INTERPRETATIONS OF SEX.

III.

WE stated in a preceding article that the begetting of children was not the purpose of sexual love-passion. Only a misdirected scientific sense and a certain sense of shame have led us to put up this false line of explanation. Children are the product of the same kind of impulse as that which has led animal and plant to reproduce their kind. It is impossible to have a passion for the procreation of offspring. Perhaps the reason we cannot regard child-begetting as a passion lies in the fact that parents cannot create a child, and passion necessitates creation. They merely afford it an opportunity of appearing. They appear to have little influence upon the determination of the child’s characteristics, its nature, or its endowment; and true morality—essential rightness—forbids even experimentation in such matters. The most we can lay claim to in the begetting of children is a strong speculative interest. We are amused, perhaps, to wonder what kind of offspring we should produce; what a certain kind of “crossing” would effect, and so on. But this is not passion. An interest is not a passion—a fact we must not lose sight of. A hobby is an occupation—something which fills the time. It is an affair of the intellect and fancy at most. If we consider the emotions of a person in love, we find that the idea of begetting children through the beloved is a jarring element; an element to which one concedes acquiscence after a struggle to keep the two elements apart. Strong-minded, sensible people, particularly moderns, take a sort of pride in asserting that, did we only know more accurately what we were about, we should understand that to look “love” into another’s eyes is essentially to look “babies.” This is just what it “essentially” is not. Only when love has been baffled, not by attainment, but by the failure to appear of new peaks of attainment, does love fall back upon a culmination in the physical. What man or woman would exchange a fascinating courtship for the steady comforts and kindnesses of married life? How many have felt infinite regret when a relationship which has been pure joy has reached the stage when one or other has declared that it has gone far enough in an ideal direction—that the time has come to do something? Doubtless, the common-sense majority would support the one which felt that things had gone far enough in an ideal way, would support the one who asks for a sign—a reward. Ye gods! What a reward! A reward which strikes down a cup of water from the lips of a thirsty man. But the majority would not be right, except to this extent, i.e., that caste is a real thing; that classes should not mix; that lover should find lover on his own level—which brings us to a consideration which will clear up many difficulties: the consideration of class. The inverted scale of value which holds good in social class conventions, whereby the parasite is ludicrously considered as of higher class than the producer, has made us fear to speak of class; or, if we speak of it, only to imply that the “lower” classes are better than the “upper.” We cannot, however, safely or for long do without appeals to “class.” For class implies standard, and absence of class implies absence of standard. What holds good in regard to class in the social world at the present time is that the standards are wrong, and the consequent class grades obviously ridiculous; but rather
than grapple with the standard in order to establish a new one, we indolently reckon that suppression of class would serve the same purpose. It will not. We should state our standard in terms of a man's capacity for passion. It is, in reality, a standard in terms of soul-measurement. Such passion embodies will, for will, in passion, is a hard-working servant, and not a master. The master element is the desire of the soul, which is passion. So, too, are mentality and culture—excellent servants to passion, if available, but not indispensable to it. With will the matter is, of course, different. Will is essential, but passion breeds will in its own nature, and for its own service.

In setting up such a standard, we have to meet the at first sight overwhelming objection that the vast majority of people are almost incapable of passion if they are available, but to be dispensed with, without essential loss, if unavailable. (With will the matter is, of course, different. Will is essential, but passion breeds will in its own nature, and for its own service.)

The immateriality of the "stuff" of passion is unexplained in every sphere save that of sex. Elsewhere it has remained implicated in a material superimposed nature and purpose, as it does, for instance, in the "Divine Comedy," in "Tristan and Isolde," in "Love's Comedy." But one may object to these instances as being spiritual creations, children of the mind, and that the authors of their being did not translate them into their own life and practice. Dante had a wife—or was it two or three? Isolde was comfortably married, and had a cluster of children. Sir Thomas Browne, who sighs regretfully because the human species cannot regenerate itself even as the waves of the sea, has a comfortable circle of ten. It is here, we think, where the real relation of human life to sex passion may be made. All human love, even in the basest forms of prostitution, is higher than sub-human love; human qualities, of necessity, make it so—memory in particular. All human love has in it the genesis of immaterial ideal passion, and from this point of view it is safe to regard it. The unforgivable crime against life is dulness. Dulness is synonymous with sin—sin being that which hurts life. To be bored is worse than being wicked. We should endeavour to escape a bore with more determination than any other kind of malefactor. Misdeemours wound life, dulness kills it; dulness, in fact, is the negation of life; it is death.

Of two men living in a monastery, and finding life dull, one acquiescing in the dulness and filling in the time with a routine of duties, the other trying to overcome the dulness by altering it, even by vice, the latter is the higher of the two, and has a better chance of saving his soul alive. The first is acquiescing in the principle of death. So of two domestic servants; the one who finds herself on the streets is often of lower class (ethically) than the one who follows the deadening, plodding round. A good deal of what we call "respectability" is simply spiritual murder. A fair proportion of those spinsters who are not spinsters from choice are dull to the point of madness.

So we get a working theory for life: "Refuse to acquiesce in a convention of life which leaves you dull." It is because some such formula has been disregarded that all the ascetic orders have ended in failure. The founders of the orders have made rules of life which have been compatible with their own highest exaltation; but into these orders men have been lured, to whom such means of exaltation have been either inconceivable or unattainable. Consequently, they have found themselves bored with life, that is, they have felt they were not living, and the disorders which have arisen in monasteries have been movements towards life, and not from it. This does not mean that the fundamentally wrongness of the ascetic ideal. It is an autocratic as opposed to a democratic ideal. It has to do with the things of which the many are deprived, and says little of the joys which the few attain. It is a negative ideal, and not a positive one. Instead of being a source of joy, it is the fount of joyless renunciation, always a crassly stupid, life-destroying thing. If a man appears to be leading a life of renunciation, looking joyous about it, one may be certain he is receiving his value's worth. He has given up something he values a little for something he values much more. All altruism is developed egoism. All of it which is not is either a pose or a pathetic and pitiful mistake. This makes our attitude towards sex perfectly clear. We are to get the most out of it, and this "most" is not an ultimate "most," but that which is "most" to us at our particular individual stage of development. If the purely ideal is a bore, then flee from it. It will work more damage to cling to it than to fall back on a lower rung. Boredom is in no way synonymous with painfulness. They are totally different, both in meaning and function, as most people will understand.

(To be continued.)
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Freewomen and Evolution.

The failure of language to advance parallel with the new differentiations of thought presents a problem of increasing dimensions and difficulty. In any excursions into speech upon subjects other than those of the simplest material commonplaces, we are met with misunderstanding and fruitless argument, for a word, as one man uses it, means a thing different from that which it connotes to another. The value of words is not constant. Each speaker puts into them what he chooses, and each listener reads into them what he likes. It is for this reason, we suppose, that oratory becomes the most debased of the arts. It is possible for it to rely upon such confusion of meanings, such association of arbitrary connection, that a popular speech comes within easy reach of intellectual immorality. It is certain that there is a necessity, in speeches made for enlightenment and not for befuddling, for strict definition of words upon whose connotation the elucidating of the argument depends. Indeed, for those of us who became involved in the multiplicity of meanings of the words "spiritual" and "material," in a recent discussion, we suggest the meaning of the word Freewoman, and in this fact doubtless is due the lack of agreement which led to such fiery argument, and we are glad to answer a number of questions which a correspondent points out are necessary for any elucidation of the argument. One unsatisfied listener writes:

I feel so keenly that you did not answer my question—"What do you mean by spiritual?" I now ask you again if you will kindly enlighten me. I ask in no wanton spirit, for it is a vital point which may well direct us along the right path of our nature.

In your most interesting address, I understood you to say that the next development of man would be towards the man-woman ghost, which makes the life, sex, and the singing of the birds; the mother and the father and the child, which makes the flowers bloom, which make the grass, that makes the world's work, and what they were likely to acquire in a man-equipped world. Women do not come giftless. They bring the subtle, intuitive faculties, which have induced men to play the part of external brain for them, to carry through the rough battling with environment which has enabled woman to preserve her own subtler faculties unimpaired. So man's mind has become less sensitive, that is, less responsive to the subtler appeals of life. On the other hand, his mind has become adapted to material method. Hence his increasingly materialised interpretations of the meaning of life. He seems likely, unless other moulds of mind interpose, to become immersed in the material, forgetting that the law of life and the laws of mind interpose, to become immersed in the material and the spirit, to effect an experiment in specialisation which is one of the most astounding things in the human world. They have, by some means or other, become the most moral of human beings, the most intellectual of human beings, the most sensitive, the most subtle, the most spiritual of human beings. This after life spirituality is our poor world's worst stumbling block. It is the rock that humanity has bashed their heads against, which makes the flowers bloom, which make the grass, that makes the world's work, and what they were likely to acquire in a man-equipped world. Women do not come giftless. They bring the subtle, intuitive faculties, which have induced men to play the part of external brain for them, to carry through the rough battling with environment which has enabled woman to preserve her own subtler faculties unimpaired. So man's mind has become less sensitive, that is, less responsive to the subtler appeals of life. On the other hand, his mind has become adapted to material method. Hence his increasingly materialised interpretations of the meaning of life. He seems likely, unless other moulds of mind interpose, to become immersed in the material, forgetting that the law of life and the laws of matter are poles apart. Life has no law, save that of its own growth. It is not to be interpreted in accordance with laws of matter, a fact of which women are more aware than men, thanks to the freedom from the over-great struggle with the world of matter—of dead resistance—from which they have induced men to relieve them. What men will more and more learn from women is the Way of Life; what women are seeking in the haunts of men is a brain of their own. Knowing and Feeling join hands when women acquire the mentality of men, and when men understand, give a place to, and foster in themselves the intuitive faculties of women. It is a combination of forces such as we recognise in creative geniuses already; such are, indeed, the firstfruits of the man-woman mentality. Informed creative power is the goal of all education and training, as it should be; education, as it is—following the masculine, logical, mechanistic ideal—commits an unforgivable crime when it crams knowledge into the young brain at such a rate that the young brain cannot assimilate it. It damns the mind—the feminine, intuitive forces—to live. It is murder of innermost life itself, and we doubtless see the results of it in the epidemics of child suicide which are becoming common in Germany and Russia. In English schools, women are the
humble servants of the authorities, which are made up wholly of men, and reflect only the logical, mechanistic view of culture; consequently, our educational system is wholly in trammels. The same point of view is reflecting itself in politics, especially in Socialism. It is the danger of Socialism. The acknowledgment of the feminine, intuitive factor in Syndicalism is the measure of the latter's value. This is what Mr. Balfour meant when he spoke of Syndicalism reflecting Bergson. The New Age, in an editorial on Mr. Balfour's speech, puts the two points of view one against the other, and on its own account claims that it represents the logical, mechanistic, with-results-foreseen kind of temperament: the Socialist rather than the Syndicalist: the masculine rather than the feminine.

The Freewoman movement stands for both, but holds that if one must be absent, it had better be the logical, the masculinist; the feminist, the intuitive, is more vital, more fundamental, and can best save itself. In fact, the entire history of freedom means just this: it means the putting out of an advance feeler to prepare the way for the new, intuitive, life-expanding impulse.

Freedom is for something. It is the Scout of Life, which goes before which comes before the king. It is the daring, deathless Child of the king, bred of himself for his own service. Freedom is unconquerable. Never, never will Freedom fail—it has too much behind. It has Life behind. That is why the tales of freedom stir our deepest fibre. That is why we gladly lay down life for Freedom. We lay down the semblance, that the reality may have place. It is a very joyful thing to do, as those who are too-great pacifists should note. If the fight is for freedom, then it is a good fight, and should be fought, no matter what the cost. It is the scab and the traitor who fail to rise to such a fight. But let us follow the pageant. Life in his chariot follows Freedom, and close after Life runs Knowledge, the faithful servant who follows after Life, but always with his eyes looking backwards. He follows like a faithful henchman trying to keep up his pace, but his powers of sight have been placed at the back, and not in the front, as with Freedom. So, all the interests of Knowledge lie in the past. He has so many things to tell of, behind, that he would rest awhile to tell them. But Freedom is rushing ahead, and Life is imperious. So the pageant rolls on.

But we must leave the figurative, and return, with its application, to our argument. The Freewoman movement asserts two essential truths regarding women, i.e., that there is much they must learn and will learn, and much they can teach and will teach. Incidentally, they declare themselves free by acting as freewomen. They carry out their own will, which is the will to live and know; if this leads them into a series of repudiations, economic, legal, and social (as it doubtless will), that is the influence of the outrider—Freedom—who is clearing the way for Life. They must be free because they have a purpose—which purpose we dimly see. It is a purpose to do with Life—perhaps our own life; perhaps, others think, only the life of the race, and the race which surpasses ours. We made bold to suggest it had to do with our life, that the superman was about us, could we only attain to a vision of him. This brings us to the "ghost"—a term we had not thought of ourselves.

But first let us state what we meant by our use of the word "Spirit." We meant not merely that more extended and less differentiated life-force, which is found in every budding leaf and breathing animal. We meant rather that self-conscious spirit of man which lives and knows itself to be alive; which is separated infinitely from the life of the leaf, and vastly from the life of the most intelligent dog and horse; the spirit which can look round on the material world and recognise that it differs from itself not in kind and degree, but in essence; that it is its opposite, nadir to its zenith; the spirit which can turn round on itself and say, "I am I, the living Being, and I know that I live."

The Spirit is life-force made self-conscious, and it is self-consciousness which separates the human spirit from the sub-human life. Self-consciousness is the eye of the soul. What the organism was physically before it evolved an eye, that the animal is before it becomes self-conscious. When it became self-conscious—then it was human. But the wonder of the "I am I" is passing. We have become familiarised with our own greatness as the crown of creation, and we are groping with the life-tentacles, outward, to find the new sense of the soul. "I am I!" "I am I!" "I am I!" But when the struggling spirit has burst through this bond we shall no longer be men, we shall be supermen. We shall have moved to the "next stage on."

But the "ghosts"—the "mythical, mystical entity"—the "after-life-spirituality"—what of them and these? (To be continued.)

Miss Malecka.

It is not possible for us to have a more biting commentary upon the significance and effects of our new foreign policy than is provided in the sentence passed upon Miss Malecka—four years' penal servitude, to be followed by exile to Siberia for life. This for no crime that we can gather beyond that of holding Socialist opinions. Shades of Gladstone! How does this look as an index of what they think of us in Russia? How thoroughly tyrants understand that the Cause of Freedom is one with that of England. That is why Russia does not, as guardian of the oppressed the world over—as the defender of free institutions, ready to wage war in the interests of humanity as well as of empire, Russia would not have dared think of such a proceeding—far less carry it into effect. But what is England to Russian tyrants now? An ally with them in their unholy deeds—a nation to be despised, individually as well as collectively! Consequently, an Englishwoman loses her liberty on mere suspicion. Does anything weigh more than added England? Can the facts, sentimental though they be, that this convicted subject is a woman and an Englishwoman, stir the sleeping pride of Englishmen? If it can, it will have to move quickly, for there is no possibility of appeal, and only the pardon of the Czar can effect Miss Malecka's release, and only the Government can make the Czar move. Can the people make the English Government take the necessary steps to influence the Czar, or will they acquiesce in what is, after all, merely the policy of malign coercion, with the inspirers of which our country has become so closely allied?

That pressure will be needed the fact that Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Bowman are still in prison will make very clear.
A Sex Heresy.

If one could speak of the "traditions" of a journal which numbers its existence in weeks, one would say that the publication of the chapter of Weininger's great and terrible masterpiece in THE FREEWOMAN was worthy of them. It was a characteristic display of intellectual courage and good faith, upon which my heartfelt congratulations to all concerned. Women have to face the fact that a man of genius thought so meanly of them; and I am glad to find that they face it in so absolutely the right spirit. It is, indeed, at the first glance, a far cry from the nauseating "chivalry" of the Harnsworthy comments upon the Titanic disaster to the ruthless analysis and the vitriolic malice of Otto Weininger. Yet, I agree that a false philosophy of sex is more complimentary to woman than the wish-wash of sentiment and condescension that usurps its place in this country. For Weininger, at least, takes his problem seriously, indeed, with a solemnity which can only be characterised as ferocious. If, for those of us whose faith in the sanctity of woman is one with our faith in that of Life, he blasphemes against the Holy Spirit and violates the innermost shrine—that is his own responsibility. And I, for one, wish him joy of it!

I have often wondered what terrible inner tragedy underlies the writing of this book—a book not merely written in blood, but in atonic ichor, blood of the spirit. No wonder that Weininger fled in horror from the banquet of life, which the foul harpies invoked by some frenzy of resentment had so irretrievably polluted. It is the most otherworldly book that was ever penned; and when one considers that it was completed by a boy scarcely out of his teens, who yet handles the massive implements of Teutonic world-philosophy with the mature ease and power of a master, words fail one to express the scorn with which I reject this caricature of philosophy.

The fact is that, little as we know of the lineaments and signs that betoken spirituality, we do know—it has been an open secret in all ages—that in some inscrutable way woman stands nearer to the threshold of divine reality. Not mere fineness, but excess of material can guarantee the self-sufficing entity of a given phenomenon. Perhaps it is just those things which wring our hearts by the pathos of their combined charm and transiency which participate most in the substance of eternity. Science teaches that the child is nearer than his parents to the goal of evolution; that the infantile form is biologically more advanced, less animal, than the adult form of either man or woman. In acquiring efficiency for the rôle of everyday existence, we sink to a lower plane of being. This fact involves a parable, for, while childhood is of all things the most frail and evanescent, of the impermanence of the frailest and most fugitive forms of beauty? True, there is Omar:

"One thing is true, and all the rest is lies,
The rose that once has bloomed for ever dies!"

But that is the language of passionate protest, not of cold-blooded acquiescence. Omar knew better. The gospel according to Weininger will have it that Joan of Arc was immeasurably inferior to the vile theologians who condemned her; that the heroic love of Heloïse was a mere blend of cupiscence and vanity; that Dante in his worship of Beatrice, devoted life and genius to the celebration of a phantom; that the heroic slave-girl of Lyons, who smingly endured the tortures and infamies of the amphitheatre, was upborne not by spiritual ardour, but by hysterical exaltation. Merely to state such hypotheses is ample refutation; words fail me to express the scorn with which I reject this caricature of philosophy.

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we find Nietzsche and Christ at one in the exaltation of the child type. And so with woman: the yoke of love that has been laid upon her implies inferiority from the point of view of certain obvious and superficial standards. From the attitude of a hard and narrow utilitarianism, it is obvious and superficial standards. From the attitude of a hard and narrow utilitarianism, it is obvious and superficial standards. From the attitude of a hard and narrow utilitarianism, it is obvious and superficial standards. From the attitude of a hard and narrow utilitarianism, it is obvious and superficial standards. From the attitude of a hard and narrow utilitarianism, it is obvious and superficial standards. From the attitude of a hard and narrow utilitarianism, it is obvious and superficial standards. From the attitude of a hard and narrow utilitarianism, it is obvious and superficial standards.

In Weininger's opinion woman is at heart indifferent to all other interests than that of the pairing by which alone she acquires the semblance of existence and value. Is it really the case that woman is obsessed by the physical factor of the reproductive function in a higher degree than man? Is there not as much vanity in being the higher self of man, I cannot speak authoritatively concerning the private conversation of women. Many women do, I think, enjoy risky and even smutty stories, but so, of course, do the vast majority of men. If there be any difference, I should guess that men, as a rule, prefer the coarse Rabelaisian, and women the suggestive form of sexual humour. But there are, no doubt, exceptions. And there are men as well as women to whom obscenity of any kind is intolerably offensive. I should hope that the number of both is great and increasing. Certainly among the brute of both sexes there is a growing revulsion against the "Dear Old Charlie" attitude, a deep, unvoiced conviction that sex is not merely a serious but a sacred interest—no matter, therefore, for levity and banter.

But granted the accuracy of Weininger's contention, that women are more preoccupied than men with sexual topics, is it a just ground of reproach against the "Dear Old Charlie" attitude, a deep, unvoiced conviction that woman is not merely a serious but a sacred interest—no matter, therefore, for levity and banter.
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and befool this ideal of sex-love marks him as a heretic self-exiled from the Church of the higher Catholicity, and is therefore foredoomed to failure. His root-error is the presumption of the logician who thinks to restrain the life-impulse within the cast-iron trammels of categorical imperatives and such-like formal monstrosities. For the purposes of a true philosophy logic is an indispensable servant, but a bad, tyrannical master. It would, for example, be an abuse of logic, supposing you admit my contention that woman is the higher self of man, to deduce from a duty binding every man to make himself as feminine as possible, or even to regard as desirable the ultimate supersession of the sex-distinction. Just as the compass indicates the direction in which the magnetic pole must be sought, but gives no information as to its nature or surroundings, so from bare logic it is vain to seek more than in what heavenly quarter lies the goal of the spirit. For the complete formulation of his ideal each must rely upon experience and intuition. Reason without love is form without substance; love without reason is substance without form. This, and not Weininger’s opposition of existence and nonentity, is the true antithesis of the male and the female. It is not a contradictory, but a complementary relation. CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

The New Order.

III.—THE NEW MONEY: FREE EXCHANGE BETWEEN FREE ORGANISERS.

I. THE AIM AND THE METHOD.

T is assumed throughout this series that the secret of the New Order is freedom: freedom from human domination, from self-slavery, from climatic ills. Its enactors have thus to work outwards from that luminous first principle in establishing any system, in respect of land tenure by the previous tract, “The New Landholder,” in order to achieve the great results now consciously aimed at. A tool will serve the purpose for which it has been designed (and money is purely a social tool); to tinker with it and alter it for other purposes is useless. The old money was not devised to secure freedom; what is needed, therefore, is to start fair and invent a fresh tool.

Working out from this centre, then, the man by himself, surrounded by natural plenty, as was our old friend Robinson Crusoe on his island, is, so to speak, the natural monism, or starting-point, of the New Money system. Like the "New Land Tenure" (Tract 2), it transmutes the "magic of property," which is the key to all the social dualisms of the old order, into the key to ascendancy, into the magic of security, which is the road to achievement, to self-reliance, to all the talents, as the French revolutionists conceived it.

It should be here added that the New Order money is, in the strictest sense, a medium of exchange, and not, as is the present system, a monopoly charge upon the community masquerading as such. It is the symbol of mutual fair play, the easy exchange of labour and with products, whether natural or of human manufacture. What in accountancy is merely a system of disguised control over labour, worked through interest-bearing bonds on a monopoly basis of coin, is to be found in "The New Order" (Questall Press), pp. 4-7 (price ½d.), and in "The New Parliament" (price ½d.).

For this purpose a short account may here be given of double-entry bookkeeping—a system already known to bookkeepers, and characterised by at least two great advantages, viz., (1) that in it errors may be traced with equal and accuracy, and (2) accounts are to be kept with things as well as persons—Goods, Cash, Expense, Bills Receivable, Bills Payable, Interest, etc. The Goods account is debited with the actual cost per invoice of the goods when bought, and credited with the prices realised, from which it must follow that, when the goods are all sold, the credit side must be larger than the debit, by the gain, if any. Cash account is debited with the moneys received and credited with the moneys paid out, and hence it follows here that the credit side cannot be larger than the debit. The gains or losses are found in the balances of the Goods and Interest accounts, while the resources and liabilities of the business are found in the balances of the personal and bills accounts.

Precisely the same principle as above is here involved and is carried out in the accounts by means of which the New Order money system is worked. The worker is credited with the amount of work-time he expends, and debited with the quantity of products he consumes, from which it is clear that the debit side of the account and the credit side of the plots accounts will coincide. Herein lies the whole secret of the New Money system.

What, then, is the change wrought by the principles of the New Order in the money system, it will be asked, if the method bears so strong a resemblance to double-entry bookkeeping, which is already so much in use in the commercial world?

The change is effected by a method which is simple enough if the reader steers clear of currency writers, and their bewildering collection of old-world remedies. Prices and work-fees alike are calculated on a new basis, i.e., per so many units of standardised work-time. This means that no sort of exchange takes place, no money transaction can be completed, without an expenditure of time and effort by both parties to it. No coin of any kind enters into the relationship between buyer and seller, or between the giver and receiver of work-time of both parties is done away with at one blow renders it impossible that any idler should live on the backs of others. He could not put his neighbours’ work-time in his own pocket, or lock it up in the bank, nor could he obtain a service or buy a commodity of any description unless he can, sooner or later, show that he has the price in hand, i.e., to his credit in the books, or in so many increments of work-time duly rendered by himself. This plan alone is thinkable when men and women are free in a free world, and no longer strive to win leisure and luxury at the cost of unceasing labour to their fellows. Like the "New Land Tenure" (Tract 2), it transmutes the "magic of property," which is the key to all the social dualisms of the old order, into the key to achievement, to self reliance, to all the talents, as the French revolutionists conceived it.

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It should be here added that the New Order money is, in the strictest sense, a medium of exchange, and not, as is the present system, a monopoly charge upon the community masquerading as such. It is the symbol of mutual fair play, among men and women, which aims at bridging over the difficult transition period in human development, while society is emerging from the era of exploitation into the life and light of spiritual and material freedom. The most ardent devotee

* The proof, both historical and logical, that the old-world money is a system of disguised control over labour, worked through interest-bearing bonds on a monopoly basis of coin, is to be found in "The New Order" (Questall Press), pp. 4-7 (price ½d.), and in "The New Parliament" (price ½d.).
of free services can raise no objection to placing entries in the books recording what he has done, since, outside his subsistence minimum and simple-life necessaries, it is evident he need not take any return for services done in which the account may be closed by transferring the balance to any member or to the group by mutual consent. Only those persons will suffer any check in their so-called generous propensities whose tendency is to pass on their pleasant or easy services to others, while neglecting to perform their own primary self-supporting duties. For these it means an initiation into the true human fellowship in the means of life and the instruments of development, freely exchanged amongst equals, by dissipating the illusion of property, the slavery of "the mine and thine"; thus completing the magic of security inaugurated by the land-holding basis described in Tract 2 of this series, i.e., the untaxed and unrested subsistence minimum of land held as a right by all.

In the New Order, gifts may still be given and free services enjoyed amid the abundant surplus which Nature holds for man, but the anomaly can never again recur of gifts, so called, being bestowed upon the needy by those whose very position is the root cause of that need.

II. WORK-TIME STANDARDS.

The mainspring of the New Money is the substitution of the hour of standardised work-time for the gold sovereign as the unit, for this relates the whole system to the land, thus coupling man with his fellows, since it obeys the law of averages, neither stringing up the least developed to the impossible standard of the exceptionally gifted, nor reducing the latter to the lower levels by denying him the results of his prowess. "Can this be done?" students will ask who have followed the many lines of experiment tried by Industrial Democracy, whether through piece-work, time-work, the card system, the bonus system, co-partnership, etc., always seeking to solve this problem.

The method is as follows: Experiments are made under varying conditions, i.e., by individuals both above and below the average skill, strength, and experience, as well as under differing conditions of the material worked (say, hard wood or soft wood, clay land or sandy land, etc.), and from numerous experiments averages are struck. From the record of the average worker, working under average conditions of the material worked upon, a unit of standardised work-time is established. Take any particular job, say digging. If a rod of land can be dug in an hour by an average man under average conditions, this forms the standard by which the particular worker's record will be tested. If he works more quickly than the average by reason of strength or experience, or more slowly by reason of infirmity or inexperience, in neither case does this affect the amount placed to his credit. This means that a man's work-time hours, or work-fee credits, are not reckoned by the clock, though if he happens to be an average man, working under average conditions, his unit of expended work-time will evidently correspond with the hour by the clock. Naturally, however, a man has for his own use the time he saves by his energy and method, though it does not increase the exchange value of his work. In the early years, while the New Order is in process of development, many careful experiments will be conducted for the fixing and recording of standards in various forms of industry, and where work-saving inventions are introduced from time to time, new averages will have to be struck, all of which operations will be departmentalised in an orderly fashion, and will provide training in calculation, observation, and system for the workers of the future. To the critic who complains of the vista of complex endeavour which this prospect may seem to open up, enactors of the New Order have to point out (a) that the new community is already saved, by the abolition of the gold standard and its intricate network of expensive book-entries, an indefinite quantity of useless and vexatious calculation, tabulation, and litigation, and (b) that time is well expended in the interests of fair play between worker and worker by the establishment of such standards, with the resultant harmony insured in the industrial world. To objectors who urge that many forms of work do not lend themselves to standardisation, it must be explained that all careful and practical heads of households know it to be quite possible to detect whether a reasonable amount of diligence has been exercised even in those odd jobs which are least easy to reckon in clock-work-time.

The term work-fees has here been used because it is both pleasanter and wider in scope than the word wages, which under the New Order may, it is hoped, be consigned to the happy limbo of oblivion, the dawn of freedom having chased away the last remnants of slavery.

III. HOW PRICES ARE FIXED.

The new unit, the work-time hour, serves no less a useful purpose in determining what may be called prices, by way of analogy, in the New Order, than that which it has been shown to play in respect of work-fees. In a sense, there will still be buying and selling in the new era, although there cannot be said to be any longer a distinct trading class altogether outside of production and industry. The middleman will, in fact, wholly disappear, nor will he have cause to regret his own extinction. The orderly system of exchange which takes his place will be both more efficient and more human than he. In the new buying and selling there will be no haggling in the market, for the prices are openly fixed, and the elements determining them are within the knowledge of all. Thus, to find the price of, say, onions, reference is made in the departmental books to the onion plot account, and a ratio formed between the work-time expended on the crop and its yield, thus:

Dr. ONION PLOT. Cr.

To units of work-time... 2 By lbs. of onions... 36

This makes a ratio of 28 to 56, or 1:2.8. It means that a unit of work-time produces 28 lbs. of onions, and also that the price of one pound of onions is 2 56ths (1-28th) of a unit of work-time. In a more complicated account, the plot would also have to be debited with fertilisers, perhaps also with other items, such as drainage, fencing, stone-picking, etc.; but the principle remains the same, the sum of all the debits being placed against the total products in the form of a ratio.

Now suppose that this account has been kept with one rod of land, it is evident that the land, the work-time, and the produce can all or any of them be expressed in terms of one another, e.g., 1 rod of land = 2 units of work-time = 56 lbs. of onions. The same method of calculating prices appears throughout the whole range of industry.*

* The new money can be translated into terms of the old by taking an hour's wage (say, 6d.), to represent a unit of work-time. We then get a fourfold equation : 1 rod of land = 2 units of work-time = 56 lbs. onions = 15.

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*[See "Industrial Democracy," by Sidney and Beatrice Webb.]

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IV. THE LAND THE BASIS.

This brings us to the salient point in which the New Order money differs from the old. (More fully dealt with in Tract 2, "The New Landholder.") It is based upon the perception that no exchange system can operate to make and keep men free unless it is thus related to the land, which is man's natural base.

The old money, quite naturally, was not devised or intended for this purpose. Its origins lie far back in a period when ascendancy was taken for granted, save by those poets and prophets in all ages who have dreamed of a free world. It is for this very reason, as stated at the beginning of this tract, that the money system of to-day continues faithfully to fulfill the purpose of dominance, not of freedom. The more it has developed the further it has carried man from his natural base, the land, and its results are poverty and degeneracy on every hand. Hence the need of a new departure, a return to the natural base, a tool of freedom.

Exponents of the New Order money system have no illusion of permanence connected therewith. They recognise that it is in the nature of a temporary expedient, necessary only to check and ultimately eliminate those unsocial habits which the old order so ruinously fostered. Ultimately, that is to say, only land and its products will have to be reckoned with, the counting of work-time will no longer be necessary, and then even the New Order money system will have passed away. Even at the very outset, though this must be said with fear and trembling; some small groups might arise composed of such free and developed human beings as, that, to use the familiar phrase, "the accounts may be taken as read." The need of introducing the New Money is felt by its exponents to be proved by the ever-accumulating records of failure of numberless groups, both in the old world and the new, who have started their free order on the basis of pure communism.

V. HOW THE NEW MONEY BUYS HEALTH.

The effect of the change in the base of money is not alone that already alluded to, viz., of enabling us to get off the back of others, but it goes much deeper than that. Under the old order the energies and activities of men are most wastefully and unwholesomely diverted, first, into procuring the actual raw materials from which their metal coins are made, and, secondly, into the task of introducing always some fresh complexity, or luxury, or excitement, into life, in order to tempt the monopoly-holders into expending the coins upon their labour. All this, as the new hygienists have seen, is, from the viewpoint of human development, utterly wasted effort, and as such tends to ill-health in the worker, and, still worse, to the moral perjury and physical deterioration of those who enjoy the products without having worked for them. By thus concentrating attention upon false and artificial wants, engendered by luxury and extravagance, the existing money system divorces men's minds and bodies from the natural régime of health, and the automatic correspondence with climatic conditions and changes which they should share with the animal life around them. This is one of the most potent and least recognised causes of human degeneracy, and is more fully dealt with in Tract 7 of this series.

VI. THE NEW HYGIENE.

All these forces and tendencies are reversed by the New Money. Wholesome energies, which to-day are checked and hampered through poverty will be set free. The excesses of passion and bodily indulgence which flow from idleness, combined with the old saying that luxury is good for trade, will be summarily checked, and the human being, restored to his natural base, will discover that the only honest course of conduct is, after all, the simple life.

W. A. MACDONALD.
H. M. MACDONALD.

"In Accordance with the Evidence." *

From "Little Devil Doubt" we learned that Mr. Oliver Onions was by nature an artist; and the fact that as an author he is working in an unnatural medium shows itself often in his new novel, "In Accordance with the Evidence." As an example of this there is the description of the Business College in Holborn. . . "A second-hand book-shop occupied the ground floor; and above the book-shop three columns, each of three bow windows, one for each floor, formed the frontage. The three bow windows of the top floor were ours." This is certainly the way in which an artist would resolve the building into its architectural constituents before drawing it. But as a description it is terrible. And Mr. Onions has no fastidious appetite for words. That might give him a sense of sin when he writes sentences like this:—"It was that of the mysterious and ubiquitous author of a series of unelucidated crimes as to the nature of which I . . . In Accordance with the Evidence." By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Martin Secker.)
James Herbert Jeffries spent his days addressing envelopes in a squalid office for eighteen shillings a week; his evenings at a Business College in Holborn, piling knowledge as the fuel on the fire of his ambition; his nights in an icy garret over a public-house at King's Cross. He is of immense physical power; I saw away at him and could not damage him in the slightest degree. He has a morbid desire for love in a willing spinster named Evie Windus. He finally solves the problem by first stealing Kitty Windus, Evie's best friend, to become engaged to her. She wore a plaid Inverness cape and a boat-shaped hat, . . . and would doubtless have worn rubber heels had those articles been invented. Never woman made a slighter physical appeal to man than she. Every fibre of her vulgar character disgusts him. But he was content to endure this repulsive contact—cheating the miserly bachelor at least to a probationary extent. . . . The supersubtle strategy of a lunatic.

As times goes on Archie Merridew, while he annoys Evie by his lack of selective power. But perhaps that will appear as a mixture of Sandow and the Jubilee Juggins with a taste for aphorisms. It is a noisy exaltation of crude physical force going. God knows where, on a pathway of hate and arrogance; rather the Cult of the Gorilla than the Worship of the Superman, "whose soul wasteth itself, who neither wanteth thanks nor returneth aught." Jeffries is the ideal of the Super-Gorilla, nothing more. For to condescend to crime is a confession of failure. There is a sense of guilt after one has told a lie; one feels that one has resigned the mastery of truth. Jeffries was a slave to lies; therefore I want him hung.

But my sympathies are entirely with Miss Soames. I think it was by very hard luck she lost Archie. I am quite sure, from her determined preference for the only man of bad character she could discover in the chaste environment of the Business College and her boarding-house, that she knew that, although accident had dropped her in Woburn Place, by nature she belonged to Leicester Square. If she had had a besotted mate, she ought to have been allowed to follow those instincts to their natural end. If they were corroding and destructive, let her be corroded and destroyed. The worst of this artificial sheltering of all well-to-do women is that the bad stocks are kept as long as they think it advantageous.

It is no use Mr. Onions pleading that Evie was a nice girl otherwise. If the Art of Life is largely the Art of Selection, it is no use painting a woman as pure and good and also showing her grossly selecting Death instead of Life in the important matter of marriage. It is strange how this lack of selective power, which is censured as "bad taste" in art or dress, is excused when it touches marriage.

The Norwegian Anti-feminist, August Strindberg, admits quite shamelessly that not once but three times did he choose a woman of evil disposition for his wife. And I learn from the pages of the weekly journal of a certain Suffrage Society that women ought to be enfranchised because some of them are fools enough to take husbands who afterwards chastise them with pokers, and mad enough to stay with them after they do it. As a matter of fact, the wife of a vicious husband ought to be cut by Society as a person addicted to low company, unless she deserts him.

If the story of the crime ever leaked out, how Evie, cheated of her besotted mate, would turn on her deliverer! That would be his punishment for his lack of selective power. But perhaps that will be told in a sequel.
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THE FREEWOMAN

511

True Kings!

I.

"Was it not a characteristic of the true kings in Plato that they had in their houses nothing they could call their own."—WALTER PATER.

NOTHING but the most dismal night would have driven me so early to my room, for I like to be sure that I shall sleep as soon as my head is pillowed, because thought, otherwise inevitable, were a thing of horror, at all times to be shunned, in this mean place.

The dim light in the hall was still burning when I entered; and the memory, until then dormant, of an unpaid bill would have hastened my steps over the age-worn carpet to the comparative safety of the stair beyond, had not my glance fallen upon the letter-rack, where was a missive in the space reserved to me. It was not the familiar quarto wrapper that I was accustomed to find there, signifying whether I might not go to him at once, a half-hour—it was half-past eight, I supposed. That was a chance to learn the mode of his so evident success. The letter had been misplaced and rejected. It had a personal aspect, that the rich hand-made paper bore the index of a house in Lancaster Gate.

I was addressed familiarly, and when I had scanned the note, a few brief lines, I discovered the name of a school-day friend, traced with a flourish of pride. He wrote glowingly, with an almost boyish sentiment, of what he called the old friendship had thriven well; and though my notions of friendship had changed with my changing needs, there was also the probability that friendship had thriven well; and though my notions of friendship had changed with my changing needs, there was also the probability that it might not go to him at once, a discordant clock, somewhere unseen, chimed the nine. Of course, it was impossible that I should delay. Leslie's outlook had been modified, if not entirely reversed, by the forces controlling the circle wherein he moved. I pictured him at the antipodes, intellectually and, in any case, quite sure that we had moved in different spheres whose territories seldom merged. I had no hope of finding in our renewed acquaintance even that primal degree of mutuality which, had we been destined to continue our course together, must have evoked in us that spirit of noble compromise that I hold to be germane to all sound friendship.

II.

I rang, and the door swung open on the instant. A flunkey glared down on me (I had expected to see a maid), and roughly demanded my mission. There must have been contempt in my smile, for he seemed resentful, and, after undue scrutiny of my card, replied to my question brusquely: "No, Mr. Greene is not at home."

The man lied badly, as such men do. Indeed, it may be said that men lie well only when impelled by some great personal need, seldom at another's bidding. Of course, I realised that Leslie was not at home to strangers, but I was sure that he was within, for it seemed that I heard his voice coming fitfully, fragmentarily, as through a door successively opened and closed.

"If you will take in my card I am sure that your master will see me." I spoke with what arrogance I could assume, but the man was adamant, and I should likely have turned away, angry and disconsolate, had not Leslie himself, coming suddenly into the hall, perceived me standing in the glare of the portico lamp, and so recognised me.

"Come in, come along in," he called to me.

The flunkey retired, and I entered, suffered a hand-grasp whose quality I remembered—an agony and—felt at once that my doubts had been ill-timed. In the library I was still more at ease. It seemed that silent friends smiled down from every shelf. I had many favorite books there, that I had only to seek them out. The rich trappings of the room held my attention, and to one unaccustomed to such luxury the thick carpet gave a sense of walking on air. The clock on the shelf was magnificent ormulu work of a past period. There were fine tapestries on the walls where the sunshine had not encroached, and on a gilded rod which widely spanned one corner. A bright fire burned in the antique hearth, set in a frame of blackest carven oak, purloined perhaps from some baronial hall. An atmosphere of leisureed opulence pervaded the room, of which Leslie seemed an appropriate part. He suited exactly the entire harmonic scheme, and I judged that his was the ordering hand, so munificent in the disposal of wealth, yet so conscious of lines and tones and values that the place impressed me rather as some choice work of art than as an emblem of waste, which, in reality, it was. Leslie had been watching me with a smile of amusement.

"You like my room?" he asked.

"It is not the room that I admire," I replied. "It is the man in it. I came here for the man, not for the house."

"I know. Then, in a moment, I found the jarring note: it was the possessive "my" that had offended me.

"I was pleased with the room. Your words destroyed my pleasure."

Leslie was frankly mystified. "But, surely, you don't think——"

"Yes, mirabile dictu, I do!"

Leslie laughed, uncertain whether I was pulling
his leg. "Well, I'll allow that you do; but, seriously, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the room was all right until it was exclusively your room, Leslie. It was beautiful; it appealed to the artist in me. It was furnished with costly fabrics, which offended the man in me. But I could almost imagine it mine, in common with all mankind. Then you said it was yours, which entirely wrecked the illusion. This room is positively hateful."

"Aren't you rather mixing art with propaganda?"

"Only those who are ignorant of both would wish to sever them; in their highest form they are identical."

Leslie gloomed. "In their highest forms all things are alike. But, Alan, I wished to speak of you."

"You had a promising style at school."

"Yes; that's probably why."

Leslie's smile was an insult. "I've always thought that was a fable," said he.

I had an impulse to anger, but kept my countenance. Then to what cause would you ascribe my failure? I demanded.

He was searching among a pile of papers on his desk, and he did not reply at once. "You were saying that you have failed," he remarked at length.

I was piqued by his too obvious efforts to evade the point at issue. "As you think of failure, yes," I said.

"I believe merely that you need a chance," he rejoined, putting an ample distance between us on the important point.

I reflected. It seemed, rather, that Chance had need of me, who had made me so utterly her dupe. I did not express the thought, but I was lost in inattention.

"I was saying that I hope to found a weekly paper."

"So far my journal is a mere project. I need a capable editor, and it occurred to me that you might fit the scheme."

"To propagate your views?"

"Naturally!"

"Or rather, unnaturally, if at all. What happens when our views conflict?"

"Well, don't you think—I have thought that, say, a salary of £300 a year might go far to modify your views. One might purchase a thousand ideals for half that sum."

My thoughts went out to a purely personal ideal in the Midland town where he had hoped to send me, amply paid, to do his bidding. The idea was attractive, and I did not doubt that I might learn to compromise with grace, and yet not lose my self-respect. But what kind of compromise is that which gives under a goad of necessity, and to what depths had I fallen that such thoughts could lodge for even the shortest moment in my mind? The hands of my friend were restless among the papers; I broke the pause which threatened to embarrass.

"One might, I believe; but are there not enough prostitutes, that you should turn procurer?"

Leslie smiled at that, and I supposed he had missed my meaning. "I am asking you to do a quite ordinary thing, which hundreds of able men would accept on the instant, without a moment's thought."

"I agree. If they had real ability they would be afraid to think. They would divine where thought would lead. But you are right in saying there are many who would be prepared to apply their talents to a purpose less noble than the highest they have known. Such men are prostitutes, men of your making, and among them must you seek your accomplice. Judas still barters lives for less than gold, and I know a man who sold his sister for a drink."

As I took up my hat, I wondered how this man could ever have been my friend.

"You may change your mind," he said at parting; "if you do, you may come again." But I warned him that he must not delay his search in view of a possibility so remote. I should never again seek him out.

On the seat by the park was an age-worn prostitute, and others passed me by as I strode. I was glad in my heart that I was able still to regard them with pity, as an unsavoury fact of a system wherein the monstrous is suffered to outweigh the beautiful; and it was borne in forcibly upon me that, had I accepted Greene's offer, I must have become even as they.

As I climbed into bed after my long walk, I did not doubt that I should sleep as soon as my head was pillowed.

Selwyn Weston.

At the Grafton Galleries.

O NLY the chaotic thought that sprang almost naturally from the depressing materialism of the nineteenth century could ever have given rise to the discussions, which seemed as if they would never terminate, that raged round art and the status of art in the 'eighties and 'nineties. Mr. Shaw, lamentable though his writings on art are in nearly every respect, was at least serviceable in so far as he drove the slow English mind abroad to collect new materials for thought and new ideas for discussion. Our young men and women raved for a time about Ibsen, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche, without properly understanding any of them, though it must be acknowledged that when Nietzsche's views were better appreciated by the few cultured people who counted, a saner conception of art criticism did really find its way among us.

Briefly put, all was narrowed down to this one point: l'art pour l'art, or l'art pour la vie? Was art something that stood alone, something entirely apart from our existence, something that we could rid our minds of as we rid our bodies of clothing; or was it, on the other hand, something that entered into every act of our daily life, something that influenced us at every step, something that formed part of our blood and bones? To this latter, the alternative, the reply was in the affirmative. Art could clearly not stand by itself; it was the business of art to help life.

This—the view of art which was instinctive in every great painter, from Apelles downwards—this view, after much impolite bickering, was finally acknowledged by the majority of the people who took any interest in such subjects in Western Europe, and the aesthetes succumbed. But it is only now beginning to be understood that a second
question must be put: art must serve life; but what life? A form of existence resembling that of the ancient Greeks, or the early Christians, or mediaeval monks, the gay Courts of the French monarchs, or the austere Courts of the Escorial and the Alhambra? Taking the word art in its widest sense, it is clear that there may be branches and sub-branches of it corresponding to all our moods. Dealing separately with painting alone, a moment's thought will enable us to recall infinite varieties; but it may be sufficient for our present purpose to mention two. The Italian painters of the Renaissance period were pagan in all but name. Their works are full of health, life, spirit, energy; or, to express this rather more correctly, their works are of such a nature that, without being themselves disfigured by the inartistic representation of movement, they induce the glow of health and a full life in the brain and body of the spectator. It is enough to mention the names of Leonardo, Titian, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Giorgione, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese, or even the less important, but still great, Andrea del Sarto, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Palma Vecchio.

Compare these, however, with painters of, say, two centuries earlier, or even less—men like Fra Angelico, Orcagna, or even Giotto himself, or Masaccio, or Duccio. Here we have types who confined themselves almost exclusively to representations of Christian martyrs, saints and sinners, and the effect produced is undeniable one of the deepest gloom. This, indeed, was the effect aimed at. Life in this earlier period was regarded, from a truly Christian point of view, as a bad thing, as something to be avoided. Hence the Segnas, and the Botticellis, and their admiring followers made life look ugly. One of the most significant symptoms of this degeneration was the common habit of depicting male and female figures, particularly Adam and Eve, with all the sex characteristics carefully eliminated, the nude male and female body being shown as if they were exactly alike.

Now, without going any farther than this, we have here the two extremes of art: the art that makes us want to live, and the art that makes us want to die. Modern men and women who feel themselves entitled to desire freedom—though not everyone who desires freedom deserves it—will instinctively look for the former type of art. Do we find such a type at the exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers?

On the whole, no. When we go among large collections of modern pictures, we may generally expect to find one or two good canvases, several very bad ones, and a great many neither good nor bad, but simply mediocre. French artists figure in the Octagonal Gallery. But it is to be feared that we have become slightly bored with Carrière, Vuillard, and Manet. But Renoir's "Jeune Femme aux Tourterelles" is admirable. Nor should one overcorrects, and very welcome indeed after Monet. Mr. E. F. Boyd makes Venice appear too dilapidated, both in "Venice: the Zattere," and in the "Ponte della Misericordia"; but Mr. Henry Bishop is quite at his best in "Evening: Tetuan," "A White Street, Tetuan," and (in the Centre Gallery) "Outside Tetuan." These scenes in Morocco not only take us into a new physical world: the artist's talent, not to use a stronger word, makes us feel that we are in a new world of the spirit, that our horizon of life has become larger. Mr. Bishop must be praised not merely for his technique, but also for his choice of subject and its treatment. Mr. A. Ludovici's aptitude for showing a crowd or a group is seen to advantage in "Rotten Row," but there is nothing particularly striking about his "The Butler Market, Dort." In "Orange and Green," how-

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Author of "MODERN WOMAN: Her Intentions."

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The Athenæum says:—"Much clever writing."
The Freewoman says:—"It is an invigorating novel. Reading it is like straying into the chapel of some vast cathedral."Family Fair says:—"In this story of an experiment with a social system and its consequences, the question life as we know it day by day." On the other hand, the Oxford Chronicle says:—"It bears only the resemblance to life that the wildest of the Futurist landscapes bears to nature."The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"It gives the author an opportunity to discuss many sex problems and the state of the marriage laws. . . . An able and thoughtful piece of work."

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By Florence Farr. 6s.

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ever, he is on quite another plane, for this canvas well deserves to rank as one of the best in the exhibition. Among other works of unusual merit one should mention Anquetin's "Paysage de Bretagne," A. de la Gandara's "The Statue" and "Reflections," Constance Rea's "Ladies of Quality," Mr. John Lavery's "Moorish Festival in the Rain," Sauter's "The Rose Rhine," Madame Marval's "Les Tristes," and also, among the engravings and drawings in the End Gallery, Miss Ethel Gabain's "La Levée de l'Ouvrière," Mr. Harry Morley's water-colour, "Under the Dogana, Venice," M. Louis Legrand's "Paganisme," Mr. W. L. Bruckman's "The Arch," and Mr. E. J. Sullivan's illustrations to Carlyle's "French Revolution." Mr. Pennell has been unhappy in his choice of subject, but his technique is otherwise excellent. Forain is always good, and Mr. A. Bowmar Porter's pastel, "The Quadrangle," ought not to be missed. But I cannot conclude without a reference to Miss Vera Willoughby's "Tasiphae" and "Clytemnestra" (water-colours), which are very good indeed.

EDWARD K. GUTHRIE.

"Freewoman" Discussion Circle.

THE second meeting of the Discussion Circle took place last Wednesday, in the Eustace Miles Restaurant. In spite of the larger room, the meeting was again crowded out. Miss Marsden read her paper on "Freewomen and Evolution," which was followed by a lengthy discussion. Business matters were discussed at the beginning of the meeting, and the following decisions were made:

That the Circle should henceforth be known as "The Freewoman Discussion Circle."

That the subscription for members should be 5s. per annum, payable half-yearly.

That the meetings should, for this session, be held in Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, W.C.

That necessary Rules for the Circle should be drafted by a Committee, consisting of the Editor and Sub-Editor of The Freewoman, the two Secretaries, the Treasurer, and any other co-opted persons, and these Rules should be submitted to the Circle at the next meeting.

After ratification and amendment, the Rules, as finally constituted, will be published in The Freewoman.

It was also agreed that the same Committee, with certain additional members, should draft a programme for the work of the session, and lay it before the Circle.

This matter is, obviously, the vital work to hand at present, and the Committee earnestly begs that the members of the Circle will come forward with definite suggestions for the work. All such suggestions should be sent, as soon as possible, to me (care of The Freewoman, 9, John Street, Adelphi), and whether they consist of general ideas as to the conduct of the Circle, of definite subjects for discussion for specific evenings, or proposals for individual readers of papers, they will be very gladly received.

The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, May 22nd, at 8 p.m., at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane (close to Charing Cross, north side of Strand). A short time will be devoted to the discussion of suggested Rules, and to nominate a Programme Committee, for which names have been suggested, followed by a paper by Mr. H. Birnstingl on "Interpretations of Life."

PLEASE NOTE: All subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Selwyn Weston, 49, Rectory Grove, S.W.

B. LOW, Acting Secretary.

The Old Tale.

I held aloof from Love because I had been bred to obey the laws Which I could see, with half an eye, Love had it in him to defy: Moreover, I did sore mistrust, Lest Love should join himself with Lust, And my good soul was fain to keep Me from such scurvy fellowship.

But when Love came to me, he made My heart no longer feel afraid: As though he were a merry child, He greeted grim old Law, and smiled, And seemed at home with him; but took No trouble reading in his Book. The fiery-fevered eyes of Sin, Full of dark secrets, he looked in, Stroked away with his fingers skilled In healing, all their shame; and filled With wonder they had never known Those eyes of Lust out of his own.

—HENRY BRYAN BINNS.
Correspondence.

Note to Correspondents.—While quite willing to publish letters under nom de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the editor.—ED.

THE PROBLEM OF ILLEGITIMACY.

MADAM,—As one whose life has been cursed as a result of the stigma which rests on unmarried mothers, I was much interested in the article of last week’s issue, dealing with the above subject. I am not an unmarried mother myself, but am a “child of shame.” I landed on this planet thirty years ago, when unmarried mothers were held in more abhorrence than they are to-day. My mother is a woman of superior education and intellect, and except for the “crime” of becoming a mother before God had joined her in holy wedlock to my father (whom she never married), there could not, I am convinced, be a more “respectable” person than she; indeed, she is so respectable that I simply cannot live with her. If she had cared less about Mrs. Grundy, and public opinion generally, I feel sure that I would not have been cursed as I am. I have more intelligence (though I say it myself) than any of my half-brothers and sisters, who were subsequently “dumbed” by another father, but I am damned by a nervousness, which is doubtless attributable to my mother’s state of mind before my birth, and which I am trying to control. More intellectual work, will bind me to domestic drudgery for the rest of my life. Not only am I damned by this nervousness, but I have been left, in a manner resembling... the least thing depresses me, and makes me feel positively suicidal. This morbidness is, I believe, due to the fact that my mother made three attempts at suicide before my birth. I have therefore good reason to resent and oppose most fiercely the insane stigma which attaches to unmarried mothers, and which directly and indirectly damn innocent children.

O. K.

May 12th, 1912.

PRAISE AND BLAME.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM,—There is one comment in your footnote to the last week’s letter with which I fully agree.—It was an affair for a man to settle in his own soul.” Had that truth been recognised by yourself and others, England and America would have been spared the disgrace—I can find no softer word—of this callous and cruel controversy in which the sacrifice of a brave man’s life has been canvassed as if it were a matter of bargain and sale. With what contempt have the Shadow of Heroes, writing from their easy chairs, pressed for their pound of flesh! They asked for courage—Mr. Ismay gave it them; they asked for humanity—Mr. Ismay showed it, as certain rescued stewardesses can bear testimony; they asked for self-sacrifice—Mr. Ismay stood back for others as certain rescued stewardesses can bear testimony; they asked for humanity—Mr. Ismay showed it, and ordered to “clear out” when going about their business. But that did not content them; they must have his life—by deliberate suicide, if in no other way. Why not? they cried, we paid him to die in share certificates!

You say his escape has shocked a “part” in us. I know that part, and it is a valuable possession, but not an infallible guide. It is that same part which still preserves the practice of duelling; it is that same part which damned Napoleon the Third, because he did not surround himself with ten thousand more corpses at Sedan; it is the part in us which does so much to keep war alive.

I could urge more, but must not further occupy your space, except to express my utter amazement at your attitude to the Board of Trade. It does not know, you say, what a man’s duty is except to know! As to the public, if the greatest maritime nation in the world cannot spare time to look after its own business, it had better openly admit its unfitness, alike for the sovereignty of the sea and for free public self-government.

A WOMAN.

P S (1) “It is an affair for a man to settle in his own soul.” Obviously so, since no other could settle it. The deed done, the rest of us may criticise as seems good to us.

(2) We are diametrically opposed to our correspondent’s estimate of the qualities shown by Mr. Ismay.

ECONOMIC LIFEBOATS.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM,—I am one whom you have convinced in regard to the right of steamship officials to live when some one else is risking his life. I at first thought that in the confusion... to-day—the Mammon worship—which is responsible for most of the callous and cruel controversies throughout the world... to such an extent is this true that the inspectors are ordered to “clear out” when going about their business. And the ways in which the companies manage to evade the orders and suggestions of the Board of Trade are well known.

But Mr. Ismay is, after all, merely one of the company, and his business is clearly to make as much as possible (never mind how, so long as the cash comes in) for the shareholders, who insist on reaping where they have not sown. Hence the “speeding up” from top to bottom, pressing, of course, always most heavily at the bottom. Under such a system men have no time to be human. Also, how can a company possibly realise that “all men are equal.” Most regard a third-class passenger, perhaps “a heathen Chinese,” as a different creature to themselves. While cash is the measure of the man one should not judge too strictly. Rather let us strive to alter the system which makes machines of men, and tends to crush out all that is loveliest and best in human nature.

We are inclined to think—and experience strongly supports us—that the deep-rooted immorality of our capitalist system is based upon our willingness to talk about systems. What are systems, boards, companies, but men, individuals, and persons, who should be picked out by name, and be made individually responsible for the misdeeds of all. Only by this method can one alter systems.—ED.

THE PROBLEM OF ILLEGITIMACY.

MADAM,—I feel disposed, if you will permit, to attempt to answer both you and “A Woman” concerning Mr. Ismay. Can we, in justice, blame any individual? Is it not rather the cut-throat system which is all-pervading to-day—the Mammon worship—which is responsible for most of the callous and cruel controversies throughout the world? It is the only method of driving responsibility home. According to apologists, like our correspondent, responsibility lies elsewhere... The “part in us” which is shocked. Comment: We believe there are better things in life than keeping alive.

(3) “This callous and cruel controversy.” What controversy there has been, we must hold that our correspondents, Mr. Visiak and “A Woman” have called up. Mr. Visiak called upon the Editor to withdraw a statement, and the controversy is a natural result. Those who dislike controversies should guard themselves from the risks of provoking them.

(4) The “part in us” which is shocked. Comment: We believe there are better things in life than keeping alive.

(5) Board of Trade. Comment: Stick to first agents, and deal with them if no other method of driving responsibility home. According to apologists, like our correspondent, responsibility lies elsewhere...
chivalry of millionaires on a sinking vessel, but millions sink continually from lack of economic lifeboats, and millionaires have only jeers for them. Caste is becoming ridiculous.

C. F. HUNT.

THE RIGHT TO LOVE.

To the Editor of The Freemaness.

MADAM,—When certain leading statesmen, known to be agnostics, utilise and defend the Established Church, it is perhaps natural that even a paper like The Freemaness should encourage the prevailing lack of honesty and courage by publishing anonymous criticisms of signed articles. But if unconscious humour alleviates everything, “Country Mouse” and “Highway Man” may truly be forgiven. I can indeed imagine that Bernard Shaw may just as well be an authority for the former, as that Meredith’s belief of our civilisation being founded on a chivalry of millionaires on a sinking vessel, but millions sink continually from lack of economic lifeboats, and ridiculous. C. HUNT.

F. H.

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F. H.

To the Editor of The Freemaness.

MADAM,—There seems a consensus of opinion as to the need of the vital force of passion to create the complete human being. Why should this force be dissipated in so many destructive ways? Why not take some measure to secure the feeling is mostly allowed to dominate when nature is at its lowest? Why should this force be dissipated in so many destructive ways? Why not take some measure to secure the feeling is mostly allowed to dominate when nature is at its lowest? Why not take some measure to secure the feeling is mostly allowed to dominate when nature is at its lowest? Why not take some measure to secure the feeling is mostly allowed to dominate when nature is at its lowest? Why not take some measure to secure the feeling is mostly allowed to dominate when nature is at its lowest?

The “LADY” Sharpener soon saves its cost.

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May 16, 1912.
is not to be relieved even by hockey! Not even by "violent hockey"! I confess I had some lingering faith in hockey, but even that fails us. Look at it from another point of view. Why should a nine-stone man have against a ten-stone man? Again, picture a man with only nine toes running a race against a man with ten. What possible chance would he have? Nor will he be reconciled to the missing little red corpuscle. It is now demonstrated that "Woman is the lesser man, and her corpuscles matched with mine.

And even not in the inverse ratio of ten to nine."

I enclose report of speech from to-day's Morning Post, lest I should be suspected of drawing upon a triumphant imagination.

Wordsworth Donisthorpe.

P.S.—Would the Adorable Crichton tell us whether this red corpuscle was lost at the same time as the rib or at some later stage of human evolution?—W. D. May 20th, 1912. © © ©

THE SERVILE STATE.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM,—I never read your paper without exclaiming what a wonderful journal it is, and what splendid creatures the contributors are. From the insignificant canary of a passing domesticity—who write for you. A few weeks ago you had an article on "The Servile State," which seemed almost divine in its perception of the oneness of working people. And now you have been wiping the floor with the Daily Mail, for its paltry attempt to make political profit from hermaphrodism of another sort.

Oh, I love to see the New Woman doing the new sort of spring cleaning! But there is one thing I cannot understand. Why cannot we have our paper by halfpenny instalments, say, one dollar a month? I never read THE FREEWOMAN, but of the free newspaper? Why is it that writers like yourself and Chesterton and Belloc (I mention them because they are eminent rebels of the citadel) find as much resource as a Harnswor or a Pearson, and afford us just light on the world's happenings by superimposing the complementary news sheets which already exist, but in pole-collum, where we may find some common ground along which to retrace our steps towards freedom from the growing tyranny of the State?

It costs a lot of money, you will say, to dig a channel from opposite sides, but in the same awful direction, and himself without an ear. If ever that newspaper comes let officialdom—blind, arrogant, spendthrift officialdom, spreading in this same humane principle which I always advocate among my neighbours bent on exterminating other pests, "Never hurt the old birds," but negative legislation, for the purpose of co-ordinating the same humane principle which I always advocate among the women must be—how different from the in­significants members of the rank and file—hence the private ground along which to retrace our steps towards freedom from the growing tyranny of the State?

It costs a lot of money, you will say, to dig a channel even for a muddy stream. Then don't do it—filter this one, and we'll wait for our daily drink!

I am a person that in his little world gets among all sorts of people, and I am convinced that if the move­ment on which one impossible journal is trading had a free daily newspaper to give it collective force, and a leader that would sympathise fully with the present system of Government by conspiracy shrink to an end. As things are now, the rational individual is in the position of a man in a boat with two madmen pulling from opposite sides, but in the same awful direction, and himself without an ear.

If ever that newspaper comes let officialdom—blind, arrogant, spendthrift officialdom, spreading in this same humane principle which I always advocate among my neighbours bent on exterminating other pests, "Never hurt the old birds," I say to them, "take the eggs!"

There is our policy for the future, possible because humane, a policy of taking the eggs, and waiting patiently for that happier time when the swarm of motor­locusts—commissioners, inspectors, and land valuers—that fest the country will have disappeared, and we shall be free again.

I would lay it down as a sworn principle not to be de­parted from for twenty years, that there shall be none but negative legislation, for the purpose of co-ordinating and simplifying affairs, so that we may recover control of them, or our children may.

Crichton W. Longstaff.

And that is why, if I were a rich man even, I should thank God for the Syndicalist and the striker, because they provided a way of escape from Socialism, which is the State made absolute master of all our activities, and because they afforded me a way of losing some of my money without losing all my freedom. The Socialist, like me, wants to take eggs, but hen's eggs, and he wants to put them all in one basket, whereas the Syndi­calist would keep some of them to pelt the politician with, especially that insidious Socialist politician, the professional Conservative.

Have your readers noticed the significant accord be­tween Socialist and Tory politicians regarding the wicked Syndicalist, and thought what it betokens—alarm at the prospect or at least their apparent indifference to its for­mation not to steal! Only men who have gathered the human refuse of the slums to put kisses after their names may do that. They are the State. The sign of illiteracy is the cross of their god, and they are his handmaidens.

Tallis Avis.

A COLLEGE FOR WORKING WOMEN.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM,—Please let me thank you for so kindly invit­ing me to tell you quietly something more about the Working Women's College, which for some time past I have been working to establish in connection with the Central Labour College for Men. I congratulate THE FREEWOMAN on her evident under­standing of the meaning underlying the working-class education movement, of which that institution is an expression, and with confidence I look towards the next necessary step in its development, by assist­ing—in the early and difficult days—to found a Working Women's College, organised on similarly democratic lines, under joint control with the men's college, and, as far as possible, with the same curriculum.

From the time of its foundation by the band of young men who were the "leaders" of the working-class movement—yes, even of the leaders who "struck" against the University control and teaching of Ruskin College, I have to the best of my ability supported the Central Labour College. Any effec­tiveness in its extensive programme of teaching of class-conscious Social-Democracy has been due largely to the first-hand knowledge of the well-organised forces of re­action opposed to democratic control of education, which I gained as a Labour member of the late London School Board, and in more recent years as an advocate of the constructive education programme of the Trades Union Congress.

The extent of the difficulties which the college has surmounted will never be known, except to those who have been privileged to take part in the work. The "leaders" of the working-class movement—yes, even of the class-conscious Social-Democracy—passed by on the other side; and the work of pointing out to the members of the Amalgamated Society of lineman pulling in this country, and draining its vitality like a malignant growth—look out! But, no! It must have applied to it the same humane principle which I always advocate amongst my neighbours bent on exterminating other pests, "Never hurt the old birds," I say to them, "take the eggs!"

There is our policy for the future, possible because humane, a policy of taking the eggs, and waiting patiently for that happier time when the swarm of motor­locusts—commissioners, inspectors, and land valuers—that fest the country will have disappeared, and we shall be free again.

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Crichton W. Longstaff.

I have delivered many discussion lectures on the subject to working-class audiences in industrial centres, and have met with a most encouraging response—especially from women in the working-class homes wherever I am entertain­ed. When speaking for working-class organisations,
those of us who are identified with this movement are
phasé the incalculably good work for the children which
pathetic training might become a great power for good
material among the women in the homes from
doing for their class, but we know that there is equally
to the standpoint of the most militant section of the Trade
sentatives on public bodies. It is not necessary to em­
which those men come—women who with a little sym­
cussed the matter, are that a house for residence for some
Madame N. GIBAUD,
two years where possible—otherwise for one year ; that
Lancashire textile Workers' Unions, of which the majority of the members are
have for years levied themselves to send six
and undergo a course of Light Infiltration Massage, all these obnoxious
and political fields, but, as the Central Labour College
education programme. The infiltering of light expels all morbid­
Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Insomnia, and those numerous ailments
be formed ; that Trade
Unions will do to-morrow !
Please let me endorse what you say about the dear­
ability of an association between the women's movement and Trades Union Congress. I can speak
branch meetings there, if they so choose, to take part
their members to bring their wives and sweethearts to
and hold the product or exchange it.
All too meagre recent education reforms, bearing on
the physical well-being of the children in our schools,
have been due in large measure to the educational work
done in the working-class movement, on the basis of the
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THE RIGHT TO PRODUCE.

To the Editor of The FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—Following Mr. Lewis' advice, I have sought for
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"the abolition of private property" (FREEWOMAN, page 399). Political Socialism has not yet indorsed this de­
Am I to define a Socialist as a "Sepolcore" or a "Communist"? On the latter ground he may object to the collection of the ground-rent tax, but not as a Socialist. In
"Capital," Marx deals with ground-rent as a fund, and also a scholarship fund be formed ; that Trade
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nursing others. But there is another point, and one which always strikes me. It is this: even before they start their training, girls who mean to become nurses have already taken a step; they have left their sisters left at home. It is a mental step, and in this way you recognise it. You ask all the hospital nurses you know what was their reason for taking up this profession; simple answer—"one that hardly ever varies—and which puts for the time even the love of nursing aside. "I was tired," they reply, "of doing nothing at home. I wanted some definite occupation." Now comes in the mental step. It was all very well just saying they were tired of doing nothing at home. Nearly everyone feels that state at different times of her life. With some it conveniently passes off. But they have been brought up from their very earliest childhood to the idea that the daughter's place is essentially at home; and in this they have been taught. Only those who took the step, or those who are just hovering with one foot poised ready to take it, know what a load of mental determination it needs. There are fences ropes—rope of duty—of imaginary disobedience—tugging at your feet as you go to take the step. But strength of mind can cut these ties in two.

"How did you manage finally to become a nurse?" I have asked many whose parents I knew were against their daughters leaving home. "I came to London on a sort of holiday," and a dear neighbour, and then wrote back to say what I had done. Of course, my friend, Nurse Jones, talked to the Matron about me before she wrote."

"And then?"

"Mother and father were terribly upset—especially mother. But I left three sisters at home."

Mother and fathers, if you would only realise that it is often those daughters who have the courage to launch out into the world who are the ones to be encouraged and cheered, and only too often for the girls to take the plunge without having the parental displeasure to accompany them.

Sometimes I think that below the outward show of indignation towards their daughters for leaving the comparative idleness of home to take up some profession—especially nursing—there must be a feeling of pride lurking in the father's heart and mother's—when they know that their girl had the pluck and determination to launch out for herself. I am sure there is; at least, I hope there is.

Whenever a nurse orders a patient to do this or that in her quiet, commanding voice, no wonder she expects to be obeyed—and no wonder she is, too, for she has reached the step above her patients. She has twice gone through the mill.

Theodore Roscoe.

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

To the Editor of the Freewoman.

MADAM,—Competition is set to accept only what she can prove, and rightly so, for herself. But she must make allowance for those who know that which they cannot scientifically demonstrate. Also, she ridicules religion, which does not do. Are all the best thoughts of the highest and noblest minds useless because they cannot offer tangible results? Are the Marthas the only useful persons, and the Marys the only people who have need of both? Is there not much which is above reason and intellect? Love itself is greater than these. And the best religion is surely just—love, in the broadest sense. Is the ambition of the world to be not only willing to die, but to live, which is often much harder. Also, deep thinking surely has its effects. Some of us have thought and hopes which will not only have the ability to entertain, but those thoughts wasted as far as humanity is concerned? We hope not. We, too, hope in our less tangible way to help forward " the wheels of progress."

F. L. PERSPEEN.

A QUESTION OF VALUES.

To the Editor of the Freewoman.

MADAM,—Reference was made in the last number of The Freewoman to F. E. Smith's declaration that no woman had produced anything (barring children) of real value to the world. This leads to the question of what is real value. Is artistic value the only real value? Browning is to the front just now, and if we compare him with his wife as a producer of real value what do we find? Are the poems run not to dog a sight with the world."

"Thus he wrote in a world that was dark. His whole work is founded on a lie—-a lie beautifully exposed. But I do not hate under this delusion, and when she railed the nobler spirits of her time to the cause of the factory child, and set free from conditions that made it more dreadful to contemplate than to think, she despised her creator. If this creature is still human, and not a mere machine—she did work beside which her husband's is utterly insignificant. David Home see the more men, and we shall see the spirits giving her the crown in preference to her husband.

If there are spirits, we may be sure they would sooner see the factory child delivered from degradation than to listen to a wonderful description of hate in the soliloquy of the "Spanish Cloister," than muse over the Renaissance, as shown in a "Grammarian's Funeral."

And though I have a number to compare the work of Tennyson and that of Mrs. Beecher Stowe—" the little woman who made the war"—yet whose work was of more real value to humanity? Who can be compared with the woman who struck the fetters from the slave than the man who wrote beautifully on many things? Beauty is great, but justice is greater, and while men strive after the one, the women strive after the other.

May 10th, 1912.

F. LANGWORTHY.

[We feel our correspondent has had the misfortune, common we find to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, to run up against the unhappy tag, "God's in His heaven, All's well with the world," which has done so much to vilify and misinterpret Browning. The refrain of the song of a little Italian work-girl having her one half-day's holiday in the year, it has little to do with Browning's philosophy. This apart, values of different kinds can scarcely be compared in the way suggested by our correspondent. We cannot compare drainage and horticulture. One does one good service, and another, and we separate and contrast Beauty and Justice. Each contains elements of the other.—Ed.]

A BOOK FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

By Dr. Allinson.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman. It will not be a book for every one. It is conveniently divided into twelve chapters. The first chapter treat of the changes of puberty, or when a girl becomes a woman. The second chapter of marriage from a doctor's standpoint; points out the best ages for marriage, and who should have children and who should not, and furnishes useful information that one can ordinarily get only from an unignorant doctor. The third chapter treat of the management of confinements until the baby is born. The fourth chapter treat of the signs of pregnancy. The fifth chapter tell how a woman can control her blood relations; and condemns such marriages as a rule. Chapter four treat of the marriage of kindred, or the marriage which is known as a "change," a most important article for all women over forty. The book can be had in an edition of the "Spanish Cloister," than muse over the Renaissance, as shown in a "Grammarian's Funeral."

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POLITICS.

TRIPOLI AND YOUNG ITALY. By CHARLES LAPWORTH and HELEN ZIMMERN. Fully Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. In this brilliant and exhaustive book the British public is presented for the first time with an authoritative account of the Tripoli expedition from the Italian point of view. Italy's action is fully vindicated.

IRISH HOME RULE: The Last Phase. By S. G. HOBSON. 3s. 6d. net. Mr. Hobson says the "Atheneum," "puts the case for Home Rule with a freshness which is remarkable at this stage of the controversy." Reviewers of all parties agree that he treats the problems of land and finance with equal acuteness, picturesqueness and lucidity.


THE MASTERY OF LIFE. By Dr. G. T. WRENCH. 15s. net. "A brilliant attack on Modern Life," says the "Daily Mail," which devotes nearly a column to the book, and compares Dr. Wrench to Ruskin and Carlyle. With astonishing knowledge and energy, which have evoked the praise of the Press in both England and America, Dr. Wrench demands a return to the patriarchal system of society.

A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG. By REMY DE GOURMONT. Translated, with a Preface and Appendix, by ARTHUR RANSOME. 5s. net. This is one of the most delightful books of a writer who holds a unique position in contemporary French literature.

THE EPISODES OF VATHEK. By WILLIAM BECKFORD. Translated by the late Sir F. T. Marzials. With an Introduction by Lewis Melville. 21s. net. This volume contains the long-lost episodes from a book which has achieved world-wide fame. They were recently discovered at Hamilton Palace, and are here given both in English and in the delightful original French.

THE ROLL OF THE SEASONS: A Book of Nature Essays. By G. G. DESMOND. 5s. net. "He is so far beyond others in the same field," observes the "Nation," "as to make comparison absurd. Mr. Desmond is the true heir of Gilbert White and Jeffries."

OLD ENGLISH WORTHIES. By DOROTHY SENIOR. 10s. 6d. net. A collection of fascinating stories of Roger Bacon and other great mediaeval personalities.

IMAGINARY SPEECHES; and other Parodies in Prose and Verse. By JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE. 3s. 6d. net. The "Times" hails Mr. Squire as "a Master." No politician should miss his parodies of eminent front-benchers. Modern poets, journalists, and prose-writers also come under his devastating rod.

NEW 6/- FICTION.

DAUGHTERS OF ISHMAEL. (Sixth Edition.) By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMANN. With Preface by John Masefield. This new famous novel has been described as "The Uncle Tom's Cabin of the White Slave Traffic." It is, as the "Times" puts it, "A relentless and terrible exposure"; but it is at the same time magnificently inspiring. No man or woman with a conscience can afford to ignore it. "It may," says the "Morning Post," "prove the inspiration of a great crusade."

IN GERMAN PENISON. (Third Edition.) By KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Miss Mansfield knows the Germans at home, and analyzes them with remorseless minuteness and delightfully malicious in a book which the critics have termed "masterly," "uncommonly bold and artistic," "strikingly realistic," and "amazingly clever."

LADY ERMYNTRUDE AND THE PLUMBER. By PERCY FENDALL. Of this hilariously amusing tale the "Daily Mail" says: "There is only one thing to be said about 'Lady Ermyntrude and the Plumber'—get it."

A SUPERMAN IN BEING. By LITCHFIELD WOODS. In this most promising first novel the central figure is a blind Professor, who describes himself as "half devil and half angel," and streams forth brilliant paradoxes. There is a strong love interest.

LOVE IN MANITOBA. (Second Edition). By A. WHARTON GILL. A delightful story of Canadian life by a writer who knows it intimately.

SHADOWS FROM THE CROWD. By RICHARD CURLE. Powerful and arresting stories by a writer of a rare and rather un-English type.