THE POLICY OF "THE FREEWOMAN."

W E draw special attention to our correspondence columns this week. They largely amount to an unbroken challenge of THE FREEWOMAN's policy. That is as it should be. It remains for us to reply to this challenge. We will begin with Mr. Wells, though what he criticises is the lack rather than the presence of a policy in THE FREEWOMAN. He likewise objects to Labour-Conscription being classed with Guild-Socialism. Let us consider the latter first. It is to our profit to examine Mr. Wells's arguments closely, since it is just upon these differences between tweedledum and tweedledee in collectivist theory—such differences as exist between "Labour-Conscription" and "Guild-Socialism"—that Socialist energy is turned. Rank-and-file Socialists think there is a great intellectual contest to the fore, though what it turns on they would be at a loss to say. The editor of the New Age refers to Guild-Socialism as though it were something he had discovered, experimented with, proved and laid on the market as a consequence of the Devil's wiles that it does not occur to them to turn round and grapple with theposterous theories, the application of any one of which would make the mind reel with horror. They are seeking a way out—any way. With the Devil at the heels of them and the precipice in front, they are prepared to jump and risk how they fall. It is as a consequence of the Devil's wiles that it does not occur to them to turn round and grapple with the fiend himself, and hope to walk over his defeated portion the labour, to conduct the lotteries, to send out the blue papers, to decide the pay, and to pay it; in short, with Labour-Conscription between each primitive need of our nature and its satisfaction stands this spectre of Government. And in defence Mr. H. G. Wells offers us—a diagram!

The explanation of this strange matter is that latter-day thinkers are so hypnotised by the adoption of machinery that they set up the most preposterous theories, the application of any one of which would make the mind reel with horror. They are seeking a way out—any way. With the Devil at the heels of them and the precipice in front, they are prepared to jump and risk how they fall. It is as a consequence of the Devil's wiles that it does not occur to them to turn round and grapple with the fiend himself, and hope to walk over his defeated form to happiness and safety. Mr. Wells accuses us of having no "constructive" theories. What does "constructive" mean, applied to life? It would be so much to the good if we could persuade even great novelists to be precise in their terms, especially when things which matter are presumably to hang on them. To our thinking, eliminates labour class distinctions by making the community as a whole labouring class, it remains pre-eminently bureaucratic, and no amount of economic, genealogical tables, worked out on paper, can prove anything to the contrary, any more than labelling our boxes the West Indies, where the sun has been shining all summer, can guarantee us a holiday there. One can write out anything on paper; but the only truthful thing that can be said of human beings, either on paper or off, is that they must feel themselves free—ungoverned, in fact—or they will feel enormously unhappy. But the very essence of a conscript labour community is Government: Government to initiate the conscription, Government to enforce it, Government to administer its services, to estimate its duties, to apportion the labour, to conduct the lotteries, to send out the blue papers, to decide the pay, and to pay it; in short, with Labour-Conscription between each primitive need of our nature and its satisfaction stands this spectre of Government. And in defence Mr. H. G. Wells offers us—a diagram!

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to have "constructive" theories in regard to society is to possess a very extraordinary mind. Because, forsooth, society is made up of living men, "things" that change even as one calculates on their suitable niche in the structure, and which, even when placed there, are as likely as not to leap out of their places. One can "construct" with bricks and blocks of wood, but not with living trees, and not with living men. One can have a constructive scheme for a patch of lilies. They can only have their ground space, with air and water and light. And that is all that can be done with men. Give them—rather let them take their stand on—the ground they can make use of, and let them stick to it. The land that cannot supply its women and the folk with land is over-populated, and such a problem will have to be dealt with on its own merits. But perhaps when Mr. Wells charged us with having no constructive scheme he meant we had no positive scheme—that our policy was negative—mere criticism, in fact. If so, we can only protest that it is not true. We are not positive as the most positive could wish. We affirm a religion, we affirm a morality, an economic, social order. We are seeking to re-establish the Normal Social Life. What more could be asked in a positive way? Perhaps, if we may again speculate, Mr. Wells's meaning then meant that our scheme was not complex. No more is it; but why should social arrangements be complex? Conversely, man is an animal with simple needs; it is in the special way he elects to satisfy them that he shows his complexes. All the mysteries of life are within reach of a man who possesses more than the veriest bawd. He only requires to be left alone to give evidence of it. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Wells has been the victim of two big delusions—both to do with organisation. He has started off from the standpoint that man is organisable. That, to our thinking, is fundamental error. Man is not amenable to organisation at all; all that he can stand in that line from his fellow-men is a little voluntary co-operation. Having failed to throw off this false assumption, Mr. Wells has been powerless to resist the fascination of the machine-system, and its dependent organisation, and what is nothing other than the machine-system translated into politics, the fascination of the representative system. We, holding on in faith to our belief in the Soul of Man as the final authority, even when we have not seen how it would work out in practice, have come to anchor in the belief that the only safe society of freemen is that which Mr. Wells has christened, with admirable precision, the Normal Social Life. This, and this alone, in our opinion, will guarantee free-will to man, if he chooses to seek it. And it is obtainable in no other way. All other ways lead to slavery and exploitation. No man can trust his brother permanently, if that brother holds possession of his means of subsistence. Let us illustrate by the " Ablest Socialist " once more. This week, in a continuation of the examination of the woman movement, the editor of the New Age, who, seeking freedom, but lost as in a maze in collectivism, is driven on by the inexorable logic of his unhappy theories to reckon as one of the sins of capitalism the fact that it has driven out " marriage and DECENT PROSTITUTION." The phrase should be written when all men write in letters ten yards high, if its secret meaning might become open. Its meaning is this: that no man or men, no woman or women, are good enough to hold sway over the life-necessities of others. Yet the "Ablest Socialist" is not a bad man we presume, but for dullness and stupidity will suffice; and when he speaks of decent prostitution for women we hear no malice, but take warning, and say, " We understand; the care of our souls must be our own affair. The safeguarding of our free-will is our duty, and not another's; the winning of the means to life is a matter for our own hands to effect." So we take leave of the collectivists, and repeat: Call no man Master; call no man Owner; call no man Keeper," and set out to effect our own salvation.

A second critic is Miss Rachel East. Miss East considers the policy of cultivating the land, developing hand skill among workers, and becoming our own masters is immoral. Nay worse, uneconomic! This is blighting. Let us examine her arguments further. She thinks that if we cultivate the land that in half a generation we should be on the brink of starvation: not apparently on the ground of over-population, one which we might allow was serious, but apparently because we should chiefly be amateurs and farmers! How dull bamboozles. Schools of agriculture are not of such ancient foundation that the instinctive activities of a people must of necessity be failures if the scholastic erudition is not forthcoming. Surely our intelligences are not so worm-eaten that we cannot learn what those hydrous ancestors whose products fed the Roman legions, or those who in the Middle Ages made England a land of plenty, learnt; what has once been learnt we can learn again. As for the Evesham plum-grower and the Sleaford potato-man, we think it should remain with them to decide whether an exclusive diet of plums or potatoes is conducive to their well-being. What we think it would be well for them to remember is that they are not philanthropic institutions, but that their first duty is to themselves, and, much as the rest of the country may appreciate Evesham plums, it would appear their wisest course to make sure of their corn and let the plums follow after. The specialist, as becomes him, naturally makes the most of the special "talents" of each district. We think he makes too much of the well-being of the dwellers in the districts. As for the machinery, what has been can be again. If the man in the fifteenth century made his own implements, the man in the twentieth can make his; and if, in the interests of freedom, it appears desirable he should, then Morality would say he must. Moreover, if agriculture again became the base of the country's well-being, subsidiary crafts, with their specialised skill, would spring up in harmonious service with it. The wheelwright, the smith, the carpenter, the quarryman, the builder, the barber, and the tailor would satisfy the needs of the village communities; for co-operation is as much a law of human life as compulsory combination is inimical to it. It is strongly perverse reasoning which argues, because morality forbids a man to call any other man master, or to serve in obedience to any other man's will, that, therefore, men cannot work in mutual harmony and good service with each other. A man can co-operate, but he cannot subordinate himself; and this explains why he may not subordinate his labour to any extent. He must be able to negotiate return services for his products, not for his time, which is a euphemism for his body, his life. To be a labourer is to be in a wholly dependent position, it is as much a law of human life as compulsory combination is inimical to it. It is strongly perverse reasoning which argues, because morality forbids a man to call any other man master, or to serve in obedience to any other man's will, that, therefore, men cannot work in mutual harmony and good service with each other. A man can co-operate, but he cannot subordinate himself; and this explains why he may not subordinate his labour to any extent. He must be able to negotiate return services for his products, not for his time, which is a euphemism for his body, his life. To be a labourer is to be in a wholly dependent position, it is as much a law of human life as compulsory combination is inimical to it.
equipped man, and the man who chose to adopt a subsidiary calling to satisfy his temperament could do so equally freely.

Regarding the "immorality" of forcing one kind of life upon all, the immorality surely lies at the door of the Scheme of Things. Food we require, or otherwise. If temperamental differences per- suade a young man or woman that he is "forced" by being compelled to "prove his oats," he can engage in the subsidiary, whole occupations which find their natural place in relation to an agricultural community. If he wants to be a sailor, let him become one. Our Viking ancestors, though a free people, tilling their own lands, were certainly not strangers to the sea. Or if he wishes to be a tramp, he stands a better chance of getting a free bite, in a community which produces its own food, than he would be likely to in a Labour-Conscription community, for instance. If the out-classed individual still feels unable to find his true sphere, one must reluctantly conclude he has mistaken his planet. He should try Mars. As for "killing science," we are amused, even elated. There is a good deal that is called "science" we would kill, bury, and dance on its grave. Men have "gaped" over much at the achievements of science, but a little sober reflection will make it plain that there is scant merit in the achievement of a remedial science which affects only the fringe of the vast damage, the cause of which lies at the door of the self-same science. Even the hoped-for achievements relative to such tragedies as insanity and cancer are likely to prove a delusion; that their cure will have to be sought in the life-to-day, and not in the medical way, becomes increasingly clear. The open air, healthful work, simple foods, and a convinced morality will do what the tinkering analyses and patchings-up of the scientists will be baffled to effect. Life is not mocked, and science can scarcely touch the outermost fringe of her. Medical science is, in all likelihood, destined to prove a blind alley. It is surely an inconse- quence to reproach the agricultural life with the venerable disease of the Pacific Islanders. We can only say that if under free agricultural conditions venereal disease periodically decimated the popula- tions so only at his own will. The closed door, and not the open air, will have to keep those who work on it in plenty, which, with persistent "scratching," it is obvious it will. It will not, of course, keep the town-dwellers in addition; that is why it is absolutely necessary that all handicrafts should be undertaken in the vil- lage, that is why we must adjust our hand to that door. The core of our re- cognition is that social morality allows of us calling "no man's property" in our heads seems to us to be analogous to the statement that a woman carries property in her face. The property-headed man, like the woman whose fortune is in her face, is relying upon his powers of charm and cunning to get his living apart from producing it. But wisdom, like beauty, should be free.

Miss East is, we think, unduly concerned for the scientists and artists. As for the latter, it will not be a question of killing them, we simply ask where they are. We certainly do not see why these should be put in a special class. They have, like everyone else, the opportunity for honourable work, and if they are artists their genius will shine through that. We have nothing simple to say to that host of perni- cious and wholly useless persons, largely literary, who run about chattering, picking up phrases, who imagine they are artists. These latter are merely the concocted Idle, the normal products of a course of life which leave them "at a loose end." What they need is healthy employment, and contact with quiet, thoughtful people, which would, doubtless, be sufficient to save them, and make them as good as our dollars and cents. The problem of the artist is that it is sufficient to carry "property" in our heads seems to us to be analogous to the statement that a woman carries property in her face. The property-headed man, like the woman whose fortune is in her face, is relying upon his powers of charm and cunning to get his living apart from producing it. But wisdom, like beauty, should be free.

Miss East is wrong in surmising that if our agricultural ideal fails us our opposition to Socialism will collapse,—very wrong. We start from the needs of the individual Soul. Society—some kind of society—must adjust itself to that. The core of our reli- gion and ethics is the freedom of the will, and no industrial conditions it would wipe them clean from the face of the earth. Freedom cannot do everything for man; it can only make everything possible.

Miss East seems to be under the impression that agriculture will not "pay;" it seems that she has not grasped that it is not meant to pay. It is only expected to keep those who work on it in plenty, which, with persistent "scratching," it is obvious it will. It will not, of course, keep the town-dwellers in addition; that is why it is absolutely necessary that all handicrafts should be undertaken in the vil- lage, that is why we must adjust our hand to that door. The core of our re- cognition is that social morality allows of us calling "no man's property" in our heads seems to us to be analogous to the statement that a woman carries property in her face. The property-headed man, like the woman whose fortune is in her face, is relying upon his powers of charm and cunning to get his living apart from producing it. But wisdom, like beauty, should be free.

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first crops appear; and we should like Miss East, if she is in part convinced that to be free is neither so uneconomic nor so immoral as she thought, to use her agile brain on this problem. How to get rooted to the land. There are many ways.

We might seek, if we chose to use political means, to get an English equivalent of the Irish Land Act, or, ignoring politics, the land might be seized simply by groups of armed men, as it was in Mexico. During the next strike groups of men might settle themselves on the land and refuse to be driven off. The Cooperative Society might rise to the heights of genius, it might extend them credit if they were backed by men of repute, like Mr. Wells, for instance. Acting on the principle that the user is the owner, they would be saved the dead weights of rent. Not trading with the towns, making their own tools, they would have few expenses. These are hints upon which Miss Rachel East might have valuable suggestions. At least, she should not be so easily damped.

Another critic, Miss Rachel Graham, is content to use the historical argument without having taken the preliminary precaution to read a little history. Like Miss Rachel East, she seems to think that when men turned to industrialism they turned to civilisation. It is a delusion. They did not "turn" at all. They were driven. The "thousands" of years which Miss Graham imagines all led to the machine did nothing of the sort. They led to land-culture and hand-training, and the greatest manifestations of art the world has seen. Machinery has not developed out of these things. Machinery is an inhuman trick which a few men who drove the free men off the land in order to make, not wealth, but money, by keeping sheep, were enabled to play upon the starving hordes whom they had created. Civilisation has been decaying ever since. Neither in art nor in literature do we remotely approach the culture which was arrived at in the ante-machine age. As a matter of fact, we cannot, because we are completely demoralised, hypnotised, by the machine. We are a decaying people. The shadow of death can be felt hovering over all our streets. Progress, forsooth! The machine has progressed, money has been made, but the soul of man has dwindled, shrivelled to nothing for lack of freedom of movement; of the spirit, of poverty, let the social quacks remember. Our only hope is to give it more freedom rather than less. Freedom is secured by giving a man the means to keep alive. Land will do that. So tie the land to his heel. A landless man should be looked upon with suspicion. In that Golden Era which we call the English Renaissance, all men had land; even the labourer had a goodly farm attached to his cottage. Miss Graham is very wrong in imagining that the English were always "huddled" and "herded." Had they been, we should have had no Shakespeare, no Spencer nor Bacon; no Fletcher, Marlowe, Chapman, Tyndall, Raleigh or Drake, and no fighting sea-rovers and yeomen to break the wealth of Spain. It is freedom that produces things and wins the country. The better they lived on their reputation ever since, Bacon, in his "Essays, Civil and Moral," makes it clear how the thing was done. "The device of King Henry the Seventh was profound and admirable in making farms and houses of husbandry of a standard: that is, maintained with such a proportion of land unto them as may breed a subject to live in convenient plenty, and no servile condition, and to keep the plough in the hands of the owners and not mere hirelings"; and although the landowners had already gone long lengths in their expropriations, yeomen were protected even in James I.'s reign, in 1627, a landlord was fined for having built a cottage on his manor without having four acres of land attached to it in perpetuity. Even in Cromwell's time the building of a house within four miles of London was forbidden unless it were endowed with four acres of land. Later (as Karl Marx quotes from Dr. Hunter) land- lords and farmers work here hand in hand. A few acres to a cottage would make the labourers too independent." It is obvious that this expropriated mass were not free to "turn to civilisation." They had to take Hobson's choice, which was ma- chine-slavery. The machine would not have had a ghost of a chance with a free people. Even to-day we do not find a farmer turning mill-hand as long as he can manage to hang together.

And one point more. Because a man is sociable he is not, therefore, a communist, nor yet a collectivist. Indeed, the best way to destroy his sociability is to force him into communism. His sociability is the reverse side of his individualism. The reverse side to communism is moroseness and curmudgeonliness. Village society will illustrate. There is more society and pleasurable human intercourse in a village than is available in London. It is more natural and unconstrained. But the individual reserves of villagers are proverbial. They "keep themselves to themselves," their sociability notwithstanding. It is a very crude and unobservant understanding which would batter sociability into Socialism, and see in individualism an abnormal seclusion. Such limitations of understanding, which are now, unfortunately, becoming general, due undoubtedly to mental inelasticity, induced by constant analogy drawn from a machine régime, are enticing our "social constructors" into schemes of betterment which are based on fundamental contradictions. If they do not find that out beforehand, they will learn it with crashing disappointment afterwards. It would be as well to expend a little time sooner rather than later in observation of what appear to be the ordinary springs of human action, and such observation, we believe, would bid wise men cease attempting colossal and necessarily abnormal seclusion. Our only hope is to give it more freedom rather than less.
and held together by coercion from end to beginning. What is our position, Miss Gawthorpe asks; what is a "philosophic anarchist"? We should prefer the word "individualist," which is positive, to "anarchist," which is negative, but that is a detail. A philosophic anarchist might very well be defined as a "sapper," one who undermines the foundation of coercion. One fine day before we die, very probably, there will be a successful revolution, bloodless or otherwise, according to the efficiency with which the sapping work is done. Hence, though nothing would compel us to deplore Mrs. Leigh's action, we certainly shall not join her, nor shall we applaud her, for the reason but is plain. In our opinion, we have a better thing on. We are, therefore, more concerned with the work of establishing our own mastery, and encouraging all other men to establish their own mastery, that for the moment we are quite prepared to let Mr. Asquith and his kind run the length of their rope.

We refer in this connection to the controversy which has been going on between Miss Gawthorpe and Mr. C. H. Norman respecting the conduct of the Home Secretary in relation to forcible feeding. The Secretary cannot authorise forcible feeding and remain a gentleman. Mr. Norman retorts that the Home Secretary has no alternative, considering he represents Government. "He might resign," says Miss Gawthorpe. "His successor would be forthcoming." Mr. Norman might retort. To neither of the disputants does it appear clear why they find themselves caught up in this impasse. Neither comprehend that in matters involving differences, government and gentlemanliness are mutually exclusive terms, and, since both support government, neither can advocate gentlemanliness. The better feelings of both revolt against its absence in the situation. They fail to see that government is nothing other than coercion. It is built up on a basis of pangs and penalties, and is maintained, as Mr. Norman points out quite clearly in an article in this issue, by physical violence. The army, the police, the handcuff, the warder, prison, lock and key, finally, the lash, the bayonet, and the scaffold, these are the methods of government, and those who ask for a share in the government ask for the privilege of adding weight to the authority with which government exercises these. Miss Gawthorpe, in one and the same breath, asks to be allowed to strengthen that which she seeks to weaken. She seeks to back up ungentlemanliness—coercion—and yet seeks for gentlemanliness. To our mind, she fails to comprehend that gentlemanliness belongs to a higher plane of living, and is only to be found active among a free people; and the irony of the situation of Suffragist hunger-striking is that the more they extol the powers of government, the more do they supply the semblance of reason for government to maintain its authority. The argument runs like this: If government is a good thing, its powers must be safeguarded. Therefore, if the rebellious individual drives the government into a corner, and it becomes a duel between them, the government cannot afford to lose, especially in the very strongholds of the class which has flouted its authority—the prisons. The reasoning is sound enough once granted that it is good to be governed. If Mrs. Leigh and Miss Gawthorpe were perfect individualists she would be asking, not that Government, in its gracious wisdom, be pleased to raise the criminal status of Mrs. Leigh, but that Mrs. Leigh should be let out, and to the winds with authority.

Now to a review of the arguments which appear in the article by Mr. Norman, arguments we have been challenged to meet. They are surely childish. Mr. Norman merely points out that all the instruments of coercion, guns and batons, and the rules created for their use, are in the hands of men, as is also the direction of their use in the hands of male legislators and male magistrates. This is an obvious fact, and a serious one—for women. It becomes quite clear that men have armed themselves with powers which look very sinisterly upon the liberties of women and other unarmed persons. We would like to think that Mr. Norman is being consciously humorous, but, oddly as his arguments sound, we believe he is serious. He says, in effect: "Don't you see that all the engines of subjugation are in our possession: the machines and the weapons? Don't you recognise we are the masters? How, then, do you imagine that, by your mere voices, your expressed opinions, you can effect anything against us? With these weapons we are the masters, and your notions that you can share in the mastery by a vote, or any other paper regulation, shows you to be obsessed by childish illusions." That is quite true. Mr. Norman's amazing-thinking only begins when he has arrived thus far. What he goes on to say is, that, as the women's masters, the women must submit with whatever grace they can muster. It does not appear to have occurred to him that the proper reply from human beings with any remaining shred of morality left in them must be: "How true. Strange that we have let things grow to this dangerous pass. We have allowed our neighbours to arm themselves with all the instruments of mastery, and we have remained passive and unthinking, lying at the mercy of coercionists. It is no use crying over spilt milk; now what shall we do?" That is the question women are faced with at the present time: How they can either disarm their male neighbours or adequately arm themselves in defence against incursions. We can think of three ways. There is the time-honoured way which has brought down the old civilisations, armies, governments, in a common decay—the women with the men—the way of Delilah. Women can use their attraction of sex to secure a virtual mastery. They can reduce the giants to powerlessness in that way. Or they can go the way the Suffragists are going: Accept force and coercion as the basis of society and pursue their course forwards until they are as much implicated in the crimes of coercion as are men. They can get the vote, make laws, become magistrates, use the baton and firearms, join the police and the army, and work out their equality, if not their salvation, that way. Or, thirdly, they can go our way; that is, rather, they can strike out in the same direction. They can become supporters of the destructors of coercion and thebuilders and fighting defenders of a free community. They will thus regard individual independence and free-will as the pivot upon which all their life-actions turn, and will fight on all and any terms to safeguard these to themselves, and will regard their respect for these in their neighbours as the criterion of their social duty. Then why "Insurrection" is vital in the winning-back of freedom. Each man must look to his own freedom first; if he cannot, he becomes the breeding-spot of social disease. A man's freedom cannot be conferred; nor can a woman's. It must be grasped; and those who look to government for paternalism rather than individualism, that is, in foolishness what they are missing in conscious knavery, and the one is as bad as the other.
In "Little Miss Llewelyn" the licensed victuallers refer with bated breath to a certain champagne: a very good champagne for three-and-sixpence a bottle. So one may say that Mr. Stephen Phillips' poetry is a very good champagne for three-and-sixpence a bottle. It is not the very finest vintage, but, all things considered, it is most enjoyable. Mr. Phillips is the poet for adolescence. I myself adored him when, at the age of fourteen, I was introduced to his works by the Scottish Board on every Monday afternoon of my life, between the school until it was guaranteed that our religious instincts would not be starved. Hence for an hour on every Monday afternoon of my life, between the ages of ten and sixteen, I accompanied St. Paul on his first missionary journey. Repetition having dulled the excitement of his adventures after the fourth year, half a dozen of us retired to a back bench and gave ourselves up to the clandestine study of modern literature. Brute force was what we loved. Kipling was our favourite author, the New Age our only paper, and Stephen Phillips our favourite poet

For adolescence is the second period in one's life when, as Nietzsche says, one becomes a lion. One is born a lion. All children are naturally Tories. Schoolmistresses who teach history to children of eight notice how deeply their pupils regret that the King does not choose members of Parliament, and that Trade Unions can no longer be suppressed by law. After some experience of the disadvantages of the government of the weak by the strong, as shown in the relationship between their elders and themselves, they relapse into Christian moral. Hence arises the piety of children of ten or twelve. But with the consciousness of increasing power brought by adolescence there comes another burst of Toryism.

It was from this rude health we were then suffering. We loved power: guns and any bright metal that gleamed dangerously under tropical suns, strong language, and bearded men and subservient women. The one thing we could not bear was emotion. Perhaps we suspected that it was the great confuser of the values of strength and weakness, and were not prepared for its indulgence in it. And for his lack of it we liked Stephen Phillips. Ulysses, wandering among the sea-nymphs of Calypso's isle, did not hunger for his home, but only dreamed of it. He gave us the gilded trappings of emotion and the wide, marble halls where it had lived; but not its troublesome soul.

The same falling short of art will make his new tragedy, "The King," acceptable to the young. It is the ghastly story of a prince of Old Madrid who falls into sin with a lady at the Court and finds that she is his father's illegitimate daughter. The rhetoric rolls like the wind, but there are no discomfortable tears. It is a little like seeing the French Revolution on the cinematograph. But it is the sort of heady stuff that the young love. It marks a decline in poetry, however. In the days of "Herod" at an event in London might invade the levels of Olympus, just as the yellow charlock sweeps the green fields with its flaming tide. It made the blood sing in the ears.

*"The King."* By Stephen Phillips. 2s. 6d. (Stephen Swift.)

*"Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti."* Translated by Ezra Pound. 3s. 6d. (Stephen Swift.)

*"Poems of Love and Earth."* By John Drinkwater. 1s. 6d. (Nutt.)

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*"The red gold cataract of her streaming hair
Is tumbled o'er the boundaries of the world."*

No more are his words hot in the mouth. In moments of emotion his characters quote Tennyson—that is all. When the old King is crowned again in the ashen morning light, while the prince for whom he abdicated lies dead beside his mistress, he ends the play with the words:

"Hark! In the bleakness a half-note of birds."

Dawn stealing through the French windows of the vicarage study. The Dean, who has been sitting up all night over Form IV., decides that life is worth living, after all. Mr. Phillips remembers others than Tennyson.

"If then for we are mystically knit
Shouldst hear a pretty babble in the night,
Out of strange fields, and know it is thy son,
Yet still be strong."

Some chord of memory had sent "a little touch of Hurry in the night" wandering in Mr. Phillips' brain; thus we get "shouldst hear a pretty babble in the night." Then "babble" recalled to him "a babbled o' green fields." So we get the "strange fields" of the next phrase.

This Shakespeare pot-pourri reminds one of the enterprise of a correspondent of Mr. Harold Ewen. For some time past this gentleman has been copying out from THE FREEWOMAN every phrase of physiological interest, and is now retailing them to the readers of a Sunday paper with jocular comment. It is very beautiful to think how much pleasure one may give to people quite unknown to one. But I understand from the published utterances of Mr. St. Loe Strachey that much objectionable literature is published. It would be a kindness to hand this information on to Mr. Owen, whose search in THE FREEWOMAN must be unsatisfying to a person of such tastes.

A poet of an infuriating and fascinating nature is Mr. Ezra Pound. I have known the English language for nearly twenty years, but it is of no use to me when I read these translations from Guido Cavalcanti. Probably in the Elysian fields Guido Cavalcanti, with his ghastly blood up, is busy translating "The Chansons of Ezra Pound" into Italian. Some great revenge must be brewing. I will be content with saying that an acquaintance-ship with Latin permits me to understand "Morte gentile, remedio de' cativi," but that "Death who art taught, Theed's remedy," sounds to me like a quotation from Artemus Ward. What can one make of "Her cloister's guard is such that should you journey To Ind you'd see each unicorn obey it."

These unicorns prey on my mind. I wonder whether going to India or learning Italian would be the quicker way of clearing up the mystery. But in the midst of this petulant disdain for the English language one comes on a ballad that has the very breath of poetry in it.

"In woodway found I once a shepherdess,
More fair than stars are she to my seeming,
Her hair was wavy somewhat, like dull gold.
Eyes? Love-worn, and her face like some pale rose.
With a small twig she kept her lambs in hold,
And bare her feet were bare the dewdrop's gloze.
(This is not Parnassus, but Tattersall's. "Bar" is only used in such phrases of "two to one bar one.")"

She sang as one whom mad love holdeth close, And joy was on her for an ornament.

I greeted her in love without delaying: "Hast the companion in thy solitude?"
And she replied to me most sweetly, saying, "Nay, I am quite alone in all this wood,
But when the birds 'gin singing in their coverts,
My heart is fain that time to find a lover."
As she was speaking thus of her condition, I heard the bird-song 'neath the forest shade, and thought how it was but the time's provision to gather joy of this small shepherd maid. For in wept she, but for kisses only, and then I felt her pleasant arms upon me.

She held to me with a dear wilfulness, saying her heart had gone into my bosom, she drew me on to a cool leafy place, where I got sight of every coloured blossom, and there I drank in so much summer sweetness. Meseemed love's god connived at its completeness.

The indestructible innocence of this poem has made the light love of a lord and a shepherdess into an eternal adventure. It is one spring day suspended over the gap of time for six hundred years. Flashes like this translation convince one that, in spite of his uncontrolled unicorns, Mr. Drinkwater touches life limpidly. He will take things seriously. For coarseness of the sentimentalist, yet speaks about the flames, and how the kindled and unkindled stood red and white round her feet. Mr. Drinkwater's poem is the lyric transcription.

He misses the one dramatic point in which a mediaeval painter would have rejoiced: the intense disappointment of the heathen, who had come out to burn a martyr, at being fobbed off with a flower-show. But Mr. Drinkwater will not see the fun of life, as Mr. F. H. Charles Trollope did:

"His heart had striven long, his feet had pressed adown the paths where many sorrows meet, till the great heart was troubled in its quest, and, weary of its travelling feet..."

Now if there was one man who enjoyed every moment of his life it was Tolstoy. He and Shaw and Granville Barker are the great examples of the life of pleasure led by those who cultivate intellectual passion. His enjoyment of family rows and his superb habit of making gospels out of his hobbies have, with amazing celerity, turned them into gold. We know from his latter plays that he had come out to burn a martyr, at being fobbed off with a flower-show. But Mr. Drinkwater will not see the fun of life, as Mr. F. H. Charles Trollope did:

"His heart had striven long, his feet had pressed adown the paths where many sorrows meet, till the great heart was troubled in its quest, and, weary of its travelling feet..."

Words cannot express the deliciousness of Mr. Drinkwater's simpler poems. The story of dreaming John of Grafton, who walked for several days out of leafy Warwick lanes into London town to see the crowning of the King and could not get into Westminster with his silver shilling, but was crowned himself by the god Petruccio's Song," said a thin like the fall of rain; and, best of all, "The Feckenham Men," are things such as one does not read every day and hardly ever writes.

"These jolly men of Feckenham, one day when summer strode in power, went down, it seems, among their lands and saw their bean fields all in flower. 'Wheat ricks,' they said, be good to see, what would a rick of blossoms be? So straight they brought their sickles out, one day when summer strode in power, went down, it seems, among their lands and saw their bean fields all in flower. 'Wheat ricks,' they said, 'be good to see, what would a rick of blossoms be?'

And all this I tell to you—'

A fiery-hearted thing to do?'

This is better than those unicorns.

REBECCA WEST.
a divorced couple ought not to live false lives. To those who are aware of the true significance of the movement in the midst of which we are living, such a statement will appear self-obvious; to others it may seem like the repudiation of all sacred bonds and obligations. The latter are of those who have failed to discover the germ of a new affirmation at the heart of this movement; who accordingly regard it as a process of mere disintegration and spiritual decay. But the new affirmation is there, for all who have eyes to see, the affirmation of a sense of right, sterner and more exacting than that which it threatens and seeks to replace. And the new affirmation will triumph: of that we have no manner of doubt.

Let us, by way of clearing the ground, consider a little what the higher conception of matrimony really involves. It involves mutual and reciprocal dependency in regard to the development of the highest potentialities of the two personalities concerned. When, simultaneously, a man finds in a woman, and that woman finds in the man, something indispensable and not elsewhere to be found, those two are, or may become, in the true sense, married souls. The need may be temporary or permanent, but so long as it exists, and only so long, the matrimonial relation can remain unimpaired. When either of the two, or rather, has evoked in and from the other, all those new and unique powers and characteristics which he or she has to bestow, then the matrimonial relation, having subserved its highest function, must either perish or decline to a lower plane. The two may still be useful to one another; they are no longer indispensable: the relation is one of expediency, not sacred in any degree. From this point of view it will be seen that, so far from being something shameful or reprehensible, psychological divorce is the natural and inevitable outcome of spiritual assimilation and ethical progress. It comes about by the silent, irresistible process of mere health and growth.

If, as is admittedly the case, the economic and social organisation into which men and women condescend of these new claims are born be such as to render well-nigh impossible their observance or even recognition, well, so much the worse for that organisation: it will have to go. There is a case for revolution, and the revolution will certainly come. For, in the long run, it is upon religious and ethical conceptions that economic forms depend, not the other way about. The body of society must make way for the soul; the soul must have leave to grow and to obey its own law. The condemnation of divorce and the pillorying of divorced persons are in no great degree the outcome of any genuine concern for morality. They are predominantly the outcome of stupid materialism, cowardice, and mere spite—with an active leaven of envy, needless to state! Just because the indis solubility of marriage is in a bad way the priests and lawyers have erected it as an "ideal," according to their wont. The fact that, even if desirable, it is impracticable constitutes, for such persons, the criterion of a true "ideal." The worth of a given union depends little more upon its mere duration than that of a man upon the number of years that he manages to remain alive. Braver generations will unflinchingly face this fact, as well as its corollary, that, for the full development of rich and complex personalities, corresponding and intimate associations and intimacies have, as might, indeed, have been anticipated, not only in all times been felt necessary, but actually sought and attained. To maintain its ban upon what experience has revealed as one of the developmental requirements of greatness is a solemnity of which the Society of the future would be guilty at its peril, even in the unlikely event that greatness prove incapable of taking the matter into its own hands.

CHARLES J. WHITBY.

Will Men Govern when Women Have the Vote?

THE pioneers of democracy argued the case for the enfranchisement of men on the principle that citizenship should be the right of the individual, not dependent upon the possession of riches or privilege. Democracy means that the mass of the people, who constitute the strength of the State, should control and govern the State. Opposing forms of government are plutocracy, autocracy, oligarchy, and timarchy. England is governed under the forms of democracy, but, in reality, the machinery of administration is manipulated by a plutocratic oligarchy.

Are women citizens in the sense conveyed by the term democracy? That is the philosophic question which must be examined by Suffragists. To discuss that question one must discover what is the relationship of a true democracy to legislation. An effective democracy should have the power of initiating, passing, and enforcing the desired laws. The British democracy has some of this power, but not all. That is the position under the present electorate. The British male electorate has some of the powers inherent to democracy, and those powers will be increased by steady democratic pressure.

There is a distinction, on this definition of democracy, between men and women. A female elector could as conveniently as a male electorate initiate and pass legislation. That could be done without the assent of men. The enforcement of legislation, which is essential to all legislation, does present difficulties to a female electorate. A majority of men, under present conditions, can always coerce a minority of men. In Great Britain, under adult suffrage, women would be a considerable majority of the electorate. The female vote in Great Britain, unlike any of the colonies, would be the determining factor in every constituency. Could the female majority, with the assistance of a male minority, coerce the opposition of men into a submission?

This must be tested by hypothetical example. Three examples, raising widely different issues, are the Trades Disputes Act, Church disestablishment, and prohibition of the drink traffic. Suppose women were enfranchised under the new Representation of the People Bill. Assume there was a General Election, and the female vote was cast on the Unionist side. A Unionist Government would be returned to power. The Unionist party is pledged to legislate against Trade Unions and to amend the Trades Disputes Act. The Trade Unions would then discover that they had been tricked once more. The female electorate is largely non-trade union, if not anti-trade union, would be numerically strong enough to avert a Unionist defeat, such as followed on the Taff Vale decision. The Trade Unions would be compelled to disregard the amendment of the Act. Could the women, even with the aid of the Unionist party, enforce the amendment? Unless there be evidence in Trade Unionist loyalty is entirely unfounded, I do not believe the Trade Unions would assent to this amendment, and would resist any effort to enforce it.

THE FREEWOMAN

September 5, 1912
In the case of prohibition, women in Finland voted for and carried it. The feminine electorate in Finland, although reinforced by a considerable number of male prohibitionists, has not been able to enforce prohibition against the men. The disestablishment of the Church would be resisted with more vigour by women than by men. Yet, assuming the female minority voted against disestablishment, the male minority would still bring disestablishment into operation, once it was determined upon by male opinion. The point is, whether women are enfranchised or not, men will govern the country, because it is on the strength resting in men, and in men alone, that the State relies for its stability.

Should this reasoning be sound, some remarkable consequences would follow. Great Britain would cease to be a democracy, as majority rule in fact would not exist, whatever the legal position might be. A State which has a de jure government and a de facto practice would soon be plunged into all kinds of evil. The majority of male citizens would be the rulers. It would be found in practice that no law could come into operation without the active consent of the male minority. The value of the woman suffrage to the State would be nil.

There are circumstances under which woman suffrage, though non-effective in the long run, might paralyse, in a moment of crisis, the government of the country. Supposing the women, who are a non-combatant electorate, voted against war, while the majority of the men voted for it. The astute men who rule this country would know that the numerical majority, which is the constitutional majority, did not represent the will of the minority in numbers, but the majority in strength and influence. Imagine the position of the Government to enfranchise women, under the peculiar circumstances of the modern State, in Great Britain, would be to enthrone a non-effective feminist electorate, as the deciding factor in form, though leaving the real decisive power in the hands of those in whom Nature has placed it. That such a proposition should be seriously put forward in this country as a possible proposition to be given immediate effect to, when the state of Europe is but little removed, from piracy, is an amazing instance of the failure of some reformers to realise the distinction between a theoretical argument and a practical result. Such an electorate would be far more swayed by transient emotions than by the logic of the situation. This is the philosophic objection to woman suffrage; it is democracy reduced to an absurdity. There may be some tremendous fallacy in the contention, but that remains to be pointed out. This contention has not hitherto been met in the Suffragist literature. It may be fallacious, but it must be demonstrated wherein the fallacy lies, otherwise the argument stands good.

A subsidiary argument is that nearly all matters most nearly connected with government are in the hands of men. The railways, the mines, the Army, the Navy, the merchant and trading services, the Indian and Egyptian civil services, the revenue administration, the banks, colonisation, the diplomatic services, the Church, the law-engineering building, the construction and maintenance of roads, the means of communication, sanitation and public health, the cable services, etc., etc., are maintained by men. If all these were swept out of the social organism there would not be much left. Men certainly have a better equitable right to manage the government than women, as the latter are outside most of the matters of administration. Why should a sex which is apart from the technique of these vast industries, occupations, and professions be permitted to interfere in their management and regulation? C. H. NORMAN.

[The above article, of which the second half has already appeared, is referred to elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.]

Currency and Co-operation.

O f all reform movements that have made considerable headway in this country, none have had the opportunity for effecting a greater improvement in the condition of the working classes, or a greater chance of solving the question of unemployment, than the Co-operative Movement. Voluntary co-operation is the true principle upon which permanent social and economic reforms can be built—I may say that it is the only safe principle.

In place of the artificial hothouse system of State-aided industries, voluntary co-operation presents a natural system which ensures wealth and true success. Hitherto the Co-operative Movement has contented itself with getting rid of the middle man, and supplying commodities to members at practically wholesale rates, or at least at prices considerably below those of the shop-keepers. It has also taken in hand certain forms of production. But although it has increased the purchasing power of the wage-earners, it has not affected the distribution of purchasing power to any considerable extent.

Let us examine this matter carefully. Industrial prosperity depends upon consumption. Consumption is the parent of demand. If commodities are not consumed almost as rapidly as they are produced, we have an accumulation of stock, a slackening of employment, and a throwing out of work of thousands of able-bodied men and women who have to remain idle until the stock of goods is consumed and the demand again created. This is known as over-production. Given an ample supply of all the prime factors of production—land, labour, and capital—it is only reasonable to expect that wealth should be continually produced until the wants of all are fully supplied, but we have the striking paradox of poverty and want amidst an abundance of all these prime factors! Something is wrong with the mechanism of wealth-production and distribution. What is it? We find that the enjoyment of an artificial contrivance known as Money, with which goods produced are exchanged, and by means of which the wealth produced is distributed in the form of wages, interest on capital, rent and land profits, etc. The demand for commodities is regulated absolutely by the amount of money in the hands of those who desire commodities. Periodically the bulk of the wealth accumulates in the hands of a few who are unable to consume it within a reasonable time, and the masses have to stand idle until the few who have the money are able to consume their wealth, and then the process begins again!

The chief difficulty in our system is the currency,

On 19th SEPTEMBER, at 8.30 p.m., a MEETING WILL BE HELD IN THE STRAND LECTURE ROOM, 15, ADAM STREET, STRAND. To deal with the Future of the INTERNATIONAL SUFFRAGE SHOP. The lease of the above terminates on September 29th next, and unless ways and means can be arranged at this meeting this unique Feminist enterprise must be wound up. All who are interested are urged to attend and help to extend the work so effectively begun.
which is altogether insufficient. If for every sovereign's worth of wealth produced the producing classes were provided with enough of the medium of exchange for exchanging such wealth, we should keep on producing commodities until either the factors themselves were exhausted, or until every producer had enough and to spare.

The currency laws of this country—like those of all others—have been made at the instigation of money-lenders who are interested in making cash scarce, so that there is a great demand for a substitute, viz., their own credit. The banks of this country are loaning and drawing interest upon hundreds of millions of pounds, and yet they do not possess altogether more than a fraction of this in currency. The banking deposits of Great Britain are about £1,100,000,000. The cash controlled by all the banks, including the Bank of England, is not more than £70,000,000, and yet they are able to draw interest on all this mass of credit, just as though they had the same amount in golden sovereigns. The moment that trouble arises—a war or a great strike—a great deal of this credit is called in, the bank rate is raised, and industries are slaughtered, in order that the safety of our banks may be maintained.

From a national standpoint it is the most suicidal system that was ever conceived! What is the remedy, and how can co-operation effect a reform? Let us suppose that the great co-operative societies were to unite and offer to take commodities from producers and pay in some form of cheque upon themselves. The farmers, for instance, would send their produce to the stores, and these would be received at market rates, and paid for by a cheque on the stores, which cheque would entitle the farmers to any commodities contained in the stores to the face value of the cheques, and so on with all other producers. Would not this system enormously expand the volume of purchasing power and enable production to go on unrestricted? If the co-operative societies were able to control a sufficiently large variety of commodities, and to include houses, land, and other things, the producers who sent their goods to the stores would be able to obtain all that they required in the way of food, clothing, shelter, etc., and they would have no need of money in the sense of paper money; or for such payments as rates and taxes, railway fares, etc. Such a system would certainly reduce the necessity for cash to a minimum.

A system based upon this has already been tried on a very small scale in connection with what is known as the "Brotherhood Trust" but necessarily the practical success of such a system is entirely dependent upon its scope and the scale upon which it can be conducted. Such a movement on the part of the great co-operative societies would bring into line thousands of industries, and, purely and simply, all the working classes and the middle classes would ultimately be bound to join such an organisation. It is astounding that such a thing has never been seized upon sooner, and one can only suppose that this is due to ignorance on the part of the leaders of the co-operative societies.

The advantages of such a system would be so great as to compel all our great industries to come into the movement. It would solve the problem of unemployment, and it would reduce interest charges to a comparatively small amount. Indeed, it would be the death-blow to usury of every description. Usury, after all, is nothing more than the price of a legally created monopoly, viz., the monopoly of currency. Will not the leaders of our co-operative societies give this matter their earnest consideration?

ARTHUR KITSON.
The late Pinkerton, that clever Scot who organised the vast crime-detecting agency that now bears his name, recognised the necessity of employing specialists, while Burns, the American, has brought all kinds of scientific innovations to bear on the detection of crime.

The C.I.D. rely to a large extent on letters of denunciation and on "narks," or informers. I understand that the millitant Suffragettes had them baffled to such an extent that the Liberal party had to hire women private inquiry agents to obtain the confidence of the Hypatias of Clement's Inn. It has been said that the "Yard" now employs six women operatives, but I doubt if these are on the pay roll. They are probably agency detectives.

It is perhaps unfair to criticise the Criminal Investigation Department, which, as a corporate whole, is probably the most honest and efficient body employed in any city, but this does not do away with the fact that they are capable of dealing with the ordinary thief or receiver, for these are but humble members of the freemasonry of the underworld, there men it is impossible for the C.I.D. to convict.

There is one man, a big jeweller, who has successfully defied the police department for thirty years. The successful thief is never caught. In guarding kings we employ specialists; in foreign and political affairs we set experts to work. Only in matters pertaining to crime are we niggardly.

We pay minor agents of the Foreign Office large bonuses and hire expensive detectives, but police and detectives are handicapped by red tape, insufficient training, and small expense moneys.

Goron, former chief of the Paris Sureté, said, years ago, that London was the Paradise of receivers of stolen goods. Foreign criminals, especially White Slave dealers, are free from supervision here, in spite of the Aliens Act.

Like the gipsies of old, the modern criminal is a "brother of the Iron Ring," not aware of the power guiding him, that uses him, and casts him off.

Who supplies the money for the shipping of women over to South America and to Eastern ports? Who financed the big robberies of the "brother of the Iron Ring," not aware of the power guiding him, that uses them and casts them off?

TheBrains of the C.I.D. are wasted on these minor offenders who could easily be dealt with by intelligent plain-clothes men.

The Suburra of ancient Rome, the Cour de Miracles of Paris, the slums of Alkasia and Seven Dials in our own London, had their kings who were never caught and who exercised immense power. Has it never occurred to the general public that the same thing might well obtain to-day and does it?

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Moriarty is a fine fiction character. Moriarty exists, but he is a syndicate of many clever and unscrupulous men who do not believe in Romance.

If ever I was arrested I would prefer to have to deal with the London police than with those of any American city, for our men are usually decent and as fair as they well can be.

DONALD CAMPBELL.

NOTE.—An important meeting of the Discussion Circle to discuss the paper will be held on Wednesday, September 18th, in Chandos Hall, at 8 p.m., in place of the discussion on "Prostitution," as before announced. All interested are asked to be present.

THE FREEWOMAN.

Notice to the Readers of "The Freewoman."

During the last few days the difficulties which have beset THE FREEWOMAN from its start, which are inseparable from the life of a free organ, have been increased in a highly hampering degree by the boycott of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, newsagents. These gentlemen have notified their intention to take THE FREEWOMAN off their stalls, for reasons which they give as follows:

"To Stephen Swift and Co.

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of yesterday, we have come to the conclusion that the nature of certain articles which have been appearing lately in THE FREEWOMAN are such as to render the paper unsuitable to be exposed on the bookstalls for general sale. We have decided that in future we cannot do more than supply it when it is specially ordered.—Yours faithfully.

"August 28th, 1912. "W. H. SMITH AND SONS."

Now, it may be thought that this action stands for puritanical bigotry directed against our discussion of sex. We are aware that some people are afraid to identify themselves too closely with The Freewoman in these times, and therefore have sent their orders to Smith's instead of making an open subscription. But it is not our business to argue the correctness of this view. We defend our right to discuss the whole subject of sex as we consider best.

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THE FREEWOMAN.
To the Editor of THE FREEWOMAN.

THE POLICY OF "THE FREEWOMAN."" Madam,—Keenly aware as I am of your great gifts and unprecedented intuitions, I think you carry your conclusions too far when you set out to summarise for your large and appreciative circle the book that you quite manifestly have never seen. The "Great State," as not, you intimate, a volume by me, but by a number of writers; and the production of which I read my contribution would suppose that I advocated anything that could conceivably be called "Guild-Socialism," the "Right State," the "Servile State," which I foreshadowed in "When the Sleeper Wakes," and which Mr. Belloc subsequently christened. Foreseeing the possibility of slovenly readers, I supplemented the very exact distinctions in my "Great State" article with a description of "the Normal Social State" which is not, as you intimate, a volume by me, but by a certain writer with a very special kind of "property" in his title. It is immoral because it would lead to slavery. That is why your system is uneconomic. It necessitates an inferior food supply, repudiation of the machinery for producing the soil, and gives the land over to inefficient farmers. Remember, land never marks men or, by lying fallow, or it goes back under inefficient farming. A nation of amateur agriculturists would kill England in a generation or two. It would refuse to yield food. The immorality of your system lies in its imposition of a certain way of life which requires a very special kind of temperament on all temperaments. Did you never meet men who could not bear to live more than a year in one place, who were tramps by nature? Very good and valuable men they often are. I suppose you have some object in forgetting art and science in the evenings to solve the question of insanity. Does it occur to you that agriculture is of purely commercial value, would be of no use to your ideal normal social life which does not require skill and knowledge. Think, if you were in possession of a rough piece of land and had broken it up by spade-work (having scorned the co-operative store) and sowing seeds, what would you do next? What "cleaning" crop would you put in? Where would you put in lime and soot or nitrates? How would you regulate the rotation? How would you raise the many various pests as they appeared, and how would you treat them? And do you really believe that you would get the man or woman who was yearning to get back to the old, immoral system where they had obeyed their primitive instincts just as primitive as the agricultural instincts of your ideal State? If you do not know what you want in economic arrangement will have to be adjusted to the ideas of the Soul of man, if you are not prepared with anything remotely resembling a suggestion of how the adjustment is to be effected. My collaborators and I in the "Great State" do offer, among other matters, suggestions to that very end. Your paper, which was so promising as a break-away from the monomania for the Vote, becomes more and more an irrational and intemperate clamouring of the same kind—mixed up amusingly with Mr. Kitson on currency.

Perhaps because of my greater modesty, I do read you with much more amusement. I am writing to you, madam, permit me to add to my correction of your brilliant misstatements my assurance that I do not believe you have any constructive ideas at all. In your head, that you do not know what you want in economic and social organisation, that the wild cry for freedom which makes me so sympathetic with your paper, and which does you the greatest possible harm, is unsupported by the ghost of the shadow of an idea how to secure freedom. What is the good of writing that "economic arrangement must be adjusted to the Soul of man," if you are not prepared with anything remotely resembling a suggestion of how the adjustment is to be effected? My collaborators and I in the "Great State" do offer, among other matters, suggestions to that very end. Your paper, which was so promising as a break-away from the monomania for the Vote, becomes more and more an irrational and intemperate clamouring of the same kind—mixed up amusingly with Mr. Kitson on currency.

I pray you, madam, to collect yourself, and I remain, as always, your sympathetic reader, H. G. WELLS.

[We think we should be right in saying that we have given as much attention to Mr. Wells' diagram as he has given to the policy of THE FREEWOMAN, and that we have found as much amusement in picking out the family likenesses on the opposing sides of his diagram as he appears to have found in the pages of THE FREEWOMAN.—ED.]

THE NORMAL SOCIAL STATE.

Madam,—I want to ask you a few questions—no, rather, I want to criticise you. You believe, I have recently discovered, that everybody ought to possess a plot of ground on which they should produce their own food, and that that should be the main business of everybody's life. You wretched nation! This is very much too easy a way out. Your solution is un-economic, and it is immoral. It is un-economic because it assimilates the nation to the starved; it is immoral because it would lead to slavery.

To begin with, the idea of producing all one's food from one patch of land is monstrous. It is the Evesham market gardener to stop producing the best plums in England and grow inferior potatoes? Is the Stamford farmer to stop producing the best potatoes in England and grow better tomatoes? Is it quite well that every district has a separate "talent" for producing different crops. Moreover, you really cannot do without a certain kind of "property" in your title. This is the disease commonly associated with the evils of Western civilisation; he was aiming at happiness, and he was not possibly own individually, the cost being enormous, though it would pay you to own it communally. Really adequate stockyards can only be built co-operatively. I have assumed that you do not mean agriculturists to show their strength, or you are immoral! That is why your system is uneconomic. It necessitates an inferior food supply, repudiation of the machinery for producing the soil, and gives the land over to inefficient farmers. Remember, land never marks men or, by lying fallow, or it goes back under inefficient farming. A nation of amateur agriculturists would kill England in a generation or two. It would refuse to yield food. The immorality of your system lies in its imposition of a certain way of life which requires a very special kind of temperament on all temperaments. Did you never meet men who could not bear to live more than a year in one place, who were tramps by nature? Very good and valuable men they often are. I suppose you have some object in forgetting art and science in the evenings to solve the question of insanity. Does it occur to you that agriculture is of purely commercial value, would be of no use to your ideal normal social life which does not require skill and knowledge. Think, if you were in possession of a rough piece of land and had broken it up by spade-work (having scorned the co-operative store) and sowing seeds, what would you do next? What "cleaning" crop would you put in? Where would you put in lime and soot or nitrates? How would you regulate the rotation? How would you raise the many various pests as they appeared, and how would you treat them? And do you really believe that you would get the man or woman who was yearning to get back to the old, immoral system where they had obeyed their primitive instincts just as primitive as the agricultural instincts of your ideal State? If you do not know what you want in economic arrangement will have to be adjusted to the ideas of the Soul of man, if you are not prepared with anything remotely resembling a suggestion of how the adjustment is to be effected? My collaborators and I in the "Great State" do offer, among other matters, suggestions to that very end. Your paper, which was so promising as a break-away from the monomania for the Vote, becomes more and more an irrational and intemperate clamouring of the same kind—mixed up amusingly with Mr. Kitson on currency.

I pray you, madam, to collect yourself, and I remain, as always, your sympathetic reader, H. G. WELLS.
The machinist in his inventions for public purposes, is the Good Samaritan. He is as necessary in human life as the artist. We would not like to dispense with either of them. We need them both. We are not independent, and I think never shall be. One wonders how far the artist would work out his conceptions if he did not depend on the services of his fellows. Would he realise his art if some one did not do the menial work? Life is not made up of the works of a single community; it is made up of all the works of all the communities. Either the machine or the slave must serve. If the machine could be made to answer that purpose so much the better, for no one could find a more personal or sympathetic service than that of the machine. I call the plough a machine and the spade a tool. Now, there is neither pleasure nor dignity in digging—unless we are living something more than merely exist. I believe it to be nothing of the sort, but to be as absorbing and as really significant to the individual as any other life. Esctasy and joy you love it, hell if you don't. Please lay your reasons for your view before us.

RACHEL EAST.

This letter is referred to elsewhere.—ED.}

WORK AND LIFE.

MADAM,—I believe that in a previous number of THE FREEWOMAN someone expressed the hope that women would, when workhouses, be like to-day. I have been endeavouring to do so, and in thinking over your article, "Work and Life," I find that I still remain unconvinced. Your ideas, though of great interest, seem to me to be unpractical, and purely metaphysical speculation.

In suggesting that the machine in the future might be of the greatest service to man, I did not for a moment think of doing away with work, or of making work easy. I rather hoped that it would make it more agreeable than some of us find it now. I fully realise the value of the soul's emancipation to-day, to the end, man should be able to do the work which appeals to him, to which he responds voluntarily. I allow that certain manual tasks which few could love; but then so are many things which must be done, such as cleaning roads, collecting or destroying refuse, mixing cement a picture a time, etc. Here the service will not be needed; would they come in with the simple exchanges, or would each individual get his own coal, his own water, his own lights, and use these tools to all the other mental tasks necessary to his comfort? I do not see that an individual could live at all independently.

I will not think that work has been a pleasure in the past, excepting as it is to-day, to the lucky few. I can scarcely imagine that the workers in the past realised the sense of beauty and personality in their work. It must have been compulsory then, just as tending the machine is now, and in the compulsion it must have been as tedious and disagreeable as it is to the workers to-day. They were slaves as much then as now. Ever since man began to take precautions, to erect dwellings, lay in food, etc., slavery in some form has existed. Whatever has been accomplished the machine has accomplished, not only to the designer; in working out the design the slaves then, as now, took no interest beyond the fact that for their labour they got their maintenance. I expect they existed then much as they do now, and were herded together just as are the machine slaves to-day, their labour being subdivided, even as it was to a monotonous, as it is to-day, to create the whole.

Men will always herd to a certain extent. Man is a sociable animal, so runs the maxim in the copy-book. The man who lives and talks, and thinks only for himself is abnormal. In communal life he is bound to some extent to restrain individual tendencies. The force of circumstances compels him to consider the effect his actions would have on his neighbours. The necessity to exchange services or products makes it impossible to live entirely as an individual.
young people, and babies to care for will make community inevitable. If there is to be civilization there must be common property to some extent for administration, education and amusement. This will also be external authority or common authority, if only in isolating smallpox and dangerous lunatics.

I cannot help thinking that it would be immoral to expose in writing the nature that individual property would invite. What is to prevent a man from coveting his neighbour's and possibly adding it to his own? How is the land to be divided up, and what authority will keep the reserve in the unhealiness? Is it not possible that the piece allotted at birth might be just the piece the individual would not choose, and is it not possible to throw in their lot with him, in order to attain the highest it might be possible to achieve alone, and his sorid dependence on lust, his mind collapsed. He confused the divine in woman (see his "Dream Play") with the woman of his makeshift companionship, a small wonder that he became a misogynist. Rebecca West has described his pathetic alternations between idealism and dirt. But I would suggest that his loneliness was due to an effect of this mental chaos, not the cause.

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September 5, 1912

THE FREEWOMAN

consider whether it is conducive to human happiness. If Margaret Theobald had protested in the Slave States against slavery, she would have been told that slavery was essential to the existence of society, as it possibly was. She would rightly have replied: If your society is built on human unhappiness, it is not worth preserving. Conjugal fidelity, your correspondent would readily admit, was not originally prized for the sake of the children, but as a tribute of respect and obedience to the husband. The latter, if he values his eyesight, will not demand of fidelity to their spouses; but they are probably the best parents in the world. With all respect to Mr. Henry James, children do not get very wholesome care from parents perpetually acquiring new loves. You have only to go to Paris and look around you. No; conjugal fidelity is by no means essential to the welfare of the new generations. In Europe to-day there are plenty of women who want a child without dreaming of demanding or desiring the life-long fidelity of the father. It is not at all surprising that women will be really free and happy only when they cease to demand it. Nor is fidelity as a virtue of obligation, as an ideal, does not mean merely continuing to do something while you take pleasure in doing it. Margaret Theobald may, as she believes, derive enjoyment from living for dinner, every day, but I do not think anybody else will greatly admire her for it. The virtue of fidelity surely consists in persisting in a certain relation or course of conduct, whether or not that relation or course of conduct continues to produce any immediate happiness per se. Nobody is applauded for his constancy in going to bed or eating the same meal. Therefore I am willing to grant that the "calm and mellowed love of wedded life" may be an excellent atmosphere for the child; but when the love is not an atmosphere, when the ascetic simply persists in living together from habit or even a sense of duty, then I consider that atmosphere no more wholesome than that of the ordinary French home of which I gather your correspondent would not approve. In point of fact, French homes are much happier than English precisely because husband and wife do not expect "fidelity" from each other, but chiefly friendship. They are therefore seldom that source of irritation to each other which they generally appear to be in the poorer homes of this country. It is a common sight at this time of year in hotels and boarding-houses to see married couples sitting, obviously bored with each other, surveying the promenaders. The man is plainly longing to go out and talk to the pretty girl angling for admirers on the pier; the wife thinks with a sigh what a jolly time she could have with that young fellow at the next table if only she were free. A French couple would soon come to an understanding. They continue to bore each other and to deny themselves pleasure—in whose interests, I again ask? "Either voluntarily to embrace pain or willingly to submit to it," says your correspondent, "is so much ability acquired to win the victory over ourselves and others." I doubt that this is altogether true. The habit of submitting to pain has, in many cases, induced a servile cast of mind and body. But, assuming it to be true, victory in itself is not a goal. You win victories over yourself and other people to increase or preserve your happiness, or, as Margaret Theobald puts it, "to get your own way." Well, I have yet to learn how it can increase your happiness to persist in an intimate relation which has ceased to gratify sensuous or emotional—dismissing those remotest interests of contemporary society, which, as I have said, are not the interests of humanity or the individual. This brings me to the subject of asceticism. I confess that I spoke loosely when I said that ascetics valued the spiritual plane to the physical—they reckoned quite simply that the more they suffered in this world, the better time they would have in the next. That I find quite intelligible. But I don't think that is the view of E. Noel Morgan. His view seems to be more that of the Buddhist than the Christian. He thinks that by suppressing the senses man will evolve into something higher. (Don't let us forget that Christians believe in the resurrection of the body.) What that something higher will be I am sure he cannot tell us: I suspect it will be found merely to be a further perfection of the body. He weighs the values of bodily and mental happiness, and decides for the latter. He says that we rarely hear of saints and ascetics who have gone back to eat the coke of mind and body. I must refer him again to the Annals of the Thebaid, which are full of allusions to such backsliders; but we don't hear much of them because, of course, the men who turned back did not become saints. I can assure your correspondent, speaking from my experience in the Catholic Church, that cases of this kind are very common. I have known many people who, two or three years ago, could hardly be restrained from entering a convent, and now smile when you speak of religion. Religious fervor burns itself out as quickly as passion.

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and it cannot, like passion, be rekindled by a fresh object. Satiety of spiritual experience, let me tell your correspondent, is very far from being unknown, even in monasteries.

But, with all respect to E. Noel Morgan, the main purpose of my article was not to condemn ascetic practices in general, but to demonstrate that fidelity to one’s mates when one has ceased to love them is calculated to diminish the sum of human happiness. This brings me back again to Mr. Lewis.

In a sentence which he must pardon me for calling somewhat involved, he appears to argue that fidelity must in many cases be the result and expression of pity. At the present time it generally is. Few men, I have said, can tell a woman that they have ceased to care for her without being ashamed of themselves. This is because they suppose the announcement will cause her pain. But if woman had not been taught to demand stability of affection to a stranger as the children’s right, and as in the very nature of things. Why should we not accept the equally natural temporariness of sexual love as cheerfully and bravely as we have studied the tenets of Humanism, and was interested by the contents of your organ, for they demonstrate the truth of the proposition I have always held concerning Humanism—that it is an utterly impracticable creed.

Apart from the blind and noisy Socialism to be found among the women of to-day; so that, to an outsider, “Bondwoman” would be a happier title. On the whole, the paper is an expression of woman’s natural instinct for love and union with man. Unhappily this is a condition denied to the majority. How best to endure the evil is the question. Am I aware I shall bring down upon myself the derision of your supporters when I state that the only remedy I know is in following the doctrines of the Catholic Church, of which self-restraint and mortification are the keynotes. The humanist, with no ideas beyond material bliss, naturally resents the idea of celibacy. The Church, in its convents and sisterhoods, offers a condition of its own imagining which bind the women of to-day; so that, to an outsider, “Bondwoman” would be a happier title. On the whole, the paper is an expression of woman’s natural instinct for love and union with man. Unhappily this is a condition denied to the majority. How best to endure the evil is the question. Am I aware I shall bring down upon myself the derision of your supporters when I state that the only remedy I know is in following the doctrines of the Catholic Church, of which self-restraint and mortification are the keynotes. The humanist, with no ideas beyond material bliss, naturally resents the idea of celibacy. The Church, in its convents and sisterhoods, offers an asylum for wounded spirits whose spiritual welfare will be strengthened and aided by submitting to the yoke of the Catholic Church, of which self-restraint and mortification are the keynotes. The humanist, with no ideas beyond material bliss, naturally resents the idea of celibacy. The Church, in its convents and sisterhoods, offers an asylum for wounded spirits whose spiritual welfare will be strengthened and aided by submitting to the yoke of the Catholic Church, of which self-restraint and mortification are the keynotes. The humanist, with no ideas beyond material bliss, naturally resents the idea of celibacy. The Church, in its convents and sisterhoods, offers an asylum for wounded spirits whose spiritual welfare will be strengthened and aided by submitting to the yoke of the Catholic Church, of which self-restraint and mortification are the keynotes.

THE WIFE OF THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

EDMUND B. D’AUVERGNE.

FLORENCE GAY.

FORCIBLE FEEDING.

MADE—Mr. Norman may not snatch at a victory he has not won. He may have a jolly laugh, two laughs if he likes, at the delightful discovery that I had “inferentially” admitted “that the public expect the women to be forcibly fed on their refusing their prison food”—but I have not made such admission, all the same. In my letter of August 8th I had already made frank reference to “the ominous apathy of the public and of the average member of Parliament.” Neither this remark nor the later remarks to which Mr. Norman specifically refers, bears the interpretation claimed by him. The meaning was, as I certainly suggested, that the forcible feeding issue is one requiring a first-class statesmanly lead for its right solution. Of course, if my opponent is playing for the opening that the satisfaction of the people’s will is always the first consideration of Ministers, I have nothing further to say; whereas the —alack for Democracy! It really is not the case. What has been clearly in my mind all the time in the present correspondence has been the theory (which I have applied) that a statesman in public office, democratic or not, who is also a gentleman would never feed brave prisoners by force.

Leading facts in the prison department of the militant aggravation are, here following, briefly summarised.

In October 1906 Mr. Gladstone transferred eleven of us from the second division (“convicted”) to the first division with all the privileges thereof, subject to an unconditional. Over 122 women were subsequently treated in this way.

Before the onset of “violence” on the part of individual suffragists, the Government then reversed this sound judgment; and refused first division treatment.

(Note: Was the Government motive coercion of the women’s spirit?)
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After the days of violence (late summer 1909) Mr. Gladstone did release hunger-striking women without forcible feeding. Then he changed his mind and began to feed the women by violence. (Note: Was the Government motive coercion of the women’s spirit?) Then came Mr. Statesman Churchill, who after much labour produced the cure-all, Rule 243a, which Mr. McKenna did not like. (Note: Was the “moral turpitude” phrase to blame; and was Mr. McKenna qualified to judge of the meaning of the phrase “moral turpitude” when he can make eloquent confession that it is difficult to know the truth about motives?) To put it as gracefully as possible, Mr. Norman speaks inaccurately when he says: “we were arguing whether Mr. McKenna had an alternative to any forcible feeding of the hunger-striking women.” The issue raised was: Would Mr. Norman (should he) if Home Secretary, and in the light of the standard of the gentleman feed brave prisoners by force? But I follow Mr. Norman’s new parry. Mr. McKenna has a choice of three alternatives:

1. Act as a gentleman and resign from the Cabinet. In view of what I have already hinted elsewhere this would be a hard counsel for Mr. McKenna. Only a statesman is so great that he would think of such an alternative; or
2. Give such equal political offender’s treatment to the suffragist prisoners as his own Government gave to an Irish Member of Parliament—political offender in quite recent times. (This would be the sensible politician’s solution); or
3. Get his Government to remove root-grievances by rule 243a. Mr. McKenna has a choice of three solutions; or
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September 5, 1912. THE FREEMAN’S 319

the State post-office. They would only be taxing themselves.

Mr. Meulen professes to believe in competition, yet he sees very clearly the folly of competition when carried to its logical conclusion. Under the régime of “property” competition has forced employers, in their own interests, to “self-interest” that has produced the Standard Oil Trust, the Steel and Copper Trusts (which have their ramifications all over the world), and all the other tentacles of the capitalist octopus. And it would also produce a money trust under competition in the issue of paper money.

Competition means war. It has had a good trial, and has singularly failed to produce anything but social dis­cord. It is this “self-interest” that has produced barbarism; with the growth and accentuation of class prejudice, the “change,” a most important article for all women over forty. The book is conveniently divided into twelve chapters. The first chapter treats of the changes of puberty, or when a girl becomes a woman. The second chapter treats of marriage and the author’s views on this important article of the subject. This chapter has been contributed by Miss Gawthorpe, writing on the question of political treatment for Mrs. Leigh and Mary Evans, points out the necessity of memorialising the authorities on the subject. Such a memorial has been started by the Irish Women’s Franchise League, and over 1,000 signatures have already been obtained. I enclose copy of the same for publication in The Freeman’s, whose readers are interested in the subject.

Dublin.

The Memorial.

A Memorial in support of the political treatment of the English militants was set on foot by the Irish Women’s Franchise League, and over 1,000 signatures have already been obtained. I enclose copy of the same for publication in The Freeman’s, whose readers are interested in the subject.

Hanna Sheehy Skeffington.

Dublin.

Forcible Feeding Memorial.

Madam,—In your issue of last week Miss Gwathorpe, writing on the question of political treatment for Mrs. Leigh and Mary Evans, points out the necessity of memorialising the authorities on the subject. Such a memorial has been started by the Irish Women’s Franchise League, and over 1,000 signatures have already been obtained. I enclose copy of the same for publication in The Freeman’s, whose readers are interested in the subject.

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Hanna Sheehy Skeffington.

Dublin.

We your Petitioners respectfully submit that the said sentences are excessive for the reasons following:

1. The said acts were done for no purpose of gain or selfish desire, but simply and solely in furtherance of a political cause—namely, the political enfranchisement of women.

2. The purity and honesty of the motives of the said Gladys Evans and Mary Leigh for committing the said acts have been questioned by no one, and were recognised by both judge and counsel for the Crown at the said trial.

3. The said acts were provoked by the public utterances of responsible Ministers of the Crown, which were literally acted upon by the said Gladys Evans and Mary Leigh.

4. There was no intention on the part of the said Gladys Evans and Mary Leigh to injure any individual, and no individual was, in fact, injured by the said acts, nor was there any attempt to concealment of the said acts.

5. The sentences are far in excess of those which have been imposed in Great Britain for former political offenders in similar or parallel cases, and far in excess of imposed punishments inflicted in the United Kingdom for serious crimes committed for purposes of gain.

We beg, therefore, that the sentences of the said Gladys Evans and Mary Leigh be greatly reduced, and that they be treated as political offenders, and accorded the same privileges which have been given to the Irish Suffragists at present undergoing forcible feeding at H.M. Prison of Mountjoy.

E. F. MYLIUS.

August 30th, 1912.

*

Letters by Mr. Grevy Fisher, Mr. Arthur Kitson, Mr. C. D. Hunt, and Lucy Thomason are held over till next week.
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