THE DANCES OF THE "STARS."

In the circle of cosmic intelligence there are no "Stars"—only stars. Between the dancing stars in heaven and the rhythm of the cosmos there is nothing, but between the dancing "Stars" on earth and the cosmic rhythm there is a machine. Man has lost the cosmic impulse and found a piano. He has become erect as an upright grand.

Some months ago, while in Paris, it was suggested by my distinguished confrère, M. Henri Darvey of the Mercure de France, that I should accompany M. Raymond Duval, the musical critic of UNE, in order to sample the seeds of the Dalcrozian system of dancing, and to watch how they were being sown in France. These seeds, it appeared, had come to Paris from Switzerland by way of various Continental cities, and were destined to arrive in due course in England. (A consignment of them from Germany is due here in November, and favourable examples will be shown by the Dalcrozian pupils in London and provincial cities. It remains to be seen whether they will take root in English soil, the top dressing of which consists of so many foul and foreign elements.)

One night I and M. Duval set out for the demonstration. We were to see a number of enthusiastic persons agitating their blood by running round in circles, semi-circles, demi-semi-circles in response to the requirements of notes of music, crotchets, quavers, semi and demi-quavers. I gathered this much and more from M. Duval, who, being an expert in this sort of running business, was only too eager to explain its merits in order that I might agree to undergo a course, and thereby become more graceful in my method of locomotion. He seemed to think I ought to stop flopping about from side to side like a turbot, even though I enjoyed it. Further, he told me that I had within me a quantity of natural musical potentialities which my primitive ancestors had transmitted to me after receiving them direct from Nature. In order that they might develop and manifest these tendencies, Nature had given these ancestors the key of sensibility. In the course of time man had, however, mislaid this key, with the result that human beings became like dolls in a nursery. Then arose a very great mechanician, who said: "These dolls have no intelligence; I must supply some. I will invent machines that shall feed, clothe, and shelter them, and even give them animation." He was like the ingenious person in Maryat's novel who invented a certain instrument by which he could enlarge the bumps of every head placed within it. To be brief, I learnt that I had dormant rhythms in me which the industrious descendants of the very great mechanician had brought to perfection. Evidently M. Duval had better hopes of my rhythms than I had of them myself.

On entering the small dance-room three things took my notice—a director, a piano, and a black-
board. The director represented authority; the blackboard, teaching and translation; the piano, man's loss of response to natural stimuli. Together they represented the man-talk medium by which moderns are roused to dance actively. Presently the director stroked the piano and other strange features became apparent. Male and female figures, dressed in black bathing tights, emerged from tiny bathing boxes crowning the public gallery, and, in response to some chords, began to circle at one end of the room, moving harmoniously and gracefully against a grey-curtained background. I noticed that the rhythms of the dancers corresponded to those of the music. The piano said politely, "Now, if you please, we will have a lively and gay rhythm, or the rhythm of the barcarolle, or a white and black rhythm, a soft, a loud, a silent, a lymphatic, an adipose rhythm, as the case may be," and the legs and arms processed accordingly. Then the blackboard intervened with a word or two. It said, "When I give you this rhythm, make four movements with your arms. Stamp your feet with the first beat, indicate the second by a movement, keep the body stationary, and start off with the third and fourth beats." "And," I added, "you will then become figures or bits of old Etruscan pot."

We left the Etruscan decorations for the arched Champs. Night led the way down the river of fire, all subtle gleams and keen caresses. Deep blue-violet swam overhead; shafts of golden yellows pierced the trees. Lights danced in procession with the rapidly moving vehicles. Men and women were seated at the cafés. The free vibrations of their voices and bodies waved like dancers' plumes across flashing recesses. Here was life. Here were men and women full of vitality. They moved spontaneously; they were a portion of the Champs' life. They were It. This was Champs-Elysian, not Dalcroziarian.

A few days later I was shown that remarkable study by Matisse, "The Joy of Life." Its proper title is "Life without a Director." Once more I experienced a real sense of life. From the outset I began to be a portion of the picture. It was as though my intelligence had been fired by its strength and vitality. As I looked at it, living forms emerged from space, forms unrestrained, spontaneous, expressing the real joy movement of life itself. I saw these figures acting and reacting in space without any visible accompaniment. One of the most remarkable things in them was their freedom of movement. The mind of the cosmos, vital intelligence, was running through their whole bodies. Technically, this life and freedom was got by the structural unity of line and colour. By the rhythmic treatment of line the eye was carried unconsciously from point to point to the central motive, a circle of figures having the utmost animation. This centre was the big vital side. It was touched with violet, into which the roses and yellows and their complementsaries undulatingly rolled like the waves of the sea. Curiosity impelled me to discover what it was that gave vitality to the movement of the figures. I found that the grace and bend of the trees was only a reflection of those of the flow and bend of the vertebrae and the motion of the pelvis. Turning for a moment from the picture, I sought for this wonderful natural flow of the vertebrae and motion of the pelvis in the great modern "star" dancers. But without success. I watched Isadora without arms, Maud Allen the depressivist, Ruth St. Denis the imitation Indian article, Pavlova, "star" of "The Palace," Kchessinka, the Sisters Wiesenthal, and all I discovered were Greek Vase and other intellectual dances, taking us back to where we are not intended to go. These were dances of the arms and fingers and legs, in which the vertebrae and pelvis take no part. They were the manifestations of the invertebrate dancer stamped with the dead pelvis. This was partly Dalcroziarian.

Following the Matisse came an amazing Picasso, either at M. Sagot's, in the Rue Lafitte or elsewhere. To the pot-walloping British brain the study would suggest the collapse of a pyramid of beer-cans possessing limitless handles. But to me it was a real drawing, having the same quality of intelligence and rhythmic movement that I had discovered in the Matisse picture. Here again my intelligence was fired by the logic and beyond this the astounding vitality of line. It was such as you would find in a natural dancer. The whole thing had the appearance of a number of straights and curves ascending in spirals towards the infinite, just as the human body ascends when it is in perfect motion, thus giving sensitive persons an irrepressible feeling of a living organism, not a dead Greek or Etruscan vase. This living dance of the straights and curves was certainly not Dalcroziarian.

I am not concerned here with the advantages claimed for the "dance gymnastic." I admit there is something to be said for this system of awakening into being the rhythms now slumbering within the soul. Perhaps I shall return to the subject when the exponents of the system are here. I merely wish to indicate the scope of the circle of intelligence. It covers a very wide realm of thought and action, wherein it aims to break down as far as possible the mechanical barriers which man has set up between himself and vital and spiritual forms of expression. Within this realm is the wonderful temple of dance upon whose doors are written: "Man will not be permitted to enter Heaven with a piano on his back."

The mention of Matisse and Picasso reminds me that Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, of New York, has just published a portfolio containing seven reproductions respectively of the works of each artist. The aim of the publication is to make known the creative literary work of Gertrude Stein, who has written the text for the purpose.

HUNTLY CARTER.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

Voting.

We do not know whether anyone has drawn attention to the difference in phraseology which the defenders of Representative Government have learnt to use during the last hundred years. The old defence was spun round the doctrine that "Taxation and Representation went together." The modern advocate prefers to offer the plea that Government is by Consent. To establish the old doctrine was the motive which roused the Cromwellian Rebellion, in which oligarchic forces (not democratic forces) opposed the Royalist. The doctrine was further ratified by the "Bloodless Rebellion of 1689" which followed the Royalist reaction. Representative Government triumphed in theory and in fact. For Representative Government, as the tag "Taxation and Representation go together" shows, is Government by Representatives of Interests, not of persons. Parliament, which from the Commonwealth down to the First Reform Bill, was the Club-house of the Actual Governors, was the meeting-place of land-holders who came together in order to plan out rules of State—laws—in the interests of land-holders. These material interests were represented in person. If the land-owner was too little fond of the Club to be there himself, he sent his Bailiff; in any case, his nominee. The thing to be noted about representation in the pre-Reform period is that there was no nonsense current about one man representing other men. The aristocrats had had more than sufficient of that kind of doctrine under the Tudors and Stuarts. Charles the First only wanted to "govern" them for their good. They considered Civil War preferable. Hence the member of Parliament stood for the safeguarding of his stake in the country. In order to safeguard it he became a Governor, that is to say, he erected forms of coercion deemed by him to be sufficiently awe-inspiring to frighten off from spoliation all those who did not possess like "stakes." The stakeless persons naturally became the Governed, lying at the mercy of those whom they had allowed to become strong in their own interests there openly. They formulated their own decrees, which they called laws, and they actually, in person, administered them. They were the masters, the law-makers, the judges of the slaves who were called the people. Without dissimulation or hypocrisy, they were the governing class. They embodied the principles of Representative Government in the only form which psychology and politics can deem possible. By virtue of the taxes they paid—were in a position to pay because they held possession of land—they, in person, represented the interests of that land. They did not send gentlemen to represent them. They went themselves. Their interests were too important to be left to the fancy of those who may not have and no one as yet had had the insolence to suggest that they, the possessors, should. If they occasionally put a nominee in their place, for the sake of convenience, it was a relative, or a flunkie who could be kicked downstairs if he started any vagaries of thinking on his own account. Thus frankly, brutally, did the landed classes, through Parliament, govern.

Then a change came. It started with America, spread to Ireland, received tremendous impetus from the Revolution in France. The governors had governed too well. The governed were getting restive under it, as slaves will at times. France had taught much that America had left untaught of what possibly may happen when governors go a shade too far. The governors were beginning to ask why they should be governed, arming for a contest indeed. It became clear that, if government was to continue, it must be by virtue of strategy rather than of force. The governors thereupon decreed that the governed should share in government, no less. They did not propose to give them a share in land, which would have put them in a position, like their masters, actually to govern any of those who still remained landless, and thus to approach to something of an equality with their former governors. No. They con­ tempt which governors always have for the intel­ ligence of the governed, they said, "Let us make them up a little fiction. Let us tell them they do govern; it will flatter them, and they are too foolish to know really whether they govern or not. Let us give them a little slip of paper, and tell them it is the voucher for their share in the government." So the governed got the vote. They still remained governed nevertheless, but when from time to time they pointed out this awkward little detail, the governors blandly explained, "Of course, we are all governed now. True, we do the govern­ ing and you obey our orders, but then we do it, by your consent. Government by Consent; Government by Consent! Were we not so hypnotised by familiar phrases, "Government by Consent" would send us off into peals of inextinguishable laughter. As it is, we often suffer himself to be led about like a child, but a normal person will follow his own bent. Even though his bent be perverse, he will follow it. The persons who fill our prisons have followed their will, often suffer himself to be led about like a child, but a normal person will follow his own bent. Even though his bent be perverse, he will follow it. The persons who fill our prisons have followed their bent, and Government has been powerless to stop them. It has only been able to punish them after the event, and the odd fact is to be recorded that the more they are punished by imprisonment the more settled does their tendency to repeat their actions become. What strange manner of persons, then, are these who are governed by consent, that is, who put their lives under the arbitrary control of others, by the power of their will, voluntarily to have their hands shackled, feet tied, and teeth drawn, by consent? They are the powerless. That is the plain, hideous truth. Their consent is a tacit, enforced consent of the "nithings." They have neither the strength nor the spirit to withhold it. They are the landless, property­ less, unarmed, helpless, and the odd persons whose battered intelligences a contemptuous fiction has been offered. Let them ask themselves: When did they become so afraid of their riotous little selves that they desired to be governed? When was their consent secured? When
did they consent to have any governors at all; and
when did they consent to have these? One must
suppose that it is all contained in that little paper
they make crosses on occasionally, that voucher that
they are "Governed" and "by Consent." They
must have learned that government because of imbecility
is necessary; government being because of powerlessness
is crime; but that governing by consent is blasphemy. The governing of our lives is our
own responsibility, and to delegate it is the unfor­
givable sin. But the people are not blasphemous.
Their unintelligence is their adequate defence.

The hypocrisy which lies so brazenly upon this
latter-day interpretation of government, i.e., that
it is by consent, finds its counterpart in the
machinery of government itself. Formerly the
governors governed (bludgeoned) the people
frankly, as pleased and proud of their job as
if they were hunting game. But the Reform
Bills have changed all that. Since the govern­
ors realised that it was not safe to advertise
government openly as an interest and a sport,
some little readjustments were necessary to make
the fiction about voting completely innocuous. For
instance, the discussion of real interests was re­
moved from the scope of Parliament's deliberation.
By the conversion of land interests into money
interests this was easily effected, and land culva­
tion ceased to be the main source of labouring
activity. The new Representatives of the People
(before, they had been representatives of landed interests) became competent, naturally, to deal with
that which was within their province, i.e., that which
those whom they "represented" possessed, which
was literally, nothing. The land-owners, pos­sessing land, governed in the interests of land.
The people's representatives, standing for per­
sons who possessed nothing, governed accord­
ing to their circumstances. The People's
poverty became their natural province. It be­
came the basis of "democratic" legislation. They
manipulated it this way and that, and produced
trimmed Nothingnesses which they called Domestic
Reform. For "Representation of People with
Nothing" had not the advantage which the "Repre­
sentation of Landed Interests" had. These latter
were represented by the Owners of the Interests
themselves, and as owners were jealous of their
welfare. The "People who owned Nothing" are
represented by "persons who have heard of"
these People. And the result is, that parlia­
mentary government, which was always a crime,
has become in addition a filthy, canting abomina­
tion. But the People with Nothing still slobber
over it. Have they not got their Voucher,
their little Ticket they can make Crosses on? It
remains for them to attain to where they were one
hundred years ago, and again to rise in Rebellion.
This time, it should be Insurrection, an outraged
People rising up to Seize (not demand) Property
(not a Vote!). Then the real war will flare out, for
they will then close in with the real governors—the
owners of Land and Money, who at present are
mainly outside the People's Parliament. They find
no reason for them to be in. The parliamentary
puppets are quite effective as a screen, and are quite
able to keep the people's attention diverted.

Low Forms of Society.

What is a "low form of society"? A respondent sends us an interesting letter
in which occurs this phrase. We would like to
know, since if we can establish a common under­
standing of it, much futile discussion will be avoided.

Is the modern form of society "low"? We take it
that our correspondent (and many other readers)
would say that it is not. Now we hold that it is.
An entire philosophy turns upon the decision as to
which of the two views is right.

Let us consider the English Empire. To our
mind, it is in an advanced state of decay, and prob­
able the next fifty years will see its complete
break-up. The guard and goyern of the offshoots of
the Empire, the governors, as is usual in Empires,
have been compelled to impoverish the entire tree.
They have deprived it of the independent spirit
which is the sap. Government, of necessity with a
great Empire, has become its main concern. To in­
duce the spirit of governed, i.e., of dependents, to
bequeath, into all its subjects has been a necessity of
its existence. Otherwise, the Empire would not
have held together. The consolidation of an Empire
is the beginning of its decay. In time the decay is
reflected in the changing geography, the diminish­ing
territory, of the Empire itself. The superficial mind is inclined to regard the
change which occurs in this period, as really what its last stages. This digestion upon
the evil effects of Empires upon the nation which
acquires them, is made in order to suggest that some part of English affairs which is usually at the back
of the mind of the person who speaks of England
as a highly evolved State, i.e., the Empire, is to study,
really is a symptom of degeneracy rather than of
development. Empires have been in at the death
of most great civilisations. The reason is only too
broadly brought out. The desire for Having, which
outflaunts the greatness of Being, even in great civilisations, leads to a policy of aggression
which ultimately results in an Empire. Thereupon
(during the aggressive period, though this is not noticed), Government succeeds to Freedom, and
speedily the Great Spirit begins to decline. Hence
the rise, the culmination, and decline of civilisa­
tions. Their rise and fall are intimately connected
with Government and Freedom. It is necessary
to insist on this, since it is just this matter of size
and complexity which are really meant when a society or a country is referred to as being highly evolved.
But it is the most patent fallacy. Government,
i.e., the drudgery caused by the exchange of life,
which resents coercion, is of necessity complex.
Freedom would be simplicity's self in comparison.
And the bigger the governed unit grows, the more
complex it grows. Its bigness and its complexities
both are signs of degeneracy, and not of develop­
ment. If the Empires or Great States could be
dissolved, their governments abolished, and the
units of government made identical with the individ­
ual unit, though it would become simple, it would
contain potentialities of the higher development of
the human soul, which are the causes of great
civilisations. That this is so is proved by the
fact that only under conditions of freedom and sim­
plicity does the human mind flower. Consider our
own "highly evolved" and "complex" race. What
does it produce save ugliness and stupidity?
Nothing—spontaneously—no free intelligence.
Everything is imitation. Everything is studied,
copied, following a "school." We are set to study
"classics." But what "classics" did the classics
study? What models had the compilers of Homer,
or what had David, or other Hebrew writers? Yet
where is the breath of life captured as in these,
conceived in all probability among little village­
communities, held out on the hillside, by the solitary
shepherd tending his flock? Even in our own
culminating period—the Elizabethan—life was
comparatively free and simple. In fact, it seems
that complexity of circumstance is inimical to the
exercise of intelligence. Complexity tends to en­
trammel intelligence in detail, to embarrass the free flight of the mind. It would appear, with all history to sustain it, that complexity with its incumbent governmentality, is retained at a sacrifice of intelligence. For instance, what sensitively intelligent person could tolerate easy life in London, still less Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Middlesborough? Apart from their execrable ugliness, their size is sufficient to overcome the sense of separateness, of personality. The individual has no space; there is no room for Him, the Person. The bustle and haste, the getting and spending, the impudent noise, these are no setting fit for Persons, fastidious, difficult, different, wanting little, yet wanting everything which counts. There are crowds of slaves, of workmen, of pushers and wasters, some nice little children who grow ugly and unintelligent by the time they are twenty. And that is all. We have neither sculptors, poets, painters, nor philosophers. We cannot sing, dance, or play naturally, and the nation's mirth comes from the music-halls. We are no athletes, and concerning games, as a nation, we watch them rather than play in them. Physically, mentally, morally, we are nothing. This is lugubrious. The two correspondents base their arguments upon the assumption that ours is a "high" form of society, as opposed to some others which are "low," we are seeking to learn what is meant by "low" and "high."

One correspondent, Miss Frances Prewett, quotes Herbert Spencer's argument that society is an "organism." We do not believe that society is an organism. A society is merely an agglomeration of complete and separate entities. Its only happy unions in societies are those of voluntary association and free co-operation, which are as free to be disrupted, to be broken away from, as they were free to form. We have already and very often pointed out that, morally, as Spencer himself acknowledges, this is the only possible form of society. The nearer economic conditions can be adjusted to this moral necessity, the better chance have the individuals who compose societies to become Great. Compare society with such an organism as man. In societies men can break away, sever their connection, return, rejoin, break away again, and so on; that is, if any such body in "society" can be conceived as the main trunk from which the member can be said to sever himself. But consider the organism "man." An eye cannot break away from the body such an agent or no place without damage; nor can an arm; still less the heart, or the lungs. No, in an organism the constituent members all form part of a whole. Their meaning and function is in respect of the whole, and their vitality is maintained only when they are in unhampered and healthy connection with it. But there is no society thus constituted, nor any society within a society. A society, therefore, is not an "organism." It is much nearer a "Mechanical Mixture," each constituent of the mixture being charged with certain characteristics of attraction and repulsion, which altogether produce very odd effects. How very different maintains consistently that society is an organism may be gathered from the following quotation taken from the suppressed chapter in "Social Statics," entitled "The Right to Ignore the State"—:

"Government being simply an agent employed in common by a number of individuals to secure to them certain advantages, the nature of the connection implies that it is for each to employ him at his pleasure or not. He cannot be coerced into political combination without a breach of the law of equal freedom; he can withdraw from it without committing any such breach. And he has, therefore, a right to withdraw. "They who assert that men are made for governments and not governments for men may consistently hold that no one can remove themselves from the State in which they are. The State is the very essence of absurdity; for if legislators' power is disputed, it follows that those from whom it proceeds are the masters of those on whom it is conferred."

And again: "When we have made our Constitution purely democratic, says the earnest reformer, we shall have brought government into absolute harmony; he is the very essence of unity. By no process can coercion be made equitable. The purest form of government is only the least objectionable form. The rule of the many by the few we call tyranny. The rule of the few by the many is tyranny also. . . . The very existence of minorities and majorities is indicative of an immoral State. . . . The enactment of public arrangement by vote implies a society consisting of men otherwise constituted—implies that the desires of some cannot be satisfied without sacrificing the desires of others—implies, therefore, organic (1) immorality. Thus, from another point of view, we again perceive that even in its most equitably possible form it is impossible to dissociate itself from evil, and further, unless the right to ignore the State is recognised, its acts must be essentially criminal.

"What is the meaning of Dissent. The time was when a man's faith and his mode of worship were as much determinable by law as his secular acts, and according to the provision extant on our Statute- book are so still. We have ignored the State in the matter wholly in theory and partly in practice."

Scarce the description of an "organism" we think.

Leadership.

The question of leadership, which Dr. Whitby raises in this issue, is well worth deeper investigation than it has yet received. It is a matter of far-reaching importance, affecting religion, morality, and economics: in fact, the entire round of existence. What is a "leader"? Presumably a person who leads—but whom? We know people lead dogs on a string, or they lead a horse, or sheep, or a child, or a blind man. But what of that person who leads normal grown men? It is our opinion that, where a "Leader" is not a careless fellow, he is a Rascal. There is little profit to be got from the opinions of "followers" on "Leaders" since "following" is so fatally easy, so alluring, a situation to degenerate that they would reply by one long scream of enthusiasm to any questionings on the subject. For "followers" are not merely saved the trouble of thinking, and the burden of responsibility; they are, by a subtle leader, so made to feel that they are one with him, so allied with what they would call his glory, but which a more observant eye would call his shame, that they are oblivious to any moral appeal. The follower is, indeed, more or less hopeless. Salvation from leading and following will have to come from the moralisation of "leaders." The person with the power to lead will have to learn that "leading" is with him original sin. It is a prostitution of power. Power is the means to increased Being. It is the energy in a Man whose right use is to increase his stature, to raise him in the scale of being up towards his fuller development. It is his means of achieving Personality: that is, of drawing nearer
to his "God." Its legitimate use is to make him a greater soul; its illegitimate use is to direct it towards the subordination of his fellows. These two opposed uses show why, while many men have Power, few men have Genius. Almost all powerful men use their power perversely, as a prostitute uses sex. In order to exert control over their fellows, to govern them, they divert their powers from their moral use, which is the individual owner's growth and development, and impoverishing themselves thus, they in addition overcome the individualised power of those with whom they come in contact. This explains why a man like Napoleon, with his lust for a following, from the whole world, was really poles apart from genius. A genius husbands power. A "leader" lets it out on hire. Power is for creation. A genius creates. He creates thoughts which are not himself, which are independent of himself. What he creates the world may have free, to use for its own purposes. But they were created, not for the world's sake, but that a man with power might fulfill himself. The leader, on the other hand, abandons himself in order to ensnare others. His life is one long compromise between the self he knows he might accomplish as clearly, bravely, and as truly as himself which he creates in order to undermine the power of others. As we have said, it is no good appealing to "natural" followers in this matter. One must rely upon the appeal to the strong—the possible leaders. This morality will have to be exercised from above, not from below. The question which a Powerful one has to put to himself is twofold: First, "Can I be myself with this crowd at my heels? Does not the necessity of keeping them there entail a constant tax upon temperament and individuality—a strain which can only be relaxed upon pain of losing 'leadership'?" We believe that no favourable answer to these questions has ever been possible to any "leader" since the world began. "Drivers" get a better chance, but for leaders compromise and hypocrisy begin with the first hour of leadership. A "leadership" is one long course of degeneracy.

The other aspect of the question: Are the persons associated with a leader better for being led? A "leader" knows they are not. He knows he uses them for his purposes, to accomplish his ends, and thrust his thoughts upon them. For it is to his ends his leader truly any person who is accompanied. He does not merely "go first." Often enough he does not "go first" at all. His leadership means direction, control, and organisation. He knows that any tendency towards independence is inimical to him. The "strong" person in his following is a danger to him, and is hastily eliminated. He grows strong in leadership only as his followers became weak and dependent. His strength lies in their weakness and docility. Every "leader" who is honest with himself knows this. He knows that only fools "follow," and that he flourishes in the world on the fact that they are fools. Deeper still, he hates them, because they have lured him into forgetfulness of himself. In enslaving them he has squandered himself. Instead of forcing power into genius, he has become the Arch-fool of Folly, a Knave to boot. As a leader his Light of Creation might have illuminated darkness, through his Fall he and they alike sink into the dark together. The greatest service that one man can do for another—and a man with Power can do it—is to turn him aside from following, and set in in the path of self-confidence, which leads to the realisation of a man's own Personality—his Soul.

"The New Humpty Dumpty."*  

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has always placed certain obstacles before his readers. He began badly by writing, in collaboration with Joseph Conrad, a novel called "The Inheritors" (probably the most incomprehensible book ever published in Western Europe), of which the very collaboration was irritating, since it left one mystified as to whether Conrad or Hueffer was the man to curse. He followed up that vein by an obscurity of style which made his readers desire to remind him that it is bad manners to whisper, so sott voce were his jokes and passions. Subsequently he began to dislike his public as much as he had always despised it, and his books became the confidential communings of Mr. Hueffer with his disgruntled soul. Few people have succeeded in violating these sacred confidences: "A Call," as it appeared in the English Review, is an example of the cotton-wool in which he wrapped the delicacies of his distress. But now he has become as clearly, bravely, and as truly "real" as a leader, and one is glad; not only because dropping that style must have taken years off his age, but because really one wanted to read his books all the time. But he continues to insult his readers by throwing them his good books from behind an absurd nom de plume.

* The New Humpty Dumpty.

Quite obviously "The New Humpty Dumpty," is by Mr. Hueffer. It deals with the aristocrats that Mr. Hueffer, the Mediævalist, loves, because aristocrats can so often produce convincing proof that they have been in England since the Middle Ages. "He lit a little candle that sent a golden glow on to the faces of crystal inkpots and on to the roughened surfaces of chiselled silver seal-holders, so that all the table resembled a small altar." That image betrays Mr. Hueffer, who lacks the sinlessness of heart necessary to a religious man, but loves to adorn life with the fripperies of religion. He delights in the spectacle of Greek popes, who are Russian spies and Galizian marqueses infatuated with the poetry of the elder Dumas, walking in Bayswater, just as an imaginative child loves to see the foreign sailor-men rolling up the seaport streets. Besides, the same passions drive Don Quixote and Ford Madox Hueffer to write. At present Mr. Hueffer is mastered by the hatred of a certain type of woman: a healthy being with high red cheek-bones and blunt vigour, whose tradesmanlike moral outlook makes her dun other people for scrupulous conduct and always give short weight herself. So that Olympia Peabody glares sotta voce at all. His leadership means direction, control, and organisation. He knows that any tendency towards independence is inimical to him. The "strong" person in his following is a danger to him, and is hastily eliminated. He grows strong in leadership only as his followers became weak and dependent. His strength lies in their weakness and docility. Every "leader" who is honest with himself knows this. He knows that only fools "follow," and that he flourishes in the world on the fact that they are fools. Deeper still, he hates them, because they have lured him into forgetfulness of himself. In enslaving them he has squandered himself. Instead of forcing power into genius, he has become the Arch-fool of Folly, a Knave to boot. As a leader his Light of Creation might have illuminated darkness, through his Fall he and they alike sink into the dark together. The greatest service that one man can do for another—and a man with Power can do it—is to turn him aside from following, and set in in the path of self-confidence, which leads to the realisation of a man's own Personality—his Soul.
youth that the world is a rocking stone trembling on the verge of perdition, desired to save it. At first he sought salvation through the love of the people. He gave his patrony to an Anarchist club in the Tottenham Court Road, and the result that Soho saw a sudden eruption of cheap restaurants, gambling clubs, and sweating tailors' businesses. Then, in a convulsion of Socialism, he married a tailor's daughter and gave away another fortune to the Putney branch of the Fabian Society. "They naturally wanted to print pamphlets. These advanced people always want to print pamphlets. . . . They could not agree as to whose pamphlets they were to publish. So they all went to law. They had innumerable lawsuits."

But it was really his wife who convinced him of the sin of handing over the power of Life to the lower classes. "The whole of the trouble comes from your being a member of the shopkeeping classes," explains Mr. Pett, the Nietzschean Tory. "That's what you are, a shopkeeper's daughter. That's what's in the blood. That's what's in the profession. Your father was a tailor. If a customer brought him cloth to make a suit of he would steal a yard and a half of it and justify himself because it was the custom of the trade. That's like you. You will take any advantage you can, and you will justify yourself because it's the custom of a person in your position. . . . When Sergius Mihailovitch has been generous to you, you've despised him, because you do not understand what generosity is. When Sergius Mihailovitch lost his affection for you, you upbraided him like a tradesman who sees a customer take his custom away and give it to another establishment. That's what you are, a product of tradespeople. The difference between you and gentlesfolk like Macdonald. Good God! The difference between you and me and him is that we haven't got a spark of generosity in us. . . . We aren't either of us fit to loosen the shoe latches of Sergius Mihailovitch. That's how the world has always been. That's how it will always be. That's what we are, because we haven't got in the whole of our compositions a spark of generosity."

Under this revelation Sergius Mihailovitch decided that life regulated by the standards of princes is the most delicate, the most kindly life we know. He noticed that Galizia had dethroned its young King, and is now ruling under a revolutionary government. "They thought they were going to have some fun, but they find they're being governed by twelve people, each one as solemn and dull as a Methodist minister." "I am the son of a Methodist minister myself," said Mr. Salt gloomily. "Precisely," Macdonald encountered him. "So you know how dull it is to be governed by one of them. Think of your Sundays at home, and then think of being governed by twelve at once." So he determined to set the young King on the throne again. "After all, he was trying to key things up—to key up the whole world. . . . He was trying not so much to put back the hands of the clock as to retain for the world something that has been possessed. It wasn't the mere setting-up again in a ridiculous little republic of a ridiculous little monarchy; it was a question of proving to the world that certain things were good and that there was enough to go round."

He had to do strange things on the way to his ideal. For instance, besides conciliating the American financiers, who were financing the counter-revolution in return for mineral concessions, he has to organise a small party, consisting of a chauffeur and two disreputable ladies, whose duty it is, by participating in motor accidents and throwing peaches at head waiters, to create a bad reputation for the young King, so that the Galizian Government will think him incapable of a counter-revolution. In the end he wins Galizia back to Royalism by kidnapping the bulls intended for a bull-fight organised by the President, and thus discrediting the republic. At the moment of victory he is struck down by a bullet in the back, shot by an assassin hired by a Galizian marquis who had heard Macdonald disparage the poetry of the elder Dumas. What a contrast is this chivalrous life to the ill-bred scurry of Richard Rimington's existence! Sergius Mihailovitch even loves like a perfect gentleman. When she is still married but never occurs to him that he loves her. How uncontrolled the lawless love of Rimington and Isabel Rivers seems beside this! It is not the immorality of Rimington's love affairs that would distress Mr. Hueffer, but the fear that people who are so anarchic in important matters might soon become slovenly in their manner of leaving visiting-cards.

But Mr. Hueffer's conservatism is due not so much to his conventionality as to the strictly mechanistic view of life. Conservatism is the only creed possible to those who hold reason higher than intuition. Reason tells us that the generous conditions of life enjoyed by the aristocracy must have produced a caste capable, by its freer development, of governing all others. Intuition tells us of a vast flood of genius surging through the sea of Life, rising to majesty at diverse places which we cannot chart. As artistic genius may be manifest in unpleasant old gentlemen like Turner or soundrels like Cellini, so the genius of delicate living may arise in strange places. But Mr. Hueffer will not believe that because it cannot be proved.

For the same reason that he distrusts the people he distrusts the future. It cannot be proved that
past, unless one proves that there will be a repetition of events. And obviously, since we acknowledge that life is change, there will be no such repetition. Sergius Mihailovitch, by restoring Royalism to a bored kingdom, proved himself the slave of his mind. Rimington, with his hot, irritable fumbling at ideas, was trying to use his intellect as the servant of his intuition. Mr. Wells recognised in 'Marriage' 'we've no basis yet broad enough and strong enough on which to build.' Mr. Hufeer accepts the intellectual pleasure of appreciating graceful art and life as his basis; whence arises the sheer spiritual pride of being contented "to preserve whatever old goodnesses there may be in the world?"

This defect in Mr. Hueffer is largely due to the fact that he was brought up among pre-Raphaelites. Their mission was something like that of the weekly paper, Truth: they were out to liber our British institutions. They succeeded marvellously. Everybody with an income of over three hundred a year sneers a little when referring to the Royal Academy. But, like Truth, they had no constructive energy. They sneer at the mere worship of the value of love and jewels and flowers, and all things that are kept for their beauty and not for use. But beyond this their spirits weakly refused to range. Mr. Hufeer is their last survivor, and finds no institution left to revile. It is significant that both the creator and the survivor of the school, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Ford Madox Hueffer, are foreigners facing life at an awkward angle on this cold, alien island. One fancies that some alteration of external circumstance would make Mr. Hufeer write much better books—such as going abroad or living on a clay soil. REBECCA WEST.

Leadership.

"What is long life worth? What warrior wisheth to be spared?"

ONCE upon a time I went to a music-hall, and saw there among other more or less amusing things a thing I shall never forget. This was a "performing cat." In the first place, this cat in company with a dog performed a little drama, the details of which are not to the purpose, with complete success. The dog, I believe, stole its master's dinner, and placed the limp cat upon the table just in time for her to be caught there upon the owner's return. In the next item the cat was in sole possession of the stage, across which a row of short pillars had been arranged. The cat was placed upon one of the end pillars, and was expected to jump from pillar to pillar across the stage. But, on arriving at the centre pillar, the cat, bethinking herself that she was not in the vein for playing the fool, but for meditation upon things in general, inadvertently lay down, and refused to badge. Coaxings, cajoleries, caresses, and, doubtless, muttered threats were lavished upon her by the distraught master of ceremonies—but lavished in vain. The cat remained imperturbable, superciliously insouciant. The "performing cat" would not perform. In my time I have (for my sins) witnessed a good many music-hall turns in which French poodles and other canine artistes have evinced their amazing talents, and they have invariably played the game. I live in somewhat faint hope of seeing another "performing cat."

This anecdote is by way of introduction to the suggestion that human beings may be roughly classified as approximating to either the feline or the canine type. Some folk would at once affirm that all women belong to the latter, and all men to the tribe of dogs. But this hasty verdict I cannot endorse. My contention is rather that the cats are anarchists (or, if you will, individualists), and the dogs votaries of the great State. It is my firm conviction that, in all classes of the community, the docile, tractable canine variety of the human species enormously outnumbers the intractable feline type, and, if I may so say, is inseparably combined. From the law of direct, paternal government into the belief that when things go wrong, the law and the dog reign there is, in the long run, otherwise than by means of discipline and restraint, they would be forced to amend their ways, and to disgorge. As it is, public indignation spends itself helplessly upon the political scapegoats, who are in the main powerless, even granted their desire, to effect fundamental reforms. And, to complete the picture, the hideous wrongs produced by their tyranny would not be tolerated by public opinion; they would be forced to amend their ways, and to disgorge. It is my firm conviction that, in all classes of the community, the docile, tractable canine variety of the human species enormously outnumbers the intractable feline type. If the real rulers of modern society showed themselves open to such their mean and providential dif-
abnegation of their dignity and power, no chance of evading. The whole weight of public opinion is brought to bear upon them with irresistible effect. Their acceptance of ruler functions implies a claim to superiority to the weaknesses and limitations of ordinary folk: woe to them if the claim be not made good! That these ordinary folk do not lightly Their acceptance of ruler functions implies a claim beginning, has admitted the indispensability of reluctance with which mankind, from the very be­ginning, has nevertheless been paid, a glance into the crowded pages of Dr. Frazer's "The Dying God" will amply suffice. The entire history of the race may be regarded as a struggle between the individ­ual and the herd; or, to revert to my former metaphor, one may say that mankind has always led "a cat and dog life." Among primitive peoples the divine king or man-god must be killed on the appearance of the least symptom of enfeeblement; he may not lose so much as a single tooth. The pretext alleged, that, since the course of nature is dependent upon the life of the man-god, success in war and abundant harvests are only to be ex­pected so long as he retains perfect health and vigour, is to be attributed to the memorial in­genuity of priesthood in the devising of plausible excuses for barbarous customs. In the same way, among tribes who have difficulty in keeping up their food supply, old and infirm folk are knocked on the head in order that they may not be too feeble to enjoy life on the other side! Primitive people cannot dispense with leaders any more than they can, but as a protest against the hateful necessity these unpleasant conditions are imposed. Experience proves that if a man be born to lead, he must and will; no conditions or penalties will prevent him from fulfilling his destiny. Thus a sixteenth-century traveller relates how in the South Indian Province of Quilacare the king was only allowed to reign twelve years. At the end of that time, after a ceremonial bath, he mounted a scaffold adorned with silken hangings, and there, before his assembled subjects, having provided himself with sharp knives, proceeded to cut off his own nose, ears, lips, all his members, and as much as possible of his flesh, concluding the performance with slit­ting his weasand. "And he performs this sacrifice to the idol, and whoever desires to reign other twelve years and undertake this martyrdom for love of the idol, has to be present looking on at this; and from that place they raise him up as king." In Malabar there was "an office tenable for five years, during which its bearer was invested with supreme despotic powers within his jurisdiction. On the expiry of the five years the man's head was cut off and thrown up in the air amongst a large concourse of villagers, each of whom vied with the other in trying to catch it in its course down. He who succeeded was nominated to the post for another five years." Dr. Frazer cites the case of a Shilluk who clamoured to be made king "on condition of being killed at the end of a brief reign of a single day." This is mere madness, and yet it is a logical act, which shows that that of the sacrifice in Quilacare demand more serious consideration. It would be a mistake to regard popular jealousy as the sole factor concerned. The cruel price exacted for leadership was also a rough and ready test of real fitness, an effectual means of sifting out mere charlatans and pretenders. Only a man conscious of genuine superiority would be capable of looking on at such an orgy of self-mutilation, and, in the full certainty of a like end, accepting the vacant rôle. If one adopt Eucken's definition of faith as "the recogni­tion of the inner presence of an infinite energy," then one must admit that the kings of Quilacare were men of faith, and that they deserved the divine honours accorded them after death. It is difficult even to suppose that a mere lust for dominance could have determined their choice, to the exclusion of some consciousness of a real mission, inspired by genuine pity and love. For it is characteristic of the born leader to love the com­monalty with a love akin to hatred and not far distant from contempt. And it is characteristic of the communality to revolt at the sufferings of heroes, and to regard fortitude as the ultimate test of man­hood. It is the feeling expressed by Emily Dickinson:—

"I like a look of agony,
Because I know it's true;
Men do not sham convulsions
Or simulate a throe."

A debating society in search of a suitable topic might profitably devote an evening to the question of the results upon the personnel of government in this country that would follow the substitution of the Malabar custom of TENAVUTTI PARAKSHAM (authority obtained by decapitation) for our present electoral methods. Capitalism is, as I have said, at bottom a device for separating the privileges and responsibilities of leadership, and so evading the law that power over one's fellow men must be paid for in happiness and freedom. But our money lords are not really so omnipotent as they appear. In every com­munity the real king or queen is the person of greatest discernment and sovereign will, whose powerful influence radiates outwards and down­wards until it permeates and controls all. Unseen, unacknowledged, though not unfelt or impotent, the normal hierarchy still exists and functions as of old. Of course, nobody can be at the top of the tree in everything; but somebody must always be at the top in regard to the things that matter most. And he or she is, for the time being, the rightful ruler, and will, at least in a measure, actually rule. It is perhaps an open question whether Voltaire or Rousseau were King of France at the middle of the eighteenth century; certainly Louis XV. was not. It was the group of thinkers who foregathered in the salons of Madame du Deffand, Madame Geoffrin, Madame Necker, and Julie de Lespinaux who as D'Alembert, Condorcet, Grimm, Diderot, Condorcet, Suard, De Chastellux, who decreed what Goethe calls the "cleansing bath" of the Revolution. If their way of thought was marred by sentimentality, their enlightenment less profound, their emancipation more partial than

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they deemed it, there is the less reason to be surprised at the imperfection of their achievement or the crimes which attended its birth. Moreover, perfection cannot fairly be expected of the work of kings in exile; they had never in any respect a free hand.

Writers and readers of such a journal as The Freewoman are engaged in a task even more momentous than that of the famous encyclopaedists.

CHARLES J. WHITBY.

The New Order.

SERIES II.

IV.—THE NEW RELIGION: COSMIC HARMONY in HUMAN CONDUCT.


IV.—BEYOND THE VEIL OF SENSE.

The religious instinct in ancient and modern times has been more or less incessantly pre-occupied with thoughts of what lies beyond the veil of sense, and this in obedience to that higher functioning already described, which is of the Universe, universal, and therefore not bound within the narrow limits of the individual life and experience. "We look before and after," sang Shelley, "and pine for what is not." "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," said the apostolic writer. In the beautiful words of the Eastern sage, "Religion (yoga) is the restraining of the modifications from without: then the seer in his own state abides.

This characteristic quality unifies the New Religion with all other religions that the world has known. It takes its stand beyond the here and now, probing behind the hither and the henceforth, in its search for the fundamental sanctions of conduct, both personal and social.

While thus, like other religions, having its roots in the unseen, the New Religion has also, like them, its flower and fruit in the visible field of action. No great religious founder can be named who has not profoundly modified, both by example and precept, the conduct of daily life. All alike insist that it is only in practising the application, only by "living the life," that the truths of the religion can be in any valid sense known. So far as the practice of the new sense, or art of free organisation, is concerned, enactors of the New Order, wherever found, are endeavouring to carry it into immediate effect in their daily life and intercourse. So far as actual experiments in land tenure and the new medium of exchange are involved, it is one of the primary aims of these centres to seek co-operation from any, without distinction of sex or race, who are ready and willing to share in such experiments.

Although, according to the interpretation given throughout this tract, the religious instinct is, in its essentials, everywhere one, in the working out of the teachings by those who seek more or less imperfectly to grasp the mind of the Teacher, there inevitably results variety, and

* Here students of Christian Science will note that their founder, Mrs. Eddy, in all her published works insistently strikes this note of action, as opposed to the mere acceptance of her theory.

the falling away in certain respects from the great ideal. Hence the need of a return to the fountain head, a resetting in new and living terms, consonant with the needs of the time, of the old fundamental truth—the need, in fact, of the New Religion.

The conclusions in the realm of social conduct which flow from the New Religion have been spectively dealt with under various headings in previous tracts. Turning now to the personal aspect of human conduct, the individual's duty to himself, and the relation of that in him, which thinks as "I," to the Cosmos—the beyond-life—he who is imbued with the New Religion finds himself no longer harassed by painful contradictions, as in the old order, between the inner life of the soul and the outward working links with his fellows. In the pursuit of that inner light, which some have called inspiration or revelation, he now discovers his ever-nearer approach to an ultimate oneness with the rest. Enacting the principles of the New Order, that very sense of self-direction—the finding of his own soul, as some would say—is what he postulates and pursues no less ardent ly for others than for himself: the conscious aim of his reconstructed social order is precisely to achieve this. Provided that this principle he actually embodied in his own life and in his dealings with others, the Universe, he feels, must gradually disclose its working to him and them, not otherwise. As another apostolic writer expressed it: "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" Or, in a more recent setting of the same idea, "Let us first have social symphony, and then tune our sacred lyre."

The aspiring student of the New Religion knows with a sureness which brings him peace that there are no limits set to the possibilities of human development, the progressive winning of ever-higher insight and wider outlook into the before and after, the ever-finer penetration into the mysteries of the beyond. He needs only to beware lest too close contact with the false values and inverted morals of the economic world should vitiate his field of mental vision, peopling it with figures of delusion which masquerade as spiritual guides. Testing, therefore, every experience in the searching light of cosmic instinct, he is ready to take his share (without premature dogmatizing) in the abstrusest researches into the origins and destinies of life, whether body life or soul life, once his tribute of daily duty is yielded. Probing the limits of personality, he seeks to pierce, by the aid of the cosmic sense, into the impersonal region which lies beyond. The attempt, however humbly made, to function in the eternal now delivers him from those tragic wrestlings over, and yearnings for, immortality after death, which marked the more personal, and, therefore, the more emotional period of religious experience and worship.

Communing to the utmost of his powers with the larger cosmic life, he finds himself yet more and more in touch with creative forces, so that he loses count of whether he be the moving agency or they. The spiritual law is thus disclosed whereby the higher and more enduring the force, the less personal (in the economic sense) are its workings, and by the action of this law, between individuals first and then between groups, the rhythmic harmonies of the New Order will find ever-widening expression in the life of man—"on earth as it is in Heaven."

W. ALLAN MACDONALD.

HELEN M. MACDONALD.

"The Freewoman" Discussion Circle.

The Discussion Circle met for a business meeting on Wednesday, September 18th, at Chandos Hall, when a very fair number of members assembled. Mrs. A. H. Edwards took the chair, and the first business discussed was the financial position of the Circle. Owing to the regrettable serious illness of the treasurer, Mr. Weston, we are unable to state exactly the financial situation, but it seems possible that the present funds will enable us to hold four more meetings before the end of the year 1912—two in October (as already arranged), one in November, one in December.

As Mr. Weston is unable to carry on his duties as treasurer, Miss F. W. Stella Browne was nominated for the office. A unanimous vote was given at the meeting for her election, and she has kindly consented to do the work.

Following on the business, Miss Marsden addressed the members on the subject of "The Freewoman and its Policy." This gave rise to much discussion, and, as all the members present were anxious to hear more on the matter (and to give other members an opportunity to be present), a resolution was moved and seconded that Miss Marsden be asked to read a paper to the Circle at the November meeting, expounding more fully her views for the policy of The Freewoman. This Miss Marsden has consented to do.

The action of Messrs. Smith & Son in refusing FREEWOMAN for ordinary sale on their bookstalls was then debated, and the best methods by which supporters of the paper might assist. Miss Marsden pointed out the need of further subscribers for the paper, showing that a subscription is of infinitely more financial help than the mere buying of the paper week by week. The paper has a hard fight for existence, even though its circulation increases, and all sympathisers are called upon to make a serious effort on its behalf. One of the best, and easiest, ways is for each one of you who reads the paper to become at once a subscriber, and, secondly, to obtain one other subscriber at least. The need for action is urgent.

The next meeting of the Circle will take place on Wednesday, October 2nd, 8 p.m., at Chandos Hall. The subject for discussion is "The Abolition of Domestic Drudgery," and the discussion will be opened by Mrs. M. Melvin and Miss Emma Robinson.

Owing to the late treasurer's illness, mentioned above, there has been some confusion in the list of paid-in subscriptions, and those members who were not present on Wednesday last at the business meeting are requested to be so good as to send a postcard without delay to the secretary (Miss B. Low, 19, Fortune Hill, Hendon, N.W.), stating whether they have or have not paid their subscription up to December, 1912 (2s. 6d.).

Those who have not yet done so are asked to send subscriptions now, in order that the accounts may be made correct.

The committee regrets having to trouble members who have, possibly, already paid, but the circumstances render it inevitable.

B. Low (Acting Secretary).

Correspondence.

Note to Correspondents.—While quite willing to publish letters under nom de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the editor.—Ed.

To the Editor of The Freewoman.

REPRESENTATION AND GOVERNMENT.

Madam,—In your issue of September 19th you declare that "to have a vote is to offend against spiritual law. By the time Mrs. Leigh gets a vote, honest men and women will be refusing to be mixed up in the offence," and you assert that government by tyrants is preferable to representative government. I have followed with great interest your iconoclastic articles on the evils of government. I have tried to discover what remedy you propose. Would you abolish all forms of government and trust to free association to carry on the work of civilisation? Do you consider it possible that society, except on a low scale, could exist without government? I do not ignore the many examples of gregariousness in the animal world, but it has been disputed that man descended from a gregarious ancestry. At any rate, the higher apes do not live in groups, but alone with their mates, and much has been written to prove that primitive man is not a social being. According to the American sociologist, Professor Lister Ward, human society is purely a product of man's reason, and has been developed by insensible degrees pari passu with the development of his brain.

The primary effect of government is to protect society from anti-social influences. Spencer has compared society to a social organism, of which government is the brain or organ of consciousness. As the individual directs and controls natural forces, so should government direct and control social forces. The strongest reason for the existence of government lies in this handling of social forces. With increase of intelligence the inequality of individual members of society has really increased, and this has correspondingly augmented the ability of some to exploit others. This would become an intolerable menace to society if it were not antagonised by the same power wielded by the collective body of society itself.

The self-seeking class is striving, with considerable success, to enlist government itself in its service. Would you advocate that intelligent, earnest women should stand aside instead of striving to gain due representation, and thus aid the forces of progress? If a citizen "refuses to be mixed up in the offence of voting," it means that, for his part, he will allow the forces of corruption to have full sway.

Governments by tyrants are instances of the usurpation of the powers of society by individual members. Crude and imperfect as democratic governments may be, they are better than the wisest of autocracies. To increase the intellectual status of democratic governments, the intellectual status of their constituencies must be increased, so that a fuller social consciousness may be awakened, and social problems faced in the way of gradual but certain solution. Mrs. Leigh, in fighting for the elementary right of the franchise, is fighting for the right to use all the powers of fully conscious, developed womanhood to aid in directing the social organism.

FRANCES PREWETT.

["Representation of the People" is a myth, which serves the forces of oppression very well, in that it diversifies attention from actual government. We are governed through the forces of monopoly, which Parliament and votes are powerless to fight. Women, asking for votes, are playing into the hands of monopolists, i.e., the real governors. We refer elsewhere to the above letter.—Ed.]

SLAVES! TO ARMS!

Madam,—You are calling the "slaves" to arms and urging them to take to guns and swords, but you fail to remind them that they have better weapons than those. Guns must be given up, not employed, not offensive line of action should be made so strong as to render almost useless our calling to the arsenal. If the slaves raise a cry for blood to be shed, it is not likely that the governors will give them time to put on foot a powerful army; new Bartholomew's bells will ring and slaughter will begin, where good and bad will die side by side.

Where must we look for hope and action? You men-
tioned the Trade Unions; would you answer the following questions?

May not the Trade Unions' money be converted into land?

May not land yield food?

May not food fill the stomachs of the workers in time of strike?

May not stomachs satisfied enable the men to hold out longer against their employers, and perhaps bring to naught the great argument of starvation?

May not the workers come to realise as much, and act accordingly?

May not this investment of Trade Unions' money on land lead, slowly but peacefully and surely, to a new social order?

Your statement that "The Standing Army of England may be said to date from the time of the establishment of the Bank of England" may well be true; had you, however, gone deep into the analysis of the fact, your philosophy concerning physical force might have been different.

How have the Jews come to such amazing money power that in all likelihood they put on foot a "Standing Army to back their speculations"? May not one suggest that they have been brought yonder by the Gentiles, the latter—in their naught and non-seeing—not perceiving that depriving the Jew of land, they left him no other means of survival but money. And why should not the Jew survive? But it meant war, and so, while the Gentiles were fighting another, their own war was slowly proceeding, of which they were hardly aware, and whose secret deeds and history are puzzles for us all. Shall we ever know the dark part played by the Jew's money in all our wars and treaties? It may interest the editor to read a book of Mr. Kipling's—i.e., "Puck of Pook's Hill"—where the author seems to imply that the Magna Charta was signed by King John "because he could not borrow more money from the Jews." All we gather is that the Jew has survived and has conquered, although put at a disadvantage at the start, kept on the land, i.e., the means of freedom. Now Gentiles and Jews stand shoulder to shoulder and fight on equal terms, for the money of the Jew and the land, and the Christian may perhaps learn from the Jew that intelligence can conquer brute force. But deeming all war ugly and leaving therefore the dark part played by the Jew's money in all our wars and treaties to the rescue. We have thought men knew, as it were, the limits of metaphysics, with a humble and contrite confession of the freedom.

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The French may think Joseph (after the Calendar, the Old Testament) a ninny, and may wink, as I admit they would have persisted in corresponding if they had become conscious of a change in their sentiments for each other. It is interesting to note how frequently your correspondents ask themselves what St. So-and-So would have done. One might be reading the Universite or La Croix.

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THE CASE OF PENELIPE.

MADAM,—My only excuse for carrying this stage one further must be the fun of the thing. I'm sorry I called your correspondent, Margaret Theobald, "Mrs." I suppose I did so because her point of view, like most advanced young women's, appears to be that of the British matron of the 'nineties. I have already answered most of her objections, though she seems to be unaware that I admit that talk about women under a system of state endowment is maintained by Lloyd George and Winston Churchill is a little silly and in the style of the Daily Express. Miss Theobald says that she thought I was talking about "intelligent and commonly nice people," not about "old buffers" and "Philistines on a pier." I was talking about mankind, with perhaps a special interest in "old buffers" like Henri Quatre, Byron, Georges Sand, De Musset, and Shelley.

If Miss Theobald had troubled to read other letters besides her own, she would have appreciated the relevancy of my allusions to St. Simon Stylites. What her favourite, the priests of Assisi, has to do with this particular controversy, I am at a loss to discover. Certainly a warm and wholly unsexual friendship united him to St. Clare, but we have no grounds for assuming that they would have persisted in corresponding if they had had becoming conscious of a change in their sentiments for each other. (It is interesting to note how frequently your correspondents ask themselves what St. So-and-So would have done. One might be reading the Universite or La Croix.)

Pity for animals certainly doesn't increase the sum of Pity for animals certainly doesn't increase the sum of
human happiness, but it also increases the sum of living happiness, for which I for one am solicitous.

My whole argument, briefly stated, amounts to this. It is not the nature of man to be chaste and constant in his affections; therefore, it would be well to recognize of her children's love to strangers; why shouldn't lovers her altered sentiments as for her altered looks. The seems as absurd for a husband to reproach his wife for or to demand stability of affection as a right. To me it do the same? Love the same person all your life if you far as I can see. The Aloysius Gonzagas and the readers can; but don't merely pretend to and keep the corpse I care, but they must not be disappointed if sensible people refuse to thank them for an abstention which presumably benefits no one but themselves.

I wish I could describe Margaret Theobald's remarks about my wife and I being determined to get tired of each other," etc., as funny without being vulgar. The accents of E. M. Watson and Kathleen Oliver are too shrill to be audible.

EDMUND B. D'AVUERGNE.

MADAM—I do not want to leave Mr. d'Avuergne in a parlous plight, so I will explain it not object to man being guided by instinct. I say one instinct checks and restricts another, so that it is not useful to say "obey instinct", for instance, as if a daughter has an instinct to live and an instinct to resist tyranny. The striker has an instinct for safety and an instinct for justice. Similarly, I believe there is more instinct for fidelity than for revenge. Then one of the points which some people, misled by obvious facts that point in another direction, believe. I did not say anything about the laws of England or of anywhere else.

ARTHUR D. LEWIS.

REBECCA WEST'S REVIEW OF "MARRIAGE."

MADAM,—I have long had a feeling that I should one day be able to say to your brilliant reviewer, Rebecca West, "be sure your sin will find you out" (in the words of that Calvinistic theology, on which I was nurtured), and my hour has at last come. Accordingly, I must celebrate my triumph, hoping that Rebecca West will admit the victory is mine.

Your readers will remember that recently she charged certain writers, chief among whom was Charlotte Brontë, with the "spinster" view of life, and, lo and behold! we have with a vengeance the same spinster attitude throughout out of "Tea, tea," as H. G. Wells says, I cannot here illustrate as fully as I would wish, but I will point out at least two glaring instances. Here is one. In commenting on "Progress and Poverty," Mr. Wells says: "Marjorie sits up all night (wretched and self-pitying and consider how hopelessly unlovable most of his male fellow-passengers are)," etc. Charlotte Brontë may have had her "spinsterish" ideas, but never, never was she capable of writing the passage quoted just above—Charlotte knew that the woman "who never comes across any man who is worth loving" has a character day-dream, and that most of Mr. Wells' "male fellow-passengers" in the Tube are just exactly as unlovable—and lovable—as Mr. Wells' female fellow-passengers.

All this has remarkably little to do with Mr. Wells' "Marriage," I admit, but then Rebecca West's review has also remarkably little to do with the subject under discussion, as bearing on the novel reviewed, is often very entertaining, sometimes good in its criticism of the ideas in the book, and almost entirely lacking in comprehension of the thing as a work of Art.

MONEY.

MADAM.—Mr. Kitson says: "It is one of the most curious instances of inconsistency that, whilst denouncing the payment of rent as robbery, Henry George should have driven to justify interest."

Evidently Mr. Kitson does not know what Mr. George called interest. I recommend a reading of "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Kitson identifies money and credit. Credit is deferred investment. If coins are for coin cannot be money. Therefore, Mr. Kitson's credit money has never been tried. Yet he assumes it exists (p. 230): "Money IS a social instrument." We need an exact description of the proposed credit money. Shall we accept that given by E. F. Mylius on page 278: "These notes will not represent the gold sovereign, or any other metal or commodity. They will represent economic value in terms of those denominational values as at present in use?"

We are to have an unknown abstract unit of value, although we never knew of any values being measured by such unit. But we are to start out with the ghost value of the "incomes," for the denominational values now in use are coin values. We errar values. These orders read "on demand," hence credit is not involved. Mr. Kitson identifies money and credit. Credit is deferred investment. If coins are for coin cannot be money. Therefore, Mr. Kitson's credit money has never been tried. Yet he assumes it exists (p. 230): "Money IS a social instrument." We need an exact description of the proposed credit money. Shall we accept that given by E. F. Mylius on page 278: "These notes will not represent the gold sovereign, or any other metal or commodity. They will represent economic value in terms of those denominational values as at present in use?"

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phantom notes, but it would all be stage money. If B could be no harm, perhaps, in an unlimited issue of money by A as a windmill is the power that prevents one from having a windmill.

Mr. Kitson also says (p. 288) that Roosevelt could not have taken B's windmill. Would Mr. Kitson call this profit interest?

Would you that Mr. Norman has met "glory" and "supreme will" in another journal. We are not aware of their presence in ours.

(1) It was "Race-Pride" and self-interest which marshalled the forces of the people in the most serious invasion with which we have been threatened, I.e., the Spanish.

(2) Mr. Norman keeps to his belief in his stated "Rule of Conduct," we, as individualists, that have nothing to cavil against. Mr. Norman may call his code what he pleases, but we should call it Individualism, and in the state where it would be applied it would have far to seek to find a government.

The necessity or otherwise of government is the trite that separates us. Mr. Norman may call it necessary, and it is of great importance.

You say that government is the sole perennial target of rebels. But is it? I thought the crime of Suffragettes, in your eyes, was greater, for they wished to convert Mrs. Leigh into a prison reformer. Mr. Norman's position seems to be that to abandon forcible feeding is to lose your power to do good, while your own attitude is that to put an end to forcible feeding we must put an end to government.

Your own doctrine of unmodified individualism with private property as its base will not only in time convince you that it is precisely the doctrine which those who are avowed by those in a position to do so, but, at least, it is a serious thing that makes government indispensable, and, what is most troublesome of all, it is the thing which makes rebels ubiquitous. What will you do with these rebels?

Land can only be held, and holding requires certain qualities. What of those to whom the holding of land on these terms is impossible?

You have more than once expressed a preference for the Mosaic principle of tenure, crowned by the majestic aureole, the Year of Jubilee. But what "tyrant" shall we entrust with the task of compelling the celebration of this Festival in favour of Earth's dispossessed children?

I hope you will not think this a digression. To contend that before we can deal with a handful of people who are being tortured by the prison gates, we must first attack the thousands of articulate ruffians whose tyranny is to be its remedial proposal. It is not ungentlemanly—it is felonous. The term forcible "feeding" is a lie. To feed the people persist in this attitude the more form the government takes it of the slightest importance. It will always be a means by which efforts of reformers in ideal and action will be in vain.

That courageous journal, The Eye Witness, is an illustration of the word. The term forcible "feeding" is a lie. To feed the people persist in this attitude the more form the government takes it of the slightest importance. It will always be a means by which efforts of reformers in ideal and action will be in vain.

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This is not a novel, not a gutter book, but a serious book dealing with a serious question which concerns the individual, as well as the State. It is a collection of real life dramas, relieved by interludes of personal anecdote, legal, social, and philosophical, with the attempt ever to emphasize a short volume some facts as to the treatment of women.

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THE FREEWOMAN

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may have been an attempt at martyrdom voluntarily and deliberately embarked upon. At any rate, we know it was an undertaking fraught with tragic consequences which were fully foreseen. Incidentally, why miscall it by a grossly sordid term? To refuse food is to refuse life. To refuse food in prison is to say to Government: I will not submit to your control, and will not allow you to execute your will upon me. And they did so. The sublime thing about it all is that the Government were beaten every time. They never did the fatuous performance once. What was the object of forcible feeding? Was it to force the women to finish their sentences? They never did so in a single case. Was it to prevent the law from being circumvented? The law was circumvented each time. It was designed to counter a nimble-witted device for getting out of gaol quick? The device (if such it was) succeeded on each and every occasion. And this is the crystallised fatuity we must defend at all costs! You say that Mr. Norman believes in tackling the coercivist business boldly; there is coercion that doesn't coerce, a gun that won't fire, a dog with no bark, a duck that can't swim, and an ass that won't bray. The stark staring fact that people will not see is that forcible feeding does not work. It has saved one Suffragist from starving. It has not brought one rebel to "reason." It has not preserved one victim for the dungeon's vengeance or enabled Government to punish its penalised prisoner. It has not once realised the darling design of its inventor and patentee. And this is the long-sared trick that all the bothers is about. If this screaming fiasco is abolished there is an end to daw and government, is the nimble intuition of the adversaries of woman's suffrage. Forcible feeding, with all its lugubrious ritual, the mouth-lever, the stomach-pump, the boracic solutions, the production of negations, vacuums, blind-roads, and other minus quantities, has also brilliantly advertised and displayed the Government's impotence to punish. I repeat, at the risk of having this whole screen pitched unceremoniously into the waste-paper hole, that the trick has not delayed by one day the release of one prisoner. But the heed of official-groundlings, the army of warders and heelers, of womenators and destroyers, of the stark staring outrage in every case, and for its Matins and even its Evensong repeats the musty, sturdy lie that the thing is done to save life! And to get rid of this vaeque bag­gage it is necessary to work a miracle forsooth!

EDWIN HERRIN.

[What does our correspondent suggest? We hope to deal with the remarks about land and government later.—Ed.]

WHAT IS INDIVIDUALISM?

MADAM—Your comments this week carry a suggestion of the utter simplicity of the forcible feeding issue; and your criticism of at least two persons out of a picked three is simplicity itself. But on my side, I make plea that the hunger-striking of suffragists is, by virtue of the very possibilities of this singularly simple device, not a thoroughly complicated business. It is complicated because it is not, as you would suggest, and as Mr. Shaw suggested, the problem of the right to die, though it looks like it. The work of dying is a thoroughly complicated feat. It is complicated because it is not, as you would suggest, and as Mr. Shaw suggested, the problem of the right to die. That is the point. Mr. Shaw did not face the issue of the rebel's will in action, which, intellectually, as morally, is another issue altogether. Nor has Mr. Shaw faced this "coercivist business" in respect of the use of the hunger-strike as a fighting weapon, for that issue has not been raised. These are fine distinctions, but they are distinctions; and they bring me to your theories of the rebel and his defiance of government and of the anarchist and his denial of government. The rebel and the anarchist determine on the hunger-strike: the one because he defies the Government, the other because he denies the Government. Each in his own way, and on his own plane, and in his own person, represents a unified fighting force: his will against the community's will, as you would say. I learn that the corresponding action to this theory has within the past days been demonstrated by Mrs. Leigh, who has, to make use of a vulgarism, put the authorities into a corner. She has proved herself a hero. She has demonstrated her truth. But you have put your theory of the truth of the rebel along with the theory of the practical anarchist. My mind discriminate between the two positions. Are you not rushing the situation? Are you really an anarchist? Do you really deny government in the philosophic sense? Or are you too to be numbered among the self-deceivers? Is it fact that you have taken the personal stand that never will you avenge a wrong, that never will you pursue an advantage to personal ends, that never will you proceed against the breaker of the bond, that never will you appeal to law in any shape or form? If you can give a mighty affirmative to the united fact of all this, then are you truly outside man's law, for you have no longer need of it. But do you really regard

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all men as "free," remembering that your original appeal to free women could, as yet, only be made to one in four women? And are our prostitutes, for you, the sisters they were for Josephine Butler, whose love for them and whose belief in their actual relationship to her was so great that she would take them in her arms, however diseased and distressed? What I want to know is—Are you going to declare openly against a Votes for Women Bill? Are you going to declare openly against a Votes for Women Bill? Are you going to declare openly against a Votes for Women Bill? Are you going to declare openly against a Votes for Women Bill? The only theory of anarchy that I know which guarantees genuine freedom for the individual soul is the despised and as yet little practised theory of Christian individualism. But it is essentially a religious theory. That is, it is religio: it relates the units who support the theory one to the other, and also binds them together. It does not separate. Syndicalism might be truly religious. It could become shockingly materialistic. It all depends on the nature of the bond. Our free individuals manifesting their individual wills are religious only to the extent of full recognition of the material and non-material claims of others—but what stupendous wisdom and love is necessary for this, what will-power is required to preserve to these others their full freedom! If you will to be just to criminals and prostitutes, will you not will to be just to non-criminals and non-prostitutes? "One must be just even to governments," says Miss Cicely Hamilton, in a recent letter. "Government must be destroyed. Let me sap," you say. But do you see you as a Master at your job, and we recognise your right to govern; second, we are mindful of the rights of others. In a non-political sense, you govern with our consent, but you govern not by consent. With your own influence power week by week in accordance with the Power of Knowledge you demonstrate to us, and (be it noted!) in accordance with the ratio of response coming from us to you. In the lower realms of manifested Power this latter point would not be of much importance. Your Will would be our Law; and there would be an end of it. But to impose your mind-will on ours would be for you the great immorality, for you have told us, and you are right, that the will must not be coerced, must not be let out into bondage. The road to our wills is via the road of Knowledge, and the law of communicated knowledge turns on the psychological principle of response. For those approaching a highly individualised state, the law of response varies as the person. "Goad me—make me work," once said a friend, whose working law of response depended on the overcoming of a fundamental inertia. The goad would be an instrument of torture for many, whereas it might (or might not) be effective with others. When you raise the cross currents of charges of hypocritical treatment of the forcible feeding issue; when you invert meanings and arrive thereby at the moral judgment of "painfully priggish," you convey to minds which have learned to put away childish things that you are irritated; you do not necessarily prove the truth of your contentions. It may also be that by judgments of a genuinely unfair character you may put your minds off the track. Would not this be a pity? I defy anyone to read your commentary this week without getting a clear impression that you are very angry with my unfortunate self? But why are you angry? You actually accuse me of evading some issue or other; and inferentially you impute intellectual—or do you mean moral—hypocrisy? The truth remains that I faced the situation which my mind saw, and intellectual morality can never demand more of any one. I have, therefore, turned up all the available back numbers of THE FREEWOMAN to see what was the actual nature of your intellectual pre-judice. (You see my desire to understand?) Such as I can make out, you are the only person who has worked at the theory of the hunger-strike and explained its genius as a fighting weapon. It was a brilliant idea—this use of the hunger-strike for its...
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own sake; but my mind's truth spells that it isn't exactly playing the game to turn a protest for political offenders' treatment into a rebel's weapon with a whole philosophy of will behind it! Psychologically speaking, it is taking treatment into a rebel's weapon with a whole philosophy unaware of the existence of this particular philosophy.

To this day, how the justice of the actions of individuals in Manchester and I believe, elsewhere was arrived at, is different from your own, if they are, as most likely, unaware of the existence of this particular philosophy. I am grateful to the actual presence of THE FREEWOMAN that by your many published comments thereon I am being enabled to understand certain psychological phenomena which, with the days of actual militancy, had puzzled me profoundly.

Sincerity is the gateway by which the individual soul and mind approaches "The Truth." What I have written is pure dogma to those for whom the working of the principle is not as clear as it is to me. Each makes the great discovery for himself. But because sincerity is the true mode of approaching "the truths" of The Truth, it would spell psychological ignorance on my part if I were to expect, much less demand, that given the same material of fact, sincere individuals who have arrived at the same conclusions.

What is your theory of individualism worth if it does not stand for this—the right of the individual to be, as with a whole Own Man? Miss Christabel Pankhurst sojourning in Paris, in demonstration of the immunity of the political offender from certain apprehensions, demonstrated her truth, her politician's truth. I demand no more of her. Mr. John Galsworthy, favouring the theory of a Times correspondent: that the hunger-strikers should be allowed to strike, set free, fed up, taken back to prison, the process to be continued through as many strikes as is necessary to complete the original sentence—is not purposely cruel. His mind is ultra-judicial (would you make him change it?), and he has probably never been in mental touch with the theory of the rebel. Even then, before he could adopt its conclusions, as distinct from intellectual appreciation, he would have to overcome a natural mind-tendency towards what he would call "fair-play"; the honouring of the bond; in other words.

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for sincere attainment of any kind. With the day of attainment, courage, like modesty, is brought into the proper focus. It is not then a question of perpetual and painful straining at the ideal; nor is it then the tragedy of the set brow, nor the challenging defence of defiance. These have all been means. The joy of mastery is to hand. To the thinker, intuition then becomes the friendly guide; it can no longer torment and cheat. Logic is the welcome comrade. Mind is the great and friendly guide: it can no longer torment and cheat. We shall always pursue advantages to personal ends, as we always have done in the past. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember that, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always pursue advantages to personal ends, as we always have done in the past. Everybody should. But this is Individualism, or Anarchism. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always pursue advantages to personal ends, as we always have done in the past. Everybody should. But this is Individualism, or Anarchism.

((1) Our unconsciously expressed irritation was doubtless due to the fact that we considered Miss Gawthorpe's petition, if successful, would have sold a unique position. Now that, with the release of Mrs. Leigh, such a fate has been averted, we feel more amiable, and only hope Miss Evans will quickly follow Mrs. Leigh. ((2) We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way. We shall always avenge wrongs when we remember to, either by kindness or the other way, most probably the "other" way.

A letter from Henry S. Salt, Esq., Secretary of the Humane Society's League, is held over, and will appear next week.—ED.

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