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Editor:  
DORA MARSDEN, B.A.

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## A ONE-SIDED PHILOSOPHY.

*"Be not righteous overmuch. Why shouldest thou destroy thyself?"*

MANY worthy people are under the pleasant delusion that philosophy in general is played out. They use the word "metaphysics," if they condescend to use it at all, with an ironic inflexion, much in the same tone in which a high-dried scientific mandarin will refer to spooks. This has upon the whole been a good thing for philosophy: it has compelled those interested in its welfare to come out into the open, drop some of their academic airs, and assume a more aggressive and colloquial style. Modern philosophy is quite lively reading; as why should it not be, seeing that it deals with subjects in which every living soul is or should be concerned? There is nothing like war to reveal new talents; and the Homeric strife of the Pragmatists and the Absolutists has revealed to an astonished and somewhat scandalised audience of select readers the existence in the most unlikely quarters of several humourists of quite a high order. Far be it from me to pose as a philosophical expert. I am modestly conscious of my ignorance and my limitations. So far as I am concerned, the Pragmatists and the Absolutists may continue to see red. My concern is with problems of more immediate and mundane interest.

I have, however, needless to say, a motive in referring to these high matters. It seems to me a pity for social thinkers and reformers to content themselves with a meagre half loaf when the whole is available. I refer to Individualism; for if there be one fact which emerges more unequivocally than any other from a study of the best thought of the best thinkers (which is philosophy), it is the

fact that Individualism is a half-truth. If I regarded Comte as a philosopher, I might adduce his testimony, reminding you that it was with him a desideratum that history should be written without names. But Comte holds in philosophy a position analagous to that of Hahnemann in medicine; he is philosophically suspect. He had many happy guesses, but the root of the matter was not in him. We must therefore leave him out of account; and we shall hardly miss him from the number of our witnesses—there are so many more. It seems hardly necessary to specify their names; the difficulty would be to find any thinker of the first order who is an out-and-out individualist; who fails, not merely to recognise, but to insist upon the reality, and indeed the paramountcy, of the collective spirit and the collective life. Surely no fair-minded person could accuse Plato of underrating the dignity of the individual or his right to self-development and self-realisation. Yet Plato was an out-and-out Socialist, and would on no plea whatsoever exempt his initiates from the onerous task of lending a hand to the affairs of everyday life. For he knew the futility of the dream of the recluse, who thinks to hoard himself for his own use and enjoyment, in complete independence of and isolation from the needs and responses of his fellow-men. He knew that such a recluse loses far more than he gains by this niggardly prudence; that the secret of growth in power is to spend freely, generously the wealth of the spirit, in the confident expectation that every loss will be more than supplied. On the other hand, it is no doubt



to be remembered that such generosity, if carried too far and allowed to lapse into mere extravagance, may prove a ruinous mistake. "Ce n'est pas assez d'avoir de grandes qualités, il en faut avoir l'économie." Irrelevant and uncongenial activities may fairly be shunned by those conscious of strong vocation, and impatient of such digressions. But more have been ruined by overfastidious virtuosity, which is commonly a form of timidity and self-mistrust, than by a bold plunge into the sea of effort and action. The individuality which dreads to be swamped by social contacts is, more often than not, justified of its abstention merely by the fact that it is an individuality of little account. A powerful personality, however justifiably careful to safeguard its genius by the rejection of this or that bootless task, will, sooner or later, find itself irrevocably launched upon the full stream of life, and will learn to rejoice in the fact. It will risk even what it holds most precious—its chance of self-expression—rather than incur the last reproach of having made "the great refusal"—the reproach of the shirker. The very suffering involved by such a committal of the self to the hazards of exhaustion or corruption will fortify the spirit and nerve it to fresh attempts. Certainly those appear to be fortunate souls who escape this last and hardest ordeal; who find the path clear to a life devoted entirely to superutilitarian aims. Or are they not, perhaps, in the end, rather to be pitied, as having missed the greatest thing in life? I am not sure; but of this, at least, I have no doubt, that such lives, in the last analysis, are as much, and probably even more, an integral function of the collective life of the race as that of the busiest man of action. The higher the

achievement, and the more universal. That is, presumably, as much as to say that the same bitterness of self-renunciation, the same "dying to live," is involved in the purely contemplative, apparently self-withdrawn sphere of the poet, artist, composer, philosopher, as in that of the man of affairs.

As to the argument from morality, I confess that it interests me only academically, if at all. It simply amounts to this, that the more stubborn the material upon which one works, the more obvious (but not the more real) the need of compromise and self-adaptation. We have been justly warned against undue punctiliousness with regard to the salvation of our much overrated little souls. I see work to be done, and you warn me that I cannot do it without becoming a "knave" in the process. So be it! I will become a knave, then, since I see clearly that the work must be done. Do you flatter yourself that there was ever a "man of genius" who, despite of all his fine scrupulosity in withholding his robe from the pollution of the rabble and its market place, did not, in the mere exigencies of his work, find it over and over again necessary to compromise with his artistic conscience, that is, to become just such a "knave"? I know better: there never was nor can be such a monster of impeccability. To be guiltless, one must refrain from action upon all planes of being; and to do that is to incur the heaviest guilt of all. What said Krishna to the individualist warrior, Arjuna, who shrank from imbruing his hands with fratricidal blood?

*"Whose nature is not selfish, whose vision is not stained, even though he slays the whole world, such a one kills not, nor is he subject to bondage."*

CHARLES J. WHITBY.

## TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

### Snowdenism.

A LEARNED and reverend gentleman was some time ago imported into a northern town to preach the "sermons" to a working-class audience, and in the course of his harangue he was sufficiently perversely inspired as to be moved to tell his audience that the ignorance of the British working classes was "e-normous, co-lossal, profound." His audience considered his remark as distinctly unfortunate, and there was failure of any evidence of that saving of souls which the gentleman, no doubt, desired. Mr. Philip Snowden, with distinctly less excuse, has been saying the same thing in a shilling book on "The Living Wage," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Only, instead of speaking of the workers' colossal ignorance, he prefers to speak of their enormous patience. Some of those who are in "our class," as Mr. H. G. Wells would express it, those who do not work for their own bread, but only for their own pleasure, want to put a ring through the noses of the "working classes," and they are not quite sure in what spirit the workers will take it. "That which is to be done, should it be done quickly, or would it be wise to bide a wee while?" That is

the question, and Mr. Philip Snowden gets up to test the situation for our experimenting, non-working class. "It is as safe as earth," says Mr. Snowden. "The working classes will stand anything; in fact, they *like* enduring things; they have erected endurance into a code of honour, and their patience is the virtue of which they are most proud. After my little monograph has been handed round, they will come pushing up their soft noses for the operation. They are truly touching. Just wait and see." Well, it remains to be seen whether working society is so bitten with Snowdenism that it can make no effort to recover even when taunted with it by parasitic members of its own household. Our own opinion is that there is very little Snowdenism outside official circles. What there is has been caught by contagion with officials themselves. For Snowdenism is merely a contagious disease. It is not infectious. It is more like cancer than fever. It is a rotting in the tissue, and has to be touched to be transmitted. It thrives only in the unhealthy dens where it is bred—in official circles. Outside, the body of workers is practically untouched and clean. Once the coating of official respect is slipped from them they will be found to be as



healthy in spirit and temper as the most moral man among us.

It is worth while going a little further into an examination of Snowdenism. Snowdenism is Acceptance of Immorality; it is the Making Terms with Immorality. Snowdenism takes Immorality and sets it at the base of its social structure. As Christ chose Peter, so Snowdenism chooses Immorality, and says, "On this Rock I build my Church." The entire doctrine of the Living Wage as preached by Mr. Snowden is rotten. Its roots are already in putrefaction. Snowdenism seeks to make peace between two forces, one moral and the other immoral: *and the moral one is already down*. Snowdenism says, "Keep the Moral Force down; throw her sops to keep her alive, but hold her down." When She struggles too much, Snowdenism says, "Let us call in an Umpire—a Judge strong enough to enforce his Judgments. If She refuses to be forced, then we must persuade her." So enters the Judge—the Impartial—the State. He makes obeisance to the Immoral one. It is clear that he serves the latter, receives his orders from him, is, indeed, the Immoral Force's actual bodyguard and serving-man. Snowdenism says to the struggling Moral Force who lies on the ground worsted, "Let this good, kind gentleman, who is so strong, who has the power of life and death over you, let him persuade you to be easy and docile. You know you are down; why then struggle? If you try to get up you will hurt yourself; you know better than I am able to express how wounded and exhausted you already are; and with every effort to gain your feet you lose blood. Just lie still while the good, kind gentleman slips this little ring through your nose and the shackles on your feet and wrists; and then you can try to get up as often as you like. And you had better lie quiet during the process," continues Snowdenism darkly, "or the Umpire will jolly well make you. We are getting too much of your nonsense." "But did I not feed you, pay you; do everything in my power to make you an ally, Snowden? How must I believe that anything human could prove such a traitor?" "Well, it is rather awkward," says Snowden, "but it happened like this: you helped me so much to get along (I shall always *feel* kindly towards you on that account; you must always believe that, no matter how my actions seem to belie it)—you helped me so much that I soon rose above *your* class and became a member of *our* class, and you will realise that it is part of a gentleman's code to be loyal to his *own* class. So, with infinite regret, in the interests of my class and—of course—of the community, I must see that you are in such a position that you are unable to injure us, or me, or the community by your misguided and futile struggles." Snowden thereupon picks up the instruments, motions to State to come and assist, while Capitalist holds worker firmly pinioned. Curtain.

The above is the gist of Mr. Philip Snowden's apologia addressed to his former supporters. Mr. Snowden would be well advised to dramatise the work and publish it in two portions: "How to Enter 'Our Class,'" price ninepence, and "How

to Sell Supporters," a shorter work, price threepence.

\* \* \* \* \*

If Mr. Philip Snowden had no connection with the emancipationists, did he not occasionally tender advice to workmen which occasionally is taken, we should not be interested to debate the question as to whether he is a fool or a knave. Since he is connected with it, however, the question becomes one which requires an answer. Translated into practical effects, it means: Is this man (and his like) deliberately trying to sell the emancipationist movement? Or is he really something short in intelligence and moral sensitiveness, and therefore, like Judas, one who knows not what he does? Unfortunately, Mr. Snowden appears to be not a knave, but a fool: we say unfortunately, because the knaveries which fools slip into unconsciously are far more numerous than those effected by knowing knaves. Mr. Snowden and the Labour party, being fools, are far more hurtful to the interests of Labour than they would be were they knaves. Mr. Snowden's book impresses one as that of a profoundly unintelligent man. He presents facts without knowledge and information without understanding. His chapter on "The Cost and Futility of Strikes" illustrates his mental obscurity in a way that the humblest docker will understand. (It will also, incidentally, make him understand the mental forces which were behind the agents who brought his heroic efforts to nothing.) Says this champion of Labour: "These (strike) efforts have cost the wage-earners enormous sums of money, and have inflicted tremendous losses upon them. Since the beginning of 1900 up to the end of 1911 there have been 6,150 labour disputes which have involved a stoppage of work. Over 3,000,000 workpeople have been involved in these disputes, and 62,000,000 working days have been lost! The trade unions have spent in these twelve years over £3,000,000 in dispute benefits to their members. The disputes of the period under consideration were settled as follows:—In favour of the workpeople, 25 per cent.; in favour of the employers, 30 per cent.; compromised, 45 per cent.

"In these eleven years 62,000,000 working days were lost through disputes. Taking the average wage at 4s. per day, the amount lost in wages during this period in efforts to advance wages or to resist reductions is £12,400,000. We have to add to this the drain of the trade union funds to the extent of £3,000,000. These figures do not include the miners' strike nor the lock-out in the cotton trade of 1912. Wages, it may be mentioned once more, were practically the same at the end of 1911 as at the beginning of 1900. The enormous financial loss had been incurred to maintain the existing rate of wages. As the year 1911 was a time of exceptional unrest in the labour world, the gains and losses of the strikes of that year may be set forth separately. In that year there were 864 strikes and lock-outs, involving 931,000 workpeople. The number of working days lost was 10,247,000. The particulars as to the drain upon the trade unions are not available, but taking again the average daily wage at 4s., the workers lost in



wages by these disputes a sum of over £2,000,000. The net effect of all the changes reported to the Board of Trade as taking effect in 1911 was a net increase of £25,927 per week in the wages of work-people, or about £1,300,000 a year. Leaving out of account all other costs incidental to a strike or lock-out, it follows that the strikes of 1911, in which the workpeople were exceptionally successful, cost them more than they will be able to recover at full employment at the advanced rates in twenty-one months' time."

And again: "The workers are not equipped to carry on a strike successfully. It is, as has been said, a contest of endurance. The employers can hold out indefinitely without any suffering, almost without any inconvenience." The Press of the 12th June, 1912, published the report of the shareholders' meeting of a well-known company, which, as the chairman said, 'had interests which had been seriously affected by every strike which had occurred during the year,' and yet the effect of all these strikes on the company was to reduce the profit from £187,560 to £178,660. But at the end of the first week of a strike the workers began to feel the pinch of want." Naturally, when the strikers stand aside, to allow convoys of food to trail past them to feed their opponents. Quite naturally, as long as the workers stand like cowed sheep, weaponless, with armed forces against them on every side. Had Mr. Snowden said that because the workmen show no guts, no sense of what is due to them as human beings, *therefore* their proper status should be that of indentured labourers—a slave class, he would have had a case. There is all the difference in the world between saying that if defeated men do not rise up and fight, they will be depressed to the level of slavery, and saying that, being defeated, they must make the best terms possible, accepting defeat and making their circumstances as comfortable as their nature will allow. Mr. Snowden does this last, and by so doing he sins past any forgiveness. He, the slavery-besodden wretch, does not see that it is not for wages men are fighting. Men do not want a "living wage." They want to see wages dead. They are refusing to sell themselves for any wages whatsoever. They will not sell themselves at all. And this *refusal to sell themselves* is expressed in the STRIKE. "They have lost £15,000,000, missed 62,000,000 working-days, and suffered much misery, in the last eleven years of strikes, and are no better off," minces this God-forgetting prostitute. What is money to men, O fool? What is money compared with freedom? Were the American Slaves freed at the cost of sixpence and a tip? "Things cannot remain as they are. Some legal power will have to be given to lessen the probability of strikes, to bring about settlements, and to enforce the observance of agreements." So he says. But not before this country sees another civil war, Mr. Mannikin Snowden. You think, little man, that thoughts of those millions of golden pounds, and those working days (ye gods!) all lost are going to turn men away from this War of Independence? Not this side of heaven, we think!

Many writers and thinkers have been struck by the similarity in aspiration and conduct which exists between politicians and prostitutes. Both put the disposal of their most intimate self to the use of the multitude; both display themselves for sale in the market-place; both receive with open arms all comers. Neither have place for exclusiveness, for discrimination; both are all things to all men; both give up control over themselves, in order that they may acquire immoral control over others; both sell themselves in order that they may buy power over others: processes complementary in immorality. But this analogy with the Prostitute only applies to the Politician who actually acquires power—a Napoleon, a Lloyd George. It does not seem to us to cover the type of politician with which we are familiar in the Labour party. Just as in the business of Sexual Vice there are grades, so, in the business of Political Immorality there are grades, and a politician like Mr. Philip Snowden seems to us to have more points of resemblance with the humble Procurer than with the powerful Courtesan. As powerless and as purposeless as are the unhappy wretches who fall into the hands of the police, while their powerful masters escape, the Labour official is seduced from integrity on every hand. He cannot be faithful to his original class, by the nature of the case. Being a politician, the essence of his occupation lies in his exploitation of that class. He cannot be wholly faithful to his real masters, the Government, since his exploitation of his brethren is worked on the assumption that he opposes government. So, by every force, he is driven into guile. Thus he seduces his victims by false promises of protection which he is powerless to accord; he induces them to rely on him, rather than on themselves; bit by bit he encourages them to throw off every means of self-protection, and, when completely disarmed, helpless in his hands, he hands them over to the real governors—those who are powerful to exploit the workers in a way beyond his power. It is a nasty game, a truly filthy business. There is only this to be said: that there are those alive and about who are as conscious—more conscious, indeed—of the nature of the politician's function as the politicians themselves, and we assure Mr. Snowden at least that *his* species of activity is duly catalogued.

## THE FREEWOMAN

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## Craigoscurosis.

**Æ**STHETICS is dead; perverted truth killed it. In the rejection of old forms of art, drama, and stage, intelligent individuals are impelled by one of two necessities to create new forms which are, however, fundamentally related to the rejected ones by the common principles underlying life and binding all phenomena together in unity. The two necessities are an æsthetic and an inward necessity. The first is the offspring of an aspiration towards ephemeral beauty; the second of a resistless force impelling deep-souled human beings to the search for truth or underlying reality. Needless to say, the first is a remarkable example of arrested development. It is a Peter Pan beloved of Grecophiles.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edward Gordon Craig may be regarded as one who has condemned the old form of the "scene" and has been constrained by æsthetic necessity to devise a new one. To me Mr. Craig's individual value is purely æsthetic and ephemeral. Long ago I came across Mr. Craig wandering in his æsthetic dreamland. Nature had been kind enough to give this dreamland a fairly humorous lining. For therein it had placed material for Mr. Craig's energies, both destructive and constructive, so far as they go. This material was a decayed, ugly shell, containing a more solid shell full of artistic possibilities. Thoughtful dreamers divined this, but the general crowd suspected it not. Mr. Craig saw the Oldness and the Ugliness of the shells. They bored him. He renounced the old gods and hastened to bestow his attention on others. He swore that the tar-pot should not tailor his dreams with mystic feathers.

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The consequence was he designed a box not unlike the old one. Instead of creating a new form he recreated a form which has grown weary of holding the literary-pictorial drama up to view. It never seems to have occurred to him, as it has to others, say, Max Reinhardt, that if the little bit of a picture frame has succeeded in engendering an ungainly lout what a giant of a drama might come out of the mighty womb of the theatre itself. Let only the stage and the auditorium be one, and the theatre will take its place as the latest inspiring muse. Or perhaps Mr. Craig was suffering from an overdose of ego-premierism and wanted a space that would contain a rather limited I to be stage-managed by an equally limited ME. In any case, he clung to the box-form which he filled with cloudiness and loneliness and associated space—not real space, mentality—and said, "Let there be Life." But, as he was unable to create life, he was obliged to play a trick. He stuck man in as an accessory after the fact. And he left him sticking there like a fly on the base of a colossal treacle-pot.

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Looking closely at the figure in the box, one is struck by its remarkable resemblance to Mr. Craig. Indeed, it appears as though Mr. Craig had a suspicion that, in order to quicken life in his box, he must create a new form of drama. But not having the creative faculty for the deed, and only the wilted imagination of the ego-æsthetic, he had put himself—Gordon Craig, the designer—into the box. Strange were the results. Once in the box, the Craig began to quarrel with the Gordon, the

æstheticism with the egotism. The egotism proved too much for the æstheticism. It would not allow the latter to become syntho-æstheticism. Out of the din emerged the old complaint of neglected genius—as if a hopeless ego-genius like Mr. Craig's could ever be neglected while it has the pleasure of its own company. And above it rose Gordon's lament that Europe is quarrying the Craig for ideas. This tedious wailing about Heaven neglecting offspring (ever a cunning advertisement in disguise) which are able to take care of themselves has had the desired effect. To-day we see the local critics whitewashing and protecting the Craig.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is the cause of this hustled spring-cleaning? Such a little thing. Mr. Craig has dropped the Polean curtain and now appears before it in a new part. Gordon Craig is Maeterlinck playing with a screen. As such he recently arrived at the Leicester Galleries. Here he unpacked his traps, consisting of a portable screen, some cylinders, cubes, squares, rostrums, and a coloured lime or two, and proceeded to demonstrate in seven little scenes how the new simple-complicated mechanism is worked. He showed that the flat jointed screen is adaptable to any stage purpose. It will form exterior and interior settings, from a rampart to a "mad" scene. If the latter is for Ophelia, you run the screen round in a semi-circle, place a huge cylindrical column in the centre of the stage, with a number of square columns colonnading round it, sprinkle a ray of light on either side of the centre column, and set Ophelia loose to rave among these classical architectural features. And there you are, or, rather, Ophelia is. But the scene thus formed is not really a scene. It is simply "an environment of light and shadow." It is Craigoscurosis carried to the xth degree.

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The inference from this is that the lighting is the "scene." The screen is merely an instrument for receiving the light. As Mr. Baughan says in the *Daily News*, it has no relation to the characters of the play, and does not spring from the inward necessity of the character, but is an annexe to a fully expressed movement. It is an æsthetic skin stretched over the bare walls of the stage. It is a trick, an excrescence, an impertinence, a set-back to the intelligence of the theatre. It has not even the economic advantages claimed for it by the *Times* critic. Before it can be used by touring companies every provincial theatre would have to be readapted to its expensive and complicated requirements in lighting plant, highly intelligent mechanics and stage-hands. The same critic remarks that "a change of light makes a change of place." How can a change of light alter a series of sets which, in build and fitment, are all alike. Take away the Reckitt's blue and orange from the scene with the flight of steps and flood it with violet. What difference will this make to the "architectural" environment? Absolutely none at all.

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It is a great pity that the *Times* critic, as well as the *Chronicle*, *Observer*, *Manchester Guardian*, and other critics, did not exercise their functions as critics instead of coming forward as editors of Mr. Craig's impossible ideas. The least common sense would have shown them that Mr. Craig is an ego-æsthetic who is only capable of turning out æsthetic prettiness. His screen and the designs for its application in the Moscow production of "Hamlet" are experiments in æsthetics, nothing



more. They discover no vitality, no inward constructive force in tune with the infinite. As an intelligence that is making a real contribution to the contemporary movement in the theatre, Mr. Craig does not count. As a fantasuoso he is occasionally amusing, and he is always *très habile*. In his burning desire that "the art of the theatre" shall be directed by one man he exhibits the offensive autocratic-director spirit. Some day nearer the millennium, he may learn that *the* art of the theatre is dead, and that the new theatre is arising, not out of one form of art, but of as many forms as there are intelligences to give them birth. And the greater the number of intelligences there are to co-operate voluntarily in the work of the theatre, the greater the theatre itself will be. Nothing good or lasting ever came of Gordon Hamlets at the North Pole searching for an audience of penguins.

HUNTLY CARTER.

## The Failure of Marriage.

THAT marriage is a failure is, of course, notorious. I do not anticipate that proof of this statement will be required, but to any who may require it I recommend a study of the contemporary fiction of any European country. The various ways in which the conjugal relation may fall short of the ideal provide the modern novelist with an inexhaustible supply of themes. The only possible way to succeed in marriage is to find a partner corresponding in every respect to one's ideal. The man in Mr. Hardy's novel "The Well-Beloved" spent forty years in trying to do this, and his ultimate failure is typical of the experience of all of us.

That the failure is not more generally acknowledged is due, I think, to two causes. In the first place, it is only to his closest intimates that a man discusses his marriage at all. Women, I believe, are more candid in this respect, but a man's marriage is always conventionally assumed to be a success unless and until the clearest proof to the contrary exists. A man commonly discovers, shortly after marriage, that he is the centre of a conspiracy of silence respecting his wife, which would be highly amusing if it were not so irritating. He knows that her merits and defects are being weighed by his friends with a penetrating accuracy of judgment which is not obscured by any of the clouds of passion which at one time confounded his own. But of the results of the inquisition he is permitted to learn nothing. It is implied that he has got what he wanted, by the exercise of a choice which ranged over the whole area of womanhood. Any word or act of his which reveals the existence of another state of things is judged to be morally blameworthy. Hence there exists a strong tendency for such words and acts to be inhibited.

The other cause contributing to obscure the failure of marriage is the fact that so many people pitch their ideal of marriage too low. A friend of the present writer once surprised and shocked him by expressing the opinion that what most men married for was a home of their own. The assumption that the rabbit hutch, and not the personality of the other rabbit, was the thing that mattered was illuminating. On another occasion an acquaintance who was confiding to a trusted woman friend his intention to separate from a hopelessly incompatible wife, whose incapacity to under-

stand or sympathise set his nerves on edge at every conversation, was met with the reply, "But she's got a very pretty skin, you know." We can obtain further light on the mind of the average man in this matter by noting the kind of marriage he approves. A "good" marriage is one in which there is plenty of money on one or the other side; and daughters "marry well" if they suffer no material or social privation in the process of transplanting. The average man, if his idea of suitability includes anything at all beyond prettiness, looks for a woman who will darn his socks, cook his meals, believe all he tells her, and cause him as little expense as possible and no trouble. When he finds her (and she is not quite so easy to find in these days of independence as she was) he is apt to think that he has achieved the ideal sex-relationship.

I submit that such an error can only spring from a totally mistaken view of marriage. The only worthy view is surely that expressed in a little-known book, entitled "Human Intercourse," by the art critic, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in the phrase, "Marriage should be regarded as a lifelong conversation." The passionate side of marriage is nothing; the animals are capable of that. The transitoriness of passion is proverbial; its utter unimportance is less generally recognised, yet it is surely obvious.

A wife is neither a concubine, nor a housekeeper and nurse, nor an unusually costly and ornamental article of furniture; she is essentially a friend. Between her and one's other friends the only differences which should exist are, first, that the opportunities of intercourse with her are unlimited, and, secondly, that perfect sincerity is possible with her. To choose as a wife a woman whom one would not have as a friend is, of all the blunders which ordinary men commit in the conduct of life, perhaps the most disastrous, but one of the commonest. A man is nowadays compelled to spend much time with his wife, and expected to find pleasure in her society. "When a man is married," as Stevenson said, "there is nothing for it, not even suicide, but to be good"; and when the pleasure has to be assumed and not felt, when the society of one's friends would be preferred to hers, domesticity is terribly apt to bring about a state of constant nervous irritation. The extent of the unhappiness which may be caused by a compromise with one's ideals in this matter can hardly be realised by those who have not experienced it. The sentimental young man is apt to believe that it would be delightful to run in double harness with almost any of the fascinating and mysterious creatures whom he sees in the train. Even at a later stage in life it is difficult for him to realise that there can be anything positively distasteful in the lifelong affection and service of a woman. The truth is that in these matters there is no middle term between complete success and utter failure. Nobody could have excelled Ibsen's Aline Solness in affectionate devotion; but the Master Builder was, nevertheless, constrained to his bitter cry, "So I am chained alive to a dead woman!"

Divorce is impracticable. No possible reform of the divorce laws can be of the slightest use to any but a tiny minority of exceptionally rich men. Divorce means having to maintain a woman without the *quid pro quo* of sexual relations with her. Even in Norway, the most liberal country in the world in this respect, a divorced wife is legally entitled to lifelong maintenance (unless she marries again) on a scale based on her ex-husband's station in life, unless the divorce was obtained for a fault of hers; and the property of the parties, all of which may have been brought into the marriage



by the husband, is equally divided. Thus the Norwegian husband who follows the advice of Dr. Whitby (*FREEWOMAN*, September 5th, p. 307, *et seq.*) is quite effectually prevented from ever marrying again. The contributors to this paper who have been misled by their extensive professional acquaintance with the sexual muddles of wealthy people into going in bald-headed for divorce law reform as the remedy for our present discontents are following a will-o'-the-wisp. It is difficult enough for most of us to keep one wife. To keep more than one is an impossibility for anyone who does not belong to the classes that live on rent and interest. The explanation of the Norwegian and other similar divorce laws is, of course, that the law does not regard a woman as normally self-supporting, but as an appendage to some particular man, and this condition is not removed by divorce. It is to be presumed, however, that the Suffragettes will continue to assert that the laws are unjust to women.

In the individual case, therefore, no remedy is possible. In general the evil will, no doubt, slowly cure itself through the broadening of women's outlook on life, the deepening of their sympathies, and the increase of their knowledge. And as I have permitted myself to criticise the Suffragists a few sentences back, I had better make what amends I can by admitting that the acquaintance with public affairs and the habit of thinking of themselves as citizens of the world, which the possession of the Vote should engender in women, will be all to the good. Present-day womanhood presents a variety of decadent and moribund types; the old type of womanly woman, the citizen of the kitchen, whose interminable chatter about her servants and tradesmen has, doubtless, driven many men to drink and many more to the Tivoli; the frivolous suburban

type who dreams about clean-shaven actors, and whose horizon is bounded by frocks and chocolates; and so forth—all these types have got to go. They will have to make room for the woman who has trained herself to share a man's life in every particular; the woman sketched in Tennyson's "Princess" and in the fourth chapter of Mill's "Subjection of Women," and to be found (by some of us) in the Fabian Society or in a certain circle of debaters which it is needless to particularise. The pity of it is that marriage so often offers no real outlet for the capacities of such women. Most often, I imagine, they "find themselves" in some occupation to which marriage would be a hindrance. In any case, a man would require considerable assurance and self-esteem to be able to invite one of these radiant creatures to darn his socks and cook his dinners.

The final difficulty to be surmounted by the man who wishes to make a wise choice in marriage is that of opportunity. Mr. G. K. Chesterton once remarked that by choosing one woman a man implicitly refused all the others. Nothing could be farther from the truth, which is, in most cases, that he has chosen the least ineligible of the three or four who are open to him. Before condemning makeshift marriages the idealist must recollect that in London and large cities generally there is simply no organisation of social life at all, and that young men are practically dependent for companionship on acquaintances casually picked up at places of amusement; even this process having its terrors for the sensitive mind. The general outlook is thus distinctly gloomy, but there are indications that the difficulties are becoming recognised, and in more than one way efforts are being made to meet them. The whole difficulty is the narrowness of the area of choice, and anything that can be done to widen it is to be welcomed.

A. B.

## Credit: A Neglected Factor of Exchange.

FREEDOM of exchange is undoubtedly in danger. From the convinced Marxian Socialist, with his declaration that "what the community needs should be produced and controlled by the State," to the latest apostle of compromise who observes cautiously that "the time is certainly come when the State should interfere to remedy the more glaring inequities of our industrial system," there is observable a more or less decided acceptance of the view that freedom of contract between individuals can no longer be trusted to effect the equitable distribution of wealth. It is the remarkable prevalence of this opinion which has impelled me to choose the above title for this article.

Both orthodox and unorthodox economists have hitherto looked upon exchange as the barter of commodity against commodity, or, when they have taken the money factor into consideration, have relegated it to an entirely subordinate position. Yet an examination of the problem of exchange reveals no defect in the machinery of commodity production: perfection of machinery by fresh invention is proceeding by leaps and bounds. My thesis, on the contrary, is the present inadequacy of the machinery of distribution—credit. We need to attach more importance to the rôle of credit in the process of exchange.

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Immediately when communities progress beyond the nomad stage and settle down to continued industry, the need for credit arises. The pioneer cuts and hews with primitive tools; only when he has acquired a certain competence can he find time to plan and invent labour-saving contrivances. Thenceforward the community will benefit if those of its members who wish to undertake production are able to borrow the pioneer's tools upon a promise of future recompense for the loan. Obviously, the utility of this expedient increases with the quantity of labour saved by the new contrivances thus acquired, and I will demonstrate that the major portion of the social evils which accompanied the Industrial Revolution in the latter portion of the eighteenth century—the period of the conversion of handicraft into mechanical industry—are to be ascribed to the expensive nature of the new machinery and the inability of the credit system to effect the loan of the new machines to intending producers.

Let us examine the evolution of credit. In primitive times actual commodities are loaned. Upon the invention of money, rightly described as one of the greatest blessings of civilisation (in spite of Tolstoyan assertions to the contrary), it was found more expedient to loan money, and convey to the borrower command over the whole range of commodities produced for exchange. Hereupon appeared the phenomenon of usury for the loan of money, that thorny problem of the early Christian fathers. Much discussion resulted in the decision that *excessive* usury only was to be condemned. He who risks his productive wealth in loans has a right to compensation. The causes of excessive usury have hitherto been two: (1) political unrest, which increased the risk of loss of the loan; (2) contraction of the volume of exchange medium, either by the monarchs and rulers who early assumed control over the issue of money, or by scarcity in the supply of the precious metals. The progress of civilisation has reduced the importance of the former cause of usury, but it is my aim to show that the same progress has rather exaggerated than diminished the effects of the latter.

The early money-lender had not abolished the loaning of commodities. Absence of mutual trust among producers certainly required that his credit token should be of intrinsic value, but borrowers had usually no need of gold for its own sake. Gold was to them a mere order for goods upon the general community. Whenever the supply of gold ran short, the usurer raised his interest rate, whereupon goods tended to accumulate and stagnate in the hands of producers, and productive ability remained idle. Then arose the goldsmith-banker who invented a credit instrument which is even to-day not estimated at its true worth—the circulating promise to pay gold to bearer on demand. The gradual increase of mutual trust enabled the prolonged circulation of these paper promises without their redemption in gold being demanded, the goldsmith's reputation as a prudent lender being the motor power of the circulation of his paper. Now the point which I wish to make is that from this time onward the exchange of the ever-growing volume of commodities was only rendered possible by the extension of the volume of paper substitutes for gold. The issue and circulation of this paper depended entirely upon the voluntary development of mutual trust between the banks and producers, and it was in the highest degree important that the process should be permitted freedom of development. Yet we perceive in history that from the time when William III. granted a monopoly of note issue to the body of financiers

whom, in return for financial assistance, he established as the Bank of England, there has existed continual State interference with the development of credit. At the Industrial Revolution the privilege of establishing banks was confined to the wealthy class by the law which prohibited the formation of banks by more than six partners, and to this circumstance chiefly must be ascribed the fact that only a small portion of the existing productive ability was able to acquire possession of the new machinery, monopoly of machinery by the few and low wages for the handicraftsmen who were compelled to enter these few factories being the inevitable consequence. The method invented by banks to protect their gold reserves against unforeseen foreign demand by the note redeemable in gold at a certain period *after* demand was proscribed on protective grounds, and, later, when gold streamed out of the country's reserves thus legally rendered defenceless, the issue of notes was virtually prohibited by the Bank Charter Act of 1844.

The prohibition of flexibility of note issue, since copied by every civilised country, has severely checked the development of credit by binding the medium of exchange more closely to gold than is necessary. Where the mass of wage payments and small exchange transactions might easily and safely have been effected by notes, the universal prohibition of this instrument has compelled the use of gold. Modern commerce has accordingly degenerated into a mere struggle for gold. An increase of prosperity in any country requiring a corresponding increase of exchange medium, the banks of that country are compelled at such a time to raise the rate of discount in order to attract gold from abroad, thereby at one blow cutting down a quantity of commerce at home and compelling banks abroad similarly to raise their discount rates and restrict credit in the endeavour to retain their own gold reserves. Moreover, and most important, the constant danger of drains of gold thus engendered compels the banks, even in normal times, to confine their long-date credit issues to such producers as possess security which is saleable in times of gold stringency and high Bank Rate—times when there is a general hunger for money, and all but the most valuable "gilt-edged" security is quite unsaleable.

Surely it is obvious that such a continual restriction of long-date loans (the only advances which are of any use for the establishment of fresh industry) must cause the involuntary retention of goods by producers and involuntary idleness of productive ability. Our economists speak of the failure of *free* exchange when, in the most vital process of exchange, namely, the development of the expression of mutual trust evidenced in the issue and circulation of paper promises to pay gold, we have absolutely prohibited the most rudimentary freedom. The declaration of earlier economists to the effect that a single act of directive State interference with freedom of contract necessitates the imposition of a string of fresh acts of legal interference is here proved true. We have prohibited the voluntary development of exchange expedients, and are now being compelled by the resultant unemployment of willing productive ability to set up fresh State interference in the form of State feeding of children, Minimum Wage Bills, Insurance Acts, and, probably, nationalisation of industry, to remedy our own primary interference.

The subject of existing bank restrictions is one which urgently demands discussion.

HENRY MEULEN.



## Moralities and Morality.

OPERA-BOUFFE, grand opera, melodrama, and musical comedy; each contributes its quota to the medley called "Everywoman."

Lest, however, these never-known-to-fail attractions should prove inadequate, the whole has been insalivated with the sentimentalism of the poetaster and administered in the form of a bolus as a sop to the Cerberus of public opinion.

Cerberus having received his quietus, the gate is open and the whole hell of modern life opens before us. Indeed, one of the characters remarks: "I do know the British public, and I tell you that you can't trifle with them where 'ell is concerned. The British public will 'ave their 'ell," and—to the accompaniment of the latest music-hall ditty—they are given it.

One may see an enraptured public, deluded by the newspapers (which have to look to the advertisements) and by the introduction to the book of the play, part of which reads, "It is not a sermon in disguise, neither is it a quixotic effort to elevate the stage," into believing that mere pageantry is an adequate return for that tumult of the soul which one had been led to expect from the title. Surely no other public would have accepted with so little demur the half-veiled sneer in the words, "nor a quixotic attempt to elevate the stage."

But another of the many changes rung on a woman's pilgrimage in search of love, it has, by the infinite grossness of its attempt at an "Art" setting, provided inextinguishable laughter for the gods.

Reinhardt, in "The Miracle," had something new to say on rhythm; Maeterlinck, in "Sister Beatrice," showed the infinite yearning of life; Davidson, in "The Ballad of a Nun," pictured the breathlessness of actual beauty, but "Everywoman" possesses not one of these qualities. Pretension, which is the most repulsive form of vulgarity, is all it possesses. It is "The Miracle" without Reinhardt; it is "The Ballad of a Nun" without the nun. Without much exaggeration it is merely a series of "tableaux vivants."

There is about it, too, a futile complexity which is intensely exasperating. "Everywoman" herself is merely the background against which are placed "The Stage of a Theatre," "The Champagne Supper," "Piccadilly Circus on New Year's Eve." That "Everywoman" is not overlooked in the superabundance of stage machinery is the most amazing part of the business.

As a pageant, or, rather, a series of "tableaux vivants," the play would be just as effective (for even "Everywoman" is used to show off a "daring décolleté gown"), and the power of graceful movement seems to be denied the actors. Mr. Yoshio Markino has said of the Englishwoman that her meat looks harder than that of other women. Not only does it look harder, but in the "Everywoman" group (Everywoman, Youth, Beauty, Modesty) the hardness extends to their actions and reminds one very forcibly of cast-iron figures, moving with much groaning of rusty hinges. They move so stolidly and unhurriedly that they seem never to have done.

As a morality, pure and simple, the play is likely to be of positive harm. Rarely has Vice been portrayed so attractively in the theatre.

The Vice of the old Guild-produced Moralities, in a long jerkin, cap with asses' ears, and his long dagger of lath with which he belaboured Satan, produced at least no mischief, and afforded great

amusement. The Vice of Drury Lane, flaunting and gorgeously robed, cannot fail to be an evil influence.

As for that chastity and economy of material which is the aim of all true Art, there is never a trace. The play—if such it can be called—wallows in its voluptuousness.

"Everywoman," the introduction before quoted says, "is intended to afford pleasure and entertainment to all classes of intelligent playgoers—hence the music, the songs and choruses, the dances, the spectacular and scenic effects, and the realism of everyday life." It is interesting to contrast here an extract from a paper on "Morality Plays" by Mr. Holt. "It is much easier," he says, "to reach people of little intelligence by combining spectacular effects with oral instruction." There can be no doubt as to who is right here.

There is about the play an indelicacy: "Greed, for instance, gorging a soufflé or puff, repeating somebody else's verses as his own—which is simply vulgarity." In one of the Chester plays Adam and Eve were to appear naked, yet surely, comparing the two, the more modern and presumably more highly evolved is the more repulsive.

A question that may prove not uninteresting in its final fruits arises here. Do not chorus girls resent the degrading farce they have to go through in such scenes as "Piccadilly Circus" or in the cozening of theatrical managers? And, too—their acting is startlingly realistic! One inquires where they acquired the necessary knowledge. The applause that greeted the scene in Piccadilly Circus is in itself sufficient proof that the whole thing—as a moral lesson—is a pretentious humbug, and, taken as a work of Art, a highly immoral proceeding. Had the prefix "Morality" been omitted from it, it would never have escaped the Censor. As it is, its pruriency is scattered broadcast. It is an interesting point that, for the solution of the problem of immorality, Drury Lane has chosen to picture it.

A great deal has been said in the newspapers of Mr. H. B. Irving as "Nobody"; but not even Mr. Irving could save his lines from their stark insanity. The introduction to Act III. begins thus:—

"In Everywoman's boudoir, none may mob her,  
Yet here her servants swindle her and rob her."

Could idiocy go further? A dignified delivery means nothing if there is nothing to say. Mr. Irving is in that plight.

The entire structure is a thing of nerves, a mad creation following a surfeit of "Morality," and involving in its degradation Mr. Stephen Philips. "Every woman in Grecian garb, her hair bound in Grecian fashion." "Youth, beauty, and modesty scattering with little laughs," and lilting inane little songs in the most approved Gilbertian strain, and "Nobody" uttering sententious absurdities. It is the apotheosis of that mental malady of which Henley's passionate outcry was the first indication. "Nerves, nerves, nerves; these many centuries the world has had neuralgia, and what has come of it is that 'Robert Elsmere' is an ideal, and the bleat of the sentimentalist might almost be mistaken for the voice of living England." Since Henley it has grown louder and louder. No longer is there any doubt. It is the voice of living England.

This is how the play ends:

"Upon your sympathies I make a claim,  
Which is that you be just and fair  
To everywoman, everywhere—  
Her faults are many. Nobody's to blame."

Modern society expresses itself in the last three



words. Not nobody, but everybody, is to blame. Everybody in the shape of the society that segregated the sexes from earliest youth, that let each individual maunder along and pick up all its knowledge of life how it might and from what polluted sources, and—that allowed “Everywoman” to be staged. The dignity of Everyman has changed into the frightened nerve-racked whimper of Everywoman.

\* \* \* \* \*

“When mankind did not as yet feel ashamed of its cruelty,” said Nietzsche, “life on earth was more pleasant than now there exist pessimists.”

The cruelty and immorality of the middle ages was at least an obvious one; not so nowadays. The “bleat of the sentimentalist” and the soul-destroying inertia of the pessimist are actual things. They have both been talking to the optimist. The time is ripe for the actionist.

J. RODKER.

### So Simple.\*

THE worst of being a feminist is that one has no evidence. Women are capable of all things, yet, inconveniently, they will not be geniuses. This is brought home to one during the publishing season. Reading the advertisements of new books by men such as Wells or Conrad or Bennett is like planning a journey to the Isles of Greece on the map. The names of two women, Violet Hunt and May Sinclair, rouse in one something of the same excitement, but no certainty. In spite of their first-rate intelligences and sense of character they escape genius. It would be hard to say why women have refused to become great writers. Undoubtedly marriage eats like a cancer into the artistic development of women. A man must wait until he has reached maturity before he can sit down to write an important novel. Before that time he must earn his living and coerce the public's attention by doing unimportant work which disciplines his technique. But a woman during this period of immaturity either neglects literary work altogether because of the interest of her sexual life, or she plunges into important work at once, being protected by her man from the necessity of doing uncongenial work.

Another quality which keeps women from literary greatness is their timidity towards adventure and lack of faith in life. Accustomed to have in her hands the comfort of her husband and children, she feels less adventurous than brutal when she walks empty-handed out of her safe home and treads new paths. This fear of taking risks influences her in the choice of an occupation. Women flinch at the risk of taking up an artistic career and gravitate towards safe professions like the Civil Service, not in any white passion of statecraft, but because it is notorious that the Government forgives all crimes in its female employees except marriage. The Civil Service, while producing experts in parlour-tricks such as Austin Dobson, A. B. Walkley, and Edmund Gosse, seems incompatible with genius. This caution also influences her style.

Another vice incident to woman at present is spiritual pride. She has found the first steps of man's journey upwards quite easy. He had pretended they were difficult, so he gets what he deserves if woman assumes that all the other steps are just as easy, and that the government of

Empires is as easy as getting a University degree. This attitude is a little irritating. Everything becomes so simple. The Mother Soul of which Mrs. Pethick Lawrence talks is going to solve problems that have vexed civilisation since the beginnings by sheer motherliness and soulfulness. The possession of the vote is going to release women wage slaves from the power of the capitalist. Women estimating their future activities tend to become presumptuous persons such as Nietzsche described as “those who ‘briefly deal with’ all the real problems of life, death, and eternity.”

An example of this is “The Consumer in Revolt.” There is much ability in Mrs. Billington Greig, but there is little that speaks of it in her book. The first chapter, which says in twenty-three pages what would better have been said in six, is devoted to an exposition of the fact that man sometimes produces goods and sometimes consumes them. Therefore the social system will be hopelessly one-sided until there is an organisation to uphold the claims of the consumers. These are “a pure product, clean and honest, being what it professes to be; a product at a fair price; a sufficient variety of products to allow of reasonable choice; and a sufficiency of all kinds of products.” They must insist, too, that the products are made under fair conditions of labour. And they are to revolutionise the struggle against capital by using the “double-edged strike, a strike from two sides, in which, while the workers strike, the consumers employ a potential or positive boycott.” The obvious objection to this, that this would lead to the trustification of industry, is whirled away with a rattling facility. “But this policy, too, can be met. The consumers and workers together can start their own manufactories, and such ventures would be economically sound and safe.” The mind reels at the idea of consumers withdrawing their capital from profitable capitalist concerns to start a factory on a non-profit-making basis with the certain difficulty ahead that a capitalist combine would attempt to corner the raw material. Moreover, no scheme which leaves the question of the land untouched is sound. There would be certain difficulties before a committee of railway men and railway passengers could start an opposition line to the Midland, or of colliers and coal consumers could open out new coal mines. Problems are never so simple as all that. The idea of The Consumers' League is material for a not too long magazine article.

Mrs. Billington Greig holds it as a grievance against the producer that he so often produces shoddy and adulterated goods. She loses the beautiful spiritual significance of adulteration, which is a form of philanthropy probably originally designed by the Charity Organisation Society. The consumer who produces nothing, but lives on rent and interest, need fear no adulterated goods. Adulteration is devised by the benign capitalist to console the workman for his shiftlessness and stupidity in not being able to make a living wage. Although he cannot indulge his appetites, he shall at least have the illusion of so doing. For instance, the capitalist recognises the desire for salmon as a constant quality in the composition of Englishmen. A small proportion of the nation eats fresh salmon, a large proportion eats tinned salmon. Why should the remainder, worthless as it may be, not have at least an illusion of salmon? Hence the capitalist ingeniously provides the obscene kind of salmon paste sold in the Euston Road and Villiers Street. This method of pauperising the poor can only be stopped by giving the people higher wages. The Consumers' League could do little to that end.

\* “The Consumer in Revolt.” By Teresa Billington Greig. 1s. (Stephen Swift and Co.)

“Dreams, and Dream Life and Real Life.” By Olive Schreiner. 2s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

“The Naked Soul.” By Louise Heilgers. 6s. (Stephen Swift and Co.)



Another example of the "so simple" attitude of women is the philosophy of Olive Schreiner, whose "Dreams, and Dream Life and Real Life" have just been re-issued in a cheaper edition. Olive Schreiner is less a woman than a geographical fact. Just as one thinks of Egypt as a foreground for the Pyramids, so South Africa seems the setting of that warm, attractive, aggressive personality. Her work is far inferior to her. "Woman and Labour" was slow and vague, though its heart was in the right place. "The Story of a South African Farm" was a good novel spoilt by an illicit attempt to improve the reader's morals. In "Dreams" she wrote of an abstract spiritual woman, just as Adam Smith wrote about an abstract economic man. To avoid the incomplete conclusions which are consequent on writing about abstractions she attempted to write in a poetic style, although at all times she has lacked the "fundamental brainwork" needed for poetry. Her real line was probably realism, for that, in its surrender of the selective power, needs little brainwork; Zola wrote charming novels on no basis whatsoever. Moreover, her style is too humourless for poetry. When Woman and Wine come leaping towards the Hunter they announce themselves as "the twins, Sensuality," as if sensuality would ever be anything so morally unassailable as twins, which are most commonly found among the more respectable poor in rural districts. The occasional note of private and confidential enlightenment over commonplace facts is subtly absurd. "Then the sun passed down behind the hills: but I knew that the next day he would rise again."

Her philosophy tends towards the most indiscriminating asceticism. "By having the hell of a time we shall have the heaven of an eternity" is not a syllogism. The extremely depressing career of Woman, who left the garden of Pleasure because Duty with his white, clear features came and looked at her, and who decided to seek the land of Freedom down the banks of Labour through the waters of Suffering, seems to be planned by use and wont rather than by the findings of an individual and inquiring morality. Just as the kind-hearted outside broker, on his way home from the bucket shop, tries to save his soul by giving his spare pennies to any drunken beggar he passes, so women try to earn salvation quickly and simply by giving their souls up to pain. It may only be a further development of the sin of woman, the surrender of personality.

Miss Louise Heilgers' novel, "The Naked Soul," is another example of the "so simple" attitude. I call it a novel, because, although its style recalls the appendices to Mr. Havelock Ellis's great work, it is not true. At least, I hope not. Miss Heilgers belongs to that school of fiction led by Victoria Cross, Elinor Glyn, and Dolf Wyllarde, who imagine that by cataloguing stimuli one can produce a feeling of stimulation: as though one could convey the joys and miseries of drunkenness by enumerating the public-houses in the Harrow Road. Miss Heilgers reminds one of a south coast watering-place called Deal. There are more public-houses per head of the population in Deal than in any other town in Great Britain. But the atmosphere is neither exhilarating nor deplorably alcoholic: the sight of a public-house becomes monotonous, that is all. Similarly, though there are more appalling incidents per page in "The Naked Soul" than in any other book I have ever read, it is very dull. Or perhaps I should say that it is too technical for the lay reader.

REBECCA WEST.

## The Harlot.

I saw her pace along the garish streets  
Backward and forward like a tiger caged;  
Her stealthy splendour masked the fight she waged  
With hunger and a death she only cheats  
By daily crucifixion of her soul  
Upon the cross of lust that men raise up  
To gods of ghastly chivalry. Her cup  
Flows with the bitterest wine of all, brimful  
From Christ's red cup in old Gethsemane.

And this is why her bold eyes flashed to me  
Another message than she would they told.  
I saw the moonlight on her painted cheek  
And on the carmined lips that, smiling, speak  
The agony of Woman from the old  
Dead ages until now, the sorrow keen  
As rapier steel: pale lips that fain would seal  
Her secret heart, where wounds which never heal  
Blaze out in anguish from her eyes, unseen  
By all the lust-blind lovers of her thousand nights.

And as she passed away beneath the lights  
I saw her shrink back sudden from the throng  
Just like a frightened child, and in her eyes  
The look of one who had been struck, for cries  
Of obscene mirth, mingled with drunken song,  
Came from a gang, the sires of unborn men, . . .  
Surrounding her and jeering in her face  
Until there was no thing in all that place  
So pitiful. But when the mob passed, then  
An automatic machine of lust  
The girl once more became, like one who must  
Earn coins to stir her into life again.

And she, too, once dreamed soft white dreams,  
And yearned to dwell awhile in fairyland.  
Maybe some woman loved to pass her hand  
Across that hair, her own child's hair, which gleams  
For other hands to-night, and found her Paradise  
In watching that young life so softly grow  
Just like a tender garden flower, but O  
To dwell on those things now! The heart is ice  
To even think of them. The flower was crushed  
And trampled on by some one man, or by  
Some harpie woman who betrayed the high  
White mystery of womanhood that flushed  
The young girl's budding heart, herself betrayed.

O, would that as she plies her awful trade  
All women who have hearts might for once see  
This woman's heart! And if the power of men  
Were theirs to wield, such power would waxen then  
Ten thousand times, and our humanity  
Would rise like some young angry god, and crush  
The evil out of this fair world, and fall  
With fury on the things that men now call  
Sacred and pure, and mercilessly brush  
Aside the systems which, in Truth's guise, breed  
Man's lust, and mock and soil Love's holy name,  
And hound pure women to eternal shame  
And leech their trembling bodies for their need.

O, that this waking came! . . .

Or that we hurled  
Each prudish institution into hell,  
And faced the truth—if truth it be—and sailed  
New banners overhead, and let our music swell  
To nobler anthems, louder hymns, that hailed  
These nameless women Saviours of the World!

THOMAS MOULT.



## Co-operative Farming for Women.

"Eventually, and in perhaps a less remote future than may be supposed, we may, through the co-operative principle, see our way to a change in society which would combine the freedom and independence of the individual with the moral, intellectual, and economical advantages of aggregate production."—JOHN STUART MILL.

A REALLY serious undertaking in the way of co-operative farming is about to be started—and with every prospect of success—this month. The uniqueness of the venture lies in the combination of the terms of the above title. Farming for women is not new, though but little has yet been done; co-operation is also a term with which we are familiar even in regard to farming, though that, too, is in its infancy, and has only been tried among men; but the combination of farming and co-operation for *women* appears to be entirely novel, and the results will show in a few years if the *rationale* of the scheme is correct.

Its inception was due to very simple reasoning, combined with a determination to put the reasoning to the proof, and originated with Miss A. M. Emerson—an experienced and successful farmer. She found that, despite the undoubted suitability of women as small holders, a great many failures could be registered among them, due, in the larger number of cases, to a need of more capital, which would support their operations while waiting the returns from the first outlay. In other cases the difficulty of getting their products conveyed to good markets, so as to bring in a sufficient return, proved a great stumbling-block.

Now, co-operative farming may be likened to the old fable of the bundle of sticks, in which it was found possible to break a large bundle by taking out and breaking one stick at a time, while the united bundle defied the efforts of the strongest. If of a number of isolated women each sets out with a modest capital and a good training to start farming on her own account, she may fail from one or many of the accidents which need never have happened had she and the others co-operated in their undertaking. Their united capitals would have given them a better choice of farm; they could have purchased one large enough for each to adopt the special section of work for which she was specially trained or fitted; the heavy implements which all would need could have been bought by all and used by each as wanted; the means of quick conveyance to market, such as a motor lorry—impossible to the one small holder—would have been a great help to the success of the co-operators. These are a few of the benefits shared and the dangers avoided by co-operative *versus* individual small holdings.

Large farming in England is supposed to be a failure, or at most an indifferent success, probably because the owner is often not the cultivator, or, if he is, he has to depend largely on hired labour. Small farming repeats the same tale, often from want of capital and education. **Why, then, should this new venture hope to succeed?** Because it is hoped to unite in this co-operative farming the individual interest of the combined owner and worker with the wider outlook and possibilities of the large farmer.

As in France, there have always existed the two schools—the advocates of the *grande* and of the *petite culture*; and one of the serious faults of the *petite culture*, of which small holdings form an example, is the attempt to grow crops unsuited to the special soil, in order to raise most of the products needed by the small farmer for his family

and his stock, etc. But small holdings under a co-operative scheme, such as this which is being started near Heathfield, hope to avoid this waste of energy and land by adopting a system of division of labour as before stated, whereby the cultivators and the land are turned to the best advantage. For instance, I am hoping to take a small holding as a fruit farm, and as the company can supply me with land wholly suitable for this purpose, and as others will be devoting their energies specially to dairying, poultry, general crops, etc., etc., I have no need to produce a little of all these other things unless I have some special reason for doing so, but can readily get them from the specialists on the other holdings: mixed or special farming are, however, quite at the choice of each small holder.

The financial side of the scheme seems very wisely thought out. All workers must be shareholders, and of at least twenty-five shares. This causes each one to "have an interest and take an interest in the working of the whole farm, as well as in her special holding. The rent of her holding will also act as a further spur to effort, but "each tenant will hold her land under an agreement with the company so framed as to secure fixity of rent and tenure."

On the side of the company (The Women Co-operative Farmers, Ltd.), everything is done to further the interests of the small holder and of the company as a whole. An experimental farm, held by the latter, will be started at once, and this will give a training ground for all workers who do not feel qualified at first to take a holding of their own. A moderate sum of about a pound a week for board and lodging will be the only charge to such pupils, who can remain at headquarters as long as they find it necessary, so that there is a wide opening here for those educated girls and women whose capital is very small. But the company will do more than this: they will give freely, through their instructors, any advice or instruction which may be needed from time to time by the small holders, and the latter will be able to purchase seeds, manures, feeding stuffs, etc., through the company at rates impossible if they bought for themselves in smaller quantities. The most up-to-date and efficient implements can be bought by the company for hire by the workers, and it will also arrange to do certain of the heavy labour, as well as plant certain of the crops, at the lowest possible charges, for those small holders who may wish such help. And, last, but by a long way from the least, the company will do all conveyance and marketing of farm produce.

The company might with perfect truth be described as a "Mutual Benefit Society," and if it succeeds in its initial work of putting suitable workers on the whole of this farm, it will extend its operations—always on a co-operative basis—so that the scheme may become a great national one, and entirely to the nation's benefit.

Nothing is more obvious than the fact that more of England's food will have to be grown at home. Though the day is not here when other countries—including our colonies—will need most of their food for themselves, nor the time come when our large stores of coal and iron will cease to form the basis of our exchange for the means of existence, yet, as population gradually increases, we find that we are approaching this condition of things, and the constantly rising price of all necessaries should point a warning finger. Therefore the question of utilising our land for growing a greater proportion of our foodstuffs is yearly becoming more of a necessity. Women now are coming more and



more into the already congested labour market, while only a small portion of them are producing necessities. What better, then, than for them to turn their attention to producing the food which all must have? Apart from the question of need, there is no doubt that for educated women who, through the stress of modern town life, are becoming nervous and sickly, nothing is better than the open-air work of farming. Many are the cases that could be quoted of girls going to horticultural colleges in a weak and anæmic state and finding themselves transformed into healthy, joyous, and muscular young women within a year or less of such training.

But to succeed so as to benefit both the individual and the nation, farmers must be thoroughly educated both in the theory and practice of their work, and farming must be scientific, rational, and more on intensive lines. A little well done is better than a great deal attempted and carried out wastefully and unproductively.

On this co-operative farm special thought will be given to making the most of all opportunities, and of allowing nothing to be wasted. To this end several "side lines," as they are called, will be undertaken. Bulbs to be planted on sunny banks under hedges, which would otherwise not be used at first; watercress to be grown by the spring which is on the farm; and various other utilities which may be turned to account from time to time.

As one who believes that "enlightened individualism" is the keystone of a happy community, I heartily believe in this scheme of co-operative farming for women, and hope that many of the readers of THE FREEWOMAN will give it a most deserved support.\*

BESSIE DRYSDALE.

\* All particulars of this farm may be obtained from the Women Co-operative Farmers, Ltd., 61, South Molton Street, London, W.

## Correspondence.

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

To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

### SOCIETY AN ORGANISM.

MADAM,—I wish to thank you for treating, at some length, the points raised in my letter of last week. You dealt with two issues: (1) The state of modern society; (2) the comparison of society to an organism.

With regard to the first, I agree with you that the evil effects of Empires upon nations is exemplified in the case of the English people. The "lugubrious" picture you give of our present state is not, I think, overdrawn. Empire breeds militarism, and militarism induces the continuance of barbaric instincts—of which the hideous brutality, shown to women in Wales the other day, is an offshoot. Human energy is transmutable: if it is divided into such channels as militarism, commercial projects, and exploitation, the nation will be sterile in art and philosophy. I also agree with you in saying that the modern form of society is low. As defined by Professor F. H. Giddings, society "is a naturally developing group of conscious beings, in which converse passes into definite relationships that, in the course of time, are wrought into a complex and enduring organisation." Society, following a universal law, passes from the homogeneity and indefiniteness of non-organisation to the heterogeneity and definiteness of organisation. At present—and this is the answer to the second issue—society is at a low stage of integration, and is not comparable to a highly developed organism, such as man. "In order to find a stage comparable to that occupied by society with respect to the central control of the func-

tions of life (i.e., government), it is necessary to go down among the Protozoa and study these peculiar groups of creatures that live in colonies so adapted, that, while the individuals are free to act as they please within certain limits, they are still imperfectly bound together by protoplasmic threads to such an extent that they are in a measure subordinate to the mass thus combined, and really act as a unit or body. Looked at from this point of view, society may be with much truth regarded as an organism, but it is obviously a very low form of organism. We are thus strikingly impressed with the great relative imperfections of society. If such an inchoate being is capable of accomplishing such results as have been accomplished by the social organism, what may we not expect, when, under the great law of development operating throughout the organic world, the social organism shall have attained even the lower stages of integration of the humbler animals! And when we shrink with a sense of dread from the idea of any such social centralisation, it is because we fail to realise the possibility of the central control being absolutely devoted to the welfare of the whole, as the animal consciousness is devoted to the welfare of the animal, and we also fail to realise the necessary modification in the character of its individual members to adapt them to such a régime of subordinate co-operation in the grand scheme." (Professor Lister Ward.)

You assert that society is "merely an agglomeration of complete and separate entities," and compare it to a mechanical mixture. But is not an organism the product of mechanical mixtures? What I would lay stress on is, that just as oxygen and hydrogen, by combination, give rise to a third product, totally unlike either, so combinations of individuals also give rise to a new product—that is, social consciousness. A "high" form of society is one in which the social consciousness is highly developed, while a "low" form of society is one in which it is latent, or but little developed. To quicken social consciousness is the great desideratum. A science of government will then be established, based on an investigation and discovery of the laws controlling social phenomena. Government is the organisation through which society expresses and enforces its collective will. It is therefore incumbent on all who value freedom (for themselves and others) to take their share in moulding social institutions and framing laws under which another generation must live.

With regard to Spencer, everyone who has studied his minor works knows how far the philosopher was from consistently maintaining his views. "Social Statics," from which you quoted, was issued in 1850. But in 1860, he published an article on "The Social Organism," in which he worked out the analogies between an animal and social organism with his usual wealth of illustration. I may say that a strong argument against the *laissez-faire* doctrine which Spencer defended is, that it perpetrates present injustice, and leaves all power in the hands of the strongest individuals, who would be thus uncurbed by the collective will of society.

September 26th, 1912.

FRANCES PREWETT.

1. To our mind, to speak of a "social consciousness" is to beg the entire question at issue. We believe there is no such thing as social consciousness—nothing more than an agglomeration of individual consciousnesses. The term "social consciousness" is a myth, and a very misleading one. Its acceptance explains the follies of all Socialists and Misleaders.

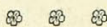
2. The doctrine of *laissez-faire* has never been tried, in fact, cannot be tried under any form of government. Spencer had not the courage to apply, even in thought, the doctrines of *laissez-faire*. As Spencer and the Manchester school conceived it, it was simply the doctrine that the Governors should do as they pleased with the Governed. The insurrection of the Governed against the Governors should have been held as the first and most important tenet in the individualistic creed. When each individual holds it as his first duty to guard his own interests first, we shall begin to see that *balance of forces in society*, which we call *justice*.

3. We should be very far from agreeing that an organism was the product of mechanical mixture; indeed, in spite of the efforts of Professor Schäfer, there are few people who would agree that an organism is even a chemical compound. Still less is there in the relations of two or more members of a society anything comparable to the inter-action of elements such as oxygen and hydrogen to produce a third product totally unlike either. No matter what inter-actions take place, individuals still remain individuals; even, for instance, a father and mother are not lost in the production of offspring. They remain what they were. Even if affected by attractive



forces and somewhat altered thereby, they remain individuals. (The whole of the woman's movement turns on this little detail of opinion.)

4. No better quotation than that our correspondent gives from Professor Lister Ward could have been chosen in order to show the absurd reasonings of the "*Society an Organism*" theorists, and the wild lengths to which they will go in order to make facts fit in with theory. Professor Ward's reasoning to prove society an organism runs like this: "*Society is an organism. If it does not appear so—and all instincts point away from it—that is merely a sign of imperfection. 'And when we shrink with a sense of dread from the idea, . . . it is because we fail to realise the possibility of the central control being absolutely devoted to the welfare of the whole.'*" We shall soon get over that. Since what should be, must be, what therefore is not, will be. So the nonsense runs. It is barely worth refuting. As for the differences of Spencer in 1850 and 1860, there is no real difference in his attitude. Spencer was a thinker with an intuitive grasp of the truth about society. He simply failed in courage, the first attribute of a thinker. Hence, just as in 1850, so in 1860, Spencer is still stating accurate premisses and drawing perverse conclusions. In his opening remarks on the "*Social Organism*" in 1860, he says: "There is a most important distinction (between a society and an organism) that while in a body of an animal only a special tissue is endowed with feeling, in a society all members are endowed with feeling. Even this distinction is not a complete one, for in some of the lowest animals, characterised by absence of a nervous system, such sensitiveness as exists is possessed by all parts. It is only in the more organised forms that feeling is monopolised by one class of the vital elements. And we must remember that societies too are not without a certain differentiation of this kind. . . . Still, we have here a tolerably *decided contrast between* bodies politic and individual bodies; and it is one which we should keep constantly in mind. For it reminds us that while, in individual bodies, the welfare of all other parts is rightly subservient to the welfare of the nervous system, whose pleasurable or painful activities make up the good or ill of life; in bodies politic the same thing does not hold, or holds to but a very slight extent. It is well that the lives of all parts of an animal should be merged in the life of the whole, because the whole has a corporate consciousness capable of happiness or misery. But it is not so with a society, since its living units do not and cannot lose individual consciousness, and since the community as a whole has no corporate consciousness. This is an everlasting reason why the welfares of citizens cannot rightly be sacrificed to some supposed benefit of the State only; on the other hand, the State is to be maintained solely for the benefit of citizens. The corporate life must here be subservient to the lives of the parts, instead of the lives of the parts being subservient to the corporate life."—ED.]



#### VOTING AND THE SUFFRAGISTS.

MADAM,—With reference to the point of view so often set forth in your paper (and concerning which there is a further discussion in your last issue), that "to have a vote is to offend against spiritual laws," or that women are making a mistake in concentrating so eagerly on the winning of this inadequate and "immoral" weapon, may I say, as an ardent and unashamed suffragist, that wisdom or unwisdom of a vote as the recognised weapon of government—of democracy, of aristocracy, or autocracy—is no concern of ours at this juncture? We have not yet won the right to express an opinion. Our whole claim is that, whatever the form of government may be under which this nation lives, womanhood must not be placed in an inferior position to manhood, either in theory or in practice.

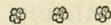
To-day democracy is supposed to be the English form of Government, and, as it is probable that, rightly or wrongly, it will remain so for a considerable period, it is bad for the community that it shall be a male democracy only.

Whatever a future generation may decide shall be the manner of conducting the nation's affairs, men and women must work out the problem *together*, on an equal footing, which is and will remain an impossibility as long as women are discriminated against in the qualification set

up for citizenship. Until we have won the vote, we have no recognised right to an opinion as women—"the people" means only the men, and "public opinion" only that of the male half of the public. So, for the vote we shall fight, not for its intrinsic worth, but as the sign and symbol of woman's place in the body politic.

K. TEMPLE BIRD.

[Our correspondent is really too modest. If she really thinks that the existence of a club-room full of powerless "nithings," such as assemble at Westminster, can really make her into a non-person if she is a person, she must be an easy victim for verbal hypnotism. Whatever she is, she is, and the possession of the vote will not add one cubit to her stature, mentally, spiritually, economically, or in any other potent fashion. Why be so anxious about a symbol if the thing itself be not there? And if it be there, why not give a snap of the fingers to those who seek to persuade her that power is powerless unattached to its symbol?—ED.]



#### REBELS AND GOVERNMENT.

MADAM,—In a footnote you were good enough to append to my letter on forcible feeding, you made it clear that in your view I had not sufficiently indicated what my attitude to the subject was. I do not see how I can better make this failure good than by a parable.

In a Sussex hamlet not far from here, the spacious thoroughfare of the village street is still flanked by the inn at one end and the stocks at the other. These two institutions once flourished contemporaneously, and a sense of the fitness of things required that lives so reciprocal and complementary should share a common destiny. The prosperity of the one was so plainly bound up in the prosperity of the other that by all their little world of mutual patrons and admirers the two were pronounced inseparable. Alas, for friendships so engaging, for fates so subtly intertwined—the glory of the one is long departed, and though the other still bravely holds on its lonely way the task of eking out existence grows daily more painfully exiguous.

In this village a tale is still told of those vanished days when the two reigned as equals, and divided between them the empire of men's hearts. Tradition speaks of a local Hampden, who, with a fine scorn of discrimination, divided his time impartially between the inn and the stocks. Repressive legislation had made of him a rebel, and at last, anxious to avoid the tedium and frequency of increasingly protracted visits to the stocks, he bethought him of a nimble device to circumvent his jailers. We know what happens when hens take to strategy. His device lacked nothing in novelty, and, if fault at all could be urged, it would be on the score that his plan took on too much of the nature of final and ultimate things. He borrowed an implement from a bucolic sympathiser, and at dead of night did the deed that freed him from his tormentors—he severed the imprisoned limb, and contrived to make away on the other.

Imagine the consternation and pandemonium of Bumbledom when it was known that the victim had escaped. "What should brave turnkeys do?" they ruminated. If law and order could be defied in this outrageous fashion the fate of village society would be too awful to contemplate. The prospect of indefinite loafers going unpunished, and of poaching getting absolutely out of hand, blanched the cheek of many a swarthy, redoubtable giant in blue.

Their position surely could not wholly fail of sympathy. Hitherto their authority had been unquestioned. It reposed on no flimsy foundation—on nothing less, in fact, than the proved infallibility of their disciplinary machinery, which for centuries had never been known to fail.

After much painful perspiring, brooding, after hours of soundings in subterranean darkness, and just when the end of all things seemed at hand, a light dawned on official darkness, and a scheme was brought to birth—a scheme so deep, so masterful, as to strike terror through the rabble already fired by tales of escape to the pitch of incipient insubordination. A hue-and-cry of constables ensued. The escaped rogue was sought, and his capture, greatly facilitated, it must be owned, through his self-inflicted injuries, was a trifling business.

The plan for dealing with him, a thing calling for coolness and resource, was no less than this: the bleeding was to be forcibly staunched, the dismembered limb was

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to be set together, and—Oh, triumph of sagacity!—was to be replaced in the stocks.

"This villain thinks to get out of our clutches by blood-letting. Twenty-one days of his miserable existence were forfeited to us, and twenty-one days we will have by hook or by crook. If he expires before his sentence is ended he tricks us."

So ran the nimble argument of the men in uniform.

"Besides, if he dies there will be no end of fuss and outcry, and his death will be on our heads: so, courage, my comrades. The scoundrel shall live in spite of himself. If he fancies he will frighten us into releasing him, little does he reckon of the force of our resolution and the range of our resources, so—caustics, please."

Thus was the policy of blood-letting (or the "blood-strike," as in those grim days of sardonic humour it came to be playfully referred to) outflanked by the slim device of forcible staunching. Thus was the majesty of the law vindicated; thus the peaceable and law-abiding were confirmed in the faith, so that they slept once more in their beds, and thus was brave Bumble rehabilitated in pride and place so that his customary sublimity of deportment returned to him.

But next day the monstrous, incredible thing happened again. The rogue that had been so triumphantly disposed of on the day before, and made to understand so forcibly that the law must not be mocked, had again resorted to the blood-strike.

Now the woe of the constables was a thing to be imagined, and their fulminations against the author of their misery may perhaps be guessed by those who are not wholly ignorant of constable-nature.

Can you be altogether amazed to learn that the momentary paralysis of the powers-that-be was succeeded by a still more grim and inexorable resolve not to be outwitted. Once again the whole process of forcible staunching was deliberately invoked, and all the resources of bumblecraft applied to the task of compelling this incorrigible vagabond to desist from dying.

Now the merry game was like to have proceeded thus, indefinitely, but for the fact that one morning the victim of all these ministrations, the patient whose blood had been with such violence and mercy preserved to him, was discovered in the stocks, unconscious and in a dying condition.

Fortunately for those who would not willingly linger over so harrowing a tale, the sequel is well known; how the resolution of bailiffs and turnkeys quailed before this new and startling phenomenon, and how the victim of their philanthropy was sent to his home, and nourished back to life in the nick of time, are matters of widespread knowledge.

It simply remains for me to ask your permission to leave the tale as I received it, after begging your indulgence for all defects of narration, and for failings and shortcomings only too painfully apparent.

EDWIN HERRIN.

[Now we understand. Send the hunger-striker home, Mr. Herrin would say. But that was *our* remedy. We are in complete agreement. Our point was that Mr. Shaw, in his letter to the Press, said that if this were done, then *all* criminals might demand gaol-delivery as a result of like hunger-strikes. We merely added, "Let them." Personally, we wish the "criminals" would. We should still say, "Send them home." "And have criminals abroad?" someone asked. Our reply was, "All the biggest criminals (who made the petty ones) are already—and all the time—at large. What objection is

there to the petty criminal which does not apply with stronger force to the greater? If the latter can safely be allowed abroad, still more so can the former." That was our argument. It seems clear enough to ourselves. —ED.]



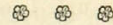
THE ETHICS OF FLOGGING.

MADAM,—Your correspondent, "M. A. F.," after assuming that corporal punishment is "the only remedy" for crimes of violence, proceeds to represent those who disapprove of flogging as indifferent to the sufferings of the weak and helpless. But this assumption that the lash is an effective deterrent is just what humanitarians deny. If the history of crime shows anything clearly, it is that hanging and flogging have *not* been successful in stamping out the offences at which they were aimed; it is therefore not only rude but irrational to say that humanitarians "prefer" the constant repetition of violent crimes to the flogging of the offenders.

The question at issue is not whether violent crimes should be suppressed (we are all agreed on that point), but whether we should adopt the more violent methods of suppression. "M. A. F." writes as if such methods had yet to be tried, forgetting that they have been tried in the past very fully and extensively, and have failed to secure their purpose. If any of your readers care to see the humanitarian view of this question, I shall be glad to send a copy of a pamphlet on "The Case against Corporal Punishment"—a very different case from that which "M. A. F." supposes.

HENRY S. SALT.

Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, W.C.



THE CASE OF PENELOPE.

MADAM,—I wanted to convince Mr. d'Auvergne, though it is something to have (apparently) amused him. I feel like the man in Plutarch who threw a stone at a dog, hit his mother-in-law instead, and then said, "Not so bad!" However, I still want to hit the dog (since it will run after my pet cat), so please may I have another shy? (May I recommend the use of slang—good slang—to Mr. d'Auvergne; it is such a *wholesome* vent for the passions?)

Mr. d'Auvergne says he has answered my objections; but there may be all the difference in the world between merely answering objections and answering them satisfactorily, and Mr. d'Auvergne has not done the latter. Mr. Lewis must be tired of demonstrating the fallaciousness of talking about "nature" and "instinct." May I supplement his efforts by asking Mr. d'Auvergne whether he found it "natural" to have his face washed when he was a little boy? Forgiveness of enemies is unnatural in the sense of being difficult, but it may be well worth the trouble it costs. It would be useless, indeed, to recommend it to any animal other than man, because man is the only animal able to get any pleasure out of it, which fact would seem rather to prove that he is a unique animal. The matter is further complicated by the fact that none of us is in a natural condition when we become adolescent; that is, our instincts have been so thwarted by bad or imperfect education that it is impossible to say that we are what nature is willing to let us be. The difference between man and the other animals is that he is educable (but, sadly enough, hardly educated at all), and that, except within extremely narrow limits, they are not. When the wisest of mankind are as satisfied with the upbringing of the average child as the most

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sagacious of dogs are satisfied with the way in which puppies arrive at maturity, it will be time enough to trust to the instincts of twenty. Now, in the face of this great tract of uncultivated human material, Mr. d'Auvergne counsels a course of conduct which must inevitably tend to diminish the sense of adult responsibility. To tell a man to forsake his children when his senses no longer bind him to their mother is hardly the way to encourage him to read and practice "Emile." The morality of the future, I hope (upon possibly as ill grounds as those upon which Mr. d'Auvergne anticipates a reign of universal kindness), will consist largely in an adequate sense of the enormous responsibility we incur in having the (Mr. d'Auvergne will pardon me!) cheek to bring children into existence at all without their permission. Now, supposing you marry at twenty-five (a pitifully early age—Montaigne's ideal was thirty-five), and have only three children, that makes you about fifty when the youngest attains his majority; and fifty is rather late in life to start love-making afresh, even supposing that girls and boys of twenty-one were no longer in need of unremitting help and attention. All sensible people laugh at love, but there are two ways of doing it: the cynical French way, which means, "What brutes we are, but how we do enjoy ourselves!" and the human way (of Dickens, for example), which means, "What fools Nature makes of us for her own ends; but, after all, the sight of a happy baby makes it seem an endurable and a sweet folly." Falling in love is an absurdity. It becomes a respectable absurdity only when its victims endeavour to take a magnificent revenge on Nature by devoting themselves whole-heartedly to making the very best of the gifts she forces upon them. I do *not* think providing your children with a means of livelihood is anything but the shabbiest substitute for true parental care. Neither does anyone who is not satisfied with one happy and fulfilled love affair strike me as anything but rather greedy and restless. Cannot he possibly devote the rest of his life to friendly and intellectual intercourse with his fellows, to literature, to art, and to the hundred and one things for which life is all too short? It is true that the majority of mankind have only the smallest opportunities in these directions (owing chiefly to their lack of sufficient money), but that is precisely the evil that needs to be attacked. Mr. d'Auvergne's method is like telling a starving man to take not good

food but brandy. Poor husbands and wives are sometimes a source of irritation to each other because their interests are so miserably restricted, and because their homes are so small that they cannot keep out of each other's way if they want to.

Not to let lie in abeyance any longer my sacred right to admit myself in the wrong occasionally (such a pleasant break as it makes in the monotony of Mr. d'Auvergne's being never in the right!), what he now says about pity is quite correct. It was unpardonably careless dragging in that fly; but I did so like to think of him meditating on my sufferings. The absurdity of Mr. d'Auvergne's original position remains unchanged, however. To set up pitifulness in opposition to constancy is like saying: "Let courage be the virtue of the future, but pray let us give up this dangerous habit of aeroplaning"; or, "Let us devote ourselves henceforth to prudence, but do not let us waste any more time in trying to make our income and expenditure balance."

I did read Mr. Lewis's and Mr. Morgan's letters, and admired them, but, I fear, forgot them when writing my further reply, and so appropriated St. Simeon, owing chiefly to being nearly as tired as he must have been.

I am sorry to remind Mr. d'Auvergne of the *Daily Express*, but good things come out of Nazareth occasionally, and even the *Daily Express* talks sense at times. If I knew what the views of British matrons of the 'nineties had been, I have no doubt I should be stung to the quick by being taken for one; but I don't. I am not "advanced." Heaven forbid! I like to see my way clearer than Mr. d'Auvergne makes it. How does he know that I am young? Another example of his habit of jumping to conclusions on insufficient premises! It shows good feeling on Mr. d'Auvergne's part to wish he could avoid describing me as vulgar. I cannot profess unmitigated surprise at his inability, but I must protest it was Mrs. d'Auvergne who began it.

You cannot reasonably compare a daughter falling in love to an unfaithful husband or wife. It is essential to the continued existence of society that daughters should fall in love. No such consideration applies in the other case.

I do not know why Mr. d'Auvergne should allude to the "defects" of the French, and describe them as "winking" at their wives' infidelities. I think if I were to announce to the world that stealing spoons had ceased

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to present itself to me as anything but an innocent pastime, I should afterwards refrain from referring to a burglar's exploits in that direction as peccadilloes.

St. Francis has to do with this controversy because the general tenor of Mr. d'Auvergne's original article was to the effect that chastity was painful, and St. Francis's case proves conclusively that it is not necessarily so. He is also an example of the fact that "barren chastity" may bear rich fruit of pitifulness.

MARGARET THEOBALD.

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#### CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AND ACTION.

MADAM,—In your issue of the 26th inst., there appears, under the heading of "The New Order," a note to the effect that Mrs. Eddy always, in her writings, "strikes this note of action, as opposed to the mere acceptance of her theory." If this note had been addressed to your readers, it might have been a necessary and desirable explanation. Addressed as it is to Christian Scientists, it is somewhat enigmatical. It suggests that they are unaware of a very simple fact, on which they are insisting every hour of every day.

Surely it is a little curious that the writers of the article should think it necessary to tell them something they know somewhat more practically than their informants. For what purpose, it might be asked, do the writers imagine Christian Scientists are engaged in endeavouring to heal the sick?

FREDERICK DIXIE.

\*\*\*

#### THE INEFFICACY OF FEEDING BY FORCE.

MADAM,—The release of Mrs. Leigh from Mountjoy Prison, at the point of death, is another in a series of similar cases testifying to the dangers of forcible feeding. It has been demonstrated that feeding by force could not sustain the strength, or even, in the last resort, the life of Mrs. Leigh, or obviously she would not have been released after serving only forty-four days out of a sentence of five years.

The argument that the dangers of forcible feeding are consequent on the resistance of the prisoners begs the whole question. The fact that these prisoners have wilfully adopted methods of protest which intensify the

personal risks to themselves is the best of all arguments for the immediate cessation of what is, *ipso facto*, a dangerous practice.

Medically speaking, there is no such thing as "feeding by force," the psychological conditions under indignant resistance being such that actual nourishment is impossible. The prisoner is not "fed," but slowly starves to death. Thus we hear that Mrs. Leigh was released in a terribly emaciated condition, and that she had to be lifted on to a stretcher. In view of the fact that the authorities were obliged to release Mrs. Leigh, we are led to the conclusion that forcible feeding has utterly failed to keep her a fit subject for prison treatment.

We cannot, therefore, as self-respecting members of the community, tolerate the continuance of forcible feeding in the case of Mrs. Leigh's fellow-prisoner, Miss Gladys Evans; and we respectfully request of the authorities that the forcible feeding of Miss Evans shall cease without delay.

As members of the public who are unitedly opposed to the development of a policy of personal violence in the pursuance of which innocent lives may be endangered, we oppose with equal vigour the deplorable action of the authorities in continuing a policy of what amounts to personal violence directed against the bodies of men and women, all of whom are in their right minds. We consider that feeding by force in every such case amounts to personal outrage, and we ask the authorities to discontinue their present methods in the interests of a common humanity. We would, moreover, point out that the theory that violated law is vindicated by such proceedings as have, within comparatively recent times, taken place in several British prisons, has been defeated in practice again and again. There is, in our opinion, no justification whatever for the continuance of methods which result in sheer stultification for the authorities.

We conclude by quoting from a recent leading article in an organ which does not support either Women's Suffrage or suffragist militancy, and in another connection, that "Devotion to any cause in the face of material danger and physical pain is admired all the world over as a proof of spiritual freedom."

T. K. CHEYNE.

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#### THE FEMINIST CONGRESS.

MADAM,—Will you allow me to call the attention of your readers to the "Congrès Permanent du Féminisme International," which has its headquarters in Paris? It is intended to be a bond of connection between feminists of all nations, and its founder and secretary, Mme. Orka, asked me to make known that she is anxious for suffragists going to Paris to put themselves into communication with her. Especially is she desirous of knowing when well-known suffrage speakers are in Paris, so that meetings may be arranged for them.

Mme. Orka's address is 36, rue de Penthièvre, Paris, and I can speak from recent personal experience that a warm welcome, information as to meetings, and much help in trying to understand the movement in France will be given to feminists and suffragists visiting Paris.

September 29th, 1912.

EDITH HOW MARTYN.

\*\*\*

#### THE INTERNATIONAL SUFFRAGE SHOP.

MADAM,—Last week we appealed in the Press for support for the International Suffrage Shop, 15, Adam Street, Strand, and we then stated that unless a year's rent (£400) were guaranteed at once, and, if possible, a further sum of £500 for the purpose of making it more widely known, the shop would have to be shut at the end of the present quarter (September 29th).

We have now to report that £403 has been guaranteed up to date, and we feel sure than many friends of the Feminist movement who may have felt unable to help when such a large initial sum was being asked for, will now come forward to assist in the further development of the enterprise.

GEORGE LANSBURY.

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MADAM,—I am not with you, but against you, and yet I hail you.

I hail you because you have successfully in your own person defied law and humbled Government.

For this, all lovers of freedom must honour you as a heroic woman.

I am not with you, but against you, since what you strive for is to take part with other women in that Government which is the oppressor of all peoples, the abomination and the curse.

Like the prophet unveiled, this Government has revealed itself to you in its hideousness, and yet you say to it, "All I ask is to take part with you in your governance, to have my place in the ranks of those who give you power."

You are duped by the appearance of Law, although you have known its terror more intimately than we who look on at your defiance. While you defy Government, you are its dupe.

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To look strife, torture, prison, popular odium face to face!"

May we who are the enemies of authority in all its forms be inspired by your example to dare as much as you have dared, to do as greatly as you have done.

I am against you and not with you; but you have successfully defied the Law and humbled the Government which I loathe.

Therefore I hail you and honour you as a heroic woman.

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