WORK AND LIFE.

There are two main conceptions of work.

From the old Biblical conception which regarded man's struggle to overcome his environment—work—as his primal main curse, conceptions of work have forked in two directions. The human problem was how to make environment plastic to man's use, how to change the irksomeness of work into an additional pleasure in man's life. The efforts which ran in one direction were concerned with making work easy; in the other the effort was to make work into a pleasure. For thousands of years the second method had things mostly its way; but during the last century and a half, the first method has not merely come abreast with the second; it has wholly overwhelmed it. The work-made-simple method is now universal. The machine has established itself not only in the new worlds in America, Australia, and New Zealand. It has set its seal on Europe, Africa, India, Japan, and China, and the order of the machine is absolute. The principle of the machine is simplicity. One machine does one small operation and repeats it interminably. The work of the worker has become simple enough. It is nothing more than to attend to the simple wants of that machine at its ever-same task. The principle of simplicity runs through the complete process, each machine doing its small task. To complete the whole becomes a colossal affair. The machine having subdivided its task almost to infinity, a host is required to complete it. The machines are herded together. They do not mind; but to tend their needs, men are herded likewise. They should mind; but if they do, they seem to mind little since in exchange they are required to perform a task requiring little skill and little effort. They have merely to feed a machine.

The process is even yet not complete. Subdivision, i.e., simplification, still goes on, and men become more and more the merest machine-watchers. They have succeeded, and will succeed even more—unless some religious force arises to deflect them. The second method belongs to the past. Its existence as a living thing was so long ago, that no people now alive have more than a fragmentary knowledge of it. This second method sought so to learn the nature of the material in which it worked, to learn before what kind of treatment it would give way, in order that it might enable a man to impress upon it a likeness of the quality of his own personality. He sought to manipulate his material to create a pleasure for himself in the manipulation and in its results. His effort was not to put before himself a simple task, but one in which he would find pleasure in the accomplishing, as well as in the accomplishment. He sought to recreate something of himself, his preferences and his tastes in the work he did, and thus, in the impregnated environment which he created around him, he made concrete in objective form the positive qualities of his own personality. In his work he not only conquered his environment to minister to his necessities; he made it in addition a re-affirmation of his own individuality. As his skill increased alongside his personality, he progressed from the inarticulate struggler against inimical environment to the level of the craftsman and the artist. His work, from being comparatively simple, passed on to the intricate and the complex; from being difficult in a merely mechanical way to being difficult as a medium for self-revelation; from being a curse, to being his source of deepest satisfaction and joy. Both mechanist
and artist in the beginning were faced with the same problem, how they were to circumvent the reluctances of a grudging soil and the rigours of inclement elements. The mechanist sought to solve it by simplification and more simplification. The artist sought to transmute it by the interpenetration of man with the impress of his own spirit. The mechanic's work is simple; the artist's is full of the most baffling and tantalising difficulties, and it is from this standpoint that we have to compare the two.

Under the mechanistic solution, the only person who realises his soul in his work is the designer, and he degenerates rapidly as an artist since he allows impertinences to dominate his work. What he designs is not intended for his own satisfaction, nor the satisfaction of any particular client. His design is meant to meet all and sundry, i.e., the public. Hence his work loses all personalism; while the hired men who watch the machines execute the design have no part or parcel in it. They serve his will. It is not an accident that the mechanistic period coincides with the most servile, and, therefore, the most brutal, ugly, and degraded period the history of man has to show. The machine in its own nature demands servility. It allows of no irregularity, no personal difference. If any wayward human being, not yet fully broken-in, attempts to impress his little varieties on the designer's scheme, he throws the entire process out of joint. This inherent demand for slavery, which is the essential characteristic of the machine, is the distinguishing feature which cuts off the Machine-class from the Tool-class. It is a feature which, with damning results, has been slurred over—slurred over without excuse, indeed, since nothing could be more obvious than the masterful nature of the machine, whereas, by its very name, a "tool" suggests the subservient. Its connotation has even been extended into use in a personal sense. The person who abandons control over himself and acts at the instigation of another is called this latter's "tool," i.e., something which is used, and it is in the light of this philological extension that we see beyond any possibility of doubt the different ethics involved in the use of machines and the use of tools. The instrument which a man can dominate, handle, make subservient to his will or whim, take up and lay aside, to serve the mood of his own soul in short, is a tool. Its use is moral. The instrument whose nature dominates man, forces his will and his individuality, selects his work-place, dictates his time, his company, holds his individuality captive during its service, this instrument is a machine, and its use is immoral. The two kinds of instruments merge one into the other, and round about the area wherein they so mutually interpenetrate, there is this demand for leisure? It certainly is not an opportunity of doing nothing. It is, in fact, a demand for opportunity for self-realisation. That self-realisation can be accomplished apart from work, necessary work, is proved impossible by the fact that our "leisured classes" can be accused of enervation with infinitely more truth than they could be suspected of achieving "self-realisation." Self-realisation can be as little achieved in the frivoling of the leisured as it can be through the "drudgery" of the machine-slave. For self-realisation work is required. It is a strenuous business, as any great artist would confess. The ordinary "artist" has been so little able to resist the mechanistic tendencies of the present time, that he, like the rest, has allowed himself to be divorced from the real flow of man's spiritual life, until we have for the first time in history a "artisan" end of things modern, to balance the "gross beast" at the other. Art and work cannot be separated without complete disaster both to the artist and the worker. The work of a strong, self-conscious, spirited man, must bear the image of his spirit. Not being so, his spirit sinks. His activity becomes drudgery—not work. Being so, his work is the deepest passion of his life. Through it he builds the habitation of his spirit. His work ceases to be labour, it becomes creation. He no longer asks for leisure from his work; he asks for long life in order that he may complete it. An artist does not ask for an eight hours day. He works, with joy and pain alike, until he ceases from weariness. Those persons who talk of boxed-up work and boxed-up leisure do not understand life. Their instincts have been blunted by the materialism of machines. Their vision has so stretched forward towards the material accomplishment that they have forgotten to find joy in the accomplishing. And so they have cheated themselves both of the joy of doing and of joy in the thing done. For matter only yields to the creative spirit, the joy-bringer, and joyless spiritless accomplishment has nothing to show save its lifeless, mocking ugliness. For all conduct bears in itself its own Nemesis. We have made human life subject to material forms, and we now call in vain for help to our stolid wooden gods. We have made the Inferior—master, and the Superior is now learning that the harshest thing in the world is stupidity. But the Superior should be humbled. For the Superior, whereas the living tissue is rapidly hardening into leather. With patience and time it may become almost as brutal and insensitive as the machine. The pain will then be less, and the machine keep going by a few sur­viving streaks of ingenuity and cunning will have established its complete sway. On the other hand, it may be that the avenging angel, Ugliness, will save us. Ugliness is the outward sign of disorder and injustice. As the pain or the will or tremors of the diseased, it is this demand for leisure? It certainly is not an opportunity of doing nothing. It is, in fact, a demand for opportunity for self-realisation. That self-realisation can be accomplished apart from work, necessary work, is proved impossible by the fact that our "leisured classes" can be accused of enervation with infinitely more truth than they could be suspected of achieving "self-realisation." Self-realisation can be as little achieved in the frivoling of the leisured as it can be through the "drudgery" of the machine-slave. For self-realisation work is required. 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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Ulster and the W.S.P.U.

It is interesting to watch how instinct comes to the rescue of too hasty a logic. Such instinctive rallying tends to re-confirm one's belief in one's kind. The apologists of violence now writing in the journals which are representative of law and order are delightful in their determination to prove the rectitude of rebellion, all previously expressed opinions to the contrary notwithstanding. And how unctuously those journals which have supported disorder in their own naughty past prove its remissness to-day. It is very illuminating. It proves that when men of any party have interests which are vital to them as individuals, they are prepared to defy law and order. They recognise no final merit in "law and order." Nor do they find any determining argument in the "welfare of the community." They reckon them at their face value—mere phrases, good enough for times when there is nothing much which means anything, but thrown aside like an old shoe when personal conviction comes in. They have as much force as the "majority" argument ever has for a convinced "minority"—which is none. Majorities should not and cannot superimpose their will on convinced minorities. Majorities will have to learn to shake down with the minorities. And the same holds good for minorities within minorities, and minorities within these again, until we arrive at the minority made of one, the individual. Hence, the refusal of Ulster to acquiesce in the decisions of the majority, to fall into line with the paperschemes of Asquith, Redmond, and the rest of the mannikins at Westminster, is a salutary objectlesson the moral of which is too good to miss. In a debilitated civilisation, we have grown accustomed to seeing even a majority acquiescing in the thwarting of its will; no wonder, therefore, that a rebelling minority has come to be regarded as an impertinence rather than a serious problem, and indeed the final denial of government, which is what it is. There is nothing, for instance, in current political philosophy to prevent the latest arrival in the realm of authority, the Daily Herald, from speaking of the revolt of Ulster in these terms: "Neither England nor Ireland is going to stand any nonsense from Orange fanatics and aristocratic humbugs." We can only believe that there can be nothing in the Daily Herald's democratic creed to indicate that, next to not being governed at all, the best thing is to be governed as one wants; that if Ulster wants to be "governed" from Westminster, that is Ulster's business, and that it is only Ulster's lack of "guts" which leaves the matter in doubt as to where she shall be "governed" from. We know little of Ulster, and have no opinions as to whether she will revolt. But should she, of her own accord, apart from the egging-on of leaders, then questioning as to the morality of the revolt is so much hypocrisy or empty wind. The immorality lies in the forcing of Ulster. Her actual immorality would lie in allowing herself to be forced. Of course, in England, we are like that—immoral all round, governors and governed, wage-slaves and capitalists, politicians and electors. There is no spirit save in the strikes—a flash here and there, swiftly extinguished in the interests of "the public welfare." If English Trade Unionists had something of the reported spirit of Ulster, the economic situation would be wholly different. But Ireland, notwithstanding its poverty, has never sunk to the low moral level of England.

In a recent issue of the Manchester Guardian an editorial solemnly reasoned with the leader of the Conservative party, Mr. Bonar Law, as being in danger of becoming the "Friend of all Anarchists," and among the "anarchists" the writer placed the suffragists of the Women's Social and Political Union. The writer, it appears to us, in addition to his failure to understand the ethics of Ulster, likewise failed to grasp the philosophy of the W.S.P.U. These latter are not anarchists, nor yet individualists; they are pure empiricists. They do not know where they are going, or why, or how far they are prepared to go. Even when they ask for the vote, they give the wrong reasons. They always want it for their poor sisters, never for themselves. Hence the root of insurrection is not in them. Therefore, to compare the activities of the W.S.P.U. to insurrection in Ulster is hopelessly misleading. If an insurrection, the combatants act, but talk little. The insurrection is the rebellion. Inasmuch as one is not an insurrectionist, one is not a rebel. But the W.S.P.U. are not insurrectionary. They merely back a fighter. The ethics of the Union are those of the backers of Jack Johnson or Bombardier Wells. They "support" the warriors, which means they egg them on. Mrs. Leigh enters the arena, and the Union does the clapping in the chairs. Miss Evelyn Sharp—a writer and speaker of ability, but no rebel—has been writing in the Manchester Guardian in connection with arena-work, and has been pointing out that the combatants will go on from much to more: thus in a subtle manner pledging them deeper in their single-handed combat against law and order. No, let us remember rightly, Miss Sharp has never at any time done any action calculated to involve her in the war against law and order, and one can therefore be fairly sceptical as to whether she intends. A fair-minded person might therefore be justified in pointing out to this lady that the big phrases which she uses in the Press and on platforms will have to be redeemed by others of the type of Mrs. Leigh. Miss Sharp's conduct is therefore of a like order with that of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who talked of "doing our bit, for our seven years," but who ran away when the authorities were crude enough to imagine that she meant it. Of course, she meant Mrs. Leigh was to do the bit and get the seven years. To her, and presumably to Miss Sharp, phrases of this sort are equivalent to blowing the whistle or dropping the handkerchief, or any other signal which means "On, dogs." We do not for a moment mean to imply that Mrs. Leigh acted as she did because she was the dupe of the W.S.P.U. Very far, indeed, from it. We are sure she acted as she did because it seemed the best course for her to take, the situation being what it was. Mrs. Leigh knows the personnel of the W.S.P.U. as well as we know the alphabet, and could recite their characters back-
wards. She has had good reason to, and the disgusting impertinences meant to be eulogies which have appeared in *Votes for Women* are nicely calculated to bring on a bad attack of nausea. "To tell the truth, she is impersonal to a fault, and has more than once robbed her friends by her absence from some gathering held in her honour of the pleasure of applauding her courage and her service to the movement," says one. "Those heroines!" writes Mrs. Pankhurst from her holidaying on the Continent. So swiftly does a daring deed and fully-shouldered responsibility turn an afore-named traitor into a heroine! But Mrs. Leigh has adopted a line of argument which people like Miss Evelyn Sharp might consider, and then re-examine their sense of responsibility in regard to their rhetoric. Her view of the W.S.P.U. organisation is that of several others, to wit, that it is her Union, an organisation which she has helped to build up into power by the passion of her own soul and the untellable hardships she has undergone. Therefore she refuses to abandon it. When Mrs. Pankhurst says, "If you do not like it, go," the retort is, "I don't like a good deal of it, but I shall not therefore copy the 'leaders'"—jealousy of its honour and public repute as in its earliest days of trial and sincerity. To that which, therefore, Miss Christabel Pankhurst and Miss Evelyn Sharp and the like airily pledge the W.S.P.U. the Mrs. Leighs will redeem. The "leaders" extol war, and run away. Mrs. Leigh and a handful of like-minded, wage the combatants—and constitute themselves the army. The "leaders" say, "This is war," and, to make it appear like war, single combats have to be such as will split the forces of their friends, by their big blunders. After driving independence out of their minds, they been serious, and had they thought political common sense, was to have prevented the W.S.P.U., especially when they knew they had a handful of women invincibly brave, from giving any chances the Reform Bill had their fair opportunity, and duly preparing meanwhile for the less happy issue. The situation called aloud for such a solution as the "leaders" suggested—men wrested a share in their new Constitution, and Persian women were giving spirit to Persia. English women alone, for all their boasted progress and militancy, wasted their strength in impertinent quotations from great rebels, and the forcing of a contest on the level of a gladiatorial show. All the bombast, all the large promise was thrown for the redemption of poor women, who seek their strength, as it was in the only manner which its inhuman weight will allow. So the precious "leaders" continue to pile blunders on the end of blunders. After driving independence out of their ranks, after crystallising the forces of their enemies, splitting the forces of their friends, by their big words and small deeds they virtually lay militancy as a task upon the few—militancy which to make itself felt, has to be such as will "stagger humanity." We in no way depreciate the action of Mrs. Leigh. We are perfectly certain she weighed the matter in her own mind, and decided it was the only thing to do. The fact that we despise the milieu amidst which she and her friends work, hate it because of its hatred of liberty, its littleness of spirit, its cruelty, its commercialism, its general unrelied "mush"—this fact only makes us realise how great is the pity that to such little measure the quality of these clean, brave fighters should have been brought. Five years' penal servitude; five years' sequestration of this live spirit from the limp deadness of its fellows. In passing this heavy sentence, it would seem that Mrs. Leigh's defence had gone to the head of Judge Madden, with disastrous consequences to his judicial faculty. We read that he was "visibly overcome with emotion." This must account for his allowing sentence to be influenced by the fact that he imagined a long sentence "would be calculated to have a deterrent effect." A little quiet thinking would have put him straight in the matter. For from his own words we learn that he considered Mrs. Leigh a "very remarkable lady, of very great ability, and of a very strong character." With reflection it would have dawned upon him that Mrs. Leigh was unique, as little likely to be moved by the random lie, and she would have found herself a follower. She is a personality apart, and her offence should have been judged on its merits. Common sense and justice alike would have refused to class her as one of a gang, or of a group. Even had this not been made clear from her obviously unique personality, it should have become so when the greater consideration of the nature of her offence. Only the accident of circumstance prevented her from taking life, and incidentally terminating her own at the end of a rope. That is crudely put, but a few crudities would have been more enlightening to the judge than the coloured imaginings roused by Mrs. Leigh's eloquence, which made him see in her the first of a long line of martyrs, all waiting to follow in her footsteps. Judge Madden's reasoning was ludicrous. When persons take the risks that Mrs. Leigh and her friends took, they take them on grounds which punishment will not affect. The punishment has been sized up long before the deed is committed. The great deterrent, did the judges but know it, lies in the nature of the offence itself—not in the severity of the legal punishment attached. When an individual has faced the possibility of the six-foot drop—a five years' sentence becomes by comparison a small thing. Still, it is five years; and for the sake of the vote! It is as queerly pathetic as is the Ulster insurrection, where men go to war in order to remain governed from the effete institution at Westminster, and to rid themselves of tyrannical government from Dublin. And they will not lift a finger to rid themselves from the capitalist thuggish which makes Belfast a hell on earth. But it is no use arguing points with people who are convinced. They themselves will have to work through to truer convictions on their own account. At present, their convictions, even though they be wrong, are their own; and they are prepared to pay the piper for the tune they may call up. One wonders whether, in case there be insurrection in Ulster, Mr. Bonar Law, the Cecils, and Mr. F. E. Smith will fight alongside the rebels, or whether they mean to imitate the W.S.P. Union—to lay their political money, so to speak, on the combatants—and constitute themselves the claque at a safe distance. It is a nice point, upon which turns the morality or immorality of their position.
The Case of Penelope.

THE philosophers of Laputa, it will be remembered, had very great hopes of the destruction of the breed of totally bald sheep. That it was not the nature of sheep to be bald in no way disturbed them. Sheep should rise superior to their own nature. Nor did they ask themselves whether the sheep would be happier bald than woolly. Baldness is the last thing they aspire to. They are here merely hard to acquire nearly two thousand years past. They will not trouble any longer to inquire whether these attributes are natural to us, or why we should be any the better for them. We are still a very long way from the general revaluation of moral qualities. (This is what the Nietzscheans barbarously and tauntingly call the transvaluation of all values.) It is obvious that we can only test them when we have agreed on a standard of excellence. What the public wants is happiness; what is wrong with the public way of thinking? Religious people tell you that they seek only to do the will of their Father in heaven (though they admit that it makes them happy to do it). Many gentlemen in Chelsea and Camden Town are understood to live for Art alone. Other people count happiness as nothing against Unity. I meet people every day who assure me that their own happiness is the last thing they have in mind. They merely do their duty as links in the chain of causation, as atoms in the void, as rungs in a golden ladder, as stepping stones to a higher plane, as experiments in race-culture, as ancestors of the superman, as outposts of empire, or bearers of the white man's burden, or as something of that sort. I don't know what value these disinterested persons attach to the European moral code. To those of us who can conceive no higher good than happiness half the ideals proposed by our civilisation seem as empty as the dream of the sages of Laputa.

In the beginning, I imagine, that course of conduct was good which increased the general happiness. But some day the world would cease to be governed by the slave. Next came the ascetics, who set up as atoms in the void, as rungs in a golden ladder, as stepping stones to a higher plane, as experiments in race-culture, as ancestors of the superman, as outposts of empire, or bearers of the white man's burden, or as something of that sort. I don't know what value these disinterested persons attach to the European moral code. To those of us who can conceive no higher good than happiness half the ideals proposed by our civilisation seem as empty as the dream of the sages of Laputa.

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for envy or congratulation. It might even be urged that such constancy diminished their sum of happiness by limiting their experience and their fellowship with mankind. To elevate such stability into an ideal seems to me one of the saddest of all human weaknesses. The virtue of Penelope consists in refusing to her ace of wealth the obedience of the slave. Her abstinence benefited her absent lord it is not easy to see. Nor did Odysseus (sensibly enough) refuse out of consideration for her the extremely generous hospitality of Circe and Calypso. The modern ideal is that both husband and wife in the like case should imitate the abstinence of Penelope. How the happiness of either can be increased by the knowledge of the self-denial of the other, it is difficult for the altruistic mind to perceive. If Odysseus had been whelmed beneath the wave and never returned to Ithaca, how would his spouse's fidelity have advantaged anyone?

Yet, that conjugal fidelity should have been extolled in those days is comprehensible enough. Penelope was the property of her husband, and it would have distressed him very much to find that his property had been used by other people without his leave. The mediaval knight who resorted to mechanical means to ensure the fidelity of his wife before his departure for the crusades did not look upon moral allegiance, not to other lords and mistresses, but he was concerned for the integrity of his house and dreaded lest some other man's children might be fobbed off upon him as his own. Here we have practical grounds for fidelity; but following the usual tendency of mankind, the thing has come to be venerated for its own sake, even when the grounds of its existence have passed away. Strangely enough, it is women who value most highly the standards of behaviour imposed on them as a consequence of their vassalage to man.

Montaigne asks in wonder if there is any animal stupider than man. We have always death, disease, old age, work, and the weather to make us comfortable, but we have sometimes distrusted ourselves. Man is better equipped than any other creature to be self-sufficient. Unattainable, empty, obsolete ideals continue to be dangled before us like carrots before the donkey. Not that the donkey is such a fool as we, since he would certainly enjoy the carrots if he got them. Instead of taking thought how we may make ourselves and each other happier here below, we are rather inclined to boast how miserable we have made ourselves on the other's account.

Meanwhile, man's peculiar virtue, that which raises him above all creation, the noblest of all qualities, lies neglected. Ours is the great gift of pity. It is greater than barren chastity, wider than starving fidelity. It is not the virtue of the love bird or the deer, but man's own proud prerogative. It may not bind a man to his wife or his master, but it will bind him in sympathy to all that lives. From pity spring benevolence, clemency, helpfulness. It is the virtue that ministers to us in our cradle and on our deathbed. Without its children no society could hang together. Instead of cultivating this, our great inheritance, we have run after such shadows as chastity and fidelity, the virtues of other creatures, and immortalized to them the lives of countless men and women in every age and clime. If half the moral energy directed towards keeping us "pure" and faithful to our first mates had been directed towards making us kind, this earth would, ere now, have been a paradise. Honour, chastity, loyalty—what crimes have been done in these names! "There is not," says Maeterlinck, "a lie, a prejudice, an error, a convention, a half-truth which may not present itself as a duty to an incomplete conscience. But in the conscience which the living light has illuminated, it is difficult to acclimatise those sombre and pitiless duties which urge man on to unhappiness and death. There exist no more prejudices that demand tears, no more conventions that demand our attention of the day, when the sun of righteousness has illumined the consciousness of all men, we shall perceive that there is but one duty and one virtue, which is to do the utmost possible good and the least possible harm, and to love our neighbour as ourselves—and from that duty no drama can spring."

EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.

Usury

(THE PRIME CAUSE OF WANT AND UNEMPLOYMENT.)

The proposition, "that usury or the payment for the use of things is immoral, and the prime cause of poverty and unemployment," will no doubt create as much surprise as would one condemning slavery if proposed by a member of one of the slave-holding States a century ago. Indeed, the institution of slavery is of the same order as the usury system. If half the moral energy directed towards keeping us "pure" and women in every age and clime, has! It was to the Old Testament writings that the cotton planters appealed in justification of slavery. The economic and social structure of the Southern States was reared upon slave traffic. But to-day you would have to search far and wide for a single apologist or defender of that system, which was finally wiped out in blood. The whole of our modern society has for its economic basis a system that has been far more universally denounced as immoral and unjustifiable than ever slavery was—a system which has been forbidden by all the great religions of the world, Jewish, Mohammedan, and Christian, both Catholic and Protestant—and against which hundreds of civil laws have been passed. Almost every great moral teacher, from Moses to John Ruskin, has condemned the system of usury as injurious to the commonwealth and fatal to society. It has occupied the minds of some of the greatest thinkers for the last four thousand years. A whole library of books has been produced against it as well as in its defence. What is usury? It is the execution of a payment for the use of things, and particularly for the use of money. Our ancestors were probably more honest than we are, for they regarded the execution of three per cent as a violation of the moral law as the imposition of 100 per cent. It is true we have made a subtle distinction between the exaction of a low percentage and a high one, by designating the former "interest" and the latter "usury." And, although the moral principle involved is the same, we regard the banker who charges five per cent. interest on a loan as a Christian gentleman worthy of a peerage and a seat in the House of Lords, whilst the Bloomsbury moneylender who charges anywhere from 60 to 6oo per cent. is regarded as an outcast, an Ishmaelite—a distinction very much like that drawn by society between the wholesaler and the retailer, between the man who sells tea by the hundredweight and the man who sells by the pound. Our modern code of morals, like our clothes, are evidently cut to suit modern conveniences and modern fashion. We
punish the small gambler, but honour the heavy speculator. We fine the shopkeeper who employs his capital for personal profit on Sundays, but permit the banker and landlord to charge rent and interest for their capital on every day in the year. The person found guilty of inflicting cruelty on dumb animals is subjected to a penalty of fine and imprisonment, but a bench of magistrates can torture a child of twelve, ruin his future and his parents, and escape with nothing but newspaper notoriety!

So elastic is our standard of morality—like the standard of value—that it registers heavily when a man or child steals a loaf or pair of shoes, and is motionless when a financial magnate by certain financial jugglery steals an enterprise, or corners cotton, or when a banker lends money on debentures and waits his opportunity to foreclose and confiscates the business and ruins shareholders.

Indeed, the morality of to-day is generally regarded as that rule of conduct which keeps people outside prison doors. Do what you like so long as your acts do not bring you within grasp of the law. This question of the righteousness of interest or usury is a very old one. It has had its defenders and its opponents, and has had an enormous influence upon civilisation. Its tenacity is doubtless due to human selfishness, for it provides the surest means for enjoyment without effort. Usury presents us with the spectacle of an enemy furnishing—in theory, at least—an everlasting supply of goods. A man who can secure £100,000 may live a life of ease and enjoyment without labour, and his children and children's children apparently for ever, so long as the present legally established economic system may last. And throughout this unlimited period of centuries, the original wealth will not diminish by a cent, for it is multiplied. Indeed, if owners are careful and saving, they may not only procure all these good things, but the capital itself may be increased almost indefinitely. A truly magical system, one might imagine, and worthy of careful examination.

Both the ancient world and the Christian middle ages were loud in its denunciation. They utterly condemned and forbade it. The laws of Moses forbade it as between Jews, but permitted the Jew to take it from a Gentile—a freedom they have ever since faithfully availed themselves of. In Rome it was forbidden between Roman citizens by the Lex Genucia, 322 B.C., and later by the Lex Sempronia and the Lex Gabrinia, the prohibition was extended to the Socii and those doing business with provincials. Plato in the Laws says: "No one shall deposit money with another whom he does not trust as a friend, nor shall he lend money upon interest." Aristotle in his Politics says: "Of the two sorts of money-making, one, as I have just said, is a part of household management, and the other is retail trade, the former necessary and desirable, the latter a kind of exchange which is justly censured, for it is unnatural, and a mode by which men gain from one another. The most hated sort, and with the greatest reason, is usury, which makes a gain out of money itself and not from the natural use of it. For money was intended to be used in exchange, but not to increase at interest. And this term Usury, which means the birth of money from money, is applied to the breeding of money because the "offspring resembles the parent. Therefore of all modes of making money this is the most unnatural."

The logic of these teachings was this: since money is naturally barren, the lender's gain can only come from defrauding the borrower. Cato, Seneca, Plutarch, and other ancient moralists con-demn the practice. The founders of the Christian Church were particularly severe against it. As the Roman anti-usury laws fell into desuetude, oppression grew and the exploitation and slavery of debtors by rich creditors appeared in a hateful light to those who taught the gospel of love and charity. Even the noble Brutus was not above exacting usury at the rate of 60 per cent., notwithstanding his declaration that he "would rather coin his heart and drop his blood for drachmas, than to wring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash by any indirection."

The injunction in St. Luke, "Lend, hoping for nothing else in return," stood as a barrier against this practice of usury among Christians for ages. The Catholic Church was true to this doctrine for centuries, and in France usury was legally forbidden down to the eighteenth century. The theologians were almost to a man opposed to it for twelve centuries. Then the lawyers began to work at it, and John Calvin gave it the support of his powerful influence.

It was forbidden in England by Parliament as early as Edward III.'s time, 1341. But prohibition finally gave way to State regulation. In the reign of Henry VIII. usury was limited to 10 per cent. To charge more was punishable by law. In the reign of James I. it was limited to 8 per cent., and for the first time the word "interest" appears in the Statutes in the place of the far more descriptive and older word, "usury." It was, however, in popular use before this, for Shakespeare and other writers mention it. You will remember Shylock says:

"He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
Even there where merchants most do congregate
On me, my bargains and my well won thrift,
Which he calls interest.
Even where usury was limited by law, our legis­lators wished it to be understood that they in no wise considered it moral even to accept interest below the legal limit.

In the Act of James I. (1623) the following sen­tence occurs:

"Provided that no words in this statute contained shall be construed or expounded to allow the practice of usury in point of religion or conscience."

In 1651 the Commonwealth reduced the legal rate to 6 per cent., and in 1713, by an Act of Queen Anne, it was further reduced to 5 per cent. All legal restrictions were finally removed under Mr. Gladstone in 1887 as being in restraint of trade. In 1900 we have a Money-lenders Act, directed ostensibly against excessive interest charges. But as it is left to the private opinion of our Judges to determine what rate is excessive, and as one or two Judges have declared that even 100 per cent. is not too heavy a rate under certain conditions, this Act, so far as preventing oppression is concerned, is of little effect. For nearly six centuries usury has been either prohibited in England or regulated by law—except for a period of thirteen years. In the Protestant Church usury was also forbidden in the Canon Law for centuries.

Martin Luther said: "There is on earth no greater enemy, after the devil, than a gripe-money or usurer, for he wants to be God over all men."

The Roman Catholic Church condemned it until the time of Pius VIII, 1830, when the Church de­cided that those persons who regarded the fact that the Civil Law fixed a certain rate of interest as in itself a sufficient reason for taking interest were not to be disturbed. Although permitting this "compromise with the devil," as the Fathers of the Church would have termed it, the Holy See has
never retracted its teachings against usury. The English Bishops of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were strongly against it. Bishop Jewell said: "It is a filthy gain, a work of darkness and a monster in nature." Bishop Sandys said: "As for usury, it is none other than theft." "Usury," said Lord Bacon, "bringeth the treasure of a realm into few hands."

For the past century the voice of the Church has been stilled. How could it be otherwise, seeing that a large portion of its income is derived from this source? In later times the only opposition has come from Anarchists and Socialists, from writers such as John Ruskin and William Morris. Ruskin went so far as to devote to the public a large part of his inheritance which had been gained from the practice of usury. No word of opposition to this evil is ever heard at the present day from any Church pulpit or religious body. After centuries of ostracism, usury emerges triumphant. It is the victory of greed and mammon over religion and reason and the very law of nature are against it; a monster in nature." Bishop Harper said: "As for usury, it is none other than theft." "Usury," said Lord Bacon, "bringeth the treasure of a realm into few hands."

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Inquiries at other hours to be made at 16, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.
temperamental desire to be a tyrant. No one would permit such a neurotic weakling to govern them. But with a small capital, the most impotent man, whom no sane person would put in charge of the family does not imply the worship of the child. The Puritans, who maintained the family in its most rigid form, disliked the child. The President of the Mothers' Union, when she gave evidence before the Divorce Law Commission, adopted a tone which should have brought upon her the attention of the R.S.P.C.C. It was nothing to her that children are brought up in homes devastated by a drunken mother or an adulterous husband. It was nothing to her that Strindberg's marriage rendered hateful by incomparability of temper should have brought upon her the attention of the R.S.P.C.C. It was nothing to her that children are brought up in homes devastated by a drunken mother or an adulterous husband. It was nothing to her that Strindberg's marriage rendered hateful by incomparability of temper should have brought upon her the attention of the R.S.P.C.C.
Mother-Interest and Child-Training.

There is, quite naturally, much confusion of thought as to what is the part of maternal duty in that long and careful tending of the young human plant which is necessary before we can produce the fully developed adult human being. The confusion arises from the fact that the maternal part is mixed up in some of our minds inextricably with what are regarded as equally sacred duties—duties to houses and clothes, to pots and pans, and to forage and ferret. It is significant that every time this point is made the maternal ties are accosted by the question: what is the part of maternal duties? The first statement quoted was made when the point was never thoroughly clearly about this matter till we accustom our minds to regard women as individual human beings, and the difficulties, pointed out by a correspondent in a former article, will not appear so formidable if we can succeed in detaching women from our preconceived ideas of what their “duties” are. The first statement quoted by the correspondent was made when the point under discussion was the proposal frequently advocated by reformers, that the mother should have a legal right to half her husband’s wages (should his economic position be so low that there is no available margin to draw upon), and to a legal allowance (should his income be big enough), in return for your three children, of doubtful paternity, and your book is typical of the English gentleman. Strindberg was a good man: he believed in marriage, the home, the family. The horror of his sin sends one running back to the feet of God. Who is Sir Jesse Boot that he should stand between us and God?

Rebecca West.

The Free Woman

August 22, 1912
Why is it necessary to keep wifehood and motherhood bound to primitive domestic conditions? Let us try to face facts squarely. We want—yes, we want—we want our women to be economically independent of their husbands. But we, and they, want to be wives and mothers. To the larger number of women, the only way to the latter is by dependence on man and by undertaking certain washing, scrubbing, and cooking duties. The fact that a woman may have a positive loathing for domestic cobbling is not taken into account at all—it does not matter, apparently. If the State endows her when she becomes a mother, it is, presumably, paying her to look after her baby, because the baby belongs to the State. And, of course, she cannot be allowed to go to the factory and to pay somebody else to look after her baby, because, naturally, if the State employs her to do certain work it will want that work done in a particular way! What is the good of being a master if you cannot command obedience? So there is a proposal to pay the mother to tend her child. But she has another employer. Whom does she have to undertake a number of "domestic duties." If she neglects these in order to attend to her State duties, may this other employer not have a right to complain? And who shall determine how much of one and how much of the other duty is the right proportion?

It is, presumably, only proposed to endow poor mothers—those whose husbands earn less than £100 per year. To make the endowment sufficient to relieve a woman of economic dependence on her husband, it would be necessary that the sum should be substantial enough to keep her and all her children who are not old enough to keep themselves. Is the State really going to do as much as this for its poor women, in order to enable them to tend their babies? If not, it is sheer nonsense to talk of a small weekly dole, given to prevent poor mothers from earning their own living, relieving them of economic dependence on their husbands. Such an interference with their already restricted liberty would but bind the shackles of dependence on them closer, and would tend still further to the perpetuation of a producing race with slave institutions. You cannot separate a slave mother from slave mothers, and husband-kept State-kept women can never know the meaning of liberty.

We are so used to "keeping" women—to herding them together as a dependent whole—that there is another point which seldom occurs to us. They are individuals, and differ individually. Many women are quite fit to be mothers, both mentally and physically, who are totally unfit to tend young babies, either their own or anybody else's. A very special kind of woman is needed for this most important office. During years of much peregrination, I have met numbers of women who for various reasons have no child of their own, but who are none the less mother-women. The special talents of these women, by our stupid social and economic arrangements, are lost to the community. I have one woman in mind. Her own three children are now completely grown-up; but her arms are always aching for babies, and babies love to be in those arms. She is a veritable sunbeam—a cheerful, laughter-loving mother-woman. Her infinite capacity for mothering is wasted on three children, though that number is quite sufficient for one woman to bear in these days. She should be employed, either by parents or else by the State, in the same way in which the State employs women to teach children of older years, to mother the babies of the women who, though passionately loving and beloved mothers, are capable of satisfactorily performing other work, and are quite unfit (not physically, but temperamentally) to tend young children. Who should at tend—wasting money which otherwise might be used to endow working women?—some of us propose to endow working women—with a view to binding them still closer to the domestic cobbling business—without even consulting their own wishes, is not the least item in the charge against us.

But there are many earnest people to whom endowment of a motherhood instead of the poor is the only way out of a deplorable state of starving maternity and childhood. But is it, really? Why not demand the same facilities for poor mothers and their children as those enjoyed by women whose husbands are better off? If it is not wrong for a well-to-do woman to spend a few hours away from her child daily, it cannot be wrong for the poor woman. If it is beneficial for well-to-do children to have specially selected women, and specially selected rooms, gardens, and every other facility for healthy growth, it could not be bad for the children of the poor. Instead, therefore, of giving an individual mother a few shillings a week—not enough to enable her to hire a nurse, or even to live where the air is pure, one supposes!—why not make beautiful baby gardens, quite near to the homes of the parents, and gather in all the hungry mother-infants? Why not demand that we shall pass a law to endow all poor mothers, and not just a few—we do not object to State-educated children, but we specially want to endow working women into this truly blessed State service, and let individual mothers, like individual fathers, follow whatever bent they are fitted for. Fathers, by the way, do not love their children less—but possibly more—because they leave them for a number of hours daily. Then why should mother-love be conceived to be of so much weaker quality? Or, if we object to State-care for children before they are five (we do not object to State-educated children), why should not father and mother combine to keep the baby gardens and to pay the "mothers"?

A baby loves and thrives on a sunny mother, and the company of other babies is as dear to its baby soul as is the company of other children as it grows older. My baby would have been as carelessly tended in a little house with a nervous, irritable mother, who is oppressed ever with a sense of crowding, stifling, absurd little duties, which absorb her, as by myself, and any baby would grow better in such an atmosphere than shut up in a little house with a nervous, irritable mother, who is oppressed ever with a sense of crowding, stifling, absurd little duties, which absorb the whole-hearted attention which should be given to the child. Babies are well or ill looked after by personal mothers, and are, in the latter it is doubtful whether endowment of individual mothers
would mend matters. The implacable natural pressure on a mother to tend her child is so great that it seems there is some cause which endowment will not cure.

But what about the "domestic duties"? Well, what about them? Is there some changeless, immutable law, binding on women who marry, to thereafter spend their days in keeping little houses clean and in cooking little dinners? No woman who has anything more interesting to do, and who can afford to pay somebody else to do it, does her own family washing. No woman scrubs her own doorstep if she can find a job more to her taste. Why should it be so horrible for poor women to contemplate somebody else doing these jobs for them than it is for well-to-do women to have them done? "What! Is the labourer's wife to keep a servant?" say the wives of our shocked rulers. "Where, then, will our servants come from?"

Again we are up against the ancient bugbear—primitive domestic conditions. But why keep them primitive? At one time the poor had no sanitary conveniences. But even the poorest townswoman now has her servants taking away some of the disagreeables of civilised existence. Why must the poor man's wife always be regarded as his only household scavenger? At one time she also spun and wove his clothing. He still gets clothed, though she has ceased to do this. No doubt his home would not cease to be a home because other people besides his wife kept it clean. Middle-class women have not despoiled the home to do the domestic scavenging, and middle-class homes are as fixed a national institution as are the homes of the poor. Anyway, if it is necessary to organise domestic cleaning on lines which will give the working man's wife an opportunity to work out her own economic freedom, who shall say it has no right to be done? Why do our ideas of reform nearly always take the form of restricting the liberty of women? Why should the State lay it down, for instance, that if a woman chooses to be a mother, and neither she nor her husband have income sufficient to save her from State interference, that she must give up whatever work she may be efficiently performing, and devote herself in future to housework? Is she to be an endless succession of servants, in order to keep up the endowment (since babies have an awkward habit of leaving babyhood behind)? or, when her children are grown, is she to try to pick up the threads of her former work—if she can? For she must face the fact that though she may be strong and capable as of yore, yet the opportunity to begin where she left off may be lacking. Is this strong, capable woman to be pensioned off in early middle life, or, existing only as a child-bearer, is she to be cast on the scrap-heap when her individual baby-tending is of necessity over?

Women cannot live individual lives and develop on individual lines whilst nearly all are forced to follow one occupation, and are dependent for a livelihood either on men or on State endowment.

It should be necessary to say that it might be desirable for women's industrial or professional work to be performed by substitutes some little time before and after the birth of a child. But an interruption of a year, at most, once or twice in a lifetime ought not to tax our powers of arrangement, either industrial, professional, or economic. Many people take holidays of that length, and if their salaries are sufficiently large this is no need to call in charity, to keep them, meanwhile.

There is nothing to fear, either to the home or to the child, from the freedom of the mother! No arms will ever be so sweet to a baby as those wherein the mother-heart is found; and a mother's precious office will never be superseded, even amongst the crowding delights of a childhood tended by all the picked brains and hands in the country (which should all be in private life, to save the service of every mother's child). But a mother who has at last struggled to her feet, who has shaken off the shackles which bound her, who stands free before the world, capable of providing for her own and her child's needs, and therefore dependent on none; who has grasped the meaning of human motherhood—which is no less than the mothering of the human race; a mother who grows daily with her child's growth—ah! what a mother the children of the future shall know!

ADA NIELD CHEW.

First Nights of London Plays.

A FIRST NIGHT audience is unlike any other. It is hypercritical, or keenly curious, or merely desirous of saying, "I was there the First Night!" The second or the third would not be the same.

To a section of this audience "the play's the thing." To another portion it isn't. To a third it doesn't seem half so important as Lady Lovelace's gown, or the Duchess of Maxborough's jewels; or, again, as the new Paris modes that the leading actress will advertise. Certain members of Society are doing their own fashionable thing under the name of "First Nighters." The St. James' and His Majesty's have a special clientèle. A new production at either is a feature in social events, and the stalls and boxes present as many well-known faces as the Park in the season. This audience has no special interest in the play it has come to see. It merely presents a well-bred curiosity as its contribution to the occasion. Dotted here and there among the stalls are the bored and stage-wearied critics, whose duty it will be to hash up a rechauffé of old phrases and stereotyped comments; grudging praise, or sarcastic condemnation. They, at least, are all-important, and have a superb consciousness of power. It does not matter if their dress-coats are shiny at the collar, or their dress-shirts less perfectly glazed than those of the lounging critic. Their only attribute of novelty. They know not only the boredom of the bored and stage-wearied critics, whose duty it is to be a mother, and neither she nor her husband have income sufficient to save her from State interference, that she must give up whatever work she may be efficiently performing, and devote herself in future to housework? Is she to be an endless succession of servants, in order to keep up the endowment (since babies have an awkward habit of leaving babyhood behind)? or, when her children are grown, is she to try to pick up the threads of her former work—if she can? For she must face the fact that though she may be strong and capable as of yore, yet the opportunity to begin where she left off may be lacking. Is this strong, capable woman to be pensioned off in early middle life, or, existing only as a child-bearer, is she to be cast on the scrap-heap when her individual baby-tending is of necessity over?

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To the critic a "First Night audience" is Himself. There may be some half-dozen or more concocted beings of his persuasion in distant stalls, or hemmed in between feminine backs and stupendous coiffures, but he is not concerned with them. He keeps a stern eye on the nervous actor-manager, and casually sharpens a bludgeon for the forthcoming attack. He hears whispers that offer tribute to his "well-known personality." "That is So-and-so.
So, the critic of —— "—whatever great daily or insignificant weekly he represents. "I wonder what he thinks?" "I wonder what he will say?" "I'm afraid he doesn't consider it up to much." This is his meed of homage. For this will he light the midnight gas burner, or take his quota of electric light? To be seen, first night audience is part and parcel of critical advantages.

There is an intellectual ferocity about the dramatic critic, singularly adapted to the exigencies of his profession. For there are so many bad plays produced, and so many good ones ignored, that a "New" drama or comedy is something in the nature of an ordeal to true dramatic instincts. What they represent to the undramatic instinct may, of course, be pure bliss or genuine appreciation. That is why a critic of the First Night audience does not mean the success of a play. There is an enthusiasm of custom, an enthusiasm of favour, and an enthusiasm of emotion to be reckoned with, quite apart from the interest of self-interested humanity. And the dramatist knows, and the actor-manager knows, and the stage puppets know, that the best and most appreciative section of theatre-goers are debarred from "First Nights." But it is of course an amusing person "booed!" It may be injudicious to manifest appreciation, but also it is a joy to the appreciated. It may be cowardly to summon an unfortunate author before the curtain and then overwhelm him with hisses, but also it is a lesson not to tamper with British prejudices and stage traditions. The Gallery and Pit are the true critics of the drama, and what they don't approve or can't understand is the only criterion of dramatic intelligence! Between the brilliant social stars and the captious critical element and the keenly interested "gods," the First production hovers and trembles, and appeals, and too often—fails; not by reason of its inferiority, or its weakness, but by sheer force of psychic antagonism. It has to fight against the cold indifference of vanity, the harsh mandates of criticism, and the wearied and weakened attention of those to whom a First Night means also a tyrannous power. A power unchecked by authority, and grown to superhuman importance by reason of unrestraint. The sea of faces in the gallery glow with the fierce desire of aggression. Life is hard for them in so many ways; but here, in this one supreme moment, they are at liberty to hit back at life. To demand equal right of judgment with the dress-coated gentlemen of the stalls, the ille deur of the boxes.

Perhaps what the stage presents is too fine-drawn, too aesthetically unreal for their tastes. It lacks what they feel should be there, because in life as they know life it would be there; therefore, to them, the play is a failure. They take no count of what author, producer, actor and actress, and the whole staff concerned and interested in the production may be suffering, or may have to suffer. It is a First Night, and First Night disapprobation must be manifested.

The Gallery seizes its one and only chance of equality, the one instant in which to prove the worth of self-education and free libraries. It is a self-constituted critic of the British drama, and woe betide those who would rob it of its rights, even by the innovation of a reserved seat at the sacrifice of personal comfort! That has been tried upon a First Night audience with disastrous results. Apart from the toilets of Society, the glory of recognising critics "in the flesh," the disappointment of seeing that celebrities look as ugly and commonplace as mere nobodies, what is there to rank a "First Night" superior to a second, or a sixth? The play itself would go very much better at a later production. The performers would be less nervous, the scene-shifters more capable, and the prompter less obtrusive.

It only needs some social power to give night Six a more distinguishing cachet than night One, and forthwith the sixth-night audience would be the audience to decide the merits of a play. They might insist that all plays (even the best) should run for one whole week before it is decided to let them run for one whole month. By this means the British drama would be less a propaganda of originality than a helpful advertisement of what "you never can tell."

For assuredly the approbation of a First Night audience does not mean the success of a play. There is an enthusiasm of custom, an enthusiasm of favour, and an enthusiasm of emotion to be reckoned with, quite apart from the interest of self-interested humanity. And the dramatist knows, and the actor-manager knows, and the stage puppets know, that the best and most appreciative section of theatre-goers are debarred from "First Nights." But it is of course an amusing person "booed!" It may be injudicious to manifest appreciation, but also it is a joy to the appreciated. It may be cowardly to summon an unfortunate author before the curtain and then overwhelm him with hisses, but also it is a lesson not to tamper with British prejudices and stage traditions. The Gallery and Pit are the true critics of the drama, and what they don't approve or can't understand is the only criterion of dramatic intelligence! Between the brilliant social stars and the captious critical element and the keenly interested "gods," the First production hovers and trembles, and appeals, and too often—fails; not by reason of its inferiority, or its weakness, but by sheer force of psychic antagonism. It has to fight against the cold indifference of vanity, the harsh mandates of criticism, and the wearied and weakened attention of those to whom a First Night means also a tyrannous power. A power unchecked by authority, and grown to superhuman importance by reason of unrestraint. The sea of faces in the gallery glow with the fierce desire of aggression. Life is hard for them in so many ways; but here, in this one supreme moment, they are at liberty to hit back at life. To demand equal right of judgment with the dress-coated gentlemen of the stalls, the ille deur of the boxes.

Perhaps what the stage presents is too fine-drawn, too aesthetically unreal for their tastes. It lacks what they feel should be there, because in life as they know life it would be there; therefore, to them, the play is a failure. They take no count of what author, producer, actor and actress, and the whole staff concerned and interested in the production may be suffering, or may have to suffer. It is a First Night, and First Night disapprobation must be manifested.

The Gallery seizes its one and only chance of equality, the one instant in which to prove the worth of self-education and free libraries. It is a self-constituted critic of the British drama, and woe betide those who would rob it of its rights, even by the innovation of a reserved seat at the sacrifice of personal comfort! That has been tried upon a First Night audience with disastrous results. Apart from the toilets of Society, the glory of recognising critics "in the flesh," the disappointment of seeing that celebrities look as ugly and commonplace as mere nobodies, what is there to
barren dress circle are not calculated to inspire dramatic effort or effects. As long as there are new plays, so long must there be First Night audiences. Full-dressed or semi-dressed bejewelled occupants of stall and box, representatives of Government, of art, of literature, and of those daily and weekly journals which make the dramatist's life a heavier burden than it has made itself. Occasionally, too, come chance stars of other days, flashing the light of past successes on present hopelessness, playing a part even when not called upon to do so, rapturous of applause, loud of criticism, keen of technical deficiencies, feeling that the eyes of the audience have recognised them even in an anonymous rôle.

A curious medley this audience, taken one with another. Presenting an impassive front to tragedy because it is "bad form" to be emotional in public. Leaving laughter and tears to the gods, and keeping boredom and animadversion for the lower-seated immortals! Not inclined to be easily pleased; chary of decided opinions; safeguarded by platitudes and reminiscences. Here—because it's the thing to be here. Bored—because the stage is only one degree less boring than life—as they live it. Regretful of the lost rubber of bridge, the hurried and early dinner; giving one quota of brain-interest I take in politics. Alwes reads the Parliamentary intelligence in the "Daily Blues." "Lot o' good yer politics does yer," interjected his wife. "Makes yer waste yer time readin' the papers and goin' to meetin's instead of attendin' to yer business."

"You'll be a lady yet, and 'ave a three-course dinner like the best of 'em, instead of just a 'addick to yer tea." "Don't see wot that's got to do with us," replied his wife. "And it means more taxes for us to pay." "Whatever do you mean, Charlie?" she asked tearfully. "We've been losing steadily for weeks past, and I can't see as 'ow we can go on to to the work'ouse or Canada. We're both young still, it's true, but I don't take kindly to leavin' the old country and goin' to live among a lot o' strangers." "Cheer up, old gal," said Charlie. "You're waste yer time readin' the 'ouse of Commons—let 'em manage it."

"No, I can't," snapped his wife, "and that's the truth." "You never 'ad much of an 'eadpiece, good wife though you are," said Charlie, pityingly. "But can't yer see wot I'm drivin' at?"

"Why, d'cher suppose M.P.'s get a regular screw?" asked Charlie. "Because they want money fer doin' nothin'," said his wife. "And everythin' goin' up in price and less money to spend," ejaculated his wife. Charlie took no notice, but went on. "Every man of ability is eligible for Parliamentary honours, and each class can be represented. The 'ouse of
 Commons is no longer the private preserve of the younger sons of the bloated aristocracy and rich Commons is no longer the private preserve of the younger sons of the bloated aristocracy and rich
Commons is no longer the private preserve of the younger sons of the bloated aristocracy and rich
Commons is no longer the private preserve of the younger sons of the bloated aristocracy and rich

"Now £400 a year is a nice tidy sum, and I never found torkin' 'ard work."
"That's true," said his wife, and Charlie scowled.
"And yer get long 'olidays with money ter spend, not just a day at the seaside now and then. Wy shouldn't I stand for Parliament, give up this bloomin' little shop, which don't give no scope to sporin' 'ard work.

Annie stared at her husband open-mouthed.

The vision conjured up in her mind left her speechless for a minute or two.

"But you'd never get in," she managed to gasp out at last.
"Wy not," asked Charlie, with natural indignation.
"There's lots of chaps no better than me in Parliament now, 'oo only got there because they can spout by the yard. Windbags and nothin' else. They'll tork yer blue in the face and they're ready to promise you anythin' in this world and the next, so long as you'll only vote for them. Seem's to me the game's easy enough, and I don't see wy I shouldn't try me 'and at it."
"Well," admitted his wife, "'tis true that yer tork everyone's 'ead off at them political meetings.

"But as ter promises yer ready enough to make them, but when it comes to keepin' them——"
"That don't matter in politics," interrupted Charlie hastily. "Stamps is the only rare, refreshing bit we've 'ad yet."
"Takin' one thing with another, seem's to me as if yer might do better in the torkin' line than in the grocery line," remarked his wife, after some reflection. "It wants a steady, level-'eaved man—

Whereas when it's question o' gassing, you'd 'old yer nose and let 'em in. Whereas when it's question of gas, you'd 'old yer nose and let the gas in. Whereas when it's question of gas, you'd 'old yer nose and let the gas in. Whereas when it's question of gas, you'd 'old yer nose and let the gas in.

And as ter promises yer ready enough to make them, but when it comes to keepin' them——"
"Well, Annie," Charlie hastily. "Stamps is the only rare, refreshing bit we've 'ad yet."

"The fact o' the matter is, Annie, you never did understand that a clever, brainy chap like me's wasted in a business concern. I don't mind tellin' yer that I've plenty of notions as to 'ow the country should be governed, because I'm a thoughtful sort of feller and read the 'Daily Blues' regular."
"If yer can't manage yer own business, I don't see 'ow yer goin' to manage the country. But still, £400 a year's worth tryin' for, and yer couldn't make a bigger mess of things than they do now—— 'Daily Blues' or no 'Daily Blues.'"

Charlie lit his pipe and indulged for a time in a pleasant day-dream. "£400 a year," he said, "a nice tidy little sum!"

HELEN HAMILTON.

Education from the Universal Standpoint.

VII—FATHERHOOD AND MOTHERHOOD.

It has been said that "Fatherhood is an accident, motherhood an occupation." If this has ever been true of human beings, it has only been true of town-dwelling man, and he had better go out in the country for a while and learn his duties from the birds that pick up the crumbs at any cottage doorway, for, until he learns them, he must stand disgraced and consider himself lower than they. If he will watch the birds, he will find that in many kinds the male does half the nest-building, half the incubating, half the feeding; that, in fact, the female lays the eggs, but otherwise does no more than the male. By watching them it will dawn upon him what he ought to do, without much explanation or command. But for the sake of the wife, who must carry the child in her womb, for the sake of the child and of himself, it would be well to mention some things which they might overlook or not discover till too late.

It must be remembered that we owe more to our children than merely to give them birth. Planting the seed is a matter of a moment, but much love and care is needed if the seed is to become a noble plant and produce noble blossoms and fruit. So it behoves us to do all in our power for our little ones. Now, in the first place, all children ought to be born in the spring, born with the rush of sap in the trees, with the return of blue skies, with the coming of the flowers and bird-songs, and the wondrous invisible force, that swoops down upon the earth and brings with it new life and power, and takes away disease and impurities. Moreover, the fact of being born under the planets that reign in the spring gives enormous spiritual advantages, which it is difficult to mention and difficult to overestimate. Indeed, the spring-born child has too many advantages to reckon, and these advantages are such as are potent through the whole of life, and are not merely transient. The child of an environment which has come into being in the spring knows no other environment, and its advantages are such as cannot be supplied by our education. Moreover, the children of such mixed parents are likely to have more advantages than merely to give them birth.

Education from the Universal Standpoint.
do not suggest that it is always wise to mix people of different colour yet, because the offspring is not always pure but, as nations grow nearer together, this prejudice will disappear, and mixed marriages will be regarded with favour. Stock-breeders all the world over recognise the value of introducing foreign blood into their animals, and it is only a matter of time before the whole human race recognises that this applies to itself, too, that the marriages of cousins or any near kin is a sin against the laws of nature; and that it is pure thoughts rather than pure blood that are the foundation of good marriages. Such restrictions tend towards greater physical strength, and it tends towards greater mental capacity and greater spiritual insight, too. The mongrel dog is a shrewder, kindlier, more sensible animal than his highly bred relations, and it is perfectly natural that this should be so. To see the bad effect of in-breeding, we have only to turn to any village where for generations it has been the custom to marry near kin, and it was found that the girls marry anyone outside of that village, and we find poor physique, poor intellect, and sadly limited vision.

There is another point which we ought to consider before discussing the actual marriage state. If we hope to find our true partner in life, it is useless to deliberately look for him or her. We do not find the one we love, but, after a time, he or she will find us. We cannot require the person we love to do things which we do not like, and we cannot expect the teacher to come for several generations. The world as a whole would not be ready before then.

PHILIP OYLER.
the Force that controls and creates, man could be no more a God than could a dog. You further on speak of "the obliteration of the image of God. This shall be, for the image of God as perfection or superman never has been. Man came into existence in a low form, with likeness more to the brute. He was never great, and is still lowly. His knowledge of his higher existence can not be expected. Even the idea of what he will eventually be cannot be clearly con­jectured. I agree with you when you seek guidance on the nature of man. A sense of what man really is, is the fundamental necessity of his life. Religion and gods, the god idea used in the superman sense or the supernatural sense, cannot help him as the knowledge of his place in the universe. I fail to see where religion creates an individual morality; the grievance against religion is that it makes no allowances for the individual. August 18th, 1912.

This letter All find a partial answer in the article on "Work and Life" in this week's issue, and in an article intended for next week's on "The Growing Ego" we hope to meet further difficulties. For the rest, in our opinion, our own philosophy, as expressed in THE FREEWOMAN, should provide some solution. It will, of course, be our solution. Whether it will be satisfactory to our corres­pondent will be for her to judge rather than ourselves.—ED.]

MR. WELLS ON INTELLECTUAL WOMEN.

MADAM,—Mr. Francis Grier­son, in his article in THE FREEWOMAN this week, comments in passing on Mr. Wells' later novels in terms which make one seriously doubt if he has read "The New Machiavelli." As the growing influence of the more intellectual type of woman is the subject of Mr. Grier­son's article, we are surprised to find that in "The New Machiavelli" there is the fullest recognition of the immense importance of such influence. It is a real amazing that any writer in a journal of ideas should say that Mr. Wells is the author of "intellectual movements." Surely the exact opposite is the case, and that his novels would furnish more than enough "serious material" to equip a round dozen of our philosophical essayists.

ISABEL LEATHAM.

MONEY AND INTEREST.

MADAM,—The difficulties raised by Mr. Greevy Fysher in his letter of the 16th inst. are entirely due to his failure to understand the true nature and functions of money. Money is not a commodity, scientifically speaking, and all the financial troubles of the past century, panics and bank failures, have been the natural result of laws which have forcibly associated legal tender with an expensive and scarce commodity. This has done more to hinder social and economic progress, to check wealth produc­tion, to enable the few to obtain control of the bulk of the capital of the world than anything else. The functions of money can only be properly performed by a valuable token or instrument. Even golden sovereigns can only circulate so long as their gold is not required. As soon as the gold is demanded they go out of circulation and are melted down. All the discussions which have raged over the "quantity theory" of money originated through the ignorance of the disputants on this subject. One doesn't hear of any "quantity theory" regarding postage stamps or railway tickets. These are issued on the theory that the supply should at least keep pace with the demand. You pay no more nor less for a postage stamp when there is an annual issue of too millions than when the issue is half this. Similarly with pawn-tickets and mortgages. The fact that there are 100,000 mortgages issued on properties doesn't affect your property if you desire to place a mortgage upon it. Money might, and should, obey the same rules. Supposing banks were permitted to issue notes against property, limited only by the property offered and by the demand for currency. The value of such currency would not (as now) be deter­mined by the amount in circulation, but by the property against which it is issued. Money, instead of containing within itself the value of the goods or services for which it is paid (which is merely barter), should be the right to demand such values at any time in any commodity de­sired by the holder. Now, as gold is one of the most useless and least desirable of all commodities, the public demand would, under such a system, become negligible. With freedom to monetise all commodities alike, the power of money would disappear, interest would cease to exist, and the desires of mankind would be to acquire useful and beautiful things instead of hoarding up gold with which to enslave others.

I have not the time to enlarge on this interesting sub­ject. I claim to have proved the truth of my assertions in my various works on money and banking, and respec­tfully refer those who wish for further information.
August 18th, 1912. ARTHUR KITSON.

THE END OF THE MONEY-MARKET.

MADAM,—Whilst heartily agreeing with Mr. Kitson in the basic principle of the reform which he advocates, I cannot but think that his opposition to the State control of the currency and banking of a nation and his preference for a currency to be issued by privately owned compe­titing banks will do much to defer the advent of the new exchange medium. His statement that "under freedom competitive ability furnishes efficiency and economy, so far unattainable where the State exercises con­trol," is not, I venture to assert, borne out by the facts we have before us. The administration of the General Post Office is an instance of how State control can produce efficiency, economy, and satisfaction. The Post Office has its faults, but they are bound up in our economic system, and do not arise because of State control.

Freedom is a condition to which we may evolve, but can never come "under," and it is quite impossible to imagine competition in a State whose members are eco­nomically free. Neither is competition a good principle to act upon, or one which has elevated mankind on the intellectual and spiritual planes, although it may have been done so, incidentally, on the material plane. The desire to surpass one's fellow-create in any particular activity, to emulate, to see one's country compete triumphantly against others in relation to commerce, territory, and power is a desire possessed by the unenlightened, chaining wage-slave, the factory-owner, business man, politi­cian, financier, and others of this kind. I am quite aware Mr. Kitson is opposed to this idea, both in sentiment and in theory; nevertheless, the individualistic doctrines he holds forces him to appeal to competition in connection with the solution of the money problem as the only alter­native to a national system of currency and banking.

Cut-throat competition might possibly bring the ex­penses connected with the issuance of the new currency to a low level, but in the end the competing banks would have to combine and form a "ring" to save themselves.

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

THE PROCKS FOR CHILDREN.

OF NEAREST RETAILER TO "DOGGLAFROC" (c/o "FREEWOMAN "). 16, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
and secure profits for their shareholders. And the end of such a "combine" or "trust" would be that the State would have to acquire movement which is pronounced in our time it is the movement towards State control and ownership of the means of existence. Governmental oppression and State control are two very different principles. The former is the result of the seizure of the political machinery by the so-called upper class, who, having used their power to their own advantage, are often accused of having "misused" such power. The latter is the result of democratic pressure. All true progress in the future will depend upon the elimination of the former principle and the development of the principle of State ownership. In this way the State, from having once been an instrument of oppression used by wealthy criminals for their own purposes, will become the willing tool of the people to the achievement of their economic emancipation. It will cease to be the master, and will assume its true rôle of servant.

The privileges and despotic powers which the existing Government have acquired, to quote the very wealthy few by means of the gold standard are, I think, more the result of ignorance than of injustice. Mr. Kitson must know that it is only of recent years that the true nature of money has been discovered. Mr. Proudhon is obscure at times, and it would be very difficult for anybody, reading Proudhon alone, to grasp the solution of the problem; whilst Karl Marx, in his chapter on the currency, is hopeless at sea. It can hardly be that our patrician Government willingly gives Mr. Pierpoint Morgan or any other very rich man the power to bankrupt this country if he so chooses, although they must know that Mr. Morgan could liquidate, say, 100 million pounds' worth of his securities on the various Stock Exchanges of the world, place the proceeds in the Bank of England, and then proceed to draw the whole amount out in gold, as he would have a perfect legal right so to do. The result would be more than "chaos"; it would be social revolution.

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THE HUMAN TRINITY.

MADAM,—Referring to your "Topics " of July 18th, it seems to me you magnify the importance of money as capital, as the instrument of the growth of the principles of State and monopoly, and the new money a State monopoly. Far better, then, to solve the question by making the issuance of National Bank notes upon approved security, and to have no power to call in loans provided the "collateral" remained intact.

(1) The National Bank notes to be issued in the same denominational values as at present in use, and, further, according to the convenience of the public. Thus £1, £2, and £10 notes would be issued to meet all ordinary demands. These notes will not represent the gold sovereign or any other metal or commodity. They will represent economic value in the terms of those denominational values as at present in use.

(2) The State banks to receive the power to issue their own notes, and to make the issuance of National Bank notes upon approved security, and to have no power to call in loans provided the "collateral" remained intact.

(3) The National Bank notes to be made legal tender.

(4) The National Bank notes to be made legal tender.

(5) The legal tender laws relating to gold to be abolished.

(6) Silver and copper coins to remain in use as token money, and silver as legal tender up to £2.

(7) A new law to be passed forbidding the issuance of paper money of any kind by private banks and corporations, and repealing the Bank Charter Act of 1844. (This would be necessary in order to prevent the issuance of "fiat" money, gold notes, and other forms of bogus paper money.)

The foregoing scheme, I submit, would provide a free national currency, and would terminate the reign of the money market, and would abolish all the evil consequences of it.

E. F. MILIUS.

August 18th, 1912.

THE HINT TO THE GOVERNMENT.

MADAM,—Forcible feeding is a relic of the bad old days. We have been told in Canada, the buccaneer kidnapped, to hold land and put a money value on it, and charge money for the right to work. Money is the harmless, passive factor in the transaction; so is land. What would it avail us to have the right to buy or sell land monopoly is secondary. But both are fundamental, since there will always be a necessity for access to use of land, and for some form of currency to expedite exchange. Monopoly, therefore, in either or both of these fundamental orders, is disastrous, and should be abolished.

—ED.)

P.S.—The unfortunate women, tortured by the Government might well profit by a study of their methods and devices of torture, which were ingenious and effective. I should be happy to supply information.

E. H. VISLAK.

The Human Trinity.

August 8th, 1912.
MONEY, CAPITAL, AND INTEREST.

MADAM,—Mr. Kitson says, "The legal privilege conferred upon gold is at present the main cause of interest." I should be obliged if he would enumerate the minor causes.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.
August 10th, 1912.

MR. McKENNA AND FORCIBLE FEEDING.

MADAM,—I am not, in the least bit, in a fog. I wanted to know which was the real Mr. Norman; and I think I am getting to know. The real Mr. Norman says "Personally I am opposed to the method of forcible feeding." My joy in Mr. Norman's progressive admissions is not in those forms of injustice treated. The irony of the "innocent tradesmen" was the public servant's code of honour as, of necessity, being in opposition to the rights of the private citizen? Public servants who held their private opinions when their private opinions are in conflict with public good; or when the satisfaction of private opinion would be mere self-seeking. Where the public servant finds his private opinion in direct line with the public good, it should not be too difficult a matter for him to bring his convictions home to the public conscience and will. Conversely, where the public servant holds a private opinion diametrically opposed to the public will, he can resign, as Mr. Norman wisely remembers.

When Mr. Norman's progressive admissions is not in the least damped by the appeal to the public and its interests, and in some perverted form of legalizing the public servant's code of honour as, of necessity, being in opposition to the rights of the private citizen? Public servants who held their private opinions when their private opinions are in conflict with public good; or what the satisfaction of private opinion would be mere self-seeking. Where the public servant finds his private opinion in direct line with the public good, it should not be too difficult a matter for him to bring his convictions home to the public conscience and will. Conversely, where the public servant holds a private opinion diametrically opposed to the public will, he can resign, as Mr. Norman wisely remembers.

In the light of either the Humanist or the Christian ideal, it is a certainty that if the public servant should in any way ambages the prisoners forcibly, rather than remove injustice, then the public standard is too low to be tolerated.

Apropos, I am reminded of Mr. Norman's plain interrogation: "Can she deny that the public would demand Mr. McKenna's resignation as Home Secretary if (1) he released the women who refused food; or (2) if he permitted them to die of exhaustion?" I do not deny it. The public did not rise up against Mr. Gladstone in 1891 when prisoners were released after hunger-striking. The public did not rise up when Mr. Churchill framed Rule 424a in 1910, without consulting them. The public did not rise up when William Ball was taken from Pentonville Prison to Colney Hatch Asylum, as a result of forcible feeding, in March of last year. The public will not rise up if Mr. McKenna seeks to limit the meaning of first-class treatment to the provisions of Rule 424a, which he has already hired he may do. The public does not ask for resignations in a thousand and one instances where Ministers of State have to act for them. When Mr. Norman admits that "personally I am opposed to the method of forcible feeding" he might with advantage follow up that protesting quality within himself.

Why—oh why—is Mr. Norman "personally opposed to the method of forcible feeding"? Mr. Norman need not answer this personal question in the columns of The Freewoman; but he will probably find that the answer, when faced squarely, absolutely precludes from further support of the Home Office policy of feeding brave prisoners by force.

The remainder of Mr. Norman's letter suggests a desire to convict me of a charge that I may not be able to avow to things in reply to paragraph four. I am in full agreement with the disbelief that all's fair in love and war, and I am absolutely and uncompromisingly opposed to the personal-physical violence of the new militancy. (It goes without saying that I do not forget Government imprisonment as Home Secretary if (1) he released the women who refused food; or (2) if he permitted them to die of exhaustion?" I do not deny it. The public did not rise up against Mr. Gladstone in 1891 when prisoners were released after hunger-striking. The public did not rise up when William Ball was taken from Pentonville Prison to Colney Hatch Asylum, as a result of forcible feeding, in March of last year. The public will not rise up if Mr. McKenna seeks to limit the meaning of first-class treatment to the provisions of Rule 424a, which he has already hired he may do. The public does not ask for resignations in a thousand and one instances where Ministers of State have to act for them. When Mr. Norman admits that "personally I am opposed to the method of forcible feeding" he might with advantage follow up that protesting quality within himself.

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The quotations re magistrates were, once again, dependent on the abundant testimony provided by Mr. Norman and his fellow magistrates. Mr. McKenna had not insisted upon "an impartial and just administration of the law"; and was therefore (in accordance with Mr. Norman's personal standard not entitled to the latter's gentleman's continued defense.

Mr. Norman has scarcely grasped the related significance of every one of the quotations selected by me. Of that I make no complaint. Mine the decision to adventure and to take the risks.

MARY GATHORPE.
August 19th, 1912.

RE KITSON WORKS ON MONEY.

MADAM,—If your correspondents, Messrs. Fyshier and Lewis, would let me Money Problem" and "Open Review," by Mr. Arthur Kitson, I would be the more fully informed as to the foolish things they do. Mr. Kitson has placed the money and banking question upon a scientific basis, and is, in my judgment, the ablest and most valuable authority on this subject. I advise all your readers to study these works.

August 16th, 1912.

A. P. FINCH.

A BOOK FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

By Dr. ALLISON.

The information contained in the book is to be known by every married woman, and it will not harm the unmarriage to read. The book is conveniently divided into twelve chapters. The first chapter treats of marriage from the biologic standpoint and the treatment of the changes of puberty, or when a girl becomes a woman. The second chapter discusses the marriage from the economic standpoint, and brings the reader out the best ages for marriage, and who should have children and who not, and further goes into the advantages and disadvantages of marriage from an intelligent doctor. The third chapter treats of the marriage of blood relationship; the fourth of marriage between relatives; and the sixth and seventh chapters are occupied with marriage and pregnancy. The eighth chapter treats of the signs of pregnancy. The fifth chapter tells how should live and die, and the sixth chapter treats of mistreatments and how to avoid them. The seventh chapter treats of marriage and pregnancy. The ninth chapter treats of marriage and marriage and how to avoid them. The tenth chapter tells how to have children. The eleventh chapter deals with marriage and marriage and how to avoid them. The twelfth chapter tells how to have children. The thirteenth chapter tackles the reader the mother, and the thirteenth chapter deals with marriage and marriage and how to avoid them. The fourteenth chapter tells how to have children. The fifteenth chapter tells how to have children. The sixteenth chapter tells how to have children.

A BOOK FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

By DR. ALLISON.

The information contained in the book is to be known by every married woman, and it will not harm the unmarriage to read. The book is conveniently divided into twelve chapters. The first chapter treats of marriage from the biologic standpoint and the treatment of the changes of puberty, or when a girl becomes a woman. The second chapter discusses the marriage from the economic standpoint, and brings the reader out the best ages for marriage, and who should have children and who not, and further goes into the advantages and disadvantages of marriage from an intelligent doctor. The third chapter treats of the marriage of blood relationship; the fourth of marriage between relatives; and the sixth and seventh chapters are occupied with marriage and pregnancy. The eighth chapter treats of the signs of pregnancy. The fifth chapter tells how should live and die, and the sixth chapter treats of mistreatments and how to avoid them. The seventh chapter treats of marriage and pregnancy. The ninth chapter treats of marriage and marriage and how to avoid them. The tenth chapter tells how to have children. The eleventh chapter deals with marriage and marriage and how to avoid them. The twelfth chapter tells how to have children. The thirteenth chapter tackles the reader the mother, and the thirteenth chapter deals with marriage and marriage and how to avoid them. The fourteenth chapter tells how to have children. The fifteenth chapter tells how to have children. The sixteenth chapter tells how to have children.

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