WEININGER, in his poetic outpouring, "Sex and Character," is great enough to commit himself to the dual implications involved in belief—the implications that something has to be established, and that something else, the first thing's opposite, has to be destroyed. Weininger's greatness is born of his courage; his courage is born of his seer's vision, and of the clear, articulated form which his vision assumed by virtue of his being a poet. The powers of his genius hacked through the amorphous mass of human contradictions until they rang out clear upon the one great human affirmation, Personality. In the white light of this fundamental truth he turned round and looked at the human frailties, errors, negations, and recognised them for what they were—the opposers of humanity. They were all those things that hindered the life, the begetting of Personality. The essential quality of the opposing things, he found, was undifferentiation—amorphism. Human beings and human forces he might, therefore, have classified according to their tendency towards, or away from, differentiation, articulateness, individuality, personality. He might have made this classification, but did not. Instead, he made a purely empirical one, such as men, Jews, and women implies, and, consequently, produced in part a mass of boyish misstatement. He left it, however, for any who could wear his mantle to utilise his genius and apply his thesis. Briefly, Weininger's theory could be stated in a sentence, though he never does so state it explicitly. According to Weininger, the Kingdom of Heaven is the Kingdom of Being, the realm of articulated personality. Hell is the annihilation of personality, and prostitution the effacing of differentiation, the basic element in all sin. Estimating Weininger's work in this light, we recognise him as a true seer. He has laid down a principle upon which mankind will work as long as mankind lasts. Every moral disease which casts its blight upon humanity to-day is to be understood and only to be remedied in light of it. It explains the irreparable sin of prostitutions of all kinds. It explains why our ears are boxed. Nature calls aloud that she has death in store for all who involve themselves in prostitutions. Yet, save for the Seer, Nature cries to deaf ears. Weininger, the poet, heard, and might have given to humanity, a mighty gospel of deliverance. Unhappily, this youth, who saw so penetratingly the literally damned nature of all prostitution, was lured away by the popular acceptation of the term prostitute. In the world, he saw, there were two tendencies, the Down, the Up; the Death, the Life; the Moral, the Immoral; the Bound, the Free; the Pro-Personality-Tendency and the Anti-Personality-Tendency; and to all this dualism of principles, to all these unlimited sets of opposites, he postulated human analogues in Man and Woman, Male and Female—his M. and F. Let the Pro-Personality-Tendency be called male, says Weininger in effect, and let the Anti-Personality-Tendency be called female, and, this granted, he proceeds to pour forth his diatribe against women. In its general application he finds the theory quite supple, but when he becomes specific, awkward facts arise which necessitate modification. If a man be indicated who is obviously minus a personality, or who is a destroyer of personality, with the assurance of a man who knows he has hold of a right theory, and can afford to let himself go—Weininger says that man need not necessarily be man. Man, he says, if he be...
inferior, is partly woman. In fact, every male is partly female, and is so in the ratio of his degradation. Politicians, he points out, and men of action—Napoleons—are of the prostitute type, and for this reason female sex prostitutes naturally foregather round them. Should, however, certain women show symptoms of being possessed of personality, Weininger accounts for them variously, but in the last resort by his M. and F. theory. A woman's personality-qualities are a pose, or a symptom of hysteria with tendencies towards male hypnotism; or they are illusory; or the female is partly male. He is at pains to point out, first, that no woman's achievement in philosophy or art is equal to that of a man of fifth-rate talent, and that even the women who have arrived thus far have been masculine in feature, graceless in form, aping men's clothing and manners, and have shown homo-sexual or bi-sexual tendencies. This may be so, but, if so, it would suggest that ultimately the female might achieve maleness, and the male might possibly degrade itself to femaleness.

Weininger, however, explicitly denies this. The most degraded male he holds higher than the most highly developed female. This, according to Weininger's implied meaning of femaleness, is correct, but, being so, it renders his M. and F. theory meaningless and absurd. Let us merely indicate, therefore, what the theory is which seeks to explain sexual affinity upon a quantitative basis. The law, says Weininger, may be expressed as follows:—

“If we take \( \mu \), any individual regarded in the ordinary way as a male, and denote his real sexual constitution as \( M \mu \), so many parts really male, plus \( W \mu \), so many parts really female; if we also take \( \omega \), any individual regarded in the ordinary way as a female, and denote her real sexual constitution as \( W \omega \), so many parts really female, plus \( M \omega \), so many parts really male; then if there be complete sexual affinity, the greatest possible sexual attraction between the two individuals, \( \mu \) and \( \omega \),

\[
(1) \quad M \mu + W \mu = M \omega + W \omega
\]

and

\[
(2) \quad W \mu + W \omega = M \mu + M \omega
\]

If, for instance, an individual be composed thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\mu & = 2 M \\
\omega & = 3 W
\end{align*}
\]

the best sexual complement of that individual will be another compound as follows:—

\[
\begin{align*}
\mu & = 3 M \\
\omega & = 1 W
\end{align*}
\]

Remembering, therefore, Weininger's definition of woman as "man's guilt," his "lower self," his "negation," it follows that, in sexual attraction, the lofter the man, the lower he stoop for his complement. Thus, the most abandoned prostitute, by natural affinity, will attract the greatest saint; the more gifted a woman is, the more inferior a man will she choose. Hence, sexual attraction, according to this naive theory, represents Rightness of necessity seeking its Equal and Counterpart in Wrongness—a continual effort embodied in natural law, of Rightness seeking to annul itself by an equal alliance with Wrongness—an effort to establish the two on equal terms! In spite of Weininger's genius—perhaps because of it—one must hold such a theory beneath criticism.

In like manner, again and again is this display of genius veined through with discrepancy, spurious evidence, and the sharp practice of malreasoning. The wonder of it is that, in spite of all, the self-illuminating quality of Truth in this human document rests undimmed, and will live to flash its light upon the untrampled highway of life. The perverse idiosyncrasies which bespeak its lustre will be lost sight of in a brighter radiance. Indeed, the book itself provides evidence that Weininger was already arriving at a truer orientation of his theory. In "Judaism," the last chapter save the epilogue, Weininger makes clear the process of reasoning by means of which he perpetrated his blunder in regard to women. This is what he says, speaking of "Judaism": "I must make clear what I mean by Judaism; I mean neither a race, nor a people, nor a recognised creed. I think of it as a tendency of the mind, as a psychological constitution which is a possibility for all mankind, but which has become actual in the most conspicuous fashion among the Jews." There we have it—a "tendency of the mind," and it is a tendency of the mind—a "possibility for all mankind" to which Weininger in truth refers when he speaks of "femaleness." It is, indeed, just this "femaleness" that Weininger has traced as a recognisable characteristic of a race of men; that he means when he speaks of Judaism, and it is Judaism which is "femaleness," less and more, that he detects among men of all the races of the earth—particularly so among Englishmen. What is, then, this Judaism which is a special case of femaleism? Let us see. (Though Weininger specifically states that by Judaism he does not imply the characteristics of a people or race—"When I speak of the Jew I mean neither an individual nor the whole body, but mankind in general, in so far as it has a share in the platonistic idea of Judaism"—he nevertheless speaks quite specifically of Jews when postulating the characteristics of Judaism.) "Jews and women are without extreme good and extreme evil, (so) they never show either genius or the depths of stupidity of which mankind is capable. The specific kind of intelligence for which Jews and women alike are notorious is simply due to the alertness of an exaggerated egoism . . . . due to the boundless capacity shown by both for pursuing any object with equal zeal, because they have no intrinsic standard of value—nothing in their souls by which to judge the worthiness of any particular object." "The god in man is the human soul, and the absolute Jew is devoid of a soul." "In the Jew and the woman, good and evil are not distinct from one another." "Jews do not live as free, self-governing individuals, choosing between virtue and vice in the Aryan fashion. They are a mere collection of similar individuals, each cast in the same mould, the whole, as it were, forming a continuous plasmodium." "The Jew is not really anti-moral . . . . he is rather non-moral." "The true conception of the State is foreign to the Jew, because he, like the woman, is wanting in personality; his
failure to grasp the idea of true society is due to his lack of a free intelligible ego. Like women, Jews tend to adhere together, but they do not associate as free, independent individuals, mutually respecting each other's individuality. As there is no real dignity in women, so what is meant by the word gentleman does not exist among the Jews. The genuine Jew fails in the innate good breeding by which alone individuals honour their own individuality and respect that of others. "The congruity between Jews and women further reveals itself in the extreme adaptability of the Jews, in their great talent for journalism, the 'mobility' of their minds, their lack of deeply rooted and original ideas, in fact, the mode in which, like women, because they are nothing in themselves, they can become everything. The Jew is an individual, not an individuality. . . . "At this point the comparison between the Jew and the woman breaks down; the being nothing, and becoming all things differs in the two. The woman is material which impas­sively assumes any form impressed upon it. In the Jew there is a material aggressiveness; it is not because of the great impression that others make on him that he is receptive; he is no more subject to suggestion than the Aryan man, but he adapts himself to every circumstance and every race, be­coming, like the parasite, a new creature in every different host, although remaining essentially the same. He assimilates himself to everything, and assimilates everything; he is not dominated by others, but submits himself to them. The Jew is gifted, the woman is not gifted, and the giftedness of the Jew reveals itself in many forms of activity, as, for instance, in jurisprudence; but these acti­vities are always relative and never seated in the creative freedom of the will." . . . 'Speaking of 'the fundamental difference between the Jew and the woman.' Neither believe in themselves; but the woman believes in others, in her husband, her lover, her children, or in love itself; she has a centre of gravity, although it is outside her own being.'

We find, therefore, that what Weininger is imputing to women is their lack of personality, which is soul. This is an imputation which can be met squarely. No one is likely to maintain that there are many women with very highly developed personalities. On the other hand, there are scarcely any men, reckoning "clever" men as well as "clever" women. "Clever" people, equally with "ordi­nary" people, are uncommonly enough, and with the smallest effort of the mind their personal­ities can be merged one into another. We emphasise again that this applies equally to men as to women. There are very few people who stand out from the spiritual landscape, affirming some­thing positive in their very existence, not to be ignored and to be taken into account in our philo­sophies as standing for a reality as positive as that of the solar system or the constitution of a liquid or a gas. The great majority, men and women alike, are, to use Weininger's words, "henids," vague, indeterminate, inter-related semi-personal­ities. They do not stand self-affirming, postulating their own nature, as would a developed personality. They have no revelation begotten in their inmost self. They make guesses at their own meaning, and rush hither and thither, seeking confirmation or refutation in the guesses of others. The status of men and women defined by personality has nothing to do with sex. Sex has certain characteristics peculiar to male and female, physically and psychi­cally, but their presence or absence has nothing to do with the initial gift of Soul—a gift which, for men and women alike, varies in amount for reasons not yet comprehended. The gift is never wholly absent, and the possibility of personality-development is always present. For its development free-will is necessary, and, if personality is present in any large degree, it will insist upon the possession of free-will. The depressing feature of present-day conditions is that there is so little emphasis placed upon the necessity of securing conditions which will allow of free-will. The most hopeful sign is the widespread unrest among women and men alike, which, unless the vigour of the human spirit collapses before it has time to become articulate, will resolve itself into a demand for free condi­tions. Weininger himself has hopes that man will purge himself free of femaleness; that the Jew will save himself from Judaism; but for woman he has little hope. In man he finds the Godhead, and even from the Jews, saturated in femaleness, springs a Christ, who for Weininger expresses the very antithesis of Judaism. But for woman Weininger sees almost nothing. To conceive of her achieving per­sonality is to give one's assent to the conception of a miracle he holds. Weininger surely states the dif­ficulty weakly. For him, making, as he practically does, the term "femaleness" co-extensive with the term "women," to conceive of "women" achieving personality must have been a negation of all sense; the identification of the "Is" and "Is not"; the negation of all opposites. Femaleness for him re­presented the "tendency of mind" towards undif­ferentiation, towards negation of personality. How­ever, then, could the downward tendency, by pro­gressing, become the upward? How could the sin of the world become ultimately its good? How could femaleness become personality? We ven­ture to say that to conceive of such is not only as­sessing to a miracle; it is an absurdity, and to state it as a possibility is to play tricks with lan­guage. "Femaleness," as Weininger defined it, is the Thing to be Destroyed. It is the Great Denial—the thing to be overcome. But this "femaleness" has no special kinship with the females of the human species. It represents the sin of the world, and confounds the sons of the world equally with the daughters. It is the Foe of Life whom men and women alike have to meet and have to over­come, or perish.

HEAVEN.

O, childhood of the soul! O, fragrant days! O, Magian bird that sang in summer's haze, When all the fields of mind grew wild and sweet; Not overlaid and fouled by slummy street.

Be of good cheer, O heart! These ills shall pass, The bricks in ruin crumble, the eternal grass Cover each fallen stone, each mortar skull; And sin's manure shall make the blooms more beautiful

—E. H. VISIAK.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Wisdom While You Wait.

I

F men and women could fix firmly in their minds two tendencies observable in the universe of persons and things, they would find that the map marked with life-problems would rapidly become illuminated with intelligibility. Armed with an understanding of these two tendencies, empiricists, flounders, reformers, clever patterers, utopists, and the like would probably be amazed to find themselves becoming wise men. They would possess the sense of direction which is wisdom. The first tendency relates absolutely to dead matter; the second absolutely to human beings. Because, however, these tendencies are tendencies and not mathematical laws, there is an area wherein the two merge one into the other, and wherein exists to superficial observation a kind of neutral zone. Observed more closely, however, it becomes clear that tendency even here persists, though more feebly, and consequently more difficult to trace. In plant-life, for instance, there is the free tendency, that is, the tendency that which is absolute in relation to dead matter. It is that which seeks to impress itself upon the material used without any consideration of the life to which it is applicable. It is therefore bound up in a mesh of immoralities. To state that man is moral is to state the great, if possible, and necessary condition of his life. What he practises, while it may not be health, is certainly not prostitution, and he is not a prostitute. He is merely the female counterpart of what a great many men are, i.e., sexually abnormal. If the immoral factor, that of economic compulsion, be removed, this class of women would necessarily and find their corresponding class of men. The resultant situation might not be healthy, but it would not be immoral. Anything more than this said on the subject of prostitution is a waste of words, for the men then persist in the belief of the Slave Traffic Amendment Bill. As long as there are wares to sell there will be traffickers, who will always be able to evade the utmost ingenuity of those who seek to suppress them. Remove the economic pressure pressing upon women and then leave the whole business to itself. Now let us consider the "labour unrest," and the nominal cause of certain recent strikes. The analogy of the condition of working men with that of prostitutes is very far-reaching. Both are compelled, by their lack of anything to exchange in the way of products, to offer their bodies for sale. Both are practically working out the "labour unemployment" and get in return to nothing in return. Both are compelled to submit to an external power, in which submission their native will is regarded as non-existent. Both are treated as things, machines, and objects. Their whole tendency is ignored and frustrated. They are deprived of free-will. In time the realisation of the workers that of prostitutes is reached, revolution will be at hand. At present, among men as among women, thought is confused; they feel aright; often act right; but their explanations are as often as not poles removed from their essential motives. For instance, being coerced, the workers nominally set about coercing their fellows; their "employers" then coerce them; therefore they will coerce their fellows to join their unions, willy-nilly. Various journals who should know better have supported the action of striking because of the persistent employment of non-union men, and have advanced a false analogy with professional men, doctors, for instance. The analogy is false, because, though doctors refuse to recognise a "non-union" doctor, their "employers" do not "strike." They merely "cut" him. So, though for us men on strike can never be in the wrong, we profoundly wish that they would find their best reasons for striking. For they will find foes deadly enough in the naturally immoral, and they shool the people, men and women, who support morality when they can see it.

Owing to the great kindness of G. C. Beresford, Esq., we are enabled to publish this week's supplement. We expect from time to time to publish other photographic supplements, and we hope that readers will find an added interest in sending the supplemented copies to friends who are not already subscribers to THE FREEWOMAN.
Whatever may be the legal opinion concerning the need for the appointment of two new judges in place of the late Sir W. Grantham and the retiring Sir John Lawrance, the lay members of Parliament should combine against this threatened attempt to fasten upon the British revenues a perpetual charge of £10,000 a year. There is no justification for this expenditure in the present state of the lists. Cases are always standing over nowadays because the parties are not ready for trial. The instance of a commercial case in which the writ was issued on January 30th was tried on February 14th. The rapidity with which cases are reached in both the Chancery and the King's Bench Division is embarrassing to suitors, as the preparation of cases for trial requires a good deal of time.

Should it be found impossible to fight the lawyers in the House of Commons with permanent success, a strong effort should be made to attach conditions to these appointments. The judges should be compelled, in certain events, to pay a portion of the costs thrown away by their blunders at the trial of civil actions, and wrongly convicted prisoners should be compensated. An examination of the causes of bankruptcy would show the public what a litigant has to risk when seeking justice in the English Law Courts. The case of Cope v. Sharp is an instance of the uncertainty of justice. That was a claim for £10s. It has been tried three times in the County Court, twice in the Divisional Court, once in the Appeal Court, and leave has been given to appeal to the House of Lords—which tribunal might conceivably order a new trial!

The utter irresponsibility of the judges was recently demonstrated by that amazing judge, Sir Edward Ridley. The special jury fees were not ready in a case, owing to its coming to an unexpected conclusion; whereupon Sir Edward Ridley ordered a solicitor's clerk, who could not have been made responsible for paying under any circumstances, to remain sitting in a public court in charge of a tipstaff, until his principal, or his client, arrived with the missing fees. Mr. Justice Ridley has added a new terror to the lives of solicitors' clerks, and has afforded another example of the complete irresponsibility of his Majesty's judges. There should be a Standing Committee of the House of Commons, or the Privy Council, consisting of half lay and half legal members, who should be deputed to deal with complaints of litigants against the judges and members of the Bar. The Bar Council is a preposterous sham from the public point of view. Solicitors should be given the right of audience in the High Courts as in the County Courts. The English legal system is an ingenious device for multiplying expense, and compelling any person who is desirous of having his wrongs righted to pay heavily for the privilege. Why solicitors should not be allowed to present any case in the Divorce Court, it is impossible to understand, except on the hypothesis that the administration of justice is the rightful monopoly of the Bar.

It is curious to remember that no man can practise at the Bar without being called in one of the Inns, that no solicitor can carry on business without being a member of the Incorporated Law Society, and that no solicitors' clerk, who could not have been made responsible for paying under any circumstances, to remain sitting in a public court in charge of a tipstaff, until his principal, or his client, arrived with the missing fees. Mr. Justice Ridley has added a new terror to the lives of solicitors' clerks, and has afforded another example of the complete irresponsibility of his Majesty's judges. There should be a Standing Committee of the House of Commons, or the Privy Council, consisting of half lay and half legal members, who should be deputed to deal with complaints of litigants against the judges and members of the Bar. The Bar Council is a preposterous sham from the public point of view. Solicitors should be given the right of audience in the High Courts as in the County Courts. The English legal system is an ingenious device for multiplying expense, and compelling any person who is desirous of having his wrongs righted to pay heavily for the privilege. Why solicitors should not be allowed to present any case in the Divorce Court, it is impossible to understand, except on the hypothesis that the administration of justice is the rightful monopoly of the Bar.

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a relative on the Bench, or being able to exercise influence through the Bench. On the law of judges, it does not guarantee their efficiency. The public are the unhappy sufferers.

Just imagine this scene in an assize court! A judge solemnly lecturing, and sentencing, a prisoner for corruption, theft, or embezzlement, and then, on the rising of the court, signing a document giving to his son or nephew, whom he suspects to be incompetent, otherwise it would not be so urgent to provide for him, £1,000 a year of public money. Is not such a judge corrupting the administration of justice by defrauding the public? His duty is to put the best man in the vacancy. It is too strange a coincidence that the best man should so urgently be wanted there.

In days gone by, there were several families who lived in this way at the public expense. It is the worst kind of pauperism. There were the Bovills, the Coleridges, the Pollocks, the Mellors, and the Giffards. At one time, it was said that each assize town could provide a whist party of appointees consisting of representatives from these families. Time, the healer, has removed many of the constituents of these merry quartets; but a few still remain.

An investigation by a lay committee of the House of Commons began to move upon the question of the personnel of the present Law Courts staff, with their family relationships, would reveal some astonishing facts. There is Mr. Lawrence, son of Mr. Justice Watkin Williams, who has just been appointed deputy-registrar in the Crown Office. Mr. Chanell, son of Mr. Justice Channell, is the fortunate holder of the post of clerk of assize on the Western circuit, while Mr. Grantham, son of the late Mr. Justice Grantham, has a similar post on the Oxford circuit. Mr. Arthur Denman, son of the late Mr. Justice Denman, is the assize judge on the South-Eastern circuit, while another Mr. Denman is a police magistrate. Mr. Arthur Coke Coleridge, the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, Mr. Justice Coleridge, and Master Lawford (brother of the second Lady Coleridge) are all relatives of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who are lucky holders of well-paid posts. Judge Dudgeon, Judge Master J. Judge Lindley, Judge Harington, and Judge Woodfall are respectively related to the late Lord James, Lord Lindley, Sir Richard Harington, and Lord Halsbury. Mr. Registrar Giffard is a brother of Lord Halsbury. Mr. Muir Mackenzie, official referee, and Mr. R. Muir Mackenzie, deputy registrar, are relatives of Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor. Sir Edward Ridley is a brother of Lord Ridley, who was Home Secretary. Master J. Chitty is a relative of the late Lord Justice Chitty. Master Watkin Williams is a son of the late Mr. Justice Watkin Williams. Mr. Edward Pollock, official referee, a courteous and able man, is a survivor of the Pollocks, and was related to the late Baron Pollock. Master Romer is a brother of the retired Lord Justice Romer. Master Day is a son of the late Mr. Justice Day. In the list of puisne judges at Calcutta one finds the names of the Hon. Richard Harington, C. W. Chitty, and Cecil Brett (a relative of the late Lord Esher). And so, did space permit, the story could be continued.

In face of these facts, is it not time that the House of Commons began to move upon the question of the administration of justice? The "spotless purity" of the English legal system is, under present conditions, a rather dirty white. There is no greater provocation to social discontent than a biased, incompetent, or class administration of justice. That is a lesson apparent on the pages of history, and those who govern England would be well advised to be warned in time.

C. H. NORMAN.

Problem Plays and Novels.

A BOU! half our modern plays, and a still larger proportion of our modern novels, involve what are styled Problems. As a rule, the question may be baldly stated thus: Is adultery right or wrong? And the ready answer seems to be "No, it is not right to break a vow." But the subject deserves a closer examination.

I knew the prior of a monastery who, when young, took the vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity, with a scrupulous looking at the conclusion that he had acted precipitately, and even sinfully. But this in itself did not seem to justify the violation of his oath. Among other duties, he was bound, in obedience, to teach that which he now knew, or believed, to be false. No man has control over his beliefs, but he has the power, if he chooses to exercise it, of teaching and preaching what to him is untrue; and he is bound by his promise to do this. If he does it, he is a liar; and if he refuses or neglects to do it, he is a liar. And the problem resolves itself into the question, Which kind of liar is it better to be? The prior had solemnly promised to believe and to teach certain doctrines, and broad-mindedly had broached the promise. He could no longer believe. But he could keep the other part; that is to say, he could continue to preach the doctrines, and so live a lie to the end of his days. Here, then, was a real problem which the prior was compelled to solve.

Does this throw any light on the marriage vow? We may take the language of the Church Service, because it embodies the conditions which the contract in all civilised countries. The stipulation briefly is this: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" "I will." And the woman makes a like stipulation. Could anything be clearer? Here, again, the vow consists of two parts. The promise of life-long fidelity can be kept. Either party to the contract can, if willing, remain monogamically faithful to the other during their joint lives. It may be at once admitted that the man or woman who violates this compact without the knowledge of the other party is, of course, a contemptible liar. There remains the further question: Is the "single life" a wholesome or even a moral one? The Church Service (which we need not follow too closely) admits that marriage was "ordained," among other reasons, in order "that such persons as have not the 'gift' of continency might marry and keep themselves undefiled." The implication is that such persons cannot lead the "single life" and remain undefiled. This may or may not be so, but there are other evil results, in which innocent third persons may be involved. So that here, again, we are in the presence of a problem. Which of two wrongs is to be preferred?

In both cases—that of the religious vow and that of the marriage vow—the evil began at the source; the poison was planted with the seed. The vow
should never have been made. Having made the vow, the promiser must now do wrong! But which vow has been made which ought not to have been made. Having made the vow, the promiser must now do wrong! But which

nounced his original vow rather than live a lie for

which wrong? Just as the prior (I am glad to say) de­

obligations. Nothing can be more despicable than

the rest of his life, so the husband or wife (as the

marriage vow, and disclaim the resulting rights and

languishing stage-heroine who persuades herself

cheating her husband is a shameless strumpet, with

whom, whatever her sufferings, there should be no

sympathy; and the husband or wife (as the

initial error; endeavour to atone for it; and,

but how to choose the lesser evil; and the best

solution appears to be: Confess and denounce the

sin." And, indeed, for this attitude regarding mental speculation as a sort of parlour game, in which they always obeyed the one great English commandment, "Thou shalt not say anything improper." And, since the Englishman's sense of propriety was as delicate as a Frenchman's taste for intrigue, all went well. When they said anything was improper, they never thought of putting it

to walk in the open air of truth than to slink along

the dingy corridors of dishonour.

to the promiser, then is the time to denounce it, and to

disclaim the resulting rights and obligations.

Only the coward and the cur (male or female) will prefer to sneak through life veiled and muffled, afraid of shadows, mysterious, mendacious, and false through­cut-merit. Yet these are the creatures for whom our

sympathy is sought by the writers of problem plays and problem novels. Could they but summon up the courage to speak out, many of these skulkers would be surprised to discover how readily they

would be met, more than halfway, by the other

victim of the contract; and how far pleasant is it to GR Hunt. Nothing is worse than to sink along the dingy corridors of dishonesty.

The moral of all social problems is that the initial oath is wrong. The marriage vow, in its present form, is wrong, and must be utterly discarded. No promises should be made which circumstances may render unredeemable. You have no moral right to promise to believe to-morrow what you believe to-day. The schoolboy who promises that he will study some day whenever he

will change his mind every few months, physically,

physically, mentally, and intellectually, is a fool. And mutatis mutandis. All who register such vows must face the

challenge of having some day to lament with bitterness, "Whether I do this thing or do it not, I sin."

When that day arrives, the problem is not how to avoid doing wrong, for this is clearly impossible, but how to choose the lesser evil; and the best solution appears to be: Confess and denounce the initial error; endeavour to atone for it; and, for the future, treat the path of honour, guided by the lamp of truth. Disruption of the home is seldom (though sometimes) needed. Old memories and parental affection may, and, as a rule, should, pre­clude so drastic a course. Nor is it necessary to

take the world into confidence. The matter con­

cerns one man and one woman, between whom there should be complete understanding and trust.

The trashy novels and morbid plays which glaze over the original guilt of perpetual vows are greatly

responsible for the unhealthy state of the law and

of public morals, whereby all the abominations and

vulnerabilities, of "society"—the marriage, market, the divorce court, and the stew—are gilded and con­

doned.

"Never prophesy unless you know" is a warning which applies as well to future states of the mind as to future states of the weather. The prophet is not

justified by accidental success. The gipsy who

tells the kitchen slut that a dark, rich gentleman is

coming over the sea to marry her may be saying that

which eventually turns out to be correct, but she is
doing wrong for all that. So, happy marriages do not prove the virtue of vows.

Wordsworth Donisthorpe.
horizons widen, free men and women are beginning to recognise themselves as none other than the masters of destiny that we may venture to use it.

But, alas! in practice the prohibition has worked out far otherwise. The English conscientious objection to candour has led to the dragging down of the word, and with it the idea, for those who hate and fear a god who often defile the vessels of his altar. In the temple of life passion is the Holy Grail, but our debased language uses it as a synonym for lust, just as, in fact, it sometimes uses the phrase “free love” to mean love that is bought for, although the religion of comfort is a pleasant enough thing, it can only exist by ignoring or belittling the very stuff of life. Now, the stuff of life, reduced to its simplest terms, is strife, constant, unless we strive to live one life instead of the many that of first beat is back. The whole history of consciousness on this planet seems to be the story of how a spirit-force, which, for want of a better name, we call the life-force, has contended age by age with matter. The first great milestone the spirit passed was self-consciousness; the next is other-consciousness, which some few have already passed, and many are now in process of passing.

And the one power by which this force seems to have worked is passion, the thing whose first motion awakes, arouses, stings, and goads. No wonder the comfortable try to ignore it, and, when it seizes them, blaspheme, for the kingdom of passion cometh by violence; it seizes men, making them aware of hidden depths within themselves, of extraordinary lapses in the general scheme of well-being. They know now that the religion of comfort has not spread to the back regions—to the slums, brothels, slaughter-houses, prisons, and execution places. That is why these places are all packed away, why everyone runs about with little pallid passions, imprisoned, pining, pruning, poisoning the benevolent. The whole history of consciousness on this planet seems to be the story of how a spirit-force, which, for want of a better name, we call the life-force, has contended age by age with matter. The first great milestone the spirit passed was self-consciousness; the next is other-consciousness, which some few have already passed, and many are now in process of passing.

But passion in this form is something more; it is the first step towards the great human interfusion of the far, far future. As the lover turns to the beloved, as the two are identified, are for a time one, so, in the distant stages which we are now faintly beginning to glimpse, the unit of the race will be the whole race itself, made one, no longer existing as wandering and separate entities. The tearing down of the barriers between one and one is but a foretaste of the tearing down of the barriers between all human souls, the great bridal of passion, the marriage of humanity. And if this seem a mad dream, considering the instinctive hatred we all feel for certain elements of human character, if, when we see them appear in others, it should be remembered that it is passion alone which burns everything for the lover to a white heat of purity. There can to the lover be nothing common or unclean in the nature of the beloved. So it has already been with the great lovers of humanity, the Christ, the Buddha. The little things of the world, the sordid and the silly, are the apologue of an inner truth. Passion is love raised to genius by fire; passion is transfiguration, not sympathy. And this is the only excuse for sex: the divine excuse. And truly it needs a divine excuse, for if there be one thing more than another which has brought misery on humanity, it is sex. Nine-tenths of the suffering of life would be gone were sex gone. On the other hand, so, of course, would the triumphs. Nor would there apparently be any chance of the great consummation of which we have spoken. Even now the moments when life reaches ecstasy are given by passion: first and most simply, by the passion of lovers; next, by the great waves of the ocean which engulf the little things of the world, by some great impetus born within, some ultimate wave of the sea of life. It was passion which made Josephine Butler like a human magnet; it is passion now which will carry women, and with them the race, to a level of freedom without which life itself must sink into stagnation. Such things as these break down the barriers between the lover and his beloved; and in quieter ways, when the artist leaps above the barrier between himself and his subject, it is by passion that he works, for it is only by the measure in which he identifies himself with another life that one can estimate the force he will exercise on those who follow his work. By fusion he, too, is judged.

Yet only part of the activities of existence is covered by this force and inspired by it, only the
sexual, the artistic, the movements by which new ideals are born. Outside, for instance, is the commercial, the scientific, the military; and yet a man may live, fired but by the one desire, to amass wealth; may shut himself from his kind, in order, like Wilbur Wright, to solve the problem of aerial navigation; may be a devastating spirit of wealth; may shut himself from his kind, in order, like Wilbur Wright, to solve the problem of aerial navigation; may be a devastating spirit of wealth. Nietzsche's superman was, of course, a prodigiously magnified Napoleon. At first sight, in the common acceptation of the term, there seems more passion in these lives than in those of lover, or artist, or dreamer. Yet there is no breaking down of the barriers of the spirit in any of these. Already Napoleon's campaigns are matters of antiquarian interest, but the spirits of Christ and Buddha are far more alive to-day than they were when incarnated in earthly bodies, even though the process of throwing ecclesiastical ashes has been continuing for centuries. Commerce, war, even science, are but phases through which we have to pass. Passion works for a long flight far beyond the horizons of to-day, even to a time when the perpetual boring of the human brain into matter shall be no more needed, when the secret of the atom and the secret of the air shall be known—and passed.

This is a merely personal reading of the riddle of life; very open, of course, it is to the scoffer. To the Puritan it will be anathema, to the followers of the many creeds of the East, perhaps but blasphemy, although, in one sense, it seems to underlie all the creeds. Yet to one person, at least, and probably, a great many more, it is enough to supply the courage with which one—goes on.

And, fundamentally, that is all anyone has ever asked of a religion. M. P. Willcocks.

With apologies to the author of "Interpretations of Sex" for many repetitions, and with much gratitude for an intensely suggestive series.

Rubens.

It happens that the change in the sub-title of The Freewoman coincides with a loan exhibition of several pictures by Rubens at the Dowdeswell Galleries. The coincidence is happy, for Rubens is one of those men whose culture is so wide and whose abilities are so all-embracing that they are obviously entitled to be called humanists. It is true that we associate him mostly with painting, and in this branch of art he astonishes us, naturally enough, by his marvellous productivity, the grandeur of his conceptions, the vastness of his designs, his splendid technique, his force, his verve, his originality. Two ordinary artists might well be excused for not being able to turn out Rubens's work in the same period of time, for his canvases followed one another with a rapidity that became almost bewildering. We are, indeed, bewildered even now when we try to trace him through successive galleries in the New World and in the Old. We find works by him in Madrid, Philadelphia, London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Antwerp, and innumerable other cities, and they are all distinguished by his supreme qualities.

Rubens was, indeed, a cultured man on the grand scale; his powers, mental and physical, were infinitely above the average. We regard it as a marvellous feat, and justifiably so, that a man should have been able to turn out masterpieces by the score; but his work did not end here. Experts in other departments have spoken of his influence on sculpture and engraving. One etching, a magnificent St. Catherine, we know to be his without a doubt, and it proves him to have been equally skilful with the needle and the brush. Even here, however, he did not end. He inspired artists, sculptors, engravers, poets. He was a lover of culture in all its forms, as every real artist, as every really cultured man, ought to be. In literary matters his taste was discriminating, and with some reason, for he knew Latin, English, Dutch, French, German, Spanish, and Italian, and he read all the great masterpieces in the original. His travels were extensive, and he combined his pursuit of art with the pursuit of diplomacy, if one may use such an expression. In 1605, when he was only twenty-eight, the Duke of Mantua sent him on a mission to Philip III. of Spain. When in Madrid he painted pictures which still hang in the Prado. Later on, in 1628 and 1630, he was again sent to Spain, and also to England, on diplomatic missions. In England he met Charles I., who knighted him. Despite his political tasks, however, which he seems invariably to have carried out very satisfactorily, his painting proceeded, and both in Spain and in England he turned out canvases with his customary rapidity.

I have said that Ruben's work is widely scattered. There are pictures by him in Sweden as well as in the United States; and this fact may be used as an analogy to show the artistic field he covered. His range was exhausted and terminated only by his death in 1640. He has painted saints and sinners, landscapes and animals, scenes of war and scenes of peace. We must bestow the same high praise upon his portrait of Corinne de Lantschott (Allard Collection, Brussels) as upon the Perseus and Andromeda (St. Petersburg); upon his "Summer," now at Windsor, as upon his Anne of Austria, in the Louvre. And what a magnificent battle scene that is in the Berlin Museum, the capture of Tunis by the Emperor Charles V.!

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Interpretations of Life.

AST week I attempted to explain a theory of duality and unity, and I tried to show how this theory could be applied to sex, economics, and to Art; this week I intend to apply the theory to contemporary life.

First, then, we see the absurdity of those philosophers who speak of the superiority of mind over matter, or vice versa; the absurdity of those theologians who tell us of the wickedness of the body and the greatness of the soul, and then exclaim that we must torture and deny the body for the sake of the soul, who tell us that the spiritual person is greater than the intellectual person, that the intellect must disappear before the growth of the spirit.

Now the ideal person, the perfect person, is he whose body and soul are in absolute harmony, is he who is a perfect entity, pulsating in rhythmic harmony. In fact, ill health, either mental or physical, is but the manifestation of internal discord.

And now I must make quite clear, if I can, what I mean by the words soul and body. As I have already said, soul and body, or inspiration and body, as I am now going to call them, are analogous to mind and matter in philosophy, to subjective and objective in Art, to God and man in religion, and in the widest sense of all to the unseen and the seen.

That is to say, by inspiration I mean that part of the soul over which we have no control, that part of us which creates our inmost desires and inspirations, desires which, in some cases, lead to the absurdity of those philosophers who speak of the superiority of mind over matter, or vice versa; the absurdity of those theologians who tell us of the wickedness of the body and the greatness of the soul, and then exclaim that we must torture and deny the body for the sake of the soul, who tell us that the spiritual person is greater than the intellectual person, that the intellect must disappear before the growth of the spirit.

A man one day sees a nice house, which somehow attracts his attention. At first, almost unconsciously, his mind persists in thinking about houses, particularly this house. At last a distinct desire forms itself. It is to have a house like it. At first he thrusts the thought away from him as being absurd, but it persists and grows, until at last he begins to consider it seriously. He weighs the "pro" and "cons." He considers his income: would it be wise to spend a fortune on a house like that? He sees no objections, and so presently he finds himself looking for an architect.

Now all that process, from the first twitching desire to the finished products, is rather lifeless. On the other hand, there is something of the devil about them; and when we look at his Martyrdom of Saint Thad and Saint Thad, we often feel our sympathies going out to the jolly dogs who are frying the man on the big gridiron or roping him to the end of a chariot. It is all good fun for somebody; it is all in the game of life.
June 13, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

article itself, is one complete thought, one complete
process, one complete psychogeny.

You must admit that over the first desire he had
no control; it was evoked without any effort on his
part; but the moment he began to consider his
desire, that moment marks the entrance of the
intellect into the process. So that the function of
the intellect was to handle this desire, to bring it
to relation with the world, with phenomena, and
with all that immediately concerned it; that we
shall find is always the function of the intellect.
The intellect is concerned with the means for
arriving at the ends dictated by inspiration.

This example is, of course, one of the simplest
and most primitive that I could well have chosen.
As a rule, the intellect has not such an easy part
to play.

It is obvious that the amount of inspiration and
of intellect that are combined in a person is capa-
cible of infinite variations. Thus we have the type
that Ibsen is fond of depicting, the type in which
the inspiration greatly predominates, in fact, the
intellect is altogether lacking, consequently, at
great climaxes and crises, the inspiration simply
bursts forth at boiling point, as it were, without any
previous intellectual treatment, and completely
overwhelms the situation. Hilda Wangel or Hedda
Gabler are types to which I refer. Had these
characters, these mystics, a corresponding amount
of intellect with which to handle this great inspira-
tion, with which to articulate it with their life and
with the world, they would have become a Dante
or a religious ascetic.

We all know that type of person, in whom the
inspiration predominates, the intellect being utterly
unable to cope with it. Such a one is generally
misery, realising that he bears within him great
ideals, great visions, great schemes, that he is
unable to articulate. Such a one may well be
considered to be one of life’s most tragic figures:
the tragedy of impotence.

On the other hand, no less common—at least, in
the ranks of “Art”—are those who have the gift of
dealing with matter, but who lack all inspiration,
all originality of their own.

And on account of these circumstances, in certain
branches of art (and life), a combination is often
effected between two persons. In the case of
workers in the industrial arts, for instance, there
are numerous examples where the one partner has
all the inspiration and originality, the other being
what is called “a practical man,” his duty being
to bring the inspiration of his co-worker into rela-
tion with the medium in which he is working, and
its limitations. An analogy here might be made
to a motor car. A petrol engine, however perfect
it may be, is of little use itself until it is fitted to
an equally useless coach; together they may form
a most efficient car.

In literature a partnership of this kind can some-
times be made, but in music it would be impossible,
for in music, as I have already stated, there must
be, and is, absolute harmony of the inspiration
and the treatment, so much so, that they must
both be conceived and worked out by the same
being; likewise in that most perfect school of
painting (most perfect in this respect), the Futurist
school, such a division would, for the same reason,
prove impossible.

The ideal marriage is, indeed, nothing but a
union of this kind, the one completing the other,
as in science, and the two making a whole. It is quite
an acknowledged theory nowadays that the ideal
union should be a complementary one, one of
unlikes rather than of likes. Weininger’s theory
is that the total amount of masculinity and
femininity in an ideal union is constant.

And in this respect I should do well to remind you
of Aristophanes’ speech in the Symposium, where
he tells us, in a legendary form, how the male and
the female were originally one being; how, for
revolting against the gods, they were cut in twain
by Zeus; how, afterwards, each part strived to find
its complement; and how, when they found each
other, whether they were likes or unlikes, that is,
two males, or a male and a female, they remained
henceforward inseparable.

And this seems to me to be typical of evolution
generally; the two opposites (most perfect in this re-
spect) for throughout life there has been this divorce, be it male and female, rich
and poor, God and man, the spiritual and the
corporeal.

At this point I am open to gross misapprehen-
sion, and to the charge of preaching a philosophy
of annihilation and pessimism, for it will be said
that when this unity is effected, all further progress
is impossible, just as in physics the world is only
possible owing to the friction between the foot and
the earth, so progress can only be effected while there
are two opposing forces which progress one against
the other. I admit progress in this particular direc-
tion will cease; but just as the entire solar system
is but a portion of a still vaster system, which in
its turn makes a portion of an even greater one, so
the particular progress which will then be effected
may only be a part of an even greater progress
through a greater unity; and thus eternity post-
pones the end everlasting.

Another analogy might be made to the way in
which we can only conceive of two extremes, a hot
and a cold, a high and a low; but not, I think, of
three, for it is possible to imagine a system with a third extreme
of temperature and altitudes; just as it is possible
to imagine a world of two or four dimensions, so it
becomes just possible to conceive of a further pro-
gress produced from a unity which appears to
nullify progress.

And now, before I conclude, I will try and tell
you what I consider to be the functions of the two
greatest pioneers, the great evolvers of the world,
the artist and the philosopher.

What I am about to say is exceedingly arbitrary,
if possible, more arbitrary than anything that I
have already said.

The artist is he who has inspiration of his own,
and intellect with which to handle it. Thus he
is able to produce an entire creation, and in this
respect he closely resembles a great inventor.
It was an inspiration that made James Watt conscious
of the powers that lay in steam. It was his intel-
lect that constructed the first steam engine. But
the artist is concerned (and here he greatly re-
sembles the philosopher) with the reason of this
divorce from unity, and the evolution towards unity
again.

The philosophers are somewhat different. There
are the metaphysicians, who attempt to retrieve
the infinite realms of metaphysics, for as science
and philosophy enlarge their area, so meta-
physicians enlarge theirs. There are the logicians, who are,
as it were, the world’s bookkeepers. The logician takes all the laws that have
hitherto been proved empirically true, true
pro tem., for now scientists no longer claim abso-
luteness for their discoveries, and relates them to
the world, and to each other, and, where possible,
to the unseen, and makes his deductions from
them. The absolute function of the ideal philo-
sopher is to establish the absolute relation between
mind and matter, God and man, the unseen and
the seen, that is, to restore the absolute unity,
rhythm, and harmony from which they were evolved.

Meanwhile, we must not be led away by any spurious theory (however rhetorically couched) that bids us neglect the corporal for the spiritual, but we must constantly strive to effect absolute harmony between them; we must endeavour to discover their relation to each other, for, as Montaigne said in the sixteenth century, "'Tis an in-human wisdom that would have us despise and hate the culture of the body. 'Tis not a soul, 'tis not a body we are training up, but a man, and up we ought not to divide him. Of all the infirmities we have, the most savage is to despise our being."

HARRY J. BIRNSTINGL.

“Elsie Lindtner.**

LAST week I had a sudden passion for the green dunness of Kent. London is too beautiful to live in for long. It blunts the fine edge of one's appetite for loveliness and luxury. The sense that here in one city is everything that the human soul can want—art and work and humanity to hate and love—is too intoxicating. So I went away to spend a week-end in Canterbury. Being one of those incurable optimists who always mean to work on their holidays, I took with me "Elsie Lindtner," Karin Michaelis's sequel to "The Strawberry Fields." A strawberry field is beautiful in the same carriage as a wonder-child, a little girl of seven. She sat reading a very nice picture-book of the Zoo with appalling intensity of interest. A flame of vitality played about her, leaving her glow-ing like the boy-satyr in Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." Her coal-black hair rose strongly from her low, broad forehead, and under deep brows her eyes brooded with wet, soft fierceness, like the gaze of an animal. Altogether she was rather like a monkey, as many geniuses—notably Chatterton—have been. About all her movements there was a kind of proud intelligence, of fiery dignity.

All around her sat aunts, well-fed, well-educated, tailor-made women, in whose conversation about the dock strike there was more malice than sympathy, more in every way superfluous. Under any given circumstances they could have got the better of me. They had never even heard of THE FREEWOMAN. They evidently had large and fixed incomes. They were ugly, not because they couldn't help it, but because they despised beauty. They belonged to a class that owes its ascendency to the admiration of the mob for asceticism. No nun curbing the lusts of the flesh could have submitted to such a standard naturally attempt to suck from their pupils something to supply the deficiency of their lives. The atmosphere of a boarding school is sickly in its amorousness, like a musical comedy. When schoolmistresses whip up unhealthy sentimental adorations among their pupils they inflict a lasting injury to the impulse towards honest friendship. When over the girls' confirmation they hypnotise themselves by thoughts of blood and sacrifice in that kind of ecstasy which is the weaker side of delirium, they kill every wholesome impulse towards religion. The wonder is, considering the unnatural circumstances in which we are brought up, that we women are as bearable as we are.

So I looked at the wonder-child with deep pity when I got out at Canterbury. She will have a bad time later on.

Canterbury ought to be taken away from the Church and put under the charge of a Minister of Fine Arts who would make the town as beautiful as the Cathedral, so that it would be a perfect city, where one could go when one was in love or going to write a book. At present the Church is grossly misusing the Cathedral. It actually attempts to hold divine service there. There are two ways of treating a Cathedral. It may be the centre of the vigorous life, of buying and selling, and living and loving that it was in the
Middle Ages, when one might expect to find a couple of dog fights in the transepts and a merry mob in the nave. To-day that is impossible. Everything in Canterbury—even the dogs—is afflicted with a clerical lowliness of spirit. There remains the only way—to recognise the Cathedral as a work of art, the indestructible flower of a dead plant. But the midway, which pretends that the Church is alive when it is not, is quite intolerable. Every now and then an undistinguished person with a feeble voice came and mocked the frozen music of the nave with words with which the world is familiar but does not believe. Surely the authorities must see that if the service is conducted at all it ought to be by surpassingly beautiful people with surpassingly beautiful voices. The Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury ought to be some young Antinous. Of course he may be, for all I know to the contrary. I have never seen him. I went out to look for him, feeling that he might be the key to the soul of modern Canterbury. He was billed to appear at an anti-suffrage meeting with Miss Gladys Pott, and I thought I had tracked him to a performance of "A Kiss in the Dark," given in the aid of some Church fund; but the one was on May 12th and the other on June 30th, so I missed the opportunity of seeing the Dean with either Melpomene or Thalia. I made one other attempt to study the soul of modern Canterbury by trying to buy a copy of the local paper, the posters of which bore the legend, "The Archbishop and the Mothers' Union. As I remembered the Mothers' Union to be an impossibly large body which came up to London two years ago and emphatically declared its disinclination to be divorced before the Divorce Commission, I hoped the Archbishop had not come off wrong. But the paper was sold out. The poster's sold it like hot cakes," said the shopman.

WONDER. . . REBECCA WEST.

As my train steamed out of Canterbury I saw a cow standing in a field which I well knew, toying with something underfoot. With a waggish lift to her tail, she bent her head and munched. I wonder. . .

REBECCA WEST.

The Discussion Circle.

THE fourth meeting of the Circle was held on Wednesday, June 5th, at Chandos Hall, and was attended by a very large audience.

The programme for the next session was submitted, and duly accepted. A detailed syllabus of subjects and speakers is given below.

After the business was concluded, Mr. Charles Granville delivered his paper on "Thought-Mists: Some Earthly Suggestions," Mr. E. S. P. Haynes being in the chair.

The paper was full of very interesting suggestions, and gave rise to much warm discussion. The main point emphasised by the lecturer was the immense need for clearness of language. Most of us human beings, he declared, are "tricksters in speech." We are using language to cover our lack of clear thinking and our inadequate conceptions. Often a word has no real significance for us, yet we continue to make use of it, thereby further confounding ourselves and our hearers. Much of our language has reference to a dead past, and is meaningless for present experience, hence it should be abandoned. Here the lecturer gave as examples such terms as "Soul," "Spirit," "Salvation," which, he maintained, have lost all their original theological significance for the majority of modern people who employ them, and yet have not been endowed with fresh significance—at least of any definite nature—so that the employment of them leads us into fog and bog. Again, the emotional figures, which form so large a part of literature, are only of value if they have the connotation of their own age. We cannot, in language any more than in life, continue to exist on the survivals of a dead past. Therefore our duty is either to create new words to fit our ideas, or to discard the old word and do without any until a fitting new one is born.

A very strenuous discussion followed.

PROGRAMME OF SESSION, JUNE 19—OCT. 16.

N.B.—No meetings will be held during the month of August.

SUBJECT.

Ideas of Freedom... Mr. Selwyn Weston June 19.

Sex Opinion and the Way Out.

Mr. Guy Aldred July 3.

Some Problems of Eugenics Mrs. Havelock Ellis July 17.

The Problems of Celibacy... Mrs. Gallician July 31.

Neo-Malthusianism Dr. Drysdale Sept. 4.

Prostitution... Sept. 18.

The Abolition of Domestic Mrs. Melvin and Oct. 2.

Drudgery Miss Rona Robinson Nov.

The Reform of the Divorce Mr. E. S. P. Haynes Oct. 16.

Laws.

NOTE.—These dates are subject to some revision, to suit the convenience of speakers. Each Subject, Speaker, and Date will be re-announced in THE FREEWOMAN before the meeting takes place.

In reference to the above programme, the Committee desire to point out that numerous interesting suggestions sent in by members, not yet utilised, are held in reserve for a following session. It has been thought well to begin with those topics which are fairly certain to make a wide appeal to members of the Circle, and, further, to begin by conducting the Circle meetings on more or less traditional lines (i.e., with a speaker to open the debates). If, by the end of this session, we find that we desire other modes of procedure, it will be easy to adapt ourselves. The subjects of the programme are, in most cases, of so wide a nature that it will be impossible to do more than touch the fringe of each on any one evening. The Committee, therefore, desires to make the following suggestion. If any number of persons of the audience, at the close of a discussion, desire to continue further that discussion, they shall communicate with the secretary, who will then make arrangements for carrying on the discussion, apart from the general Circle meetings, in some smaller room.

Anyone who can offer a room, or rooms, fairly central in situation, for this purpose, is asked to inform the secretary.

The Committee feels that such discussions, carried out by smaller groups, and endeavouring to go further than the general discussion, may be of the very greatest value. Ultimately, we hope "THE FREEWOMAN Discussion Circle" may achieve its own club-house, in which discussion will be possible in a place and at times easily available.

Members are asked to consider the question of chairman for the Circle discussions, a matter which is to be brought up at a business meeting at next session. Several members have advocated the appointment of a permanent chairman (and vice-chairman) for this first session, who might get opportunity to know something of the speakers, the views of members, and the general "trend" of the Circle—things which cannot be known to each new chairman.

The next meeting will take place on June 19th, 8 p.m., at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, W.C. (close to Charing Cross). Mr. Selwyn Weston will open a discussion on "Ideas of Freedom."

B. LOW, Acting Secretary.
While quite willing to publish a fuller editorial statement on the subject of prison treatment for political offenders, you have outlined for us, with almost faultless logic, the relationship of the ideal to the sword. "There was another defendant who was not that day there, and she wanted to say, as a woman well that..." (Mary Gawthorpe)
that such a life was his ideal. But the infidelities of that wife, her abnormal behaviour and profound egoism, mingled with his own pathological and jealous suspicions, effectually put an end to domestic harmony and destroyed his illusion of security, which were an irreparable loss of the married life, during which he forgave her again and again—though I have no doubt that she, too, had much to for­ give the man who, in her eyes, was a sexual playboy, who must have rendered him at times an impossible husband!

—he left her, but there is no doubt about his love for her, and whilst it lasted, at any rate, he showed no disinclina­tion to the cause of pain on her account. And almost at the end of his life with her he wrote: "To escape from the ridic­ule which attaches to the deceived husband, I fly to Vienna and take up a life of idleness and extra-marital love."

Incapable of work, I devote myself to my correspondence, and send her two letters every day, each one a love-letter. The strange city produces on me the effect, making it uncertain which party is expected to win amongst the crowd. . . I invent a poetic story that I may introduce Maria into these lifeless surroundings.

1. The Masl individual, who detests the theatre, I spend all my evenings at the Opera or at concerts. A lively interest is awakened in me as I connect all that I see, all that I hear, with Maria. On my return from the per­formance of the Vigilance Association, making it uncertain which party is expected to win amongst the crowd. . . I invent a poetic story that I may introduce Maria into these lifeless surroundings.

2. ..

"PASS THE BILL."

MADAM,—In the article called "Champions of Morality " published in this week's FREEWOMAN, the writer confuses the "Pass the Bill" Committee with the Vigilance Asso­ciation, making it uncertain which party is expected to win amongst the crowd. . . I invent a poetic story that I may introduce Maria into these lifeless surroundings.

3. And this is a complaint which an inexcusable hatred of women embodied her whole life, and who needed them solely for the gratification of his animal instincts! If he did indeed dislike the sex in front of the Venus of Guido Reni, which so much re­sembles my Adored."

He left her, but there is no doubt about his love for her, and whilst it lasted, at any rate, he showed no disinclina­tion to the cause of pain on her account. And almost at the end of his life with her he wrote: "To escape from the ridic­ule which attaches to the deceived husband, I fly to Vienna and take up a life of idleness and extra-marital love."
was the parent of this Bill. I observe your correspondent Bill" Committee and the National Vigilance Association.

for women, when a new sense of proportion will probably does not meet that point.

ULLIAMEY. AThERINE V

the minor persons employed in this traffic. I totally dis­

agree with your correspondent in thinking that the white having the power to arrest on suspicion is not clear to me, though, no doubt it would be useful in the case of the police were empowered to arrest on suspicion. As the chief persons engaged in this traffic are well known to the police, the exact advantage of so far as the police were empowered to arrest on suspicion that they were not anxious that the public should know the exact terms of their measure.

My criticism of the Bill was that it did not carry the prevention of the white slave traffic an inch further, except in so far as the police were empowered to arrest on suspicion. As the chief persons engaged in this traffic are well known to the police, the exact advantage of having the power to arrest upon suspicion is not clear to me, though, no doubt it would be useful in the case of the minor persons employed in this traffic. I totally disagree with your correspondent in thinking that the white slave traffic can be dealt with apart from prostitution.

I suggest further that the promoters of the Bill are aware of that fact; and that is why this trumpery measure has been brought forward, so as to quieten the growing alarm in this country at the effect of low wages (a subject Mr. Arthur Lee is an adept at avoiding) in causing an increase in prostitution.

If the only object of the clause with regard to persons who habitually control, direct, or superintend the move­

ments of a prostitute is to suppress the economic pressure exercised by the souteneurs, or bullies, or whatever one may call them that live upon the earnings of prostitutes, I say it is unnecessary, because the law can already deal criminally with such persons. That cannot be the motive for putting in these words. The only meaning I can give to them is the one I have already mentioned; namely, in reality, this clause is to prevent a prostitute having any other than brief relations with men. Why should any­

body want "to control, direct, or superintend the move­

ments of a prostitute," except for reasons of profit? I may be wrong in my construction of this clause; but it is either meaningless, or surplusage, or else is intended to be merely harassing.

My quotation, "even murderers should have their rights", related to a correspondent known perfectly well, to the clause which permitted the jury, in the case of a per­son charged with brothel-keeping, to hear the evidence of a pros ol order us assist them in arriving at their verdict. I said such a clause sinned against the greatest maxim of the English criminal law. Your correspondent does not deny this, but drags in a lot of irrelevant prejudice. Why should any body want to "control, direct, or superintend the move­

ments of a prostitute." Prostitution is not a criminal offence in this country. The women can be arrested for "accosting," which is quite a different matter. It is perfectly true that some girls are entrapped by the procurers. Your point against this Bill is that those girls will continue to be entrapped. The committee probably did circulate the Bill among the Press; but that does not alter the fact that the gloss put upon its clauses by Mr. Arthur Lee and his colleagues, in writing it up, justified the suspicion that they were not anxious that the public should know the exact terms of their measure.

C. H. NORMAN.

SHALL THE YOSHIWARA BE REBUILT?

MADAM,—I was surprised to read such an article as Dr. Wrench’s in your Paper. The opinion expressed in the last paragraph, coming from a doctor, cannot help but encourage vice, especially in young men, who, having such authority for indulgence, carry out his precepts.

All men, if not acknowledged as such, are part of a necessity of social life.” I, for one, do not, and I know intimates many men who agree with me, and who are not patriots of the “art.” If I found clean lives, thought from time to time, so that they would not visit the YO­ghi­bari and experience a call upon our attention.—[Ed.]

MR. ROCHE.

MADAM,—I cannot say whether Mr. Roche means to pervert truth, for the two main misrepresentations of his letter may have been inadvertently advanced. The first of them is his rollicking assertion that America is a democracy. Let us allow Messrs. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Pierpont Morgan, to be its patrons of the “art.” What worse crime is there than the seduction of a girl? No punishment is too bad for it; but how leniently are men treated who prevent others from committing the present great uprising of women; they wish to obtain power to protect their weaker sisters from the gross and perverted passions of man.

R. MCD. DUCKHAM.

June 13, 1912.

We acknowledge letters marked “not for publication” which we have received on the above subject. We refer to the subject elsewhere, but we should point out that the stifling of opinion is not the same as the overcoming of it, and we think that more good might have been done by those who disagree with Dr. Wrench, had they refuted Dr. Wrench’s arguments in giving their support from THE FREEWOMAN.

We feel that an expression of opinion from a writer of Dr. Wrench’s power and experience has a call upon our attention.—[Ed.]

AMONGST those already arranged for are—

Rev. Dr. K. C. ANDERSON, of Dundee; Sir Richard STAPLEY, M.P.; John STRATFORD, J.P.; Mr. Arthur Lee; The Rev. Dr. PATRICK GEDDES, of St. Andrews University; MABEL COWAN; Misses E. K. and H. G. BROWN; Mrs. ESTHER WINDUST, of Holland; Madame POGOSKY; Mrs. DESPARD; Rev. W. TUDOR POOLE; C. H. McD. DUCKHAM; Philip OYLER; W. WROBLEWSKI; Misses IDEAL, and many others. Amongst the other odds and ends of gigosophy garnered by those who disagree with Dr. Wrench, had they refuted Dr. Wrench’s arguments in giving their support from THE FREEWOMAN.

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R. MCD. DUCKHAM.

June 13, 1912.
were not of the modern order—and this by no means implies that the ancient ones were. Elizabethan London was but a glorified village, where nearly every house had its garden, where the fields came up to its very walls, and where the brook was so pure that it contained salmon in abundance. If the Londoners of Elizabeth knew what we know about disease germs, and had fought shy of the plague-bearing merchandise from the East, if they had taken the same precautions as the Italian Merchants, their death-rate would have been lowered. As it is, they must have necessarily been healthy to have surmounted so many evils which we now keep at bay—thanks to the knowledge gained by their experience. Yours faithfully, F. LANGWORTHY.

SOME THOUGHTS ON RELIGION.

MADAM—You ask for a definition of an Atheist; Pultall and another give it as “a disbelief in God;” Pultall’s definition is farther than you—who discuss Christ in the same category. I am glad that you admire Garibaldi, for you admire Christ, but you adore Garibaldi—and your correspondent Rachel Graham—who takes Him to task for human limitations, and the Omnipotence of the Everlasting Arms in enveloping love, I think the theory which Humanists, Modernists, have found safe anchorage in the haven of Christ’s Cross. My only regret is that I cannot tell you more, but it would be a poor confession of need of a Saviour?

Repeat the Lord’s Prayer all night long? Wasn’t it the keenest pleasures, and after drifting in the storm-tossed ocean of doubt, have found safe anchorage in the haven of bright light humanity has, as yet, thrown on the subject. She adds: “A man’s master-work—his chief creation—his soul.” Surely two men who have come to a clear understanding of love, i.e., human passion as opposed to animal sex, the greater soul of the two will be that of the man who, not “leaving diverting influences, such as passion, will yet “apply himself to his creative work,” more for the sake of what he will take forward than for the sake of what he will leave behind; for the sake, above all, of his personal immortality. The difference of opinion is not perhaps very great; it may amount only to this, in such a sentence as: “Great love passions can never be ‘childish.”’ I should have added for the above-mentioned love passions would be still greater if they bore children.” This the writer does not say, and, moreover, does not seem to believe. It is my task to try to prove what the writer has not attempted to prove, and I would mention for the sake of what we take forward than of what we leave behind. It is a matter of our personal immortality.

I understand the writer to say “all altruism is developed egoism.” Yes, we have come to understand this not only in the relation of the individual to the race, but also in relation of the race to the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, such as passion, and apply oneself assiduously to the few—the artists—it is achieved in the children of God. His death-blow. We no more admit a God of revelation who commanded our respect, worship, and humility, and who would not show us His power in all its glory, and would hide from us the laws, the reasons, the destinies of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, cutting off part of God’s greatness to throw it on our shoulders. This, however, the God of Christ did, when He led us to believe that we were the kings of creation. Such belief was a gift from His munificence. But the concession of such gift left Him ill-clad and poorly equipped to face the open parenthesis and to go back on the process which led us to such a conception. The initial step appears to me to be the shifting of the center of gravity—of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, such as passion, and apply oneself assiduously to the few—the artists—it is achieved in the children of God. His death-blow. We no more admit a God of revelation who commanded our respect, worship, and humility, and who would not show us His power in all its glory, and would hide from us the laws, the reasons, the destinies of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, cutting off part of God’s greatness to throw it on our shoulders. This, however, the God of Christ did, when He led us to believe that we were the kings of creation. Such belief was a gift from His munificence. But the concession of such gift left Him ill-clad and poorly equipped to face the open parenthesis and to go back on the process which led us to such a conception. The initial step appears to me to be the shifting of the center of gravity—of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, such as passion, and apply oneself assiduously to the few—the artists—it is achieved in the children of God. His death-blow. We no more admit a God of revelation who commanded our respect, worship, and humility, and who would not show us His power in all its glory, and would hide from us the laws, the reasons, the destinies of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, cutting off part of God’s greatness to throw it on our shoulders. This, however, the God of Christ did, when He led us to believe that we were the kings of creation. Such belief was a gift from His munificence. But the concession of such gift left Him ill-clad and poorly equipped to face the open parenthesis and to go back on the process which led us to such a conception. The initial step appears to me to be the shifting of the center of gravity—of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, such as passion, and apply oneself assiduously to the few—the artists—it is achieved in the children of God. His death-blow. We no more admit a God of revelation who commanded our respect, worship, and humility, and who would not show us His power in all its glory, and would hide from us the laws, the reasons, the destinies of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, cutting off part of God’s greatness to throw it on our shoulders. This, however, the God of Christ did, when He led us to believe that we were the kings of creation. Such belief was a gift from His munificence. But the concession of such gift left Him ill-clad and poorly equipped to face the open parenthesis and to go back on the process which led us to such a conception. The initial step appears to me to be the shifting of the center of gravity—of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, such as passion, and apply oneself assiduously to the few—the artists—it is achieved in the children of God. His death-blow. We no more admit a God of revelation who commanded our respect, worship, and humility, and who would not show us His power in all its glory, and would hide from us the laws, the reasons, the destinies of the universe. We can no longer conceive half-measures, cutting off part of God’s greatness to throw it on our shoulders. This, however, the God of Christ did, when He led us to believe that we were the kings of creation. Such belief was a gift from His munificence. But the concession of such gift left Him ill-clad and poorly equipped to face the open parenthesis and to go back on the process which led us to such a conception. The initial step appears to me to be the shifting of the center of gravity—of the universe.
But in doing away with the Christian God, we have not exhausted God Himself: the Mystery of the Origin and Purpose of Life. Such Mystery cannot agree to be in all consciousness, for we now say, "If God is to be known, we must first know ourselves"; and this leads us to add, as obvious, "If humanity is to be understood, let each individual person do what he can to express himself." Thus we have passed from the unconscious self-compasion which, needful of consolation, had put a God in Heaven, to conscious egoism, which, finding heaven empty, turned its attention to the individual, it does not, however, lose sight of the second, materiality and passion; they are only the work, the activity of passion, as the author says—we must not hinder our progress in the next stage of our being, by leaving cheap souls to the community of souls will have one day to pay by losing time to do the work their sister overlooked. So, "for the sake of what we shall take forward more than for the sake of what we shall leave behind," let each woman and man possessed with "the great soul," apply herself or himself to the creative work "without leaving diverting influences, such as passion." I feel most apologetic about the cumbersome repetition of such a sentiment; it is perhaps difficult not to mention, for instance, the word "cat" when one writes of "cats," and the difficulty in my case is no light one, as I am writing in a foreign tongue.

FRANCOISE MENTUR.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for the interesting and pertinent criticism of the "Interpretations of Sex." The point which our correspondent raise arguments which can only be dealt with at some length, and to venture to leave the matter over until the appearance of two articles on "Religion" and "Phallic Worship," which we believe will deal fully with the points raised.—Ed.]

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DU MAURIER, ALLAN AYNES

your sex articles, especially the last one, which shows such practice of "Karezza" is not more widely known to your proving these matters for ourselves sincerely and in faith.

less. Your correspondent further complains that he asked sufficiently state, as we are in our small way testing and establishing that the primal cause of prostitution is the James Hinton that the same act can be either the highest low rate of wages paid to women; that the Association according to the degree of selflessness) is so ever in the power generated through the act unselfishly for service.

There seems much to be yet said on this matter.

Before concluding, allow us to say we would be very glad to correspond with those in any way interested in free unions (monogamous).

But we would warn anyone not to attempt a free union solely for experience, or out of bravado, or for any lesser reason than that they felt compelled to it by a powerful inner urge, that will not suffer so subtle and pure a thing as love to have attached to it even that amount of mistrust that the legal depredations do involve.

MARY AND STANLEY RANDOLPH.

June 3rd, 1912.

"CHAMPIONS OF MORALITY."

MARY—The article, "Champions of Morality," in your paper this week, seems to me a very unhelpful criticism of the National Vigilance Association and of their Bill now before Parliament. The writer attacks the Association in seven questions, most of which are directed to establishing that the primal cause of prostitution is the low rate of wages paid to women; that the Association ignores this fact; and therefore that their Bill is worthless.

To this phase of the question the "low wage" argument is only a weak attempt at stopping the worst phase of this social evil—the kidnapment and tricking of girls into ever increasing wretchedness. It is too often the case of the imprisoned Suffragette is not only a probability but a reality in sex relation, increasing in intensity and duration.

There seems much to be yet said on this matter.

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The fourth chapter treats of marriage of blood relations; and condemns such marriages as a rule. Chapter four treats of the signs of pregnancy. The fifth chapter tells how a woman should live during the pregnant state. The sixth chapter treats of mishaps connected with confinement, and shows that birth marks are not due to longings on the part of the mother, but rather to her poor health. The seventh chapter teaches how to have easy confinements. Certain people believe that women should have children early and not too many; and that the management of confinements until the baby is born. The tenth chapter treats of the mother's health and how the mother should live during the postpartum period. The eleventh chapter treats of sterility: given the causes of it, how those not able to have children should live. The twelfth chapter is devoted to "change," a most important article for all women over forty. The book is a book of information and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in an envelope from Dr. T. R. Allinson, 381. Room, 3. Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

June 9th, 1912.

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