no more qualms than had William the Conqueror concerning the establishment of a complete centralised government, fully empowered to force men to work. He would plan a second Domesday Book, and would not hesitate five minutes about putting a graceless tramp into a compound and making him work willy nilly. Moreover, not one tramp in a thousand would have the soul to take him by the throat and just compress his windpipe. The State interferes in the most intimate human relations, and makes laws concerning them; any marriage law is an impertinence, yet we all acquiesce; Reformers would not hesitate to forbid certain persons to marry; forbid them have children, and pounce on their money to give it to others whom they think should marry. They already presume to interfere with our rights to work where we please. They would drive the married women from the mills, the pit-brow workers from the pits, the barmaids from their jobs, the children from the shelter of an inn; their hand goes to our purse with the easy contempt which familiarity breeds. It is indeed high time for a reversal of this servile notion of government from above. Free government proceeds from the individual outwards, not from the sum-total inwards. It is for this reason that, considering the trend of Syndicalism, we are of opinion that it is likely to make a far more intimate appeal to the nation than Socialism ever has. Its aims are the same: the means of production and exchange to be the property of the community as a whole, but under Syndicalism the control of conditions of work to be in the hands of

those who perform it. This latter is a proviso which will raise crafts to the independent status of the professions. It will free them from the blight which follows the laying on of the dead hand of the State, the hand which already hangs over the servers in prisons, workhouses, State schools, post offices, in the army and the navy. Syndicalism's method is higher in the plane of evolutionary movement than that of Parliamentary Socialism. State Socialism is impregnated throughout with officialdom and the governmental spirit. It is the régime which would spring up as the retaliation to capitalism. It is related to capitalism, and carries the mental stamp of spirits habituated to a slave-system. This organisation working from the individual outward, and this Will to snub the officiousness of Parliament is in reality the break out of our long-over-laid racial instinct for free institutions. Free institutions are the genius of the Anglo-Saxon people. What we do not re-

member often enough is that the English were not only a conquered but a defeated people; their genius went under, and the Latin mould modelled us, and does so in our institutions to this day. Parliament to-day is not the culmination of the Saxon Village Moot, Town Moot, Hundred Moot, Folk Moot, and Meeting of the Wise Men. It is the offspring of the Magnum Concilium of the Norman, which was the flowering of a slave system, and slave vices inhere in it to this day. A people which acquiesces in it makes a servile state. Suffragette hunger-strikes, miners' strikes, labour unrest, decline of parliamentarianism, Syndicalism (an English working-class movement has its patience tried not a little, when it has to describe its activities in Greek), all these represent the growing supremacy of the Saxon over the Norman, of freedom over organisation, of individualisation over bureaucracy, of the individual—the reality—over the myth, the State.

Next week.—Short Satire, by John Galsworthy.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Some Thoughts on Religion.*

IT is curious how aloof men are from one another respecting their intimate beliefs. We have just been turning over three booklets all bearing on religion. Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. E. S. P. Haynes, and Mr. Guy Aldred write as Religionist, Agnostic, and Atheist respectively. All three writers were, we gather, one-time Atheists, and their essays read one after the other give with a very arresting force an idea of the ceaseless search for a basis in religion which among serious men is nowadays becoming an overpowering spiritual need. They give an indication of the strong recoil from the singularly perverse acceptance of what the Darwinian theory signified in the world of Creation. We make bold to prophesy: in twenty years' time we shall be living in an age of affirmative religious faith. We shall have realised in individual religion what purpose, for instance, the Reformation had. Mr. Haynes, in his essay on "Modern Toleration," makes it clear we have gone far in religion and in other spheres towards the establishment of that "free debate, reposing on a foundation of internal and external peace, which has . . . especially been the goal of liberal thinkers in the nineteenth century." He thinks, however, the results would be "disappointing to John Bright and James Stuart Mill," and does not appear especially elated himself. He more than hints that modern toleration finds its strongest root in the materialism and tradition-less condition of modern society, in "a prevalent conviction that nothing is much worth fighting for." Mr. Haynes, however, would set about making the most of what we have attained, "the most salient object of human endeavour being a quiet life," and philosophically hopes to see how the game will go. "The next fifty years will at least be of keen interest to all those who feel that society is passing through a phase of experiment." So they will, and it is to be hoped they will offer something a little

more vivid than anything to which this generation has become accustomed. "Calm may be what our Age acquires; but 'tis not what our Youth desires."

In the meantime, we can give support to a contention which Mr. Haynes holds in his second essay, "Modern Morality and the Christian Religion." Religion implies a morality, he contends. Religion is belief and morality is action based on belief. Change the belief, therefore, and one must in consequence change morality. He urges those who have abandoned Christian belief to grapple fairly with the consequent dislocation in the sphere of Christian morality. This is, of course, wholly sound. Religion without *consequent* action is intellectual and spiritual corruption. On the other hand, all action postulates belief, *i.e.*, religion, and action cannot go far among the subtleties of human life without being impelled to formulate some philosophy of things which cuts deeper than the utilitarian generalisations of a superficial empiricism. We cannot live from hand to mouth philosophically, and yet live deeply. Agnosticism is a phase, and most people who have a philosophy go through it, but it can no more fail to move out of its position than water can prevent itself running down a slope. We think Mr. Haynes has already weighed one scale of his balance of belief, and it is not on the side of Atheism.

The second booklet, entitled "Modern Religion," by George Bernard Shaw, has been published as one of the weekly supplements which the *Christian Commonwealth* is now issuing. A preliminary note described it as "Some Notes of a Lecture delivered at the New Reform Club, London, March 21st, 1912." Was it Addison who gave the wits and fine gentlemen of his day to understand that Milton might be read without any serious compromising of their intellectual status? Mr. Shaw has performed the same kindly office for religion, among the young persons who regard it as a point of honour to be the advanced among the advanced. He, indeed, advises them to have a religion. A man who has a religion is a gentleman, says Mr. Shaw, or, rather, a gentleman is a man who has a religion. He is a person who "does something for nothing"; he has a sense of honour. There

* "Modern Religion." By G. Bernard Shaw. Price 1d. (*Christian Commonwealth*.)

"Modern Morality and Modern Toleration." By E. S. P. Haynes. Price 3d. (Watts and Co.)

"The Rebel and His Disciples." By Guy A. Aldred. Price 1d. (Bakukin Press, 17, Richmond Gardens, W.)

is, moreover, a "tremendous power" which struggles with external nature. This power needs "hands and eyes and brain for the fulfilment of its purpose . . . (so) . . . it evolves them. We are its brains and eyes and hands. It is not an omnipotent power that can do things without us; it has created us in order that we might do its work; in fact, that is the way it does its work—through us. When you get this conception of the universe you become religious." So says Mr. Shaw. And yet we think not. The very fact that the lecturer has to say so in such phrases helps to confirm the strong suspicion we have of its truth. We are sure that Mr. Shaw, as much as any living man, wishes to be religious. If the religious sense could be attained by striving or by power of conception, he would be profoundly religious. Yet we think Mr. Shaw is non-religious, although he is a gentleman, has a sense of honour, would, doubtless, do much for nothing, and is probably the most moral man in England. We put it to Mr. Shaw, that to be religious is to have a religious sense, as distinct as the sense of sight or sound; that it has nothing to do with an intellectual outlook or concept. It is an extra, an added, channel of consciousness. Suppose a person were describing to one of us what it is to possess the sense of sight. Suppose he were to say that when such and such things happened, and when one felt so and so, and acted in certain wise, that then one had the power to see. What would one have to say? Surely, "My good man, enough of all that; I tell you *I see*. Conditions and what not are away from the point. *I see*." If the man persisted in labouring his conditions and proofs, one would be driven to frenzy; finally, to the certainty that one who had to describe Seeing so laboriously, himself could not see, and was merely repeating what he had gathered from others who could. So it is with the religious sense. A person who has to explain it elaborately is without it. Mr. Shaw goes on, "You perceive that this thing people have called God is something in yourself, as *Jesus is reported to have said*." Had Mr. Shaw had God consciously beating in his brain, swelling out his heart, throbbing at every nerve-ending, would he have ended in this lame way? He would have cried out with the Psalmist, "Whither shall I escape from His presence? Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. . . . If I say, Surely the darkness will cover me, even the night shall be light about me."

This is what is felt by a man who carries God about with him; who cannot be rid of God, because God is part of his personal substance and goes wherever he goes. This is the man with the religious sense, *i.e.*, who is religious.

A man who feels like this requires no man's testimony to support its truth. Though the whole race of Adam should rise up to deny, one religious man's testimony holds good. The man who can bear this testimony is the religious man. Every man *is* God, Mr. Shaw. The men who are aware of the fact in their own being are religious men. Do not let the non-religious delude themselves. They have a faculty yet to seek. By pondering, and waiting quietly on the promptings of their own spirit, they may find it, but let them not imagine that it comes the jaunty way of argument, nor yet along the avenue of a debating club.

Mr. Aldred's "Christian Origins" opens up a very long lane of thought. It is sufficiently alive

to send us helter-skelter to turn over the Four Gospels. We have not the necessary scholarship to refute allegations as to the Gospel's spurious nature, though we have a vague idea that once we were told the Gospels had emerged from the Higher Criticism rather well. However, had we the proofs available, it is doubtful whether we should use them. Mr. Aldred will have heard before of such methods of reasoning as ours, and will doubtless consider the arguments very old tags; but to us it is fundamental truth to say that spiritual values cannot be gauged save by the "spirit sense." An orchestral symphony is not judged by our eyes, nor is a picture judged by our ears, and Christian origins are not proved true or false by historical data. Consequently, the Gospel "forgeries," whenever they ring true spiritually, are forged in the sense that they emerge from the furnace of spiritual creation, as does every work of art.

"For here is the finger of God: the flash of the will that can." This is truth's very self. Poetic truth is not merely truth as historical accuracy is truth; it is truth of a higher grade, and *its* ordinances cancel opposing ordinances which exist in a lower grade. For instance, Mr. Aldred considers the Resurrection account a forgery. Had this account, however, not been "forged" two thousand years ago, it would have to be forged now. Those who "forged" it, called it into manifestation then in the same way that Newton called the laws of gravity into manifestation. Because we divine that the Resurrection is true, we ourselves shape the method of it. Each method is individual, and each is true. He who thinks he will rise again in the body, doubtless will, and he who knows he will continue to live in spirit, *will* live in spirit. That is the meaning of, "He that believeth in Me shall have eternal life." No less: *by belief in the method, we establish the efficiency of the method*. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," means that if Christ's revelation is believed in, belief will establish it as a true revelation for the believer. If the Christ-truth be *understood*, be *believed*, it is potent to do for us what it did for Christ. "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Any man who says that sincerely, *is* the Resurrection and the Life. It is strange that Mr. Aldred, an Anarch, recognising in Christ another Anarch, should be so timid regarding the affirmations of individual persons regarding themselves. He should know that such affirmations are final truth. But concerning the narrative of the Descent of the Dove, vouched for on Christ's words only, Mr. Aldred says, "*Matthew and Mark* were to witness how the heavens were *opened to Jesus only*, and how *He alone* saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove. (*Vide* Matt. iii. 13-17; and Mark i. 9-11. The preposterousness of this forgery never seems to have occurred to the orthodox! Even a deity should not be credited with genius because of a self-conferred degree!")

But surely an Anarch should know that with Superman truth is self-evident. Certainly for us, should any man who satisfied us as to sincerity in the way that certain pictures and poems satisfy us, make claim to be God, we should accept the statement, as indeed thousands of men have instinctively accepted the statement of Christ. "Think, Adib, *the Very God!* Dost thou think?" This figure of man that was God is the figure which thousands of men descry far ahead on the road that leads us to everlasting life. "Thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed," the vision of the Face that through the centuries dissolves but to recompose, the persisting power of an influence that will not let us go, these surely must be taken into account when we discuss "Christian Origins."

A New Formula.

OPTIMISM is the enemy; and until we have got rid of it, with all its fallacies and illusions, the art of happiness cannot be seriously taken in hand. For whereas happiness evades and mocks our wisest and strongest, optimism assumes that it is a universal birthright, which may be expected as a matter of course by all. Could anything be more outrageously in contradiction of all the conspicuous facts of life? I do not hold—being just as little a pessimist as an optimist—that happiness is essentially an unattainable end. To some few (negligibly few) fortunate souls it comes as a free gift of nature and fortune, of its own sweet will. All others must attain it, if at all, by heroic effort and steadfast, unswerving will—by conquest, in short. But how few, after all, among modern men and women are capable even of desiring, much less achieving, happiness worthy of the name. To the immense majority the satisfaction of their primary needs and appetites covers nine-tenths at least of the ground. The remaining tenth of their available territory is variously accounted for by quasi-religious or æsthetic requirements, easily satisfied, or indeed sated, at the nearest conventicle, music-hall, or circulating library, as the case may be. We are at present supposed to be engaged in constructing a millennium for the accommodation of these lukewarm souls. It should prove an easy task, although to all appearances it quite overtaxes the mediocre faculties of those engaged in the job. But is it really worth while? I propose to reverse the nonsensical current formula, and to set up the greatest happiness of the *smallest* number as the end of our social and legislative travail. For it necessarily involves all that is otherwise than chimerical in the Benthamite ideal—if one can call it an ideal—since for the members of this elect band, who know what happiness is and desire it beyond measure, its attainment otherwise than through the medium of a just and stable social environment is an unthinkable absurdity. Really to satisfy the many, you must concentrate upon the satisfaction of the few—the *fewest* of all. In a world which *they* find to their liking none will have just cause for complaint.

"The greatest happiness of the smallest number." That is the new formula which I submit for the consideration of all genuine reformers, confident that the more they look into it the more convinced they will become of its adequacy to the needs of the commonweal. I shall be told that it has been tried, and has failed; this I emphatically deny, so far at anyrate as post-Hellenic civilisation is concerned. The sacrifice of the great to the small, the exceptional to the mediocre, the superman and superwoman to the manikins of both sexes has, on the contrary, been always and everywhere the base principle of Christian law and order. All our standards of morality presuppose the *paramountcy* of those crude requirements of the average sensual citizen, which are irreconcilable with the happiness, free development, or even the bare existence of the myriad-minded few. Consider the wretched life of the typical man of genius, the vile treatment he receives as a matter of course from those contemporaries whom, in spite of themselves, he enriches with incalculable benefits, at the expense of mind, body, and estate. Contrast the generosity of our present "democratic" Government to its own members, the mediocre self-seekers who have con-

trived to get themselves appointed to office, or to worm themselves into Parliament, with the miserable doles which are considered adequate in the case of a poet or scientific discoverer, who has the amazing luck to receive public remuneration through the civil list. Dick, Tom or Harry, M.P., is, forsooth, to pocket a cool £400 a year for sitting at Westminster, and voting subserviently for any preposterous measure his lords and masters choose to propound, while a man whose boots the average M.P. is not worthy to black may account himself highly favoured by the grudging and belated apportionment of some beggarly £50 or £100 per annum! The impudence of the thing passes belief, but for the fact that it is obviously the inevitable outcome of that persistent preference of the valuations of the gross and ignorant Many upon which our whole civilisation is based. Could any more clinching proof of the true worth of all the fine words lavished by Philistinism upon Art, Letters and Science, or of its true estimate of the relative claims of material and ideal interests, be conceived or desired?

To avoid misunderstanding, I must say a few words about the relation of my "smallest number" to the contemporary ambitions of labour as exemplified in "Syndicalism" and the like. Syndicalism is a further development of the same democratic upheaval which produced and fostered Socialism; and those who are familiar with the history of this upheaval know that in its early phases it was enthusiastically endorsed, if not indeed conceived and begotten, by a select band of artists and intellectuals, of whom the late William Morris was a typical representative. If there be any virtue in propagandism as distinguished from "direct action"—which to my mind is an open question—



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it may be argued that it was just those elect souls designated by my "smallest number" who created the modern democracy and set it upon its feet. It is proving itself a sturdy and somewhat aggressive youngster, and seems now quite convinced of its own self-sufficiency alike in the matters of wisdom and power. Of gratitude to its alien sponsors and champions it displays and is likely to display no iota. On the contrary, it openly proclaims its intention of abolishing them and their "bourgeois" functions, with all the rest of the so-called "parasites"; and of marching forward to a future dominated exclusively by its own sectional views and interests. It would be carrying altruism to the point of weakness and cowardice if those who regard themselves as the trustees of incalculable treasure, those representatives of art, literature, and science, who are and always must be in an absolute minority, were to acquiesce in their own elimination. I, for one, while heartily wishing the Labour party success in its efforts to obtain economic and other forms of justice, am by no means disposed to accept the doctrine of my own superfluity. I repudiate with scorn the opprobrious label of "parasite," conscious of having worked consistently with scant reward up to and sometimes beyond the limit of what health and prudence would allow. The only sort of Syndicalism which appeals to me is that in which, far from being dominated by the limited outlook of a single sectional interest, however vast and powerful, society would exhibit the harmonious interplay of every legitimate form of human activity, so balanced and adjusted in accordance with an enlightened scale of values that each would enjoy the fullest measure of liberty for development compatible with the just claims of all. And, in order that the human capacity for and sum of happiness may increase, it is indispensable that, instead of being sacrificed or suppressed, those for whom it is synonymous with *ecstasy* shall set the tune of life.

CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

Woman: A Reply to Miss Cicely Hamilton.

I ALWAYS enjoy Miss Hamilton's work. "Marriage as a Trade" was full of interest, and in "Man" [*English Review*, April number] I find all the same attractive traits. I revel in Miss Hamilton's overstatements—it is the only way anything is achieved—I delight in her determined and deliberate misstatements. But for me her chief charm lies in the "you-be-damned" attitude she always assumes. She is the most manlike of women. But the women of these islands are not all Cicely Hamiltons—would there were more!—and so "with great respect," as they say in the courts, I wish to disagree with her and ask her advice.

I disagree when she says that women are better than men. Perhaps she has never actually said that, but she has taken every care to write it in between every line. I admit men are liars, thieves, panders, adulterers. So are women. The eternal comedy of life is that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. The charm of the whole business is not that women are good and men wicked, but something infinitely more subtle than that. Men *and* women are both potentially wicked. The charm of any particular woman—never again shall I generalise, Miss Hamilton—lies in the complex mixture of goodness and wickedness. And now, if

this hypothesis is accepted (I don't suppose it can with ease), I want the benefit of advice.

Let me start with a definition. Marriage is a conscious contract entered upon for a lifetime by two weak, essentially human people with the objects of working together and pooling the results. I definitely say "for a lifetime" because I want practical advice, and, therefore, take marriage as it is. We all know what it ought to be! Let us then assume, for the sake of argument, that I am a reasonable person. Now, during my married life I shall expect my wife quite often to find me irritating; quite often I shall find her so too, but I hope that sometimes she will find me as charming as, I am sure, generally I shall find her. I want to help her, as she will help me, to make life full, fine, and fearless. But I quite recognise her just right to live her own life and do her own work in her own way. The sense of private property is a thoroughly bad one, but it assumes its most virulent and loathsome form when it becomes, as it does for too many men, a sense of private property in women. I want to have room to swing my cat, and I want her to have room to swing hers. And my reason for marrying her is because I believe that we have each something to teach the other about this particular form of exercise. I want to have children, but as that is more particularly her side of the business, I leave all actual decisions to her. If she comes to me, her partner in the firm, and suggests a certain capital outlay on children, then I am convinced of the wisdom of that step. As regards more general sexual intercourse, I believe a natural compromise can be arrived at. This, I admit, is an extremely difficult matter, but, as it is not entirely relevant to my point, I do not propose to discuss it.

So far, so good, but there my metaphor must end, for if, in the way of business, my partner and I disagree upon some fundamental ethical point in regard to the conduct of our business, compromise is the only solution. But this is not so with my partner in the matrimonial firm. When we reach the hiatus which is fundamental to the complete working of the firm, she will use an argument no man can use. Consciously or unconsciously, she will play her trump card of sex.

My business partner and I disagree, but we compromise, and, after some grumbling on both sides perhaps, the matter eventually rights itself. There is no danger of a permanent antagonism being engendered. But the moment the argument of sex is used the matter assumes a very different aspect: compromise is impossible, the firm is in vital danger. Except at the last extremity, very few women would use this argument consciously, but the devil of it is that the more sub-conscious it is the more difficult it is for man to combat.

I have taken the case of man and wife, but the danger is just as real between any man and any woman in the slightest degree intimate. I am ready to admit that generically man is more susceptible to sexual argument than woman, but I maintain Miss Hamilton underestimates this last word of women. Still, I may be wrong, and that is why I want Miss Hamilton's advice. What is man's reply to that argument? The poker and the hobnail boot? I will not believe it.

I have tried to state my argument clearly, lest someone should jump to the conclusion that I am a disciple of that dreadful twaddler, Sir Almroth Wright. [By the way, who is he?] The advent of THE FREEWOMAN is the gladdest sign of the age. If I appear extremely dull and reactionary, remember this is a point which is a very real one to many intelligent men. Please, Miss Hamilton, lighten our darkness.

WILLIAM FOSS.

"Futurism."

THE art of drawing consists of representing the objects around us upon a plane surface.

This has hitherto been effected in two ways. In the drawings of earlier civilisations, such as those of Egypt and Assyria, we find that the objects are represented only in two dimensions, length and breadth, while no attempt is made to denote thickness. One sees the curious effect of this method in the polychromatic mural decorations of these nations at the British Museum.

This system is, however, still in use to-day, in purely decorative work, and in work that demands unerring accuracy, such as in architectural and engineering drawings, for by eliminating one dimension, greater accuracy can be attained in dealing with the other two; in fact, it is possible to represent them as they *are*, and not as they *appear to be*; however, for a matter of convenience, we are forced to content ourselves in the mere representation of proportional length and breadth (it would scarcely be possible to use a drawing-board the size of the façade of a house), hence the introduction of the scale, and the origin of the architects' and engineers' plans, elevations, and sections, which deal simultaneously with only two dimensions.

There soon arrived a time, however, when certain laws were deduced which enabled things to be drawn more in accordance with their appearance: the laws of perspective. And it is indeed interesting to trace the tardy growth of this discovery, and to note the obvious pride with which the earlier painters used it, placing their figures in the most difficult positions, in order that they might display their newly acquired art. This pedantry is very observable in "Christ's Agony in the Garden," by Bellini, in the National Gallery.

To-day, for the purposes of Art, the use of two dimensions is employed only by decorators and the like, while the creators of "fine art" seek always to represent things as they appear to be.

Hitherto the attempt to portray motion has not been considered to lie within the province of painting. The Greek philosophers maintained that to treat of time was the function of the poet and writer, and that space lay within the scope of the painter. This philosophy was reiterated by the classic revivalists, by Goethe, Winkelmann, and Lessing. But the reason of this is probably that hitherto the attempts at the representation of motion have consisted in the isolation and portrayal of one particular moment of that motion.

Time only manifests itself through motion, therefore, when, as Lessing tells us, in contemplating a work of this kind, our mind instinctively conceives the succeeding moments, it is experience that leads us to do this; thus, if Laocoon is presented as groaning, we perceive him as shrieking, and if he is depicted as shrieking, we see him dead, and this produces a mental dissatisfaction; and if an action is reproduced at its intensest moment, the result is positively distasteful. The inclination arising after gazing at the representation of some facial contortion is invariably towards laughter; the desire for laughter arising, as Bergson tells us, from "rigidity"; this sensation is followed by a feeling of annoyance, which, if the gaze be continued, develops into a desire to destroy the object causing it. The Greeks, with their fine artistic sense, appreciated this, and their finest statues for the most part represent repose.

Now there are two methods by which to convey the idea of motion upon a plane surface. The one is by selecting for representation objects in such

a position that the laws of equilibrium and gravity must cause them to move; in such a case our experience forces us to complete the action, thus conveying the idea of motion. The other method consists in an attempt to portray an object in motion as we see it, that is to say, by painting the object with a blurred outline in a series of positions along the line of progress.

Hitherto the former method has been for the most part adopted. The Futurist adopts the latter method. I say hitherto the former method has been in vogue, but yet on occasion strange incongruities have held place; thus, in depicting a horse and carriage in motion, it has been considered legitimate not to paint the spokes of the wheels individually, but rather as we see them. Yet the legs of the horse are painted severally, despite the fact that the forelegs of a trotting horse appear to us as a blurred and indistinct triangle.

Now let us turn for a moment to the exhibition at the Sackville Galleries; the subjective elements can roughly be placed under three headings, but no finality must be attached to these divisions, just as in certain branches of science it is considered convenient to endeavour to split compounds into their component parts, although probably the one part cannot exist without the other.

Some individual pictures fall almost entirely under one or another of these headings, but for the most part the elements are mixed with infinite variation in the different works. Thus in naming the pictures below I have chosen those which appear to me to be most elemental.

First there are those pictures which seek to deal with ordinary objects at motion or at rest by representing them as they appear to be.

Second are those which endeavour to represent what one might term motion of thought, the objects and episodes extracted from a series of experiences or from one continuous experience, that have become unconsciously salient by attaching themselves to the mind. Thus we have depicted upon canvas in objective form portions of objects visually discreet that yet go to form an emotional whole. This is the predominating feature of "Futurism."

A third group consists of those works which seek to portray that which is purely subjective and emotional.

Under the first heading we have "Laughter," No. 5; "The Boulevard," No. 33; "Train at Full Speed," No. 24.

The second division contains: "The 'Pan-Pan' Dance," No. 27; "Travelling Impressions," No. 28; "The Memory of a Night," No. 23.

And under the third heading I have placed "Leave-taking," No. 1; "Those who are Going Away," No. 2; "Those who Remain Behind," No. 3; "What I was told by the Tramcar," No. 14; and "The Haunting Dancer," No. 30.

Now, in "Laughter," we see the representation of a most ordinary scene, but depicted by an entirely new method. The people around the table are painted with two or three heads; their bodies are represented as being transparent, revealing through them the objects upon the table. All this is quite in the order of things. When seated at a table with laughing people (in looking at these pictures one is forced to imagine oneself not merely as an inactive spectator, but as a partaker in the form of a suffused element), one sees several heads to each person, as each moment merges into the next; likewise one perceives the stationary objects—as it were—through the moving ones. It is not merely a fresh technicality in the mode of expressing motion that

the Futurist has originated; it is a step further to the everlasting attempt to render permanent objects and scenes as they appear to our minds.

Another picture which I have placed under the same heading is "The Boulevard." This picture appears to me to be one of the best in the collection. It conveys with extraordinary success the effect produced by the glaring intensity of a mid-day sun. If the contemplator partially closes his eyes, an operation which he is forced to perform under the circumstances depicted, the effect becomes even more convincing. Here again the painter has not been content with mere visualisation.

Now let us examine a picture which I have placed in the second category, "The Memory of a Night." What do we see but a series of objects and incidents, which have attached themselves to the mind of the painter from the previous night's expedition, just as some of the numerous incidents that, like fallen leaves, insignificantly strewn around us in early childhood, become indelibly impressed upon our mind, and later can be vaguely visualised at will.

There is a question, however, which insistently recurs to my mind, and to which I am unable to give an answer. Is there any method in the composition of these episodes and objects? Are they, for instance, arranged in chronological order or in any order of precedence? Or are they as fruit spilt from a basket on to a plate and allowed to take their place at random?

From amongst those which I have placed under the third heading, let us consider "Leave-taking," No. 1. Now, with the aid of the foregoing remarks and the description in the catalogue—which, apart from the remarks about the individual pictures, is of little assistance to the spectator, containing for the most part nothing save bellicose verbosity—the intention and aims of the painter should be clear, and the spectator will no longer vainly endeavour to seek merely the objective, which in this picture is only a means to express the subjective.

In this paper I have been careful to exclude, as far as possible, the use of that most enigmatical term "Art," and now I shall be obliged to digress in order to arrive at my first proof that "Futurism" is a great progression in painting.

A superficial analysis of those creations which it has been acknowledged to signify by the term "works of art" is sufficient to reveal that they consist of two elements, as it were, inspiration and treatment, matter and form, the subjective and the objective, corresponding somewhat to the psychical and the physical of the human being.

It must, of course, be remembered that such a division bears no finality, and is made solely to further and to simplify our investigations.

Now, since both these elements emerge from each other, we shall find it most profitable to examine them at their extreme poles, where the differentiation will be greatest, so great indeed that they can be considered as distinct provinces. Thus, in examining the borders of the spectrum, the red and the violet appear to be almost unrelated in kind, and yet they merge into each other through infinite graduations, the whole comprising a ray of white light.

By remembering this principle it becomes easier to understand the following generalisation, that inspiration is spontaneous and unconscious, whereas treatment is intellectual and conscious.

Now, in some branches of art, this bisection is more easily effected than in others. It becomes, indeed, possible to construct a scale, at one end of which we have music, and at the other end prose.

One of the fundamental laws is that one which teaches us the necessity for unity in a structure that seeks to attain efficiency. Thus we have unity in Nature, from whom this law is learned. The most perfect being is he whose parts work in absolute harmony; indeed, ill-health, mental or physical, is but the manifestation of discord. Likewise the perfect state will be that one in which harmony shall exist between the units, each of which, having its own particular function to perform, shall never lose sight of the whole of which it is a member. Thus it may well be supposed that the art which is least capable of disruption is the greatest, and this is the art of music, for in music it will be found impossible to value the matter apart from the form. Even the theme of a Beethoven symphony, robbed of its harmonies and its associations, can appear quite ordinary, and it is impossible to examine the treatment deprived of the matter, since the former depends upon the latter for its very existence.

Let us now consider prose. Here is less difficulty in effecting the division. Indeed, the existence of a person whose mind is burdened with philosophy, or whose brain, by no conscious effort, constantly occupies itself with the weaving of romances, and who is yet altogether unable to articulate his ideas, is no rare occurrence; while, on the other hand, it is by no means inconceivable that he who can produce prose, redolent of sonorous phrases, rhythmic cadences, and euphonistic rhetoric, may yet be deficient in the thought or inspiration worthy of such gifted expression.

Painting falls between these extremes. The contemplator of a picture, more especially the uninitiated contemplator, is concerned primarily with the objective, since it is a frequent error to overestimate the importance of the "means" in relation to the "end," and the subjective element is often so diffused that each person supplies his own, as it were, a fact upon which Wilde places undue importance, and from which he constructs his epigram upon art—"The æsthetic critic . . . seeks . . . such modes (of art) as . . . by their imaginative beauty, make all interpretations true, and no interpretation final."

However, there have been periods in the history of painting and sculpture when the objective has stood almost alone. Nevertheless, except for periodical reactions, of which the end of the last century provides a good example, the progress of painting has coincided with the growth of the subjective; but, in the portrayal of the influence of the latter, recourse has always been made to plastic objects as the medium for its artistic interpretation. In Futurism a kind of digestive process takes place. Phenomena enter the mind in a state of complete objectivity, and, becoming, there remoulded, as it were, are transformed into ideas and psychosis. They are then projected into visible form without first being reconverted into plastic objects. Consequently, we have an art which, though still concerned with states of mind, yet succeeds in displaying these states of mind in a less objective form. Not only this, but the subjectivity, as we have seen, is created from the objective, and not from mere abstractions. Thus we have a *rapprochement* from both ends, and the result is an art of a much less dissoluble kind. If this is in any degree a test of the greatness of art, it is the proof that "Futurism" marks a great step in the progress of painting.

It must, however, not be thought that harmony between the matter and the form is the only essential in the constitution of a work of art. Such a generalisation could indiscriminately include all that was monstrous and repulsive in life.

A further consideration will reveal the necessity for an unknown quantity, as it were, that must reside in both the divisions. The unknown quantity is beauty. Beauty is not only the expression of one of the fundamental elements in mankind, but it satisfies one of the most primitive cravings in the nature of human beings, a craving which is so deep-seated as to be almost moral and deific, and yet so personal that it defies exposition; and I shall, therefore, refrain from alluding to its existence or non-existence in Futurism.

That to the casual observer these pictures may appear absurd and fantastic (and here an analogy may be made to modern music which rejects the hitherto accepted chord, adopting new harmonic and contrapuntal effects which to our ear sound harsh and unpleasant) constitutes yet another proof of the truth put forward in the form of a statement by Lessing, and in the form of a paradox by Wilde, *i.e.*, that Life imitates Art. Hitherto we have perceived life as the artist has taught us to perceive it, *viz.*, as a series of discreet moments, each giving us their own picture, and only the more self-conscious of us have been aware that since time and therefore life manifest themselves through motion, to depict life objectively at rest is an inaccuracy; and if, as I have tried to show, the tendency of art has always been towards visual and mental accuracy, then the Futurist movement, since it endeavours to represent a complete psychogony or psychosis through an objective medium, is the greatest progression in its history.

The Futurists are concerned with the perpetuation of a state of mind rather than with an object. Art hitherto has doubtless been concerned with the subjective, but, to the eye, and therefore probably to the mind of the spectator, the objective has predominated. Futurism is both visually and mentally subjective rather than objective. It intrudes into a realm in which literature has hitherto held sway. May it not be a legitimate intrusion?

HARRY J. BIRNSTINGL.

Food and Population.

THE correspondence upon this and kindred subjects has now reached a stage beyond which little satisfactory advance can be made without a greater study of vital statistics than can conveniently be undertaken in the columns of THE FREEWOMAN. My experience has shown that no one can get really clear ideas on this question without putting the facts into graphical form by diagrams; and during the last ten years I have been steadily working in this direction, and I hope to issue a book shortly in which these diagrams are given. For lecture purposes several of these diagrams are available, and on this account I think it will be much more satisfactory to adjourn the discussion to a public meeting than to prolong a controversy in which the evidence can only be very partially set forth. In what follows, therefore, I propose to summarise the position so far as I am concerned, with such reference to recent criticisms as are possible *en passant*; and I propose then to leave your readers to form their own conclusion on the food and economic sides of the question, and to afterwards write on the moral side, which is perhaps the more immediately practical matter, in view of the rapid adoption of neo-Malthusian practice. Your Socialistic correspondents are, therefore, perfectly free hereafter to make any aspersions on my methods of controversy or capacity for scientific exposition they choose. All that I and most other social workers ought to be concerned with is that

there is, and always has been, a terrible amount of poverty, suffering, and premature death in the world, as well as an everlasting burden of slavery and sacrifice on women; and what we want is an explanation of the principal cause or causes of this misery, and the most direct way of reducing and eliminating it.

It may help to clear some scales from our eyes if we consider for a moment how great the problem really is. Among the various points which I have ventured to put forward is one which, I think, is of considerable value, and which has not been disputed, *i.e.*, that the death-rate of a perfectly healthy and well-fed community should not be greater than 10 per 1,000.* The present population of the United Kingdom is about 45,000,000, and death-rate about 15, so that 225,000 premature deaths take place every year. For the whole of Europe the population is about 430,000,000, and the death-rate about 24, meaning an annual waste of life of 6,230,000. The death-rate of the world as a whole is probably considerably over 30 per 1,000, and the population about 1,700,000,000, which means at least 34,000,000 wasted lives every year. This is the problem which confronts us, and there is not an old country in the world, whatever its laws or agriculture, which does not contribute a serious proportion of this holocaust. The fundamentally important question is as to whether this is chiefly due to defective human institutions, such as private property and greed, unjust laws, town life, bad hygiene, etc., or to the actual incapacity of unfettered humanity to obtain an increase of subsistence commensurate with its natural propensity to in-

* In order to guard against further accusations, I may as well say that this is for the present time, while a moderate increase of population is still possible. I am perfectly aware of the corrections for age and sex distribution under varying conditions.

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crease in numbers. The former is the view of the majority of Socialists; the latter of the Malthusians, who, while in no way denying the apparent inefficiency of the present social system, view it as an inevitable outcome of the unavoidable struggle for existence due to pressure of numbers, just as a panic at a theatre due to the expectation that all cannot escape turns ordinarily well-disposed persons into wild beasts, and actually reduces the possibility of escape. The only way of remedying the struggle in this case is to enlarge the exits or reduce the crowding, *i.e.*, to increase food supplies or reduce the birth-rate. We neo-Malthusians, while cordially welcoming all attempts in the former direction, do not believe that food production can be increased over the world at more than a fraction of the rate of increase of unrestricted population; and we do not believe that any attempts to eliminate tyranny or greed will be effective while there is not and cannot be enough for all. In a primitive state of society we have the tyranny of brute force. Crush this by laws and we have the reign of the capitalist. Crush the capitalist by Socialism and you will have the empire of the demagogue. So long as unlimited multiplication goes on, as Huxley has said, tyranny and oppression must continue (unless we prefer Buddhistic resignation), and all we can do by our laws and institutions is to alter the form of our tyranny, not the fact. It is the biologist, with his survey of the whole of animate nature, who can form a much clearer view than those who confine their studies to human institutions, and are unconsciously influenced by theological ideas as to the bounty of God or of nature. Such as we are, with all our virtues, faults, and institutions, we are the product of the struggle for existence; and it is nothing but blind faith which assumes that we are free from it, or that we can be, without control of population, both as regards quantity and quality.

Few things are more regrettable than that the only two movements which profess that poverty is remediable and ought to be eliminated—the Socialistic and the neo-Malthusian—and which ought, therefore, to be mutually helpful, should constantly appear in the character of Codlin and Short. There is not a neo-Malthusian in existence who does not detest the present conditions of society, with its extremes of wealth and poverty, and the terrible conditions under which our unfortunate children are born, as ardently as the most enthusiastic Socialist, and some are actually Socialistic propagandists. It is certainly true that Malthusianism as taught by Malthus appeared to be in conflict with all humanitarian schemes; but neo-Malthusianism, in this country at any rate, may be said to be of Socialistic as well as Malthusian origin. It was Robert Owen, the great founder of the New Lanark Scheme, who became so impressed with the danger of large families to its success as to undertake a special journey to France for the purpose of finding out the means of limitation which he heard existed there, and he introduced them to his community. His son, Robert Dale Owen, was one of the first to openly publish practical information concerning family limitation. From that time onwards neo-Malthusianism in the hands of James and John Stuart Mill and others has never been opposed to any humanitarian proposal, except in so far as it may tend to relax parental responsibility and thus accentuate the population difficulty, without allowing that difficulty to be clearly perceived.

But when we come to comparing Socialism with neo-Malthusianism as remedies for poverty, the question arises as to what is Socialism? If it

means the advantage of the many instead of the few, or the control of the liberty of the individual in so far as his actions are hurtful to the bulk of the community, practically everyone nowadays is a Socialist. But my Socialistic critics must be aware that the accepted English definition of Socialism has for a long time past been the State control of the means of production and distribution, and this is still an important item in the propaganda of the Social Democratic Party and of the Fabian Society, although the latter is somewhat guarded in its official programme. The elimination of the competitive system is an essential feature of the generality of Socialistic teaching.

Socialists have been very anxious to claim John Stuart Mill as a champion, and I am, of course, familiar with his remarks on the subject. The intense humanity of Mill is patent to all who have even partially read him. Yet he not only subscribes unreservedly to the theory of Malthus, but in his chapters on "Popular Remedies for Low Wages" he claims that society has no worse enemies than those who bring odium on the poor law of 1832* (cf. the recent Minority Report), and he speaks strongly and unreservedly against the limitation of competition. "Instead of looking upon competition as the baneful and anti-social principle which it is held to be by the generality of Socialists, I conceive that, even in the present state of society and industry, every restriction of it is an evil, and every extension of it, even if for the time injurious to some class of labourers, is always an ultimate good."† In his "Liberty" also he associates himself most decidedly with Alexander von Humbolt's objection to more than the minimum of State control. The explanation of this, I take it, is that Mill never was a Socialist in the collectivist sense, but only in the sense of encouraging voluntary co-operation, with which few would disagree. All schemes for increasing the independence of the workers, such as peasant proprietorship, co-operative enterprise, or labour co-partnership, are as welcome to neo-Malthusians as they were to Mill; but the Socialistic leaders, with few exceptions, have systematically opposed them and have done all in their power to discredit the population doctrine instead of incorporating it in their teachings, and they have even openly expressed their opposition to family limitation, because it would make the workers too comfortable to revolt. Mr. Bernard Shaw is one who, at any rate, recognises the increase of population as a large factor in the evolution of our present social system, as is shown by the following and many other passages of his first Fabian essay on "Economics":—

"We have got as far as the appearance in the market of a new commodity—of the proletarian man compelled to live by the sale of himself! In order to realise at once the latent horror of this you have only to apply our investigation of value with its inevitable law that only by restricting the supply of a commodity can its value be kept from descending finally to zero. The commodity which the proletarian sells is one over the production of which he has practically no control. He is himself driven to produce it by an irresistible impulse. It was the increase of population that spread cultivation and civilisation from the centre to the snow-line, and at last forced men to sell themselves to the lords of the soil: it is the same force that continues to multiply men so that their exchange value falls slowly and surely until it disappears altogether—until even black chattel slaves are released as not worth keeping in a land where men of all colours

* "Political Economy," Book II., Chapter XII., § 2.

† *Ibid.*, Book IV., Chap. VII., § 7.

are to be had for nothing. This is the condition of our English labourers to-day: they are no longer even dirt cheap: they are valueless, and can be had for nothing. The proof is the existence of the unemployed, who can find no purchasers."

And even Ruskin, who is considered by many to have delivered the death-blow to the old bourgeoisie and *laissez-faire* economics, has realised the population difficulty, as shown by his address given to London Working Men's College on February 17th, 1867 ("Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne." Ruskin's collected letters):—

"Do you know how many mouths can be fed on an acre of land, or how fast these mouths multiply, and have you considered what is to be done finally with unfeedable mouths? 'Send them to be fed elsewhere,' do you say? Have you then framed an opinion as to the time at which emigration should begin, or the countries to which it should preferably take place, or the kind of population which should be left at home? Have you planned the permanent state which you would wish England to hold emigrating over her edges like a full well constantly? How full would you have her of people, first? And of what sort of people?"

Few things have pleased me more than to observe, both from the Syndicalist movement and from assurances such as those given by Mr. Lewis and the Editor, that English Socialism is returning (in common with the Continental Socialists, who have never been so enamoured of State action) to the more primitive ideas of voluntary co-operation. But, at the same time, I must ask, what is then left of the Socialistic movement which is to produce such a remarkable result as regards an increased rate of food production, and which is to set the population difficulty on one side? A great change, such as the nationalisation of land and means of production and distribution, might conceivably bring about great results either for good or evil; but during the thirty years or so of the great Socialistic movement it has assumed so many forms and become so diluted that it is, indeed, difficult to see how it is to rapidly bring about that fourfold acceleration of food production which is necessary to support an unrestricted population. Personally, I am a democrat to my finger-tips, and am as anxious as anyone to see wealth better distributed among the people, but this is only because I see the birth-rate falling, as I do not for one moment believe that production will be more efficient, or even equally efficient, under such circumstances. Women's Suffragists, who have just received a severe blow in their effort for a removal of a single-sex disability after fifty years of hard work, and who are being foiled at every point by prejudices and divided counsels, ought to have a vivid idea of the inevitable inefficiency of large democratic movements. Will those who believe in social democracy as easily providing for unlimited numbers explain why it is that Russia, with its autocratic Government, at present supports about the highest rate of increase of population (16 or 17 per 1,000) in Europe, while democratic France only supports an increase of about 2 per 1,000, or less? This slow increase is not due to the low birth-rate, as so many think, as the death-rate is still 18 per 1,000, and would be only 10 if provision were available for all. And will they also explain how it is that, after the French Revolution, when the feudal properties were divided among the people, and many co-operative associations were formed, the death-rate only fell from 39 to 26 per 1,000, instead of to 10, as in New Zealand, and that this fall was apparently principally due to a fall of 7 per 1,000 in the birth-rate, so

that the power of sustaining an increase of population was only raised to 6 per 1,000, and has since dropped back to 2? And, finally, how is it that, after thirty years or more of active Socialistic propaganda in this country, our power of supporting an increase of population has steadily fallen from 15 to 11 per 1,000,* instead of rising towards the 40 per 1,000 which we are to so easily sustain? Until some Socialist leader arises who can give us a programme which we can all unitedly follow, how are we to expect to rapidly improve social efficiency?

Now contrast the vague and shifting proposals of Socialists with the simple neo-Malthusian principles, which have never required modification in their thirty-five years of propaganda. They may be summarised as follows:—

(a) That uncontrolled human fertility causes population to continually press on the means of subsistence.

(b) That, therefore, to avoid premature death by famine, disease, war, or other life-destroying agencies, births must be prudentially restricted, preferably by early marriage and limiting families, to the number which each couple can expect to be able to decently provide for.

(c) That persons having hereditary defect may marry, but should not have children.

These principles are perfectly definite and intelligible, and have never needed change. They have been largely put into practice, without any elaborate organisation or political action, or stirring up class hatred, and have brought about improvement, as evidenced by the death-rate in almost exact measure as they have been adopted. There can be no doubt that if the restriction of births is still carried on among the poorer classes until the birth-rate drops to about 20 per 1,000 in this country, the death-rate will fall to 10, and this will mean that poverty, so far as inability to obtain the necessities of life is concerned, will have ceased and real wages will then rise. In so far as labour co-partnership and voluntary co-operation can be attained, it is, of course, to be welcomed, and the reduction of the social struggle ought to be the greatest assistance to its attainment. Should they, in contradiction to my expectation, result in a more rapid development of food production, there will be no objection to a higher birth-rate, so long as the death-rate is not thereby raised.

So much space has been taken over the Socialistic question that I have little opportunity of answering the many criticisms of my proofs of the population doctrine itself. These verifications were five in number:—

(a) The immensely rapid rate of unchecked population (40 per 1,000 per annum, or a doubling in seventeen and a half years, or fifty-fold increase in a century) which had never been able to be maintained in any country or age.

(b) The extremely close connection between the birth and death rate in each country.

(c) The fact that man has been proved to be evolved from the lower animals through the struggle for existence due to over-population, and as such has, therefore, always been subject to the same struggle.

(d) The absence of life-supporting material (nitrogen, phosphorus, etc.) in that great reservoir of all waste products, the sea.

(e) The actual facts concerning food production and population, showing that the food supply at present obtained is insufficient to maintain the

* These figures are the excess of birth over death rates, and do not allow for emigration. But the net emigration would not greatly affect the above conclusion.

population at a full degree of fitness, *i.e.*, that population is actually pressing upon the food production hitherto attained.

Taken singly, each one of these verifications may be disputed (although I do not admit any flaw in any one of them), but together they are, in my opinion, irresistible. The criticisms have concentrated on (b) and (e). As to the former, I repeat that I have never pretended that the increase of 10 per 1,000 is a constant quantity for all countries, although, as it happens to be approximately the present figure for Western Europe, and convenient one for illustrating the principle, I have frequently made use of it. But in your issue of January 4th I gave several instances of different rates of increase in different countries, and my proposition is that each country, owing to the state of its agriculture, manufactures, and institutions, has a certain power for supporting an increase of population, which can only be altered very slowly, and that, since this has always been much below the possible or actual production of life (except in New Zealand), the birth and death rates must rise or fall together. This contention, I maintain, is verified by the vital statistics, and no one who makes a thorough study of them can even seriously dispute it. As to the correlation coefficients I have given, these were merely a few out of a large number, and it has not apparently been noticed that they are of two kinds, one between the variation of the birth and death rates in the same country or town from year to year over a long period, and the others between the birth and death rates in different countries or towns for the same period. Naturally, the connection in the second case, when we are comparing countries in very different stages of development, is much less close than in the same country at different times, and the only remarkable thing is that the connection is as close as it is. But when we deal with any given country or large town the correlation figures generally seem to be in the neighbourhood of .9. Had it been unity, this would simply have meant that the birth-rate absolutely controlled the death-rate, or that the neo-Malthusian remedy was an absolute panacea for all evils leading to premature death, which I should be the last to claim. But I do claim that this high figure shows the population difficulty to be by far the most important of all bars to the elimination of poverty, and I shall continue to do so until someone can show me anything like the same theoretical justification or close connection between the death-rate and other suggested causes, or will successfully explain away the above connection, as M. Bertillon has attempted to do.

Concerning M. Giroud's figures for the food supply, which are the object of attack, I will only say that they are the result of a most careful investigation extending over thirty-five countries, taking in all sources of food, and making deductions for the amount consumed by animals, etc., as well as the age and sex distribution of the population. I only used them, however, to show that there was a deficiency of food, and not that this deficiency was increasing, as the year 1907 was below the average. But then the newspapers last year were continually informing us of the pressure of population on food as an explanation of the rise of food prices.

In a recent number of THE FREEWOMAN appeared an article under the interesting title "To What End in Life?" As an adherent of the utilitarian school as modified by Prof. Bain and Dr. Rutgers, I suggest that, although the final end is invisible, *i.e.*, of securing the complete happiness of all human beings on this earth, the first stage is to secure what Dr. Rutgers has called the "physio-

logical optimum," *i.e.*, the most perfect development of all the faculties of humanity as a whole, both physical and intellectual, by securing an adequate amount of the right kind of food and the best environment for each individual, as well as the best development of the race through rational selection. (This is my answer to the food reformers, and I shall be very glad if their propositions are found to be consistent with this ideal.) So far as I can see, the neo-Malthusian proposition is absolutely essential to this aim, first, in order to reduce the pressure on the food supply, and, secondly, as a means of improving the race by controlling the reproduction of those suffering from hereditary unfitness, in so far as any other reform will assist in attaining the same end, and it will, of course, be most welcome. I would remark, however, that I do not intend to accept at present the contention that parental prudence will be brought about by other reforms tending to increase human comfort, firstly, because I have little confidence in their success, except in so far as the birth-rate is caused to fall independently; secondly, because I prefer a straightforward to an indirect method of propaganda; and thirdly, because I see no justification for the contention. I perfectly admit that comfort and restriction are closely correlated, but "invariable sequence does not prove causation" (this will doubtless be turned against my birth and death rate arguments with damning effect), and the serious difficulty in my mind is as to whether comfort bestowed on the people by external agency will have the same effect as comfort secured by their individual exertions and prudence. At present I think not, though I have no wish to dogmatise.* To me this airy assurance is equivalent to informing a physician who has spent his life in diagnosing the cause of a terrible disease, and who has succeeded in finding a remedy and inducing large numbers to adopt it, that the success of his remedy proves that the disease never existed. I have quite sufficient faith in the good sense of humanity to be certain that the neo-Malthusian remedy will be rapidly adopted in the future, as it has been in the past; but as it is the poor who are needing it, and who perish from lack of knowledge, I am not content to stand idly by and see their suffering prolonged, while the educated classes, who could help them over this difficulty within a year or two, are deterred by Socialistic fallacies and promises and pharisaical "morality."

In conclusion, I would point out that our simple, quiet neo-Malthusian propaganda, following on the impulse given by the Knowlton trial of 1876, has already produced the most remarkable effects. In the United Kingdom alone the fall of the birth-rate from 35 to 25 means that at present we have 450,000 fewer births annually than if the old birth-rate had been maintained, and that probably at least 2,000,000 married couples are now limiting their families. In Western Europe (for which the figures are more regular than for the whole of Europe) it appears probable that the birth-rate has fallen by about 6.3 per 1,000, and the death-rate by about 6.8 per 1,000, since 1876, and this, on a mean population of 226,000,000, means that 25,000,000 fewer births and 27,000,000 fewer deaths have taken place over the whole period than if the earlier figures had been maintained. Despite the strictures of your correspondents concerning my powers

* I am reminded of John Stuart Mill's dictum that people will not marry if they cannot maintain a certain standard of comfort once attained. This is quite another thing to the early marriage and limitation of families, which is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Among the very poor also, in our large towns, hardly any prudential check to marriage exists.

of scientific reasoning, I venture to maintain that the prevention of the arrival of these 25,000,000 births has reduced the number of premature and unnecessary deaths by a practically equal amount; and if any other movement in the history of the world can justify a similar claim I shall be delighted to acknowledge it. Finally, in the case of our own country the trend of the death-rate shows that at the present rate of progress it should fall to 10 per 1,000 by or before 1930, *but only if the birth-rate goes on falling to 20*. If the middle classes would help in instructing the poor I believe this result could be obtained by 1915. If, on the other hand, the Socialists or any other reformers will get the death-rate down without this decrease of the birth-rate, I shall be delighted to make the *amende honorable*, to throw down my heavy neo-Malthusian work with a sigh of relief, and join them in their campaign. It is for human lives and women's freedom we are playing, and it matters not who wins, provided the game is won—and won quickly.

C. V. DRYSDALE.

Wings of Desire.*

MISS M. P. WILLCOCKS describes herself with strange felicity in her own account of the artist in "Wings of Desire." "Between the historian and the novelist, his work was that of neither." "Wings of Desire" is not a history, for it deals with imagined men and women, and not a novel, for these hardly live a life of their own, being seen as grains in the shifting sands of Society. "The thing that stood in his way was his gift of national consciousness. . . . He often lost sight of the rounded totality of the individuals he visualised. Would he paint a city clerk, there came to him instead the rows of suburban streets, the aura of clerkdom." And this is the source of her occasional failure: for no artist can wholly succeed unless he is convinced of the supreme importance of the characters he has created. And there is another snare in this "national consciousness": the diffusion of interest through a thousand souls instead of one tends to paralyse the dramatic instinct. And here Miss Willcocks has definitely succumbed. For lack of the dramatic instinct her crises never come cleanly and impulsively, but are approached circumspectly over much unnecessary ground. But while recognising that her work is anomalous and not æsthetically perfect, one must admit that it is strong and valuable. If she is over-prodigious with her material, so is Nature. Her novels express the passionate deliberations upon life of a wise and energetic personality. And she has an extraordinary gift for drawing characters: seen through a haze of vagrant words and ideas, they yet have the flush of life on their cheeks, the strength of the living in their limbs.

"Wings of Desire" is the story of Sara Hereford, for ten years the wife of Archer Bellew, an author who spends his time in philandering with other women to get "copy" for his sentimental studies of womankind. She has gifts as a pianist, which of course she has not been allowed to exercise after marriage—"a childless woman, with a song-bird in her heart that cannot sing, and so fettered both ways," as her husband sentimentally observes. She

* "Wings of Desire." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (John Lane.)

lives a dreary life in a Devonshire manor-house on the limited means Bellew can spare from his own pleasures, tending a selfish old father with a maddening passion for numismatics and food reform, and enjoying the adoration of Knyvett, an engineer who has "cast away his chances of fine work and spent years in dancing attendance on a woman whom he could neither help nor win."

They drift along aimlessly until Bellew begins to philander with Molly Woodruffe, a clever political organiser, who, after years of grinding labour and pin-prick reproaches from her mother (who believed that "if a woman must live by sex, for her to live by anything else is manifest failure"), was longing for "that heightening of the colour of things we call romance." Molly eludes him, but the alarms and excursions of this perilous love affair open Sara's eyes. She finds out that their marriage, which means to Bellew a life of "outward conformity coupled with inward revolt," is spiritual torture to him; that his relationship to a woman who does not want him and whom he does not want has destroyed his sense of the sacredness of emotion; that in his cruel love-affairs not only the woman suffers, but that he himself is corroded by the sense of sin. So she decides to leave him for his own sake. But she is held back by that savage superstition that salvation can only be attained by self-mutilation. "For the first time it struck that release of Archer from the chains that bound him meant—going to her own joy. . . . She had never in her life sought her own. To leave him, to go to a lover! That she could not do. Pain, sorrow, these she would gladly have paid, but not joy, not even to cut away the gangrene that was corrupting his life and hers. . . . Passion was the one coin she would not pay down to procure her husband's release." However, Knyvett's mother sends for her and begs her to go out to her son, who has been stricken down by malaria during a treasure hunt in South America. But when she arrives Knyvett will have none of her. "'What is mine I will take,' he says. "'But I must be sure it is mine. I will have no forcing of your hand. My mother carried you off your feet. So did Bellew. So did my illness. Come to me with all your soul your own.'"

So they part for a year, he to bridge-building in the Andes, she to her music. As she says to the great musician who is doubtful to take her as a pupil, fearing that when her lover calls she will forsake her art. . . . "Year by year we are taught, we women, to live by love—that it is our highest work. I believed it till I was shaken out of the belief. He, my lover, had his work, the thing he was made to do. He put it first before me. . . . He would not take me. There would have been fuss, lawyers, letter-writing. He would not have been left with a mind free to his task. I saw for the first time my place in the scheme of things. I am only a light woman until I can do my work." She does her work. She becomes a famous pianist, and then, when she has justified her existence, she prepares to face the divorce-court with Knyvett.

The really instructive lesson to be drawn from

AN APPEAL.

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the life of Sara Hereford is the impossibility of making any sort of use of one's life unless one has a religion. In default of any other belief, Sara espoused the Boy Scout philosophy of "making others happy," with the result that she became as dangerous to the community as were the free distributions of bread in the Roman republic. It is curious to note how when she became a religious person—using the expression in Shaw's sense, to denote a person who believes himself or herself to be "the instrument of some purpose in the Universe which is a high purpose and is the motive power of Evolution"—she had to break away from the natural ties of home and family. All religions attack the home. Christ said, "I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." The decay of the Catholic Church may be partly due to the fact that it has ignored this militant spiritual individualism and upholds the authority of the home. Nowadays the break-up of the family is notorious; it is talked of as though it were being accomplished in a spirit of the meanest egotism. But for women at least it is easier to stay at home than to go into the world. So obviously this is a sacrifice to some new religion—some new worship of life that has not yet wholly revealed itself. People like Canon Hensley Henson and Mrs. Humphry Ward, who attack Feminism and Suffragism on the ground that they will break up the home, are really materialists quaking in sick apprehension of a spiritual revival.

In the panoply of our newly-found emancipation we women are as serious as a little girl in a new pelisse: we dare not unbend in so much as a smile. Perhaps that is why Miss Willcocks, having written a rattling good yarn about a reckless buccaneer of to-day who leads some fine gentlemen across the tumbling tropic seas to the black snow-capped cliffs and yellow coves of South America in search of phantom gold, felt shy about publishing such a frivolous production, and weaved it into "Wings of Desire" with the slenderest thread. It adds the last touch of riotous confusion to a book that almost faints under the weight of its own luxuriance. But what a magnificent fault! REBECCA WEST.

DISCUSSION CIRCLES.

PLEASE NOTE.

THE first meeting of the Discussion Circles will be held on Thursday, April 25th, at the International Suffrage Shop, Adam Street, Strand.

Miss Barbara Low asks that suggestions regarding the circles should be sent to her at the Editorial Office, 9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

An invitation to the circles is given to readers, contributors, critics, and friends of THE FREEWOMAN.

THE HAPPY CHILD.

The child is only happy, lovely, live.
He toils not; neither doth he strive.
His life is in himself; and he hath part
In the Universal Heart.
O, his enchanted eyes
Drink from the cup of the blue skies;
And all blessed spirits of bliss
Are his to command, and only his.

—From the "Phantom Ship," by E. H. Visiak.

Correspondence.

THE REMEDY.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—In reply to "Veturia," I would like to be allowed to say that I am interested in all the remedies that reformers have proposed for the abolition of mercenary intercourse, either when sanctioned by religion and law or in its illicit form. I certainly do not think that the "pretty amiable girls," who are often found among the courtesan class, are fulfilling an ideal function in the community. But the remedy? Let us imagine a fanatical hygienist who preaches a fervent gospel of brown bread and lentils as a perfect diet for everyone. This is akin to the species of counsel we have had in the difficult conduct of our sexual lives and as a safeguard against the evils of prostitution. Sexual irregularity, condoned in men, but seldom pardoned in women, has always been the concomitant and outcome of forcing persons of all temperaments—normal, abnormal, morbid, variable, amative, cool, sensual, and non-sensual—into a marital system maintained by iron-bound codes and inhibitions. Is not this as absurd as forcing everybody—dyspeptics, consumptives, eupeptics, hearty eaters, people of poor appetite, delicate persons, and robust persons—to eat only brown bread and lentils? Prostitution flourishes through the negation of the fact that all civilised men and women are not alike in their sexual needs and proclivities, and that it is as irrational to suppose that they are alike as it is to imagine that they are all capable of fervid belief in one set of religious dogmas. Why force the polyandrous woman into monogamy or the monogamous man into polygamy? This is the effect of the complete negation of idiosyncrasy in the sphere of the sex-passion, and one of the resultants is prostitution. I am an advocate of monogamy for the happily monogamous. The unhappily monogamous, who adhere to inharmonious monogamy because they have no choice between that state and celibacy, certainly do not preserve the beauty and sanctity of that union, and they should be provided with a decent method of severing the bond—that is, a dignified dissolution of an unfortunate partnership.

Regarding "Veturia's" question as to the relation of the courtesan to the wife, I may say that it is my conviction that the bulk of my sex are conjugal, and that they marry for love and the desire for a companion and a home. Their amorous excursions and lapses in their bachelor days are on an entirely different plane from that serious idealised love-making that ends in marriage. I believe also that if wives would construct cages for husbands as skilfully as they spread nets for them, we should hear much less of husbands reverting to the ephemeral amours of their bachelor days.

Another potent remedy for commercial sexual intercourse will be found in that thorough reconstruction of the economic system, when a mass of women will be no longer literally compelled, as they are now, to think of marriage as a trade. The woman who can support herself for the greater part of her life will be one of the wholesomest agents in the diminution of the number of women who subsist by selling "love" to men. I am not among the prophets, and I do not see an easy path out of the terribly tangled wood in which we are all groping so painfully. We of the Anglo-Saxon race are usually fifty years or more behind the more intelligent and progressive nations, especially in the sex-relationship. We lift our hands and roll our eyes at the courtesans who swarm at our gates, and we go blundering on in the same unctuous attitude if a thoughtful man or woman, with a love of humanity, suggests a reform that in anywise threatens a convention into whose influence for good or ill we have never patiently inquired.

WALTER M. GALLICHAN.

"LET THE WOMEN BE ALIVE!"

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—One recognises and delights in your magazine as a really "free" platform, whereon are expressed real, living thoughts, where there is no need to keep back half one's mind, for the very good reason that in saying what one really thinks one is but beating the air, since its unpopularity or its clashing with some interest will safely ensure its never seeing the light.

Since a friend brought to my notice Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *Forerunner*—an all too brief monthly refreshment—never have I so much appreciated, so hungrily and thirstily eaten and drunk of any mental food as that provided by THE FREEWOMAN. And that not by any means because I am always in agreement with your

own or your writer's opinions, but because your work all bears the impress of vivid, fearless thought, and that whatever the opinions expressed, is meat and drink to the sincere student who is out to learn the truth, however unpalatable the truth may be. One feels your process of growth as you write; and one feels oneself growing as one reads! And growth is no less the joy than the law of life. I am one with you in feeling that the Suffrage papers and the Suffrage societies insist too much on the be-all and end-all of the mere vote. But, after all, what else can one reasonably expect or hope for? Each and all are governed and *paid for* by women who belong to a small and privileged class; and she who pays the piper may surely call the tune? Most of these women are quite sincere in their desire to use the vote, when obtained, to abolish sweating and misery, inequalities and injustices amongst their poorer "sisters"; but they have only the vaguest ideas as to how their having a vote is to enable them to do this. Most of them would be horrified at the idea of using their vote, or of helping in any other way, to bring about the evolutionary revolution which will result in every woman, as well as every man, having to work (really work—at something useful to the community) for the bread they eat. Proposals for, and work directed towards this end, come under the heading of "Economics" or "Socialism"—or something—with which they, as Suffragists, have no concern! The woman who frankly acknowledges that "equality" means equality in bread-earning (apart altogether from marriage), in responsibility-sharing, who recognises that the woman who lives on "rent," or "interest," or "shares," or unearned income of any kind is a parasite, just as a man is who lives without working: who recognises that a woman who lives on a man's earnings, even though "respectably" married, is as much a prostitute as her outcast sister of the streets—such a woman is repudiated as "going too far," and as being a hindrance to progress (in getting a vote). In this movement, as in every other, without a single exception, only what pays is acceptable, and it is thought to pay better to disguise what those of us who know what we are out for, and who are honest with ourselves, want to do with the vote when we get it.

But there is one slight discrepancy in your reasoning on which it would be interesting to have further information. The W.S.P.U., you say, does not want the vote for another ten years. Yet it is the only society to-day which repudiates the idea of votes being won on any terms save those of equality with men. Other societies are willing to take any small crumb, and even a promise of a crumb in the visionary future is quite enough to satisfy some of them (witness the Women's Liberal Federation, who meekly submit to indignity and betrayal, time and time again, from the party they work for—nothing is too much for them to stand). Yet you argue that all the societies are alike in not recognising the larger issues of their "woman" and not "votes" movement. Surely if they (the W.S.P.U.) are willing to stand out for what to them seems best worth having—equality—even though they put off the attainment of a smaller share, they at least show their sincerity, and possibly larger vision, than those who would be content with votes for women householders at the same time as votes are granted to all men (many of those who pay to keep the Suffrage societies going do not want more than the householder vote; but can those who pay to keep the W.S.P.U. going really be in ignorance of what they are paying for?).

As you say, it may be for "limelight" effect only. But, then, you also say that limelight is absolutely essential, and urge the other societies to make use of it! I ought, perhaps, to say that I am myself, at present, a law-abiding Suffragist, and a member of the largest Suffrage society—the N.U.W.S.S.

And—may I say it?—you appear to have a childlike faith in the immediate possibility of organising women workers into trade unions, and indicate that herein lies the salvation of womanhood—just as if you had stumbled on something quite new and undiscovered! I have personally had a large dose of practical experience, which makes your advice (to me) as amusing as it is stale. I was, years ago, the first member of a trade union formed amongst a certain number of sweated girl workers (thereby hangs a tale calculated to teach an effective lesson to any woman on the possibility of trade unionism for women), and for more than a dozen years have been engaged in the task of organising women workers, and my experience is that until you have awakened a social conscience in a woman, there is not the least hope of getting her to sacrifice three-pence or fourpence of her weekly wages for some vague (to her) benefit, which she (personally) may never receive. I do not state this as a fact, but my distinct impression is that wherever the educating, awakening influence of Suffrage workers has been at work, there one finds it much

easier to induce women to see the necessity for industrial organisation, than where there is darkest ignorance about "votes for women," and everything else. The practical impossibility of organising an unskilled, badly paid, intending-to-become-a-parasite-on-marriage worker is a truly formidable obstacle. But it is by no means the only or the hardest one. Last month I spent a week in Yorkshire, personally interviewing women workers who earn anything from 10s. to 20s. weekly—aristocrats amongst women workers—urging upon them the necessity for joining their trade union (already existing—for men and one or two women—and promising substantial benefits). With few exceptions, they were adamant to all argument. "We are all right—nobody else matters," was their immovable attitude. Nor could the spectacle of women in another town six miles away, who are getting several shillings per week more in wages for the same work, move them into action. Nor was it the fact, which is, in my opinion, the greatest obstacle to trade unionism amongst women—the abandoning of wage-earning on marriage—a factor in this case, for the married women are nearly all wage-earners in that particular town. No. The fact is that unless you can get a woman to see the utter degradation of her industrial and political position as a dependent and belonging of man, there is as little hope of industrial organisation for her as for political power. If there is, lying dormant, one spark of latent desire for freedom, for growth, you have some ground to work on, some hope of results. And one of the best means, I rather think, of appealing to this dormant quality is to rouse a sense of resentment against obvious inequality, as in the voteless condition of women compared with man. It may be this, merely, at first. But first steps must be taken, and if this is an effective way, and leads to growth and power, it is the right way. What is needed, then, it seems to me, is education, as much by the suffragist as by the trade unionist, and not by one more than the other. But my experience—a fairly extensive one—is that if you want any help with any kind of real educational work amongst women, you must go to the suffragist for it. If she wants a vote, she is at least alive. And it is heart-breaking, as well as useless work, trying to raise the dead. Many women, especially of the working class, grow up to adult age without ever having lived. It will be a long business, and will need

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a new generation, bred and reared by freewomen, to leaven the lump of inanity. 'Tis a long hoe to row!

April 13th, 1912.

ADA NIELD CHEW.

[Our attitude towards the varying demands for the Vote is this: We know that suffragists will not be satisfied until they get the Vote. To our way of thinking, the Vote—even granting Manhood and Womanhood Suffrage—is a small affair. When it is obtained it will be powerless to secure the only basis upon which equality between men and women can be obtained, *i.e.*, equality in *money-earning* power. It will not even be on the right lines to do it. Now, trade unionism *is* on the right lines. It is, therefore, difficult to see how a suffrage society can say it is for sex-equality when it is diverting the energies of women from the channels through which such equality can be effected. The W.S.P.U. has been the worst sinner in thus deluding women with a quack remedy for their ills. It is this society which advocates work for *suffrage*, to the exclusion of all other work. There is, we have learnt to our amazement, hostility between their ranks and the trade union movement. Even though there may be faults on both sides, the divorce is shocking, and would never have been allowed to exist had suffragist leaders possessed as much insight as they have enthusiasm. Suffragists say: "No other women's activities fostered until we get the Vote." We say: "For Heaven's sake, let us manoeuvre then to get the Vote." When, however, we are coming within sight of it, they cry out: "No votes unless votes for everybody, and conferred only in a manner agreeable to us." So we see the prospect of trade union ranks continuing to be thin for an indefinite period of time, and we say thereupon that the woman's movement is being engineered in a deplorably obstinate and feeble manner, and we will not endorse it, even to keep up a surface appearance of harmony. We hold such engineering where it is not foolish to be knavish. In many instances, considering the battle we have to fight, it is both. We are in no way surprised to learn that our advice to concentrate on trade unionism is stale. It is stale because female trade unionism has proved such arduous and difficult work. It is not that we have a "childlike faith in the immediate possibility of organising women workers into trade unions," but that we know there is a possibility for a vast number of women to set about *making the attempt*, and vast numbers of women in the suffrage ranks would turn to this work if they understood the meaning of the woman movement better. We are also quite sure suffrage speakers fertilise the soil. We should not have spent four years in suffrage propaganda had we experienced it had no effect. But the whole matter is a question of right perspective, and we believe that suffragists, by a total ostracism of trade union propaganda, prove that right perspective is the one thing which they have not got.—ED.]

REMEDIES FOR DISEASE.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—In his reply to his critics, Mr. Upton Sinclair misses, I am of opinion, the opportunity of speaking much more positively in respect of his subject. In the more important drug lists of London firms of the highest reputation, classified under "Organotherapy," will be found about fourteen animal extracts for use in modern medicine, embracing ovary and testicular extracts, the latter, in carefully prepared products, containing the sterilised spermatozoa of the animal. These remedies are amongst the most effective of those prescribed for disease; some, indeed, are specific. The amount of work during more than twenty years done by such men as Poehl, Brown-Sequard, and others, is overwhelming. It has not merely then "*no bad effect upon either physical or mental energy*"; it has exactly the contrary—peace of heart, sense of well-being, and freedom from certain diseases of skin and body, and especially, at certain ages, from unsocial and ungovernable irritability of temper. In medical books all this is clearly investigated and clinically demonstrated. Conventionality at the present does not allow medicine to be a living democratic voice emphasising these facts; nevertheless, such facts are in all books of medical treatment.

A READER.

WOMEN IN "MIXED TRADE UNIONS."

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—As a woman clerk and a member of the National Union of Clerks, I must admit that, so far, my experience amongst women clerks in the City has not given me much hope towards organising them in any way whatever. But the obstacles in the path of converting women to trade unionism cannot be enumerated in any simple fashion. The girl earning a miserable

pittance for the monotonous work of addressing circulars or turning the handle of a duplicating machine, regards a subscription to a Federation, Association, Society, or a Union as something she cannot possibly afford. The subsidised "pin-money" woman looks upon organisation and co-operation with the selfish indifference of most well-cared-for individuals; and, altogether, the only chance there is of ever getting the clerical profession out of its present genteel poverty condition is to impress on all and sundry the value of the solidarity of all labour. Men and women clerks work shoulder by shoulder to-day, oftentimes in the most deplorable conditions, which will never be altered unless both sexes resolve unanimously to do away with at least the most obvious of the abuses. The Offices Inspection Bill is a measure that urgently awaits pressure from outside before it has any reasonable chance of ever becoming law, yet women clerks persist in refusing to take any part in trying to effect such a reform, and the men are still in favour of continuing their old, useless methods of the past. However, with the coming into force of the National Insurance Act in July, there is reason to believe that clerks of all shades of opinion will have to consider their position. By reason of its combined large membership, the National Union of Clerks is already in a position to take the necessary steps whereby it may become an approved society, and if eventually, when the machinery is in thorough working order, some system can be evolved out of the present chaotic state, this much discussed scheme will have achieved something towards the bettering of clerks.

On the question of the developing of the Freewoman it is surely most necessary that the workers should be strongly protected by powerful organisations. It is one of the most pitiful tragedies in our competitive industrial world to watch the girls of to-day working hard to secure a husband of any kind, and then accepting any offer of marriage rather than run the risk of being an "old maid," toiling for a sweated wage. The National Union of Clerks stands for a minimum wage for all, irrespective of sex, and it is a thousand pities such an appeal for fair play has not met with the success it deserves,

MIMIE BRODIE,

Hon. Woman Organiser, National Union of Clerks,
194-200, Bishopsgate, E.C.

[As we have pointed out before, the Insurance Bill has two merits. It contains a germ of the idea of a national medical service, and it will serve to kick into unions those women who have neither the desire nor the wit to walk in. Doubtless such will continue ineffective and well-nigh hopeless, from the point of view of concerted and decisive action, but the public-spirited will at least have their point of attachment to work from. It is an encouragement to remember that the very difficulty of the work is an indication of its value when done.—ED.]

WANTED—THE GROUNDS FOR DIFFERENTIATION.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Argument with Miss Oliver, though interesting and enjoyable, presents certain difficulties.

(a) She does not appear to do me the honour of reading my letters before replying to them.

(b) She states wholly incompatible and mutually contradictory opinions with equal emphasis.

However, if I may trespass a little further on your kindness, I should like to make a few comments on her latest convictions. I will aim at brevity, and hope to observe due deference, though up to the present date I am neither choked nor crushed.

I quite realised, when I made some attempt to state the case for liberty of individual development in the sphere of sex, that I should be accused of advocating prostitution. But after the explicit statement in my last letter I think it shows a deplorable mental dishonesty to bring forward that charge. As a suffragist and feminist, Miss Oliver should surely have some theoretical acquaintance with the chief "plank" in the "Women's Platform"; therefore I must decline to give her a comprehensive analysis of the causes of prostitution and its history, past and present.

I will merely ask Miss Oliver if she sees no distinction between a free gift and a bargain—which is generally not even a bargain between approximate equals, but the most hideous form of sweated labour in the world? That is the difference between sexual liberty and prostitution—and prostitution is the inevitable corollary of a code which exacts chastity from the majority of women as the condition of lifelong support in legal marriage. But I must apologise to THE FREEWOMAN for taking up her valuable space with such rudiments of sociology. Of course, I advocate the reconstruction of our society.

Miss Oliver "would regard with toleration, and, indeed,

with sympathy, two or three experiments or trials in love"—excellent, but what a pity she didn't say so before! I defy any careful reader of her original letter, or her second letter, to find therein the faintest hint of such opinions. Also, I don't think I advocated "habitual sexual promiscuousness," nor did I state that anyone met a new soul's affinity every week! But I should like to know (setting aside these minor discrepancies) how Miss Oliver would distinguish between "love" and "lust"? There is, of course, an enormous difference—yet real love between the sexes (which I fully admit is extremely rare) contains physical desire as well as mental sympathy and devotion, which is affection raised to a very high power. Such really great love is an intense spiritual and physical experience, and is the privilege of comparatively few; most people are not sufficiently evolved to be capable of it. Are they, therefore, to be debarred from a lesser love? Let us remember that the essence both of Love, "that lord of terrible aspect," and of Desire is spontaneity. What supreme omniscient tribunal is to "choke and crush" the "lower appetite" without "blighting and blasting" the "genuine" love? Would it not be better to acknowledge the infinite variety of human nature? There are too many serious problems of heredity and racial selection, of health and the treatment of abnormal types, awaiting solution, for us to "cumber the ground" with Christian fetiches. Let us admit our joy and gratitude for the beauty and pleasure of sex.

And let those women who, owing to pressure of circumstances or to cowardice, will not at least try to enjoy their elementary human rights, refrain from unmeasured public attacks on the others, who have the courage of their desires as well as their convictions.

April 14th, 1912.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HUMAN.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—For one doomed to live in a small Swiss town, where the moral atmosphere is distinctly depressing, THE FREEWOMAN comes like a fresh breeze every week and bucks me up! I send you my hearty thanks and congratulations for the splendid work you are doing. Your plan of forming a Discussion Club is excellent. I only regret my inability to attend your meeting on April 25th, for it would interest me intensely.

May I be allowed to express my thanks to Mr. William Foss for his article, "On the Importance of Being Human"? Indeed, it is of *all* importance, yet how few of us arrive at being really human in spite of our efforts! Personally I share Mr. Foss' insatiable curiosity about my fellow-beings—about those at least that interest me in the slightest degree.

I find that people are not so reserved upon the subject of sex as is generally supposed, if approached in the right way; indeed, they discuss freely and simply once one gains their sympathy.

I am inclined to think that the greater our sexual knowledge and experience, the greater is our human understanding. Therefore I approve free discussion of sex matters in THE FREEWOMAN as a means of enlightenment to many of your readers of a question so vitally important.

M. S.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT OF GIRLS.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—It has long been my intention to venture to enter the lists of your correspondents, in order to invite (of course, with your approval) discussion on a theme that always irritates me when I see some of the heartless suggestions and statements set forth in a correspondence of this vexed subject, namely, "Corporal Punishment for Girls."

The reason I have hesitated week after week is that your columns have always been crowded with such interesting matter from thinking people that I thought there might not be room for my little query, even if suitable to the paper; but on reading to-day's number, I decided to have, vulgarly speaking, a shot at it, the reason for my decision being a letter, signed "A Mother," on "Sex Instruction and the Young."

She speaks of having been at school with young boys under her charge; she may have also had the charge of young girls. At any rate, there are sure to be several among your readers who have, and I should be glad (or otherwise) to hear their views on the vexed question, "Should girls be whipped?" and, if so, "Who should whip them?"

I once followed a correspondence through with interest, until the subject developed into "Should WIVES be Whipped?" and this sent me off on the warpath. I simply had to air my views on the subject. Needless to say, being more of a man's than woman's paper, it was

not inserted, and the editor hadn't the courtesy to return it or say why (and all the conditions were complied with), and the next week the correspondence closed.

I have come across correspondence in other papers, too, on the subject, but they all close it before any satisfactory ideas on the subject can be gleaned.

Now, I feel sure it will receive its due at the hands of THE FREEWOMAN, and we shall get some "humane" and "common-sense" ideas, and, later on, if I may have your permission, I can have another little say about it but, for the present, I am going to be a good "listener," and am hoping for a lot of "good things" about it.

Thanking you in anticipation, MOTHER, No. 2.

March 1st, 1912.

THE HUMAN COMPLEX.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I am much struck with the splendid speaking out of your valuable paper, and I believe you will do great good by this.

Do what you like with the following lines. If you think they will be of use, use them.

In this week's issue of your paper I read:

"Straight women, as a rule, are deplorably ignorant." If straight *women* are, what about straight *girls*?

In the spring of 1889 my father, a widower, and school-master in a midland town, died from the result of an accident, leaving my sister and me orphaned, with £40 a year between us. I was barely fifteen, my sister eighteen. We were just ordinary healthy, intelligent girls, with the usual middle-class school education, not particularly trained for anything except to be companionable and bright. My father at forty-three, the age at which he died, was an extraordinarily young and vigorous man for his age. If Fate had not intervened, he might have lived another thirty or forty years.

We had very few relations. My father cared very little for any of his; and when my sister proposed our trying our luck in London, no one dreamt of preventing us doing so. She secretly intended going on the stage. One of my father's pupils, who boarded with us, was the son of a fairly successful actor, and his glowing accounts of the life fired my sister's imagination.

We came to London, and took a solitary room in the Kennington Road—a theatrical lodging, suggested by our school friend—and, armed with an introduction to a well-known agent, my sister opened her campaign.

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On the strength of her youth and looks, she got an engagement very soon in the chorus of a musical comedy in London. She sang correctly, nothing else, for her voice was very small. The stage-manager, an oldish man, was very kind to us, and in a very little while he made room for me, too, in the company.

All went well with us until the hard winter of 1891. Then my sister fell ill with rheumatic fever, and had to go into a nursing home.

She was very weak and ill the whole of that year, and the doctor's bill, etc., made a dreadful hole in our poor little purse. I was promised two engagements, but they fell through, and I was worrying myself to death at not earning anything.

Our clothes—still the ones we had worn for our mourning—were getting dreadfully shabby; and to be shabby when you are looking for engagements is suicidal.

It was then that I thought of sitting to lady artists as a model—not for the nude. We had moved to Chelsea by then, and that gave me the idea. I sent notes round to five or six ladies who had big studios, not too far off, and I enclosed my photo—a very flattering one, done by a theatrical photographer.

I got two answers. One was some way from Chelsea, in another artistic neighbourhood. I went there first, because the letter was so kind.

The lady I saw was a woman, whom I now judge to have been between thirty-five and forty, but she then gave me the impression of having left youth far behind. She was tall, rather flat in figure, with thick, dark hair, going grey, rather coarse and wiry, and brushed well back from her forehead; but her eyes were very fine, brown, and flashing.

She said she was delighted with my appearance; I was, in fact, just what she wanted, and she asked me my terms. I had no idea what I had to ask, so, seeing my hesitation, she fixed my services at half a crown an hour, and demanded if I would accept them. In the terrible state of our resources, I was only too glad to sit at these terms. This lady was most kind and considerate, and for six or seven weeks I sat to her for my head and shoulders. She invariably gave me luncheon, and, if I was sitting late, tea as well.

About this time my sister got a six weeks' engagement at Leeds, and I was left alone in our Chelsea lodging in the care of our landlady!

I told everything to my patroness—our sad, sordid little struggles, our hopes and fears for the future. I found out that she was a woman of considerable private means, without a relation living.

She was always envying me my youth, and praising me extravagantly, especially the beauty of my hair. My head was quite turned by all this foolish admiration, and somehow it made me uncomfortable too. But I was really merely an unsophisticated child, and my sister, though older, was not much better. We were wofully trusting and unsuspecting.

Knowing that I was now alone, my artist friend insisted on my coming to live with her at the studio, which had a bedroom and kitchen attached to it.

Without asking my sister, I joyfully accepted, thinking, poor child, no manner of harm. It is very difficult for me to say now what I found out about this unhappy creature. I only understood it when I was older, and when it was all too late. This rich, clever—for she was brilliantly clever—artistic woman was bi-sexual. On the third day of my stay at the studio I ran away. I was thoroughly frightened—too frightened and ashamed to mention my awful experience to anyone—and I left my box and all behind. This was sent after me directly; no

message came with it. A fortnight later I went into the neighbourhood of the studio again. It was shut up and empty.

After a lapse of two years, I read an obituary notice of this same woman.

You may think this an abnormal case. Long after, when I was married—and widowed—I mentioned it to a doctor, the only living soul I breathed it to. He assured me that cases of this kind were *enormously on the increase!*

For heaven's sake, FREEWOMAN, try and break down this shameful and dangerous ignorance which people allow their unfortunate girls to remain in. I should never have written what I have if I didn't think good might come to others through knowing even of such a thing as this. I may add it has been an experience which has embittered my whole life.

MARAH.

April 9th, 1912.

THE VALUE OF THE QUICK UNBALANCE OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Dr. Leonard Williams and Sir Almroth Wright have recently raised points that call for very serious consideration by those outside the medical circle. The letters of these gentlemen compel the question, Is any woman safe if consulting doctors so obviously out of touch with present conditions?

Dr. Williams, in the *Times*, wrote that if women insist on "sacrificing their physical and moral womanhood on the sorry shrine of a ballot-box, then the lunacy laws will require revision."

The gist of Sir Almroth's letter is to the same effect, namely, that if women step out of the line of conduct drawn for them by men, they must necessarily be mad. The same idea has been expressed in the last two novels running through the *Daily Mail*.

Having been born before the days of University education for women, I feel keenly my lack of specialised language. But there are some things that can be better expressed perhaps by one who can compare past with present, and is free from the limitations of specialism which often obscures the things that matter.

As one who has suffered severely and inexplicably, it has been my lot to consult many doctors, both men and women; and from the viewpoint of a patient, I can heartily endorse Dr. Agnes Savill's recent verdict that men doctors, as regards women, are fifty years behind the times. Surgery has advanced wonderfully, but medical science has not progressed one iota from the ideas of women as held and expressed half a century ago. In those days, as novels show, women were compelled to show themselves as weak, sentimental, silly, and helpless in order to live up to men's demands and ideals of women. For Tennyson was right when he wrote that women set themselves to men, naturally and inevitably.

The amazing change in the mental attitude of men generally, wrought by free and full education, has resulted, naturally, in an equally amazing change in the mentality of women. Tennyson's words were the poetic expression of the fact that humanity is as a pair of scales, man one side, woman the other. So long as the things of life balance neither sex presses obtrusively upon the other. But if one side is weighted it immediately, by its pressure, upraises the other. Life is one continual effort to keep the balance; growth, evolution, civilisation as continually upset it.

As human work has progressed it has become ever more intensively concentrated upon the finer forces, and the scales that are needed for the finest work are exactly those that are most easily unbalanced. Also the unbalance shows that the lesser and more fragile may be of greater value, under some conditions, than the greater in bulk and force.

This that men say, so often in recent years as to become exasperating because it is said in contempt, especially by men doctors, that women are by nature and sex too easily unbalanced to be entrusted with the vote—is it true? If it is true that women are less balanced than men it must be due to one of two causes: Either in the Scales of Humanity there is predominant overweight on the side of men, or there is a very special value to the world at large in just that quickness of response in unbalance that men so heedlessly condemn. Nature never makes so gigantic a mistake nor permits such to be perpetuated. If half humanity, its women as a whole, are naturally easily unbalanced, it is that they may act as a quick corrective of wrong wrought by men—wrong that would affect human life largely and generally. That this is so is shown in the recent coal strike.

Mr. Herbert Smith, president of the Yorkshire Miners' Association, said: "It had been an unfair fight. They

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had had to fight through the stomachs of the women and children—the most damnable method of warfare in existence. He advised the men to vote to return to work."

When human life balances men are not acutely conscious of women. But when great numbers of men throw their whole weight upon their own scale, the down pressure forced up the scale of their women, making them prominent. Then the men saw that the fight they desired, if persisted in, would react fatally upon themselves by starving their women and children, and not only their own alone, but also many thousands of others, for life-work is as wheels within wheels: if one group suffers, all suffer in consequence. It would be the same if other groups of Labour organise such strikes. Coal being a basic substance, its stoppage reacted fatally through the stoppage of food. Trade being permeating, would react, in a strike, through the purses of women. The check to the flow of money would react fatally on the work and wages of the producers. And so, through the quick unbalance of women, men realise that what is intended to hurt others reacts in self-injury.

As a rule, men base their arguments against Women's Suffrage upon the idea that the world is ruled by physical force. Yet men's own efforts towards International Peace show that the rule of Force, whether physical or mechanical, is over, and the reign of Peaceful Arbitration has begun.

Another favourite argument is that women are unfit for electioneering work. Yet already women are employed by men to do the worst of such work, and not a few M.P.s owe their success to the activities of women.

Here, again, the value of the quick unbalance of women is shown as reacting to correct the wrong done by men. Men would never have realised that their election methods are so vile, but for the fact that they have thrown so much force of warring mentality into that work that they have lowered their scale so deeply as to compel the raising of the women's. This bringing women into political vision reveals also the degradation of politics. Electioneering fifty years ago was brutal physically. Electioneering speeches and printed propaganda now show that men have attained the extreme limit of wild excess in vilifying language. Promises, like pie-crust, made to be broken, evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, and the wildest of wild talk—that is electioneering of the present day!

Surely men can have no idea of how utterly without balance or sense of proportion they appear to women. It is because men have thrown sanity to the winds in electioneering they have made the entrance of women compulsory.

As the coal strike failed through the empty stomachs of women and children, political warfare must fail through the dying of respect, killed in women and children by the senseless folly of men.

Sir Almroth's chief note is the danger of the excess female population, looking upon it as waste product in that it does not breed children.

Now, one of the triumphs of men is the way in which waste products are now made of use.

In olden times excess women were made of use in convents, their energies turned to religious work and the education of children. Fifty years of compulsory education has changed all that, it has turned the current of female activity into the open world of commerce. But here also the instincts of women lead them to religious work and education, with results that will be very far-reaching. For here also women act as correctives of the evils wrought by men, compelling reform.

Medical science now demands a care in motherhood never imposed upon women before. This is a part of my subject too great to enter upon now, except to indicate that men, as a natural reaction of their irresponsibility sexually, have put upon women the onus of a healthy race. This will result in the reaction that there will arise conceivable conditions when it will become criminal in women to become mothers. An inevitable result of this pressure upon the woman is already showing in the general upset of mental balance, increasing in men as their scale is forced to rise, until they see that human parentage rests upon a basis that is neither physical nor mental, but psychic, and therefore not to be coerced.

In the last *Daily Mail* novel women were condemned as mad by the highest male medical science because they believed in the healing truths of religion, in a Power greater than human, more potent than drugs. In this current novel women are condemned for desiring to use their talents in the rational ways.

Now, if these judgments are of any value they enforce the condemnation of both religious and educative training. If religion and culture are of value, such judgments are utterly false, impossible of acceptance, signs themselves of a specialisation that is itself bordering upon lunacy.

As a woman, suffering often in sympathy with the throes of humanity, I have found it impossible to consult men doctors, except for surgery, when no woman doctor was at hand, because of men's utter inability to understand the psychic side of suffering, the inevitableness and naturalness of the individual suffering with the many during the passing of human life from the rule of Force into the rule of Power, from the dominance of the body into the dominance of the psyche. Instead of condemning women as mad, if they strive, even desperately, for the higher, fuller life, men will have to imitate the Chancellor in Iolanthe and insist upon the insertion of a negative, for their own sakes; because these letters, giving the mental status of two prominent men doctors, must make it impossible for any woman who respects her good name to consult men doctors.

Here, again, the weight of men thrown strongly to their own side reacts in raising the status of women. No sooner did the House of Commons resound with the shout of triumph of man than voices, hitherto silent or passive, took up the cause of woman publicly.

This revelation of the antagonism of men doctors must react in the passing of their practice to women.

While refusing the franchise to women because they could not fight in war men forget that in the world, even of politics, many kinds of work call for many kinds of workers. One would not set a racehorse to do the work of the plough. No one would expect an aeroplane to do the work of a locomotive, nor condemn a motor-car because it has not the slow stolidity of a traction-engine. The cat-o'-nine-tails of Socialism may be a necessary corrective of greed, but it could not be used as a violin bow to produce the subtle music that stirs the deeper waters of emotion into working harmony. In like reasoning men should not expect women to do the brutal work of war, even for the right of citizenship; but in nursing the wounded, women are now pre-eminently honoured. This again shows that woman's work as the one scale of the human balance is to correct the evil wrought by men while they are still under the influence of the ignorance that delights in destructiveness.

The more subtle men become in destructiveness the more they thrust down their side of the balance and compel the uprising of woman. War has been changed from brute force into mental organisation; but it is still war. It is men's only salvation that it reacts in forcing women to the front to set in motion those subtle forces of the psyche that will correct the destructiveness of men, and compel them to cease from war and become constructive.

No longer can there be one law for women and another for men. If the great organisations of men work for destruction in any form they destroy the only bar to women's enfranchisement; indeed, they make it compulsory. The only rational response to such strikes is to disfranchise the destructive and enfranchise the constructive. Women will see that this is done.

ELLEN S. GASKELL.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—May I ask you to correct a misprint in my letter in your last issue? In paragraph 3, "sex-love" should have read "sex-lore." As the misprint makes most of the paragraph senseless, I venture to trouble you with this correction.

CORALIE M. BOORD.

April 8th, 1912.

A BOOK FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

By DR. ALLINSON.

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

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