# THE IMMORALITY OF THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

There is something perversely misleading in the symbolism which has gathered round Freedom. This symbolism has had far too much to do with Freedom Triumphant to be of service to the creators of new freedoms. For Freedom is never triumphant; barely has she emerged from one harsh bondage when she is confronted with another. Freedom Fighting is the only freedom we mortals have any knowledge of, and the Winged Radiance which has served to symbolise her is an added difficulty in the path of freedom-builders. She fills Freedom's army with doubting warriors. She lures them in with the promise of swift ease. She suggests happiness where she should suggest struggle; she leaves it to the human fighter to point out that Freedom is to be achieved for life's sake; that it guarantees no happiness; that to live with freedom spells but rarely ease. This unreal symbolism creates expectations doomed of a certainty to disappointment.

The above is an overture to a consideration of the institution of marriage. To pass from considerations of freedom to that deliberate abrogation of the essentials of freedom which we call marriage is to produce something of the effect of anti-climax. Yet in no sphere to-day do we hear so much of the demands for freedom as in that of marriage. Freedom in marriage is the commonest of the shibboleths of the modern movement. That is because the modernists have been at no pains to understand their own position. When they are, the vast majority will scuttle into the safe shelter of the house of bondage. All that they desire of freedom, what they are very mistakenly expecting to get from her, is happiness and comfort. Those who are unhappy in marriage expect to be told that freedom will entail happiness; those who are happy expect to learn that freedom will endorse things just as they are found with them, the only difference being that everyone else will share in the same happy state. This deluding notion concerning happiness and freedom accounts for all the hangers-on, the camp-followers in the armies of freedom—those who are there not to fight the battle, but to share the spoil. These followers are in no wise to be blamed. What blame there is rests, and should rest, upon the too-optimistic expounders of freedom, who put their trust in the strength of numbers rather than in the strength of belief, and who, in truth, lead the army, which passes over to the side of the enemy at the moment of crisis. The army of Freedom usually advances under the flag of Reaction. But to return to our subject—Marriage. Marriage is the formal repudiation of freedom, a repudiation which a very complete code of penal law protects against subsequent recantation. The marriage ceremony is the public avowal that two persons seek entrance inside the pale wherein Marriage Law holds sway. Such persons thereupon pass from territory relatively free, to territory absolutely bound. With the growing power of individual wealth and the degradation incident to the establishment of a plutocracy, a few

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wealthy persons who are willing to commit obnoxious offences have been able to win their way back from the bound territory to that of the free by way of what is called divorce; but, ordinarily, once passed over the boundary of marriage, an individual is there for life. What, then, is the motive which leads men and women voluntarily to abrogate their freedom? It cannot be love, for love flourishes better unflecked by marriage than when bound by it; rather, we should say, associated with it, for love cannot be bound by contract or by any other means; it cannot be Honour, for the same reasons apply to Honour as to Love. It can be no immaterial spiritual motive, because these are obviously unaffected by contracts. The motive must, therefore, be material. Consequently, by examining the material assets immanent in the marriage law which marriage imposes, we shall find the motives which are actually at work in persuading persons to commit this amazing act of repudiation.

The law has to do with rights of maintenance on the one hand, and rights concerning sexual intercourse on the other. Marriage law for a man means that he is responsible for the maintenance of the woman he marries, irrespective of any industrial service rendered by her. It means that he is responsible for the maintenance of any children resulting from the marriage. He must concede conjugal rights, if demanded. On the other hand, he can claim total conjugal rights over the woman he marries, and can also obtain sexual intercourse elsewhere without prejudice to his claims upon the wife. In short, in return for a very considerable undertaking of economic responsibility, he can secure exclusive sexual rights over his companion without limiting his liberty in relation to these latter rights elsewhere.

For the woman, marriage law aims at securing maintenance for herself without any corresponding economic obligation on her part; the securing of maintenance for her children; the conceding of total rights over her person in regard to certain relationships; the abrogation of concession of any such rights elsewhere on pain of nullity of the entire marriage contract. In short, in return for maintenance, she sells out her rights over herself sexually. These obligations of married persons are embodied in the laws regarding maintenance, the restitution of conjugal rights, and of divorce. It is obvious, without any argument, that these laws are immoral, nor is their immorality lessened by the fact that only the more unfortunate classes, or the more degraded in the community, can also obtain sexual intercourse elsewhere with prejudice to his claims upon the wife. In short, in return for a very considerable undertaking of economic responsibility, he can secure exclusive sexual rights over his companion without limiting his liberty in relation to these latter rights elsewhere.

It is something of a redundancy of argument to speak of the "evils" cognate with the marriage contract—illegitimacy, for instance, and the unmarried mother. Legitimacy being what it is, involving a contract immoral in both its aspects, illegitimacy comes in an honourable contrast, and the unmarried mother a person who becomes a mother from the best of all possible motives. A little thought, therefore, will make it clear that the greater part of the philanthropic solicitude expended upon illegitimacy and the unmarried mother is somewhat ludicrously misdirected. As far as the "moral"s of the situation go, the moralists have not happened to back the winner. There is, however, one aspect from which the solicitude is comprehensible and, indeed, praiseworthy. As the unmarried mother is an outsider, a free-lance, the temper of a close monopolist community is set dead against her. It holds itself ready to starve her out, and the only consolation the unmarried mother may have at the present day is that she is in advance of her time. If, however, she is unprepared for hardship, she has mistaken her vocation. She should have left pioneering to others. Its joys are select. We might point out here a little distinction regarding happiness which possible pioneers would do well to note. There are two kinds of happiness: one born of comfort, and one born of joy; that is, one born of the material and another born of the immaterial. The first is born of security, the second is born of freedom. The first is more pervasive and permanent; the second is higher, deeper, intenser, and instinct with powers of growth. The latter breeds, indeed, more discomfort than comfort; but it keeps a person alive and growing. People almost invariably have to choose between the two kinds of happiness; they are unable to retain both. Semi-seekers after freedom would take fewer embarrassing steps if they bore the above distinction in mind.

It is not possible here, nor is it necessary at any length, to consider to what extent the immoral marriage contract affects the still more immoral condition of prostitution. It will be sufficient to point out that, apart from the monopoly created by marriage,
the fact that marriage transfers the ordering of creative functioning from the control of women, where it should rightfully be, to that of men, and by the further fact that, relying upon the possibility of maintenance being provided in exchange for such transference, women have never learned to take thought for themselves as responsible, self-supporting human beings, the marriage contract becomes responsible for the debasing of female human beings to the level of common merchandise, which we call prostitution. It is small wonder, therefore, that marriage is one of the institutions whose dissolution is already at hand.

A further article will deal with provisions for the safeguarding of the interests of children born outside the marriage-pale.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The Way Out

I f one were a dock labourer out on strike, compelled to translate theory into practice, what would one do now, the labour situation being just what it is? Men who are compelled to take action have a right to ask such a question as this of individuals who indulge in theories, and if the theorisers have no concrete answer ready they would be very well advised if they were told to take their baked notions home to brown. So, if we were asked what we would do in like circumstances, we are ready with our answer. We would return to our jobs even without gaining a single point, and would still reckon that the strike had brought forth a rich harvest. That harvest, garnered to feed other workers and their children, would be the clear-cut attitude of mastery made evident among the masters. That would lay hold on, keep fresh, renew in memory by a daily rite, and with every renewal repeat the vow that our lives should be devoted to the accomplishment of a great end. The jobs we should do from day to day would be the work of the workers at the docks, but our life-work, the thing into which we would put passion and thought and prayer and eager toil, would be the great end, the destruction of the thing which put the power of mastery over us and our kind into the hands of men. We would dedicate our lives to the cause of freedom, to the utterance and achievement of freedom.

It would already become abundantly clear that capital is insatiable; that it is not a necessity of wealth, but a ghastly, poisonous fungus which has fastened on wealth, and which is rapidly crushing the wealth-makers. The lovers of freedom must make freedom their religion, and must set about a missionary movement with the zeal which is born of a religion. They must send out disciples—cover the land with them. They must not pause to count the cost. Let the disciples of freedom go forth as did the disciples of Christianity. For that definite event, would be the clear-cut attitude of mastery made evident among the masters. That would lay hold on, keep fresh, renew in memory by a daily rite, and with every renewal repeat the vow that our lives should be devoted to the accomplishment of a great end. The jobs we should do from day to day would be the work of the workers at the docks, but our life-work, the thing into which we would put passion and thought and prayer and eager toil, would be the great end, the destruction of the thing which put the power of mastery over us and our kind into the hands of men. We would dedicate our lives to the cause of freedom, to the utterance and achievement of freedom.

The tenets of its creed will be the repudiation against capital, and for that definite event, would be the clear-cut attitude of mastery made evident among the masters. That would lay hold on, keep fresh, renew in memory by a daily rite, and with every renewal repeat the vow that our lives should be devoted to the accomplishment of a great end. The jobs we should do from day to day would be the work of the workers at the docks, but our life-work, the thing into which we would put passion and thought and prayer and eager toil, would be the great end, the destruction of the thing which put the power of mastery over us and our kind into the hands of men. We would dedicate our lives to the cause of freedom, to the utterance and achievement of freedom.
...dint of sheer force majeure, they will have to hurl themselves into possession. Not merely by workers offering resistance, but rather by these exerting irresistible pressure will the exploiters realise their reign is done. At present the workers are unprepared to exert this pressure. No normal body of men can actively fight for the destruction of a force until they realise the essential badness of the force. Concerning the management and the employers, the workers have to be taught. They have to learn that it is bad at its roots. They are at present seeking for a working agreement with it. They might as well hope for a working agreement with a tiger or a stench from a sewer. Peaceful co-existence of labour and capital they have to learn is not possible.

This, then, is the magnitude of the task with which the workers are faced; this is the kind of battle they have to fight; this is the kind of spirit which will carry them through the fighting; and this is the kind of issue to which the struggle will have to be brought. Have the workers the stomach for it?

An Alternative Bill

MADAM,—A correspondent in the last issue of THE FREEWOMAN asks what proposals I have for dealing with prostitution. The enclosed print of a Bill drafted by myself does this. It shows the nature of my constructive remedy for prostitution, poverty, insanitary conditions, and low wages. I venture to think that it could be immediately passed (providing they really desire to do so) by consulting the working classes and their trades unions and professions, and that is all the government represents. Unfortunately, their attitude is that of the governing class. The latter are prepared to do everything for the victims of the economic system, except penalise their oppressors, or alter the system.

A BILL TO REGULATE THE ECONOMIC RELATIONS BETWEEN EMPLOYED PERSONS AND THEIR EMPLOYERS; AND ALSO THE CONDITIONS, SANITARY AND OTHERWISE, OF THEIR EMPLOYMENT.

Section I.—When any person employed by an employer can prove to the satisfaction of a jury that the remuneration for such employment in coin and/or kind is inadequate, or that such employment is for any reason whatsoever insanitary, dangerous, harsh and/or oppressive, an offence shall be deemed to have been committed under this Bill.

Section II.—No employer shall be adjudged guilty of an offence under this Bill unless the jury is satisfied that such employer employed a person contrary to the provisions of this Bill to his or her knowledge. Where the jury are of opinion that such employer has committed an offence under this Bill, but are further of opinion that his offence was not committed wilfully, no conviction shall be recorded against such employer, but he shall be ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution.

Section III.—Any employer convicted of an offence under this Bill, subject to the limitations set forth in Section II. hereof, shall be sent to prison for a term of not less than two months, and not exceeding seven years. Section III. — It shall not be lawful for a Court or a judge to impose a fine in respect of any offence committed under this Bill.

Section V.—A Court or a judge shall not be at liberty to direct a jury to return a special verdict in any case, the terms of the First Offenders Act should be inserted in the Bill, a Court or a judge shall specifically direct the jury upon their power to bring in a special verdict as aforesaid.

Section IX.—Any offence committed under this Bill shall be deemed a felony.

Section X.—The costs shall be awarded against any employer convicted under this Bill, subject to the provisions of Section II. of this Bill; nor shall any employer, tried for an alleged offence under this Bill, but acquitted, be entitled to recover the costs.

Section XI.—In all cases under this Bill the jury shall be empowered to add a rider to their verdict stating, in their opinion, that, in the circumstances of the particular case, the terms of the First Offenders Act should be invoked on behalf of the employer. In all cases of such special verdicts, a Court or a judge shall not pass any sentence upon the person convicted, but shall bind him over, in his own recognisance, or in such sureties as a Court or judge may deem necessary, to come up for judgment if and when called upon. No conviction for felony shall be recorded in any case where the jury returns such a special verdict. But it shall not be lawful for a jury to return such a special verdict where the employer shall have been already convicted of an offence under this Bill. Where a conviction under this Bill is returned against any employer charged with an offence under this Bill, a Court or a judge shall specifically direct the jury upon their power to bring in a special verdict as aforesaid.

Section XII.—Any member of the community, being resident in Great Britain and Ireland, not being a convicted or an offender of any kind whatsoever, may have any male or female person of either sex who shall receive payment for his or her services in coin and/or kind, from any employer, committee, council, or any municipal body of any kind whatsoever, be indicted as "an habitual criminal" within the meaning of the said Act.

Section XV.—This Bill shall have application throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

NOTE.—This Bill would introduce many novel principles into our law and would be a menace to exploitation in every form of industry, in clerical occupations, and in domestic service. Its punitive character is founded upon the principle, which is hardly seriously questioned, that such exploitation is a moral and an economic evil, that is to say, that the relation of man to man is founded on the principle that a man shall receive adequate remuneration for the work he does. The Bill is aimed at making such exploitation an offence punishable by imprisonment. Numerous people are agitating for powers to prevent the working classes striving in defence of their rights. For once, let us have some legislation against the dividend and rent-receivers—the "legalised" owners of stolen property.

C. H. NORMAN.
The Problem of Illegitimacy.

III.—A SOLUTION.

"Better indeed were a saturnalia of Free Men and Women than the spectacle which, as it is, our great cities present at night."—EDWARD CARPENTER.

The only real solution for this problem is one which will please none but the foolish. It will not please the politicians, it is too adventurous for them; it will not please the practical people, it is too philosophic; it will not please the philosophers, for they know the difficulties of Revolution—and its results. But it will please the foolish; for it is a stone to their hands to throw. They will be able to say, "As we thought: Anarchism and Free Love!" And having taken the wind out of their sails, I will discuss more important things.

My original intention was to devote an article apiece to the present attempts at solution through the Poor Law and charitable institutions. But the blue books, the Poor Law reports, the charitable reports, all the good intentions were piteous and exasperating. Piteous, as nothing has ever come of all the labour expended on them by all the earnest people who compiled them, who cooperated on account of the attitude they all take up. It may be natural to believe oneself omniscient, if one is a member of the Government [have we not an "Infallible Administrator"]?, an official, or a charitable person, but to accept the present ethical basis of society as a basis for reform is unpardonable. Just as twelve quite reasonably honest men and jolly fellows, who desire no ill-will to anyone, and who would go out of their way to do some kind action, if they are called on a jury forget their common humanity, and assume what they believe to be the academic virtues, so each and all of these thousand documents reek of gentility and hypocrisy. Mis-guided desire, political expediency, self-advertisement, whatever be the underlying cause, they have accomplished little or nothing: the results are before us: there is still a pressing problem of illegitimacy.

They have erred, as all like them will to the end of the chapter, because they have believed in the Infallibility of Rules. They have said, "Let us take counsel together; let us make rules, then the Millennium will come." And it hasn't! You cannot make exact rules for machines, much less for human beings. It is easy to teach evil, but who shall influence for good? Only those who are able to give back to life all that it gave, who have fought for and gained knowledge, and who have been thrown on the scrap-heap used up. There is, in that unequal collection of epigrams attributed by the Christians to the King David, one of profound truth, "Example is better than precept." It is only the Free who can bring about the Revolution, because it is they who alone know what they want. It is for the Free men and women than the spectacle which, as it is, our great cities present at night.

For with Freedom comes Responsibility [that is why Freedom is so hated], with Responsibility comes the great gift of Choice; the animal becomes his own tailor Shirt. Made

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women to take away the slur from illegitimacy, among other necessary reforms, by proving from women to take away the slur from illegitimacy, it is harder to be free. Ladies and gentlemen, here gives rise to. It is almost too difficult to be fearless: every action can only be judged by the emotion it gives rise to. It is almost too difficult to be fearless: every action can only be judged by the emotion it gives rise to. It is almost too difficult to be fearless: every action can only be judged by the emotion it gives rise to. Truth and Untruth of the Times. TRUTH is a bigger and greater thing than veracity, the saying yes or no, as the case may be. It is easy to be truthful in this very limited sense, and yet not be true. The strictly veracious man or woman may be a lie in spirit and motive and attitude. Truth is really more a question whether we lie to ourselves, whether we misrepresent, evade, gloze over, decorate, or give misleading names to ugly and unhandsome facts. Nietzsche says, "The world has become skilled at giving new names to things, and even baptising the devil." Under the names of custom, fashion, pleasure, profits, good business, diplomacy, statesmanship, party loyalty, national honour, Imperialism, religious progress, social welfare, what lies are told, acted, manufactured, and rewarded! "There are double names for everything," said Stevenson. Truth is more a personality and spirit than words. It is to feel, think, and act in accordance with the facts of life, and to accept the world as it is in order to make it what it ought to be. Without shams, or false interpretations or deceits of any kind. The truthful person will speak forth and act in conformity to life so far as it is known and understood. And in words that is written truth which most clearly expresses the fact, whether it be man, the community, or the universe. The transparent soul of faith and courage can not only speak the truth, but say "I am the truth." I have said that truth is more than veracity, but judged by this low standard there are a good many liars about. To bear false witness against our neighbour is far too common a sin. The legal and police system and all the threats of prison do not prevent, but rather provoke, a conspiracy of lying. Lawyers are paid to tell lies rather than show the truth, and only a simpleton would seriously think otherwise. Cases of wrongful accusation abound, and create the feeling that the people, I mean chiefly the poor, exist to give the police and jailer some discomfort. The truth is, that more money for the workers would prevent many so-called criminal offences. The lie is that there is an inborn disposition to commit crime which cannot be explained or overcome by environment in the widest sense. It has been found easier to damn human nature, and to call the church in to prescribe, than to give this nature a real chance. And there is a sort of invisible enemy, a prejudice against the poor, which is hostile to immediate justice on their behalf. What is the truth about the established Christian religion? If I ask this question, I am referred to a system of theology fit only for slaves. The theories of man, sin, salvation, Christ, have nothing in them that is democratic in them. They represent the ideas of the governing classes, with their low views of the people, their heavens and hells of the earth, their notions of divine government. There is a consent to a body of opinion that "it is not necessary at all that a man Jesus of Nazareth should ever have lived in order to explain the fact of Christianity"; but how few of the Church leaders honestly admit the probability of this, or even frankly discuss it? Is it that they are afraid to tell the truth about the soul of man, lest they damage their own position? Fear makes lies. Is it that they know human nature is not what Church dogmas make it out to be, and therefore that the remedy which they have is no good, and is for a disease which doesn't exist? The same prejudice is evident in the suspicion of material good for the people, by those who praise poverty from a safe distance. The truth concerning sin, character, good and evil, is supposed to be given in a book, or in theology, and not in the facts of daily life. What is the truth about virtue and vice, and which is which? We have to tear off the disguises which hide the truth. That is why the rebellion against being treated like things, even the mild forms of rebellion called "labour unrest," is to be joyfully welcomed as an effort to show up the truth that man is not compelled to be poor or to be content with poverty, and to show the lie of being governed as we are, under the pretence that it is for our good, and in the name of freedom and religion. This bears closely upon the problem of sex, which means the way to get sex fully and wholesomely and creatively expressed. It suggests the
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N no subject is there less clarity of thought and planness of speech than upon that of sexual relationship. The problem novel, written ostensibly with the purpose of attracting attention to some phase of the question, and the medical treatises from the psychopathic side, are two prominent methods of dealing with it. The problem novel usually fails to be of much value because it deals with effects and not causes. The medical treatise is of little assistance because it is produced in a form that is not popular nor understandable, and is addressed to a small section only of the people. What is wanted is a clear perception of the underlying principles divested of cant and prude. A mystery has been made of a very simple matter. For some subtle reason this question of sexual relationship has been associated with original sin and other discredited dogmas of past superstitions instead of being frankly discussed and intelligently understood.

Implanted in every organised structure is an instinctive desire to function in two ways: to grow and to reproduce. In the animal world, from the simple cell to the highest type of multicellular organism, these two desires are instinctive and imperative. Food, to assure life and growth for the continuance of the individual; reproduction, to ensure the continuance of the race. Man is differentiated from the brute kingdom by his power of reflection. It may be that this is only a question of degree. Some power of reflection is apparent in many of the brutes. Man shares with the brute most of his instinctive desires. The less developed the intellect the more predominant the instincts. The more highly developed the intellect the less is the sway of the instincts. The desire for reproduction, \textit{per se}, is instinctive and not intellectual. The decision to limit reproduction is intellectual and not instinctive. The higher the development of intellect the less is the conscious desire for reproduction. It has been said—and well said—that Nature is prolific with her lower forms, but less generous with her higher forms. The higher the type the lower the reproduction rate. In the highest type of all—man, where intellect, Nature's best and greatest gift, reigns supreme, instinctive reproduction receives its first check.

Growth in the individual is only partly complete with the maturity of the individual form. It is completed growth only when the matured form has expressed itself reproductively. This is the fulfillment of natural law. Anything less than this is a limitation of natural law. Without reproduction there would be race suicide. To evade race suicide Nature has implanted this instinctive desire for the sexual act, and its necessary corollary, reproduction, in every perfect organism. Not to desire the sexual act is to postulate a nature failure. It is to imply an imperfect organism. Every man and every woman who is perfectly equipped as an organism normally should exhibit this instinctive desire. Not to exhibit it, or to repress its exhibition, is to deny to Nature her expression of completed growth.

But this instinctive desire for the sexual act is not associated with reproduction for the continuance of the race. It is associated with the sexual act only. The desire for the act itself is instinctive, and for the act only. It is the conscious or unconscious consequence of the sexual act which provides for the continuance of the race. The sexual act in itself is as normal and necessary a function as that of feeding. It is normal because it is universally inherent in every perfect organism. It is necessary because, without its free exercise, the race would die out. Our social ideas are growths. They are evolutionary. They are always changing. They are not the unalterable expression of what is right and wrong. They have no inherent right to persist through all time. They are the judgments of expediency formed and regulated by the pressure of environment. Polygamy, polyandry, monogamy, and promiscuity in the sexual relations are not in themselves either right or wrong, except so far as the particular circumstances in which they are exercised determine. The desire for the sexual act is an emotional stress in man. To feel the stress is natural. To desire to satisfy it is also natural. To satisfy it in certain ways is expedient. It is for the greater good of society. To satisfy it in other ways is not for the greater good of society. Prostitution is one of these ways. Prostitution is wrong. Prostitution is the commerce of the female with the male. It is the element of commerce, with its essen-
tial ideas of making a profit, that is wrong in prostitution.

Prostitution is always commercial. It is loveless. It is irrational. It is not even instinctive. It is an intellectual debasement. It is the uttering of counterfeit coin. It is bad. It is wrong. What makes prostitution possible? Economic inequalities. 

Prostitution amongst the rich becomes possible when an idle male class is able to offer economic advantages to a destitute female class. No woman prostitutes herself as a result of emotional stress. The satisfaction of emotional stress is not prostitution. It is legal or illegal sexual intercourse, as the case may be. Prostitution only results when the woman gains material advantage from the sale of her body. The woman who sells herself for material advantage prostitutes herself. It matters not whether the price be in coin, in position, or permanent material welfare. If it be a commercial contract and not an emotional relationship, it is prostitution. It may be that the prostitution is of an ephemeral character, a daily surrender to fresh terms offered and accepted, it may be that it is for the more permanent condition called marriage, or the less permanent one of mistress. Whatever the period of duration of the relationship, if it is essentially commercial, it is also essentially prostitution. In its reflex action upon society, however, it is seen that the more ephemeral the relationship the more disastrous its effects. Prostitution is also seen amongst the poor. Here, too, it is the effect of economic stresses. The women, to obtain the means of subsistence for themselves. The men, unable to enter into permanent and loving unions, satisfy the sexual desire in the easiest manner. Prostitution is the inevitable result of unbalanced economic pressures.

It was said above that every healthy woman desires to satisfy the sexual instinct. It might be thought that prostitution was largely due to this desire to gratify the natural instinct. But this is not so. The fundamental instinctive desire to satisfy the sexual appetite is only at first formless. And it is always free from the taint of commerce. When the desire achieves definiteness it is usually associated, by the governing of mental processes, with the desire for union with a particular individual or individuals. The desire is not generally for promiscuity. Where the mental processes are dulled or atrophied the desire is a more general desire. It has not individualised itself. With the matured powers of reflection, and the association of ideas, the desire for the sexual act becomes less general and more particular. There are instinctive attractions and instinctive repulsions. These attractions and repulsions modify the direction of the desire for the sexual act. It is this which also distinguishes prostitution from mere informal union. In prostitution there is as the predominant impulse to the act the economic pressure. It is a means to an end. It implies a sacrifice. The woman does not desire the union for itself. She submits to it because the economic stress is beyond her power to resist. The sexual act, which ordinarily is the culmination of a period of emotional stress, requires afterwards a period of abstinence for recuperation. Ephemeral prostitution is commercial, not personal. The sexual act committed more than once does not permit this recuperation. It is bad, therefore, physically for the female. It is usually accompanied by intemperance in drinking or eating, and this, too, is bad. It is almost invariably surrounded by poverty and insanitary conditions. And this, too, is bad. Prostitution is bad for the women who submit. It is bad for the men whose environment of poverty, or of riches, determine them to exercise it. A great number of men and women are affected by it. Their affection by it affects society. It is one of the cancerous growths of the modern economic and social systems.

Although the desire for the sexual act is as instinctive and natural as the desire for food, its satisfaction is modified by the environment. The conditions by which we are surrounded in society limit the mode of satisfaction of both appetites. There is also a difference between them. But it is a difference of degree and not of kind, as is usually supposed. Food is constantly desired. It is necessary continually to repair the wastage of tissue. The sexual act, as a purely normal and instinctive function, is not constantly desired. In a healthy man or woman, who lives a sane and balanced life, with sessions of regular and pleasant work and alternations of rest and recreative pursuits, well and suitably fed, housed, clothed, and educated, the sexual act is desired only at recurring periods. The organism becomes charged with an emotional stress of a healthy character, after a period of abstinence. Its complete satisfaction implies the dispersion of the charge. And a period of quiescence from emotional stress follows.

Psychologically, the emotions are controlled by the will. This in a relative sense only. The exercise of the will itself is the expression of resistance or surrender to stimuli. The will follows the pressure of the greatest stresses. The will, per se, expresses the dominant tendencies, resultant from past pressures as well as present pressures. Each one does what to himself seems good. Man learns by his mistakes. Certain courses of action are found to have ill effects, and in proportion as they are perceived to have these ill effects, man modifies his actions. In this he obeys the pressure of the environment. The desire for food is instinctive. It is the inherent necessity of every organism. Some foods are good: they make for growth. Some foods are bad: they check or destroy growth. In so far as man's reflective powers enable him to do so, and his memory aids him, he will satisfy his desire by the one and evade the other. It is the same with the sexual instinct. His powers of reflection and memory guide him to a sense of what is right. Constant gratification of the sexual desire is not instinctive. It is intellectual. It is debased by wrongly formed powers of reflection and memory. Man, as individual, obeys the pressure of his environment. Man, collectively, as society, forms his environment. Society can alter the environment. Society can alter individual man.

JULIAN WARDE.

(To be continued.)

—A Night in the Luxembourg.—**

It would seem, when one walks ill-dressed and humbly through the gay streets of luxury, that London is an unfeeling place. It is. London will not give one bread if it can possibly help it. But this is looking at Life from the material point of view. Rather let us consider how many people personally unknown to us are busily looking after our souls. Consider how kindly Mr. Charles Brookfield bustles up to us when we are incautiously entering the theatre to see "The Secret Woman," as just as the representative of the Girls' Friendly Society meets innocent girls on their arrival at the railway stations of the Scarlet Babylon. And now Sir Jesse Boot has joined the ranks of these unknown friends. In order that you...

*A Night in the Luxembourg.* By Remy de Gourmont. Translated by Arthur Ransome. 5s. (Stephen Swift & Co.)
and I shall keep our minds unstained, he and the managers of other circulating libraries have suppressed a book in which the Almighty is represented as spending the night in a public park conversing with a few lady friends and a journalist. This consideration is flattering. One feels like the sparrow, who, though sold for half a farthing, cannot fall to the ground without the Father. Yet, under the circumstances, one may reproach Sir Jesse Boot as Peer Gynt reproached the Lord:

"He takes fatherly thought for my personal weal, but economical—no, that he isn't!"

because this demoralising book happens to be "Une Nuit au Luxembourg," the work of one of the most exquisite of present-day French writers, Remy de Gourmont.

One evening a young journalist, James Sandy Rose, is walking down the Rue Palatine when he perceives that the windows of the Church of Saint Sulpice are ablaze with the light of torches. He goes in and finds the altars lit as though for a feast-day; but suddenly the brilliance dies, and he is left in the darkness, conscious only of the figure of a man, who stands gazing at the statue of the Virgin with curious intension. Rose goes to him, drawn by a singular hypnotism, and finds that it is God. Arms in arm they leave the sombre church and by through the empty streets to the Luxembourg, black with the gloom of the winter night. The gates swing back miraculously as they come, and by this small, perplexing miracle they pass into another and a greater. "A soft and clear daylight was born... The trees, suddenly in leaf, the chestnuts blossoming in shafts of white and violett, were filled with the song of birds. Blackbirds, on the topmost branches, launched their shrill calls. Bees were already murmuring by; a fly settled on my hand. The great flower-bed was in full bloom. We disturbed a cat that was stalking two cooing pigeons. At this moment it seemed to be five o'clock in the morning of a beautiful summer day."

To the young man and the god—for there is no God, but only gods—come three divine women. "Their smiles made a light within the light." Together they gather roses and walk in solitary parks; they sit down in a green harbour to a feast of milk, brown bread, and strawberries; they watch the roebucks coursing down the glades of the immense and magical forest that springs up about them. It would be hard to describe the clear light, like the soft radiance of a happy dream, which illuminates the simple adventures of the god and his companions. And it would be harder still to describe the sensual purity of the style, its chastity, which is the most abandoned form of voluptuousness, its strangeness. And all through this divine reveling the god speaks his philosophy.

It is not quite such a startling philosophy as either he (M. de Gourmont) or his translator thinks. The god's views of metaphysics would hardly startle a Polytechnic. Apparently Bergson is admired aloft, for the god adopts with emphasis his thesis that there is no truth since the universe is perpetually changing. What is really valuable about him is his style. It needs no god to tell us that, though Christianity murdered God in its hatred of Life, it has about it an incomparable simplicity and tenderness. Yet not often has it been put like this: "The gospels, my gospels! Poor and happy books! What a strange fate had these poor dreams of some Jews disturbed by drunken prophets! Imposture has made in them such naive arabesques with faith! Have you read the Acts of the Apostles? It is not so good as 'Aladdin and the Marvellous Lamp,' but how moving it is! These men touch God with their hands. And it is pastoral and fairy-tale at once. It is a pantheism of ingenious conjurors. Behold me a carpenter, a fisherman, a prophet, a magician; I am hanged and buried; I am resurrected and mount to heaven; there I re-descend in the form of tongues of fire. I am one, I am two, I am three; I am a dove, I am a lamb, I am God, and all at once. And the nations understand; the doctors explain. Everybody believes. Truth reigns. Happiness is poured into pacified hearts."

That is not surprisingly subtle thinking nor very difficult irony, but it is exquisite writing. He then explains the relationship between men and the gods, a race of Supermen, two or three thousand in number. "Raise by many powers the genius of your geniuses, and you have the measure of those among us who dominate the others... Your arts, your sciences, your noblest passions are instincts in us." They take some interest in men, but have no love for them. "Your prayers move me, as the songs of the birds move you, according to our mood; we find them painful or agreeable, and in either case pass on, thinking of serious matters, that is to say, the living of our own lives." They exercise a certain amount of control over the earth. "To make a system that should have some distant relation to the truth... take, if you like, if Latin thought is more familiar to you, the poem of Lucre- tius and Ovid's Metamorphoses; attempt an interpretation which should derive part from universal determinism and part from divine caprice..." Yet they, too, like men, must die. They have a long, long life fortified with divine knowledge, but death comes at the end as the last decree of Destiny, who rules over the gods as the gods rule over men.

However, in the clear light of their divinity they have perceived a philosophy. "The wise man has
but one belief: himself; the wise man has but one fatherland: life. . . . There is no other ethic than this: the conquest of pain." Physical pain is a mistake to be corrected by the doctors, and moral pain is to be flung aside as the worst of humiliations, except when it may be turned into a subtle, stabbing kind of pleasure.

This is the message that the god has come to give to men. Men are the most inaccessible of terrestrial accidents, owing their supremacy simply to their discovery of the Art of Fire. The continued supremacy of their species is not assured. And, individually, each man is doomed to death, however proudly his spirit may aspire. Earth has become a place of rest for all, and no man is spared. But the way in which you are, it is your cage, and you are forbidden to leave it. . . . You will no longer go to heaven, the stars have fallen. If the heaven of which the childhood of humanity dreamed is paradise, all the seats in it are taken. . . . Besides, at what moment would you undertake the journey? At your death? When one of the earth never do. They are destined for the stars. Therefore, let men embrace the philosophy of living ardently, with, as one's last weapon against the indignity of pain, that ugly but cordial friend, Suicide. One must submit everything, even one's hunger for martyrdom, to the search for Happiness.

To detect the flaw in the god's philosophy we must examine his conception of women. Woman is a creation of man, almost, one might say, a figment of his imagination. They exist, since esse is percipi, but no more. When the god speaks of the goddesses he says: "Our women differ little from yours, that is to say, they bear the same relation to us as yours to you." As a description of the nature of the goddess, this lacks depth. But, to the god, their sex absolves women from sin. "The difference between the goddess and the girl of the public harem" is the way in which men look on them. One might as well say that there is no difference between a dead woman and a living woman, because they are both women. In fact, the truth is not in M. de Gourmont. And in Rose's description of the goddess who came out of the dream-night in the Luxembourg to dwell with him on earth as his mistress, M. de Gourmont comes as near to commonness as anyone with such a style ever can. "My friend complied with all our customs. But for the memory of the night of magic that had placed her in Luxembourg, she could have distinguished her divine grace from that of a Parisian." This is terrible. But the whole description of the divine women is terrible. Theirs is not the brown nakedness of nymphs racing in the wind and the sun, but the pink nudity of the artists' model. They pick wild flowers, a thing which people who are bred of the earth never do. They are adorned, like Academy statues, with toile éléphant draperies. They coquet heavily and lisp of the richest ways of love, like gourmands conversing of turtle-fat. They are like those plump, infuriatingly common women that Bouguereau painted. In fact, as yours, . . . You will no longer go to heaven, the stars have fallen. . . . He murmured, "Work: this rose is a work. . . ." That rose is a symbol of Art. The gods are without Art. This is incredible. Those among men who have been most likest gods, in whom vitality has flamed up to something superhuman, have been artists. And they have always disliked happiness. From their earliest days they fell in love with sorrow, provoking tears from their own eyes that they might see more magically. For them, the end of love, the dream of love, the coming, is the law by which we must live if we are to create; and the passion for creation is the master passion of Life. It is not without significance that these gods have no children. They are sterile, more barren than men.

These are no gods. They are figure studies from the Salon that have leaped from their gilt frames in a passion of boredom. But consider the grace of the book! If a German had become infatuated with these deities, what an affliction the book would have been! Instead of wandering in the magic Luxembourg they would have galumphed down Unter den Linden. And the god would have been a shocking bore. As it is, he is a quaint fellow, not quite a gentleman, and not much of a philosopher, but the delightful friend of a night.

REBECCA WEST.

Atheists.

In days when Christianity was triumphant, no one could be charged with being an atheist. Such a charge was attended with more opprobrium than that of Atheism. But a little while ago, to be an atheist meant persecution (by some it is considered a crime to-day), and but a little earlier still it meant death.

In 1688 a Polish knight named Casimir Liszinski was cited for atheism by the Bishop of Wilna and Posnania. He was excommunicated and condemned to be burnt at Grodno, March 30th, 1689. This was one of the last, if not the last, executions for Atheism. I doubt if the whole history of the world can show any men against whom so much abuse, vile invective, and scurrilous slander has been hurled as the atheists. I suppose also that few words have caused more controversy over their definition than the word atheist.

Of course there is a certain sense in which every man is an atheist to every other, since no two men's "Gods" are exactly alike. The Jew who does not believe in Christ must be strictly an atheist to the Swedishborgian, who believes, not only that
Jesus Christ was God, but that He was Jehovah, the only God. This definition could be extended through all the sects of religionists.

The Christians might bear in mind that the charge of atheism was one of the commonest that was brought against the early Christians. This definition could be extended through all the sects of religionists.

In the eighteenth century Voltaire, the "deadly satirist," defined atheism as "a name given by theologians to whoever differs from them in their ideas concerning the Divinity, or who refuses to believe in it in the form in which, in the emptiness of their infallible pates, they have resolved to present it to him." "As a rule," says Voltaire, "atheist is any and every man who does not believe in the God of the priests."

In the same book the atheist is called "beast," "brute," "enemy of mankind," "dirty monster," "brute," "enemy of mankind," "wolf," "murderer of the human soul," and cursed in the most hearty terms. When such epithets as these are circulated, is it any wonder a number of people "shrink from the name of atheist," as Voltaire said? I cull a few passages from the work of a reverend gentleman (?). I find in this volume "pride and lust, a furious, filthy lust of body," are announced as the atheist's "springs of action." "Desire to act the beast without control, and live like a devil, without a check of conscience," his only "reason for opposing the existence of God."

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Atheism holds that whatever actions conducive to the general good are right and virtuous, and that whatever tends to the opposite is wrong and sinful. It teaches men to be moral now, not because God offers reward by-and-by, but because in the virtuous act itself immediate good is assured to the doer and the circle surrounding him. It would preserve man from lying, stealing, murdering, not from fear of an eternal agony after death, but because these crimes make this life a course of misery.

Ingersoll well said, "The object of life is to be happy; the place to be happy is here; the time to be happy is now; the way to be happy is by making others happy."

Although atheists have been vilified all through the ages, the history of civilisation is the history of successes of brave heretics and infidels, who have denied false dogmas and brought new thoughts to light.

Mortality, on which our very existence depends, is not, as some would fain have us believe, analogous with theology, but decidedly distinct. It had no supernatural origin, as most people seem to imagine, but is perfectly natural.

Our moral sense and our social sympathies, being a natural growth, they may be developed in the future by the same means which developed them in the past.

Laws of morality must arise (if our social health is to be maintained) wherever sentient beings live together, in a social state. Emerson admits that "Truth, frankness, courage, love, humility, and all virtues, range themselves on the side of prudence, or the art of securing a present well-being."

Or, in the words of Herbert Spencer, "Absolute morality is the regulation of conduct in such a way that pain shall not be inflicted."

The atheist confidently appeals to the wise in every nation. He rejects religion because religion is based on principles of imaginative ignorance. To
him the worship or adoration of what is confessedly unknown is mere superstition. He revels from all the so-called divine rights and laws. As a student of history he sees that every time man has attempted to advance, to correct the order of things, he has been confronted by God's word, and reminded that it is blasphemy to ignore a divine command.

Some may object that my definitions of atheists and their principles are too eulogistic, and ask what good has atheism done. Or they may complain that what I have defined as atheism is really secularism.

Professor Tyndal, in his lecture on "Science and Religion," says: "If I wished to find men who are scrupulous in their adherence to engagements, whose words are their bond, and to whom moral shiftiness of any kind is subjectively unknown—if I wanted a loving father, a faithful husband, an honourable neighbour, and a just citizen, I should seek and find him among the band of atheists. I have known some of the most pronounced among them, not only in life, but in death—seen them approaching with open eyes the inexorable goal, with no dread of a 'hangman's' whip, with no hope of a heavenly crown, and still as mindful of their duties, and as faithful in the discharge of them, as if their eternal future depended upon their latest deed."

In conclusion, I feel sure every reader of THE FRIEDWOMAN will look with favour upon the utopianism of the atheist, Robert G. Ingersoll, and reciprocate his sentiments when he said, "I see a world where thrones have crumbled, and kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth. I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race. I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth—a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labour reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl, in trying to win bread with the needle—where she is called 'the asp for the breast of the poor'—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the pitious wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease—harmony of form and function—and, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopys the earth; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope."

Many atheists conceal their sentiments on account of the odium which would certainly be their reward in this "Christian" country, did they avow them.

As the odium attached to the term slowly dwindles, we may expect to find less heed given to its repudiation.

But, without waiting for that time to come, if the quotation which I have given from Ingersoll is the ideal for which atheism is struggling, then I am proud and pleased to be branded "atheist."

FRED COLLINS.

Provided For.

"AUNT BAKER, Aunt Baker! Have you heard the news? Judith is engaged!"

"Dear, dear! you don't say so!" said the old lady. "At last!"

"Sh! sh! naughty!" scolded handsome Ida, who earned £300 a year as companion-secretary to a wealthy lady.

Rosamond, Aunt Baker's favourite, a flourishing teacher of music, remarked: "You don't ask, engaged in what?"

"Or engaged to whom?" cried Ida.

"I think we can guess!" Aunt Baker leaned forward and murmured, "Mr. Coulson, I suppose?"

The two nieces nodded.

"Dear! how pleased your dear mother would have been. Well, there's one of you, at any rate, provided for without exertion."

"Hm!" went Ida.

"Query?" said Rosamond.

"He's not been deceiving you, has he? I thought you told me he had a good post in the Home Office, and was likely to rise."

"Oh, yes, he's got an income all right!"

"Your father would inquire about that, of course. He won't give his consent if it's not as it should be!"

"Dear, old-fashioned aunty!" said Rosamond, stroking the old lady's hand. "Father will be only too glad to get Judith off his hands at any price. He doesn't want to provide for her."

"Besides, we don't wait for fathers' consents nowadays!" explained Ida.

"I know young ladies are very independent, but that's not always the way to get a husband. OnlyJudith, so shameless—shameless! I see a world where thrones have crumbled, and kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth. I see a world without a slave. Man at last is free. Nature's forces have by science been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race. I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled, while lips are rich with words of love and truth—a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labour reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl, in trying to win bread with the needle—where she is called 'the asp for the breast of the poor'—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame. I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless, stony stare, the pitious wail of want, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease—harmony of form and function—and, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopys the earth; and over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope."

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FRED COLLINS.
her four children, taking in boarders and paying for a good education for boys and girls, and now they're all doing well."

"Her husband was a doctor, cut off in the prime of life."

"There are a good many such. Then there was our neighbour, Mrs. S—?"

"He was the widower in that case!" laughed Ida.

"Not for long! Six months, wasn't it, before there was a second Mrs. S—?"

"Poor man!" sighed Aunt Baker; "how could he manage with those four little children?"

"Of course not!" said Rosamond; "a man can't work at home as well as abroad, like a woman, like Aunt Maria."

"Well, there's your cousin Marion, at any rate! She has everything that heart could wish."

"With one exception, auntie!"

"I know she said the other day she would like a yacht. I dare say he'll give her that in time. I know he can afford it!"

"I mean, the price she has to pay—her husband's company."

"Oh, my dear, it doesn't do to be so particular. A husband is a husband."

The two nieces laughed.

"Even if he be a glutton and a fool!"

"We'll give you Marion, if you like, auntie; it does not take you far. Few men have Henry's income, at any rate; and few girls would care for such an appendage to it."

"I've just thought of someone," cried Rosamond.

"My dear, these are all exceptions. You are speaking of clever women!"

"Well, at any rate, he was a thorough good sort, and is. No family could be more united and happy than they are."

"And no husband depends more upon his wife than he does."

"Then there's Gertrude, who helped her husband in his school, and saved him the salary of an assistant master. She had six babies besides."

"And Helen, who wrote books with one arm while she nursed the babies with the other."

"And while he lay on the floor and read her his poems!"

"And Annie, who they always said was her husband's curate. She presided over all the mothers' meetings, boys' clubs, and men's debates, and saved on an income of less than £200!"

"My dear, these are all exceptions. You are speaking of clever women!"

"Well, there's our little dressmaker, Mrs. Richardson, a regular Madame Mantalini. She told me once she never had anything from him since the second year of their marriage."

"He's been in a consumption. He can't earn."

"Our old servant, Margaret!" chimed in Ida. "She provides at least her own half of the family means by taking in washing. I should think she scarcely has a day's holiday in the year!"

"Margaret's husband is not bad, though, Ida," said Rosamond. "He does bring some grist to the mill. They get on all right, if it wasn't for his temper, as she always says."

"You girls are so impatient. You can't have everything."

"No! That's why I'd rather have an income than a husband with a temper."

"You forget there's such a thing as affection. Think of your own dear mother!"

The two nieces looked at each other. In both was the secret thought, never expressed even to each other, that their mother had been done to death by an exacting and selfish man, though she, poor dear, had never complained. They (the daughters) had looked on powerless, and had become, in revenge, private rebels against the tyranny of any man, including their father.

"One can't judge of a case so near to oneself," said Ida, hastily.

It was another secret thought that the father accepted too complacently the addition to the family income made by his sister Aunt Baker's contribution to the housekeeping. Aunt Baker, as they phrased it to themselves, had had the life crushed out of her too much in the mill of school routine to have any spirit left for rebellion. What the man of the family does is right, was her useful formula for almost every case.

"Of course, there's another side to it, auntie," said Rosamond. "We could think of plenty of happy marriages if we tried."

"There are some bad wives as well as bad husbands!"

"Of course! the vampire kind," said Ida. "That's only another side of the same thing! economic dependence."

"Well, my dear, it's better to be married than single, no matter what."

"Incorrigible aunt! We'll try and find a nice husband for you!"

"I should not refuse one, dear, even at the eleventh hour. It's pleasant to be of consequence. You're nobody if you're single!"

"And only the wife of So-and-So if you're married. Woman's fate is hard, take it how you may!"

"Not so bad, Rosie," said Ida. "You and I have a real jolly time."

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"DOUGLAFROCS" AND **MAIDS**

Send postcard for name of nearest retailer to "DOUGLAFROCS" (c/o "FREEWOMAN"), 16, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
So we do! and I dare say Judith will, too. I don't deny that if I could get a husband which "— ("Who," put in Idâ)—" who included economic independence, I should be quite pleased. But unless and until, I'm content to be as I am!"

Judith, in the meantime, was murmuring to her Alan in the orchard.

"I want to tell you something, Alan! I'm not a bit clever, not even in housekeeping. I can't even cook. Do you mind?"

"Of course not, dearie! It's you I want!"

And so he did—and does. **Fanny Johnson.**

A Vision in the Strand.

The time was a winter evening, and the place the Strand. The narrow street was full, and its life was at its highest. On the pavement were the usual types, doing all the conventional things. There were hustling women and men; and of the men some looked keen and strong and efficient, such as the men of business, and those unmistakable people, the men of law, who, I suppose, were coming from their Chambers and the Courts, hurrying back to their impeccable families round South Kensington way—Kensington, home of the unimpeachably select. Now and then I saw an elderly roué entering a restaurant with his actress-mistress, jewelled, ermined, deep-bosomed, but above all, tragically apathetic, with wide eyes that looked tragically unexplored.

In the roadway the black chain of traffic stretched far away into the distance. I saw the monstrous shapes of the motor-omnibuses as they swung on before me, and I shuddered at their approaching lights, that seemed to me as the threatening eyes of some hideous and primaeval beast that moves on very surely and inexorably to ruin and to devastation. As they came nearer one could smell their bland, stenchy, acid fumes, and hear the beast's very breath; and I heard their tearing, grinding shrieks, and this was the beast's fearful and irresistible cry. Above all, on either side, rose the masonry, black, sheer, interminable, like the hopeless walls of a cavern from which there is no ascending up to the light.

Then the miracle happened. One part of the road, near the centre, was being repaired, so that the traffic swung on past this island. There were all the trappings, so familiar to those who use the London streets, the tarpaulin shelter, the glowing brazier, the watchman keeping his vigil. He stood there, red and vivid in the fire-glow, a shortish man, red and vivid in the fire-glow, a shortish man, of about fifty. His face was clean-shaven, furrowed, and weather-beaten. His lips were tightly compressed, and their pinched look told its story. From the corner of his mouth jutted a short, clay pipe. He stood there with his hands in the pockets of his coat, four-square to the wind, with head tilted a little back. He had grey eyes, calm, patient, unflinching, that gazed up and out into the distance. The fire burned on, lighting up the hollows of his face, and the passing traffic roared around him; and still he stood and gazed on, mute, straight, carven, red upon black, and his grey eyes looked out far into the night. So still was he, and so roteous, the activity that encircled him, that I saw in him, in a sort of way, the very symbol and archetypal type of rest amid motion, a rock standing firm amid roaring and tumultuous seas.

Then I understood a thing that I had never understood before. I thought I knew what was the vision of which his eyes were so enamoured. He was seeing a great oncoming host, with lusty tread and irresistible march. From all the ends of the earth they were coming up, from North and South, and East and West, the dauntless, breathless army of toil. I knew in that moment that the dignity of labour and the poetry of industrialism could no longer be mere phrases to me. I saw the massed machinery and the clanging of revolving wheels, that made music for me, and the ringing hammer a monstrous shape of the motor-omnibus as they swung on before me, and I shuddered at their approaching lights, that seemed to me as the threatening eyes of some hideous and primaeval beast that moves on very surely and inexorably to ruin and to devastation. As they came nearer one could smell their bland, stenchy, acid fumes, and hear the beast's very breath; and I heard their tearing, grinding shrieks, and this was the beast's fearful and irresistible cry. Above all, on either side, rose the masonry, black, sheer, interminable, like the hopeless walls of a cavern from which there is no ascending up to the light.

"Come for a stroll now, dearie," said a voice in my ear, of a quite unmistakable timbre, and, turning round, I awoke, my vision fled. **Cyril Picciotto.**
In the Wake of the “Titanic.”

The doer and the feeler and the thinker are at one—
The worker and the woman and the wise;
For of action is born thought,
And from feeling truth is wrought.
(By joy or sighs.)
And true thought is the creator of the morrows that
shall be
On the living fertile land and the vast all-purging
sea.
Join hands and link your counsels, ye who think and
feel to-day.
The workers and the women and the wise beneath
the sun—
Ye who do the deed, and, doing, are at peace,
Though your struggle may not cease
Till the passing of the need,
Yet ye bring the great to-morrow in the doing of
your deed,
That the hunger-strife from earth may pass away.

* * * * *

Death spake the other day
When the ice-world cast its sway
Over thousands lured, all helpless, to an unsuspected
doom;
But from death has sprung new life,
Inspiration from the tomb,
Engalising all the strife
Of the worker and the woman and the wise.
Let the triple band unite,
Strength and passion, inward sight,
Finding impulse and incentive in death's drama on
the sea,
To arise self-taught and free,
Men and women in their place,
To the rescue of the race!
Let men die, if die they must,
Earth to earth and dust to dust,
When their human course is run.
But one life shall be as sacred as another 'neath the
sun.
On the deck or in the hold,
Brave or timid, weak or bold,
Seek and save them one by one.
Human lives as fair as flowers,
Potencies of thought and will,
Striving onward, upward still,
With the quickening sun and showers,
In the springtime of the year.
Hark and hear
The warning of the worker and the woman and the wise!
Man is greater than his output, life itself a deeper
prize
Than the triumphs of ambition in the mighty ocean.
Well the moon might veil her face,
While the death dirge of the many marked the
surf of the snow,
And the voice of the Atlantic sang their requiem
whom it slew.

* * * * *

The doer and the feeler and the thinker are at one,
The worker and the woman and the wise!
From each hand the stalwarts come
to re-mate the nation's home;
Hand in hand at Freedom's call,
Step they gladly, one and all.
Barriers rent by sympathy
Set their pent-up forces free;
Neither sex nor caste nor creed
Severs them in thought or deed.
One they stand, and one they climb,
Pioneers of a nobler time—

Workers! women! wise ones all!
Hear the call!
Pass the message round the earth,
Herald in the glad new birth—
In the fields and in the homes;
The Free World comes!

HELEN MEREDITH MACDONALD.

Correspondence.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—While quite willing to pub-
lish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of
publication that the name and address of each cor-
respondent should be supplied to the editor.—ED.

THE NECESSITY?

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

MADAM,—I had not time to write a comment on Dr.
Wrench's article last week, and I fear that my letter
will be too late for this week's issue. I trust, however,
that you will find room for it in your next number.

Dr. Wrench's plea for the Japanese Yoshiwaras
reminds one of the worse kind of French novel, the
novel, that is, that takes some vulgar intrigue, decks it out
with finery, and, putting it into elegant surroundings, in-
sinuates that it is both charming and desirable. For
though Dr. Wrench refers conventionally to "this
most pitiable business of prostitution," the whole trend
of his argument is to prove that he thinks there is nothing
the matter with prostitution, as long as it is sufficiently
unashamed, and indulged in in an artistic setting.

He has the usual covert gibe at missionaries and Chris-
tian influence in general, which were led to believe
and does not diminish, but only vulgarises vice. If this is
true, it is already in my mind a progress. To expose
the ugliness and vulgarity of ugly and vulgar things
is to strip them of some of their power. I do not pro-
pose here to discuss the value or otherwise of the work
of missionaries, but I give it as my opinion that if (the
average man had a tenth of the courage and devotion
to the good of humanity of the average missionary,
there would soon be an end to prostitution, both in Yoshi-
waras and in the less gilded purlieus of Piccadilly. When
Dr. Wrench has served in a leper colony, and risked his
life in a Chinese plague centre, he can begin with more
show of justice to gibe at missionaries.

Again, the article we hear of the demand that
fosters prostitution as "a necessity of social life." Oh,
how sick we are of man's "necessity" and all his dis-
loyal excuses for the exploiting of womanhood! For
Heaven's sake let us know something of that necessity.
Let sincere men speak honestly, and tell us the truth
about their necessity. Have we been lied to from the first?
Is purity really impossible to man? Have there
never been any genuine ascetics, any pure priests? Do
Arctic explorers take their wives with them? And to
those to whom sex is an obsession, is there no possibility
of their induling it alone, without obtruding their
"necessities" upon women?

If sexual exchange with women—quite apart from
passionate love—is really a necessity to men, then all the
talk about prostitution being caused by the bad economic
condition of women is only a very small part of the truth,
and prostitution obviously incurable, for no system on
earth can guarantee to every man during his whole life
the freely bestowed gift of a woman's person; some form
of bought and sold indulgence will always be necessary,
and—"there is no ineffaceable—forthcoming.

If Dr. Wrench really believes in the "necessity," of
which he speaks so glibly and so often, he does well to
plead for Yoshiwaras. He ought to go much further,
however, and plead that prostitutes be considered respect-
able members of society, as wet nurses are; he ought,
moreover, to urge—in the interest of hygiene—State regu-
lation of prostitutes, and the removing of the stigma from
so-called "disreputable" houses. And he ought not to
mar his plea by speaking with Pharisaical inconsistency
of "the pitiable business of prostitution."

June 10th, 1912.

E. M. WATSON.

AN ANALOGY.

MADAM,—An article in The Freewoman of June 6th,
titled "The Servile State," has moved me to thought,
which I herewith take the liberty of laying before you.
We, the plain, ugly, or unattractive women, form the
workers and women and wise beneath the sun:
Man is greater than his output, life itself a deeper
prize
Than the triumphs of ambition in the mighty ocean.

In the springtime of the year.
Hark and hear
The warning of the worker and the woman and the wise!
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In the fields and in the homes;
The Free World comes!

HELEN MEREDITH MACDONALD.
The Free Woman
June 20, 1912

BY VIRGILIA R. WEAINE.

Vast majority of the female population of the world. Through no fault of our own, we have been placed at a disadvantage, and thereby handicapped in our struggle for existence; and, do what we may, our efforts—no matter how earnestly, honestly and intelligently undertaken—are as naught before the powers of the beautiful and attractive women.

"That women are beautiful and attractive is owing to no merit of their own. Wherever she goes, the attractive woman is a cause of unrest, trouble, jealousy, and unhappiness—sometimes even of tragedy. She is a menace to households and to families. She ruthlessly deprives us—the plain ones—of our legitimate tribute in the form of beauty, of the beautiful tribute in the form of beauty. Hinging the definition of "night-walker" and "loitering" being left to the discretion of the police. The fact is, as Miss Jane Addams points out in her new book, "deception and kidnapping and drugging are employed, shows that it is desirable that more effective legislation against the trade in women should precede any attack on prostitution, for the obvious reason that any sudden diminution of the supply of prostitutes would make the market value of the goods, and the danger to unprotected girls consequently greater."

The object of the present Bill is not to be harsh to brothel keepers, but to protect human beings from slavery. Mr. Norman would be surprised by the harshness of the methods used to stop the ordinary slave trade when its suppression by law was undertaken. I made no mistake in stating that a woman may be arrested on suspicion of being a prostitute; a suspected night-walker may be taken into custody without a warrant for "loitering," the definition of "night-walker" and "loitering" being left to the discretion of the police. The Bill which does not go very far, but a Bill which does go far has no chance of passing. The Bill of last year contained the raising of the age of consent, and the protection of boys under nineteen, but achieved nothing. In general law cannot be passed all at once, it is a practical expedient to divide it up, and pass it one thing at a time. In my personal opinion, an attack on the traffic is likely to diminish the demand for prostitution. If large profits can be made out of the demand for women, it is extremely unlikely that no attempt is made to stimulate the demand, or to create a new demand if, for any rate, would no longer be organised if the trade became too dangerous to be profitable. It is impossible to know now to what extent the demand is in any way natural, and the least observant person can see how the public can be made to feel all sorts of artificial needs when it is "good for trade."

The problem is a complex one, and no society can be blamed for not solving it. "One of the cheapest of human misjudgments is to imagine that there is always a good way out of a bad case." The common way of bringing up boys to think that women exist for the convenience and comfort of men, and of teaching girls to be parasites, docile and obedient, is, I believe, one of the principal contributory causes of prostitution, but it is still an official ideal in education, and Mr. John Burns preaches that the object of educating girls is to "make men happy." But to change official ideals is a long and difficult business. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill has at any rate secured a second reading; the most that we can expect is that, if it passes, it will make the administration of the existing law more effective, and that the agitation connected with it will have carried public opinion a few steps forward.

Katharine Vulliamy.

PASS THE BILL.

MADAM—I am grateful to Mr. Norman for modifying the extreme severity of his attitude towards the "Pass the Bill " Committee. It did not occur to me to "meet" the suggestion that the Vigilance Society was one of the original parents of the Bill. I thought that this was so well known to all interested that I did not even notice that it was hinted at by Mr. Norman; but, if he had wished to verify his dark suspicions, we would have been happy to send him a leaflet, on the request of Mr. Norman, in the Spectator of March 29, giving him the facts of the Bill's origin.

Mr. Norman gives no reason for saying that prostitution and the White Slave Traffic must be dealt with together. Your other correspondent, Mrs. (Miss?) Gertrude Slater, sees the distinction between women trading independently as prostitutes, and girls who are trapped into sex exploitation for other's profit. The fact that, as Miss Jane Addams points out in her new book, women would be surprised by the harshness of the methods used to stop the ordinary slave trade when its suppression by law was undertaken. I made no mistake in stating that a woman may be arrested on suspicion of being a prostitute; a suspected night-walker may be taken into custody without a warrant for "loitering," the definition of "night-walker" and "loitering" being left to the discretion of the police. The Bill which does not go very far, but a Bill which does go far has no chance of passing. The Bill of last year contained the raising of the age of consent, and the protection of boys under nineteen, but achieved nothing. In general law cannot be passed all at once, it is a practical expedient to divide it up, and pass it one thing at a time. In my personal opinion, an attack on the traffic is likely to diminish the demand for prostitution. If large profits can be made out of the demand for women, it is extremely unlikely that no attempt is made to stimulate the demand, or to create a new demand if, for any rate, would no longer be organised if the trade became too dangerous to be profitable. It is impossible to know now to what extent the demand is in any way natural, and the least observant person can see how the public can be made to feel all sorts of artificial needs when it is "good for trade."

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Katharine Vulliamy.

**CHAMPIONS OF MORALITY.**

MADAM,—Perhaps you will allow me to add to the very interesting remarks of Mr. C. H. Norman contained in your issue of June 6th.

First, with regard to the National Vigilance Association. May I say that this organisation is "national" in name only? There is no person of eminence on its committee—the arts and sciences, literature and the drama are not represented (be it said to their credit); we are merely made acquainted with a few doubtless well-intentioned ladies, who are respectable "people of the world," including a bishop and an earl—and with one or two ladies who are perhaps better known for what they haven't accomplished than for what is generally attributed to them. (There are many cultivated suffragists who would like to see Mrs. Henry Fawcett resign her position as a member of the committee of this anomalous association). It is perfectly true that the "Vigilance" Association is the parent of the so-called "White Slave Traffic" Bill, a
June 20, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

as it is also the parent of that really funny deputation which recently waited upon the Home Secretary in regard to the "indecent" literature prohibition proposals. Mr. Coote's strange organisation has been established for over a hundred years, and it arrogates to itself the position of keeper of public morals!!!! prostitution and the White Slave Traffic have both increased enormously within the last twenty-five years, pray, Madam, when did Mr. Coote and his peculiar thinking friends hold the last public protest meeting against prostitution? Really, the manner the "Vigilance" Association and the "White Slave Traffic" faction采用了 for words. In spite of the fact that its motto is "Prevention is better than cure," a solitary woman worker has been stationed at Liverpool Docks to cope with the traffic in girls to the United States, etc. An I believe in thinking that Liverpool Docks are a few miles long?

Let me assure Mr. Norman that the much-vaunted "Vigilance" movement has never been concerned to secure the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the causes of prostitution. The reason is not far to seek. The object of the association is to conceal, as much as possible, the existence of this terrible cancer, and not to foster healthy inquiry. As a matter of fact, the "Vigilance" committee always say, "The subject has been exaggerated," a statement which exemplifies ignorance of its subject, or hypocrisy of the blackest dye. And we bete the brave man and woman who venture to express themselves too freely on the causes of prostitution?!

It is only a few months since Mr. G. Kerschen-Knight and Mr. Frank Harris suffered at the hands of Mr. Coote's organisation—"respectable" and "holy gentlemen!" These are admitted strike at the root of the evil. The former's suggestion, that a huge "militant" demonstration should take place in the West End of London, to the accompaniment of the distribution of thousands of handbills detailing the causes of prostitution (i.e., men's demand), would speedily bring the question to an issue. Another suggestion of Mr. Knight's is too good to give the go-by. It is that wealthy and well-known patrons of prostitutes (Cabinet Ministers and M.P.'s in particular) should have their constituencies besmeared with their doings! May the idea be materialised!

I can assure Mr. Norman that the "Vigilance" Association has no genuine intention of educating public opinion. Indeed, its officers are more concerned with sniers and cheap gibes at the balance sheet of the Religious Tract Society, the good work accomplished by Miss Westwood of the Labour Exchange and the records of the W.S.P.U., than with the tremendous problem of prostitution.

June 9th, 1912.

FATUM.

P.S.—Surely the White Slave Traffic and prostitution are subjects which ought to be brought home to men and women of every shade of opinion. Good luck to you, and those who fight with you!

The Oscar Wilde Monument.

MADAM,—Art exhibitions galore, and columns on them week by week. Kind criticisms. So-and-so is always interesting. We must not overlook Mr. A. B.'s canvas. Carefully acquired statistic-like information on Chinese art, and Mr. Sickert, as eminent knight in the English Review, trying to rescue the Academy. It is all very patriotic; a beautiful, uncomprehended foreign waif, who never wanted to come to England at all, and a lot of insignificant little natives trying to show off; and poor Mr. Sickert struggling very hard to make it clear that if we want to be imitative, it is in every way better to imitate than to express what we hadn't got, rather than those who won't express, though they've got it. I see what he means, but I'm left cold. It doesn't fit; it doesn't make sense; it isn't an academic point. In the really important things one never thinks of justification.

If we want to get away from all this, there is Mr. Epstein's monument to Oscar Wilde, on view at this studio; a work so great and so impressive that one stands hushed before it. On the side of approach (I was told afterwards that the side to which one instinctively draws to form an initial impression is that from which one will approach it in the cemetery of Père Lachaise), one sees the Sphinx-like figure in relief on a square stone, propelled by destiny, urged forward by the ages. The first sense one has of it is that of his being another life. He is the only dignity modern monument I have ever seen—and it is going out of the country.

GLADYS JONES.

Cooking and Drudgery.

MADAM,—No article in The Freewoman has been so wide of the mark as is that in your last issue on the domestic "Sweat Shop." Many women and some men enjoy preparing food. I do. The editor of a great Lon­don daily, from whom I learned journalism, was an excellent cook. One of the most brilliant authors I know has cooked almost everything eatable. Any Saturday you may see city men taking food home, and if you could see them on Sunday morning you would find some of them cooking the Sunday dinner, and doing it because they like it. The suburbanite does not mind being seen doing his garden, though he hates gardening, but often he does object to it being known that his pet hobby is cooking.

As for the man left to himself, piggling in the kitchen like a Crusoe, it is only because he does not know how to cook. Why should he wash up after every meal in an empty house well provided with crockery? Does the most domesticated housewife wash soiled linen immedi­ately she has cast it off, and make of every day a washing day?

The lone man does not spread the table or place flowers in vases, for the same reason that he does not start a grampohone as soon as he has finished his breakfast bacon. Such adjuncts are unnecessary to the enjoyment of the meal he has prepared. Possibly, as a diner-out, he knows that in lavishly decorated restaurants a bad dinner may be excellently served, and crockery and dishes eaten to the accompaniment of delightful music.

Some of your contributors fall into the common error of assuming that specialisation is Drudgery. A result of the division of labour, that is, of specialisation. Doing all the work of the household affords the charm of endless variety, in comparison with the daily duty of mending millions of men. Some men spend most of the waking hours of their lives in turning pulleys—always the same sort of pulley, but the same sort of machinery, in the same sort of way. The only difference is that they sometimes work by artificial light instead of daylight. Economic science is unlikely to alter the tasks of those employed in specialised industries. On the contrary, it tends to restrict further the scope of those employed in specialised industries. On the contrary, it tends to restrict further the scope of those employed in specialised industries.

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BLANCHARD'S ARE THE BEST OF ALL PILLS FOR WOMEN.

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Blanchard's

APIOL AND STEEL PILLS

Unrivalled for all Female Ailments, &c. They speedily afford relief and never fail to alleviate the suffering.

W. & G. FOYLE, 135, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.
will be nothing useful left for him to do in his leisure. The housework is to be done by specialists invading our domestic gardens. Our gardens will be attended to by the same sort of people as those who at present make municipal parks hideous. The scientific specialist is very unlikely to advance the art of living. It is efficiently done by a person who does not even try to alleviate the misery monotonous toil entails. Really, it is not worth while to do one thing superlatively well, because, with so much specialisation as is already demanded, it is not possible to think of the results in the time required to perform the energy to succeed. Fancy becoming just a living pianola!

Our outlook and our activities are too circumscribed. Variety is the one thing lacking in a modern career. In the days of our enfranchised age. To teach and to educate is excellent, in small doses. But my old schoolmaster took a class in Caesar every day in term for forty consecutive years! Fortunately for his sanity, he relapsed on—cooking.

It is because the outlook is so narrow that there is so much outcry for a return to the land. If it were merely a question of food supply it would be preferable to advocate a policy of one to the sea, which will yield abundant substance for the hungry. The sea is not in the possession of anyone. We could have more fish without diminishing our supplies of venison, grouse, and other foodstuffs. But to fish for what is nobody's is not nearly so agreeable a task as, for nothing which is already somebody's.

Many of us do not want to go back to the land, nor to go fishing. Only the force of circumstances will compel us to take up these employments. Life has other attractions. We escape drudgery by finding things to do which satisfy our cravings for variety, even if they are otherwise as useless as fishing big game in Africa, or searching for microbes and germs in a laboratory. Some of them may be as useful as housework, and as necessary as cooking. One does not yet need to be a specialist in order to succeed in either.  

W. GERRARD.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

MADAM,—I trust I am not too late to express an opinion with regard to Mrs. Melvin's promise of the abolition of domestic drudgery by co-operative housekeeping. I am myself one of that despised species, a domestic worker; not from choice, ye gods, no! but from force of circumstances. Life has other attractions. We escape drudgery by finding things to do which satisfy our cravings for variety, even if they are otherwise as useless as fishing big game in Africa, or searching for microbes and germs in a laboratory. Some of them may be as useful as housework, and as necessary as cooking. One does not yet need to be a specialist in order to succeed in either.

W. GERRARD.

MADAM.—I can only assume, after reading Miss Kathryn Oliver's letter on the subject of Co-operative Housekeeping, either that she did not read my article on "Co-operative Housekeeping and the Domestic Worker" (FREEWOMAN, April 4th), or that she has so misunderstood me.

I have always maintained that domestic service under present conditions is thoroughly bad, especially in cases where one person, or a limited number of them, has no companionship, no society. Her hours are abnormally long, her duties heavy, her rights and privileges nebulous and dependent on the caprice of her employer. She cannot even get sufficient fresh-air exercise, both of which are essential to good health.

It is as much to meet the difficulties of the domestic worker as to meet those of the middle-class housewife that my scheme of Co-operative Housekeeping has been framed.

Let me briefly state the advantages which would accrue to the domestic worker under that scheme.

In the first place, she would not, as Miss Oliver suggests, be "merely a question of food supply"; she would be responsible to her. She would no longer be working for one person at a time, and her employers would not be the householders for whom she worked, but the central authority of the colony, to whom she would be responsible, and who would be responsible to her.

A nurse works for a number of people, but she is always in the hands of them so work is not done properly. If she proved slack or inefficient, the patient can complain to the hospital, but the charge has to be proved, after months of careful and almost inaccurate hearing. A bad employer in a co-operative housekeeping scheme would soon become known by the evidence of the girls who had worked for her; whereas, if she had been employing a single girl in a prison, a prison she could, if the girl refused to submit to oppression, blacken her character beyond any hope of redress.

Miss Oliver say that the hours would "possibly" be shorter. They would most certainly be shorter; the domestic worker would have an eight to ten hours' day and regular holidays. She would also have proper skilled vocation which demands training, but which, when combined with others in similar circumstances, would be an independent and self-contained body with proper rights.

The evils of domestic service under present conditions arise almost entirely from the fact that domestic workers are an entirely unorganised body. No attempt has been made to define their rights and duties, and the position of the "servant" has come from house to house through the years. As a result, she has no court of appeal against injustice, neither has the mistress any remedy against slovenly service or inefficiency.

When girls find that domestic work has become a skilled vocation which demands training, but which, when entered, gives them a definite status and proper conditions of employment, I hope they will be able to engage in it with very different prospects to those which now confront a girl who is going into service.

Yours faithfully,

ALICE MELVIN.
June 20, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

"THOUGHT MISTS."

MADAM,—In attendance at the Freewoman discussion on the above topic on Wednesday, I was struck by the time given to questions utterly irrelevant to the subject. Surely we of the Freewoman circle do not meet for the purpose of discussing the question of God or Religion, as in the usual sense these terms are understood? Such discussions we can get at the various churches to which we may or may not belong, or at any of the Rationalistic centres. What we do need to discuss, at least in my opinion, is questions that we, as men and women, are as yet at variance, such as, for instance, the questions of love, passion, and sex, which so many of us women do not conceive of in the same sense as men do.

Hence I entirely agree with the plea of the speaker, that we simply simplify, and consequently our meaning. To illustrate further, in your paper on the "Interpretation of Sex," you make full use of the word "passion," and with that meaning I am in accord. But I have found that men do not put on the word "passion" the same meaning.

As a child I learnt of the "passion" of Jesus Christ, and nearly in the same breath was told my "passions" would lead me to hell. Since then it has been felt that what was meant was capacity for deep feeling.

I have heard men describe themselves as "passionate," meaning thereby that they were not susceptible to the solicitations of the average prostitute.

Another man who was interested in all modern thought described "passion" as the feeling he would have for his wife if she became a complete idiot—mentally and physically. So I confess I would like to know from men what they mean by the various meanings of the word, to explain as fully as we can what we mean when we use such terms as "spiritual." Evidently we are at sea in our definitions, and I, for one, should like to know what the difference between our outlook and theirs is. Is it a mental or a physical one?

In this way I plead that we should get to business.

NORA KIERNON.

LES FILLES DE JOIE.

MADAM,—I am a suffragist, and in favour of all progress and all freedom—physical, intellectual, spiritual. I have read the article, "The New Order," in last week's Freewoman, which regulates the conduct of the new maid, and from it can only conclude that she will be a new order of "Fille de joie." Take the following passages: "A free and honourable intercourse between men and women only may be kept clear of lurking doubt, jealousy, and suspicion, invariably let loose by the appearance of a child whose paternal origin has not been put on record at all, or even rests upon the unsupported testimony of the mother!" And again: "In order that she and he may know, beyond all possibility of doubt, who is the child's real father, must be able to relate absolutely any incidents that may happen after marriage that would be necessary for the period scientifically necessary to establish the physiological fact!" A new maid then, whether for "desire of motherhood, or for a simple passion of completing herself with a fitting mate"—and who has in fact done so—will be "honourably" required to refrain from "completing herself" with another "fitting mate," i.e., "for the period scientifically necessary." There will be, in a better future than hope, places around us that are free from the dangers of humanity, and the "new maids" of this "new order" will be very likely put there.

The ideal union will be that of the Freewoman with her equal, man or woman, and of her own choosing, and of her own making, which can also be in mind and spirit. They will tread the path of life together in growth. Since her choice is of the very essence of her freedom, and of the new-found uses of her intelligences, she will not be a mere wife or mate, and there will be nothing of the nature of impure experiments with her body elsewhere before she meets him. The "New Order" will be understood in terms of the law or the Church, but because of their love.

We certainly shall throw off artificialities and conventionalities which hamper growth, but we shall be guided by the divine in language, and consequently our meaning. To illustrate further, in your paper on the "Interpretation of Sex," you make full use of the word "passion," and with that meaning I am in accord. But I have found that men do not put on the word "passion" the same meaning.

As a child I learnt of the "passion" of Jesus Christ, and nearly in the same breath was told my "passions" would lead me to hell. Since then it has been felt that what was meant was capacity for deep feeling.

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In this way I plead that we should get to business.

NORA KIERNON.

"FREE UNIONS."

MADAM,—In reference to the letter on "Free Unions" in last week's number, I should like to inquire the meaning of the signatures at the foot. The letter is signed "Mary and Stanley Randolph," but how is it possible for the two parties of a "Free Union" to bear the same name? The man is not entitled to take the woman's name, nor the woman to take the man's; and I submit that by doing so, an entirely false impression is created.

The world in general will imagine that this couple is a legally married pair; and I should be glad to know the explanation of this apparent abnormality.

Another point. Why should the writers of the letter "warn anyone not to attempt a Free Union" except for the special reason they happen to approve of? Really, there is no particular reason for doing so, except, of course, to themselves, and it is somewhat disconcerting to find people who are advocating more freedom qualify their arguments as anything but about the special views, and quite as ready to insist upon others conforming to those views.

B. L.

"THE NEW ORDER," so called, makes for disorder worse than bondage.—I am, Madam, etc.,

June 10th, 1912.

HUGUENOT.

ATHEISTS.

MADAM,—May I suggest to the writer of "Some Thoughts on Religion," that she also reads Nuttall's definition of an agnostic: "One who denies that we know, or can know, the absolute or infinite or God." In other words, one who does not pretend to define that which is as yet beyond the comprehension of man.

It does not follow "that a disbeliever in the Godhead of Christ is an atheist." Christ is God, not ours the only world at this moment revolving round the sun. Creation is not so limited nor so full of pains and penalties as Christianity would have us women do not conceive of in the same sense as men.

Both are natural, and both are beautiful to an agnostic.

June 14th, 1912.

A. J. ARNOLD.

A BOOK FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

By Dr. Allinson.

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