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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 reluctancies 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 matter 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 moods 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 where they so merge there should be erected a mental notice, "Danger Zone." A healthy morality will keep a man well on the safe side. And his morality will not merely be binding in the choice of tools to subserve himself. He will have an eye to their history. A tool which, while subservient to him in its finished state, has in its making necessitated the enslaving of others, has necessitated the hiring-out of machine-slaves in its production, is not a tool a moral man in a moral community can use. Ethically considered, such a tool would break under his hand. If it does not, in the fulness of time, the slavery it represents will accumulate, and finally stand at the doors of the man who only permitted healthy morality to himself and his own circle of similarly-circumstanced.

Those who are fully inoculated with the mechanistic conception, will point out that in thus

assuming mastery over our environment, and according to all others a like mastery over theirs, we shall of necessity fill our lives with work, and deprive our lives of leisure. Much better, they say, to do the necessary work rapidly with the assistance of machines, and then have plenty of leisure-time for all that kind of play-work which is artist's work. In reply it would be asked, What 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 frivolling 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 produced the "finicking fool" at the "artistic" 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 is growing accustomed to it. Its fine 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 in the soul. It avenges the ill-treated soul in the way that illness avenges the ill-treated body. The craving for Beauty is for the Soul what the craving for Health is for the Body. The ugliness of life, in factories, in shops, in dwellings, in towns, may prove too much for even our craven-spirits. The road to destruction in its last stages is evidently going to be as difficult as the road to salvation in its earlier stages. Soul-sickness yet may save us.

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 paper-schemes of Asquith, Redmond, and the rest of the mannikins at Westminster, is a salutary object-lesson 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 Eng-

land, we are like that—immoral all round, governors and governed, wage-slaves and capitalists, politicians and electorate. 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. In 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. Now, if we 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. Doubtless! "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 go," and she remains, jealous 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 conflict. The "leaders" say, "This is war," and, to make it appear like war, single combatants have to engage in desperate deeds, such as the attempted burning of a theatre. The fact that the W.S.P.U. "leaders" doubted the good faith of politicians in no way explains why they should abandon good sense and honour. All the more reason why they should have practised these. Had they been serious, and had they thought political enfranchisement of sufficient importance, they should have engaged in tactics similar to those which, we are told, Ulster engaged in. Ulster-men waited to see first whether the Government intended passing the Home Rule Bill, and second, they waited to see its terms. But all the while they patiently waited, *they were making their own preparations*. Drilling, we are told, has been going on for months. What, save the lack of 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. Comparisons suggested it. Chinese women 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 on two or three women, who seek to effect it 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 deprecate

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 unrelieved "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 followed by the rank and file, and she had shown 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 upon a 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 thuggism 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 poor things, 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 great hopes of one day producing a 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 these sages proposed as a virtue in itself, as an ideal to be striven for.

I suspect that it is as good a virtue, after all, as many of those which mankind has been trying very hard to acquire nearly two thousand years past. Like the philosophers of the Flying Island, we do 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 tautologically 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 world is that the public won't admit this. 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 aspire to. They are here merely to 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, in course of time special circumstances must have called for special qualities, and these continued to be esteemed when all need for them had passed away. Worse still, particular classes of the community found it to their advantage to prescribe certain acts and attitudes for others; and qualities which earned the approval and rewards of the governor naturally came to be cultivated and prized by the slave. Next came the ascetics, who set up a new standard of virtue. This was pain. The more it hurt you to perform an action, the more meritorious that action was. As it was easiest to do the natural things, the less natural a quality was to man, the more he was urged to acquire it.

There you have the explanation of the origin of the sexual virtues and of the esteem in which they are held. The white flower of chastity has its roots in the mud of man's jealousy and his sense of property in woman. "You belong to me," said primitive man to primitive woman, "and don't you forget it. Have nothing to do with other men, and don't let them see so much as your legs, or I'll hit you." Chastity, men were agreed, was an excellent virtue for women. But then came the ascetics, and discovered that chastity was extremely distasteful to men. Clearly, therefore, it was a good thing for them. Man most reluctantly agreed, and set to work to learn the virtue he had so long taught to woman with a club. He is still learning it. His

teachers never tire. True, they observe with regret, he seldom exhibits, when young, any disposition towards this virtue. No matter, if they can make it a habit, they will have made it second nature. For it isn't his nature to be chaste or faithful to one mate.

For, whether every animal started with its own quiverful of vices and virtues, or whether these were all acquired, it is plain that most beasts and birds have moral attributes as distinctive as the markings on their hide or the colour of their plumage. One possesses qualities altogether denied to another, or possesses them in an infinitely greater degree. Courage is as conspicuous in the goat as it is absent in his cousin the sheep. Peacocks are devoured by vanity, and the pig cares nothing about his personal appearance. The cat esteems the maternal virtues, and the cuckoo does not. Dogs are affable and anxious to please; the rhino, as the best of authorities informs us, has no manners, never had any manners, and never will have any. Love birds and certain other varieties of parrots, are chaste and faithful to one mate. Theirs is the particular virtue that man is laboriously striving to acquire—their example that is held up for his imitation by saint and sage, lawgiver and judge, poet and romancer. Be chaste if you can, we are adjured, even if you thereby sign the death warrant of your species; but if you can't be chaste, be faithful to one mate, even as is the love bird. It isn't your nature, we know, cry the moralists, but you should rise superior to your nature.

I don't see why we should.

We owe no sentimental fealty to nature, I agree. If we could be made happier by defying her, by all means let us do so. If I could eat French nails with the gusto of a goat, I should let no respect for the ordinances of nature stand in my way. But the plain fact is that we are ourselves part of nature, and that in outraging her, we generally end by injuring ourselves. To be happy implies the satisfaction of certain wants, and those wants are prescribed to each animal by nature. The man who tells you that you should rise superior to yourself, will get annoyed if you tell him to go and eat coke. Yet that is substantially the advice he has been giving you. You are not the kind of animal that eats coke. The diet of the love bird (whatever it may be) is not for you. Why then should you be expected to imitate his domestic qualities?

Chastity and fidelity—what beautiful words they are, and how much unhappiness they have spelled, how many lives have they not withered! The one is the tragedy of celibacy, the other of married life. The Irish are proud of the woman in Shaw's play who wasted her sex and her affections and sat down to wait fifteen years for a lover who had forgotten her. While such ideals are upheld, I marvel how the British Government had the hardihood to tear Hindoo widows from their husband's funeral pyre. But the same mischievous ideal runs through all Western literatures, and poisons the lives of everyday men and women. For a man and woman to cease to love each other is still regarded as shameful. The woman who shot her husband's new love the other day in Paris is applauded by a nation. There are few men who could tell a woman that they had ceased to love her without feeling a sense of shame. Husbands and wives will waste their lives rather than confess to a change in their sentiments towards each other. Women make permanency a condition of their love. Nay, men and women have rejected the love of the living, hurting themselves and others, out of loyalty to the dead.

That a man and a woman should love each other all their life may or may not be regarded as a matter

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 blunders ever perpetrated by man. When lovers cease to love each other, why shouldn't they make themselves and others happy by loving elsewhere? The virtue of Penelope consists in refusing to herself and others pleasure which she cannot possibly share with some one other absent person. In what respect 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 mediæval knight who resorted to mechanical means to ensure the fidelity of his wife before his departure for the crusades did not look upon her altogether as his goods and chattels, 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 for 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 comfortably miserable, yet we are ingenious in devising new means of plaguing ourselves. 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 happiest 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, 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 death-bed. 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 immolated 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 call for blood. Some 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

(Payment for the Use of Things).

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 had, if anything, a much stronger moral and Biblical sanction than usury 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 exaction 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 exaction of three per cent. as much 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 600 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 inert thing 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 ease and luxury, the original wealth will not diminish by a single halfpenny. 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 honourable, 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 again," 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 constructed 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 decided 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: "All reason and the very law of nature are against it; all nations at all times have condemned it as the very bane of pestilence of the Commonwealth." 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."

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 morality. What was the reason for this complete surrender by the Churches of an important ethical doctrine? The answer is that it was found to restrict and hamper trade, and in spite of all efforts put forth by the Church and State it never was really suppressed. It was always practised by the Jews, and was the principal cause of the persecutions and hatred heaped upon them all through the middle ages. The hatred with which they are still regarded in Russia and Roumania to-day is very much due to their usurious practices.

Until after the twelfth century, the opponents of interest rested their case entirely upon the Biblical injunctions and the Commandments regarding charity, etc. No thought, apparently, was given to its economic significance, beyond the fact that it usually meant oppression and often led to slavery.

The standard by which I prefer to judge this question is, however, not the religious one, but the purely ethical standard, which may be defined as that line of human action conformity to which tends to promote the life, happiness, and well-being of society and all its members.

I agree with John Ruskin when he defines Political Economy as "a system of conduct and legislature founded on the sciences and directing the arts, and impossible except under certain con-

ditions of moral culture." Political Economy is necessarily related to Ethics.

For instance, we know that the common virtues of industry, honesty, punctuality, etc., have a very and all important effect upon wealth production and exchange, and these qualities are a necessary branch of ethics. Consider the enormous value of honesty to a nation in permitting the use of credit in place of an expensive monetary system? This would mean an actual value of some millions of pounds annually to this country alone. In short, virtue has a cash value.

ARTHUR KITSON.

(To be continued.)

Strindberg—The English Gentleman.*

II.

STRINDBERG'S theoretical Anti-Feminism is disappointing: it is simply the gospel preached at any Anti-Suffrage meeting, put in more pretentious language. But his practical relations with women are intensely interesting. For he cherished all the ideals of an English gentleman: Marriage and the Family.

"During all this time she led the life of a woman free from all duties as mother and wife. My health did not permit me to accompany her to the artistic circles which she frequented, and consequently she went alone. Sometimes she did not come home until early in the morning; very often she was intoxicated, and made sufficient noise to wake up the whole house. I could hear her stumbling into the night nursery where she slept.

"What is a man to do in a case of this sort? Is he to denounce his own wife? Impossible! Divorce her? No! I looked upon the family as an organism, like an organism of a plant: a whole of which I was a part. I could not exist independently of it, without the mother; life seemed impossible to me even if I had had the custody of the children. My heart's blood, transmitted through my wife, flowed through the veins of their small bodies. The whole was like a system of arteries intimately connected and interdependent. If a single one were cut, my life would ebb away with the blood which trickled down and was sucked up by the sand."

This uncleanly respect for marriage is largely due to the sordid circumstances from which he sprang. He was the third child of a small tradesman and a barmaid, who reared eight children in three rooms on starvation diet, and he was a living proof that "the poor are useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." He suffered from the vulgar fear of loneliness. The worker, his nervous system unhealthily stimulated by the clang of the factories or the buzz of the city, dreads silence. The crush and riot of Blackpool or Douglas is part of his holiday enjoyment. He makes friends feverishly with strangers in railway carriages and buses. This hunger for the closest possible personal relationships, this contempt for the proud soul's privilege of isolation, leads the poor into early marriages. It bound Strindberg to his wife: he huddled up beside that loathsome woman, hung with the filthy rags of sin, rather than endure his own society.

Moreover, his early privations had thwarted his

* "The Confession of a Fool." By August Strindberg. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

"Plays." By August Strindberg. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THE FREEWOMAN

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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 ginger-beer stall at a village flower show, can tyrannise until death over a woman and her children. The unsuccessful bully can always become the father of a family.

Besides, the institution of marriage gives the license which is the necessary corollary of law. It is obvious to the meanest mind that sexual relationships may be good or evil. A universal test which declares all relationships entered into under certain conditions to be good and all other relationships to be evil saves much mental effort. And those whose spiritual tendency is not towards virtue can acquire its reputation by conformity to these conditions. This would appeal to Strindberg.

While it is painful to reflect what base considerations may lead a man to cherish the ideals of an English gentleman, it is still more painful to consider to what a hideous crime they led him. Strindberg's marriage is as disgraceful as drunkenness. He chose a woman whom he knew to be a liar and coward, expert in every vice, and so unfit for pure passion that during her divorce she betrayed her lover with her former husband—an obscene crime that staggers the mind—and made her his wife. This was a damning confession of personal baseness. It argues a lack of physical fastidiousness in the man that he could bear to live in the same house as this woman. It argues spiritual rottenness in the man that he could desire to perform the miracle of Love with this woman. To transfuse oneself with an ugly, sensual soul is a movement towards Death and not towards Life. Love becomes destruction and not creation. So it is not surprising that Strindberg's art is so purely autobiographical and non-creative. The true artist knows all the secrets of all women, from the Madonna to Faustine, and tells them with truth and reverence. Strindberg's works are a not obscene, but Ibscene, account of his cat-and-dog relations with three most unpleasant women.

But besides his offence against himself, he offended against the race. Possibly this poor woman, one of Nature's prostitutes, was meant to be the instrument of Fate upon men, seeking out the hidden spot of rottenness in unworthy men who usurped authority, and dragging them down through lust and death to their rightful impotence. But Strindberg set her tyrant over posterity by making her a mother. If there is any red blood in the veins of the Eugenics Society, it will pay an annual visit to Stockholm in order to defile Strindberg's grave. He made this poor wretch the mother of five children, three of whom survived to transmit the poison of their parents' blood. Can one imagine a crime more brutal in its direct results, more universal in its ultimate consequences, than this? But Strindberg knew no penitence. The only thing possible for a moral man who found himself in Strindberg's position, and was fully conscious of his own neurasthenia and his wife's immorality, would be to hide from the children they had so outrageously brought into the world, and let others better and saner nurture them. But, being so like the English gentleman, Strindberg believed in the home. So their children were brought up to learn at their mother's knee the force of a drunken blow and from their father the frenzy of a madman. And when, after ten years, husband and wife discovered that their marriage was too disorderly to exist any longer, they fought for the custody of the children, quite undeterred by any sense of personal unworthiness. That unseemly episode is detailed in "The

Link," one of the three plays translated by Edwin Björkman.

Strindberg looked on the child with a sense of property. "I doubted the legitimacy of my children; I was haunted by the suspicion that although they bore my name and were supported by my earnings" (thrifty even in despair) "they were yet not my children. Nevertheless, I loved them, for they had come into my life as a pledge of my future existence. Deprived of the hope to live again in my children, I floated in mid-air, like a poor phantom, breathing through roots which were not my own." It did not concern him that a worse fate than being a re-incarnation of Strindberg could hardly befall human being. The children must be useful to him: if they do not fulfil the purpose of gratifying his desire for physical immortality they should not exist.

This is a most candid admission that the cult 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 the children of a relationship between a separated wife and a man should grow up in an atmosphere darkened by suspicion and disrespect. It was nothing to her that the children of a marriage rendered hateful by incompatibility of temper should have their nerves shattered in their infancy. Certainly the ideals of English gentlemen and gentlewomen are not brilliantly sensible. But this desire to conserve the unhappy marriage is vicious.

Happiness is unsatisfying as an end in Life. To the artist it can only be a passing phase. To grown men and women it is as incidental as the landscape seen from one's bedroom windows. But it is the necessary basis of marriage. The child needs happiness for its spirit just as it wants milk for its body. That is why every extension of the divorce law is a victory for the child. The happy marriage, which is the only proper nursery, is indissoluble. The unhappy marriage, which perpetually tells the child a bogey-man story about Life, ought to be dissolved. Therefore Suffragists who claim that women ought to get the vote because they are so often the under-dogs in disgusting marriages, and sometimes get beaten by the brutes they have been wicked enough to choose as husbands, ought to be accounted enemies of Woman and the Race. To submit to unhappiness is the essence of the surrender of personality, which is Sin. Submission to poverty is the unpardonable sin against the body. Submission to unhappiness is the unpardonable sin against the spirit.

"The Confession of a Fool" is one of the most moral books ever published. Madness opened the mouth of Strindberg, and he voiced the sentiments of the English gentleman with such appalling clarity that Sir Jesse Boot has resolved to protect our feminine delicacy, though we die of rage at his attempt. The book has been banned in the libraries. This is insufferable. This is a most useful book, that might make all the difference in the world to young men and women: it would help them to decide whether to accept or reject the present order of things. For it is the articulate and logical expression of the tendencies of the governing and middle classes. It is more representative than both Houses of Parliament. The Anti-Feminism is that of Mr. F. E. Smith; the sensual love of the family that of Mrs. Humphry

Ward; the concern for the outer husks of marriage and the contempt for the child that of Lord Halifax. Even the most appalling passage in the book is typical of the English gentleman. Strindberg sells his wedding-ring to raise the cost of a debauch, and then rebukes his wife for her distress by saying: "You committed an act fraught with tragic consequences for the whole family, for through it I am compelled to doubt the legitimacy of my children. You have dishonoured four people: your three children, of doubtful paternity, and your husband, whom your infidelity has made a common laughing-stock. What, on the other hand, are the consequences of my act?" This inability to recognise the obvious consequences of an anti-social act is quite a feature of English thought. I believe the phrase, "the alleged injustice of a double standard of morality of men and women," occurred in a letter to the *Morning Post* rebuking the immorality of THE FREEWOMAN, signed by Earl Percy.

Everyone ought to read this book. It ought to be the occasion of a great spiritual revival. To those who, in the language of the Evangelical, have forgotten God in obeying the law it will come as a terrible warning. Many of us—particularly women—have sufficient fastidiousness to abstain from immorality. It is harder to abstain from morality, to refuse the license given us by law, to submit things to the sterner test of Right and Wrong. 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.

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 food. We can never think 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 her performance of the duties of wife and mother. I pointed out that if this were done, a mother would still be economically bound, because in most cases the amount would make no appreciable difference to existing arrangements, and in almost every case would not be enough to provide wholly for the maintenance of the children. And, since a woman is indeed bound to her children in a totally different and more vital way than she can ever be bound to her husband, it is clear that so long as he only provides for the children he owns the mother, too, and the tie by which he has her bound can only be

broken by her ability to provide for her children without his aid. A woman will suffer any degradation of mind or body rather than see her children starve—she is made that way. That is why, when women recognise their glorious duty to the race, and set out to perform it, there will be an end to the starvation of the bodies and minds of children. And not till women see that it is within *their* province, not only to bear and nurse, but to provide for the young, will this duty to the race be properly done; the latter task gladly shared, but not monopolised—because all monopolies tend to abuse—by the men to whom mothers of this type would allow the privilege of fatherhood.

The difficulties are many, no doubt. Some are due to artificial barriers, which women (and men) must break down. Most difficulties are caused by our age-long habit of looking upon what is, and what has been, as altogether desirable. We have, for instance, an exaggerated view of the inevitableness of the utter dependence of a mother on somebody or something—her husband, or the State. If anybody is so bold as to suggest that the human mother is not necessarily any more incapacitated by the absolutely natural and healthful condition of motherhood than are other female animals, the meaning is taken to be that of repudiation of maternity. And this in spite of repeated history of all ages, and of present-day evidence, that human mothers not only can, but do, perform Herculean tasks the while they rear their young. So terribly afraid are we that women will not be mothers at all unless we bind them in some way, either to husband or State, that we raise frightened heads at every mention of a possibility of making them really free—free to be mothers or not, as they shall choose, and as they only can choose when willing and able to provide for their own children. Taking these difficulties into account, it is perhaps not wonderful that the second statement to which exception was taken, that "wifehood and motherhood must be divorced from the tyranny of primitive domestic conditions, so that women as well as men may be enabled to earn their living, apart altogether from marital and parental relations," is interpreted to mean that mothers shall have no joy in motherhood, but that they shall arbitrarily tear themselves away from their newly born babes, at once and for always.

It is not very curious that men should have this truly ghastly fear that it is possible to weaken the maternal tie; but it is inconceivable that a woman can honestly fear it. How little such people can know of what they fear! Have they really not imagination enough to realise that what they fear is the supposed possibility of "weakening" the mightiest force in the universe, the great life stream from which all power flows? This fear will merely afford a smile to any woman who has ever yearned to hold, or has ever held, that ever-new, ever-marvellous gift of ages in her arms—her own newly born babe. Any woman who has lived through years watching the daily growth of her child, who has followed it with her yearning mother-care, surrounding it always, whether a yard or a thousand miles divide her from its physical contact, with her protecting love—she knows, freewoman or bond, that no mere presumptuous man-made or woman-made law on earth can lessen by one jot that blessed bond between her and her child—a bond which is to become her glory in the full, free future, but which is the instrument of her degradation and shame, and, through her, of the degradation and shame of the human race, in the blindly groping, prejudice-bound present.

Why is it necessary to keep wifehood and motherhood bound to primitive domestic conditions? Let us try to face facts squarely. We want—some of us—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 also—her husband—for whom she has 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—mothers whose husbands earn less than £160 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 instincts. You cannot breed a free people from slave mothers, and husband-kept or 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. Why should talents—differing in women equally as in men—be wasted? Why should we always make such a virtue of putting square pegs in round holes?

And why do we always specially want to do this to the poor? In the circles above the producers—or the “insured persons”—mothers do not necessarily tend their own particular babies. They hire other women to do it. But it is not suggested that they thereby lose all interest in their children. And if it is the infantile death-rates which alarm us, it may be pointed out that personal mother-tending is not the only factor in that problem, because the death-rates are lowest amongst those classes where there is least of this.

A well-to-do woman may leave her children in the care of others for years, and nobody suggests that we shall pass a law to endow her, so that we shall be able to enforce our views of her maternal duties on her acceptance. Again, it is the liberty of the poor which we propose to restrict, and the fact that some of us propose to endow working mothers—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 motherhood seems 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-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 cared-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 carefully looked after by my friend 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 individual mothers, as circumstances allow. But in the former case it is often done at a quite needless cost of nervous energy, and in the latter it is doubtful whether endowment of individual mothers

would mend matters. The impelling natural pressure on a mother to tend her child is so great that if she does not 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 townsman now has his scavenger 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 strangers invading 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 have an endless succession of children, 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 unnecessary 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 life-time 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 there 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 used in the glad 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 down on every fashionable theatre list as "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 collars and the elbows, or their dress shirts less perfectly glazed than those of the lounge in the box or circle. For once in a way every critic is the *deus ex machina* of an occasion, notable or insignificant, as he chooses to determine. They sit unmoved through the progress of the drama. Their indifference to storms of applause or cheers of encouragement is a marked feature of the superior mind. To them the play is an old friend; with a new feature in its face, perhaps, but certainly with no other attribute of novelty. They know not only the stock-pot of dramatic art, but its every ingredient, whether savoury or unsavoury. Not for them is throb of interest or thrill of suspense. Given a certain beginning, they predict a certain conclusion, and no dramatist yet has had the hardihood to disappoint them, with the exception of Bernard Shaw. What he owes to his temerity he has not scrupled to proclaim.

To the critic a "First Night audience" is Himself. There may be some half-dozen or more conceited 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, 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 recognised by a 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 critically condemned "first production" so often becomes a perennial success.

The patient gallery and the waiting pittites, who apparently have nothing to do in life more important than bringing camp-stools and sandwiches to the pit entrance at six o'clock in the morning, these know the meaning of a good play. And they don't hesitate to say so. It may be impolite to "boo," but also it is very salutary for the thing or 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 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 *flâneur* of the boxes.

Perhaps what the stage presents is too fine-drawn, too æsthetically unreal for their tastes. It lacks what they feel should be there, because they need it to 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 discomfort! That has been tried upon a First Night audience with disastrous results.

Apart from the toilettes 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 unoriginality 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." They are told all the moderate-priced seats are gone, have been sold out weeks before. They are restricted by business or household affairs from wasting hours with camp-stools and sandwich boxes. They would be eager, intelligent, and sympathetic, but the privileges of a First Night are not for them. Not till the critic has spoken and the restaurant supper party discussed the merits of the new play can the audience who would really *like* to see it and discuss it get a chance of either.

In a fashionable theatre a First Night audience is always spoken of as "brilliant." The lady journalist appends to her dramatic opinions interesting details as to who looked "smart," and why. One always catches the "frou-frou" of the leading actress's skirts throughout the maudlin inefficiency of feminine criticism. It is essentially feminine, and that says—all.

The lady journalist who does dramatic criticism for minor periodicals is not of such importance as her male prototype who does them for major journals, such as the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*. She is put aside in a corner of the dress circle, or upper boxes, or given a chair at a back angle of the stalls.

When women get the vote all this will, of course, be altered, and injustice of selection will be swept away from First Night audiences, as well as from the school board, and the maternity hospitals! By that time we shall have no illusions left, even stage illusions, and the audience may as well share their banishment.

What I have said of First Nights commemorates many such occasions. Time was when I was an eager "First Nighter." Then even the pit was better than nothing, after vain applications at the box office. The society element and the critical element once seemed to me of transcendent importance. The buzz of talk in the intervals, the interchange of greetings as between old and well-known friends (bored by a common duty), the attentive faces of the gallery, and the long-pent-up excitement of the pit, these things possessed all the charm of ever-renewed novelty. They still possess it, though in a lesser degree, and without the novelty. I would as soon go on a second as a First Night, and far above either would I rank the privilege of the dress rehearsal. But that, of course, lacks the stimulus of an audience. The privileged few can never rank with the discordant multitude. Empty boxes, vacant stalls, and a

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-criticism to the play they have come to see; another to the *chic* and extravagant gowns of actresses and actor-managers' wives. Anxious for the final curtain, and disturbed by unnecessary "calls," and the terrors of a speech from the trembling author or the weary manager. Part bored, part critical, part interested, part absolutely indifferent as to success or failure, if only a motor car and a supper and a few choice souls are awaiting the end of it all. Such is a London First Night audience.

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"HOW'S business been this afternoon, Charlie?"

"Sold a pound of tea and 'alf a pound o' margarine," replied the proprietor of a small, struggling grocery store in the side street of a large provincial town.

"Ah!" sighed his wife, "we 'aven't got a chance against them big stores. They're knocking out all of us wot's in a small way of business."

"Never you mind, my dear, there's better days comin'," replied her husband, and he began to whistle cheerfully.

"Whatever do you mean, Charlie?" she asked tearfully. "We've been losing steadily for weeks past, and I can't see as there's anythin' for us but to go 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'll be a lady yet, and 'ave a three-course dinner like the best of 'em, instead of just a 'addick to yer tea."

"Seems to me yer talkin' rubbish, and I don't see as 'ow there's anythink to laugh at. Just like a man to tease a woman when she's low."

"Don't you be down-earted, missus. We'll do somethin' better than keep a small shop—it don't seem likely to keep us—or hemigrate. Look at John Burns."

"Wot's John Burns got to do with it?" asked his wife, mystified.

"Nothin', ecksackly, as you may say," replied Charlie. "But there 'e is, and so's Will Crooks, and—"

"Tork sense and tell me straight wot yer mean," said his wife, at once irritated and curious.

"Well," continued Charlie. "You know wot a hinterest 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 live to be glad I've alwes read the 'Daily Blues' regular," said Charlie mysteriously. "Well, as I was sayin'," he continued, "last year Parliament, before risin' for the vocation, voted the M.P.'s £400 a year all round."

"Don't see wot that's got to do with us," replied his wife. "And it means more taxes for us to pay. Wotever is the country comin' to when people like us, wot's tryin' to make an honest living in 'ard times, 'as ter pay a lot o' lazy men to do nothin' but tork for their livin', and—and pile on the taxes. If a chap 'as a fancy for 'earin' 'is own voice and listenin' to wot other noodles like 'imself 'ave to say, let 'im pay for it 'imself, sez I."

"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?"

"No, I can't," snapped his wife, "and that's the truth."

"Wy, d'cher suppose M.P.'s get a regular screw?" asked Charlie.

"Because they want money fer doin' nothin', like everybody else nowadays."

"Yer wrong there," replied Charlie, triumphantly. "The 'Daily Blues' says that now democracy 'as come to its own at larst."

"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 Parlimentary honours, and each class can be represented. The 'Ouse of

Commons is no longer the private preserve of the younger sons of the bloated haristocracy and rich parvenos."

"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 a man of my gifts, though I say it as shouldn't, and then you'd be a real lady and give tea-parties on the terrace of the 'Ouse of Commons, instead of spending yer time be'ind the counter and such like."

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 ter 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 orf at them political meetings. And 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 fruit 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-headed man to do well in the grocery business nowadays—and nobody can't say as 'ow yer either o' those things. Whereas when it's question o' gassing, you'd 'old yer own with anyone."

"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 from us. 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 are 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 ones. Of course, civilisation has succeeded in importing, producing, or storing food supplies that can provide a luxurious diet all the year round, and has surrounded itself with comforts to combat climatic difficulties; but that has only tended to weaken the race, and cannot supply the natural means to power which each of us can get for ourselves and our children. And as we feel more deeply, think more simply, watch for the truth more earnestly, we shall inevitably discover our errors. The benefits of a natural life are beyond any verbal proof, but they can be proved by practical experiment, and have been proved thus over and over again.

For simplicity is a means to power as well as a source of joy. Has there ever been a world-teacher who has availed himself of the advantages of the civilisation that prevailed then? Has he not always drawn directly from nature? And has he not always drawn his analogies from nature, too? Because, forsooth, the truth strikes in fuller force and clearness there than through the misty atmosphere of a town. And I believe that if each one of us spent a few weeks, or one week even, of each year in the heart of the country doing for himself all that his daily needs required, watching the birds and the flowers and the dawns and the skies, watching carefully, too, the feelings that came to him—I do believe that he would learn how to live a fuller life, how to be happy, how to perfect himself gradually. And I do not doubt that, when the advantages of town and country have been weighed in the balance with all sincerity, each will eventually arrive at the same conclusion, and, though he may feel too old or tied to return to the earth himself, he will try to get his children there.

There are other reasons why all should strive towards the freedom of the open. It is natural for all animals, and man, too, to migrate (not to great distances necessarily), not only for the sake of health and the experience that is gained in many ways by travel—the widening of outlook, the loss of prejudices, the vistas beyond temporal and local things, the help towards a feeling of universal brotherhood. There is also the added chance of mixed marriages, uniting the blood and power and characteristics of different districts and nations, and the children of such mixed parents are likely to benefit enormously in spirit, mind, and body. We

do not suggest that it is always wise to mix people of different colour yet, because the offspring is often hindered from development by the unkind thoughts of those who believe in pure blood; 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 constitute nobility. Such mixing invariably tends 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, perhaps, it was almost impossible for girls to 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 say that we shall not find a partner thus; most people do, and that is why there are so many unhappy marriages. Such people have not placed love high enough. They have contracted their marriages for the satisfaction of sexual desire, or as a means to power, place, position in men's eyes; and having found their mistake later, it is best for them to agree to be free again, whether they have any children or not, for they, and their children especially, will develop poorly, wherever there is not harmony in the home. We shall know later our partners by means of the spirit, but until we do so, most of us are likely to make mistakes, and it is absurd to expect such choices to be infallible and binding for life. Such restrictions are degrading to all concerned. The fact is, of course, that those who are to be joined in pure love must meet in the spirit before they meet in the flesh, must meet and know one another, before they see one another in person. Light must touch light, and if we do not aspire, there is no chance of this happening. That this does happen is proved by the fact that those who do not seek a partner, but do continually seek for truth and look to the Light, invariably meet their affinity sooner or later, and, moreover, have prescience often that they are going to meet; because, forsooth, their lights have met. Hence the meeting in person seems, in consequence, like the meeting of well-known friends. And this is how all true love has always been and must ever be. For love, if it is to be lasting, must rise above sex, and all love that does last does rise above sex into the spirit world, as we can see by watching those who are at peace with one another. There is a reason for this, of course. The spiritual development of man is tending towards the divine hermaphrodite, and to produce that the race, as a whole, must gradually learn to divide sex less sharply. Every male is getting more female element in him; every female is getting more male element in her, and, as the balance in spirit becomes more complete, so will the mind and body assume in one person a dual aspect. We can expect with certainty the next world-teacher to be hermaphrodite, but we cannot expect the teacher to come for several generations. The world as a whole would not be ready before then.

PHILIP OYLER.

Correspondence.

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

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

QUERIES.

MADAM,—Just now I have the sceptical temperament, and I doubt if I am at all open to conviction. I sometimes speculate about the value of consistency, and wonder if it is not most desirable and pleasant to be inconsistent and remain unconvinced. This being my state of mind when I read your article under "Topics of the Week" in last week's paper, I make bold to question your meaning before forming any conclusion as to your ideas.

You speak of "free will" and its restoration. Evidently it was existent in some period. When, and under what conditions? I feel that we ought to know what is claimed as free will. Perhaps in some future time you may feel disposed to tell us something more about it. A definition would be most interesting.

With the acceptance of the evolution theory, can free will exist? Has it any relation to desire caused by circumstances? Has it any power over heredity, environment, education, etc.?

The involuntary desire to act in a particular way under certain conditions is the only will I know of, and I would hesitate to call that free. I am compelled to act so on certain occasions; there is no other alternative.

A blind sense or unknown reason-force can hardly be termed free will. There is no choice of action; circumstances and evolutionary experience prompt it.

My second reflection was about the machine and its future. Agreeing with you that it is a valuable invention misused, that it should serve man instead of enslaving him, I wonder what need for it has the individual on the land in your picture?

Free access to the land, given that they will create their tools, i.e., machinery. Back to freedom, back from the factory, but back from the machine is impossible. Agriculture is the basis of free society; but to be free, is it necessary to turn us back to a state from which we have some time evolved?

I do not see that machine production should bar human development, excepting, of course, as it is at present, in the hands of the capitalist. Under some other system, I am inclined to think that it would stand well under your examination test. I look forward to a time when the machine is the slave of man, doing all the monotonous, unintellectual labour, and so leaving us some leisure for doing tasteful things. The machine, the means by which man shall realise his power and his destiny.

I confess that I get somewhat confused with the propositions of the ideal state as expounded by some writers in THE FREEWOMAN. I am not up to them, my intelligence will not reach so far, and I wonder if others, like myself, get a vague and muddled impression of human life in the future, under some new order, when we shall be eating uncooked vegetables and fruit, practising in our spare time the simple crafts as a diversion from the compulsion to produce individually the rude necessities of life.

To my simple mind, this will be sinking back into a primitive state, from which I had congratulated myself that my ancestors had long evolved, and such a state is not preferable to the present one or the proposed paternalism of State Socialism.

As I mentioned in the beginning of my remarks, I fear that I am an inconsistent person, and in reading towards the end of your article I am reminded that once, in my conceit, I thought it probable that man was God. Now I question why he should wish to be God, for it seems to me that, whatever stage in his development he may have arrived at, he can only be man. To be man is good enough. The God-man, instead of being an advanced idea, is primitive; it takes us back to the man-worship, or rather man-Ghost worship, of our early forefathers, rather than forward to the height of man's attainment.

Why use the term God at all? It is entirely unnecessary and confusing. That man might make the earth his footstool in no way makes him God, in the sense that the term God has been understood in the past, and is understood to-day by the majority.

As the Supernatural, the All-powerful, the Designer,

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 cannot 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 cannot be effaced, for even an 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 to knowledge of himself or 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.

RACHEL GRAHAM.

[This letter may 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 ever read "Tono-Bungay" or "The New Machiavelli." As the growing influence of the more intellectual type of woman is the subject of Mr. Grierson's article, it is strange that he should have forgotten that in "The New Machiavelli" there is the fullest recognition of the immense importance of such influence.

It is really amazing that any writer in a journal of ideas should suggest that Mr. Wells is aloof from "vital 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. Greevz Fysher in his letter of the 15th 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 valueless 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 theatre and 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 100 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, to which I 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 competing 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 done so, incidentally, on the material plane. The desire to surpass one's fellow-creature 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, chain-loving 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

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and secure profits for their shareholders. And the end of such a "combine" or "trust" would be that the State would have to acquire it to protect the people, precisely as it is now beginning to acquire industries and monopolies which are admittedly socially necessary. Mr. Kitson himself admits the currency is a "social" instrument. Far better, then, to solve the question by making the new money a State monopoly.

I am not aware of the existence of any "strong sentiment against State control and ownership." On the contrary, if there is one 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 Governments have given to 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. Even 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 hopelessly at sea. It can hardly be that our patrician Government willingly gives Mr. Pierpont 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;

and for this latter reason, no doubt, the Government feels quite safe, knowing that the gentleman I have named is about the last person to desire a violent change in the existing order.

With due deference to Mr. Kitson's proposals for the giving to banks the power to issue their own notes, I put forward the following scheme as a practical solution of the money question:—

(1) The establishment of State banks, with branches in every town and district and wherever necessary.

(2) The State banks to undertake 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 issued in the same denominational values as at present in use, and, further, according to the convenience of the public. Thus £1, £2, and £5 notes would, no doubt, be in the greatest demand. *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.

(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.

E. F. MYLIUS.

August 18th, 1912.

THE HUMAN TRINITY.

MADAM,—Referring to your "Topics" of July 18th, it seems to me you magnify the importance of money as capital, diverting attention from the real factors of production, just stated by you as "Man plus Tools plus Land," the trinity which produces all wealth. Tools are the real capital. Does the introduction of money, or the hoarding of it, constitute the real disturbing factor? "Money was intended to hustle round. That was its only business. Instead of which it is heaped up." Hustling round is all money really does. The accumulations you mention are not heaps of money. Itemise any millionaire's possessions, and you will find shares, bonds, land titles, etc., but very little money on hand, and even that little is only notes, that is, orders for real money.

To assume the wrong cause is to ignore the real cause of evil. Money is not the evil genius which separates man from land; it is the law which enables a monopolist 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 to abolish money, and leave the land monopolist with power to collect his tribute in some other form of wealth? What evil can money do if that power to collect tribute be abolished, and equal right to the land be established?

C. F. HUNT.

Chicago, August 8th, 1912.

[In our opinion we made it quite clear that the monopoly in land was the root of economic evil, and that the money-monopoly was 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 fundamentals is disastrous, and should be abolished.—ED.]

A HINT TO THE GOVERNMENT.

MADAM,—Forcible feeding is a relic of the bad old days. Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, kidnapped to be sold as a slave in the Indies, in his prison aboard refused to take food. But, "with an instrument constructed for the purpose, they wrenched open his jaws as a matter of course, and thrust down his throat very nauseous boluses of some sort of grease and meal." Messrs. Norman and McKenna, please note.

E. H. VISIAK.

P.S.—The buccaneers tortured women. They, at least, were free from foolish sentiment. 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.

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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 16th, 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 the least damped by the appeal to the public and its interests. Surely there is some perversity in translating the public servant's code of honour as, of necessity, being in opposition to the rights of the private citizen? Public servants are to sink 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 he finds his profound convictions to be 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 truly wants Mr. McKenna to feed courageous 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?" Yes; I do deny the interrogation. The public did not rise up against Mr. Gladstone in 1909 when prisoners were released after hunger-striking. The public did not rise up when Mr. Churchill framed Rule 243a 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 February of this year. The public will not rise up if Mr. McKenna seeks to limit the meaning of first-class treatment to the provisions of Rule 243a, which he has already hinted 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 unfair quotation. But first let me avow two 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 provocation in its many forms, physical and otherwise!)

I plead "not guilty" to the charge of twisting any of Mr. Norman's meanings. I did not say that Mr. Norman, by his letter to *The New Age* of March 14th last, had advocated first-class treatment for the women. I showed, I think, that Mr. Norman had testified to the *injustice* with which women had, within his own observation, been treated. The irony of the "innocent tradesmen" was cited because the real Mr. Norman spoke warmly against those forms of *injustice* known as "sweating" and "low-wages"; the other Mr. Norman, the one who objects that he didn't implicate "all" of these tradesmen—which doesn't affect my argument one bit—this Mr. Norman is

so shadowy and elusive, so unreal, that he has had to lean successively on Legal Precedents, the Readers of THE FREEWOMAN, and the Public.

The quotation which referred to men dying of starvation loses nothing of its force by being chained to the limitations of metaphor. Even metaphors have meaning and use; or what could Mr. Norman mean by using them or hope to gain by such use? The whole article on "The New Prostitution" was elaborated metaphor; and this original and sincere treatment of eternal and underlying principles added greatly to the message. Whether interpreted metaphorically or literally the meaning of Mr. Norman's metaphor is this: a gentleman would die of starvation rather than run the risk of dishonour. (I have said this before.) Nothing of the meaning is lost by adding the literal reading, "run risks of starvation," to the metaphor, "would die of starvation."

Of course Mr. McKenna's department isn't Ireland; and that was not the point. The point was a very simple one: that while Ireland is still within the Union there should be some relation between the treatment of suffragist prisoners in an Irish prison and the treatment of suffragist prisoners in an English prison. Irish prisoners have been accorded extraordinary privileges. The protests of English window-smashers who demanded similar privileges have been met by forcible feeding. It is a matter for rejoicing that the Irishwomen still in Mountjoy Prison decided upon a sympathetic hunger-strike when they learnt the character of the sentences (penal servitude and hard labour) passed on their English comrades, Mrs. Mary Leigh and others. The Mountjoy Prison hunger-strike protest has, I gather, now begun. I should not be at all surprised if the authorities concerned, themselves quickly "point the way to a different method of treatment" in which forcible feeding plays no part. For the moment the issue is still the same: Shall there or shall there not be forcible feeding? If not what is the alternative? Obviously on the line of repressive measures a fresh dilemma is in sight for the Government. Two of these women cannot be fed forcibly for the five years of their sentence; nor will they, in the beastly event of forcible feeding, be fed for as many months. What does this look like? Supposing—but I prefer to wait. If forcible feeding begins in Ireland I will speak.

The quotations *re* magistrates were, once again, dependent on the abundant testimony provided by Mr. Norman; and I chose them in support of my belief that 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 defence.

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 GAWTHORPE.

August 19th, 1912.

RE KITSON WORKS ON MONEY.

MADAM,—If your correspondents, Messrs. Fysher and Lewis, would read "The Money Problem" and "Open Review," by Mr. Arthur Kitson, they would not write the foolish things they do. Mr. Kitson has placed the money and banking question upon a scientific basis, and is, in my judgment, the greatest living 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. ALLINSON.

The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman, and it will not harm the unmarried to read. The book is conveniently divided into twelve chapters. The first chapter treats of the changes of puberty, or when a girl becomes a woman. The second chapter treats of marriage from a doctor's standpoint; points out the best ages for marriage, and who should have children and who not, and furnishes useful information that one can ordinarily get only from an intelligent doctor. The third chapter treats of the marriage of blood relations; and condemns such marriages as a rule. Chapter four treats of the signs of pregnancy. The fifth chapter tells how a woman should live during the pregnant state. The sixth chapter treats of mishaps and how to avoid them. The seventh chapter treats of material impressions, and shows that birth marks are not due to longings on the part of the mother, but rather to her poor health. The eighth chapter teaches how to have easy confinements. Certain people believe that women should bring forth in pain and trouble, but the hygienic physician says that confinements can be made comparatively easy if certain rules are obeyed; these rules are given. The ninth chapter treats of the proper management of confinements until the baby is born. The tenth chapter tells how to treat the mother until she is up and about again. The eleventh chapter treats of sterility; gives the main causes of it, how these may be overcome and children result. The last chapter treats of the "change," a most important article for all women over forty. The book is full of useful information, and no book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is told; such can scarcely be the case, for knowledge is power and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in an envelope from Dr. T. R. Allinson, 381, Room, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W., in return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

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