THE GROWING EGO.

I.

W

E return again to the train of thought we opened up in “Concerning the Idea of God.” We are compelled to do so. Religious differences alter not merely the avenue of approach to the problems of Life; they alter the content of what is professed as Life. They are, for instance, accountable for the profound differences which have found vent in the recent unsavoury eugenist business. Different views as to the destiny of human life explain why we are wholly at variance as to the best means of furthering it. People who say easily, “You take the poetic view of Life, the religious, while we take the biological, the scientific,” are unprepared for the reply that therein lies a universe of difference. Yet it is so. We are seeking the meaning and purpose of Life, trying, if possible, to catch a hint of its method, and men are turning to hens and guinea-pigs for the hint, saying, “This is the method we prefer. This is the scientific method.” And all the while the Spirit of Life has found speech and is giving utterance to itself. Nowhere else, save in man, does Life give its own version of itself. It discovers its own soul and predicate itself. For the first time it says, “I am,” and describes itself. Not its shell, its framework, but its own Spirit. “Religion, poetry, unreliable emotion,” grunts the scientist, and turns again to the farmyard. Yet we may surmise that, should the fowls begin to find tongue, with an “I am, I feel, I hope, I believe, I foretell,” the scientist would drop his data on the particulars of the law of transmissibility of physical characteristics, and listen. Yet here are the poets, gripping Life at its intensest moments, and enabling it to divulge its mystery. “But this way is so uncertain,” urge the scientists. “It has to deal with spirit, something of which we are unsure, something unverifiable, possibly a mere spook, a figment of overheated brain.” But we started out with the idea that the Life-hunt was the hunt in search of the Spirit. Even in the farmyard it is the spook which draws the scientist thither. The chickens, devoid of the spook, dead chickens, even with their transmitted characteristics full upon them, have scant data to give him. The mystery and the miracle of the live chicken has been enacted, the spook has been and gone, and the transmitted physical characteristic has had nothing to say about it. But in the poet the spook itself gives voice. It describes itself, and it has nothing to say about its inherited characteristics. When it says “I am” it bespeaks its independent separate existence. It has nothing to say of pigments, physical qualities and what not, nor of any inherited characteristics. It knows only itself. The ways of the scientific interpreters of Life are, indeed, passing strange. They ignore the stupendous, and abase themselves before the trivial; they ignore the book open before them, written in language they may hope to understand, and strain their eyes tracing out blurred hieroglyphics of a forgotten past.

We have just laid aside one of the profoundest of human documents, Max Stirner’s “The Ego and his Own.” A correspondent has asked us to examine Stirner’s doctrine, and shortly we intend to do so. Just now we are more concerned to overcome its penetrative influence on our own minds, by pointing out the abrupt and impossible termination of its thesis rather than to point out its profound truth. Sapient, grey-clad truths follow close-pressed one upon the heels of another, wearing the
sincerity of unstudied reflection. It reads almost like an old man muttering. From point to point Stirner moves on, deposing all things and all powers in order that he may enthrone the Ego. The entire conceptual world, the complete thought-realm he attacks and overcomes and lays at the feet of the Ego. Morality, religion, God, and man are all brought low. They no longer rule as external powers influencing the Ego. To the Ego they are as his footstool. Scarcely so, indeed, for, save as error, they do not exist. The Ego is supreme, and reigns in his lonely kingdom. His joy lies in self-enjoyment, he reigns over himself; his business is "to use himself up." It seems a strange anti-climax, at first sight—so great means, and such small ends. The solution, we must believe, is to be found in the unfolding of the content of the term—the "Satisfaction of the Ego." If the Ego is supreme, its satisfaction is a necessity. What it seeks after it must find; what it wants it must have. If its satisfactions do not already exist, they must be created. Hence, if the Ego needs the realisation in itself of morality, or religion, or God, then, by virtue of its own supremacy, the realisation will be forthcoming. What is at fault appears to lie in the Ego itself. For a supreme ruler it is desperately humble. It has suffered from the dominion of external authority for so long, and it has thrown external authority but so recently that it is timid about acknowledging any authority—even its own! Now that it is called to rule royally, to assert its own nature, it finds clinging to it all the old habits of the beggar and the supplicant. Now that it has only to ask in order to have, it is betrayed by its only feeble nature, which asks, "But do I want anything?" Even should a few timid wants put out their feelers, a harsh word from authority—scientific authority, if not religious or moral—is sufficient to make them draw in. Only those rare, positive persons whom we call personalities dare claim their kingdoms and claim their own satisfactions. Personality is the living equation of genius. As a quality it stands for first-hand revelation of the nature of things in the soul of the individual. Translated into form, it is the work of art, great or less great, according to the degree of initial revelation. When a man has it, consciously, he cannot ignore it. He uses it, because it would burn his heart out did he not. He becomes a prophet, a revealer, a philosopher, or a poet. When he has not got it, he is bewildered. If his faculties are acute, he goes about picking up data, examining materials, trying to pick up hints, reading other people's books, and making a rehash of the lot to make another of his own. In short, he becomes a scientist. If he is clever, honest, and industrious, he can pack together some very interesting things, especially if he happens to pick up a penetrating truth from the revealer. So we return to the Ego and its wants. If we wish to learn them, and so learn its nature, we must turn to those persons who have a positive Ego, sufficiently sure of itself to speak out its wants—to the poets and creative thinkers. These we find saturated with the idea of God in some form or other. This idea rises spontaneously out of the Ego, quite apart from external authority. Let us agree with Stirner that God neither postulates nor controls the Ego. But the Ego does postulate God, and this notwithstanding all arguments to the contrary. "Never mind the argument. I am telling you what I know here," is the reply of the personality to the scientist. Just as, could we imagine communication of thought between lower forms of life, a scented rose with a sense of smell might argue with a scentless rose, without the sense of smell; just as the organism, on the eve of acquiring the first beginnings of a sense of sight, might argue with one who had no such sense, so is the positive personality troubled with the foreboding of a god-to-be, a god arising out of himself. He has the same flashes of illumination; the same transitory gleams of spiritual realisation; the same unsatisfactoriness in fixing his impressions and in telling how he caught the gleam, and of his chances of seeing it again. Of one thing only is he sure, and that is that the evolution lies in the spiritual part of him; that it is not connected with the organs of sight or sound or any of his organs of sense. He knows that it is a tension in the personality, in the individual soul itself; that it has no meaning apart from the soul that has created it. Destroy that individual soul, or dissipate it; destroy its self-consciousness and its sense of Unity and Uniqueness, then the Tension of the Soul, the Feeler Outwards into the Beyond, is destroyed with it. For the tension was born of that very uniqueness, part and parcel of its development. Very well, then, this seems the line of human and superhuman development. There appears to be no new development of physical faculty. The original endowment grows less rather than more. We have not the strength of vision of the bird, the sense of sound of a horse, the sense of smell of a dog. All contrivances for overcoming nature we have handed over from the realm of tooth and claw to the realm of the machine. The "improvement" is accumulated and preserved in a state of tension. "There is no physical "point" for which we can breed; there is no new sense developing, unless it be the self-conscious sense, a sense which is co-extensive with personality and soul. If, therefore, mankind is to go on and not back, or out, it has to save itself through the strengthening of Personality. The problem of the age and of the Race is, then, nothing other than how the Personality may be developed and made secure in itself. For there is this aspect of Personality to be considered. It is Unique. It cannot be transferred. It cannot be shared. It cannot be divided. It is itself or it is nothing. This is the hard nut for the scientific breeders to crack—it cannot be reproduced. It can only go on developing itself. If, therefore, "aiders" of the Life Force are seeking to surpass Man, they will have to readjust their ideas to this perversive line of development in the human species, this "sport" in the latest phase of evolution, this indissoluble, indivisible Personality. Perhaps they will then see as little likelihood of producing the Superman, through continuous reproduction of the human species, as we expect to produce a man by continuous reproduction of Apes. And if they see no likelihood of God—Superman—emerging out of the Immortal Personality, we are at a loss where they will turn for encouragement. If the hint is not here, it is nowhere.
**TOPICS OF THE WEEK.**

**Insurrection and Political Reform.**

The Dock Strike is over, and labour, like a badly mauled dog, is licking its wounds and reflecting on the conduct of war. It is considering whether it is more effective to wage political war or industrial. Some say one, and some say another. Others say both. It is worth while looking into the matter while affairs lie quiescent. What is the motive of the Industrial Uprising? It is that the great body of men and women shall become their own masters. It is better to put the matter positively like that than to put it negatively as a futility which always results from efforts to make profound economic changes in a community. To make the attempt is to court the futility which always results from efforts to make the act of taking possession has to be committed by the agent is not; nor is the member of Parliament, nor the Cabinet Minister, nor yet the Prime Minister. A journalist is not, nor an editor, nor yet a publisher. We are, all of us, puppets on strings. We dance to the tune of those who control money. If, then, we are to be our own masters, we have the task, not merely of ridding ourselves of those who control money, but the task of destroying those characteristics in money which lend themselves to the establishment of mastery over other men. To this double task of destruction the advisers of labour offer two methods of treatment—the one political, the other economic; and up to the present the political method has been viewed with most favour—why, we will afterwards show. Let us examine the political method. The first thing to remark about it is that, as a means to an end, it is not adapted as like to like. The labour to be affected lies in the field of economics. The political method has at its command only means which the underlying activities of economics can subvert at any moment. In any community the politics of that community are a mere superstructure, built upon the economic base. Politics fall into corresponding place after, and according as, economic factors shape themselves. Politicians, even though they would, even though their own economic concerns were not involved in the situation, politicians could not make profound economic changes in a community. To make the attempt is to court the futility which always results from efforts to make the tail wag the dog, and even though—shall we say?—Mr. George Lansbury were Prime Minister, and every seat in the House was occupied by Socialist deputies, the capitalist system being what it is they would be powerless to effect anything more than the slow-paced “reform,” of which the sole aim is to make “men and masters” settle down in a comfortable but unholy alliance. They could not by any political action break away from capitalist control. Nor could any modern State. Every modern State is in pawn, in debt up to the eyes with the capitalists. The capitalists own the States. A handful of private capitalists could make England or any other country bankrupt in a week.

We have said that the political method is selected by preference. It is easy to see why. It is only a less important factor that labour’s spokesmen’s jobs are bound up in the political method. If that were all, it would be a trivial prejudice to overcome. Already labour treats the same spokesmen with very scant respect. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, for instance, could leave England, never to return, and labour would stand, stolid and unmoved, unless, maybe, moved to speed his departure. The workers have no illusions on scores such as these. The reluctance against dropping the political method is founded on something deeper. It is founded on the reluctance of the individual to shoulder the responsibility of “belling the cat” himself. It is easy enough to be revolutionary by proxy, by elected representative, no less. Welcome as well as brave is the music of the distant drum. It is when it draws near that things begin to look uncomfortably like business. No, in this fight which is to make each his own master, restore to each man his freedom of will and freedom of action, the act of taking possession has to be committed by the would-be master. Masters are created in that way, and in that way only: by taking up the mastery. Mastery cannot be conferred. The money-slave has to work out his own freedom. He himself will have to strike the blow. Puerile to the point of incredibility it is to believe that a mere expression of opinion, such as is involved in the turnover of an election, will effect a change of dynasty, or the removal of the last dynasty. The kingdom of heaven has to be built up by the ballot across a ballot-paper will not do the deed. The ballot-paper man will be potent to effect just what those who balloted him in are prepared to put into effect by force. And his word will not be taken for it, that they are prepared to put opinions into effect. They will have to carry through the deed and prove it. Where then is the use of the “elected representative”? For it is to be remembered that it is not the drainage of Bumbledon nor the water supply of Slocum we are dealing with. It is the destruction of the most powerful, most compact, and most subtle governing class the history of this planet has ever seen, with which the slave-peoples have to deal. Is it thinkable that men of the calibre of Ramsay Macdonald could be expected to effect by force, though their numbers were increased in geometrical progression to the twentieth power, would be powerful enough to defeat it? It is not. They fail in spirit and in understanding. Increasing their numbers is like multiplying ciphers—from now through eternity nothing. A man who had a glimmer of understanding of what this situation needs would quickly have his answer ready for those who invited him to represent them. “Do you take me for a fool, or worse? This fight is your own, that of each...
and every one of you. I cannot carry you to victory on my shoulders, nor can any man. The fight for mastery is each man's own. Only when each man is ready to say, 'What I need I will take for myself, and hold myself, can this fight be waged.' A man who understood would, but it is to be doubted whether there are ten men in England sufficiently aware of the nature of the struggle that is to be waged to be able to state the position to the workers in straight terms. Yet the dockers were magnificent. It would seem that a short space of unemployment may be nothing, but their cunning is great, and they make an end of it, not some scapegoat of a proxy and 'elected representative.' Scapegoats are misleading as factors in social salvation. They are mere symbols—good enough when nothing is at stake, but real needs demand real deliverers. The individual is his own, sole, real, deliverer. This is why, as solution of a different affair from political revolution. The latter reshuffles the cards for a fresh game. The first changes the game. When a man thrusts up his demands and says, 'I must have,' mere argument is at an end. The situation allows of no reshuffling. All there is to do is to hit him, throw him down, remove him, or—give him what he wants. It is a truth of human record that men have only given up what they thought worth retaining when they have been convinced it was beyond their power any further to hold it. Possessors do not abdicate; they do not step down when invited; they try their strength with the new claimants. In this present struggle the capitalists have weighed up the political claimants and all things political, and are rightly of opinion they could carry about with them the sum of political force in a watch-pocket. What did 'Lord Devonport' care for the politicians? What did D. A. Thomas in South Wales? And still less do they still greater financiers—the Rockefellers, the Hudsons, the Rockfellers. The only person who can make capitalists have a care is the individual who, grubbing like a blind mole in a hole, toiling on ceaselessly because he lacks the spirit and the brain to straighten him­self and say, 'Why should I work? Work, yes, but not like this. Work for myself, and for any for whom I may choose, but for others, willy-nilly, why should I?" Should the worker pull himself up and question himself thus, the capitalist would care. This would be insurrection, and it is just the insurrectionary part of Syndicalism which is half its genius. It is because it is insurrectionary that it is infectious, and because it is infectious it makes for solidarity. Solidarity is the other half. In face of solidarity on the part of convinced insurrectionary rebels, even capitalists can take in their breath and prepare to fight. For fight they will, if only in the oblique fashion of making the workers, while only as yet half-convinced, fight among themselves. Their courage may be nothing; but their cunning is great, and their power to make the second greatest thing in the world. The greatest is the roused indignation of the human soul, alive and alight. They count on it being sunk and dead. Mostly they are right, but once or twice in the tale of human story they have made a miscalculation, and have found their true place.

In view of what we have said, it is futile to question further as to our opinion of the respective methods of insurrection and political reform. If the spirit of the serf is wholly crushed and fireless, it is outside common sense to talk of insurrection. Therefore try Political Reform. You may so fan the fires into life again, and some future age may make them free. But if it is surely alive, if insurrection is already there, then feed it lavishly, in joy and thankfulness. There is nothing of which we can think a lifetime not devoid of joy, which we have produced so exultant a thrill of joy as the news that the dockers turned on the Strike-breaking Committee with contempt. That any can hesitate a moment in grasping where the genius of this situation lies, we find it difficult to comprehend. That which was feared dead is alive. Serfs have become men.

"The Freewoman" Discussion Circle.

THE eighth meeting of the Discussion Circle took place on Wednesday, July 31st, at Chandos Hall, when Mrs. Gallichan read a paper on "Problems of Celibacy," Mr. E. d'Avvergne acting as chairman.

The paper proved a most interesting one, and gave rise to many questions and a good deal of discussion. Mrs. Gallichan succeeded in touching upon almost all of the most important questions connected with female celibacy, and in a very suggestive way showed the main causes which tend to produce celibacy. It seemed clear from the evening's discussion that those present desired further opportunity for thinking out the matters raised by the speaker in her address, and it is suggested that this subject should be continued in a group discussion after the holidays. The evening proved one of the most interesting the Circle has yet had.

Circle meetings are now suspended until September 4th, when Dr. Drysdale will speak on "Neo-Malthusianism."

The group discussion on "Sex Oppression and the Way Out" was concluded on Wednesday, July 24th. Other group discussions will be started when the Circle meetings recommence.

B. LOW (Acting Secretary).
On the Utility of Art.

II.—PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE FOREGOING THEORIES—(concluded).

"W"HAT useful occupations outside their scholastic tasks could be provided in these days, where every human need is answered by machinery?" you naturally ask.

There is hardly a single form of artistic manual craft practised before the introduction of machinery which could not be revived in modern form. Naturally, such manual industries as are merely automatic works, like the needle, should be left to scientific improvements, but the crafts requiring, or allowing room to, invention and taste, such as all manner of design, or such as give more durable, seductive, and varied results—for instance, certain woven materials, embroideries, lace work, carving, binding, illuminating and even printing, carpentry, wicker, cane, and rush plaiting, knitting, every kind of needle work, inlaid work, and woven stuffs, wrought in innumerable ways—are, in fact, all those crafts requiring some degree of "art," and which, from being hand-made, gain in character, and, having been infused with life, give forth a magnetic attraction which, for a mysterious reason, contributes to their preciousness.*

Such teaching should not be peculiar to technical schools, but should be imparted in all educational establishments in an elementary form, especially designed for training specialists. Thus will every child be provided with a form of "pleasurable" work, the exercise of which will prepare him to take other larger, but may have every opportunity to provide a relief from those which, by their nature, cannot, by any stress of the imagination, excite his interest. Such labours are inevitable in the present, and, doubtless, will be in the future, and the best must be made of them by alternating them with other occupations less arid, and recreations less debasing or trivial, than are his at present.

This is all that can be said in a general essay not claiming to be a treatise on the introduction of art in scholastic life.†

Woman's share as a social reformer through the artistic principle is considerable. It would, indeed, seem (I refrain from enumerating all the opportunities of influence that suggest themselves, and know that if I attempted to I should, nevertheless, omit many.

In her dress: by keeping it always in harmony with her self-respect, her station in life, her means, her physical character, and the requirements of her life—in this sphere alone she has every opportunity of revealing her artistic sense, and of applying her own invention or that of others. If she would satisfy the spirit for which I plead, she will never yield to the easy, lazy, and unsuitable solutions of deliberate, unadapted plagiarism in past fashions, unsuited to our modern environment and manner of life, and, therefore, in contradiction with the rules of harmony and consequently with artistic principles. She will realise that "fashion," while not being a god, is not entirely the folly wise heads often say it is, but one of the few manifestations left to us of the present day of our aspiration towards perfection, and when the reason is satisfied the eye is pleased, and when the eye is pleased the temper is soothed.

With this conception of the material aspects of life, so much envy, painfully fed ambition, so much anxiety, so much vain striving is successfully avoided, and so much independence gained.

Even among women who are born poor the effect of the education imparted to them during childhood, as roughly proposed in the foregoing pages, would soon make itself felt. It would teach them, first of all, how to dress, and this, quite apart from the purely artistic aspect, but on account of its large share in the artistic economy of life, is of the most important consideration. In addition, being "poor," women have no idea how to dress. They have, like men, lost the custom—and this change coincides with the modification in social strata and opinions—of clothing themselves in suitable accord with their occupation in life; but they have not, like men, known how to substitute the "poor" for the artistic spirit by a uniform in harmony with the period. Thus their heterogeneous apparel affirms them in the rear of their times, and a step behind men in this particular phase.*

Considering that social distinctions are being planed down, and against this inevitable circumstance we cannot make opposition, women will have to come to some kind of understanding with regard to their clothes—an understanding which will adapt them to practical needs while satisfying the artistic principle. Both aims are perfectly reconcilable. Have we not said that an object well adapted to its purpose cannot be ugly? For this reason no sacrifice of convenience or use is to be made imposable to the artistic principle, as people with artistic pretensions so often say they are.

The fault in the modern man's clothes does not reside so much in their uniformity as in their gloom. They are expressive of our modern ennui, but this fault will naturally amend itself with a new conception of life, such as we here propose.

If a crowd of modern men is ugly by its monotony (or, rather, by its gloom), a crowd of modern women is hideous by its discord. Fashion tends to introduce an agreement in colours and forms, a suitability of adaptation; but by its instability it defeats its own commendable ends. But so long as a costume entirely satisfactory to modern requirements is not determined upon, so long must

* This education would be completed by liberal courses in natural history, physiology, drawing, gardening, cooking, dressmaking, and general domestic lessons.
† The instruction of artistic manual crafts among children has recently given wonderful results in Germany.
fashion change, for there is, as we have said, not only a commercial reason for its caprice, but some slight degree of ideal aspiration must also be sought in them.

Why does an Eastern crowd always charm us? Because, notwithstanding its variety, there is nevertheless harmony. Not the roughest sensibilities can deny the beauty of a reconstitution of a Greek or Roman crowd, and everyone is fascinated by a mediaeval pageant, and, for the same reason, subconsciously realised, that fancy here is always subordinated to certain invariable rules—it is imagination, rendered by reality.

The unpleasant effect on the optical organs, and consequently upon the entire mental and physical systems of a modern European crowd in the street or at a social function, is experienced by everyone. To it may, perhaps, be traced a large share in our nervous disorders, for inharmonious and aimless lines—lines without line—the rules, the reason, colours not accidentally heaped together or subordinated to certain invariable rules—it is imagination, rendered by reality.

We do not, as a matter of fact, half often enough study the importance of beauty—that is, symmetry and harmony—in its relation to health, for health, being a condition of beauty, beauty is reciprocally a condition of health. Here, you see, art again illuminates science, and the artistic principle, as a curative factor in so-called nervous complaints, suggests itself as the subsequent urgent study to be taken up by our doctors. By their preconisation of open skies and green vistas for the allaying of many neurotic disorders they humour the poetic fancy and approach a theory which only needs to be more generally applied to be complete, for the perception of beauty in nature is an expression of the artistic temperament.

And if the artistic temperament is not bred of, or concomitant with, love of Nature (a circumstance hardly conceivable, for where the one is in embryo, the other must at least lie latent), it cultivates a love for Nature by its sharpening of the senses and education of the intelligence.

And the love of Nature, its reconstitutions as an infinite source of pleasure, interest, and occupation, is of the greatest individual and social benefit. But it cannot be forced on people; it must come to one as a revelation, as must all convictions. No one is a successful missionary of art or Nature, of religion or ethics, save among those who were ripe for conversion; but what can be done is to have the courage of one's convictions, and each time the wind blows favourably to our course it is probable our lead will be followed.

To create a popular enthusiasm in the artistic idea it is necessary to propagate it without preaching it. Words are but words, and lessons but lessons. We have learnt that more instruction can be imparted to children in play than in earnest. Games, that is the pill in the jam. The deception only succeeds the first time. If work has been made as dull as possible nowadays, so has play. Sports (in England) have become professions. Spectacular performances (in England) usually hit only succeeds the first time. If work has been made as dull as possible nowadays, so has play. Sports (in England) have become professions. Spectacular performances (in England) usually hit wrongs the innocent and offend the informed. No artistic utopist requires our purveyors of public entertainments to become philanthropists, or even to make the slightest financial sacrifice. Their business naturally is "business."

at first supposed them to be. If it is difficult to form an exact estimate of the different elements composing an individual, so is it entirely impossible to form an estimate of the intellectual or emotional faculties of a crowd composed almost exclusively of inconstant elements. Among the so-called uneducated classes is many a superior and highly cultivated mind; among the so-called educated classes are minds of incredible childishness.

Therefore, when creating or presenting a work of art, is it always a mistake to consider the intellectual standard of the public, a mistake, especially, to depict it? One cannot suffer sufficiently any depreciation of the public. It will return your esteem in one of two unexpected ways—either by appreciation or by depreciation. Better be depreciated because you aimed too high than because you aimed too low, especially from a public whom you despised. It is preferable to be dissatisfied with your public than with yourself.

The amusements supplied by our purveyors of public entertainments do not answer to a demand. The public asks for nothing; it takes what is given. It has neither time nor opportunity to formulate its opinions and tastes on such matters; and the entertainments provided are based on the principle that the public is a simpleton. (You will have observed that the public is the penultimate goal of others as simpletons are simpletons themselves.) Now, if you want to treat an individual as though he were a blockhead, you must climb down to that standard yourself; if you treat him as though he were intelligent, he will endeavour to deserve your regard, and you must yourself be on the watch. Like our popular journalists, our popular entertainers take the public for a fool, and consequently makes it one, for the public is a highly impressionable quantity—impressionable exactly in proportion to its size.

Now, an intelligent or beautiful spectacle is never entirely lost, whereas one appealing to the coarser or more childish faculties is mere waste when not actually harmful. There is no public in the world which, as a unity, can seize all the wisdom and charm of a masterpiece. But no work of art has ever been created, or ever will be, which is not within someone's reach, as there is none which anyone can claim to grasp in all its phases. For the sake of the enlightenment one who will discover an aspect in a work of art worlds and centuries might miss, who may commune one instant with its spirit, let us acquit a spectator with a thousand fools by amusing above their heads.

After all, by standing on each other's shoulders, they may perhaps obtain a glimpse of the inaccessible summits which it is the triumph or conceit of some to have reached alone!

But this is a sarcastic and depreciatory point of view, wholly unworthy the regard we owe each other. Unworthy, too, the artist who, having unlimited aspirations, does not proportion contempt of others to his own self-esteem. For an artist is too self-centred, too haunted by anxiety to measure the receptive capacities of the public, and he is not a fortune-hunter whose mind is occupied by public demand. Such cannot be artists, for an artist's efforts are all concentrated in his strain after perfection. They are not artists or propagators of art, but agents who prostitute art to their own polluted standard, and thereby corrupt the innocent and offend the informed.

No artistic utopist requires our purveyors of public entertainments to become philanthropists, or even to make the slightest financial sacrifice. Their business naturally is "business."
Now, their usual complaint is that their profits are below appearances. If so, failing, as they admit they do, to attain the personal ends for which they aim, why do they not endeavour to discover what a very much higher standard of art can produce in the way of financial profits? But from elements deprived of the artistic sentiment we cannot expect its realisation, so it is rather from new sources that we must hope for a renaissance which will develop along a parallel line with existing conditions, and, far from fusing with them, will soon leave them behind.

CONCLUSION.

The duty we claim from the modern artistic spirit is to introduce a festiveness into life by exalting it, by sharpening those faculties of perception which bring us into consciousness with ourselves, and which, through correspondence with the main-springs or soul of life, permit us to rise above it, to emancipate ourselves from its trivialities, and thus to become, at least, our own masters.

For art is "a widely spoken language,"† by and by its culture we may hope to enter upon a "wonderful order, penetrating into the laws" of life and its "habits of decorum."** In form, therefore, lies progress.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

An Unholy Trinity.

TURNER, Whistler, Watts at the Tate Gal­lery. Watts, Turner, and Whistler; Whistler, Turner, and Watts. They seem to be mixed up just like that. Room V. is set apart for Whistler, and the Wattses and Turners are on all sides of him. The combination is not pleasant. It was an excellent thing to arrange this loan collection of Whistlers, and those who proposed the plan and carried it into execution deserve great praise. I only wish that the other artists I have mentioned were not so much in evidence, for the effect is odd.

Whistler is represented by thirty-eight works in oil, pastel, and water-colour, and we cannot grumble at the small number when we find that it includes a version of the "Artist's Studio," the "Val­paraiso," "Miss Alexander," "At the Piano," and "The Fire Wheel," and a few other nocturnes. A mere glance at the titles in the catalogue will, I am sure, cause more emotion in artists and critics than the dead-and-alive canvases of Watts, Turner, Stevens, etc., in the rooms adjoining. The very word "nocturne" recalls twenty years of fierce artistic controversy, spiced with the Ruskin law­suit and the letters to "Atlas" and others. Most of the participants have now disappeared for ever, and a decade after Whistler's death we find a loan exhibition of him in one of our official galleries. Early neglect, contempt, and subsequent venera­tion—the tale is no new one in art or literature, and it will be repeated again and again.

So there are two points of view from which we may look at these pictures. We may consider them simply as works of art, and judge them accordingly, or we may consider them as works of art in relation to what British artists were doing in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The second point of view throws considerable light on the first. We find Whistler, in the early stages, practically a

* As far as England is concerned, they are constantly surprised by the unforeseen success "artistic" performances usually meet with.

† Walter Pater.
tunate being who had been responsible for puzzling them—a characteristic of critics, or, at any rate, of the inferior type of critic, ever since criticism existed. Did not Zoilus complain of Homer? Tom Taylor and 'Arry and all the others who fell under Whistler's satire were clearly out of their depth. They could criticise one of Constable's horses and carts or one of Turner's sunsets, for they had seen these things and were familiar with them in real life. Here was a new artist, however, who paid no attention to details, and who actually exclaimed to the judge in the course of the Ruskin lawsuit that his object in painting one of his most celebrated nocturnes was not to depict men and women or carts and horses or barges, but rather to "bring about a certain harmony of colour"—nay, he even made a virtue of this.

It may be said that we cannot now work up any indignation over this antiquated criticism, because we have advanced, and most writers on art would have no difficulty in placing in their proper order of merit men like Watts, Turner, Whistler, Botticelli, and Velasquez. But I deny emphatically that we have advanced an inch. It would be inexcusable on the part of modern art critics not to be able to recognise the merits of Whistler and Velasquez when compared, say, with Turner and Botticelli. But how were the Futurists criticised when their works were exhibited in London? How were the so-called Post-Impressionists criticised? There is only one word to express it: they were criticised atrociously. These two "movements," I may say, meet with my hearty disapproval—generally. But there were one or two meritorious persons connected with them, and the work of these meritorious persons, though exhibited in London, and though differing considerably from the work of other Post-Impressionists and Futurists, was not recognised by our critics here. Besides, these movements represented an interesting artistic revolution, and, to some extent, a reaction; but this feature of their work was likewise overlooked.

So I say to readers of THE FREEWOMAN, these Whistlers at the Tate Gallery are well worth a visit apart from their intrinsic value. I had a word more to say about their intrinsic value, but I must say it on a future occasion. I will only add now that we have not advanced very far in art criticism, and a study of these works of Whistler is necessary before we can understand why.

E. K. Guthrie.

MONGEHAM.

O haven of my thoughts, by childhood’s spell enchanted!
Oft, ‘scaped from prisoning moods, my spirit has haunted
The high-banked road’s ascent in dusky shade,
The trellised house, the garden where I played,
And that great summer palace in the wall:
Now from those coloured panes the witch-lights fall,
Gleaming in cornflower blue and sun-flushed cinnamon,
Cast from unfathomable deeps, and wicked skies
Wherein long since I gazed with a child’s eyes,
Glamoured with magic of its soul’s reflection.
The world is bleak and sad. O life is wan;
And ecstasy is but a recollection.
The world is bleak and sad. O life is wan;
Wherein long since I gazed with a child’s eyes,
Glamoured with magic of its soul’s reflection.

E. H. Visiak.
la boue, call it what you will. When I am old and past the vanities of the flesh I shall retire. I save money now and have few illusions left."

Another woman, of quite a different status, had a different motive for keeping a man. She was a Frenchwoman, about thirty years of age, who had wandered in the plague centres of the world and acquired the wisdom necessary to her unfortunate profession.

In spite of her hard eye and greediness of money, she had a very tender spot in her heart for her "boy," a mongrel mechanic, a species of cowardly Apache. She told me frankly about him, and I stood abashed before this woman's ill-expressed but deep devotion to the male in question.

Another woman, of the type known as the Ascot Lady, a tall, handsome English girl, keeps a Viennese chauffeur, who works at his trade, but banks the money she receives from her. She tossed her head and stated openly that Oscar could make money, that he has brains (which happens to be true), and that if she chose to give him presents, that was her business. Oscar came in and openly boasted that she was not the only one who gave him money, but that she was a "good kid."

There are many cases where a good-looking woman, who may be "kept," will adopt some young man who pleases her. Often, he may continue to work for a living, but she will subsidise him.

The ordinary professional souteneur seems to be recruited from foreign waiters, but a large percentage of undesirables were ordained to be so from their earliest youth, for they were brought up in an atmosphere of evil, and learnt to sneer at those who work honestly.

They abound in Lisle Street clubs. There is a public-house just off Oxford Street where the entire saloon bar clientele is composed of souteneurs from the Tottenham Court Road neighbourhood.

A regular girl-exchange exists near Kenton Street, by Russell Square. A public-house in that vicinity is frequented by "racleurs," that is to say, pullers-in, who meet strangers in search of adventure, and introduce them to women.

It is to be hoped that the White Slave Traffic Bill will successfully deal with the souteneur in London, who now bids fair to become quite an important part of our social system.

DONALD CAMPBELL.

The Cause of Financial Panics.

W HEN a merchant accepts money for his goods, he receives it believing he can exchange it again for other goods he may need. He accepts it in expectation of its future redemption. Here the element known as "credit" enters. Credit is defined as "expectation of future payment for property transferred or promises given."* The person who sells goods expecting a future return is said to sell on credit. The seller is termed a creditor and the buyer a debtor. The amount due the seller is to him a credit, and to the purchaser a debt. Credits and debts are merely two aspects of the same thing. Every credit is a debt, and every debt a credit. Whenever a transaction occurs, in which one party receives satisfaction and the other

* Webster.

does not, the latter is said to receive credit in place of satisfaction. This credit entitles him to satisfaction at some future time. We may define credit, therefore, as the expectation or anticipation of satisfaction. Credit and debt are merely the two poles of satisfaction, credit being the positive and debt the negative pole. Thus, if we estimate a man's wealth we place the plus or positive sign in front of every credit, and the minus or negative in front of every debt. Every commercial transaction must necessarily take one of two forms, either the barter or credit form. Goods are exchanged for goods or for credit; the direct exchange of one commodity for another is barter; and wherever this does not take place, credit takes the place of one or other commodity. Practically all the commerce and trade of the civilised world is done upon a credit basis. Credits may be divided into two classes: stationary and circulating. Circulating credit is money, but it is customary to apply the term credit exclusively to the stationary class. Thus, if in exchange for goods supplied, a man gives me his promissory note, payable six months hence, and I am unable to use it to purchase other goods, or get others to accept it in payment of debts owing by me, the note remains with me until mature; it is stationary. Such a note whilst in my possession is simply a credit note, it is not money.

If, on the other hand, I can pass it to obtain the satisfaction I desire, the note, being current, is currency or money. Credit is purchasing power. Now, purchasing power may be special or general; it is general whenever it is generally transferable and acceptable. Thus, legal tender represents general purchasing power; i.e., it is generally accepted throughout the country by all people in payment of all debts. On the other hand, a mere promissory note which is not generally negotiable is an example of special purchasing power. It is given to a particular person in payment of a special debt, and cannot be used by that person until maturity, owing to his inability to pass it on. All commodities have special purchasing power, and the exchange of commodities for money is the transformation of special purchasing power into general purchasing power. Circulating credit is, therefore, general purchasing power, and stationary credit is special purchasing power.

For instance, railway and theatre tickets are credit notes representing special purchasing power. They are redeemable in railway journeys and admissions to theatrical performances; and since they are not negotiable, and cannot be used to purchase other commodities, they are stationary credits. Although it is customary in trade to distinguish between money and credit, yet, as we have seen, they are of precisely the same nature. Strictly speaking, credit is the general term of which money is a species. One often hears a so-called cash business contrasted with a credit business, as though the two were of opposite character; the truth being that cash is only a higher and more general form of credit.

"They are each a right or title to demand something to be paid or done by someone else. No one can compel another to sell anything for money or credit. When, therefore, any person has voluntarily taken money in exchange for anything, it is
in reality only credit; because he only takes it in the belief that he can exchange it away again." (Macleod.)

The attempts of Governments and legislators to make of money a commodity is nothing more nor less than an attempt to destroy the chief function of money. The idea that money must be "something valuable," "something having intrinsic value" in order to constitute "honest" money, shows a less than an attempt to destroy the chief function for if money is a valuable commodity, if it is, per se, an equivalent for the goods purchased, it cannot represent a credit or a debt. If in return for goods I give their equivalent in "full value," there is no element of credit whatever; the transaction is a barter transaction. Now money does not enter into barter. Instead of an exchange of present satisfactions, the use of money involves the exchange of an immediate satisfaction for a deferred satisfaction. All commodities represent immediate satisfaction; i.e., they themselves satisfy human wants and desires. Money and credit are merely the symbols of or rights to satisfaction; hence, when the commodity appears, satisfaction accompanies it, like a man and his shadow; it is no longer defaced, it is present. Therefore, "commodity money," is a contradiction in terms. Gold and silver coins of "full value" are not, scientifically speaking, money; they are not representatives of debt. The worth of the gold and silver which they contain cancels the debt which, as money, they represent.

We have now to see the effect of the credit system upon prices. By far the greater part of the world's commerce is done on a credit, as distinguished from a cash basis. A report from a representative house, referred to by Macleod, shows that "specie did not enter into their transactions for a single commodity, instead of in all; it is the attempt to drive the camel through the eye of the needle. It is the attempt to compel people to do the impossible, viz., to transact the entire business of a nation upon a single commodity basis. It is the result of attempting to redeem credits in one particular commodity, instead of in all; it is the attempt to drive the camel through the eye of the needle. It is the interference of legislators and Governments with natural operations that causes financial trouble; the attempt to compel people to do the impossible, viz., to transact the entire business of a nation upon a single commodity basis. It is the result of attempting to redeem credits in one particular commodity, instead of in all; it is the attempt to drive the camel through the eye of the needle.

The chapter on Price I have shown the cause of the phenomenon known as a general rise and general fall of prices, which is due to the fluctuations in that which is used as the denominator of values. Referring to the example there given: tea is selling for 60 cents per pound, wheat 75 cents per bushel, iron 25 dollars per ton, silver 90 cents per ounce. Now, since the dollar is the common denominator of values, the price form of these commodities is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Commodity</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tea</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wheat</td>
<td>$0.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Iron</td>
<td>$25.00</td>
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<td>Silver</td>
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*It will be understood that when speaking of credit in contradistinction to money I mean stationery-credit, money being circulating-credit. The former is usually insecure and not properly backed by sufficient wealth. It is this form of credit which is so uncertain, so dangerous.

The price of tea is now 00-200 cents, or 30 cents per pound, instead of 60 cents. So the price of wheat has fallen from 75 cents per bushel to 37 1/2 cents. Iron has also fallen 50 per cent, in price, viz., from 25 dollars per ton to 12.50 dollars per ton, etc.

Thus, the effect of increasing the purchasing power of the denominator is to decrease the price of all commodities; and if the denominator is increased 100 per cent. there is a general fall in prices of 50 per cent. And conversely, per cent. in the value of the denominator results in a general rise in prices. Now, to the general public, there is never apparently any change in the value of money; a dollar is always a dollar, it is never two dollars. Hence, to the average mind, a general fall or rise in prices is as mysterious as a shooting star, and is popularly

"general prices, at any moment, depend much more upon the state of credit than upon the quantity of money. For credit, though it is not productive power, is purchasing power; and a person who, having credit, avails himself of it in the purchase of goods, creates just as much demand for the goods, and tends just as much to raise their prices, as if he had just as much in the form of an equal amount of purchases with ready money."

So Macleod says: "It is the enormous creation of credit in modern times, in the form of banking credits and mercantile credits, which has so prodigiously raised the prices of products, and diminished the rate of interest, in the last two centuries, in this and many other countries. It is the quantity of credit in modern times which chiefly determines the price of products; and variations in the quantity of credit produce more changes in the prices of products than any variations in the quantity of gold and silver; and it is the abuses of credit which produce these terrible calamities, termed commercial and money panics, which we shall have to investigate afterward."

The cause of these calamities, however, as I shall hereafter prove, is quite the opposite of what Macleod and other economists would have us believe. It is not the abuse of credit that creates these calamities, it is the scarcity of money. It is the interference of legislators and Governments with natural operations that causes financial trouble; the attempt to compel people to do the impossible, viz., to transact the entire business of a nation upon a single commodity basis. It is the result of attempting to redeem credits in one particular commodity, instead of in all; it is the attempt to drive the camel through the eye of the needle.

* It will be understood that when speaking of credit in contradistinction to money I mean stationery-credit, money being circulating-credit. The former is usually insecure and not properly backed by sufficient wealth. It is this form of credit which is so uncertain, so dangerous.
regarded as one of those "inscrutable mysteries of Providence." If the denominator decreases, prices rise, and this is supposed to be the result of a favourable "dispensation"; if the denominator increases, prices fall, and this is a judgment, "the result of the Almighty's displeasure!"

The effect of monopolising and restricting the supply of money is, however, precisely the same, so far as it affects the purchasing power of money in relation to some one commodity, as the monopolisation of that commodity. And as, in a "honest" money advocates make of money a commodity, the results are the same. A bushel of wheat is always a bushel of wheat, it is never two bushels. Yet we know that at one time we can purchase two bushels for the same sum that at another time we pay for one bushel. This is precisely the same with dollars. Whilst one dollar never becomes two dollars, the purchasing power of a dollar, at a particular time, has frequently been equivalent to the purchasing power of two dollars at another time; so that whilst the denominator of values, the dollar, is nominally invariable, its purchasing power varies, and the effect on prices is exactly the same as contraction or inflation. Here is the modern presentation of a monetary system. If money were expressed in units of purchasing power, possessed by it at one particular time and place, in reference to all commodities, such a system would register variations in the commodity which circulates as money. Then the general rise or fall of prices would be shown in the denominator. But as the dollar is the standard at all times, its fluctuations are registered in commodities, and, instead of the dollar rising and falling, to the public it appears that it is commodities that are fluctuating, and that these fluctuations are due to the commodities themselves.

In the price form, therefore, the denominator is always approximately constant. It is always represented by one dollar, or numerically 1.00. It is the numerators, the commodities, that are seen to undergo change. Thus, tea drops from 60 cents to 30 cents per pound, and wheat from 75 cents to 37½ cents per bushel, whereas, as a matter of fact, these commodities have probably never changed in value in the same degree that the denominators have. Instead of the price form appearing, as shown above, where the purchasing power of the dollar has increased, thus:

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<td>Tea</td>
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<td>.60</td>
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it is always represented thus:

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<tr>
<td>Tea</td>
<td>Wheat</td>
<td>Iron</td>
<td>Silver</td>
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<tr>
<td>.30</td>
<td>.37½</td>
<td>12.50</td>
<td>.45</td>
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Now the determinant of value is, as we saw when discussing the subject of value, the relation of supply to demand; and the causes of variations in the values of commodities are variations in the supply of or the demand for commodities themselves. Where the demand for a thing increases, the supply remaining constant, the exchange-power increases; where it decreases, its exchange-power decreases. And, vice versa, when the supply increases, the demand remaining constant, the exchange-power increases; and when the supply decreases, the exchange-power decreases.

Where the supply is kept always in excess of the demand, there is no variation. Where the supply is unlimited in comparison to the demand, values disappear. ARTHUR KITSON.

The Life History of Mary Smith, M.A.

IV.—As MANY THINGS.

WHEN she was twenty-four, Mary, encouraged by her former head mistress and other instructresses, made up her mind to adopt a profession.

How could she justly claim to be an efficient citizen, with its corollary, the right to be recognised as a person in the eyes of the law, unless she received money for her services? She decided to become a schoolmistress. In this way, whilst receiving a salary, she would be able, by her influence and teaching, to add fresh recruits to the army of serious-minded women ready to carry on the great fight for progress and woman-suffrage.

Her father protested as usual.

"Look here, Mary," he said. "You profess to be working for the woman's cause. Yet, by taking up paid work, you needn't do so, you are probably keeping another woman out of work, entirely dependent, perhaps, on what she may be able to earn. The best work is not necessarily that which has a money-wage attached. Why not go on with your unpaid work?"

"Father," replied Mary, "I must assert my dignity as an individual. I cannot be a parasite upon you. I must have economic independence." "Economic independence be hanged!" growled her father. "Why is it more dignified to take money from an employer than to earn it yourself?"

Mary did not waste more time in futile argument. She took up a post in a London High School.

Now that she no longer lived at home, she was able to adopt a vegetarian diet. How could one be spiritual-minded and actuated by lofty ideals if one fed on such coarse and degrading diet as the flesh of slaughtered animals? Besides, men were almost invariably meat-eaters and gross feeders generally. No wonder they were so unspiritual and slow to appreciate the great work of regenerating society which highly educated women were heroically and devotedly undertaking in the face of great difficulties.

So Mary lived on the fruits of the earth and the products of Mr. Eustace Miles' Restaurant. She got very thin and fine-drawn—the triumph of mind over matter. She worked extremely hard in school and out. "Women must work though men may weep," she wittily remarked once. She drank a great deal of tea. It kept her going. "Better wear out than rust out," was her admirable motto, observed faithfully by herself and her pupils—the latter under compulsion. She discovered that the more you work, the more you can work. Indeed, so active was she that she found it impossible to rest.

She was a great believer in the theory of mens sana in corpore sano. Consequently she became a member of a eugenic society. She attached due importance to the physical exercise, and therefore played hockey and insisted on her pupils doing the same. Moreover, this game had two other advantages. Running up and down a field violently for an hour and a quarter made her very tired, preceded and followed as it was by much hard work, and by ignoring this condition of extreme physical fatigue she felt she was subduing the flesh, that impediment to things spiritual. The other advantage lay in the fact that it was a game into which the masculine element need not intrude. Neither she nor her pupils would have dreamt, of course, of taking part in mixed hockey.

She devoted much of her time to giving lectures...
to ignorant mothers on how to feed and rear their children. "Their ignorance in these matters is truly appalling," she said.

Mary had a great friend on the staff. They shared a flat and each other's every thought. They were inseparable, and were known as Damon and Pythias. They asked nothing more of life—as, indeed, why should they?—than to live and work together for the Emancipation of Women. Did they not know how much more complete and independent life was if men, with their ineradicable selfishness, were kept out of it; and was it not their duty to preach this new gospel of freedom wherever they could?

Mary had just been made president of a eugenic society when she fell ill. "Overwork," said her woman doctor. "You can't burn the candle at both ends. Mens sana, you know."

V.—MARY FEELS OUT OF IT.

To recover her shattered health and nerves, Mary was advised to go to Switzerland for the winter sports. She meant to be on her guard against the enervating influence to morals and intellect of puerile frivolity, characteristic, so she understood, of these Swiss resorts. Her bosom friend and scholastic colleague went with her.

During the journey Mary experienced a feeling of vague discomfort, a sense of being an alien—so obviously and whole-heartedly bent on amusement, as if life was meant for enjoyment rather than serious strenuous work.

After lunch they went down to the rink. It was thronged with skaters, some performing alone, others in couples and in the middle, solemn people, gyrating round oranges. Many visitors were sitting in seats along the edge of the ice, basking in the warm sunshine. A band was playing a popular waltz tune.

In spite of the beauty of the surroundings, their movement, warmth and colour, Mary felt that sense of desolation and loneliness creeping over her again. She noticed a group of young men and women, laughing and chatting, as they tried, with poor success, to do some intricate figure. She wondered what it would feel like to be on such friendly terms with men, and found herself wishing that she was one of the merry, intimate party. She gave a little involuntary shake, as if to free herself from a degrading thought.

"Look at those two over there waltzing on skates," said her friend. "They must have spent an enormous amount of time practising to be so good at it. What a waste of energy and effort which might have been devoted to some good cause! What a mercy you and I can never drift into leading such aimless, shallow lives!"

The next day they decided to try ski-ing, and went to a slope near the hotel frequented by beginners.

So far they had spoken to nobody and nobody had spoken to them. Some of the women looked quite nice in their buns, though Mary thought they had neither the time nor inclination to mix with other sorts of women. Besides, they would certainly be frivolous-minded and interested in men and clothes.

Mary and her friend shared the usual fate of the ski-ing novice. They fell uphill and downhill with equal impartiality, and tied themselves into the most intricate of knots. Once Mary's ski came off.

"May I help you?" said a man.

"Thank you," said Mary icily, "I can manage by myself."

The ultimate success of the Woman's Movement depended, she had been told, on men being made to realise that women could get on quite well without their help.

They had not attended any of the numerous dances which had taken place in the hotel during their stay. Mary suggested that they should go to one on the eve of their departure. "Just to see what they are like," she said, knowing in her heart what they are like, she was being impelled by a feeling which she neither understood nor approved of.

They sat watching the dancers for some time. An M.C. came up and asked if they would care to dance. Mary, who had often danced "man" at school and at college festivities, found herself saying she would. She was amazed, and so was Pythias.

A man who had arrived that day, friendless and alone, was accordingly introduced. Mary, when she felt her partner's arm round her, was overcome by a sense of shame, as if contact with him were a degradation. She was glad when the dance was over. All desire to be at one with the other inmates of the hotel vanished. They sat down, away from her friend, and Mary made up her mind to use her opportunity to sow some good seed in the frivolous mind of this empty-headed young man.

"Are you in favour of Woman Suffrage?" she asked.

"Oh—er—yes," replied the man. Mary noticed he was looking rather wildly round the room.

"Then you agree that the country would be much better and more fairly governed with the help of women?" she insisted.

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16, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

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“Oh—er—yes,” answered her partner.

“We may expect more from the Liberal Government, with its high ideals, than from the Tories. Do you not think so?”

“No, that is—er—yes,” agreed the man. “Isn’t it jolly of our hero?” he went on hurriedly. “The sun and the snow and all that sort of thing. Are you staying long?”

“We go to-morrow,” answered Mary.

“Thank—I mean, I’m so sorry,” said her partner.

VI.—AT FORTY-FIVE.

Mary at the age of forty-five had been for some years head mistress of a large and flourishing high school. “I hold in the hollow of my hand the destiny of five hundred girls,” she said, in a moment of confidence, to her great friend. The possession of power and authority seemed to her the most desirable guerdon of life, which women had only won after a prolonged and severe struggle. She wrote a pamphlet called “Women and Power,” in which she demonstrated with great skill and eloquence that women, far from being temperamentally unsuited to the wielding of authority, were in reality far more fitted for it than men. She presented a copy to each of her pupils.

She was elected to the Town Council, and made it a matter of principle to oppose every suggestion propounded by her masculine colleagues. “Men must be kept in their place,” she said, “and then women have a chance of imposing their views.”

Once Mary, very subtly and with a hidden purpose, suggested that the police force should be composed of women as well as men. Why should the enforcement of law and order rest solely with males? The proposal was vetoed by the men town councillors on various trivial and prejudiced grounds. Mary withdrew her suggestion on condition that no married woman should be eligible to stand for election to any public body. The men agreed. “They didn’t want their wives,” etc., scoffed Mary. Her reason for introducing this measure was that she had discovered long ago that, reactionary though men undoubtedly were, married women were fifty times worse.

She sat on various boards and committees; indeed, her life was one long round of work in the service of her fellow-citizens, and if they were not all efficient it was not her fault. Mary smiled. She had not lived in vain. She could no longer claim sex-superiority. The world would either bid me turn and go straightway from you, or bid me love you so As, when you welcome me, lifting your lids, I cannot, for the love of you forbids.

“The world would either bid me turn and go straightway from you, or bid me love you so As, when you welcome me, lifting your lids, I cannot, for the love of you forbids. Nor do these voices only cry without; always within my brain the paths of doubt are ready trodden for my will to take; while, in the untraversed mazes of my soul, lurks for the venturer, hissing him back from the rough country to the well-worn track.

“Yet it is better to live with your own thoughts than with the thoughts of the world. And so I must, I must, I must stand firm and face the world, and not let it drive me from my path.

“This man I love is greater than the world. I cannot love him, nor can I love myself, until I have won the whole world over to my beliefs.

“Love each other in our own way, try to guess how, through the heather, we may fare, if it be worse than vain—precipitately—(both the roads are plain, this way or that) if it be worse than vain—pressing the venture on; this road is the plainest, this road is the longest, this road is the plainest—both the roads are plain, the road of error, or the road of truth.

“I do not love you, only I do not love you, because I do love you.

“I cannot, for the love of you forbids.

“IT IS ONLY A NIGHT. I CAN LIVE LIVES LIKE YOURS!”

“IT IS ONLY A NIGHT. I CAN LIVE LIVES LIKE YOURS!”

Helen Hamilton.

COMRADE-LOVE.

The world would either bid me turn and go straightway from you, or bid me love you so as, when you welcome me, lifting your lids, I cannot, for the love of you forbids.

“IT IS ONLY A NIGHT. I CAN LIVE LIVES LIKE YOURS!”

Send postcard for name of nearest retailer to “DOUGLAFROCS” (c/o “FREEWOMAN”), 16, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS AND STORES IN LONDON AND PROVINCES.

THE FROCKS FOR CHILDREN AND MAIDS.

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

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

DEAR MADAM,—Can you find room for the following remarks concerning the discussion on “The Problems of Celibacy.”

Mrs. Gallichan limited her inquiry to women, hence I shall observe the same limitation in giving the following theory. The discussion ranged itself around that position wherein a large number of women, through neither fault nor desire of their own, are forced (unless, of course, they dare to be called dishonoured) to remain celibate. It seemed that, by a tacit agreement, this position was assumed to be thoroughly bad; but I should like to suggest a solution to the riddle of why this position should be in existence at all. Before anything can be done by way of the adjustment of sex relationship, the most elementary barrier must be broken down. It will be infinitely harder to sweep away the obstruction of prejudice and religious training than to overthrow the present economic system and substitute a society built on such a basis that no one desiring marriage will be prevented by lack of means. This latter is at once the most far-reaching and the most elementary; and it is absolutely necessary as a preliminary. It is not possible, but inevitable; women are forced to crush down sex, but in doing so they are able to use the greatest dynamic power, that of the feminine from the domination of man. Nature, in her scheme of progress, demands sex equality; and thus she has given the opportunity, and in some cases the inclination, to break off the truce with the sex question. Any propositions of modified notions of morality appear, in the face of this conception of the problem, to be a sign of faint-heartedness on the part of those who have been chasing the emblem for the emancipation of the sex. It is not becoming for the chosen pioneers of sex equality to cry out that they are debarred the pleasures of the irresponsible. There is a great future before “woman” if she will have it; but she must be prepared to pay the price.

E. NOEL MORGAN.

NATIONALISATION OF MEDICINE.

MADAM,—I ask your attention to the enclosed cutting, hoping that you will kindly allow it to be printed in your next issue of The Freewoman. Section 4 and 11 concern two of the letters in your issue of July 18th. As regards section eleven, it is part of a propaganda which I have carried on in the medical journals during twenty years, and the articles on the subject were placed first in these journals. Before this rough draft was printed in the Medical Times, I had several open-air discussions on the subject, and since it was printed in the Medical Times, several others, especially section eleven. At the present moment I will make no more comments on the subject, as the draft speaks for itself, and I do not wish to make too much demand upon your space. I think these sections give some new ideas bearing upon the subject whose existence has been suspected. I consider urgent. I hope to elicit discussion.—I am, madam, yours faithfully,

J. BARKER SMITH, L.R.C.P.

To the Editor of the Medical Times.

SIR,—You have invited correspondence and opinions from those who view nationalisation of medicine with favour; just before your invitation I brought forward for discussion in a public assembly the rough draft of an appeal to the medical profession, which I now enclose. It was read out by section by section as a preliminary to comments and criticism, as well as for amendment, and was placed before the profession in its present form. I do not think that you will bring the same draft before a medical audience at this important juncture of medical affairs:

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

We, the undersigned, are desirous of approaching the medical profession, recognising that the members of that profession have the power to give effect to the definition of the political economist, viz., that men, women, and children are assets of the State, and should be held physically and fit with capacity. And that they should be enabled to lead useful and balanced lives in the service of the State. Without the right to vote, the rights of human beings, food units of heat and functional needs.

1. Heredity and environment are conditions which bear upon the definition; parentage and surroundings are some of the considerations.

2. We believe that the same healthy environment, physiological and hygiene, should be secured for all individuals at all times, which is enforced in schools, viz., cleanliness, air, cubic space, etc.

3. We believe that the medical profession alone is able to be the true voice of the people; it alone can speak with accurate language and knowledge of facts, especially as regards the health rights of our human beings, food units of heat and functional needs.

4. The fact that medicine is using in its treatment more than a dozen animal extracts, of which one is orchitic and testicular extract, sterilised, but with the spermatozoa, should be made generally visible under the microscope, also ovarian extract, strongly suggests that the whole question of applied reproduction should, in the interest of the individual, the asset of the State, be considered carefully by the State of the medical profession.
one else as soon as possible (as the second quotation indicates) that this is not the answer to this question, coming from a social worker of Mrs. Chew’s standing, will be of great importance. It will, for example, determine for many people the attitude they are to take up towards the problem of illegitimacy. If mothers are still to tend their children, the endowment of motherhood will obviously be necessary to secure their economic independence and to make their husbands imagine that they are endowing a mother in order to enable her to pay a nurse to look after her child while she goes off to earn her living in a factory or office.

R. C. F. WOODS.

SPINSTERS AND ART.

MADAM,—Will you permit me a word in answer to Rebecca West’s “reply” to me in last week’s “Correspondence”?

First, Rebecca West has misunderstood my use of the term “read” in my sentence, “I have no doubts as to whether your reviewer can have read these novels.” Perhaps it was my fault. I meant, of course, ‘comprehended’, not merely the mechanical act of reading, by ‘have read’. I fear I still have some second doubts, especially as my challenge remains unanswered. But let me assure your reviewer that I had no intention of libelling her by impugning her veracity.

Secondly, I have misread a sentence of mine. She refers to “X., the lady who is sure she would have loved Mr. Rochester.” If she will look up my remark, she will find that I intended that she was sure that “what we should have been magnetised by Rochester,” a very different statement (though I think I should have loved him quite ardently, in all probability).

Lastly, it is obvious that the answer to a serious letter should not add the further trouble of trying to answer it seriously and in good faith. I still await the explanation of Charlotte Brontë from the pen of Rebecca West.

X.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

MADAM,—You have laid the lash on heavily, but, being mercifully possessed of a thick skin, I come up smiling, and present to you my definition of “doing good.” This will, I think, be the point of view of the average person who has not the advantage of being a “serious student” or of possessing a degree. From such a point of view, to “do good” means to benefit your fellows, either physically, mentally, or spiritually. This Christ did, and so have many other men done, although the combination of the two is odder to the average person. Life is only complex because we make it so, and it seems to me that experience goes to prove that the simple mind, the plainest of theories, is the most likely to solve problems than the complex one. When all is said and done, it is “the pure in heart” who “see God,” and they require no arguments, or, as Browning puts it, “Tis music, music, music.”

We had no intention to “lay on the lash.” We wished to be very clear; apparently we were not, as “to benefit others” is to us without definite meaning. A person is a serious student, not on account of, but in spite of, the accidental possession of a degree.—ED.]

THE MONEY QUESTION.

MADAM,—I expect that there are others who, like myself, hesitate to argue with Mr. Kitson, because they feel that, dealing with subjects that present real difficulties, he has not the mind going on a road which leads him to a lot of unnecessary complications. The plain, crude, State Socialist who says that if all the means of production (both land and capital) were owned socially through the working class, race, trade councils, trade unions, or what you will, money would necessarily become solely a means for bartering convenience, is no one would need to pay in order to borrow what they already possessed, and interest would cease automatically, is surely arguing far more clearly and straightforwardly than Mr. Kitson. Indeed, I am tempted to believe that any increase of equality of income or of equal rights to all property not necessarily privately used, prompts Mr. Kitson to adopt his perversely ingenious attack on the legal privilege conferred on gold coin. Mr. Kitson’s attack on interest meets, of course, our sympathy. Why a man should be able to profit by his grandfather’s industry and thrift, and not
need to stand on his merits, no unprejudiced observer can understand. The natural reward for not eating your cake to-day is that you can eat it to-morrow, but not that you can get a perpetual stream of cakes out of the labour of others while you do nothing, as Mr. Greevz Fysher so oddly supposes.

I have admired many of the recent articles in your paper so much because of their straightforward attacks on the rich that I am the more sorry to see you, as it seems to me, needlessly complicating the main economic truths, a knowledge of which we must spread universally in order to force the multitude to rebel against the power of the non-productive or parasitic class. I cannot but believe that currency evils are quite minor matters.

Arthur D. Lewis

[It is probably because we also are individualists. We are sympatheic to the attitude of mind which asserts, but are sceptical of the practical application of "the socially-owned" theory. We welcome syndicalism as a "method." As a final theory, our views are different, as we shall make clear, we hope, in reviewing Mr. Lewis's book on Syndicalism. That does not prevent us from now being, shall we say, the more ardent supporters of the Syndicalists in England.—Ed.]

BIRDS AND CAPITAL.

Madam.—"A bird in the trees," says the Freewoman, July 18th, p. 105, "has not to be capitalised," and the truth of this particular statement need hardly be questioned. Almost all birds, it may be admitted, live not even from hand to mouth, because, with a few exceptions, like the parrots, they seldom use any portion of their structure as a hand to lift their food to their beaks. They mostly live from earth or plant to beak. The birds, without storehouse or garner, are fed in times of plenty, but they starve in multitudes in severe winters.

There are, however, several animals, and even plants, which, like bees, squirrels, potatoes, turnips, etc., hoard supplies of nutrient in periods of full life and of plenty to enable them to tide over seasons of torpidity and scarcity. Some of the hoarding animals exhibit what may very correctly be called rudimentary cognisance of the fundamental idea of private property, both in portable objects and even in land, as is the case in a specially marked degree with the harvesting ants. All these proprietary arrangements—monopolies, as they are often loosely called—are held subject to the fierce struggle for existence, not only between different species, but between the members of the same species.

Man, when his capacity for abstractions became sufficiently developed, began to invent the idea of justice between the members of a tribe as a mightier weapon against overproduction. This idea is generally useful in avoiding the weakening of the group by internal strife.

Briefly put, the kernel of justice amounts to this: each tolerates the destructions of his own members of the same tribe or species on the assumption that the power of self-control of the others has so far evolved in them also that they will tolerate his proprietorship.

The early bird is allowed to keep the worm.

The Freewoman appears to argue that a necessary and useful revolt will arrive if capital be defined as money and then ruthlessly destroyed.

But neither of these proposals is possible. Money is capital, no doubt, but capital is other things as well. Useful reproductive wealth falls under two very distinct heads: land, together with all the implements of production in one class, and materials on the other.

The later division constitutes what is to be called circulating capital. Its function is duplex. It forms the basis of the division of labour and it aids complete distribution in the process of exchange. It must be confessed that these two classes of useful wealth, tools and commodities, are the chief foundation of our economic system, shade off into one another and overlap in several ways.

The difficulty present to the mind of the writer of why revolt drags is that the board of exchangeable materials, including the hoard of the stockholder, is in the highest degree chemical to the welfare or wealth of the productive classes.

The most useful economic function of commerce is, of course, the exchange of services by division of labour. This, however, is very largely dependent upon the exchange of commodities which generally embody past services or labour. Labour itself as a subject of supply and demand is always divided, intangible, invisible, and may not be stored or hoarded, while material commodities are actually existent. It is conceivable that a valid, useful bargain to exchange services might be made without any transfer of materials from one party to the other. Thus a cobbler and a sweep might contract that in exchange for the mending of the sweep's boots the cobbler's chimney should be swept, and in this, as in all other well-made contracts, both parties might make an actual profit if they were duly and honestly carried out. But unless the operations were simultaneous and synchronous both in beginning and ending, one of the parties would have to give the other some credit. If the cobbler could not work without his fire and the sweep could not work without his boots, or if the repairs or the sweeping occupied very different intervals of time, then illness or unwillingness might cause one of them to run off without completing his bargain, and a loss would accrue to the other. This is the case of the ship's facetious barber who insisted on shaving one side of the faces of all his customers first and then let the razor fall overboard, so that the passengers had to parade the town on a Sunday morning half-shaven. Hence most exchanges contain at least one element of materials. On the other hand, in many exchanges of materials the contract is for immediate delivery of one of the subjects of the bargain, while the other is at the moment merely promised, and some, as in the discount of bills or an exchange of present for future goods, granted by both parties to the other, as in the case of the ship's barber, is merely an assurance that he will do the job at some future time. It is easy enough to see what means of distribution of this kind are, and hoards of valuable materials to exchange for one another or for services. Would the author of "Why Revolt Drags" destroy all circulating capital? And what would be the world to come? This unhappiest of courses, say, "Not at all! Money only is to be destroyed." But money is gold, and gold is useful material both as an accessory of direct pleasure and also as a means of distribution of itself and other commodities by exchange. This idea of pur- chasing power is simply and inevitably the most saleable of all commodities. It is not the least use speaking of money in the abstract form as being in the power of the persons for whose it was created." Next to nothing is known as to the purposes for which coins were first made, but it is easy enough to see what most men are invariably and necessarily is. Money is and must always be a useful commodity, and the choice of the markets must irresistibly, even if it be unconsciously, fall upon the most saleable. Those by whom two sparrow were sold for a farthing
would find their sparkers far less saleable than the farthing token for a fractional portion of a talent of gold.

Coins may have been first struck for the purposes of paying the wages of soldiers and providing munitions for war, though they were probably known in a somewhat vaguer manner even earlier as adornments of costume, like the sequins which are even now occasionally to be seen in the headdress of the birds. When workers in revolt be able to destroy gold or to prevent its being got out of mines and brought to market, sold, borrowed, and used, they are about this. Gold is a more useful metal than silver, copper, or even iron in equal weights. It is, unfortunately, a semi-political metal suffering from some disabilities and restrictions, such as hall-marking and plate-dealers' licence. We deliberate for this, this actual consumption would be slightly increased in the manufacture of bells, as in Japan from very early ages, and possibly in electric wires as a useful alloy, as well as in many or possible ways not now to be foreseen. But as surely as gold continues to exist and to its own precise merits, but we can get no further if he eschews that definition and then builds up a fresh argument.

ECONOMIC STUDENTS do not deny that money is capital, though it is far from true that all capital is money. The holding or the cornering of money and other commodities is far more remunerative than that of commodities, for the speculators who succeed in unloading at top prices. It is not the boarders and speculators who make the consumers of goods scarce and dear, but a natural scarcity eventuates they are ruined. Their skill is such forethought as the people in general do not possess, and their operations depend upon a hoard of valuables, especially a hoard of gold or realisable securities.

Their function as controllers and directors of both production and consumption is most valuable, and all the more so as it is automatic and wholly voluntary, being an instrument in the economy of society which should be owned and controlled by the State, surely it is the medium of exchange. E. F. MILIUS.

The idea that money ought to be a "tally" may have been started to try to simplify conceptions of the function of gold in commerce, but in reality it only confuses and misleads the mind. The fact is, though it is not palpably evident, that everybody who sells commodities for money actually buys the gold to sell it at a profit in a cheaper market. In voluntary commerce everyone gains by every bargain, and there is no use in either birds or men revolt­ing against it.

GREEZ A. FYSHER. [Perhaps the following points will show how very wide of the argument our correspondent is getting:—

(1) We have no objection to private property; in fact, we do not think it is. We are not communists; we are individualists, and as such should find communism an abrogation of, and an intrusion in, upon, something which was of the essence of ourselves.

(2) Monopolies and private property have no essential connection.

(3) We do not agree with our correspondent's definition of commodities in order to avoid confusion of our own position clear, and supported our definition to our satisfaction. If Mr. Fyscher does not like it, we can discuss the subject on its own precise merits, but we can get no further if he eschews that definition and then builds up a fresh argument.

(4) "Division of labour" has increased, is increasing, and must be diminished. It has run mad.

(5) Labour has no business to be in the position of "suppliers" of commodities, and if it be trying to make "labourers" (serfs) ashamed of themselves.

(6) For the third time we point out that "exchange for convenience" is not the same thing as buying and selling for profit.

(7) Profits are ungentlemanly, and we want a society with more accommodation for gentleness.

(8) A currency would of a certainty be a necessity, but that currency should no more be a commodity than is the pile of dollar bills. But why should gold be destroyed, any more than iron or platinum or any other metal? Let gold be used for whatever purposes it is adapted, ornaments and like. It is not useful money, for the prime reason that there is not enough of it to tally with wealth. Wealth is destroyed because there is not sufficient coin in currency to tally with it.

With the exception of the anarchist P. J. Proudhon, I doubt if any man has thrown such a flood of light on this intricate question of money as Mr. Arthur Kitson. Unfortunately, Mr. Kitson, in the same way as his predecessor Proudhon, seems to be unable to suggest a practical plan whereby his remedy could be applied to society, because of certain individualistic doctrines he seems to share with his French and other kindred.

Proudhon, having discovered the true nature of money (that is, a medium of exchange unattached to a particular commodity), sought to introduce this in society by the laborious process of forming associations of producers and consumers. Even if he had not at that time been arrested and imprisoned on a charge of perjury, it is not likely that he could have succeeded in his scheme, any more than small Socialist communities, when introduced in the centre of capitalist states, have been successful.

As I do not wish to encroach too much on your space, I will conclude with the suggestion that if there is one instrument in the economy of society which should be owned and controlled by the State, it is the medium of exchange.

E. F. MILIUS.

MR. NORMAN AND MR. MCKENNA.

MADAM,—Mr. Norman appeals to the judgment of the readers of THE FREEWOMAN. I appeal to Mr. Norman and to his philosophy. There is no warrant for my method, no warrant about my "method of attack." Granted that the method is unusual, even a little strange, to one reading my letter in the light of ordinary controversial methods, I invite Mr. Norman and readers of THE FREEWOMAN alike, to go further into the question and to inquire if my method be not rather a practical one. The method has certainly proved something of an advantage to readers of a paper whose ways are not always the ways of formal controversy, or of formal dialectics. The way of "attack" and of "victory" or "defeat" is not the only way of arriving at truth. Mr. Norman and Mr. McKenna, for example, imagine I am out for his scalp (or even for Mr. McKenna's) he is likely to mistake my temper; in which event we shall probably get nowhere. My method of approach was deliberately chosen after...
having closely studied the evidence. I base my series of quotations on the fact that Mr. Norman is one of the few people in the world who voice a standard of life. It is a standard with which I have much sympathy. All the quotations which follow are self-evident to all who will compare the quotations with the letters, and replace them in the original settings. The trick of attempting to trip up the opponent by single sentences or phrases taken indiscriminately from widely different subjects, written under widely differing circumstances, would be redhibitory. I wouldn't attempt to play the trick even if votes for women were to be won thereby. Mr. Norman may prove me guilty of unfair quotation if he can; and if he does I will gladly authorise forcible feeding in view of the fact that Irish prisoners it will be necessary to make suitable provisions for the feeding of courageous prisoners. If it be shown that now indeed I have digged a pit for myself, inasmuch as Mr. Norman has next seen the relevancy by now, I trust that my courtesy, to challenge a public talk with Mr. Norman, may hold, but I can promise Mr. Norman this in advance: if he becomes Home Secretary in my lifetime and he becomes guilty of the forcible feeding of courageous prisoners, it will be necessary to make provision for the future. It may even be the case that Mr. Norman may not become Home Secretary at all; but that in view of such possibilities Mr. Norman is included in Group B, he may one day find himself in gaol, with the necessity to hunger-strike in defence of his honour. The sentiment would be pointless but for the assurance of the heroism of such a proceeding. If it be proved in the most absolute sense, i.e., by allowing the prisoners to die one by one, which Mr. Norman is unable to recognise the courage of the protest? He should be able; because, as cited above, he postulates the courage of men who died of starvation rather than accept the dishonour. The sentiment would be pointless but for the assurance of the heroism of such a proceeding. If it be claimed that now indeed I have digged a pit for myself, inasmuch as Mr. Norman has next seen the relevancy by now, I trust that my courtesy, to challenge a public talk with Mr. Norman, may hold, but I can promise Mr. Norman this in advance: if he becomes Home Secretary in my lifetime and he becomes guilty of the forcible feeding of courageous prisoners, it will be necessary to make provision for the future. It may even be the case that Mr. Norman may not become Home Secretary at all; but that in view of such possibilities Mr. Norman is included in Group B, he may one day find himself in gaol, with the necessity to hunger-strike in defence of his honour. The sentiment would be pointless but for the assurance of the heroism of such a proceeding. If it be proved in the most absolute sense, i.e., by allowing the prisoners to die one by one, which Mr. Norman is unable to recognise the courage of the protest? He should be able; because, as cited above, he postulates the courage of men who died of starvation rather than accept the dishonour. The sentiment would be pointless but for the assurance of the heroism of such a proceeding. If it be claimed that now indeed I have digged a pit for myself, inasmuch as Mr. Norman has next seen the relevancy by now, I trust that my courtesy, to challenge a public talk with Mr. Norman, may hold, but I can promise Mr. Norman this in advance: if he becomes Home Secretary in my lifetime and he becomes guilty of the forcible feeding of courageous prisoners, it will be necessary to make provision for the future.
No, even this is not the conclusion; for Group C demonstrates Mr. Norman's chivalrous (i.e., gentlemanly) and original feeling (and probably the right one) about the women who were "doing criminal acts from a non-criminal motive"; that they had been bullied by magistrates; that there had been "scandalous proceedings." He said with regard to magistrates concerned that "the mischief is not on the point of being 'biassed and incompetent'; he concluded that "when the courts begin to impose sentences which have the face of all this, as testified to by Mr. Norman, how can 'innocent persons.' Mr. Norman has liberty to change his mind. Is change of mind the only explanation? Is not the meaning of the swing simply this: in the former instance Mr. Norman's standard of the gentleman comes to the standard of the gentleman. A man who has the courage, the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in an envelope from Dr. T. R. Allinson, 381, Room, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for Is. 2d.

The Free Sample has cured Thousands of Cases. Guaranteed cure for墮posed, or soon desired, that the comprehension of underlying causes warms Mr. Norman's heart. His standard is appealed to. Almost he is persuaded, or soon would be, that the accused women who have protested on such good grounds is by no means the one thing as the glamour of the low-wages and latch-key type of employer, whose proper place is in gaol" (p. D 2).

"The woman who gives herself for love is always a virgin" emphatically states a truism which is closely related to the standard of the gentleman.

A man who has an intellect to perceive the profound intuition of D 3, and the courage to act upon it, is too valuable a possession for the corporal punishment movement become realised, a reality, in the hearts of only a few individuals in this generation and they will one day stagger the Eugenics Societies with the new-ancient desire to "innocent tradesmen"; July 18th found a blossoming of understanding is the practice of commercial "love" in all its forms. No gentleman deals with such language under such circumstances in a proved case of discourtesy - which he gave sound reason for women of all ranks to take their "love" where it is the base "reality" of low and unloved standards. All suffer, from highest to lowest. None can escape the contamination of a women's pensioner. But that fine minds should be so infected by the status quo that they cannot see that fineness of action is more important to a nation's welfare than the preservation of old standards. All is by no means the same thing as the criminality "of the

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