We regret to announce that with this issue of The Freewoman it becomes necessary to cease publication. Efforts have been made to bring out this issue in order to make clear to our friends something of the developments in the present financial situation—a situation which has confronted us with a suddenness equal to that which it must have for them. The proprietors of The Freewoman have decided that they are unable to put any further capital to the credit of the paper, which must therefore find a new financial backing or cease. The present issue, which is an emergency one, has been enabled to appear owing to the very prompt assistance of Mr. G. C. Beresford, who guaranteed the printer's bill for this production. We now have to face the future. In the short time for arriving at a decision that has been available, we have considered two possible courses of action. One was to keep The Freewoman alive from week to week—by dint of enthusiasm, compelling persons with means to minister to the paper's necessities; the other was to suspend publication for a time sufficient to allow the vital interest which the paper has aroused to define itself, and so enable it to owe its life to those who actually value it. We have chosen the second course, for reasons which we will here state. The Freewoman has a creed. It exists because of its creed, and has no excuse for existence except in so far as it lifts up its view of life and battles for its acceptance. It is not adaptable; it is insistent. It splits up the equanimity of the people whose tendency in life is as aimless as that of a person lost in a maze. The reception of any organ of opinion is dependent upon its appeal to three main types of individuals. There are those who are in tune with its special creed; who find in its essential doctrine an expression of something in themselves which has been waiting for expression. These form the handful who stand for its "Cause." There are those who have become stupefied with turning in the maze, and have grown to love the sensation of semi-consciousness it induces. These are startled and shocked at the approach of anything vital and sure. They feel roughly handled, and beg that they may be left alone. Finally, there are the opponents who hate its creed, and all that it implies. These fight against it either openly or secretly. These last also are a mere handful. The general mass of people belong to the second type, and owners of papers who seek to establish a "success" always cater for this type. They cater for the semi-conscious: those who can neither love nor hate, who shrink from life. Sometimes, when they feel they are getting quite too dull, they mildly coquet with the inarticulate beliefs of the first type. At others, when they feel they have dared too greatly, they regain balance by leaning towards the third!
All of which means there is no sanction in common reason for a paper which stands for a strenuous creed to believe it can put financial success in the first place. It cannot. Only papers with nothing to say can trust themselves to do so. A paper with a creed must be backed by people who recognise that its creed is first, and its reason for existence. If it is sincere, it will rouse hostility as naturally as a living man breathes, but for every real opponent it will make two real friends. The fact that it will do so is the only real basis in this world for optimism. The subconscious type in the middle offer no indication, but the articulate few at each end of the scale are indicative, and they represent, we cheerfully believe, two to one for sincerity. Therefore, to fight is the law of existence for a living creed, and it should be with hostility in view and not with peace that such should seek its backers. "Anybody " will only mean confusion.

The second reason which weighed with us in seeking to gain time is one which we are more reluctant to give, but which is equally true. The measure of vitality which has characterised THE FREEWOMAN has not been accidental. It has stood for so much energy expended. The editorial work has not been easy. We have been hemmed in on every side by lack of funds. We have, moreover, been promoting a constructive creed, which had not only to be erected as we went along; we had also to deal with the controversy which this constructive creed left in its wake. We have never accepted the notion that the editorial chair was that of a privileged pulpit from which opinions might issue unchallenged. If we have waged a hostile war with total disbelievers, we have carried on many friendly duels with critics in the paper's pages. The entire campaign has been carried on indeed only at the cost of a total expenditure of energy, and we therefore do not hold it possible to continue the same amount of work, with diminished resources, if, in addition, we have to bear the entire anxiety of securing such resources as are to be at our disposal. If THE FREEWOMAN is to be resumed the financial burden must be separated from the editorial.

One point more. In view of the sudden cessation of the paper it may be believed that its prospects have grown more dim. This is not so: they have never been so bright. The appeal for subscribers has been responded to in a very encouraging way, and the response has as yet shown no sign of flagging. Apparently, all that THE FREEWOMAN requires to become an established living force is Capital sufficient to exist, and—Time.

We beg to draw attention to the following requests:

(1) That all readers of the paper fill up the form on the opposite page, and send it to The Editor, THE FREEWOMAN, 9, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

(2) That all those who can, will fill up the form printed on its reverse side and send to the same address.

(3) That subscribers, whose subscriptions have not yet run out, should communicate with Stephen Swift & Co., Ltd., 16, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

(4) That any who are willing to share with Mr. Beresford in bearing the cost of the printer's bill for this issue should communicate with Miss Barbara Low, 19, Temple Fortune Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, N.

We offer our very warm thanks to all who have helped THE FREEWOMAN: to Mr. Stephen Swift; to the contributors, the correspondents, and those who have endeavoured to extend its circulation at home and abroad; to Miss Rebecca West, Miss Rona Robinson, and Miss Mary Gawthorpe. We cannot believe that our common efforts have been wasted.

DORA MARSDEN, Editor.
GRACE JARDINE, Sub-Editor.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.
The goblin counts his yellow gold.
His steel eyes flame in moonlight cold,
Flicker and flame and gleam and glint:
"Every piece from the Devil's mint!"

The goblin gloats o'er the counted gold:
"For this little heap a bell was tolled;
For this, at dawn, the same merry bell
Shall ring on earth, and echo in hell!"

The goblin leers o'er the heaps of gold,
And lifts up as much as he can hold:
"The crone might move the Devil's glee.
Fair and frail as a flower was she!"

The goblin glooms o'er the faded gold:
"How came this piece 'mong the others rolled?"
He claps his hand to his dazzled eyes;
While dawn comes dancing through the skies.

E. H. VISIAK.
Two Books by David Graham Phillips.*

Miss M. P. Willcocks has told the gospel of David Graham Phillips in an earlier number of *The Freewoman*, and has told how he contemplated the muddled world in an ecstasy of loathing, and found it a toy in the weak, fat hands of the parasite woman. "It is to buy gauds for the stored-up wealth of the race is spent, not in building the future, with endowments and power and those who rise to it from obscurity resolves itself into little more than the difference between those born mad and those who go insane." This modern St. Francis, who longed to found a world of saints of austere and busy lives, was defeated by the world against which he warred in an essential matter. In spite of a genius for vehement expression, a subtle sense of character, and an intuitive power of observation, his style was vulgar. That partly came from the fact that there has never been in America any popular uprising in favour of style as there has been in England. While we were learning from the Yellow Book School to be dainty with our words, the Americans had given themselves to the pursuit of strange religions, and the modern mind appears to find religion and style incompatible. Hence Mr. Phillips could without fear of rousing popular opinion write such fumbling and common sentences as this description of a drawing-room:—

"There were no messy draperies, no fussy statuettes, vases, gilt-boxes, and the like." And, worst of all, Phillips had to live in the very thick of the ugly world he hated. For years he was a journalist. One thinks of him sitting in a newspaper office, hotly thinking out his gospel, while rattling tape-machines and ringing telephones, and the clamour of many Americans at work drove peace and dignity from his being. The world revenged itself on the modern St. Francis by taking from him the purity of his self-expression.

Although Phillips was only forty when he died, he left many novels behind him. "The Conflict," which is the story of the corruption of municipal politics in an American manufacturing town, Phillips describes the course of a love-affair between Jane Hastings, the daughter of the millionaire who owns Rensen City and the sweated millions who make its wealth, and Victor Dorn, the Socialist carpenter, who is trying to stir up the sweated millions to revolt. Here Phillips touches something that ought to be beautiful. The men of the commercial and financial world are the merest accidents of a complicated social system; their work has nothing to do with the satisfaction of the natural hungers of mankind. But the navy, the sailor, or the miner, are essential to humanity. The navy has pierced the hillside with a tunnel, the sailor has faced furious seas, the miner has gone into dark places inhabited by perils. All of them have taken some risk and won some victory over the fear of death. It is natural that a woman should desire the father of her children to be among the victorious. Probably middle-class women will unexpectedly hasten the social revolution by becoming weary of bearing the children of men who are about as essential to the State as typewriters and fountain pens, and much less important than a dynamo.

So the love of Jane Hastings ought to have been a fine return to elemental things. But it is Phillips' gospel that nothing can make the rich man's daughter worthy of the poor man's son. She has been fed from her childhood on the flesh and blood of the poor, and it has worked like poison in her veins. When she tries for Dorn's sake to help the people, she can only do it by philanthropic doles that kill the spirit he is trying to awaken in the slaves. Her love for Dorn is a conscious and artificial thing, provoked in a desire to kill monotony. Just as other idle people go in for art, so she deliberately seeks for love, who ought to come suddenly to intercede with time for the claims of eternity. And her victory over Dorn means the entrance of caprice into a well-ordered life. She distracts him from his work, and even plans that if they marry he must leave the people and become one of her class. The consummation of the love-affair must be a disaster, yet both Jane and Dorn should have been splendid lovers. It is an abortive masterpiece of fine emotions, like Wordsworth's later or Masefield's more recent poetry.

He gives Dorn the victory. He turns away from Jane to his work. And suddenly love comes to him, and he perceives that Selma Gordon, the Russian Jewess with whom he has been editing his Socialist weekly, is the most desirable woman on earth. With characteristic severity Mr. Phillips denies Jane love. The nearest she gets to it is by entering into a sexual relationship of a severely disciplinary nature with a doctor with coercive ideas on diet and early rising.

To The Editor, "The Freewoman,"
9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

As a reader of "The Freewoman" I wish to be informed should the publication be resumed.

Name in full ...........................................
Address ...................................................
This complacency over the frustration of the strong passion between Jane and Dorn is characteristic of Phillips. At first sight it looks as though he despised love. But he did not. He merely disbelieved that it was possible for such disfigured beings as the men and women of the modern world to create anything so wonderful as love. Two things Phillips worshipped, and those were love and women. It was his tragedy that in this world he could find only lust and prostitutes. That was what gave his work its ecstasy of indigation.

Mildred Gower is another parasite woman to whom Phillips denies the possibility of love. "The Price She Paid" is the most fierce feminist tract that ever was written. That it should have appeared as a serial in the pages of a frivolous American magazine, sandwiched in between photographs of Maud Allan in moonlight and Mr. Chesterton in fancy dress as Dr. Johnson, and other such mountebanks, shows that the Americans are better epicures of life than we are. The English magazine, with its eternal love-story which always ends in at least the regret that it should have ended less tragically, is a struggle of an over-sexed nation to get as much excitement out of sex as is compatible with monogamy. The American magazine, with its bright-eyed interest in science and everything else, has recognised that thought itself is great fun. In their search for intellectual excitement the public light-heartedly entertained the most revolutionary attack on the standards of honour held by women that was ever made. And a civilisation must stand or fall by its standards of honour. It was when the sense of honour of Englishmen became so artificial and un-spontaneous that the duel had to be abandoned, that men encloosed the land of the poor, and prepared to sweat children in factories.

"The Price She Paid" shows the evolution of a parasite woman towards independence. Before she graduates in freedom she has to struggle against the mastery of four men. The sudden death of Mildred Gower's father left her penniless. Her only refuge is marriage with General Siddall, a drunken and dishonest little millionaire, whose views on women have a rather physiological bias. "I'm going to make careful inquiries about her character and her health. If those things are all right I'm ready to go ahead. . . . I can't stand a sickly, ailing woman. . . . I wouldn't marry one, and if one I married turned out to be that kind, I'd make short work of her. When you get right down to facts, what is a woman? Why, a body. If she ain't pretty and well, she ain't nothing." This marriage is mere prostitution. But Mildred does not feel like a prostitute because she has been married in church. But she soon finds that she has to pay a price for her respectability. The prostitute gets paid in cash down. Mildred never gets paid at all. She is allowed to wear the clothes the General buys for her, but she never has a farthing to spend. Her jewels are taken from her every night by her husband, and locked in his safe, lest she should steal them. Her husband is determined to keep her penniless, lest she should evade his power in any way.

This condition of things seems to Phillips typical of what marriage may become. If women sell themselves to the highest bidders, they must expect to have rough husbands. In the vicious competition the women themselves have provoked by their greed only the brutes can conquer. Besides, Mildred deserves nothing better. She is doing no work. She deserves no payment at all, still less honourable treatment.

But latent in her is a spark of genius for freedom. She sells the gold bag which her husband has been forced to allow her to keep in her hand—that obviously being the only true home of a hand-bag—and with the money travels back to America. She intends to work for a living. It is an incredible decision for a woman of her class, and when she announces it "her mother looked at her with eyes full of the suspicion one lady cannot but have as to the prospects of another lady in such circumstances." And her mother was quite right. Quite unconsciously she abandons it. An old admirer, Stanley Baird, provides her with money to support her while she studies for grand opera.

Baird is another type that oppresses women. At first sight he seems Mildred's friend, for he encourages her to go on and make a career. But his own reason for desiring her to make a career is that she may become a more valuable and admired possession. At the same time he prevents her making herself fit for a career by making constant demands on her charm and companionship, by leading her into a busy social life. Late hours, rich food, and stuffy rooms, snap the strong stem of her health. Worst of all, he reconciles her to this life by never exacting any value for his money. Because she is not living by the sale of her body she feels satisfied that she is leading an honourable life. That genius for freedom reasserts itself, and she leaves Baird and tries to go on the musical comedy stage. At once her beauty and her voice get her a leading part. But at the same time they attract the desires of Ransdell, the producer, and he asks her to become his mistress. When she refuses he cleverly uses the unreliability of her voice, due to her own laziness and self-indulgence, to prove to the manager that she is incompetent. So she is beaten again, but this time only by her own defec­tion. "If your voice had been all right," says the wise theatrical manager, "if you could have stood to any degree the test he put you to, the test of standing alone, you'd have defeated him. . . . He wouldn't have dared go on. He's too shrewd to think a real talent can be defeated. . . . You know the conditions of success now. You must prepare to meet them. If you put yourself at the mercy of the Ransdells—or any other of the petty intriguers that beset every avenue of success—you must take

To The Editor, "The Freewoman,"
9, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

As an interested supporter I should be glad to be communicated with regarding any scheme for the financial re-establishment of "The Freewoman."

Name in full .................................................................................................................................

Address .......................................................................................................................................
the consequences; you must conciliate them as best you can. If you don't wish to be at their mercy, you must do your part."

So she goes away and devotes herself to making her voice, which is already perfect in tone and method, the real thing. This fourth man assaults the independence, and his is the most dangerous, because his claim is legitimate by every court of reason and sentiment. They love each other. But Mildred knows that if she gives herself up to this man, who is a distinguished lawyer, before she has made any career for herself she will lose her personality. So she goes back to what her heart told her. When at last she becomes a prima donna she has lost all joy in her art in the drudgery of developing a voice in spite of natural disadvantages. But she has the joy of liberty. She need pay no price to anybody for the bread she eats, in coin of either body or soul.

The life of Mildred Gower, who had to spend the beauty and passion of her youth in seeking what she ought to have had as a birthright—the right to work—is a parable of the life of David Graham Phillips. He was the divine sort of ascetic; he neglected the beauty of the present, not because he feared it, but because he had seen the vision of a greater beauty to be made by fiery spirits such as himself. He neglected the beauty of the present because he had an imagination. It is only uncreative artists, with second-rate imaginations, such as Oscar Wilde, who can abandon wholly to the present. It is only the highest kind of genius that can make the best of both worlds. Phillips could not aspire to that. He was a great moral genius and a pioneer of new and terrible standards of honour that will change the world. He will not even attain immortality. The fate of Emerson is a Ellison's and lost his audience with the repeal of the Corn Laws, or the missionary who was slain by the cannibals to add a more memorable feature to the feast with which they were celebrating their conversion to Christianity, is the ultimate lot of all propagandists. But Phillips' idealism protects him from success and oblivion for many years to come. He is a fire at which many generations shall warm their hands. REBECCA WEST.

Shawkspeare as a Savoyard.

EUROPE overflows with Greece. It is fairly stalled in intellectual margarine. Creation is the nearest way out. It can deliver the shoulder of England of that weary load—the pyramid of fakers, and set artists on the road to freedom. Before me as I write are three bits of decorated pot that have followed me from abroad. One is an African gourd carved with motives symbolising the form of the gourd. It is the unadulterated work of primitive man. It is individual man using his own language, and telling us something about himself—not about Jonah and his exploration into the interior of a fish. Another is a copper bowl, a wonderfully deft bit of hammer work, which a Hindoo turned out in a market-place in Northern India. Here, against the proper thing, there belongs to the producer—not to Phidias or Praxiteles. The third is a gong of an advanced Chinese period. It is inlaid with a mixture of Greek and Chinese motives. To the aesthetic mind it is doubtless living and beautiful; to the creative mind it is dead and ugly—a bastard corpse. Unlike the other two it is not a work of creation, instinct with living intelligence. There is no human blood running through it. It does not lift us into itself, thence into the

infinite. It is limited, local, inhuman. It is compact of that kitchen stuff—drippings of Greece.

Creation can take us out of Shakespeare's England, and introduce us to something very marvellous in present-day cosmos. It can make us intimate with our own Musas as it can never do with the Musas of the ancients and the middle-agers. It can set us firmly in our own Garden of Eden, but not in that of past ages. The Elizabethan Paradise is Paradise lost, and only the serpent remains—the vicious serpent of imitation. Historians and archeologists may regard this Paradise—in the British Museum. But for vital minds it is dead. Fakers cannot recapture the Elizabethan spirit; they can only melodramatise the last highly diluted rapture.

With the progress of intelligence we may look forward to an outburst of creative activity. Artists will cease from hanging praise like votive offerings upon dead and inert personalities, and take to belauding their own vitality instead. They will pour this living essence into their plays and books and pictures, in the knowledge that it is the only thing that can draw us into their work, and make us a part of it, and therefore the only thing to express and glorify. A few nights ago I joined the audience that took its way between the sea and landscape. To the right of me strode a full September moon be-edging and belacing a seductive landscape. It moved clear of the undulating, soothing hills, throwing out long slender threads of deep orange, and drawing in threads of complementary reds, violets, greens, subtle tones, and demi-tones. Thus, by its power of illumination, it irresistibly drew me and the world into it, and carried us in joyous procession on the shoulders of the infinite. What was the meaning of this strange experience? Why was I dominated and carried out of myself by the spirit of the moon? The answer is simple. The life of this September moon belonged to the present, and to me. It created in me a sense of vital existence. It set me in illuminated space, where my mind began to work and expand and grow big and potent. "All moonshine," I think I hear the ancestor-worshipper exclaim. Then it was vital moonshine. The light was not obscured by the stink of Greece.

Space and vitality is the substance of the soul that Shakespeare wrought in. This—the mind of the poet and the spirit of his age—is the true value with which he has impregnated his plays. And this is the substance which the intellectual hand in the theatre is unable to offer us. It is useless for Mr. Granville Barker to pretend, as he has been doing in the "ha'penny press", that, in his production of "The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre, he is offering us the spirit of Shakespeare in his body, anything, indeed, but an utterly false value. He has simply rescued the ghost of Shakespeare from the British Museum library in order to consign it to the flames of the prevailing delusion in anemic aestheticism. He has learnt somewhere that the value is in the shock of theatre ware is yielding to a taste for the picturesquely pretty, and he has done his best to make Shakespeare spiritually and physically obnoxious by the avoidance of the truth that is in him, and the representation of prettily tarred and feathered iniquities. If Shakespere knew how to keep the gods' faces averted while he blundered, the real Shakespeare Savoy Theatre knows how to uncover a multitude of sins.

Throughout one is conscious of the poverty of
the materials of the Shakespearean play, and never once realises the immortal part of it. The plot strides along in a muddled fashion, stepping from disconnected story to story, and bulging and lengthening itself with padding. But the padding is really the flower with which Shakespeare has adorned a rather dreary lay figure. For the shepherd's affairs, the dances, the giving of flowers and favours, the human doings of Autolycus are lyrical Shakespeare. Herein Shakespeare invites us to join him, and be as lyrical as we please, while reminding us that he is really telling a summer's tale and not a winter's one.

Mr. Barker has produced the winter's tale, not the summer's one. He has left out the lyricism. He has aimed rather at introducing a Shaw-like mobility to Shakespeare, just as the French decorator did to "Mrs. Warren's Profession" at the Théâtre des Arts. Accordingly everything, except the decoration, goes at a terrific pace. It is a non-stop Shakespeare, without cuts, localities, and act-divisions. It reminds one of Savits and Munich. Mr. Barker does not, however, go to Savits' extreme of giving the scene-changer a day off. He employs a makeshift scenery, which he calls "decoration." Though it is not a member of the dramatic organism, it makes a nice trimming. In order to maintain the structure of the action, he divides his stage into three—a front or apron stage, a middle stage formed by the space between the two gold proscenium frames, and the back or main stage. Furthermore, he determines that the play shall pass in two scenes. So he clears the main stage, white-washes the walls, and calls in Mr. Norman Wilkin. For the first scene the latter fills in the space thus obtained with a three-sided frame of Cleopatra's needles, strung together at the top by a thin round rod. In the spaces between the columns he hangs this rod with green-gold curtains, adding a warmth and a slight sumptuousness to the white walls and columns, and making a pleasant background for the colour to move against. For the second scene he removes the C.Ns., and substitutes a low-lying drab cottage, reaching right across the stage, and fronted by a wickerwork fence. The cottage is practically a variation of white, with a green-gold roof. By means of this cottage he gets a local effect. But the cottage has no relation to the characters; apparently the characters are intended to advertise it. Mr. Wilkinson leaves off at the cottage, and Mr. Albert Rothenstein steps in. He is bent on giving us a spotty Shakespeare. He splashes his colour without reason all over the characters, and leaves them looking like a lot of brilliantly plumaged birds in a nice whitewashed sanitary cage. He has no relation to each other, except in an ornithological sense. Thus the canary yellows, phlegmatic greens, parrot reds, peacock blues, and the rock-blues are all birds of a feather flocking together. In fact, the colours mean nothing, while the designs for the costumes are simply copied from Greco-Renaissant pattern-books, and this without intelligence. With the exit of Mr. Rothenstein Mr. Barker takes up the cue, and introduces a number of the actual players, who hustle through Sicily and Bohemia othelloising, morrising, and barkerising at a fearful rate. All this is terribly beautiful, as Mr. Lewis Hind would say, and the whole interpretation reflects to the glory of the Barker histrionic-eloquentary Derby.

It is almost needless to add that the impression from the production is that Mr. Barker is not the right person to handle Shakespeare. He is Shaw-trained, though not Shaw-brained, and knows too much. If he knew less he would see and feel more. And this increased seeing and feeling would enable him not only to penetrate Shakespeare's actuality (of whose surface he has seized), and seize the dominant rhythm of a play (say the lyricism of "The Winter's Tale"), but to form a group of intelligent co-operators for the purpose of giving it the widest expression. It is really useless for a mixed gang like the Shawskpeare—Craighardtvits—Barrothen-kin combine to attempt to produce Shakespeare. Either Shakespeare must produce himself, or Mr. Barker must be born again.

HUNTY CARTER.

Platonic Love Letters.*

CHARMIDES, for ever beloved—most fair return of greeting! I had your letters wherein you gently reproached me for having yielded somewhat to the sophist's love of making long speeches. You were drenched in words. As flowers spring out of the moist, warm earth, so (say you) should thought arise from meditation, of which the fair and free interchange has ever been the happy privilege of lovers. Dear friend, let me alone. But do not fear that with you I should ever be impersonal, much less coldly speculative; for that would be as if the gods were banished from the earth and mortals deserted by them, utterly bereft and left to wander in gloomy tracts of thought alone, the shadows of the underworld having crept in upon the domain of the mind. This is to imagine the old age of the world, "the mist weeping for the lost sun." I am away in the hills, being stricken down with summer fever. Would that I had your gentle companionship, for I am left to the care of slaves and have had to suffer much from the ministrations of women, with whom is no friendship possible. They submit themselves to our pleasure, and have no wit in them to do otherwise, so that we come to love in them little more than our own self-indulgence, and we know well that nothing can be dear in the highest sense for the sake of something else. What strange creatures women are, Charmides! They look not upon nature with the godlike eyes of comprehension, but are one with it in its unstable and variable expression. When the sun sets, its soft, rustling breezes, gleaming sunshine, and cool shade. Of late I have listened long to the peasant women singing as they harvested the vines. Truly, "the fairest need of the gods is song," but their songs are of nothing but the quickening of seeds in the earth, the smell of the freshly turned furrows, the laughter of children, the laments of the barren, the sound of rain on the leaves, and of tears falling:—

"I tell the forest the wonders I see in my dreams,
And the forest loves to hear the tale of my dreaming,
More than the song of birds,
More than the murmurs of leaves—
There where I sit by my door and spin,
While morning winds that blow out and in
With scent of roses enfold the spot,
Where at evening I softly sing my lay
That the wanderer hears as he goes his way—
My heart's best beloved, he hears it not...."

Yea, ever spinning, ever serving, they are worse even than Meno's slave, whom Socrates questioned to prove to us that knowledge is but remem-

* Being reflections of an ingénue on reading Jowett's "Plato."
brance. Many of them have the very vice of patience. Some there are, it is true, not so inferior, whose intellect is not altogether enslaved, but, alas! how shrewdly they, and in what narrow and confined a range do their thoughts move! You remember what Socrates in the course of argument said to Lysis one day: "At any rate, when you go home to your mother, she will let you have your own way, and will not interfere with your happiness; her wool, or a piece of cloth she is weaving, are at your disposal. I am sure there is nothing to hinder you from touching her wooden spathe, or her comb, or any other of her spinning implements." "Nay, Socrates," he replied, laughing; "not only does she hinder me, but I should be beaten if I were to touch one of them." "Well," said Socrates, "that is amazing!"—whereat we all laughed, and Socrates went on to explain that, of course, all this subjection in youth was only for our ultimate good. I have also seen some few women not altogether lacking in a rough kind of courage, mainly in defence of their offspring, or when they have conceived themselves (often through some petty misfortune of their own) to be suffering some injustice at our hands. But this courage is grounded on unreason; it is only the courage of the lower animals. Women's love, again, seems to me to be more particularly the love that is born of want, and makes me recall the myth of Love's parentage as told by Diotima to Socrates: "On the birthday of Aphrodite there was a feast of the gods, at which the god Poros, or Plenty, was one of the guests. When the feast was over, Penia, or Poverty, as the manner is on such occasions, came about the doors to beg. Now, Plenty, who was the worse for nectar (there was no wine in those days), went into the garden of Zeus and fell into a heavy sleep; and Poverty, considering her own straitened circumstances, plotted to have a child by him, and accordingly she lay down at his side and conceived Love, who, partly because he is a lover of the beautiful, and also because he was born on her birthday, is her follower and attendant. And as his parentage is, so also are his fortunes. In the first place, he is always poor, and anything but tender and fair, as the many imagine him; and he is rough and squalid and has no shoes, nor a house to dwell in; on the bare earth exposed he lies under the open heaven, in the streets or at the doors of houses, taking his rest; and, like his mother, he is always in distress. . . ."

Hark! There's a peasant woman singing again. I know her voice. Eunica says the rustics point at her and tell her she is possessed:—

"Inquire not thy way of another, nor ask of another
To give thee a drink. Nay, ask of no other woman,
And keep all thy thirst for me."

The other women, they have their veils and their spindles. . . .

And I am young; and yet old, and I awaken pity.
I lighted the fire, for I knew that thoudest be coming.

We shall not see again the foot of the willows
Nor the river is low."*

Poor soul! Her love is, indeed, the child of Want.
Love is better comprehended of us, Charmides.

But, you will say, what of the women of old time? Had Nausicaa no charm? Penelope and Andromache no virtue? Sappho no wisdom? And Brance. Many of them have the very vice of patience. Some there are, it is true, not so inferior, whose intellect is not altogether enslaved, but, alas! how shrewdly they, and in what narrow and confined a range do their thoughts move! You remember what Socrates in the course of argument said to Lysis one day: "At any rate, when you go home to your mother, she will let you have your own way, and will not interfere with your happiness; her wool, or a piece of cloth she is weaving, are at your disposal. I am sure there is nothing to hinder you from touching her wooden spathe, or her comb, or any other of her spinning implements." "Nay, Socrates," he replied, laughing; "not only does she hinder me, but I should be beaten if I were to touch one of them." "Well," said Socrates, "that is amazing!"—whereat we all laughed, and Socrates went on to explain that, of course, all this subjection in youth was only for our ultimate good. I have also seen some few women not altogether lacking in a rough kind of courage, mainly in defence of their offspring, or when they have conceived themselves (often through some petty misfortune of their own) to be suffering some injustice at our hands. But this courage is grounded on unreason; it is only the courage of the lower animals. Women's love, again, seems to me to be more particularly the love that is born of want, and makes me recall the myth of Love's parentage as told by Diotima to Socrates: "On the birthday of Aphrodite there was a feast of the gods, at which the god Poros, or Plenty, was one of the guests. When the feast was over, Penia, or Poverty, as the manner is on such occasions, came about the doors to beg. Now, Plenty, who was the worse for nectar (there was no wine in those days), went into the garden of Zeus and fell into a heavy sleep; and Poverty, considering her own straitened circumstances, plotted to have a child by him, and accordingly she lay down at his side and conceived Love, who, partly because he is a lover of the beautiful, and also because he was born on her birthday, is her follower and attendant. And as his parentage is, so also are his fortunes. In the first place, he is always poor, and anything but tender and fair, as the many imagine him; and he is rough and squalid and has no shoes, nor a house to dwell in; on the bare earth exposed he lies under the open heaven, in the streets or at the doors of houses, taking his rest; and, like his mother, he is always in distress. . . ."

Hark! There's a peasant woman singing again. I know her voice. Eunica says the rustics point at her and tell her she is possessed:—

"Inquire not thy way of another, nor ask of another
To give thee a drink. Nay, ask of no other woman,
And keep all thy thirst for me."

The other women, they have their veils and their spindles. . . .

And I am young; and yet old, and I awaken pity.
I lighted the fire, for I knew that thoudest be coming.

We shall not see again the foot of the willows
Nor the river is low."*

Poor soul! Her love is, indeed, the child of Want.
Love is better comprehended of us, Charmides.

But, you will say, what of the women of old time? Had Nausicaa no charm? Penelope and Andromache no virtue? Sappho no wisdom? And to-day have we not Aspasia, that most excellent mistrees of rhetoric who has made so many good speakers, and Doitima, of Mantinea, who by her art delayed the coming of the plague to Athens for ten years, and is highly esteemed of Socrates as wise in love and in many other kinds of knowledge? These are glorious creatures apart, dear youth, and we have never seen them. Moreover, I do not myself altogether accredit what Socrates said of Aspasia in that matter of the funeral oration. He may very well have used her as a veil for his own eloquence, and the rest may safely be attributed to Pericles' own invention. But be that as it may, I willingly concede that such women, exceptions though they be, go far towards justifying Socrates' generous idealism of the sex. And here I would further add a point which to me has always told in women's favour: they never forget, and we know that a good memory is one of the essentials of the genuine philosophic mind. He that is forgetful and retains nothing of what he learns must needs be an empty vessel. But, again, although by nature retentive and conservative, women are indolent in endeavouring to recollect former knowledge; they appear to prefer to leap to it by instinct, to conquer and to take it by force, as it were, and so they seem to "know all things in a dreamy sort of way, and then again to wake up and know nothing." The higher knowledge must be set forth through the medium of examples and classification, otherwise order is missing. "How calm! How temperate!" we exclaim in admiration of the slow and quiet working of intellect, and of steadiness and gentleness in action, of smoothness and depth of voice, and of all rhythmic movement, and of music in general, when these have a proper solemnity. How far is the woman nature from attaining this calm, external means of judgment! Yet the gods avert that I should be guilty of the error of false division. A class is necessarily a part, but there is no similar necessity that a part should be a class. I would not be like that wise and understanding creature the crane, whom
the Eleatic stranger pictured forth as setting up cranes against all other animals, to their own special glorification, and jumbling together all the others, including man, under the appellation of brutes. Socrates convinced us long ago that the difference between the sexes was accidental rather than essential.

That a woman bears and a man begets children does not amount to a proof that a woman differs from a man in respect of the kind of education she should receive. Let me know what you think of these matters, Charmides, for I do not very clearly understand what the Master had in mind when he led us to speak of this subject. Friendship, philosophy, and service to the State are realities. Through love and friends, as well as from our teachers, we may be said to learn philosophy, and by means of philosophy we are enabled better to serve the State. But to give women an equal share in education, in war, in administration!—women in the gymnasia! women as guardians! Why, we may as well talk of teaching philosophy to slaves.

Nay, here the master-mind did assuredly move too quickly, and I verily believe that the idea of a community of wives and children would be revolting to many among the women themselves. They would surely consider such a scheme degrading, because their sole duty would then be child-bearing and child-rearing, their service to the State a wholly physical one. And rightly would they be dissatisfied, for in all things beginners learn best from one; it is only a coarse and an intensely vigorous mind that can assimilate an infinite variety of good and evil, that can prey on garbage and yet flourish. But Socrates is no propounder of fanciful futilities. Think, Charmides, what if his words were true? Visions arise in me—a vista is opened and I prophesy. I see first a period of slow awakening, a consciousness of pain; then a literature and an education marked by one constantly recurring phrase: "Let us try to realise . . . we must realise . . . . Realise what? The gods alone know. Ah! now I see—they must realise everything afresh because they have lost, forfeited, or sacrificed the natural sense of life. Then follows shortly after the awakening a time of torment, for they are without skill or resource, and often feel the pressure of necessity. Then comes world-wearness and introspection; the powers of the mind have become phantoms and begot fear . . . fear of the gods, fear of nature, and fear of man. The whole of society is obsessed, as it were, by the woman-spirit, over-weighted by the raising of the masses. This is the great burden of which the time must be delivered. It is as if now here in the Athens of to-day the many should aspire to political science, and the sanctity of law and custom (sure sign of a degenerate Government) should supersede the far-sighted wisdom of the ideal statesman. Next I see reaction—a period of licence wherein the enslaved fling away all chains and fetters, yea, and all necessary restraint, going near to think their very girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles. This is the last extreme of liberty, and recalls the picture Socrates once drew of the behaviour of the animals in a democracy: " Truly, the she-dogs, as the proverb says, are as good as their she-mistresses, and all the rights and dignities of freemen; and they will run into anything that comes in their way, if he does not leave them and clear for them; and all things are permitted to burst with liberty." Indeed, such things imply a subversal of all social relations difficult to conceive, and further vision is blurred to me. Either the world has a great and mighty task before it and a most wonderful renewal, or else I am beholding its decadence as it reels back again into the brute; or can it be the great cycle that brings with it reversal of motion and retrogression in the life of animals and men, so that it will be in those days as in the reign of Cronos? "God Himself was the Shepherd of men and ruled over them, just as man, who is by comparison a divine being, still rules over the lower animals. Under him there were no forms of government, or separate possession of women and children; for all men rose again from the earth, having no memory of the past. And . . . the earth gave them fruit in abundance, which grew on trees and shrubs unblanked, and were not planted by the hand of man. And they dwelt naked and mostly in the open air, for the temperature of their seasons was mild; and they had no beds, but lay on softouches of grass, which grew plentifully out of the earth. . . . Such was the life of man in the days of Cronos."

I am fevered again, Charmides, and can no longer trace the characters distinctly. Alas! that we cannot hold converse affectionately together of all these things. How painful and irksome to me is this weariness! . . . . I hear again the song of the harvesters in the valley:—

"Now tell me where dwell all thy songs—beneath thy necklace fine? Thy necklace, with its four brave rows, or in that heart of thine?"

I answer; Here dwell all the songs, within this heart of mine.

and the voice of one older in a mournful refrain:—

"The cattle are weary because of the long day's toil—The spindle is resting too. . . . "

Send me by your messenger (for, like a spendthrift, I have spent all) a mina that I may have wherewith to give unto Eunica, for she hath nursed me well and tenderly, and has borne those complaints (so like themselves!) that women are so fond of rehearsing. Even now she bringeth me basil and galangale and fragrant parsley, and at night. When I do most complain, she roasteth beans for me in the embers and giveth me white wine to drink of.

I embrace thee, commending thee, O my love, most tenderly to the goodwill of the gods. Farewell!

MARY HOLMES.

"THE FREEWOMAN" DISCUSSION CIRCLE.

The tenth meeting of the Discussion Circle took place on Wednesday, October 2nd, at Chandos Hall, when a discussion on "The Abolition of Household Drudgery" was opened by Mrs. Melvin and Miss Rona Robinson, M.Sc.

The next meeting of the Circle will be on Wednesday, October 16th, at Chandos Hall, 8 p.m. Mr. E. S. P. Haynes will give an address on "The Reform of the Divorce Laws."

The Secretary is obliged to those members who have kindly informed her about their subscriptions. Will all those who have not yet done so communicate with her, stating whether the subscription is or is not yet paid?

B. LOW, Secretary.

NOTE.—Owing to the limited space available in this issue, we regret to be compelled to omit letters from E. M. Watson, E. d'Auvergne, C. H. Hunt, Frances Prewett, A. R. Fairfield, M. Gawthorpe, F. W. Stella Browne, E. A. Pittuck, Ford Madex Hueffer, Rebecca West, Grevy Fysker, Huntly Carter.