THE SERVILE STATE.

THE ideal of attainment in a Servile State is that already achieved by the more valuable of our beasts of burden. The summum bonum of serfs is good stabling, tolerable fodder, clean straw, and plenty of regular work—what a trade union of mismanaged draught-horses might be expected to demand. "The restlessness of the workers is not the peevishness of childish envy. They are not clamouring for motor-cars. They are not asking for freak dinners. Nor do they want to spend their time on golf links. But they do want the opportunity to work, and a guarantee that those who do the work should have guaranteed to them a decent livelihood," "A decent minimum of food and clothing, leisure and recreation, and houses fit for human beings." So says Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, writing on "What We Want" in the Daily Mail, and thus speak all slaves, which are those who have lost their right to deal with their fellows on equal terms; who are willing to submit to terms in exchange for permission to live. "A slave is a person who has permitted another person or other persons to slip between himself and the free access to his potential means of subsistence, which is land. The slave, that is, the landless man, thus allows himself to be placed in the power of other persons. He abandons his free will, and invites coercion. A person with the power of exerting free will, and yet acquiescing in conditions which deny the exercise of free will, is immoral. A person without this conscious power, acquiescing in such conditions, is not immoral, but merely amoral. He has not yet risen to the level where immorality is possible. In the scale of values he belongs to the sphere the advantages of which he instinctively seeks to obtain, i.e., the sub-human, that of the beasts of burden, which we drive, coerce, pen up, and use to serve our purposes. To this last belong, according to his words, such beings as Mr. Vernon Hartshorn. To the former class, the Immoral, belong persons capable of exercising free will, but who lack the pluck, as a handful against the world, to resist conditions which deny its exercise.

In the Servile State, over against the enslaved, stand the enslavers, the persons who knowingly deprive human beings of their opportunity to act as free men. They are those who hold the land against their fellows, who store up its products, who manipulate these products in such a manner as to allow to filter to the enslaved just sufficient to enable the slaves to go on working in order to produce more. They are evil in essence. Their mission is to produce evil and negate good; to turn creation on itself. To make men something inferior to men for the perverted joy of acting immorally towards them is their ideal. They call this ideal the acquiring of power. The Napoleonic principle, whether in politics or finance, is nothing save the principle of evil made manifest. The devil is not the Mephistophelian entity which poets depict; the devil is the will to coerce, to overcome free will, and is embodied in landholders and rich men. Hence the absurdity of the argument that social unrest will cease when the Immoral genially rub shoulders with the Amoral well. In a rotten world, there is one sign of health, and it is the Unrest. If in this worldwide welter of corrupted and corrupting there appeared any signs of Rest or of Balance, then the night of human death would, indeed, be upon us. The Unrest reveals that both Immoral and Amoral are uneasy in their parts; the human and the moral go together. Human nature is incapable of settling either beneath morality or against it, and because the Servile State stands at the one end for the negation of morality and at the other for its denial, the Servile State must be destroyed. Humanly speaking, the State whose life is based on slavery calls aloud for destruction, and to enter upon an aggressive war in response to this call is a primary duty of a free people. Such a war as that of North and South in America for the freeing of the slaves
was one so fundamentally right that the amazement is that it could have had place in a time so little remote from our own, and its rightness obtains even in face of all the difficulties which are resultant upon the sudden freeing of an enslaved people.

The bitterness and the horror of the servile condition to-day is that all nations alike are involved in it. There is no knight-errant among the nations with a free hand to free. The servitude which rests upon all alike is the same in kind, nor does it differ to any appreciable extent in degree. The tendrils of cosmopolitan capitalism spread out North, South, and East and West. There are no free areas, a fact which explains why revolt, when it comes, will of necessity be fundamental, and why the effort towards recovery is likely to be violent. It will necessitate the overcoming of one principle by another. It will necessitate Morality destroying Immorality; the Human overcoming the Sub-human; Free Will conquering Necessity. It means the replacement of one system because its existence is the contradiction of another. The capitalist system is bad in itself. The more it becomes perfect, the more it becomes vicious. It is based on the idea that there are men who have nothing to sell save themselves. They have no products to exchange; being divorced from the land, how is it possible they should have? "Nothing in their hands they bring," they might say in very truth. Hence they have nothing they can exchange. The difference between the mere "Having" and the slave is embodied in this: the free man seeks to exchange the products of his labour: the slave seeks to sell his labour (which is himself, being his only negotiable commodity). The sale of labour is the basis of immorality; it is the contradiction of freedom, and it is the basis of capitalism. Any man or woman who is divorced from the land is compelled to sell his labour: hence divorce from the land is the beginning of all human iniquity. Every child born in every land should have a right to an inalienable, untaxed, unrented area of land equal to a single subsistence area. When the population approaches the limit of what the land will bear, means should be taken to limit the population. Rent for land when the common product is simple enough. A slave is a human contradiction. He is a fearsome blight, a reminder of the abyss from which we have emerged, but against which we hope to have set our backs for ever. So, when workers' spokesmen whine out that what the workers want is, not theories, but bread; not radical change, but betterment, we are faced with a spectacle which calls out a revulsion of feeling of a kind associated only with degradation. If Mr. Hartshorn represents his fellows faithfully, the situation is a desperate one indeed. We believe, however, that he does not; that he represents that part of the workers who, while not being Amoral, i.e., still moral, are yet articulately Moral. These inarticulate representatives of inarticulate workers are thrust forward into negotiations with those who are very articulately Immoral, i.e., the rich. Hence, looking at the struggle as represented in the stating of the case from the side of the rich and from the side of the workers' representatives, the verdict, up to the present, goes against the workers because they have the tone of slaves. But what they say apart, they act up to a point as free men. Consider the recent strikes. The miners' strike was not for bread; it was for temper, first and foremost; for increased pay only in a secondary degree. Consider the Lancashire cotton strike: pure temper—with only the most questionable excuse. The same is true of the transport workers' strike. Now temper is the very best reason for a strike, its most moral reason; better than a demand for increased pay, and poles removed from the merely nominal reasons put forward in the two last-named strikes, i.e., the objection to employment of non-union men. Nothing is more certain than the fact that modern strikes represent temper, and nothing is more hopeful. As soon as this "moral-seeking" unrest among men becomes articulate, the workers will come out from under the cloud of Necessity. The servile state in particular, but frankly in the name of their affronted humanity—their manhood. When they have educated or deposed their Hartshorns, they will come out from their employment because they refuse to be "employed." They will employ themselves in order to live, and they will live by the bartering of their products or the exchange value of their time, and not by the sale of themselves.

They will realise there is no merit in wealth for wealth's sake, only opportunity for life's sake that is of value. There is nothing whatever to be proud of in our present long list of exports and imports. The only matter in which we can take a rational pride is in the measure that opportunity is available for economic development in the development of emphasis in particular, but frankly in the name of the utmost. Our wealth is not in our productions, but in what we can show in regard to human culture and capacity. An immoral plutocracy, ruling over a well-fed, "employed" helotry, is marked down with spiritual paralysis, no matter what wealth it produces in a material way. The social unrest marks a development of emphasis from the mere "Having" and "Doing" instinct to that of "Being." The servile, capitalist State puts the emphasis so greatly upon "Having" among the few that it is contemptuous of the neglect of "Being" it necessitates in both the Few and the Many. A Rockefeller has so great a contempt for human wants that it involves it in bombarding mankind without a qualm. It may be argued that such a person merely used an advantage which almost anyone would have used had he had the ability; that wealth in its initial stage is the rent of ability, which is a necessary charge. It is as well to look to this rent of ability, as it goes very far into the ruinous atmosphere of the society from which we can destroy the case for rent of ability, we shall have removed the central pillar upon which the Servile State rests. Rent for land when the community drives off the destroyers will annul itself. Rent of capital—usury—the un-Christian, latter-day fungus, involves in its grip mankind without a qualm. Only rent of ability can lift its head with the barest show of seemliness. This seemliness will not, however, weather through a scrutiny higher than that of any save the most primitive. It will not weather the test of gentlemanliness, for instance. Ability enters the ring with a natural advantage, which makes its task easier without merit, and it uses the advantage to extort further advantages from those who are less well equipped to keep up the race. The gifted might be a natural aristocracy, practising the code of a higher order—a chivalry based on conscious strength. Instead the gifted use their gifts as weapons to confound the less gifted. A gifted man should do not less, but more than his fellows—because he can. The stimulus among the gifted to grow rich shows how hardly even the higher talents can survive a slave-impregnated atmosphere. The unholy alliance between men of letters and capital to-day is the culminating point of a system so rotten that it infects its wisest with its blind stupidity and grossness. How many men of commanding genius can the cause of freedom count unsullied in its service to-day? The man of talent, stalwart of freedom in his youth
and poverty, becomes recognised, and allows him-
self to grow rich, very rich. Then the change
comes. Where once he strode, now he totters;
where once he blazed, he flickers; once he vowed
fearlessly to freedom, now he coquettes with her. Neither
talent nor genius are whole-hearted in their alleg-
ance to freedom-to-day; often it is not, they are
in alliance with oppression. The Promethean fire
of genius, which should be sacred to the uplifting
of men, is bartered away to those who use it to
grind underfoot the desires and aspirations of men.
The immorality of the gifted in lending their gifts
in the service of oppression is of a deadlier kind
than the toiling around of beggars. The man whose
stupidity and gross lack of imagination has allowed
him to grow rich at the cost of sharing in the
enslavement of peoples, is a different person from
the imaginative man who knows what he does,
and prostitutes his talent in doing it. The perfidy
of talented men in relation to liberty is the blackest
crime yet written down in the history of humanity.
It is a dangerous thing for us to let the moment
has talent to allow himself to grow rich; he has a
heritage too sacred to hazard the besmirching which
comes of contact with riches. We need an aristo-
cracy of genius vowed to poverty. Far from holding
fast to the rent of talent and genius, talent and
genius should be the first to denounce the iniquity
of making the rich richer. The word "noblesse
oblige" would operate in a genuine aristocracy. So
will those who merely have something be put in
their rightful relation towards those who are
something. So shall we approach the dissolution
of the Servile State—the great revolution which
will drive out the usurpers and those who fatten on
the slavery of the weak. This revolution is coming.
Ideas to the contrary, based upon the inarticulate-
ness of present-day workers, will live their short
day, but they will be wrong. Very soon the workers
will be articulate. They will be obeying not an im-
perious but vague impulse. The sense of duty to be
employed; they will know in what kind of cause
they are fighting—not for more bread, but for
human freedom. Their cause will become a re-
ligion; their war a religious war; and religious
wars are fought to a finish. Therein they differ
from bread-wars, which are skirmishes for the
moment. Religious wars are life-wars; they stand
for forces which have struggled through creation to
decide their destiny in the given moment of time.
Whether the coming revolution will work itself out
in bloodshed depends largely upon the factor of
internationalism. Inasmuch as the workers of the
world move together and attack together, fear and
powerlessness will induce the capitalist mirage to
disperse. This is why the suspicious State will
one by one, despair on the one hand and effrontery
on the other will combine to egg capital on to a
trial of strength. It would appear that the inter-
national factor is more likely to be on the side of
the less violent. The threatening temperament of the
American proletariat, combined with the efficient if
inarticulate development of the European proletariat in
England, point to a possibility of the new era being
ushered in with a minimum of violence. But vio-
lent or peaceful, the revolution must come,
credit can be accorded to a man in proportion to
the assistance he has lent in furthering it on.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Political Offences.

Is it possible to drive a shaft of clear argument
through the misty reasoning of good-natured,
progressive people? One can try at least, and then
try again. The reasoning in respect of political
offences is even mistier than progressive reasoning
is ordinarily, since the clamour of persons with very
diverse motives for outcry join in the common
babel. Those who believe in no punishment at all
for certain people; those who believe in special
kinds of punishment for special people; and those
who disbelieve in the punishment as it evolved in
the present prison system for any kind of people, all
these join their discordant theories into one unin-
telligible clamour of dissent. Anyone who can
dissociate the dissimilar elements deserves well of
his fellows. We, therefore, venture to enter the
lists again in the hope of adding some little to the
body of enlightenment for us for the moment
concentrate upon the question of popular feeling
concerning the political offender. The feeling will
become more intelligible if we distinguish four
main features in regard to it.

1. We are all aware that "intentioned" action
takes its birth in thought. Thought, therefore, is
an extraordinarily powerful factor, from which all
evil will proceed. Good thought is not something
the leaving of a State, however, can rightly only concern itself,
save in its arrangements for general education,
with completed action. For between thought and
action, though they are akin, there is a great gulf
fixed. The man who thinks out the possibilities of
committing a crime, but who refrains from carrying
his thought into action, though he is a possible
danger to the community, is rightly out of the
clutches of the law. A suspicious and timorous
State, however, knowing the danger of thought,
cum of their very rebellious utterances has been translated into action, which broke the law and resulted in damage on one occasion to the extent of £5,000. We leave aside for the moment the very important human, but not legal, consideration as to whether this action was justified by circumstance, and face the present demand for preferential treatment for the accused and organisers of this damage. The demand is, that they shall be treated as they rightfully demanded to be treated four years ago, i.e., that, having committed no offence, they had done nothing to justify punishment at all. There should at that time have been no conviction. That there was, that nothing save an instance of political malice, on account of which the State was not content to punish law-breakers when it arose, but timorously sought to prevent law-breaking, which they feared might possibly take place. At present the State has a totally different case to deal with. It is one in which incitement to action has taken effect, violence has been done, and the law, of set intention, broken. Punishment has been contumaciously, not for opinions held, or action contemplated, but for violence successfully engineered. The demand now is that punishment shall be annulled, or that preferential treatment shall be given, as compared with that given to ordinary persons who commit similar offences. In 1908 the W.S.P.U. were asking for justice: they are now asking for freedom. Leaving aside as an aspect, we go on to deal with another feature of the predilection which popular feeling has for the "political offence," and which seeks to secure for it light treatment.

2. This comes under the consideration of Mob Psychology, under stress of which men enter upon impulsive action. They act from an idea so vague that one can only roughly call it motive. The action itself is so haphazard and decided by chance that deliberate intention to break the law can be ruled out. Such actions as shop-looting and window-breaking, which sometimes occur among large crowds of starving men, come under this category, and are not better described as such cases should be lightly dealt with, and this not on account of the motive of the action, but because of its impulsiveness, which is merely another way of describing its lack of intention. This popular feeling finds itself translated into law by the correspondence which judgment should maintain between intention and punishment.

3. Let us now consider the case of "preferential treatment for political offenders." We consider that the whole notion has grown up out of an utter confusion of thought on the part of quite the very nicest-minded people. The intentional law-breaker has no claim to favoured treatment in the name of Right, or of Expediency, or of Human Dignity. All that we have to consider in criticising the administration of the law in respect of persons accused in connection with agitations related to demands for the alteration of the fabric of Society, comes under one or more of these three main categories: (1) The exercising of political malice in order to catch up thought-disturbing persons before they have contravened the law, i.e., in the case of Malatesta; (2) the exercising of undue savagery in passing sentence upon an actual contravention of the law which has taken place during political unrest; and (3) the ignoring of the impulsiveness of action, i.e., the lack of intention in acts committed under stress of mob emotion during a state of public excitement. All these factors represent artificial aids to rebellion. Liberty merges so imperceptibly into license that the only gauge of the sincerity and responsibility of libertarians is for them to be prepared to face the checks which are sufficient to deter the activities of the licentious, but powerless to deter the rebel. This brings us to our fourth consideration, i.e.,

4. The true libertarian in rebellion against the State for some great issue. This person, who is rare (rarer indeed than we thought), is the Nemesis of the stupid State. He represents the limit. Legal enactments need not go into any detailed definition of him. His captors will recognise him immediately when they see him. Like the Roman Emperor who discriminated between Christians and non-Christians by the simple device of allowing those who denied their Christianity to go free (knowing that no dangerous Christian would so deny), the State may distinguish the true rebel from the phrase-intoxicated sentimentalist. The true rebel will enter into no terms, accept no compromise, and will reject any pet of the law, inasmuch as their actions will be judged more leniently than the actions of others; that rebellion, indeed, shall become a soft job. All these assumptions, upon close examination, will be found implicit in the demand for preferential treatment for rebels. The truth is that the rebel, screwed up to rebellion, is an extremely dangerous person and one must expect him to recognise his own qualities sufficiently well to know that his excursions into unlimited freedom should suffer at least as much check as those of the irresponsible law-breaker. As philosophic Anarchists, while welcoming rebellion, we want no artificial aids to rebellion. Liberty merges so imperceptibly into license that the only gauge of the sincerity and responsibility of libertarians is for them to be prepared to face the checks which are sufficient to deter the activities of the licentious, but powerless to deter the rebel. This brings us to our fourth consideration, i.e.,

The terms "Justice, and what is Rebellion?" come to surround the acts of political agitators in all grades and circumstances, thus reducing the institution of law to an absurdity. If there is any virtue in law at all, it must be powerful enough to apply itself without fear or favour to the King, a pickpocket, a washerwoman, or a saint. Otherwise, how are we all equal before the law? It becomes clear that political offenders' treatment is only another mask for favouritism. By a swing of the sentimental pendulum, which carries us out as far from justice as the opposing swing towards severity, we have converted the disproportionate savagery formerly aimed at political rebels into a sneaking desire that political offenders should be above the law; that embodied in the law itself there should be a promise that motive shall nullify punishment for action that results should be the pets of the law, inasmuch as their actions will be judged more leniently than the actions of others; that rebellion, indeed, shall become a soft job. All these assumptions, upon close examination, will be found implicit in the demand for preferential treatment for rebels. The truth is that the rebel, screwed up to rebellion, is an extremely dangerous person and one must expect him to recognise his own qualities sufficiently well to know that his excursions into unlimited freedom should suffer at least as much check as those of the irresponsible law-breaker. As philosophic Anarchists, while welcoming rebellion, we want no artificial aids to rebellion. Liberty merges so imperceptibly into license that the only gauge of the sincerity and responsibility of libertarians is for them to be prepared to face the checks which are sufficient to deter the activities of the licentious, but powerless to deter the rebel. This brings us to our fourth consideration, i.e.,

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Champions of Morality.

A BILL was recently introduced into Parliament called "The Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic) Bill." The Bill is being pressed forward by a number of persons who have described themselves as "The Pass-the-Bill Committee." They have alleged that this measure is intended to deal with the white slave traffic. This traffic, which is largely in the hands of the Jews, is a shameful blot on society, and all the genuine proposals likely to end it should and would be supported by all humanist reformers. The white slave traffic and prostitution are twin evils. A Bill aimed at the white slave traffic should also be directed against the causes of prostitution. But as prostitution is the moral foundation of present-day society, the present writer was a little surprised to notice a "non-party committee" producing a measure to cure the disease of the white slave traffic. An examination of the Bill, which can be purchased for a penny, was a justification of this surprise. The Bill has very little to do with the white slave traffic. Clause 1 is the only part of the Bill which has any bearing on the subject. That empowers a constable to take a warrant with regard to the permitting of premises to be used as brothels. By Sub-Section 2, a person charged with the offence of knowing that a house is used as a brothel shall have any previous conviction given in evidence against him "at any stage of the proceedings; and it may be taken into consideration for the purpose of proving knowledge." That clause sins against a fundamental maxim of the English criminal law—that no conviction shall be mentioned against a person charged until the verdict has been given. The promoters of the Bill, no doubt, hoped that the clauses of this measure would not be scrutinised except by similar-minded persons to themselves. Section 3 entitles a lessor or landlord to eject any person who has been convicted of permitting premises to be used as a brothel. Section 4 (a) is an incomprehensible amendment to Section 1 of the Vagrancy Act, while 4 (b) is intended to prevent the prostitute having a lover, by treating such an individual in the same way as the bully who compels a woman to go on her subsistence. Section 5 allows a constable to enter any house and remove any person who may suspect of having committed, or being about to commit, any offence with regard to procuration. Under the existing law, a warrant is needed. This is merely an extension of the powers of the police. Section 2 increases the remedies of Section 13 of the Criminal Law Amendment Act with regard to the permitting of premises to be used as brothels. That clause sins against a fundamental principle the prostitute should be deprived of the right to love perhaps the promoters of this Bill would be good enough to state.

That is the whole of this much-trumpeted measure. The proposals are vicious, and are not curative, but oppressive. Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. Burgoyne, Mr. Bowerman, Sir Thomas Esmonde, and Lady Bunting may think that prostitutes are such wicked creatures that they should not be allowed to have lovers; and that keepers of brothels are such abandoned members of society that they are not entitled to a fair trial: but they should not put forward such brutal theories as remedies for the white slave traffic. Lord Ellenborough, not a very enlightened man, once said: "Even murderers have their rights." Upon what principle the prostitute should be deprived of a right to love perhaps the promoters of this Bill would be good enough to state.

There is an organisation in this country known as the National Vigilance Association. It is probably the parent of this Bill. That Association has been in existence some years. It is time some exceedingly plain questions were put to the persons running that association, as well as to Mr. Arthur Lee, Lady Bunting, and their friends:

1. Upon what occasion has the National Vigilance Association attempted to secure a Commission to inquire into the causes of prostitution?
2. What steps has the National Vigilance Association taken to point out to the persons subscribing to its funds and on its committee, that a primal cause of prostitution is the low remuneration paid to women?
3. Has the National Vigilance Association ever suggested to the distinguished persons connected with it that to subscribe to its funds moneys derived from dividends drawn from abominably sweated labour of women and girls is loathsome hypocrisy?
4. What efforts has the National Vigilance Association taken to get a conviction of the wealthy persons for whose pleasures the girl and boy victims of the white slave traffic are supplied?
5. Why has the National Vigilance Association, with its considerable funds, never devoted a farthing towards the collection of evidence against certain notorious theatrical managers?
6. Why has the National Vigilance Association failed to act in any way upon the report of the Chief Constable of Glasgow, who stated that the increase in prostitution in that city was due to the payment of low wages to girls and boys?
7. Is the National Vigilance Association a real reform society, or is its existence maintained by those who control it as a satisfaction of the public conscience, but with no genuine intention of educating public opinion so that the sore of prostitution and white slavery may be healed?

It is a shocking thing that social ills like prostitution and white slavery should be played with by a lot of persecuting faddists. The prostitute is...
there, chiefly because, until women have a decent alternative in the way of earning their bread, a large number must become prostitutes or starve. It is a terrible waste of life and honour. The present writer has endeavoured on several occasions to get a commission appointed on this tragic problem. He never received any assistance from the National Vigilance Association. The politicians and "moral" reformers will not touch the question. Here's a Secretary after Home Service, who when pressed refused to have anything to do with such an inquiry. Were such an inquiry insisted upon by the House of Commons, then the roots of society would be laid bare. The Puritan Labour Party has also declined to urge the Government to set on foot such an investigation.

The example must suffice of the methods by which the authorities grapple with this alarming problem. Prostitution, with its accompaniment of venereal disease for the girls and their clients, has been growing, owing to certain economic and social causes, at a prodigious rate in recent years. It is estimated that one woman in twelve in Glasgow is a prostitute, habitual or casual; and one woman in eighteen in London. To cope with this growth in London, the Marlborough Street police magistrate has been very active in fining girls for "accosting." The result of these fines is this. The girls either pay, and then have to walk the streets to earn more money; or go to prison, until their girl friends have raised sufficient funds by prostitution to pay their fines. The girls who are fined for "accosting" are often helped by those who are not harassed by the police. There are some girls who are always being prosecuted; and some who are never prosecuted. An attentive observer in Piccadilly, Regent Street, or Oxford Street would soon discover the reason for the difference. These fines are used to maintain the police court, and form part of the fund from which the magistrate's salary is paid. Indeed, crime is a vested interest! But what can be done with a country which is governed in such a manner? Nothing but a revolution can sweeten the air of England, and destroy the putrescence of conventional morality.

C. H. NORMAN.

The Fetish of the Domestic "Sweat-Shop."

We are frequently reminded that "an army marches upon its stomach," and the eminent Frenchman to whom this saying is attributed well knew what he was talking about. For man must eat to live! Many not very useful men and women, indeed, were they quite honest, would confess that they lived to eat.

A vast amount of time, ingenuity, and energy are expended upon the process of preparing food to tickle the palate, and in the consequent after-drudgery of scouring innumerable dishes, plates, pots and pans, etc. And the intelligent, thinking man or woman of to-day inclines to ask himself or herself the pertinent question: Is this, after all, worth while?

It is an indubitable fact that almost as many lives are sacrificed to that private sweat-shop, the kitchen, as in the workshops of any notoriously sweat industry—although we do not so frequently hear about them. Indeed, the army of consumptive cases includes no inconsiderable percentage of sweating housewives who have fallen victims simply from lack of opportunity to escape from unending tasks within the four walls of their kitchens into the life-giving air of heaven.

The overworked middle-class housewife complains, as well she may, of the eternal meals, meals, meals. But does she ever reflect how much of her trouble is due to the blind following of custom, how much of the burden is self-imposed?

Man is often defined as a "cooking animal"—a definition that must date back to pre-missionary times, when men were classed, like apples, as "cookers" and "eaters." For, if understood in the sense that the Human Male is an animal that cooks his food, such a definition does not stand a moment's examination.

Let us apply some tests. The first thing to be noticed is that in the average household, the cook is not Man (in the Franchise acceptation of the word), but Woman. Male cooks, we find, are exceptional, and command exceptional salaries—showing that to cook is repugnant to Man, if not absolutely unManly, and is never willingly undertaken by Man excepting for a handsome pecuniary consideration.

To pursue the examination, let us try to imagine a case not perhaps impossible, even in an impeccable middle-class household. Supposing a Man to be left to himself for a single day, and that the emergency occurs so suddenly and inopportune that the victim cannot be provided by his household angels with ample and varied store of ready-cooked provisions. He has therefore, for once, poor Wretch, to be his own caterer, his own cook. What will he do?

Being human, unsportsmanlike, possessed of some means, and male, his first idea is to take all his meals, under such circumstances, at his restaurant or club. Not being quite without bowels or compassion, he will also allow for the woman's work. These fines are used to maintain the police court, and form part of the fund from which the magistrate's salary is paid. Indeed, crime is a vested interest! But what can be done with a country which is governed in such a manner? Nothing but a revolution can sweeten the air of England, and destroy the putrescence of conventional morality.

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We are frequently reminded that "an army marches upon its stomach," and the eminent Frenchman to whom this saying is attributed well knew what he was talking about. For man must eat to live! Many not very useful men and women, indeed, were they quite honest, would confess that they lived to eat.

A vast amount of time, ingenuity, and energy are expended upon the process of preparing food to tickle the palate, and in the consequent after-drudgery of scouring innumerable dishes, plates, pots and pans, etc. And the intelligent, thinking man or woman of to-day inclines to ask himself or herself the pertinent question: Is this, after all, worth while?

It is an indubitable fact that almost as many lives are sacrificed to that private sweat-shop, the kitchen, as in the workshops of any notoriously sweat industry—although we do not so frequently hear about them. Indeed, the army of consumptive cases includes no inconsiderable percentage of sweating housewives who have fallen victims simply from lack of opportunity to escape from unending tasks within the four walls of their kitchens into the life-giving air of heaven.

The overworked middle-class housewife complains, as well she may, of the eternal meals, meals, meals. But does she ever reflect how much of her trouble is due to the blind following of custom, how much of the burden is self-imposed?

Man is often defined as a "cooking animal"—a definition that must date back to pre-missionary times, when men were classed, like apples, as "cookers" and "eaters." For, if understood in the sense that the Human Male is an animal that cooks his food, such a definition does not stand a moment's examination.

Let us apply some tests. The first thing to be noticed is that in the average household, the cook is not Man (in the Franchise acceptation of the word), but Woman. Male cooks, we find, are exceptional, and command exceptional salaries—showing that to cook is repugnant to Man, if not absolutely unManly, and is never willingly undertaken by Man excepting for a handsome pecuniary consideration.

To pursue the examination, let us try to imagine a case not perhaps impossible, even in an impeccable middle-class household. Supposing a Man to be left to himself for a single day, and that the emergency occurs so suddenly and inopportune that the victim cannot be provided by his household angels with ample and varied store of ready-cooked provisions. He has therefore, for once, poor Wretch, to be his own caterer, his own cook. What will he do?

Being human, unsportsmanlike, possessed of some means, and male, his first idea is to take all his meals, under such circumstances, at his restaurant or club. Not being quite without bowels or compassion, he will also allow for the woman's work. These fines are used to maintain the police court, and form part of the fund from which the magistrate's salary is paid. Indeed, crime is a vested interest! But what can be done with a country which is governed in such a manner? Nothing but a revolution can sweeten the air of England, and destroy the putrescence of conventional morality.

C. H. NORMAN.
have done that." It had been his regular custom to put the frying-pan outside for the dogs to lick! And, in doing this, the Oxford graduate formed no exception to the rest of his class and sex similarly situated.

The most elementary toasting, boiling, grilling, indeed, is more than sufficient cookery for the average male, and his cookery is almost always the same. The cookery of boarding-school boys, hunters, explorers, ranchers, and other unwomened males, is of the most primitive description. Navvies fry their morning bacon on their half-moon spades. The most epicurean male cook we have met was an old Scottish soldier, who used to make for himself his own national "parritch"—a fine staple diet, if only our Southern planters did not tire of it. Because no mere English person could make it to his liking, and no oatmeal made out of Scotland was good.

A Woman, cooking for herself alone, is similarly disposed to shorten and simplify the process. Indeed, is it not truthfully averred that the average "bachelor girl"-that is, herself-saves washing-up and culinary labour: living mainly upon bread and butter, confectionery, tinned food, and strong tea? Nevertheless, many women so situated, being more broken-in to cooking than the average male, will prepare for themselves somewhat more complex dishes, such as soups, stews, and omelettes; or devise fantastic combinations, such as chilled tomatoes and cheese. It is only for others, however, that the average woman will subject her culinary powers to strain.

It is thus a safe general inference to make that it was only when someone could be persuaded, bribed, or compelled to specialise upon cookery (which, however, is merely part of the function of digestion), that it began to be elevated, or sophisticated into an Art.

The conclusion which we draw from these observations is that, in so far as refinements in cookery are intended by the cooking sex to gratify the senses of the male, they are works of supererogation for, when he has the opportunity to achieve such delights for himself, he will not take the trouble. He will accept them, and relish them, if left in the happy persuasion that rechaîné dishes, like cherries, grow upon trees; but, if he is once made to realise all the brain-racking thought and contrivance, all the anxious and tedious labour, of which they are the uncertain and momentary fruit, he will feel and say, quite heartily and honestly, and perhaps profanely, that he would rather starve than be fed at such a price.

Artemus Ward used to tell a racy story of a formidable brigand who languished long years in a dreary dungeon, until a happy thought struck him: he opened the window and got out! We will venture to predict that when women in general are honestly tired of their subjection to the "Three F's"—Food, Furniture, and Floors—they will take a little thought, make a little effort: and suddenly, surprisingly, they will be free! HİMANĐHER.

East and West.

When I saw the flag waving outside the building in New Bond Street that contains the Fine Art Society, and announcing an exhibition of early Chinese paintings, of course I went in. No one who has ever lived in the East can, I think, refrain from the temptation to become an Oriental again whenever an opportunity presents itself. Where East and West differ, it will generally be found that in spiritual matters the difference is in favour of the East, and that in purely material matters the difference is in favour of the West. But it has always seemed to me that the philosopher or the artist will be glad to put up with a few material inconveniences for the sake of the unrivalled spiritual development which Eastern habits of life and thought make possible.

We do see this distinction, simplified, of course, in the spiritual and intellectual productions of Eastern and Western races. The Hebrew greeting, "Peace," and the Greek greeting, "Rejoice!" summed them up in the most concise form possible once and for all. The West glorifies energy, movement, activity; here, indeed, man, and not necessarily the thought of man, is the master of things. But the East will have none of this. It does not seek to stimulate anything, even thought, but rather to bring about a state of contemplation; it endeavours to arouse our poetic senses, or, rather, our poetic sensibilities, in so far as we have any—and it must be admitted that the Orientals are infinitely superior to us in this respect. They are more genuinely poetic, and the poetic instinct is not only more widely spread among them, but more profound into the bargain.

When we seek an artistic exemplification of these distinctions, we shall find that Hindoo philosophy not merely typifies the Oriental spirit at its best, but that it represents in the clearest and most concise manner the great difference between the contemplative, calm, intellectual life of the Oriental and the bustle, energy, and nervousness of the West. If India excels in philosophy, however, China excels no less in painting. This exhibition of Chinese paintings at the Fine Art Society's establishment, 148, New Bond Street, is, therefore, one of considerable importance, using the word in its widest possible sense. It is not very often that we have so excellent an opportunity of viewing such works, and the fifty Chinese paintings on exhibition are all too few. It is this difficulty of seeing Chinese pictures that renders it a dangerous matter for the average European to pronounce an opinion on Chinese art, which is at once so simple and so profound. It is true, several valuable Chinese paintings in the British Museum and a few in the Louvre. There is also, or was, a very fine collection in the Musée Guimet, Paris. Still, the views we form on seeing these collections are apt to undergo considerable modification when we visit, say, the Ueno Museum, in Tokio—there how many classical examples of Chinese art are to be found in Japan. And those of us who had the privilege of going through the Tien-Than, or Temple of Heaven, or the Temple of Yung-ho-Kung, at Pekin, will not readily forget the artistic sights we saw there, and the changes these places wrought in our artistic views.

The Chinese painter sets out, first of all, to represent something on canvas that will appeal to the imagination, something that will arouse the poetic faculty. This means that he will not necessarily try to copy exactly what he sees, that he will feel at liberty to neglect perspective, that he believes that these temples are no longer accessible to foreigners. The Chinese painter sets out, first of all, to represent something on canvas that will appeal to the imagination, something that will arouse the poetic faculty. This means that he will not necessarily try to copy exactly what he sees, that he will feel at liberty to neglect perspective, that he believes that these temples are no longer accessible to foreigners. The Chinese painter sets out, first of all, to represent something on canvas that will appeal to the imagination, something that will arouse the poetic faculty. This means that he will not necessarily try to copy exactly what he sees, that he will feel at liberty to neglect perspective, that he believes that these temples are no longer accessible to foreigners. The Chinese painter sets out, first of all, to represent something on canvas that will appeal to the imagination, something that will arouse the poetic faculty. This means that he will not necessarily try to copy exactly what he sees, that he will feel at liberty to neglect perspective, that he believes that these temples are no longer accessible to foreigners. The Chinese painter sets out, first of all, to represent something on canvas that will appeal to the imagination, something that will arouse the poetic faculty. This means that he will not necessarily try to copy exactly what he sees, that he will feel at liberty to neglect perspective, that he believes that these temples are no longer accessible to foreigners.
upon it—and in this regard China has an advantage over us which it is now impossible for us to acquire.

Of the fifty pictures exhibited by the Fine Art Society, all are in the Chinese tradition, and it only remains for the critic to mention those he considers as the best. The colouring in No. 26, "Peacock and Flowers," is superb. This picture, by Lok Sun, dates from the Ming dynasty (1368—1644). No. 29, representing the Gods of Longevity, Fertility, and Prosperity, is an excellent example of Oriental symbolism. No. 39, "Palace and Cliffs," is rendered very impressive by the brownish background. No. 35 shows us "The God of War," a fearsome individual, whom it is interesting to compare with Mars. All these gods, by the way, appear in quite human clothing. The colouring in No. 36, "Lady in Pavilion," deserves the highest praise: this is decidedly a canvas which the visitor should not miss. No. 44, "Pagoda in Mist," is also of great interest. We see the lower and upper parts of the edifice, but the middle portion is clouded over: This has a far deeper message for us than the mere scene portrayed on the canvas. Any student of Oriental philosophy could, it seems to me, write a whole essay on this one picture: its atmosphere of calmness and repose, the stately effect it produces, the message of hope and yet of renunciation it conveys, and the symbolism that may be read into it: all these things contribute to render the picture one of the most inspiring in the series.

No. 50, "A Landscape," attributed to Tien-Tze Sun, will, perhaps, strike one as being of the type which we miscall post-impressionism. And yet there is a distinction. The strange colouring, the bizarre appearance of the figures, are the result of the artistic nervousness, striving for effect, and, indeed, degenerate artistic instincts which may be traced without much difficulty in the productions of Signor Marinetti's followers. When the first dazzle is over, the effect produced by the Chinese picture is one of strength and deliberation, and this is a characteristic of all true and, so to speak, aristocratic art. Nor should one overlook No. 49, "Contemplation of a Sage." The sage is seated cross-legged on the floor, with a student in attendance. The curtains of the little house are drawn up on all four sides, thus enabling us to observe the whole atmosphere of this canvas will lead to a contemplative state of mind in anyone who looks at it; and in how many Western pictures do we find the same desirable factor?

In the adjoining rooms in the same establishment there is an exhibition of water colours of Spain and the Canary Islands by Miss Ella du Cane, of miniatures and portrait drawings by Mr. Arthur Minton, and of new etchings and studies by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. Of the water colours, No. 5, "Cypress Avenue, La Paz," and No. 16, "Cypress and Poinsettia," are among the best. The trees are excellently drawn and arranged; and the blaze of colour that naturally meets our eyes in every picture forms a contrast, in many respects gratifying, to the Chinese paintings we have left behind. King George, I observed, has bought two of Miss du Cane's water colours; and if his Majesty selected them personally, he displayed more artistic taste than he is usually credited with possessing. No. 33, "Bellagio from the Villa Carlotta," is beautiful. We see part of a balcony and then the lake, with mountains in the distance, and the colouring is magnificent.

Mr. Arthur Minton has been fortunate in his subjects. No. 13, "Portrait Study of a Lady," No. 16, "Miss Pearson," and No. 18, "Miss Nina Dickson," are all excellent. The "Mrs. Crean" (pencil and water colour, No. 29) is also a worthy piece of work. Of the productions of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, who is always interesting, "The Gate of Naples" is perhaps the best. Both his "The Gate" and "Tomb with Two Crosses" are Condemned and doomed to us in a new way. As the visitor leaves, however, he must pass through the Chinese room again, and the Oriental atmosphere will remain with him.

E. K. GUTHRIE.

Minor Poets.*

Such a sweet little snail,  
With a neat little tail;  
A diminutive whale  
It is.

On its nose are two horns,  
On its toes are two corns,  
And on all tennis lawns  
It is.

ECHOLALIA, or rhyming madness. The publication of this volume, "The Strummings of a Lyre," proves the author and publisher—to borrow an immortal phrase from a Bill now passing through Parliament—"to be a statesman of the utmost importance in the management of his departments and I am delighted to pass on Mr. Fifield's part. The man who introduced the candid verse of Mr. W. H. Davies to a world which liked its poetry stodgy, but syrupy, who defied the arbiters of literature at Scotland Yard by publishing Brieux' plays, who recently issued a popular edition of Max Stirner's anarchoindividualistic "The Ego and his Own"—he must know that a book is a serious thing. A bad book is like a deformed baby: it probably will die soon; but the mere fact that it ever lived at all is terrible. And if to commit a bad book is a mistake, to commit a bad book of poetry is almost a crime. Just now, when England has more unfledged singing-birds than she has ever had since the days of Elizabeth, it is not fair to prejudice people against poetry. But I am becoming suspicious of these singing-birds. I believe that some people regard poetry as a legitimate refuge from the ungentility of life. The same feeling that makes old ladies drape the starkness of chair-backs with antimacassars makes Mr. James E. Pickering write verse like this:

Lucia ere now a basket rich had found,  
With osier cover and two handles sound,  
Such as the maid's use who the linen bear  
To the stream's flowing tide to wash it fair.

To put it in a soul-mouthing way, Lucia had found a clothes-basket in good condition. Periphrasis is not poetry.

The same schoolma'amish objection to the facts of life, from clothes-baskets upwards, has impelled Mr. A. Pelham Webb to write twenty-nine sonnets. He has that extraordinary respect for sin which dates from 1880. He talks of disreputable ladies with "lovely bodies supple as the snake, And cruel watchful eyes that lure and quell," who afterwards wound their lovers with "poisonous fangs of hell," and one particular lady, whose "cruel eyes seemed fed By passion-troubled rivers whence had fled All their sweetness, all their beauty," who afterwards looked for a Bill now passing through Parliament—"persons incapable of ordinary prudence." Really, this is an appalling deflection on Mr. Fifield's part. The man who introduced the candid verse of Mr. W. H. Davies to a world which liked its poetry stodgy, but syrupy, who defied the arbiters of literature at Scotland Yard by publishing Brieux' plays, who recently issued a popular edition of Max Stirner's anarchoindividualistic "The Ego and his Own"—he must know that a book is a serious thing. A bad book is like a deformed baby: it probably will die soon; but the mere fact that it ever lived at all is terrible. And if to commit a bad book is a mistake, to commit a bad book of poetry is almost a crime. Just now, when England has more unfledged singing-birds than she has ever had since the days of Elizabeth, it is not fair to prejudice people against poetry. But I am becoming suspicious of these singing-birds. I believe that some people regard poetry as a legitimate refuge from the ungentility of life. The same feeling that makes old ladies drape the starkness of chair-backs with antimacassars makes Mr. James E. Pickering write verse like this:

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ing injury to English Art that those gods of tech-
ique, Beardsley, Wilde, and the Yellow Book
school, arrived at a time when there was no new
philosophy in the air. They saw Life exactly as
their predecessors and enemies did. They had no
strange, new mission to match their strange, new
words. The interpretation of virtue was played
out: the Victorians had done nothing else. So they
interpreted vice—such as drink and prostitution,
the inartistic blunders of an inartistic civilisation.
This is one of the cruellest ironies in the history of
Art. Don't we all shut our eyes to an unphilosophic
outlook, is infected with this ridiculous respect for
sin. The essence of sin, in the sense of vice, is that
it is not beautiful and not terrible, and is usually
practised by squalid people, who bilk their cabmen
and cheat their laundresses.

In style Mr. Webb belongs to the beryl and
chrysoprase, jasper and sardine type of poet. To
show the extreme preciousness of his language, I
quote the first four lines of a sonnet "to Sibyl":

My fancy paints you in some alcazar
Stretched all your subtle length on couch of vair,
Within the even shadows of your hair
Your face shines—lovely as the nenuphar.

This uncanny mosaic of alien words reminds one of
the unholly mirage of architectural styles observable
at Earl's Court Exhibition. (I should feel more
kindly towards this book if I had not read that
"Strummings of a Lyre" first.) And the subse-
quent comparison of Sibyl's eyes to "some crocean
afterglow" infuriates me. I can only imagine that
Mr. Webb is alluding to a yellow sunset, in which
case I corded in one word:

Of course, this searching after rich sounds, this
thieving from language all her loveliest words, this
making of pleasant patterns with the names of
jewels and spices, and phrases that catch the scent
of flowers, is an excellent thing. It is as defensible
as a taste for good wine or Elzevirs. But in itself
hardly dare allow our souls to have imperious needs.

And even in the attainment of Beauty this selec-
tion of the lovely and fanciful is not much good.
In spite of the strike the Thames steamers are still
running. I advise Mr. Webb to take a boat from
Trafalgar Square.

And about some of the poems there is a strange,
calm magic, peculiar to Mr. Visiak's verse, as "The
Failures":

Wrecks of endeavour lie sunk in their minds;
The winds of the world are most contrary winds.
When the Trumpet shall sound, when the sea shall
unfold.
They shall not be reft of one talent of gold.

Mr. Frank Dicksee, for instance, who
waged between flesh and spirit. . . . That is why
"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was written.

It is bitter to notice how this rules women out
of the game. For most women take no part in any
fine pageant of work, but potter in the kitchen—
perhaps it is a sense of the unpicturesqueness of the
setting that sets so many of us gazing at the
kitchen range, and making up fairy tales about its
usesfulness and its beauty, and its power over the
hearts of men—or the drawing-room, which also
is no theatre for the sublime. And so dependent
are we on others for our bread and being that we
harply dare allow our souls to have imperious needs.
So we turn all things to favour and to prettiness,
and leave no stern, immortal Beauty behind us.

Out of his imperious need to express "the lumen
of the soul . . . flushed from the face of God," Mr.
Visiak writes his poems. Not one of the twenty-
six poems in "The Phantom Ship" was written in
idleness. Each of them is the intense expression
of spiritual experience. This poem, "The Skeleton
at the Feast," is fine drama worked out with
economy.

Dance in the wind, poor skeleton!
You that was my deary one,
You hanged for stealing sheep,
Dance and dangle, laugh and leap!
To-morrow night at Squire's hall
I am to serve a sheep in hall!
My Lady's wedding, Lord love her!
With what birds I lift the cover?

And think what temptations to tushery, to an insin-
cency, ballad-form, this must have offered!

The winds of the world are most contrary winds.
When the Trumpet shall sound, when the sea shall
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The winds of the world are most contrary winds.
When the Trumpet shall sound, when the sea shall
unfold.
They shall not be reft of one talent of gold.

In your new frock upon the plinth you stand,
In your new frock upon the plinth you stand,
And listen patiently while you expound
And listen patiently while you expound
I hear not what you say, but I surmise
I hear not what you say, but I surmise
I've wandered far,
I've wandered far,
And spend the lot,
And spend the lot,
I give a groat
I give a groat
For a rotten boat:
For a rotten boat:
I'll run to half a crown:
'Tis time to settle down.
'Tis time to settle down.
I'll run to half a crown:
I don't belong in your town—such a world—such a world—
And to take you to a tea-shop for your tea,
And take you to a tea-shop for your tea,
And listen patiently while you expound
And listen patiently while you expound
Your thesis that all women should be free;
Your thesis that all women should be free;
If she had ever cherished liberty?
If she had ever cherished liberty?

Trafalgar Square.

In your new frock upon the plinth you stand,
I hear not what you say, but I surmise
It has been said by others of your band.
Beyond, the ceaseless traffic of the Strand,
Above, the grayish-blue of London skies,
Behind, cool fountains murmur as they rise,
And there, in front, you, making your demand.
And there, in front, you, making your demand.
I presentlyWhilst great waters be,
I presentlyWhilst great waters be,
And so to settle down.
And so to settle down.

And in the attainment of Beauty this selec-
tion of the lovely and fanciful is not much good.
In spite of the strike the Thames steamers are still
running. I advise Mr. Webb to take a boat from
Trafalgar Square.

I've many a scar:
I've many a scar:
I'll give a groat
I'll give a groat
For a rotten boat:
For a rotten boat:
'Tis time to settle down.
'Tis time to settle down.

Rebecca West.

Trafalgar Square.
The Malatesta Scandal.

MALATESTA has been a resident in this country for well-nigh a quarter of a century, and as a man and a citizen he is held in high esteem by all who have come in contact with him. In every portion of the world where his name is known he is respected for his sunny courage, his kindness, his generosity towards the unfortunate, and his affection equally for the thoughtless aged and the thoughtless young. A refugee from many lands, noted for his Anarchistic philosophy and his political high-mindedness, he now lies in a prison cell, his life endangered by the surrounding damp and his liberty menaced by the Common Serjeant's recommendation for deportation. For Malatesta's return to Italy during the present senseless war-fever means lifelong incarceration in the dungeon. Such a fate would be unjust had Malatesta concluded a long career of social and political idealism with one act of crime. But he has done nothing of the kind. For what, then, has he been sentenced to three months' hard labour, and recommended for deportation?

To answer this question it is necessary to go back to the beginning of the Italian atrocities in Italy. All the war correspondents are agreed as to the infamies practised by the Italian troops in Tripoli. As a friend of humanity and as an Italian who represented such barbarities, Malatesta issued a pamphlet against the war some weeks back. This was what one might have expected from an Anarchist and a Socialist of Malatesta's reputation. Up to this time he had been friendly with an Italian named Bellelli, who is an Anarchist—or has been, for he has been expelled from the territory of Belgium and France. Instead of applauding Malatesta's attitude, however, Bellelli denounced it, and defended the Italian infamies in Tripoli. It came to Malatesta's ears that Bellelli had also suggested that the former was a "Turkish Spy." Malatesta retorted by de­nouncing the latter for posing as an Italian patriot whilst professing to be an Anarchist, asked how he lived, and suggested that he was an Italian police agent. Bellelli answered this very reasonable if heated retort as no honest refugee who had once been a revolutionary could have done—he took action for criminal libel!

I think that, at the outset, it is desirable that I should explain what I mean by this heading. I am going to try and suggest what seems to me to be the direction of the general evolution of things. I say things, because I shall not give a biological treatise of the development of man; neither shall I deliver an historical survey of civilisation. My intention is to elucidate a theory of dualism and unity.

The theory is, of course, by no means new or original—for centuries it has formed a subject for philosophers—but I trust that you will find its application relevant to contemporary life. Now that we have found the issue? Two men had each hurled at the other the charge of being "spies." It was a quarrel arising out of a cleavage of political views—and at the worst there only existed room for a civil action, with damages or an apology. Instead a sentence of three months' hard labour was passed and expulsion recommended.

However one views this judgment it appears harsh and vindictive. But the infamy of the prison part is defended on the ground that the Italians are excitable, and that Bellelli's life was menaced by Malatesta's charge! But was not the latter's life menaced by Bellelli's charge in this case? And is Bellelli's any the safer now, if this contention be true?

The infamous suggestions of Powell—the since-retired C.I.D. man—devoid alike of decency and evidence, were an additional disgrace to a "court of justice. " "Willing to wound, yet afraid to strike," aptly sums up his "evidence." Then the deportation—which everyone will understand was because Malatesta was an Anarchist; and, I believe, because, during the present war, the Italian Government wanted him safely under lock and key. For Malatesta writes for Italian journals published in every portion of the globe. The Aliens Act, which gave the judge this power, was aimed at the White Slave Traffic—which it does not stop—not at political refugees, whom it can apparently stifle. And has not political asylum suffered enough at the hands of policemanism? Is not this menace of despotic officialism becoming too grave to be silenced and much longer? Is art and life and thought, that all that boasts the nobility of revolt, to be strangled at the whim of the policeman? Let us not forget Lavarkar's sufferings in a vile Indian dungeon because of the knavery of French and English police usurping functions that exceed even those possessed by Governments themselves—on paper! Let us realise that political asylum is a crime that must not take place. His early release must become a fact. To this end I ask the readers of THE FREEWOMAN to support the Trafalgar Square demonstration on Sunday—this Sunday, June 9th, at 3 p.m.

GUY A. ALDRED

Interpretations of Life.

(Being a paper read before THE FREEWOMAN Discussion Circle on Wednesday, May 22nd.)

THE fact that the title of my paper bears some relation to that of Miss Marsden's "Interpretations of Sex" is not entirely accidental, for a great deal of what follows has been suggested by Miss Marsden's most interesting paper. I hope, too, that the similarity may serve as an incentive for me to emulate her; but here, I fear, success will be most doubtful.

For Malatesta's deportation is a crime that must not be ignored. For Malatesta was an Anarchist; and, I believe, because, during the present war, the Italian Government wanted him safely under lock and key. For Malatesta writes for Italian journals published in every portion of the globe. The Aliens Act, which gave the judge this power, was aimed at the White Slave Traffic—which it does not stop—not at political refugees, whom it can apparently stifle. And has not political asylum suffered enough at the hands of policemanism? Is not this menace of despotic officialism becoming too grave to be silenced and much longer? Is art and life and thought, that all that boasts the nobility of revolt, to be strangled at the whim of the policeman? Let us not forget Lavarkar's sufferings in a vile Indian dungeon because of the knavery of French and English police usurping functions that exceed even those possessed by Governments themselves—on paper! Let us realise that political asylum is a crime that must not take place. His early release must become a fact. To this end I ask the readers of THE FREEWOMAN to support the Trafalgar Square demonstration on Sunday—this Sunday, June 9th, at 3 p.m.

GUY A. ALDRED

Interpretations of Life.
the mortals, that is, between man's conception of the unseen and the seen.

Now let us examine that most obvious case of duality amongst living organism—the two sexes.

I shall get the protoplasm, for instance, we know of were self-impregnating; here, then, we have unity of sex, or, rather, no sex. Their first development was into two cells, that constantly united for purposes of production; there was still no distinction of sex, or, rather, no sex. Their first development was into two cells, that constantly united for purposes of production; there was still no distinction in them, no male and no female. Gradually, these similar cells developed special organs, and thus evolved the first sex. Later on, it is impossible for me to trace the evolution from these protoplasmic forms through its infinite variations to mankind, neither can I trace the growth of mankind onwards to, let us say, the Victorian era, where, we may suppose, was the greatest sex differentiation. I know that this is an absurd jump from protoplasms to the Victorian era, but my point is that the sexes, having developed from one primordial cell, have become more diverse, but now all modern movements are tending to lessen the sex differentiation. We no longer segregate the sexes at childhood; we have systems of co-education.

Biologists are constantly talking of the manly woman and the womanly man, and we are told, quite rightly, that all the greatest men who have hitherto been the triumph of the male sex are just those very ones who were most womanly.

Another quite obvious example of what I mean can be seen in the economic evolution. Primitive man knew of no classes; gradually the feudal system evolved its two classes, the servers and the served. That system gave way to an even greater class differentiation, under the capitalist system, which reached its height in the last century. Then followed the Manchester school, and the doctrine of "Laisser faire," and, very slowly, but perceptibly, the inevitable oncome of Socialism, which will develop into that greater and wider democracy which knows of no class division.

Now, you see how I have attempted to show you, first, how the two sexes originally evolved from one sex, and that the tendency at the present day is to re-unite them, as it were; how the two classes at present, with untold wealth at one end and the direst poverty at the other, originated from the even primitive tribal system, with no such distinction; and the tendency now is to abolish this distinction by means of Socialism, and afterwards anarchy.

Now there is just one more example that I shall discuss before I apply this theory to contemporary human life.

One of the greatest Art critics of the last century said that "all Art aspires towards music." Walter Pater said this. And the reason of this is that in music the matter and the form are so absolutely welded together that it is impossible to consider the one apart from the other. To-day we are evolving an art which greatly resembles music in this respect. I allude, of course, to the school of the Futurists painters.

In Futurism the subjective is tending to become more objective, since it treats of states of mind caused by the contemplation of phenomena, as opposed to mere abstractions. And, on the other hand, the objective is becoming vastly more subjective, so much so, indeed, that the uninitiated who went to the recent exhibitions of the Sackville Galleries spent their entire time in endeavouring to find houses, cats, faces, and aeroplanes in the pictures, as though it were a kind of game, in which the mission of the artist was to conceal these objects, and that of the spectator was to discover them.

And so we see that Art is tending, indeed, it has ever been striving, towards this inevitable reunion, this great rhythmic harmony, which is the outcome of all our evolution.

Now, to recapitulate once more, I have tried to show you, in the two sexes, in the two "nations," and in Art, that there has been this striving towards unity: that it constitutes, in fact, consciously or unconsciously, the goal of all human efforts.

And now I shall attempt to apply this theory still farther with regard to contemporary life. First, by endeavoring to show you the relation of soul to body; how people with more of the one often ally with people with more of the other; how the ideal marriage is but a union of this kind; but before I do this I shall explain what I mean by my special connotation of soul and body, and even prior to doing that I shall preface the whole with a few general remarks...
Colonel: Keep to the point, please. Such low jokes are distasteful to me.
Brown (in confusion): Beg pardon. No offence meant, Colonel, I'm sure. But wot I was a-goin' to say was that Joe, 'e saw a strange-lookin' craft this afternoon lyin' but a mile or two off the shore. I'll eat my 'at, 'e sees, if that ain't a bloomin' man-of-war, and they're goin' to land 'ere and blow up the 'ole place.

Smith: That's true. I 'eard 'im say so meself. Though (cautiously) I'm not sayin' it was a warship. It might 'ave been ome 'em bigger liners, or wot not.

Colonel: Is the ship still at anchor?
Brown: We don't know rightly, 'cos you can't see far out owin' to the fog. But that ain't all. Colonel (sharply): Go on, and be quick about it.
Brown: This afternoon, when I was standin' outside my shop takin' the air, one o' them flying machines, wot you call airypanes, went by, and (with an impressive pause)—a letter with a pebble tied round it was thrown out.

Smith: We opened it, but it was written in some outlandish langwidge we couldn't make 'ed nor not.

Colonel: Have you brought it with you?
Brown: Yes, ere it is. (Takes the letter out of his pocket and hands it to the Colonel.)

Colonel (studies it with a frown): I can't make it out. (Calling.) Sergeant.

(Sergeant comes forward and salutes.) Can you read this?

Sergeant (after looking at it, shakes her head): No, madam. Trooper Ormely knows several foreign languages. Shall I call her?

Colonel: Yes.

(Sergeant goes off.)

Smith (aside to Brown): Rum go this 'avin' wimmin soldiers. Saves us a lot of trouble, though.

(Trooper Ormely comes in.)

Colonel (handing her the letter): Can you make this out?

Evelyn (looks at it, and a sudden smile breaks over her face): It's looking-glass writing.

Colonel (severely): What do you mean? This is not the strictest orders, with England's enemies hammering at her gates.

Evelyn: I'm not joking. It is looking-glass writing. Didn't you ever do it at school?

Colonel (with dignity): I was educated at a high school, where we were taught the seriousness of life and its responsibilities. Our revered head mistess desired, above all things, to turn us into efficient citizens.

Brown (heartily): And made a very good job of it, too, if I may make so bold as to say so, mum.

Smith: 'Ear, 'ear!

Colonel: Cen you decipher the writing?

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**EDITORIAL**

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Evelyn: Yes, with a mirror.

Colonel: There isn't one in the camp; at least, I hope not.

(Evelyn, who has been feeling in her pocket, hastily withdraws her hand.)

(Icyly) Possibly you were unable to dispense with one?

(Smith and Brown begin to laugh, but stop suddenly when the Colonel fixes them with his eye.)

Evelyn: I might have one, perhaps. Oh, yes! (produces it from her pocket). I don't know how it got there. I never put it in, I'm sure. (Sadly) I don't care what I look like—here.

Brown (kindly): Cheer up, miss. You may be dead before to-morrow, and then it won't matter one way or the other.

Smith (grimly): Them big guns blow you up into smithereens onst they gets to work.

Evelyn (who has been studying the writing through the mirror, reads): None but the brave deserve the fair. (She laughs, and Brown and Smith join in.)

Colonel (with great severity): This is no laughing matter. It is one of the gravest importance. It means, there can be no doubt about it, that a raid is to be made shortly on the camp. We are to be carried off like the Sabine women of old, into captivity, and made the unwilling slaves and chattels of the men of a hostile country. This shall never be. Death rather than dishonour.

Brown: What about the village, mum?

Smith: And our 'earths and 'omes and our defenceless wives and children?

Colonel: They shall be defended with our last drop of blood. Go back and say that the village is under martial law. Everyone is to go indoors and stay there till further orders. The inn must be closed for the present.

Brown (deprecatingly): Ad'nt I better keep the pub. open, mum? It'll put a little spirit into the men.

Colonel: That is exactly what I wish to prevent. See that my orders are carried out.

(Brown and Smith go.)

(To Evelyn.) Keep a strict look-out to-night.

(Evelyn salutes. Colonel goes. It is now quite dark. Colonel and troopers have gone inside the tents. Evelyn, wearing a regulation overcoat, a rifle over her shoulder, walks up and down. Pokes her head through the flap of the tent.)

Evelyn: How warm and comfy you must be there! (Coaxingly.) Don't you think I might have one, perhaps. Oh, yes! I might have one, perhaps. Oh, yes! (produces it from her pocket). I don't know how I might have one, perhaps. Oh, yes!

Smith (produces it). I don't know how I might have one, perhaps. Oh, yes!

Brown: You're quite right. We mustn't be afraid. (Starts.) Oh, I'm sure I heard something! And Brown said this wood was haunted. I'm not joking. It is looking-glass writing. Didn't you ever do it at school?

Colonel (with dignity): I was educated at a high school, where we were taught the seriousness of life and its responsibilities. Our revered head mistess desired, above all things, to turn us into efficient citizens.

Brown (heartily): And made a very good job of it, too, if I may make so bold as to say so, mum.

Smith: 'Ear, 'ear!

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Evelyn: Well, just a bull's-eye lantern. I'll keep the dark slide on all the time.

Sergeant: Don't be such a coward. And do your sentry. Go properly, or I'll report you.

Evelyn (shuts the flap and shakes her fist): Brute! (She walks up and down.) I wish I wasn't so afraid. (Starts.) Oh, I'm sure I heard something! And Brown said this wood was haunted. Suppose I see a ghost, whatever shall I do? You can't shoot a ghost. I wonder what time the moon rises? (Goes to the tent.) Sergeant, do tell me, when does the moon rise?

Sergeant: There isn't a moon. Mind you keep a sharp look-out. The enemy may come at any moment. Now, let me go to sleep.

Evelyn (resumes her march): Bother the enemy! I shall cat the death of any cat out here, and a lot of good that'll do anyone. "Let me like a soldier fall" is all very well if you get killed in action and...
buried in Westminster Abbey and all that sort of thing, but to die just of an ordinary chill! Besides, there's Jim; he wouldn't like it. And I don't believe he'd think it at all nice for me to be walking about alone at night like this. Nor do I. A most improper and damp proceeding. I wonder if he got my letter and will be able to rescue me.

(Sound of a snapping twig is heard.) (Listens terror-struck.) What's that? Somebody's coming. What shall I do?
A Voice (softly): Evelyn!
Evelyn (terrified): Who called me?
Belton: Shh! It's me, Jim! (Advances cautiously.)

(Boy Scouts are seen to be crawling quietly along, and eventually surround the camp.)
Evelyn: Jim! Have you come to take me away?
Jim: Yes, darling. But——
(A Boy Scout kicks against a tin, unnoticed in the dark, making a great noise.)
Colonel (coming out of the tent with a rifle): Who goes there?
Jim (in commanding tones): I call upon you to surrender, madam. Resistance is useless. (To Boy Scouts.) T'ention! Shoulder arms!
(They stand at attention and shoulder their staves like rifles.)

Your camp is in our possession.

Colonel: I refuse to believe you. I have heard no sound of firing.
(Sergeant and troopers come out of their tent, carrying their rifles.)
Jim: We use noiseless powder, madam, and non-percussion rifles. They make no sound, and even the shyest birds have been known to perch on the barrels, knowing nothing of their deadly nature.

Evelyn (whispers): You must stand for Parliament after that.

Colonel: I will not surrender. I will die in the last ditch. (Raises her rifle, aiming it at Jim.)
Evelyn (dashes forward and throws herself between the Colonel and Jim): No! You sha'n't kill him. You must shoot me first.
Colonel: Traitor! You were in the enemy's pay.

Evelyn (indignantly): No, I wasn't, but you see——
Jim (interrupting): Enough of this. We cannot parley here all night. If you kill me, madam, your troopers will be shot down to a man—I mean to a woman. Will you sacrifice valuable lives to your personal pride?

Colonel (proudly): They would wish to die with me. Death rather than dishonour is the motto of our corps.

Jim: A very fine one, madam, but still, there is no disgrace in submitting to superior numbers. Your surrender is inevitable.

Colonel (to her troopers): Will you make a last stand and die with me, or preserve your lives to your eternal shame?

Sergeant (hesitatingly): Well, madam, there seems little to be gained by laying down our lives in this way. Discretion is sometimes the better part of valour. The Duke of Wellington, that great soldier——

Colonel: The Duke of Wellington was only a man, and therefore a coward. His conduct shall not be a criterion for us. Will you die with me?

Moreton (putting down her rifle): No, I won't, and that's flat. I call it rotten. What's the good of getting shot for nothing? Besides, I want to swim the Channel before I die.

Newleigh: I don't mind getting killed in a fair fight, but we haven't a ghost of a chance. Here's my rifle, sir, and the next time we meet I hope the odds will be a bit fairer, so that I have a sporting chance against you.

(The remaining troopers also give up their rifles.)

Colonel: Then you all forsake me. But I at least will die, fighting. (Raises her rifle.)

Jim: Madam, before you fire, do you clearly understand that you would be sacrificing not only your own life but your soldiers, too?

Sergeant: I don't think that would be quite fair on us.

Colonel (heart-broken): I surrender, not to your superior force, but to the craven spirit of my soldiers, who esteem their miserable lives more highly than their honour. But I will not marry you.

Jim (surprised): That idea hadn't entered my mind.

Colonel: What about that message—"None but the brave deserve the fair"?

Jim (looks bewildered, but recovers himself, and replies earnestly): I swear to you on my honour, madam, that I have no intention of proposing marriage to you, nor have any of my followers.

Colonel: Then here is my rifle. (Hands it to Jim.)

Jim: I must now ask you to retire to your tents, and give me your word of honour not to leave them till daybreak.

Colonel: We promise.

(They go into their tents.)

Jim (to Scouts): Well done, my lads. Off with you now. (To Evelyn.) Come, the car's waiting at the inn, and we'll be back in London in no time.

[CURTAIN.]

HELEN HAMILTON.
The Love of Woman.

A TRUE CHARACTER SKETCH.

HERS was not a face that you would glance at twice in a crowd.

Pale, with undecided features surrounded by a mass of untidy fair hair, which might have been pretty if less unkempt, it was certainly unattractive.

Our first meeting was strange.

A little knot of people stood on the pavement to watch some men dealing with two horses which had fallen on the slippery street.

She was standing there, laden with groceries, and evidently tired.

I, a stranger in the great city, feeling cold and lonely on that grey November afternoon, stopped also for a moment to watch the struggling horses. A little fair-haired boy in front, who was earnestly regarding the proceedings, suddenly started back as one of the animals plunged violently. He stumbled against me, and looked up startled. Then I heard a quiet voice say, "John, come here!" and, turning round, I saw her, smiling apologetically as she took hold of her boy's hand and turned away.

That smile was like a ray of sunshine on a rainy day; and as I, too, walked on, I pictured again the untidy, worn-out figure and white, tired face, with the big grey eyes and hesitating smile, and wondered what life lay behind it all.

It was already late in the afternoon, and I had yet to find lodgings. A paper in my pocket contained a few addresses of rooms which would be at once cheap and respectable, and towards these I bent my steps.

All failed to be satisfactory, till I had only one left untried. Wearyly mounting the long flight of stairs, I at length reached the top flat and knocked.

She opened the door.

The rooms were small and even dingy; but fatigue and the comfort of seeing a face not altogether strange decided me.

Mrs. Gray—for such I discovered to be her name—flushed with pleasure at my decision, and it was only later that I realised how much it meant to her.

It must be confessed that, after the first day or two, I felt some qualms, and began nervously to think of moving elsewhere. Mrs. Gray had evidently no passion either for neatness or cleanliness; and to one accustomed to meals served daintily, the short supply of china, soiled table-cloth, and clumsily prepared dishes were a source of annoyance.

Gentle remonstrance on my part, however, brought such strenuous efforts to reform that I deferred my decision to leave.

Mrs. Gray had one passion—her husband.

It was only by slow degrees that I learnt the height, depth, and breadth of this all-absorbing devotion.

One thing I knew—that "He" was not living in the house, and, further, that the children always referred to "father" with diffidence.

Observation also elicited the fact that the household—which included an invalid sister—was entirely maintained by the untiring energies of Mrs. Gray, to whom every penny meant the bare necessaries of life.

Yet, despite certain negligences above referred to, never did the children go untidy or unfed.

On Sunday, June 23rd, the Twentieth Century Players will present a drama in three acts, entitled "The Lapse," by Selwyn Weston, at the Little Theatre, John Street, Adelphi. All who are interested may obtain particulars from Mr. Frederick Warde, at Clavier Hall, Princes Street, W., or from Mr. Selwyn Weston, of THE FREEWOMAN. The play has been censored by the Lord Chamberlain.
A Twentieth Century Arcadia.

Into the fields they wandered all alone,
And though to it's full flower her youth had blown
And he had somewhat passed his confirmation,
They flung the reins to their imagination,
And were as children; now across a glade
They run, or through some knee-deep torrent wade,
To clamber laughing up some nettled mounds,
Rejoicing hugely to be out of bounds,
And finding it a joke to be alive.

At times their mutual silence would but give
A fillip to their health and easiness;
Anon their gossip gambolled, and would bless
Or curse with equal flippancy some friend,
Or taking a more philosophic trend,
Amid this gay and picturesque excursion,
Prattle of love and many a weird perversion;
Such rare and dizzy flights of intellect,
They still are but a fraction more than hums;
And now with slightly gêne conversation,
They find that they have reached their destination,
A village with an inn, and also station.
The problem thickens, for the hour of eight
Obtrudes the fact that it is getting late,
And what till then had been a dumb suggestion,
To stay or not to stay, becomes a question
Of pressing import: two lithe brains are bent
To mutual wrestle of keen argument:
Of quite authentic scorn: still obstinate,
Diana the free-loving shot a glare
The darkness, one white wall of adamant,
You talk about Free Love? "—" I do, because
And as she spoke, her forehead gleamed aslant
With slightly bewildered reader, I ask for more light.

And in he jumped, to puzzle with a frown,
Alas, one cannot tell; there puffed a train,
And how love need not always be grand passion.

How, though, of course, one could not but respect
Our foiled Actaeon then began to prate
To just a frolic where good comradeship
Will smoothly to its natural climax slip;
She was not among those imprisoned on that occasion,
Mrs. Drummond, then in Holloway Prison, might be
Accused of political offenders' treatment? In that campaign
You were one of our most valuable condutors.

You do remember the leading part you took in the
First of the Strangways Gaol Hunger Strikers in 1909; and
Do you remember that whatever your private opinions
As an individual may have been, the publicly avowed opinion of members of the W.S.P.U. was that the Hunger Strike was adopted as a protest against unfair prison treatment; that is, against the denial of the treatment due to political offenders.

In utmost friendly spirit I raise these points for your further consideration. I allow in advance that you have every right to change your mind on the question of the treatment of political offenders; I suppose that you see clearly, more deeply, into the question than you did before.

But what of 1908 and 1909?

As I have not the least objection to mixing with politicians and statesmen, inside or outside of party or state, I am sure you will understand that neither "snobbery" nor "fear" is in my thoughts in personally wishing success to the "first-division" agitators. I agree with you most strongly when you say, "To challenge the social order is not a game of skittles, and to be a rebel is to be a dangerous and hazardous thing." I disagree equally strongly when you in your elimination of allowance for "motive" in your reference to certain political offenders. I hold that right estimation of motive should be a mighty factor in the award of penalties at all times.

MARY GAWTHORPE.

(Some light upon the whole subject of political offences may be gleaned from a Topic in this week's issue. If readers will regard a few personal statements as personal illustrations of a theory we should be happy to answer Miss Gawthorpe's queries. All the incidents mentioned, and the circumstances relating to them, are perfectly well known.)

Strangways Gaol in 1909, it was pre-arranged that whatever division we were placed in we should go on with the Hunger-Strike, at the close of 1909. At Mr. Churchill's new regulations, when actions were entered upon which necessitated imprisonment, a letter warmly advising continuation of the Hunger-Strike in prison was written by us to one of the "leaders," in the hope of making what we were not among those imprisoned on that occasion, we merely quote the matter to show the trend of opinion even while inside the W.S.P.U. organisation. Upon emerging from the obscurity of thought which strenuous physical work in the W.S.P.U. made compulsory, many things which had only shown their existence in an interesting attitude towards specific actions became clearly defined in thought. If, as is doubtless true, "the avowed opinion of members of the W.S.P.U. was that the Hunger-Strike was adopted as a protest against the denial of the treatment due to political offenders," how comes it that the "leaders" of the W.S.P.U. are abandoning the "protest" at the very juncture when the Union is raising to its loudest the clamour against the denial of treatment they consider due to political offenders? If there are protests which can be used, "leaders" should be prepared to use them now.

As to intention and motive, perhaps Miss Gawthorpe will realise the difficulty of basing judgments on motive rather than on intention when we point out that we certainly did not think the W.S.P.U. action in March, 1908, was based upon the simple motive of obtaining Votes for Women. We considered the motive was due to a desire to enliven the W.S.P.U. campaign at a rather dull and hopeless time. We may have been wrong; but again we may have been right, and a thousand other people might have held a thousand other opinions equally liable to be wrong or right. Not being able to photograph a departed phase of soul, even a judge could only make his guess. He could easily, however, judge of intention, and it is

Correspondence.

POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

MADAM,—I find myself so warmly in sympathy with Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Geo. Lansbury in their efforts to secure better prison treatment for all the political offenders, men and women, now in prison that, as a slightly bewildered reader, I ask for more light.

I am in full agreement with you in your expressed view that public criticism and personal attack are not the same thing; and I know you will not object if I proceed to personalities. Do you remember the brisk and most interesting campaign we carried through in Manchester in the late autumn of 1908? the object of the campaign being to bring about a town's meeting in the hope that, thereby, Mrs. Pinkhurst, Christabel Pankhurst, and Mrs. Drummond, then in Holloway Prison, might be accorded political offenders' treatment? In that campaign you were one of our most valuable condutors.

You do remember the leading part you took in the first of the Strangways Gaol Hunger Strikers in 1909; and you do remember that whatever your private opinions as an individual may have been, the publicly avowed opinion of members of the W.S.P.U. was that the Hunger Strike was adopted as a protest against unfair prison treatment; that is, against the denial of the treatment due to political offenders.

In utmost friendly spirit I raise these points for your further consideration. I allow in advance that you have every right to change your mind on the question of the treatment of political offenders; I suppose that you see clearly, more deeply, into the question than you did before. But what of 1908 and 1909?

As I have not the least objection to mixing with politicians and statesmen, inside or outside of party or state, I am sure you will understand that neither "snobbery" nor "fear" is in my thoughts in personally wishing success to the "first-division" agitators. I agree with you most strongly when you say, "To challenge the social order is not a game of skittles, and to be a rebel is to be a dangerous and hazardous thing." I disagree equally strongly when you in your elimination of allowance for "motive" in your reference to certain political offenders. I hold that right estimation of motive should be a mighty factor in the award of penalties at all times.

MARY GAWTHORPE.
upon intention carried into action that the law, happily, is called to decide. What their motive was is an affair of the value of which must be the fortification of their own souls and the strengthening of them for further action. —Ed.

WOMAN AND THE HOUSE.

MADAM,—It has been reserved for The Freewoman to bear upon my "Modern Crusader" the longest and the most unfavourable review which it has received. Miss West's attack on the artistic score leaves me cold. I chose deliberately to commit a piece of artistic impertinence, and wrote my tract in the form of a play, hoping to attract attention. I have succeeded. I have attracted Miss West's attention—a page and a half of it—and I hope she will not find the curious irony of her readers to induce them to judge for themselves the dramatic enormity which she so roundly denounces.

It is easier to forgive all the other hard things which Miss West has said than her unfair summing-up of the home school scheme in the sentence: "Mrs. Hobson would wish a mother to spend her days making baby-clothes and cooking the dinner." This is totally to ignore the club or settlement side of the proposed home schools, and to misrepresent them as simply the multiplication of centres for the teaching of domestic science. The life of my working girls certainly is at present an endless round of dreary drudgery, and an important aim of the home schools would be to provide some social pleasures, dances, lectures, etc., as well as to teach them easier ways of doing their work and helping to realise its importance and value to society. If there is too much home work, if it is approached with ignorance and dislike, unmitigated by ideals and the intelligence to plan for leisure, then I grant the case against it is as bad as Miss West makes out.

Nor do I arrogantly think that better cottages and higher wages would cure all the evils. It is just because I feel the selfishness of our own lives, in our comfortable homes, that I want to see something done to raise the standard of the home in which these girls must live. It is not so much that better cottages and higher wages would not alone change the slattern and the muddler into the sort of woman who can manage, with an unexhausted and unslovenly sort of desire to see. Everyone who is interested in these things knows that it is a thankless task for teachers and inspectors to attempt to cope with uncleanly and verminous children in the schools. Of course, they may do some good by setting a higher standard, but with the maximum of trouble they attain the minimum of results. It is attacking the problem at the wrong end. A child bathed and dressed in clean clothing at school will return the next day, after passing the night in a dirty home, with the careless state of contamination that her better cottages and higher wages would not alone change the slattern and the muddler into the sort of woman who can manage the better homes and healthier cottages. It is not the play that evoked that page and a half of impertinence in writing "A Modern Crusader" in drama form, on the ground that she thereby attracted my attention. This does the home workers the utmost good. The letter, I find it impossible to argue with a person who holds the doctrine of original sin. Mrs. Hobson is "sure that better cottages and higher wages would not alone change the slattern and the muddler into the sort of woman who can manage the better homes and healthier cottages." Well, I am quite certain that in most cases they would. This shows that Mrs. Hobson believes that there are varieties of women separate and immutable—the slattern, the muddler, the maid—each with an inborn inability to manage. I can gather from "The Mission to Mothers," the settlement side is to consist—besides visits from the lady-in-charge and the opportunities it gives to make and extend happiness. THE LIGHT INFILTRATION MASSAGE

A REPLY.

MADAM,—Mrs. Hobson begs the pardon of Art for her impertinence in writing "A Modern Crusader" in drama form, on the ground that she thereby attracted my attention. This letter, I find it impossible to argue with a person who holds the doctrine of original sin. Mrs. Hobson is "sure that better cottages and higher wages would not alone change the slattern and the muddler into the sort of woman who can manage the better homes and healthier cottages." She may have a strong inclination towards some other sphere of activity and an active loathing for domestic work, or she may be sickly and exhausted. “That there is no direct connexion between a woman's physical exhaustion and her efficiency as a housekeeper is proved by the fact, so often observed by teachers and inspectors, that the larger a family is the less well cared for it is. It is suitable for those with the intelligence of rabbits. All it requires is cleanliness, tidiness, and quickness—not much more, but it is invaluable.” Mrs. Hobson would wish a mother to spend her days making baby-clothes and cooking the dinner. That's not a summing-up of the home school scheme! That's a description of Mrs. Hobson's attitude of mind. Moreover, so far as I can gather from "The Mission to Mothers," the settlement side is to consist—besides visits from the lady-in-charge...
to the women's homes, which seems an impertinent habit on the part of a man in the evening. Which does not disprove my remark.

But the real reason why I did not touch on the settlement side was that it seemed to me the most discreditible part of the whole of this home school scheme is an attempt to pay back the countryside in bad halfpence what the rich stole from it in gold. Before the village life of England was wipped up. That whole of this latter half of the eighteenth century the villagers went out on the summer evenings and danced Laundnum Bunches and Constant Billy on the green till the moon came away. The sermon course, merely in the perception whether you prefer them to sit docily in a home school hall while the vicar's wife sings Tosti's 'Good-bye'. Because you can't get the practice any more than domestic economy. They're tired and cross and hungry, and they won't play.

I take a keen interest in school hygiene, as it happens, and I'll say what I am impressed by. Mrs. Hobson remarks. I know that many teachers and inspectors feel that they are attacking the problem at the wrong end. But few of them are simple enough to suggest that teaching is the wrong end. “More money and better housing” is the commoner suggestion. I doubt exceedingly that in the given case—the cleansed child returned to the filthy home—a graduate of the home school would do much. If she could keep the child clean when rearing six children on twenty-two shillings a week, and living in a house the walls and wood of which are rotten with bugs and the water supply of which is down three flights of stairs—well, I can only conclude that there will be a class in miracles, conducted by the vicar.

There seems to be no other point to be answered, except the last paragraph, wherein Mrs. Hobson rebukes the “Miss Wests of the world” —ye gods! what a picture this is of regarding domestic work as “food poison.” That simile has had a great success. It has been so widely quoted by a scandalised press that I hope it will ultimately enter the language—one of those “jewels five words long.”

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endeavouring to prejudice the mind of a jury, who were trying a man for his life, by showing that he was a thief, an offence with which he was not charged. Hundreds of questions put by Isaacs were merely prejudicial to the fair trial of Seddon, and had nothing to do with his guilt or innocence. The decision of that question is in the hands of the Highest Tribunal. So far as this world is concerned, my view was, and is, that there was no evidence sufficient to justify conviction that Miss Barrow was murdered at all. The jury were over-awed by Sir Rufus Isaacs' persistence and demeanour. Had they known the cash consideration which attached to that, or the career led by Sir Rufus Isaacs, they might have been less impressed. I refer to these facts, because there is some danger that Sir Rufus Isaacs may become Lord Chief Justice of England. It would be difficult to conceive a more abominable appointment. Bad as Lord Alverstone is, it is to be hoped that his health will be preserved until Sir Rufus is no longer a candidate for the Lord Chief Justiceship.

Mr. Roche should cheer up; men do not naturally like poverty, crime, and inequality.

C. H. Norma.

**THE SINS OF THE FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN.**

Madam,—In this week's issue there is a letter from your correspondent, "O. K.," which once more brings into the forefront of practical matters the question of pre-natal influence.

As a business woman in the City, I am quite accustomed to hearing on all sides that life is so complex nowadays that all hope of solving our various national and domestic troubles has vanished! Even if our statesmen and all those who are responsible for our government continue in their policy of muddling through somehow, there still remains the grand fact that women are not only responsible for the continuance of the race, but they can determine to a great degree how wiser generations shall be born.

It is on this point that one must sympathise with all those who, like "O. K.," have the misfortune to be tormented by the daily renewal of the frequent idea that women are not only responsible for the continuance of the race, but they can determine to a great degree how wiser generations shall be born.

How is "our sex" to be uplifted? The lonely and repellent truth is that members of either sex can only be "lifted" by their own efforts and not merely a series of adjustments. The adjustments follow in order to preclude from the minds of all women in a wholesale, not a retail fashion, we shall then be ensuring the actual fact of existent "Free-women."

Madam,—There is on page 482 of _The Free-Woman_ the description of an experience which "came" to one in prison, that is interpreted as being more or less "sex." A noble woman, past middle-age, a Suffragette, a retiring, sensitive gentlewoman, went through, for conscience' sake, all the horrors of "Black Friday," was mauled and ill-treated in an insufferable degree, afterwards described to me something similar. Shut up alone, suffering acute physical pain, "in an agony," suddenly there "came" the sense of a presence; peace deep and profound filled her innermost consciousness; joy of the deepest, most radiant, permeated her being, "the spiritual enveloped me," she said. "Spirit with spirit did meet."

Such records as we have of the early Christian martyrs, who were cast to the lions for their faith, maltreated in every way, speak of "spiritual exultation," "the sense of a presence," sustaining them in deepest agony.

Which is the higher interpretation—not otherwise?

Religious or Pagan.

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Which is the higher interpretation—not otherwise?"
understood, only accepted as the Divine flowing into the woman magazine, may I venture a criticism? Do not good to the race. " In some inscrutable way woman stands churches of any denomination taught by a one-sex minis­
dermined to bear. We were endeavouring to define "pas­
seen; the instinctive, intuitive reaching out after the divine; the glad worship of a supreme Mind and Love; true religion is deeply rooted in woman, and no cause will be furthered by ignoring such.

H. F. Rubenstein, in an earlier issue (p. 90), declares a fact which the more advanced women to-day are dis­
cerning, that the " normal man is the most incapable of religion, at least of religion as understood by Christ and which, as with a one-eyed vision, true perspective is lost.

churches which most acknowledge the claims of the Christ are found ever man-filled puppets, by means of which, the one-sex idea is taught, and which is one of the last­
in the legends that sweep Nature aside, but many of the

most vital moral truths, which contain the very essence of human welfare, are self-evident to woman. The value in maternity of the feminine capacity to idealise will be shown in the finer children which fully conscious women will produce. Instead of fettering away her energies in cherishing the delusions of faith, is it not much better that woman should bring the whole force of her spiritual power into motherhood and other feminine work for humanity?

Let Freewomen drop the thriftiest veil of prejudice and bigotry, and they will see that religions have been framed by men, and that man's nature is the natural character and organization the same as man, and her development is not to come from likening herself to him, but in following where Nature leads her.

May 24th, 1912.

FRANCES PREWETT.

(Mr. Foote's definition of an Atheist is good enough, as far as it goes, provided that those who use it really have an idea of what it means. They may mean wholehearted sex-anticipation, but which in realisation proves illusory or evanescent.—Ed.)

ATHEISTS.

MADAM,—In your issue of May 23rd, you ask for a definition of an Atheist. An Atheist, as defined by Dr. T. R. Allinson, is a person who is without a God. Like the Agnostics, Atheists have no knowledge of a God. As a living writer (Mr. G. W. Foote) has expressed it, "Atheists believe that the God communed with is not a personal being, but an ideal, varying in each according to the greatness and purity of the believer's nature."

Again, in your issue of May 6th, you write of one of your correspondents as "being unacquainted with the religious sense." Is this "religious sense" something which enables one to accept dogmas contrary to reason, or is it not for idealisation and reverence, which is common in varying degrees to every person, but an ideal, varying in each according to the greatness and purity of the believer's nature."

We regret that, owing to an oversight, Dr. Wrench's article in last week's issue, "Shall the Yoshiwara be Rebuilt?" appeared above the signature E. O. Wrench instead of G. T. Wrench, M.D.—Ed.
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