POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

For the second time in the brief period since the Renascence of the woman movement the status of political offenders is brought into question, and another détour into a sea of warm-hearted irrelevancies is already at hand. The woman movement aside, however, there is among men a notable streak of thought in regard to the political offender, which is characterised as much by muddleheadedness as it is by a vague and indeterminate good-nature. It is time we looked the subject squarely in the face. It is of little consequence that the political offender has no recognition in English law. It is of all-important consequence whether we can get a determinate idea of the "political offender" which we may be able to attach to any offence which may henceforward be recognised as a "political offence." Is it possible to obtain this clear-cut idea which shall distinguish the political offence from the non-political? We think not. In a community made up of a multitudinous host of varying individualities, unless we are going to picture our Justice as a figure with straw in hair floundering through a morass in a mist, we shall have to content ourselves with settling our penalties according to acts committed, and the deliberate intention behind such acts. The motive which led to the intention to act in a certain wise, is an extremely important factor, but it is one over which the law has, and ought to have, no jurisdiction whatsoever. The judge has to do with intention and not with motive. It is—it should be, rather—the work of the statesman to get understanding of human motives before he frames the law. What is called a "political offence" is an offence committed against the law in the course of an agitation carried on in order to induce statesmen to make such a change as will conduce to bring the law more in harmony with human motives—an agitation more often than not most highly praiseworthy in itself. It is quite certain that an agitation may be carried on in a way which will not contravene existing law. Some hold that this is the best way; others think otherwise. But, whether or no, this is certain: if reformers with the noblest of motives go out to break the law, they should go out with the belief that they will pay the penalty, and that to ask for preferential treatment because of their motive is to spoil their own advantage. It spoils their own game in half a dozen ways. To begin with, preferential treatment nullifies the effects to produce which was the sole justification for law-breaking. To rouse the lethargic, to startle the hostile, to urge on friends, these are the motives which induce rebels to set out on their extraordinary course. The spectacle of suffering borne expressly to convince a slow world of the worth of an endeavour has almost invariably the coveted effect. Harsh treatment in itself, apart from its motives and causes, creates sympathy, which turns involuntarily from the sufferers to their cause; those averse from the law-breaking itself, or from the motive leading to specific law-breaking, are silenced by patent suffering. These commonplace workings of the human mind are utilised in every great movement. They explain the power of the martyr; they beggar argument. They explain why martyrdom is courted, and they explain the shock of anti-climax which comes when law-breaking pioneers seek to avoid full penalties; we instinctively expect the pioneer to make the most of his opportunity when penalties come his way. His martyrdom helps his cause; he pleads "Not Guilty," but "Guilty—very"; his unlawful act was his challenge to the social order. To put forward the plea that he was not guilty of the act is tantamount to running away from an accepted challenge. The only possible defence for
any who did not expect to be treated like the spoilt children of the community is to declare that acts committed were born of forethought and intent, that they are unrepented of, and will be repeated if condoned, and if punished such acts will be committed as will make the offender's presence in custody as irksome and dangerous as it would be if set at liberty. That is the defence of the rebel—of the "political offender." The so-called political rebel, who comes with another sort of defence, proving that his mad deeds were not mad deeds, has mistaken his vocation. To challenge the social order is not a game of skittles, and to be a rebel is a dangerous and hazardous thing. Somewhere within the confines of "law and order" he will find his true calling. Those whom Nature meant to take up the sword recognisestinctively the joyfulness and rightness of falling by the sword. Rebellion is double-edged. It is mere chance which way it cuts. Indeed, it is more likely that the rebel will die in prison like an Elliott, or on the battlefield, like Hampden, or at the stake like a Joan of Arc, than that he will see his foes perish and his cause triumph like a Cromwell. Hence, when a case is taken up, and the rebels say "we have nothing to lose", they do no light thing. They tread on ground where timorous feet are ill at ease. Those who reject a vanished "law and order" have no place here, nor have those who would appeal to law and tradition for exemption from penalty. They have suspended law, and have substituted individual Will, and the individual's value of Will in their case must win or lose. It is a struggle between the will of the individual and the will of the social order they have challenged. At first sight it might appear that the individual will is the weaker of the two, being one against many; but examined closely it becomes clear that, in the other's quantitative sense, the other exceeds in a qualitative. The one is superior to the many, if it wills. Therefore, for the one to be asking for leniency of the many, is for it to be doubting its own powers. If we apply this to one case in point, we learn its truth. Mrs. Pankhurst said she would prefer imprisonment to political offenders to bear the worst. It has been the actions, repeat the whole process again and again, until one side or other called for a truce. It might be the W.S.P.U. which called for the truce, but it need not be, for there is no end in the spirit of utter sincerity, of audacity, of stubborn persistence, that the people of this nation will uphold. The Government would be fighting an unequal battle. Their very weight and strength is against them. When they attack strongly, they attack as bullies, and when they attack weakly they are blunderers; whereas with the individual every inspired blow tells. Able to rally an intense force than their opponents, they strike each blow from a point of advantage. Their very weakness paralyses the arm of their opponents. It enables rebels to put Governments in an intolerable position—a possession of coercion. This, among other reasons, explains why statesmen are half-ready to meet amiable reformers who demand that favoured treatment should be granted to law-breaking rebels. It is a sort of compromise between a favour which costs statesmen comparatively little and the adoption of a change in law, which they are afraid to make and afraid to deny. It is creditable rather than otherwise that English statesmen have had so little trouble with political offenders. Mr. Churchill's special rules—as special rules for prisoners associated with circumstances of "moral turpitude"—are nothing more than a concession to snobbery and demagogy; as an amelioration of our inhuman prison system they are an advance; but it seems to us that for political offenders to accept such is to accept at the cost of trust must win or lose. It is a struggle between the will of the individual and the will of the social order they have challenged. At first sight it might appear that the individual will is the weaker of the two, being one against many; but examined closely it becomes clear that, in the other's quantitative sense, the other exceeds in a qualitative. The one is superior to the many, if it wills. Therefore, for the one to be asking for leniency of the many, is for it to be doubting its own powers. If we apply this to one case in point, we learn its truth. Mrs. Pankhurst said she would prefer imprisonment to political offenders to bear the worst. It has been the actions, repeat the whole process again and
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Syndicalism and Socialism.

THE reports of riotous discussion at the first annual congress of the British Socialist Party at Manchester make very cheerful reading. The impossible has happened. Action has effected what a sea of talk has been powerless to bring about. The strikes have made Socialists think—a task of almost insurmountable difficulty half a decade ago, when realisation of Socialist nostrums seemed too far off to be in danger of refutation in actual practice. Now, however, when recurrent strikes threaten to overwhelm the community with disaster unless some of us know where we are going, thought has become imperative, and even if thought's first herald be disorder, its advent is not the less to be welcomed. Thought in its early stages is always disruptive, and it is all the better for that. The old rubbish which has settled down during thought's quiescence has to be cleared. In the present onset of thought upon Socialism, when the turmoil dies down, the Syndicalist idea will have established itself. Though it loses its name (no loss indeed), the impulses which are behind Syndicalism will have done more to alter Socialism than Socialism will have altered the Syndicalist idea. Those Socialists who in their zeal have too hastily denounced Syndicalism, may cover their trail by altering their Socialism, but the right idea, which the Syndicalist supplies, will undoubtedly have triumphed. To a looker-on, the difference between the Socialist as he has portrayed himself to the world and the Syndicalist who has ruthlessly broken up Socialist complacency lies in one primary character—pluck. At the root of the great temperamental differences which lead to diverse social theories, one always finds some differentiating moral quality. At the root of Socialism lies caution, the timidity which hopes to broaden down from precedent to precedent—from sixteen and tenpence to a pound, let us say. The mischief with Socialists has been that their most daring essays have been in—talk. It is more than symbolic that English Syndicalism should have opened out its first scene in our history; that its spokesmen should be in those communities. But here and now we are entangled in this strange fungus-growth in which value has little relation with the currency, i.e., money. Hence much finicking and picking of one's way through the growth goes on even among those who feel they have something to say about the value of right values. When other schools of thought have been at pains to unearth what is "best." That is how very probably the present wrangle between Syndicalism and Socialism will work itself out, and those who have heralded the new temper will have no cause to complain, provided always the adoptive Socialists do not overlay the spirit too thickly with their theorisings on paper.

Subsidies.

It is well within the range of thinking men to foresee a time when money as we know it will have no existence; when the reign of a false currency and of perverted values will be remembered as a strange growth which developed in disordered communities. But here and now we are entangled in this strange fungus-growth in which value has little relation with the currency, i.e., money. Hence much finicking and picking of one's way through the growth goes on even among those who feel they have something to say about the value of right values. When other schools of thought have been at pains to unearth what is "best." That is how very probably the present wrangle between Syndicalism and Socialism will work itself out, and those who have heralded the new temper will have no cause to complain, provided always the adoptive Socialists do not overlay the spirit too thickly with their theorisings on paper.

Syndicalism has something to say about the control of its own conditions of labour before it goes on to consider who shall have nominal control of the products of that labour, it shows it has got the right sow by the ear, to quote our good King Henry. It is giving a show of spirit which is new in the history of our democracy, and which is new to Socialism. Doubtless when Socialism has recovered from the shock of bad temper consequent upon being taught that it had scarcely moved a step in real spirit out of the welter of capitalism, it will unstintingly attack the new ideas, try to embody the new spirit, and will call itself "Guild-Socialism," "Socialism as we have always understood it," i.e., the Socialism which combines all that is best in the work of those who have heralded the new temper will have no cause to complain, provided always the adoptive Socialists do not overlay the spirit too thickly with their theorisings on paper.

It is within the range of thinking men to foresee a time when money as we know it will have no existence; when the reign of a false currency and of perverted values will be remembered as a strange growth which developed in disordered communities. But here and now we are entangled in this strange fungus-growth in which value has little relation with the currency, i.e., money. Hence much finicking and picking of one's way through the growth goes on even among those who feel they have something to say about the value of right values. When other schools of thought have been at pains to unearth what is "best." That is how very probably the present wrangle between Syndicalism and Socialism will work itself out, and those who have heralded the new temper will have no cause to complain, provided always the adoptive Socialists do not overlay the spirit too thickly with their theorisings on paper.

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entrance is bought by extravagance, as said a lady who should know; take the case of the churches—they are ruled by their subsidisers; the press—the capital that has bought it up; a Treaty with a popular movements—the women's movement, for instance—it is completely bestridden by its subsidisers. In the W.S.P.U., Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence bought out the entire management. They usurped the entire organisation, through their subsidisers. They made it commercially successful, but they destroyed its inner meaning. So with the weekly journals; the price paid by the purchaser does not equal the cost paid by the producer. The producer therefore either subsidises the journal for his own pleasure or advantage, or he lets out his controlling interests to other financial concerns who exercise control through the medium of advertisements. In either case, pressure exists capable of, and usually, exerting pressure on opinion. It is an event almost phenomenal when such influence is not exerted. It happens occasionally, but never without immediate effect. The few so-called "free" journals which do exist in London at the present time are responsible in no small measure for the "spirit" which is awakening round us to-day. Now, let us apply this to the want of cut democracy, responsiveness. He counsels subsidises for the new society because the poor cannot afford to pay an equal share. We do not think we should be unduly boastful if we said that subsidises would be forthcoming if we set about getting them; but it does not seem to us that a subsidised society can produce much in the way of "free" discussion. A society has enough to do to knock itself into a shape which will justify its existence without being hampered by the influence of directors. So we do not think an equalised subscription a hardship on the poor; we rather think the hardship would have been had it fallen the other way. The poor have to pay more hardly for what they get, but then they value it more; they expend more and get back more. That is why the best of the world's work, in addition to all the drudgery, is done by those who have come by most things they possess, hardly; and this is not platitude; it is a fact of which we have evidence on every hand. It will be a very bad day for the poor when they begin pitting themselves; that is a corrupting enervation they must leave to the well-to-do. The kingdom of the free is taken by violence; and each man has to overcome it in his own behalf. If the poor man wants to be free, it will be by circumventing his poverty and not by accepting subsidises that he will encompass his desires, and this whether he works through religion, politics, letters, or society.

WOMAN

So many stars—upon the night Of subtle lie and murky theme— My soul stirs wondering at the sight, Questioning each gleam.

One, opalesque, excels them all; Blood-red within it burns thy name; Thee, too, the ages held in thrall, What is thy claim?

And as I ask I hear the wind Make answer writ on every sea: "God hath my nature not confined— I will be free!"

—CHARLES GRANVILLE.

The Discussion Circle.

The third meeting of the Circle took place on Wednesday, May 22nd, at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, where there was a crowded attendance. Mr. Charles Granville was in the chair. Business was transacted at the beginning of the evening, and this was followed by a paper on "Interpretations of Life," read by Mr. H. Birnstingl.

The business of the evening consisted in the ratification, with some modifications and additions, of the Rules presented by the Committee, and the election of a Programme Committee.

The Rules are appended below.

The Programme Committee will draw up a programme to submit to the next Circle meeting.

Mr. Birnstingl's paper provoked a good deal of interesting discussion.

The next meeting of the Discussion Circle will take place on Wednesday, June 5th, at Chandos Hall.

Mr. Charles Granville will read a paper on "Thought-Mists; Some Earthly Suggestions!"

Before the paper the programme for the next session will be submitted to the meeting for ratification.

NOTE.—Members are asked to send their subscriptions of 2s. 6d. for this session (i.e., till December 31st, 1912) as soon as possible to the Treasurer, since funds are required to defray expenses. Treasurer: Mr. Selwyn Weston, 49, Rectory Grove, Clapham Common, S.W.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Will all those interested in THE FREEWOMAN Discussion Circle in Dover and surrounding district communicate with Miss A. E. Taylor, 13, Church Road, Dover, with a view to forming a local Circle?

Will any London members who are willing to act as leaders of Local Circles communicate with me?

B. LOW (Acting Secretary, pro tem.)

RULES FOR "THE FREEWOMAN" DISCUSSION CIRCLE.

I.—That the Circle be called "The Freewoman Discussion Circle."

II.—That the discussions take place fortnightly, on Wednesdays, at 8 o'clock p.m., continuing until 10.30 p.m.

III.—That the annual subscription for membership be 5s., payable in two instalments of 2s. 6d. each at the commencement of each session (i.e., on January 1st and July 1st).

IV.—That visitors be allowed free admission to two meetings in any one year, after which, should they desire to attend again, they will be required to pay the subscription.

V.—That only members be allowed to vote on questions of administration.

VI.—That at each meeting all visitors shall sign their names and addresses in the book kept at the door for that purpose.

VII.—That all administrative business relating to the Circle (including questions and suggestions by members) be transacted within the first quarter of an hour of a meeting. That no hour be allowed for introducing the subject for discussion, each speaker following being limited to five minutes. That the Chairman close the formal discussion at 10 o'clock precisely, so that the remaining hour may be spent in general conversation.

VIII.—That the members elect at the close of each session a working committee, including a Secretary (or Secretaries), a Treasurer, and a Programme Committee.

IX.—That on a motion duly proposed, seconded, and carried by a majority of the members present at any meeting, Rule VII. may be for that occasion suspended, or varied, as circumstances may require.

X.—That any of the above Rules may be altered or rescinded, or new Rules added by the decision of a majority of the members of the Circle, due notice of such alterations or additions having been sent to all members.
May 30, 1912

Shall the Yoshiwara be Rebuilt?

A LITTLE while ago the papers reported that a Yoshiwara of Tokio had been burnt down. It was referred to as a restoration of the great Yoshiwara, which had previously been destroyed. I was in Tokio in November and December of last year for odd days, and was told that the famous Nightless City had not been rebuilt, but the question of restoration was under discussion. The Japanese themselves were in favour of rebuilding it, but the modern influences of Europe were for leaving the ashes as memories of a past age, never to be restored. By modern influence, of course, Christian influence, or the influence of missionaries, was especially meant. Indeed, I was told that, amongst the people of Tokio, it was generally held that the Christians, whom the missionaries inspire, had actually been the cause of the destruction of the gay and glittering city. Whether that was so or not, there is no doubt that the missionaries and Christians regarded the fire as the act of God in cleansing a great city of impurity.

It is needless to say that it did not do so. Not only are there other Yoshiwara districts in Tokio, where regular trade is openly and honestly carried on in legitimate houses, but there are many teashops and cabarets, where the girls of the destroyed Yoshiwara find their means of livelihood. In general, however, the Christian influence is having its effect, and is Europeanising the Yoshiwaras of Japan.

I have myself visited Japan three times, and have noticed the change. When I first went there and visited a Yoshiwara in a big southern town, the trade was carried on openly and naturally. Shame had no place there. The girls, dressed in their brilliant kimonos, squatted on their mats, and gazed stolidly in front of them, so motionless and gaudy, they seemed like a row of brilliant-hued birds, which had alighted in a large cage, and, with folded wings, were taking their motionless rest there. Sometimes one of them would move her head a little, or another would recognise a friend with a little smile, but, on the whole, the display was remarkable for its motionless and lifeless character. Compared to the eager crowds without, who thronged through the gaily lighted streets and peered through the bars at the painted beauties within.

On the occasion of my last visit, however, there were slight but notable changes. I did not visit a Yoshiwara at Tokio, but the large one at Yokohama, where the famous No. 9 is to be found. Foreign influence is felt even more in Yokohama than in Tokio, and the changes it had effected were to introduce two European qualities of this unhappy trade, namely shame and vulgarity. To the visitor at least, the Japan of old was quite free from vulgarity. From the highest to the lowest all were clothed with a grace of manner to which vulgarity as foreign as dirt to kings. And this grace was not attained by the suppression and hiding of things that would appear to be opposed to it, as is the manner by which European virtues are attained, for even this most pitiable business of prostitution the Japanese had faced as a necessity and fashioned into an art. And it is an art to this day. Many of the brothels in the Yoshiwara at Yokohama are very charming. Their exterior architecture is such that, like many Japanese houses, they seem to European eyes to be like strange and dainty shells rather than human habitations. They have a vestibule with the cages on either side, in which in silence through the old passive stolidity, which Japanese decency required of them, owing to this, I was watching them in the quiet, inoffensive way that their passivity makes possible, when I was startled by a girl suddenly putting out her little red tongue at me, drawing it in again between her painted lips, and again protruding its moist and scarlet seductiveness. I was startled because the action was so wholly opposed to all things Japanese, and consequently I gazed upon her as upon one who had committed a daring outrage upon a cherished tradition. My gaze evidently encouraged her, for she then broke into a grin, a grin that spoilt the pretty childishness of her face, beckoned to me with her finger, and lisped out the sing-song of her only English, “Come inside.” I turned away disgusted. I was disgusted, not because I am unfamiliar with the vulgarity of free love—I am, like all Europeans, unfortunately, too familiar with it—but because I had witnessed something quite foreign to Japan, namely, vulgarity. To the visitor at least, the Japan of old was quite free from vulgarity. From the highest to the lowest all were clothed with a grace of manner to which vulgarity as foreign as dirt to kings. And this grace was not attained by the suppression and hiding of things that would appear to be opposed to it, as is the manner by which European virtues are attained, for even this most pitiable business of prostitution the Japanese had faced as a necessity and fashioned into an art. And it is an art to this day. Many of the brothels in the Yoshiwara at Yokohama are very charming. Their exterior architecture is such that, like many Japanese houses, they seem to European eyes to be like strange and dainty shells rather than human habitations. They have a vestibule with the cages on either side, in which in silence through
the evening hours the little impassive women in their gorgeous robes squat upon the soft mats. Then comes the hall, and behind it a square court, surrounded by corridors, with floors of polished wood, and lined by sliding doors, which lead to rooms or passages lit but dimly by the glowing Japanese lanterns. For fragile and dainty beauty in arrangement and architecture I have never seen the equal of these brothels.

But besides this art and the charming dresses and dainty ways of the little inhabitants, there is one feature which is peculiarly touching and appealing. Each one has a little shrine in the vestibule, above which is often some motto or verse of poetry written by the hand of a famous statesman or noble of Japan. This, as I say, is the most appealing of all features of the art which the Japanese have fashioned from an age-long accompaniment of social life. Knowing that passion is essential, the Japanese both beautify and sanctify it. They do not proclaim chastity as the feminine virtue, and procure it only by driving out its complement, what is passion, naming it vice, and scarce speaking of it even in a whisper, for fear people should discover its existence as a fact of life, and not as a peculiarity of Piccadilly or Friedrich Strasse. The Japanese recognise that chastity is a necessity of married life, and that it can only be procured by differentiating it from its complement, passion, but they do not therefore turn passion into a vice, but into an art.

As a consequence, I am told that married women and young girls, not in brothels, are safe in Japan, safer than at home, and certainly the freedom with which they walk about at all hours confirms this hearsay evidence.

But the point I would lay stress on is the art, grace, and sanctity with which the Japanese of old clothed the passion of the Yoshiwaras. It was not a prostitution, for such a term implies falling lower and casting down, whereas the Japanese took, what all men acknowledge to be a necessity of social life, and fashioned it into an art, of which these shell-like houses, with their dainty beauty and gaudy butterfly inmates, their little shrines and tiny gardens, are the evidence. Shall then the Yoshiwaras be rebuilt, or is morality to turn necessity as a fact of life, and not as a peculiarity of the type I had in mind: "Psyche Carried off by Zephyrus," by the unlucky and unfortunate Pierre Prud'hon. The picture represents motion, of course; but what an atmosphere of calmness, repose, and dignity there is about it, nevertheless! The recumbent Psyche differs in every respect from Mr. Storey's "Venus," being a much more classical and harmonious figure. Not having evidenced catalogue of the invaluable Hanfstaengl by me, I do not know whether he reproduces this Louvre masterpiece; but in any case those interested in painting should endeavour to verify the comparison I have suggested.

Pierre Prud'hon, however, is not an artist of the first rank. How would most of these Academy pictures look beside some of the masterpieces in the National Gallery? In treatment most of them would look raw, crude, unfinished, poorly drawn; in subject most of them would seem undignified, "low." But this leads us to another question: do artists who send their work to the Academy keep any definite models in mind when they are painting their pictures? Or do Velazquez and Rubens and so on seem so far out of sight as to be absolutely unapproachable by a twentieth century epigone? One is almost forced to the latter conclusion. We have, in short, an Academy without a standard, and this is a unique phenomenon. The fact that it has a standard is the sole excuse for the existence of any academy, no matter what department of art it may be connected with. If the members of the Royal Academy Committee had taste enough, let us say, to judge works sent in by the standard of the best things in the Louvre, or the National Gallery, even, surely the exhibition would be much more interesting. Ugly, incomplete pictures would necessarily be excluded, and there would be more room for better-class works.

We feel this latter necessity particularly in Gallery IX. This Gallery appears to have been reserved for the smaller pictures, Nos. 374 to 687 are crowded into it—a hundred and seventy-eight works of "art" (more or less) are crowded on to those narrow walls. The eye is utterly dazzled. In some places it seemed to me that the pictures were in perpendicular lines twelve deep, but this may have been fancy. It is difficult to distinguish anything, and, of course, the good pictures have to be painfully sought after in the patches of colour. Miss Amy K. Browning's "The Bath" is excellent, though, as I have already indicated, I prefer her "Red Shawl." Mr. T. C. Dugdale's "Snow"—a street corner, part of a park, and a taxi-cab—is well done, and I believe to the advantage of the observer by its fine colouring as much as by the distinctive treatment of the subject. For the same reason Mr. James V. Jelley's "Whitby Roofs" is a worthy piece of work. It is a small picture, and consequently buried away (No. 648). I should particularly like to see a Velazquez or Whistler portrait standard applied to the Academy, for it would exclude many of the awful things in it. One exhibition of what I mean is Mr. William Orpen's portrait of the Rev. T. T. Gray, S.F.T.C.D. This is unique. It is a presentation portrait. The subject, I gather, is the Grand Benevolence of some Order. What Order? The S.F.T.C.D. And what is that? you may ask. My friends, I know not. By turning over innumerable books of reference in a vain attempt to find out I nearly kept this article too late for
press. Now why, in the name of art, should a thing like this appear on the walls of the Academy? Art is for the whole world, not merely for members of the S.F.T.C.D., and only members of the S.F.T.C.D. can possibly be interested in the Rev. T. T. Gray. He is a grim-looking individual, with tightly pursed lips and mutton-chops. He appears to feel the chair too hard for him. By his side stands a sword, presumably for keeping members of the S.F.T.C.D. in order.

To speak frankly, however good a man the Rev. T. T. Gray may be, his appearance is not artistic enough for my taste. If painters will insist on painting portraits to represent the sitters minutely, both painter and sitter must expect to be criticised accordingly. No artist, of course, would think of depicting his living human subject with accuracy. The artist must see into and beyond the subject, and make his subject, in short, interpretative. In this way he creates; and the human form is the best medium for creative interpretation. But Mr. Orpen has shown us nothing but the Rev. T. T. Gray; nothing. And however much the honest clergyman may interest the members of the Order of which he is the Grand Benevolence, he is, as at present depicted, of no particular interest for the world of art.

When we turn from Gallery XI. to enter the water-colour room we come to the portrait of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon. Pawky, self-satisfied Scot! How the man's character is plain even on the canvas. Look at the pose: the hands folded, the legs and trunk tending to the right and the head to the left, the cherubic countenance. The Labour leader looks as if he were praying paternostersingly to heaven over his left shoulder. To Mr. MacDonald the world is quite clearly a' richt, so swallow your phlegm when you recollect how the railwaymen were diddled last year, and go into the water-colour room. I referred to Mr. Peter Leslie's "Miss Doris Pearce" last week. There are other good water-colours which should not be missed even in the course of a casual visit. Among them are Mr. R. J. Haines's "An Old Tomb, Cairo," and Mr. H. Dawson Barkas's "Summer-time: Cromer." Mr. Lancetot Crane's "Entrance to the Temple, Medinet Habu, Egypt," is likewise a fine piece of craftsmanship. About Mr. Hugh Wallich's atrocious sentimentality in "The Light Beyond," the less said the better—Mr. Wallich can do much more skilful work than this if he chooses his subject properly. How angelic Mr. Alfred Priest is (No. 895), with a title that takes three yards of material hanging from their hips than with seven. But the kind of nonsense that litters up the magnificent plate-glass windows—ham frills made of tulle to be worn round the neck, for instance—are degrading to women. One could not possibly face one's Maker dressed like that. These oddments of frills and furbelows frivolously serve no end of beauty, but are the weapons of coquetry, as nauseating to real women as cosmetics. The department store is the outward and visible sign, as Granville Barker showed in "The Madras House," of a woman's movement: not the Feminist movement, but the last struggle of the women who feel that woman's place is the harem to appeal to the sillier sexual instincts of men.

This sensual atmosphere of the shop was dealt with many years ago by Zola in "The Ladies' Paradise." Now Miss Margarete Böhme, one of Germany's most popular novelists, has treated it in "The Department Store," and has made a study of the women who feel that woman's place is the harem to appeal to the sillier sexual instincts of men. A GREAT department store is an offensive thing, because it pretends that trade is carried on in a dignified manner. The strong towers and turrets of these immense shops make believe that Commerce has become a god, for whom it is meet to build a temple: whereas, in its present-day development, it is a vampire, to be buried at the cross-roads, with a stake through its heart. It rises from a foundation of victims: the small shopkeepers, doomed by a cruel and unjust revolution in business methods to a lingering death; the industries crushed into meanness by the harsh demands of this customer who is also their master; the Sweat workers, whose pence this overfed aristocrat among shops is not ashamed to steal. And it is peopled by those strange creatures peculiar to this century, shop assistants, languid, classless beings squeezed into the mould of an unearthly elegance, palsied with the poison of their degenerating occupation. Any occupation which demands eternal and indiscriminate politeness from man to man is degrading.

The institution which superimposes a mask of luxury on misery is as distasteful to the fastidious mind as a richly furnished room with dust in the corners. And what makes it more intolerable is that there is nowhere else to shop. So that even our few and honestly earned pence must go to feed this victorious monster, which proves once again that the present muddled civilisation is no place for a lady.

But in the goods it sells the department store is a safer thing. So much nonsense is talked about the follies of fashion that one fears to touch on the question. For the past few years sapient gentlemen have written articles in the Press railing at women for wearing hobble-skirts, never reflecting that it really is easier for women to walk with three yards of material hanging from their hips than with seven. But the kind of nonsense that litters up the magnificent plate-glass windows—ham frills made of tulle to be worn round the neck, for instance—are degrading to women. One could not possibly face one's Maker dressed like that. These oddments of frills and furbelows frivolously serve no end of beauty, but are the weapons of coquetry, as nauseating to real women as cosmetics. The department store is the outward and visible sign, as Granville Barker showed in "The Madras House," of a woman's movement: not the Feminist movement, but the last struggle of the women who feel that woman's place is the harem to appeal to the sillier sexual instincts of men.

In Miss Böhme's pages there is no very vivid realisation of the actual atmosphere of the huge over-heated shop piled with tumbled stuffs cunningly arranged to arouse in women the passion for self-adornment. There is nothing like Zola's "The Department Store" to convey the ghastly odour of that place in which nothing but the delicate enraptured girl listening to the praise of "The Department Store" is a miracle of sensuous perception. A careful and detailed study of the Department Store" represents the brooding of a masterful intellect over a social phenomenon.

In "The Department Store," By Margarete Böhme. 6s. (D. Appleton and Co.)
the golden roses seemed like a burst of sunshine, glittering over the Alps of this grand exhibition of white goods."

But Zola had no gift of perceiving character in relation to environment. He stages his drama marvellously, but sends on as characters hoary puppets to play hoary games. M. Mouret, the hero of "The Ladies' Paradise," the ordinary gay Lothario goaded into matrimony by the passive resistance of the virtuous damsel, has no more intimacy connection with the department store than with the Bank of England. But Miss Pangle not only describes with a wide range the men and women whose fortunes stand and fall with Müllenmeister's Department Store, but shows us the woman who is the kind of flower that grows in that hot-house: hardly a woman, rather some phantom formed from the unwholesome mist that rises from the marsh by moonlight.

Agnes Matrei is first seen by Friedrich Müllenmeister, the young heir to the business, at her duties as an assistant in his shop. "Behind the thickly strewn counter stood a tall, slender, unusually lovely girl, with black, waving hair, dark eyes, and that peculiar, pearl-like pallor which is almost the monopoly of those mondaines who spend incalculable time and trouble upon their complexions. Plainly she was not in perfect health; there were bluish circles round her eyes, and from time to time she caught at her back with a sudden involuntary movement of the hand, as if she felt a sharp pain there."

The next night he sees her standing alone in a disreputable dancing saloon, and indignantly rebukes her for seeking such evil company. In defence she tells him of the squalor and misery of her childhood, in a home supported by a drunken and consumptive father. This timid fluttering, her natural passion for luxury, that makes her long for the exquisite, that makes her light love that alone can give her what she wants, her natural passion for luxury, has a distinct leaning to what was of truth and German sentimentality, as when young Müllenmeister is visiting Agnes's consumptive relations.

"Oh, to have her in his arms. . . . to bring her back here, to the home garden where she had once grown. She belonged here. Like a tall, proud lily, she should bloom again among these quiet flowers whose boughs are never hoverying." This sounds like the old-fashioned method of shutting up all the children, well or ill, to have meases together. But for the rest it is an absorbingly interesting book.

**THE FREEWOMAN**

**An Engaged Young Man.**

The attitude, above noted, was become in him a conventionality like the gloss that high eminence in the field of thought where now he stood. But his reticence to proclaim so vast a vision until himself had apprehended every aspect of it, involved even his least complaisant critics in the singular error of supposing him, of all men living, best fitted to bear on that bright, new torch. Dugald Stewar, impelled thereby that malefic humour whereof he was so notoriously possessed, he made the circumstance of their call to action the occasion for an essay in the leading review of the land.
setting forth in outline his now maturer views. There, under the mystic title involving a strange word, he wrecked the whole fabric of his former life. It was as though, in the irony of her seeming, Fate had conceived the whim to see how he would acquit himself in conditions akin to those whereunder the beings of his own creation were. And, indeed, he made cruel sport of these, frequently weaving the skem of their lives into so intricate a knot that merely to step aside and gaze on their contortions was, to him, because of his curious humour, an ampler pleasure than any to be gleaned from greatness, a state whereunto he might not well attain, while yet indifferent to their sufferings. He did not laugh at them, it is true: so far he was human. But his treatment of them was such as he must have resented if dealt to himself by Destiny, since he had not the wit to perceive that his own relation to the Goddess was at one with that of his puppets to himself.

"There is in nature," he wrote, "a rhythmic unity of purpose, pervading all things, compelling and directing human Will and Aim, whose influence on us is neither good nor ill, but necessary and non-moral. No special manifestation of misery or of happiness in us can be regarded as Nature's ultimate intention. It is merely that the attainment of her aim requires us to stand in a certain definite relation to life, so that we may react upon it in the specific manner dictated by our environment. The forward march of Systems to their ultimate unknown goal can have no reference to the welfare of their units, except in so far as that is consonant with the trend of its progressive thither."

And of our Freedom to Will:

"Volition may be defined as that quality in man which enables him to believe that he can mould to his use, for the promotion of his own well-being, the very process whence he springs, the laws that made him. Yet to the arrogance of supposing that, for his sake, Nature cares one jot whether he exist happily, or in misery, or at all, there is but one asparate parallel: that of the belief in a deity who is willing (nay, may well!) to forego for his entire plan of action at the merest plea of a solitary prayerful sheep, and with a total disregard for the claims of the flock. The Will and the Aim do not belong to man, but are, in reality, Nature's means of acquainting him with his part in her purposes, whom he himself and no other knows. Always an impulse that we cannot comprehend lies at the base of our choice; and it is because, in the case of a generous act, we are flattered to perceive what we call the moral of it that we attribute the deed to our own volition. In the same way, when we act selfishly, we are frequently conscious of shame because we cannot see that Nature's purpose controls our every choice, working out through our very egotism the design whereof we are no more than the minutest portion."

In the ordinary issues of life, this view-point was, perhaps, consoling; but no sooner had he arrived thereat than he acquired also a broader outlook, an intenser vision, bringing an urgent need for that fine sense of perspective without which there can be no true consciousness of life. His perceptions now leapt suddenly beyond their former limits, wide as those had seemed, and he became conscious, for the first time, of the true inwariness of rhythm. An unworldly sensuous unrest, evincing itself in this period, warned him that an ultimate harmony could not be sought through his purely mental qualities, but by reason of some emotional crisis, just now impending. He could not think that any great need would long remain unsatisfied (except it were a peculiar kind of need which he was able to recognise, whose purpose, he imagined, was merely to disquiet), and it was therefore, with some vague foreknowledge that he fell in love. Though the consciousness of a new force in things came to him with an almost overwhelming abruptness, he was still able to meet it as the looked-for sensuous event that was destined to make so vast a breach in the horizon of his mental view; through which would show, dimly, that dis­agreeable, the threshold of the infinite itself. There was something quite splendid in his calm acceptance of an impulse he could not even understand, which he saw would destroy, or for a long time disorder, the oneness—so to say, the intimacy—of a philosophy conceived amid much strife and pain. And this was not because he hoped for even a partial compensation in what had come to him; but arose, rather, from his firm conviction that to expect of life for his self's sake the smallest happiness was not only to expect too much, but was an idea far too poor, in any case. There seemed to him an innate nobility in being chosen by Nature as the means wherewith to express her highest aspirations, and that he had been thus selected it did not occur to him to doubt.

SELWYN WESTON.

(The to be continued.)

V.—NEW MAIDS FOR OLD: FREE WOMEN IN MARRIAGE AND OUT.


I.—THE RIGHT TO LIVE, IN THE NEW ORDER.

It is felt by many enactors of the "New Order" that its principles and modes of action are every day more and more rapidly gaining ground and taking clearness of shape: in fact, that the idea of the New Order clears her way, and sets her sex, whenever possible, in all the activities and interests of life. She would do so, that is, if she could, but under present conditions many obstacles meet her in the way, and it is the province of this Tract to point out how the fundamental structure of the "New Order" clears her way, and sets her willing feet on unencumbered paths of progress and achievement.

The right to live, expressed in terms of land areas, is the keystone of the new social order outlined in this Tract, and it is the province of this Tract to point out how the fundamental structure of the "New Order" clears her way, and sets her willing feet on unencumbered paths of progress and achievement.

The interpretation here put upon the right to
live is the freedom to attain the maximum of mental and physical efficiency without luxury. By dealing directly with the rock-bottom facts, so many acres (of a given productivity), so many men, the population question is brought within reach of human solution—or, stated in terms whereby a solution becomes thinkable. Without such solution, freedom for either or both sexes is clearly unattainable, save the freedom of dogs fighting for bones. This vexed question which torments the public mind has not yet in fact come up for practical solution, since there are, even in civilised countries, many more acres than men to consume them, and the real pressure is not against land in the old order, but against the enforced monopolies which control and scarcity it. The recognition of this fact is essential to the understanding of the "New Order," by which solution freedom becomes for the first time possible alike for all histories, and men. This freedom is interpreted, and rightly so, by the New Maid to mean that there is no forced contact, where organisation is not possible or desired, with others of either sex; or, conversely, freedom to co-organise work with each or any on freely chosen terms is secured.

To carry on this freedom, when attained, the forms of organisation which the co-organisers changing their groupings at will, such groupings only becoming permanent, so far as the persons engaged in the particular task are concerned, after long experience, to prove that the harmonious exercise of the new sense, or art of free organisation, is assured in their mutual relations. Where this state is attained, the group has become a larger family by a process of mental, not consanguinary, linking.

In the light of the principle enunciated in the wilderness, that "man doth not live by bread alone," some critics of the "New Order" have suggested that its method of attaining freedom is based upon a materialistic conception of life, and this objection must now be squarely faced, since the New Maid, like the old, takes a keen and earnest, if critical, interest in religious questions. Such critics seem to overlook the significance of the word "alone" in Christ's statement of the principle. Taking this state of affairs in its simplest way, one might stand as a summary of the "New Order," the very purpose of which is to feed both the inner man and the outer, leaving neither out of the reckoning. The specious entanglements of the money system, wherein the Churches are no less deeply emmeshed than the modern States, are, in fact, responsible, on the other hand, for the confused materialism by which spiritual leaders are actually enjoying the good things of life, which they have not produced, at the price of starvation and misery, staring them in the face, of those producers for whose spiritual needs they seek to cater. From the analysis of the "New Order," the current paradox becomes intelligible that the cry of materialism is always raised against it precisely by persons whose means of subsistence are uniformly secured under the old! They are also apt to forget that a true spiritual edifice cannot be reared upon a basis of slow starvation, or a constant wolf-like struggle to grapple with the gigantic evils wherewith the trade and barter of sex in the economic era have encompassed her reluctant soul. On this line she is bound to go fast, and to go far, for herein she is the natural agent of the too long dormant selective instincts of the race, making for a purer magnetic atmosphere between the sexes everywhere no less than for, and, indeed, ministering to, the creation of better and finer human beings. In this connection it is surely clear that the civic institutions must follow her free footsteps along the upward-climbing path, and set themselves to the shape which her ripening experience progressively dictates.

III.—MARRIAGE IN THE NEW ORDER.

The further human life gets away from the laws of nature and the dictates of vital development in pursuit of artificial ends, like gold and gewgaws, the more inevitably man piles law upon law, coercing the economically helpless under the heel of
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the paramount classes, the curse of dominance, bringing its own nemesis. The protection of private property in luxuries and superfluities, and its perpetuation from generation to generation, induces a plague of legal locusts which devours the social field, from which pest the expanding energies of the New Maids in the next forthcoming period will rapidly rid us. The converse is no less true, and the painless extinction of the middleman, described in the New Worker (Tract IV.), will be accompanied as the "New Order" develops by this no less wholesome shrinkage of the area occupied by law courts, and all the paraphernalia of justice, so called, and legal practice generally—by education, by social science, the New Maids and men discovering a better way. Most emphatically is this true with regard to the institution of marriage.

The measure of its present divorce from nature is the amount of occupation this institution now affords to judges, barristers, solicitors, clerks, enquiry agents, etc., but the chief immediate problem for the New Maid herself to tackle, in the painful light of past race errors, is that of her own attitude towards existing marriage laws of various countries in which she dwells, the fetters having tightened around her with the tightening grip of money, up to the point where the woman's revolt broke out which the last half-century has witnessed.

Here the New Maid is liable to variations due to type and temperament or educational influence. She may tend to attach importance to retaining the sanction of the Church or State, or both, for the act of marriage, from historical sentiment, or by way of precaution lest her precious principle of freedom be misinterpreted or misapplied. It is not against marriage that her soul rebels, but against the compulsory continuance of marriage-forms between individuals after the soul has departed from them. The legal tie, as such, may not hurt her, provided the soul is there, or where no special circumstances exist to bar its completion. The more clearly she sees the defects and weaknesses of the marriage order, from her own personal experience, the more readily she will develop the initiative necessary in order to lead the law, instead of being passively moulded by its awkward fingers. What she will not do is to be misled into conformity in any country with any marriage law which infringes upon her self-respect as a free woman, either for the purpose of avoiding unpleasant social ostracism, or upon the specious plea so strangely and mysteriously potent in some reform circles that even if the tie be harmless to her, it may have some unexplained advantage to "others," or to the children. This unexplained advantage, when closely and critically examined, almost always turns out to have reference to those social, political, or financial makeweights which her position of development in the "New Order" prompts her at all costs to forswear.

There is room for deep and sympathetic tolerance of each other's difficulties and idiosyncrasies among the New Maids and the free folk generally in relation to these delicate and difficult problems of life and conduct. While freedom of utterance and debate is theirs, to be had for the taking, the spiritual instinct, penetrating deeper than the conventions of a bygone school of convention, will preserve for the New Maid, where needed, the sanctuary of reticence, and potently impel her to avow the proper high spirit of impartial discussion of principle into the murky abysses of personal scandal which lurk concealed below. It should be here mentioned that the religious tie, as it preceded, is likely also to outlive the civil tie, and even, perhaps, for some temperaments, to survive with a changed ritual in the "New Order." It has been indicated in the previous chapter that the New Maid has to reckon with a certain freedom of experiment in conformity with the dictates of her own development in the region of sex generally, but there are two important, even fundamental, lines remaining to be drawn here for the good of the race. In the first place, discriminating, as she will, between her desire, if she has it, for motherhood, and the simple passion for completing herself by union of her ideal mate, harmonious to her on all the planes, her growing sense of social responsibility leads her to require a solemn understanding in advance that, should offspring result from the union, both partners to the deed will formally declare and register their act of parentage. The new code of honour arising out of woman's awakened social sense imperatively demands that this issue be faced by two intending partners in the parental or pairing act, whether a lasting union is contemplated between them or not. Except in so far as resemblance gives the key, nature does not connect the child with the father, but with the mother. The trial period, the probable intercourse between men and women (not to mention the needs of the child), which is essential to the maintenance of the New Order, must be kept clear of those disruptive elements of lurking doubt, jealousy, and suspicion invariably let loose by the appearance of a child whose paternal origin has not been put on record at all, on the unsupported testimony of the mother.

These are the new ethics of consent, in the light of which alone the freeing of the marriage state, from heavy chains hung around it by men-made laws and the legal evolution of property-rights, can be safely proceeded with by the free and honourable mates acting in free concert along the lines of the New Parliament (see Tract I.), and with the moral support of that body as it develops.

The second point, of no less fundamental import, which the New Maid has to reckon with, before she decides to quit her maiden state, brings the burden of responsibility more rapidly upon the man who mates with her. In order that she and he may know, beyond all possibility of doubt, who is the child's real father, he must be able to rely absolutely and implicitly upon her fidelity to him, at least, for the period scientifically necessary to establish the physiological fact. It is evident that these two honourable obligations are highly interdependent and complementary, since he cannot be honourably bound to declare himself a parent unless he is assured of her abstention from any act which may bring it into doubt. This unwritten code of sex understandings alone can preserve the sweetness of the free intercourse and co-organisation between men and women characteristic of the "New Order." Moreover, this mutual bond of honour constitutes and conserves the sanctity of the marriage union in the free state.

IV.—OTHER RELATIONSHIPS AND ACTIVITIES.

In arranging her other fields of activity, the free woman or New Maid has to discriminate between those spontaneous acts which are inspired by the very spirit of the "New Order" flowing through her, and those more temporary policies and expedients which she may from time to time adopt as part of the process of casting off the yoke of the old order, safeguarding herself from its interference with her freedom of action or development. This does not permit of justice being done here to either side of the problem, but it may be mentioned that the New Parliament should be her strong and
growing ally in respect of both, if it grows rapidly enough, and fears the commission of possible blunders less than the harm of inaction, or inconclusiveness at moments of crisis; and also that the new money, to the degree in which she uses it, will automatically increase her self-reliant quality, which consequently will find vent in acts that are truly free—in the spirit of the motto, "Take your freedom; do not wait till it is offered."

Amongst the possible expedients which lie to her hand in resisting the tyranny of the old order is the practice she shares (without its sectional aspect), consciously or unconsciously, with the Syndicalist wing of the workers' movement. When circumstances compel or induce her to work for masses, or for the State, on ordinary economic terms,* she will cultivate the habit of definitely withholding her working power at any moment, should conditions arise, or terms be imposed, repugnant to her health interest, injurious to her self-respect, or detrimental to fellow-workers struggling for freedom in that or some other industry.

This line of action amounts to a notice to the old régime of mastery that the end draws near, and it covers what is known as the sympathetic strike, as well as many other forms of passive abstention from work. The throwing in of the conscious force of the woman's movement, as such, to the breach already made in the walls of the fortress of dominance by the Syndicalist women, and their men comrades, more or less loyally backed by the trades union world, is destined vastly to expedite its downfall.

The New Maids' performances in the political arena are likely to be marked by the same variety of experimentation, through differences of type or emphasis, which the older sister is heir (see the correspondence columns in THE FRIWOMAN for the fuller development of the new and higher relationships). The attempt to express them in words, before the test of action has been fully applied, may often fail, because not related to any known experience of the listener. Therefore, the New Maid learns to have the courage of her silence, no less than of her speech, and herein the poets add, "Music is the silence of heaven: what, then, are its words?"

W. A. MACDONALD.
HELEN M. MACDONALD.

* For the psychological analysis which guides her choice in such a matter, see "The New Order" (Questell Press, 1911, p. 23).

"Woman Adrift."

"WOMAN ADrift" has been welcomed almost unanimously by the Press as the first really solid contribution to the Anti-Suffrage cause. Pamphlets and books by the score have been written to prove that woman ought to have the vote, but apparently no one has hitherto troubled to write a book. While devoting considerable space at the beginning of his book to women's mental and physical disabilities and the handicap these are bound to prove, in the later chapters he actually declares that, once women obtain the vote, nothing can stop the whole female race from achieving economic independence! "Once all women were economically dependent on themselves," says he. But they never could and never would. Who that knows human nature does not realise that always and for all time the great mass of women will never work while they can get men to work for them. Economic independence will have
no more charm for them than it has for many men. To-day, when public opinion is supposed to look askance at it, many men marry for money, and more would do so if they had the opportunity. A very few, probably the very best, are both sexes loath to work, and will gladly sell whatever available asset they possess to escape it. For a life of ease and an assured income man barter's his ideals and his principles, sometimes even his person; woman barter her only asset—sex.

Mr. Owen fears that in that sad day the sexes will "soon be curiously out of sorts with each other." We have no such fears. Sexual attraction will last while the world lasts, and always many women will secure the good things of life, if not wholly, at least in part, through that power.

"Once they were bringing no children into the world but those they themselves wished to support," says Mr. Owen again. Again we remind him that the majority of women will want children, will have them, and will see to it that men support them and their children. Mr. Owen has taken the counsel of perfection of a few brave spirits and applied it indiscriminately to all the average "cat, bird, and cow" types of women that Nietzsche anathematises. He imagines the woman of tomorrow sacrificing the natural inclination of the normal female (to bear a child to the man of her choice), and practising a stern self-denial for what she deems the ultimate good of her sex. He endows this super-woman with a singleness of purpose, a capacity for unceasing effort and a largeness of vision that men have not yet attained. We doubt if she will ever achieve one-tenth of what the author in his later chapters predicts as the certain outcome of "Votes for Women"; but if she ever did achieve it, then indeed would the woman of the species have proved herself more deadly and ten times more efficient than the male.

We have no such illusions; we know our sex limitations. We know that sex attraction will always prevent any such sharp cleavage between all women and all men, as is predicted. Women will never stand together to achieve that supremacy over the male that the eight million female electors is supposed to accomplish in Mr. Owen's nightmare.

And, oh, the terror in the male mind when it pictures "the women outnumbering the men in the electorate!" Women, like the poor little illegitimate in "Jude the Obscure," who killed his brothers "because we was too many," are continually charged with the fact of their numerical majority as with a crime. Only a few weeks ago Sir Almroth Wright's hysterical wail in the Times succeeded in turning scores of votes against the Conciliation Bill. The statisticians tell us that though more boys are born than girls, the poverty-stricken conditions under which most children come into the world prevent the boys from growing to maturity. Then why not improve the conditions by limiting the family to two instead of eight or ten, and so give each boy child a better chance to survive? Then, too, if by Neo-Malthusianism we limit the numbers in our tight little island, would there not be room to keep our sons here rather than send them to the colonies? Just as we are cheered at this hopeful prospect of lessening our dread majority, another bogey is trotted out. What about German invasion? says Mr. Owen—Germany, with its home-keeping, child-bearing, hausfrau complacently providing food for powder at a rate you Feminists would do well to emulate!

And lest we still remain unchastened, there is the Yellow Peril Bogey. My dear ladies, says Mr. Owen, your courage is praiseworthy, you are cer-
THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE

(A With acknowledgments to many people)

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS

COLONEL DIANA BELLASIS...
COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE WOMAN'S HOME GUARDS.

Sergeant Dorothy Wingham
Trooper Muriel Moreton
Trooper Gladys Newleigh
Trooper Violet Wrexford
Trooper Evelyn Omely...
...Engaged to James Belton

Alfred Jones...
...Reporters to the "Morning Mirage."

Smith...
Brown...

Scoutmaster James Belton
Boy Scouts

Time: The Present.

The action takes place in the late afternoon, evening and night in the camp of the Woman's Home Guards.

An open space in a wood. There are two tents—a small one on the left for the Colonel and a larger one on the right for the Sergeant and Troopers. All the usual necessities for camp life are seen. The Sergeant is polishing a horse's bit. Jones approaches.

Jones (jocularly): Good afternoon, Sergeant. Any chance of seeing the commanding officer?

Sergeant (stiffly): That depends on your business. She doesn't encourage idle men to loiter about the place, just from gaping curiosity, or waste her time listening to their foolish or impertinent conversation.

Jones (crestfallen): I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I meant no offence.

Sergeant: Well, who are you, and what do you want?

Jones (hands her a card): This will explain.

Sergeant (reads): Mr. Alfred Jones, the "Morning Mirage." That's the paper that makes a speciality of telling lies, isn't it?

Jones (deprecatingly): Well, not lies exactly, just terminological inexactitudes, that's all. Our trained staff of experts are most careful to keep on the right side of the law.

Sergeant (sarcastically): They're not always successful. Your paper had to pay heavy damages the other day for libel.

Jones: Yes, but accidents will happen sometimes, you know, even in the best regulated papers. (Confidentially.) Besides, we didn't lose. While the case was on, the paper sold like wild-fire, and we made the damages and a handsome profit into a business.

Sergeant: So I suppose you want to libel us, or poke cheap wit at our patriotic and public-spirited undertaking?

Jones (earnestly): Certainly not, I assure you. Sergeant. The "Morning Mirage" will treat it as a matter of the gravest national importance. This week's editor is a most serious-minded man. Perhaps you didn't know we change editors every week to keep in touch with public opinion, which is proverbially fluctuating and fickle.

Sergeant: What sort of information do you want?

CULTURE HYGIENIC.

THE NEW INFILTRATION LIGHT MASSAGE

A marvellous treatment for beautifying the face, removing freckles, sunburn, and all blemishes from the skin.

THE LIGHT INFILTRATION MASSAGE

Completely cures neuritis, rheumatism, and all nervous disorders. Special trial treatment, 7a. 6d.

Mme. N. Gibaud, 2a, Harrow Place, Hanover Square, London, W. Hours, 10 to 7. Tel., Gerr. 708. Sundays by appointment.

Jones: Oh, anything you like to tell me. The paper has to be filled up somehow in the "silly season." (Hastily.) That's merely a journalistic phrase used by newspaper men when Parliament isn't sitting. As a matter of fact, of course it's only when that futile talking-shop is closed that anything really sensible and interesting can get into the papers.

Sergeant (mollified): Well, fire away, and I'll answer your innumerable questions.

Jones (insanitatively): Perhaps you would give me a little information about your private life. Our readers are always interested in personal details of prominent people. (Takes out note-book.)

Jones: I'm twenty-seven years, six months, three and a half weeks old.

Jones (admiringly): You're the first lady I've met who didn't mind giving her exact age.

Sergeant: Why should I mind? There's nothing to be ashamed of.

Jones: Of course there isn't, Sergeant. But still, most ladies seem rather shy about it. May I ask if you are—or—married or unmarried?

Sergeant (with dignity): Unmarried, of course. Until men are willing to bear arms in defence of their country, instead of leaving us that duty to perform, we will not bear sons and daughters destined to be slaughtered by a ruthless foe.

Jones (rather embarrassed): Quite so; a very right and proper sentiment. Then I take it that when the men of the country come to their senses and do their plain duty, you will leave the camp and return to the home.

Sergeant: Certainly not; I will stand or fall in the fighting line by my husband's side.

Jones (hesitatingly): And will your children accompany you to the battle-field?

Sergeant (with fire): Of course. Wife, husband, and children will defend their homes and honour and do their plain duty, you will leave the camp and return to the home.

Sergeant: Besides that, I know French and German, conversationally.

Jones: A knowledge of languages is always useful in war time.

Sergeant: And I hold certificates for political economy and sick-nursing.

Jones (gallantly): Quite an admirable Crichton.

Sergeant: Once my father was ill. The doctor said he must stay in bed at least a week. I under­took to nurse him, and he was up and about in two days.

Jones: There's nothing like good nursing to get a fellow well quickly.

(The Colonel comes in. The Sergeant salutes.)

Sergeant: A reporter of the "Morning Mirage" would be grateful if you would allow him to interview you, madam.

Colonel: Very well. (Jones approaches.) I haven't much time to spare.

Jones: I won't detain you long, madam. May I ask what led to the formation of the Woman's Corps of Home Guards?

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Colonel: Very well. (Jones approaches.) I haven't much time to spare.

Jones: I won't detain you long, madam. May I ask what led to the formation of the Woman's Corps of Home Guards?
Colonel (oratorically): The men of the country are too slothful and too self-indulgent to submit to the training which would fit them to defend these shores from invasion and disaster, sudden, sure, and final. They are too greedy to pay others to take their places. Women have therefore come forward as defenders of the great motherland. Their whole-souled courage and devotion will, may, must, put to shame the despicable pusillanimity of the men.

Jones (uncomfortably): That's quite true, madam. But—(hesitatingly)—I used to belong to an air-club rifle, so that I'm not so bad as some.

Colonel (scornfully): Fiddling whilst Rome is burning. We take our soldiering seriously, like that great saviour of her country, Joan of Arc.

Jones: Yes, I remember her in the Suffrage procession. She looked very well, I thought.

Colonel (witheringly): Do men never think of anything but looks?

Jones (hastily): Of course, other things matter more now—my wife—

Colonel (interrupting): Can you defend your wife and home in case of necessity?

Jones: Of course. I can put up a good show with my gloves.

Colonel: I'm not referring to such primitive methods of defence as boxing and such like, which are of no use in these days of scientific warfare. At any moment the country may be invaded, as I know on unimpeachable authority. Can you fire a gun, and have you undergone any sort of military training?

Jones: Well, no; I can't say I have.

Colonel: How do you spend your leisure time?

Jones: I do a bit of gardening, or I take my wife to the theatre, or play with the baby. (Enthusiastically) He's such a jolly little chap.

Colonel (dramatically): But for our woman's army the chances are you would have no garden to garden in, or wife and baby to play with.

Jones (rather alarmed): Things aren't as bad as that, are they?

Colonel (emphatically): If the enemy was not aware that we were keeping vigilant watch on this coast, England might even now be devastated under the iron heel of an invading force.

Jones: Well, I'm sure we're all very grateful to you, madam. I suppose you keep strict discipline?

Colonel: Yes, our troopers are allowed none of the relaxations which make a Territorial camp a pleasant and cheap holiday resort. They may not drink, nor even smoke.

Jones: (warmly): Very glad to hear it, madam. Most unwomanly.

Colonel (severely): Unwomanly has nothing to do with it. Smoking and drinking are prohibited because they are grossly self-indulgent vices.

Jones (protestingly): Not quite so bad as that, madam. I assure you—

Colonel (interrupting): I can give you no more time. But before leaving, you may, if you wish, take a look round the camp in order to convince yourself that the training is as severe and thorough as that given to regular troops, although we are unpaid.

Jones: Thank you, madam. Before I go, perhaps you would give a special message to the readers of the "Morning Mirage."

Colonel (dramatically): Tell the men of England they may now sleep quiet in their beds.

Jones: I'm sure we're very much obliged. (Aside) That'll make a good headline. (Goes.)

(Sergeant Wingham with Troopers Newleigh and Moreton bring in Trooper Evelyn Ormely, under arrest.)

Sergeant (saluting): Trooper Ormely was discovered trying to break camp. We were passing just as she was getting into her motor, and arrested her.

Colonel (sternly): This is the second time you have tried to escape from camp. What explanation have you to offer?

Evelyn: I hate it, and I want to go home. (Pleadingly.) Do let me go.

Colonel: You find the discipline and hard life very irksome, I suppose. All the more reason for you to be kept here, whether you like or not. Such weak-spirited, comfort-loving creatures as you are a disgrace to womanhood, and need stern treatment.

Evelyn (desperately): Well, I have stood it for a whole fortnight, and this is only the second time I've tried to get away. I shall never make a soldier. Do let me go.

Colonel: Certainly not. What did you join for? You knew we were in earnest about it.

Evelyn (after hesitation): I—I—thought it would be such fun wearing uniform and going into camp.

Colonel (scornfully): We are not playing at soldiers, you might have known that.

Evelyn: Yes, engaged to be married to, you know. Colonel: Who's Jim?

Evelyn (in confusion): The man I'm engaged to.

Colonel: You find the discipline and hard life very irksome, I suppose. All the more reason for you to be kept here, whether you like or not. Such weak-spirited, comfort-loving creatures as you are a disgrace to womanhood, and need stern treatment.

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(Sergeant Wingham with Troopers Newleigh and Moreton bring in Trooper Evelyn Ormely, under arrest.)
nationality. The rule is only binding if a matrimonial alliance is projected with a British subject.

Colonel: Is your future husband a Frenchman?

Evelyn (indignantly): Of course he isn't. He's frightfully English.

Colonel (severely): Sergeant, I am awaiting your explanation.

Sergeant (desperately): The fact of the matter is I wanted to make up the corps to its full numerical strength. It was one short. I knew Trooper Ormely could ride and shoot, so I got her to enlist, and said nothing about the vow, because I knew she wouldn't have taken it. I hope you'll forgive me, madam. I'm sorry I overstepped my duty.

Colonel: You erred in zeal, so I will say no more about it. But don't do it again. We want no renegade recruits. As to you (turning to Evelyn), you will do sentry duty every night for a week.

Evelyn (beseechingly): Anything but that, Colonel. I'm terrified of the dark. And it's so cold and lonely.

Colonel: That is the precise reason for my choosing the punishment. It will perhaps teach you to take your soldiering seriously.

Evelyn: Won't you give me just one more chance? I'll never try and run away again; really I won't.

Colonel: I never change my mind or alter my decisions. Firmness is an officer's first qualification. You will do sentry duty at night. Sergeant, you are dismissed.

(With a last imploring glance, Evelyn is led away; sergeant and troopers outside their tent preparing and eating a meal.)

Sergeant: Haven't you nearly finished making the tea?

Moreton: The beastly wood won't burn. It's damp, I suppose.

Newleigh (taking some soup): Ough! I've never tasted such wishy-washy stuff in my life. How's anyone to keep fit on stuff like this?

Wesford: It's ox-tail anyhow; you can see for yourself on the tin.

Evelyn: The tail was left out, I expect.

Sergeant (irritably): You are a prize lot of grumblers. You can't expect a fifteen-course dinner cooked by a first-class chef in camp.

Newleigh: Well, cook says she got a prize for cooking at school.

Cook (indignantly): I didn't. It was for dressmaking.

Moreton: All right, old girl. Keep your hair on. You do your best, no doubt, rotten though it is.

Newleigh: Hurry up with the tea. I want to have a bath. When camp's struck I'm going to have a shot at swimming the Channel. If a man can do it, a woman can.

Evelyn (doubtfully): Can she?

Chorus: Of course. Why, we marched twenty miles the other day.

Evelyn (vindicatively): We did. Catch me doing it again! I was tired. The Colonel can shoot me if she likes, but three miles is my limit in future.

Newleigh: You are a most fearful rotter. You haven't got the spunk of a mouse. Whatever made you think you'd do for a Tommy?

Evelyn: I'm sure I don't know. I thought it would be fun, but it certainly isn't.

Moreton: Ah! The water's boiling at last.

Sergeant: Then make the tea, and be quick about it.

Moreton (trying to cut a slice of meat): Mutton à la boot.

Cook: You take on the cooking. I'm sick of your wretched jokes.

Sergeant: Quarrelling again! I never came across such a set before. Take your food, and be thankful you've got any. The day may come when cold lead is all you'll have inside you.

Moreton: Can't be more indigestible than this stuff.

Newleigh (angrily coming out of the tent): Who was the brute who upset the jug all over my mattress?

Cook (after a pause): Now I come to think of it, I believe my foot did knock against something when I went in to get some matches.

Newleigh: You'll jolly well let me have your mattress to-night, and you can sleep on mine.

Sergeant: Another row!

Newleigh: Well, how would you like to sleep on a mattress that's had a jug of water emptied over it? Why, I might get appendicitis or some other mortal disease.

Cook: All right. You sha'n't risk your precious life. I'll sleep on your mattress, and if I get double pneumonia, I'll be your fault.

Sergeant: Now, clear away and wash up. (Sergeant and troopers clear away meal and tidy up for the night. Colonel comes on.)

HELEN HAMILTON.

(To be continued.)

Education from the Universal Standpoint.

VI.—THE EDUCATION OF THE ADULT.

I may seem, perhaps, to some that we have treated the question of health with too great seriousness or at unnecessary length. But the simple rules which we gave are based upon eternal laws, and would be practised by all of us, if we all had intuition or common sense and an appreciation of the necessity for health. Moreover, we do believe that children, if allowed to follow those simple rules, that is, if they were given from birth pure air, life in the country, few clothes, freedom to develop their individuality, fresh fruits, nuts, vegetables (uncooked, as children prefer them, if they are given the choice when weaned), cold water to drink, cold water to sponge themselves with, oil to rub on their bodies sometimes, and the opportunity for change of scene at least twice a year—we do believe that that is enough to insure children having health, even if their parents are not perfectly healthy. Such a life seems hard to most civilised people, but they must remember that it comes quite easily and naturally to children, even if they are born in the heart of a town. And we believe that it is essential for parents to be strong, too, for if they are not, they will find children a trial and a burden to them, and will have to keep a nurse, which no mother ought to do, and will not be able to appreciate or endure the countless expressions of vitality in a healthy child, will want to suppress the shouts and romps, which help so much to develop our little people. We know, moreover, that these simple rules give joy in the doing of them, not boredom, and joy from the increased health that arrives with the practice of them; but we know, too, that many adults have too great a store of disease to enable them to get health except by special means for healing themselves. There
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are, of course, simple ways of healing every disease, which men and women, as they become more natural, will discover for themselves; but we must reserve them for a separate work on the subject of health, and proceed with the question of education. Nevertheless, it is perhaps necessary to state here another reason for health. Self-reliance is our keynote in education, and it is quite impossible to gain it if we have not health. Without it we have so many material needs in the way of food and clothes and comforts in the house, and without it we have not the strength to do all our daily work for ourselves. We must, perforce, buy the work of others. It would involve long discussion, if we were to enter into the question of the division of labour, but we must say that we consider specialisation to be dangerous, for it must necessarily have a narrowing influence. We have as our ideal the human being, self-sufficient, containing both male and female elements, able to satisfy all its daily needs without the help of others, and without the product of their labour, and able to commune with all in the spirit—able, in short, to do everything for itself and be everything for itself, if necessary. To attain to this we ourselves must have no more material needs than the birds and the flowers have, and as we simplify these needs we shall have time to develop our spiritual power to heights of which we can barely dream.

We admit that our ideal may be still far off. It may be that it is only seen by few at present, but we believe that this planet is most certainly advancing to that ideal, unconsciously perhaps, but surely. And educational systems that are all moving towards that can be valued according to the extent to which they keep that ideal in view. But it cannot be realised by anyone till this earth as a whole has got a far greater measure of health for itself, for we are all linked to one another by invisible bonds; nor can it be reached till disease is visible bonds; nor can it be reached till disease is cured. There are many who try hard to develop their spiritual side and ignore the body, but we can never spiritualise ourselves to the full by so doing. We must bring our bodies up into tune, and then they will not be burdens, but beautiful temples. We must get a general and natural balance between spirit, mind, and body. There never has been a really great man or woman with any physical defect, for the simple reason that all who are great not only know the value of health, but know how to get it and keep it, both for themselves and for others. Every great teacher has had it, and every great teacher to come will have it too. In fact, no one could carry out the teachings of Lao-Tze, of Gautama, of Jesus, of Mohammed, or of any other master without health, for the simple lives which they all led and preached is impossible for an invalid. Moreover, that is why Jesus and others healed the sick.

We stated above our belief in self-reliance and our belief in freedom. Perhaps we ought to say here that we can only get freedom by becoming self-reliant, by reducing our material needs more and more, so that we are less and less dependent upon others. If we take freedom for ourselves without being self-reliant, we can only do so by persuading others to do the work which we are not able or do not like to do. In the first place, this is unsatisfactory, for we can never get others to do for us or make for us exactly what we want. In the second place, it is unfair to others to buy them to do, say, those menial offices, which we may dislike. Moreover, anyone can see that civilised people cannot all at once become self-reliant, but that is our ideal, and that is, we think, the general trend of things, and each finds that, as he simplifies his life and his needs and his outlook, the ideal comes nearer and grows obviously practicable.

One thing is certain. Legislation can never give us freedom. If it tried, we should abuse our privileges, for we should not have learned how to use them. We must each get freedom gradually for ourselves, and we can each get it, if we keep our ideal before us continually and are honest with ourselves—in small things as in large. Moreover, if we avoid specialisation, abandoning the idea of making a fortune, and do for ourselves the simple offices of the daily round, we shall get variety, and variety is valuable for any development as well as for a general enjoyment of life. Of course, those who are tied to some monotonous occupation naturally seek in spare moments for some vivid recreation, but if we are more simple, if we find our place in the world and on the earth, there is no question of work and play. It is all enjoyment. And till people work their way out of special occupations, for which there is at present a living wage or a fortune, and work their way back to the essential things of life, they cannot possibly get the great peace or their true heritage, which should be the dowry of us all. I know that this is difficult for all town-dwellers. I know that it is impossible for many, but I believe that most might get their children back to the earth, and I believe that all feel in the very depths of themselves that that is where we ought to be.

In the foregoing I have outlined shortly—all too shortly, perhaps—what we called the education of the adult. It resolves itself, then, into a matter of self-development, of self-education, and surely we all realise that it has not helped us much what we have been taught, but that it has helped us much what we have learned by our own observation and practical experience. And bearing that in mind, it seems to us to be the duty of all parents to do their best to put their children on the earth and let them educate themselves as much as possible. They will then grow as naturally as the birds and flowers grow, and will assimilate unconsciously the eternal laws of the universe rather than the conventions of society and habits of human society. Every great man and woman has testified to the value of the influence of the countryside, and there is still more of value, if we only knew it, waiting for us to discover it and give testimony of it.

PHILIP OYLER.
THE FREEWOMAN
May 30, 1912

Correspondence.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—While quite willing to publish letters under assumed names, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the editor.—ED.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

To the Editor

THE FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,—I was somewhat surprised to read in last week’s FREEWOMAN that the subscription to the discussion circle is fixed at 5s. per annum. The tone of the editorials and contributions have always been refreshing, and I am not overburdened with this world’s goods (and in these days there are a hundred and one things for the “live” individual to subscribe to and support), and this 5s. qualification seems to make Freemasons appear snobs, a thing hardly believable to a constant reader of the journal. Yes! I am a voluntary subscriber, whereby the sincere bourgeois would not be prevented from subscribing their five or ten guineas, and the proletariate their shillings.—Yours for freedom.

O. Ricks.

[We deal with the point raised in this week’s Topics.—ED.]

AN ESTIMATION OF WEININGER.

MADAM,—I am at a loss to understand your object in giving scope in your pages to the monstrous theories—misnamed “philosophy”—of Weininger regarding women. It is a shame that such revolting and degrading views should ever find space anywhere in print, but that they should be quoted, and without condemnation, in an avowedly feminist journal, seems incredible. Such emanations from an unspiritualised intelligence would appear to merit oblivion, rather than prominence. The most rabid of anti-feminist reviews could do no worse than to suffer a public (especially the woman part of that public) to such a murky stream, when souls of true women are parched with thirst for the pure water of life, from which to drink freely, and draw experience.

That such a man should preside over an important inquiry (Our correspondent will find our point of view regarding Weininger’s work in a forthcoming article.—ED.)

Mr. C. H. Norman says, “Adultery is a theological and social-created offence.” Darwin tells us that it originated in the jealousy of man—a much more likely hypothesis, and it really be better for womanism if it were made easy to dissolve marriage—if husbands or fifty or so could cast off their middle-aged wives and take young ones instead? It seems to me the state of that public is one presided over by Senator Smith to one presided over by Lord Mersey! That only shows that he prefers an extremely ignorant man to an intelligent one, not an uncommon preference with democrats. The one thing made clear by Senator Smith was his own complete ignorance of ship and sea, and of a good many other things. That such a man should preside over an important inquiry is, I suppose, characteristic of the greatest democracy in the world. The one thing really wanted, and not supplied in our court of inquiry, is an Atlantic captain of long experience.

Mr. C. H. Norman says, “Adultery is a theological and social-created offence.” Darwin tells us that it originated in the jealousy of man—a much more likely hypothesis, and it really be better for womanism if it were made easy to dissolve marriage—if husbands of fifty or so could cast off their middle-aged wives and take young ones instead? It seems to me the state of things would be worse than the present, especially for women, but bad for all—husbands, wives and children. If there is to be no permanence in human relationships there can be no real love, and if there is no love life becomes a curse instead of a blessing. Mr. Norman asks, “Why is poverty always prevalent in human society?” and his answer is, “Because no country has been governed by a privilege which lived on the sweat of the Friegeans had no privileged class when white men first discovered them, and their state was one of the most wretched poverty conceivable, a poverty unimagined in civilised countries, the main cause of it, according to Darwin, being their communism. It is quite true that poverty is, as Mr. Norman says, the source of many ills; but it would probably be just as true to say that drunkenness is the cause of poverty as that poverty is the cause of drunkenness. When sailors get drunk after a long voyage, and stay on shore for a long spell of time, drunkenness, it isn’t because they are poor in either case. Then again, Mr. Norman tells us that “in primitive communities there is no such thing as a criminal type. Very true, because from the point of view there are all criminals together—the Friegeans, for instance, in times of scarcity, used to kill off their old women before they killed their dogs. Would we not call that crime? Even the Esqui-
being happy and prosperous, and divided his life between the West End and Italy. He lived in his own Palace of Pleasure, and we have reason, in many respects, to be thankful for it, but we will not let him be our guide for the future.

As to the question of values, we can surely, when it comes to “real value,” compare even drainage and horticulture. It is surely more important that a town should be well-drained than that it should have its houses and gardens full of flowers. A sanitary engineer is of more importance than a horticulturist, or even than a poet—for he is the one who can produce unhealable diseases, and that is worse than no poetry at all. Baudelaire, for instance, makes one think of the badly drained Paris of his time—one cannot get away from the “stink” that is in his poetry. Foster’s loving relationship with Whitman is charming, and it is like the fresh, salt sea compared with a cesspool.

Are we not a little inclined to overvalue the poet. If we are, let us keep our memorials to a minimum, for Mr. Beecher Stowe, we know that money for the first would be much more easily obtained. And yet whose life-work is of more importance to humanity? Which of the two could produce one’s best work, to maintain a belief in one’s country? Both, we may know—that man hates the type of woman that he creates, and that slavery does far more harm to the master than to the slave.

In conclusion, I must protest against the seriousness with which Weinger seems to be taken by several writers. When I read his book I was surprised that any publisher had accepted it, for it reads to me like the work of a silly young man who had read only two women in his life—an old hausfrau mother without an idea in her head, and a commercial-minded German prostitute. I do not think any better Weinger, and it is to be hoped he was young when he wrote this book: all I know is that it is very young-mannish, and so not worthy of serious consideration.

I believe that it is reasonable to suppose that we already know—that man hates the type of woman that he creates, the commercial-minded prostitute. And even an echo is valuable if it helps to teach men to be wiser. Write Orders distinctly on plain paper, and add what you consider the 3 most manly names for a boy. 3 selections may be sent by all sending P. O. 1/3 for Large Trial Box of ADORI SOAP.
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. HOBSOHN. 3s. 6d. net. Mr. Hobson says the “Athenaeum,” “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.

IN DEFENCE OF AMERICA: For the Enlightenment of John Bull. By BARON VON TAUBE. 5s. net. “Readable,” “Valuable,” “Remarkable,” “Interesting,” “Written in racy English,” these are leading critics’ descriptions of Baron von Taube’s humorous and stimulating book.

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 Frank 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,” “is to make comparison absurd. Mr. Desmond is the true heir of Gilbert White and Jefferies.”

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

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