THE HEART OF THE QUESTION.

It is difficult for us, in a culture made powerless because it has accepted intellectual concepts as real—denying as we do that the grounds exist upon which these have been given their verbal creation—to handle seriously the arguments of the rhetoricians whose phraseology continues to make thinking farcical and irrelevant to life. If one army uses bullets which upon the opposing army burst as soap-bubbles, there will certainly be a victory but scarcely war. So we feel with the controversialists whose ammunition is words, the meanings of which cut no deeper than the thickness of their written form on paper. We have already looked for the substance of liberty, equality, justice, fraternity: the newest advent is “dignity.” Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the mainstay of democracy, has defined democracy: “The natural dignity of man-as-such.” The empty wind of man-as-such tempts us to recall the remarks of Mr. Samuel Pepys anent his wife’s six-months-old head-dress to the effect that there is a limit beyond which such things will not very well go: literary reputations are of a like decaying order. What man-as-such apparently is meant to imply is “all men,” and can be left at that, while we consider “dignity.” The dictionary defines it as “Nobleness or elevation of mind based on moral rectitude.” As of the words comprising this definition, the verb, the conjunction and the two prepositions are the only ones which to us have meaning, it is useless to us, and we fall back upon common understanding to learn why “dignity” stands in better repute in the real world than many other of the same highflew tribe, and we find the far from uncommon explanation—because of its relations. “Dignity” loosely understood, is an attitude of mind following upon the possession of worth. To have it, means that for the occasion one possesses enough to render one “self-sufficient.” To retire from a situation with “dignity” is to withdraw oneself from the network of claims and arguments wound about a case and take one’s stand upon the measure of what one has the power to effect: upon one’s actual worth in short: great or small as this may be. In this sense, it is the revelation of personal significance; of what, stripped of all wrappings, all donned-on labels, the individual is able to encompass by dint of his actual holding of power. It is from this aspect that the word “worth” shows itself so much more illuminating of real value than is “dignity.” Probably it is its ancestry, localised and hence familiar, that has preserved worth from the artificial uses to which its abstract relative “dignity” has been put. “Weorthan,” the Anglo-Saxon, “to become,” is highly significant. We can be easy in ascribing “dignity” because it costs nothing. We are more careful when we begin to reckon worth.

It is time to return to the definition of democracy, “the natural dignity of man as such.” We have stated that to possess “dignity” is to reveal oneself as self-sufficient, asking nothing, taking one’s stand upon what one is worth. We ourselves, at some length, and irrefutably as we think have shewn democracy to be the “mechanical contrivance for the regulating of a people mutually dependent.” Hence Mr. Chesterton’s definition is reduced to a contradiction—a veritable reductio ad absurdum.
Substituting the popularly understood psychological significance of "dignity" for the rhetorical use, we get the definition as "democracy is the natural power to be self-sufficient of men as such." Even democracy one imagines cannot contrive to mean at one and the same time "Is" and "As not," dependent, insufficient.

On the other hand, the word dignity is discarded as suspect and the equivalent phrase compounded with the word "worth" be used, the result is equally absurd: "Democracy is the natural measure of worth of man as such." Obviously the natural worth of men is nil. Men have, as the Americans would say, to make good. In worth, it is the becom­ing nil of a man as worthless as a mud-puddle is as worthless as a mud-puddle. He has no inherent "as-such" quality which stands to his account to be ascribed to him as worth. He is worth just what he is worth, i.e., what he owns of power no matter in what form. Common speech has "a man is worth so and so" the meaning ordinarily being that the man owns material goods and properties. This totalising of worth however fails in comprehensiveness: the worth of a man or woman comprises more than material property, skill, beauty, in short, everything in which one has a titular claim only. All "as such" claims for instance are invalid: they have no potency off paper. One's claims as Woman, as Man, as Wife, claims to "Justice," "Right," to "Equality" are nothing—so much empty sound. One may claim, with sense, just what one has the power to get. The emphasis put on claiming is the revelation of the impotence of the claimant. He is serving merely as a diversion of attention from the thing which matters, from consideration of the "power to get.

The question we are concerned with is the meaning of the disturbance regarding the position of women in society. It has already been noted in the pages of The New Freewoman the strong reaction which has set in among the "intellectuals" against not only suffragism, but against what is called "feminism," the "economic independence of women" and so forth. The New Witness has been reinforced by the "New Age," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc by the Editor of the "New Age," and Mrs. Humphry Ward by Mrs. Beatrice Hastings. As these writers can wield the pen with a force rare among those whom they oppose, their opposition has strength as a criticism. It is well therefore that their arguments should receive examination.

One of their latest pronouncements is that of Mr. Chesterton, in an article on Women in which the definition of democracy to which we have referred, is but one jewel in a crown. Mr. Chesterton is coaxing women to abandon the "crazy" of "economic independence." He complains to them that "the capitalists can treat each woman as that only too common thing, the conscientious spinster," but surely the complaint is lodged in the wrong quarter. There is nothing wrong with this species of treatment, it is the capitalist policy which is the "crazy" of "economic independence." Either "each woman" is a conscientious spinster, or the capitalist can treat each woman as that only too common thing, the conscientious spinster, and the capitalist is the one who abandons the "crazy" of "economic independence." If, on the other hand, the word dignity is discarded as suspect and the equivalent phrase compounded with the word "worth" be used, the result is equally absurd: "Democracy is the natural measure of worth of man as such." Obviously the natural worth of men is nil. Men have, as the Americans would say, to make good. In worth, it is the becom­ing nil of a man as worthless as a mud-puddle is as worthless as a mud-puddle. He has no inherent "as-such" quality which stands to his account to be ascribed to him as worth. He is worth just what he is worth, i.e., what he owns of power no matter in what form.

The capitalist appa­rently has gauged their measure correctly, but they have not gauged his. The presumption is that the capitalist does not claim the "conscientious" and "economic" attitude. They found it ready to hand, waiting to be used. It is as if the things which one has a titular claim only. All "as such" claims for instance are invalid: they have no potency off paper. One's claims as Woman, as Man, as Wife, claims to "Justice," "Right," to "Equality" are nothing—so much empty sound. One may claim, with sense, just what one has the power to get. The emphasis put on claiming is the revelation of the impotence of the claimant. He is serving merely as a diversion of attention from the thing which matters, from consideration of the "power to get."
automatic: "To him that hath external property is given; but he that hath naught in addition to his own person, must thereupon give himself." It now becomes easy to place women's position in society. Women on the whole own little or no property. Automatically therefore the process of bartering them begins.

For various reasons, but particularly because of the advent of industrialism, there exists a prejudice against the sale of the strength in their arms or the activities of their brains, even should they have the desire to sell these by preference. Consequently not selling her limbs as does the hired man, she cannot sell almost at all because there exists a market which can afford to pay. It will be noticed that ordinarily men even among the unemployed do not sell sex. The reason is that women in any extended degree do not possess the property with which to pay therefor. Probably as the poverty question became more and more urgent and unemployment more acute, had there been a market provided by women to encourage the sale, men would have sold themselves in this respect equal with women. It is said, with what truth we cannot here vouch for, that there already exists a market among the unemployed, even among the unemployed of a rapidly increasing supply; that the practice of what is known as sodomy is increasing and that the number of male prostitutes to be seen at certain hours in London is rapidly gaining upon that of the number of female prostitutes. Women are the liveliest hostility against the male competitors in the sex-market. That this state of things should be is very natural since as we have seen, once the integral ownership of the individual by the individual is abandoned, as it must be when individuals possess no other external property, the state of the entire soul and body is a question only of time and degree. It is the problem of hired men (including women) throughout the history of the world—a problem which is no problem, but rather a truism. We are however just now more concerned with the position of women in society, and we must look at things a little more in detail before we pass on to the attitude which various schools of "reformers" take up in regard to the question, thus arriving at a truer and more basic : practically all women are on sale: that explains why there is no reality in the attack of the "respectable" upon the prostitute. It is not the sale that society objects to: that is so much a part of itself that it is barely conscious of the fact. "Society" therefore cannot "deal" with prostitution. It would be as impossible for it to do so as for a man to suspend his own person by his own unassisted efforts. What respectable society objects to is the prices which are offered. The respectable, i.e. those who are married, or who believe in marriage, and hope to be married, not only desire to put themselves on the market, they are endeavouring to dictate the price by effecting a corner. This explains precisely what has happened, for instance in the recent Piccadilly Flat case, where the prostitutes called to give evidence are sympathised with and advertised for their "purchase." The vendor against these, because they are buying women cheap whereas marriage sells them dear. "Maintenance for life in such style as your means will allow, and not a farthing under," is the cry of the "sacred" marriage-auctioneer. If I can get bid up to that figure I will withdraw the wares," and so he does, and the long line of spinsters is the result, "conscientious spinsters" who earn their maintenance (hardly) in a market from which Mr. Chesterton and the Editor of the "New Age," would ours them. They offer for sale their limbs after realising that the price demanded for their sex is not forthcoming. Therefore not "sales" but "cheapness" is the rallying point of hostility. "Don't make yourselves cheap" is a very ancient cry: and excellent advice it is—when one is on sale.

It is interesting to note that the reaction against the "crazy cant" of the economic independence of women should have taken this precise line. It says in effect: It is a poor business selling your limbs especially in this overcrowded market. It is the line which Mrs. Beatrice Hastings is advising week by week in the pages of the "New Age." Her views are those of a great number of people in whose statements however they are merely implicit. Mrs. Hastings is explicit and quotes well and strongly. She says:

"I am quite sure of it. We have all become so very free lately that even sexual freedom is taken for granted. We are too sympathetic indeed. We have too soon and too loftily so not the necessity of securing our maintenance! A man has small need to seek the company of a brothel nowadays, let alone to marry. He need only join one of the numerous little groups and societies, Suffrage, Anti-Suffrage, Fabian, Theosophical, Dramatic, Poetical, Christian Science, Mystic, etc., in which women, with what pleasures, to become perfectly comfortable." 63

"In my opinion, one reason why virtuous women are failing to secure in marriage even a man to whom they would be really devoted is simply their bad manners. Lack of restraint, lack of the graceful subtility in making themselves scarce, is the characteristic of modern young women. They go everywhere with men on the slightest nod of invitation. They are never out, never engaged, never too whimsically in a temper or busily self-interested to be able to see anybody just now. They must stupidly want to be 'pals' with men, and men, as even the "Daily Mail" has found necessary to warn its circulation, do not marry their 'pals'." 64

"Women knew all these feminine things once upon a time, and we never so much as mentioned them, just did them. Women do not know them nowadays: the modern young maiden is an absolute fool. Mrs. Humphry Ward was lately jeered at in 'Votes for Women' as suggesting a return to the poke bonnet and flounces, but a woman in a poke bonnet and flounces was a charming mystery. She could not be catalogued at a glance as her modern sister may be."

"I should say that the craft of wearing clothes is pretty well lost to-day: we are all too busy putting them on! It is entertaining to me to find myself agreeing with Mrs. Humphry Ward; but I saw the procession to Miss Davison's funeral; they were all amazingly garbed in the true obsequial spirit, where the ideal is to disfigure oneself out of respect for the dead."

"It is no use saying that these things do not matter. They do matter. They are making men most uncharitable, and we positively cannot exist without charity. The women I know who are most determinedly trying to be independent give their secret away with every glance of their pitiful resolute face, with their airs quite as unconcealably as ever the pathetic-eyed maiden of the old days knew her independence is a game for youth, and for the rare natural virgin who has the asceticism and solitary preferences of her temperament."

"Let mamma be a little more respectful to papa, who will not give votes to women, and little miss will soon take her cue. Miss, properly trained, and with all her feminine wits about her, needs not to fear the rivalry of the prostitute." 65

**"New Age," July 7th.**
The married woman should be legally forbidden to work outside her home, the pin-money girl should cease at least to tell these women what they are—object for charity, to work outside her home, the pin-money girl should be emigrated, and the job-seeker gently chloroformed or betrayed. By this means the woe of one large type of women would cease at least to be endured, and the job-seeker gently chloroformed or betrayed should be treated as such. By this means the boldness of the prostitute is accounted for by the fact that she wants the purchase money on the spot. The prospective wife can afford to wait, and therefore to manoeuvre, which is the meaning of the flounces and pokebonnet. It is a difference not of principle or of attitude, but merely of time. "Married or betrayed" is the exclamatory horror of a woman who imagining she was fetching the price of first-class goods, finds that she has gone for an old stock.

It is there that we shall feel better able to draw the line of difference which exists between men and women in relation to this matter of sex: which is that whereas with men sex is an appetite which demands food, with respectable women sex as a need, seeking its own satisfaction has to be ignored. This accounts for the existence of the "womanly woman," essentially a person who lays herself out with it. They are attached to the wares, like grand pianos given away with a pound of merchandise. This simile from the retail world is illuminating. It is the difficulty of housing and caring for non-negotiable grand pianos. They are expensive to keep. The demand for the prostitute is the rage of traders against customers who can very well keep. The demand for the prostitute is the rage of traders against customers who can very well keep. The demand for the prostitute is the rage of traders against customers who can very well keep. The demand for the prostitute is the rage of traders against customers who can very well keep. The demand for the prostitute is the rage of traders against customers who can very well keep.

It is as yet mainly unconscious—instinctive. The attitude of the womanly woman was the loaf. So that whereas men had a sex, women were the sex, which regarded as a "commodity," she sold in the best market. Being a property, and not a hunger which, satisfied, is got rid of, sex in the womanly woman cannot be laid aside. She is not available. She belongs not upon her own desires, but the desires of those to whom it is sold. And they themselves go with it. They are attached to the wares, like grand pianos given away with a pound of merchandise. This simile from the retail world is illuminating. It is the difficulty of housing and caring for non-negotiable grand pianos. They are expensive to keep. The demand for the prostitute is the rage of traders against customers who can very well keep. The demand for the prostitute is the rage of traders against customers who can very well keep.

One may in light of the above analysis of the state of affairs in relation to women, well be able to understand, even if not to excuse, the position which men like Mr. Chesterton and the Editor of the "New Age," and such writers as Mrs. Charlotte Gilman and Olline Schreiner to the effect that women should sell the energy of their limbs in whatever market they can command. If a man is to house, clothe and feed his woman, he feels he should not be unduly competed with in his market, undercut by other women. His attitude to the woman-worker is analogous to that of the wife to the prostitute: he feels she brings the prices down, and he complains. Unfortunately for the sympathetic reception of his protests, his complaints are not addressed to one and the same person. His protests are to the wife, "You Martha must not come prowling round, trying to get my job." Martha's obvious retort is "What you can do, and what you engage to do is a matter you must settle up with Mary. I have enough to do to look after myself. If I can't sell sex, like Marmbs, I may as well be like Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Mr. Chesterton and the editor of the "New Age" a touching case for John, while Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. Ward have a warning word for Mary. "Times are hard, and if you don't use your wits yours will be a parlous case." And they proceed to expound to her the Gentle Art of Clinging. Truth to tell, it is a parlous condition for all three. Obviously nothing is gained by harrying the poor hired man, John, who has both sold and pledged himself. The attitude of what one might call the Mr. Chesterton and the editor of the "New Age," is the unimaginary or very rich men: the school which seeks legal power for women in order that they may exact legal pillage from an overridden slave. "The legal claim upon a husband's earnings," "payment of wives," is a project which we hope men will resist to the uttermost: if necessary with the help of the Geman and boot, and this in the interests of women themselves. Women do not need more protection; they need less. They should be taking upon themselves the responsibility for their own protection and maintenance, which can only be achieved by the augmentation of their own individual power. The fact that they possess power upon which they can draw is need is evident by the fact that the despoiled spinster has been able to hold her own in that hole of iniquity which men's lack of imagination and sensitiveness have permitted to be established in the moral field. And more than the necessary spinster: women who, if spinsters, are so by choice, are widening the area of their shrunken competence. They have fenced round that part of themselves which concerns sex and love and said in effect, "This is not for sale; it is for personal satisfaction, and can be negotiated with only as a gift." True, they are doing what the hired men are doing, selling their energy, but if they can make one advance they can make another. They can acquire property, and we believe will do so, once they believe that the securing of property is essential to the exercise of power. Then their labour, if and when they labour, will be at their own bidding, and will be expended in increasing the value of that which is their own.

It is, we believe, this setting towards Power already existent among a few individual women which is the explanation of anything which is of value in what is known as the women's movement. It is as yet mainly unconscious—instinctive. The danger which immediately besets it, is lest it should be exploited by the rhetoricians—the leaders, whether these be the Mrs. Despards, Mrs. Lawrences, Mrs. Pankhursts or any others, who would lead them to believe that their concern lies somewhere with a Cause outside themselves; who teach them that dignity can be conferred; that freedom can be given; that Power is in the gift of the opponent. When power becomes more self-conscious, it will make it difficult for them, while doing away with the myths, power is a reality and that it comes from within. The deficiency and defects, if such there be, the failing in strength which entails these woes, are personal affairs and must be settled up personally with ourselves. The question for each woman who is wasting herself with a Cause is, "Well, what am I worth? What do I own?" The answer will give her the measure of her value—even to those to whom she has been offering herself as a gift.
"All's love, all's law," sang Browning. "And consequent drivel," one must affirm. The most deadening factor in this pseudo-scientific age is the obsessing of the mental powers effected by the notion of law—immanent principle—which is conceived as guiding human consciousness slowly but surely over true things. The notion is deadly in exactly the proportion that it is diverting. Men spend themselves easily and readily in the game. The result is that life is turned into a Search (and for that which has no existence) where it might be a Creation (of that which before was not, but now is known to us). The only end which it is worth while for the individual to pursue is the exercise of his own power, of which he himself is the only one who may be expected to know what is required for its increase. So each man becomes a "law to himself," which is a denial of law, since law essentially involves relation and relation is comparison. If the individual is unique, with a law to himself there can be no comparison—no law therefore, and common life becomes anarchic and disordered. The question therefore turns upon the advantages and disadvantages of Disorder, which in turn leads to a consideration of what is meant by Disorder. Disorder is an absence of Order but of the kind of order which one would like to have. When children use books and papers to make trains and tunnels, it is beautiful order to them, but likely to prove aggravating litter and disarrangement to the owner. The order of an army is admirable to a Napoleon; it is gallant to see them at their work. But the order of disorder is not likely to be found a religion, save his own. It is then, not a religion, but the attitude of being sincere with oneself; when what he feels is bound back upon him: when what he does is bound back upon what he feels. Thus there are no religions, only religious men, that is, sincere men.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

Making one with the notion of Law underlying human activity, there exists the inference that life should exhibit some uniform Order. Law and Order are all of apiece. Hence moral codes and conventions, enacted to forward some End. But what End? The only end which it is worth while for the individual to pursue is the exercise of his own power, of which he himself is the only one who may be expected to know what is required for its increase. So each man becomes a "law to himself," which is a denial of law, since law essentially involves relation and relation is comparison. If the individual is unique, with a law to himself there can be no comparison—no law therefore, and common life becomes anarchic and disordered. The question therefore turns upon the advantages and disadvantages of Disorder, which in turn leads to a consideration of what is meant by Disorder. Disorder is an absence of Order but of the kind of order which one would like to have. When children use books and papers to make trains and tunnels, it is beautiful order to them, but likely to prove aggravating litter and disarrangement to the owner. The order of an army is admirable to a Napoleon; it is gallant to see them at their work. But the order of disorder is not likely to be found a religion, save his own. It is then, not a religion, but the attitude of being sincere with oneself; when what he feels is bound back upon him: when what he does is bound back upon what he feels. Thus there are no religions, only religious men, that is, sincere men.
At Valladolid.

The girl who opened the door to me said that the doctor was in bed and led me down a long twisting corridor articulated by doors that coloured the background like a Lenovo of light and puffs of garlic. I found great satisfaction in the near sense of her, for she was like a little pigeon: her plumpness was so obviously coursing with quick blood that it seemed not at all solid but likely to dry and be dehydrated. I have been travelling ever since.

I was afraid of my tears and partly because I was ashamed of my tears and partly because I was too tired to perform this difficult operation. The wound might by more bleeding wreak on my whole body. I wept, not so much from love of life as from love of death.

I raised my head to wonder why the girl was still standing at the door and found her face changed: the space between cheekbone and jaw had become hollow and full of shadow and her eyes were oily with excitement. She had seen the patch of blood that splashed my white dress under my left breast. "Oh . . . . I'm not much hurt," I muttered to me till he had passed out of some preoccupation.

"I thought I shot myself ten days ago," I said in my heavy Spanish. "I was cleaning a revolver. They took the bullet out. I have been travelling ever since."

They told me not to. They were right, it seems. The wound has broken."

When his shadow lifted I turned my face to the wall and tried to cry silently to keep myself from being disturbed by his massive movements as he thickly called to the girl to bid her bring water and set out from a cupboard clattering things with the sweet wistful smell of a chemist's shop. Then I felt his fingers at the throat of my dress, and wondered at his hirsute hands: for though his hair grew thick as an ape's it was very fine and silky.

A cold wet rag dripped down me and was plugged into my hot wound. The shock shattered my heart bled. I had another grief then. But I was so hurt I had to clamber unto death. He left me in an abnormal condition, that a woman need not be so hurt: raw with ill circumstance but alive. They told me not to. They were right, it seems. They said I'd had an awful time. I took sixty grains of veronal. The fatal dose is fifteen. My mother and sisters were in the dining-room and I didn't want them to call the doctor and his stomach-pump till it was too late, so I went into the drawing-room. But I couldn't die in that little hutch: I went out at night and wandered everywhere full of lovers sleepy with happiness.

Before night I should be sleepy like them. Before dawn I should be happy like them. I walked on for a long time waiting till drowsiness should stuff my eyes and I should creep into some front garden to die. The night got black. I collapsed to a vast place that rose to the stars.

The morning light beat me. I walked on for a long time waiting till dawn should make love to me and I cried out in English: "Oh, you don't know what a tragedy it is that I have come to you! I suppose you knew I lied. I wasn't cleaning a revolver. I meant to kill myself."

They told me not to. They were right, it seems. They said I'd had an awful time. I took sixty grains of veronal. The fatal dose is fifteen. My mother and sisters were in the dining-room and I didn't want them to call the doctor and his stomach-pump till it was too late, so I went into the drawing-room. But I couldn't die in that little hutch: I went out at night and wandered everywhere full of lovers sleepy with happiness.

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probing. And those who loved me gathered round me as I lay on the brink of death and dragged me back, tearing my flesh with the sharp teeth of their love. My mother sat by my bed and cried from the table, turning on me a mountainous back marked with crumples like boulders and rough creases like becks in summer: every part of him was badly made and even his breath tumbled clumsily from his nostrils. I extended to him the tenderness one gives to a hippopotamus or a boneshaker or any other disgusting creature; but I perceived from the man's habit of evaluating emotion that the man who loved me and if I died no mere blood and tallow-like substance of his flesh and the flat Mongolian moulding of the jawbone and nose I suspected him to be Russian: and when I asked him how he understood English a sentence about going from the University of Moscow to a dispensary at Leeds rambled uncordially through a vast, opaque beard.

He fixed the bandage with a safety-pin and went to the table and put down the pesetas on the table while he creaked to the door. Its opening discovered the girl himself, vibrating with silent laughter at being dismissed. REBECCA WEST.
The Status of Women in early Greek Times.

It is well known that the Dorian Greeks, and those who were influenced by them, regarded a very close and personal attachment between men as part and parcel of their civic life; and it has sometimes been said that this kind of attachment was held in such high honour just because women at that time occupied such a low place and were so lightly esteemed. I wish to show in the following lines that this is an entirely mistaken argument, and that as a matter of fact during that early period when, from prehistoric sources, the institution of military comradeship came into Greece, Dorian women were associated with a high standard in the position of women, and not by any means with their contempt or neglect. This association is very noticeable in Homer. For the main motive of the Illyrian warrior in his Egypt, undoubtedly the dramatic and passionate poetry, is, as Benecke observes in his 

There is ample evidence indeed to show that the status of the early Dorians, and that of freedom and power over property than elsewhere. In Sparta the women had great sway and influence. As girls they were "trained by the husband. As girls they were "trained by physical exercise for the healthy performance of the duties of motherhood; they were taught to run and wrestle, like the youths, to dance and sing in public, and to associate freely with men. Marriage was permitted only in the prime of life; and a free intercourse, outside the limits of marriage, between healthy men and women was encouraged and approved by public opinion." 

It may be worth while to quote entire the passage in Plutarch (Lyceum, c. 13.) described in his 

He first of all cites Aristotle as saying (Politi: Book II. that "in the absence of their husbands, the wives made themselves absolute mistresses at home, and would be treated with as much respect as if they had been sovereign queens"; and then he goes on to say that Lycurgus "took for that sex all the care that was possible. As an instance of it, he ordered the maidens to exercise themselves with wrestling, running, throwing the bar and casting the dart, to the end that the fruit they conceive might take deeper root, and grow strong, and spread itself in strong and healthy bodies; and withal that they themselves by such robust exercises might be more able to undergo the pains of child-bearing with ease and safety. And to the end that all the women by their own great tenderness and that acquired womanishness which are inherent custom hath added to the natural, he ordered that they should go naked as well as the young men, and dance too in that condition at their solemn feasts and sacrifices, singing certain songs, whilst the young men stood in a ring about them, seeing and hearing them. In those songs they told the and in August 1st 1913.
the opposite direction—namely, towards heroism, endurance, military and civic efficiency, and a generous sense of comradeship towards the other sex. Curious, I say that these two changes should have gone on simultaneously, and suggestive of the question whether there may not be a necessary connection between them. Curious too to find that in our present-day civilisations where (till quite recently) the position of women had reached its lowest ebb, the Uranian attachment has similarly been disowned and its healing influences ignored.

Edward Carpenter.


The Eclipse of Woman.

IV.—THE EARTH GODDESS.

The ancient worship of Woman as the Creator of Man was closely associated with her activity as the cultivator of the soil. The story of religion is full of these coincidences, which powerfully influenced the primitive mind. Ample evidence exists that better crops were expected from seed sown by female hands, because of the belief that woman was the sole parent of her child. Thus the fertility of the earth itself came to be thought of as a feminine quality, and the Earth was worshipped as a Goddess under the names of Ge, Demeter, Cybele and Aphrodite. A very slight advance in science was needed to teach mankind the value of the rain in causing the seed to germinate and grow. And this observation was combined with the parallel discovery of human fatherhood. The Rain-God or Sky-God was considered as the Divine Father, the husband of the Earth Mother.

Professor Frazer in his great work, *The Golden Bough*, has sought to group all primitive religion round the rite of the symbolical marriage of these two Powers of Woman—Kingly, impersonating Jupiter and Juno, or the Sky God and Earth Goddess under other names, were solemnly married, as a magical rite to ensure the annual renewal of vegetable life on earth, whether cultivated or wild. A ceremony of this kind appears to have formed part of the famous May Day symbols of the Earth Mother. Herodotus informs us that every woman of ancient Babylon was required to repair once in her life to the temple of Myllita, and submit to the embrace of a stranger, who was then regarded as the father of the new-born child. The idea that the custom was not deeply repugnant to many of its victims and in the same way we have no right to regard as mere debauchery what was in their sentiment a holy and religious custom. When the custom was not deeply repugnant to many of its victims. And in the same way we have no right to take it for granted that all the young marriageable girls of ancient Britain looked forward with any feeling but the deepest dread to the hour on which they were compelled to go forth into the midnight wood, and take part in the orgy of May Day. Knox and his followers rendered a real service to civilisation by convincing the populace that these rites were not necessary to salvation, even if they went too far in the other direction and factually stamping out the custom. For otherwise it is to be hoped that participation in the Witches' Sabbath will never again be compulsory in this country.

The question is of practical importance at the present moment because this worship of the Earth Goddess and her substitute, the Woman as Queen, is extensively practised for the same object.

...
The Etiquette of Dying.

In spite of our admirable position as, with one exception, the most unprogressive nations in the world, we Americans and English, otherwise sober-minded to the point of intellectual dyspepsia, refuse to take Death seriously. We insure our families against our departure, we religiously provide violet-nosegays for the carriage-horses of our insurance company's presidents, but we are never with any pains to insure ourselves. We court death by voting for the parties pledged to protect that great infant-industry, Poverty; by eating food from which a Leeds goat would fly; at hours that would shock a Chicago hog; by overwork for small pay; by careless motor-laws and careful biplanes; and yet, when the average modern Englishman or American comes to die, he does it so stupidly that a visitor from Mars might suppose that we never had a precedent.

It is the great anomaly of our character. A man will study hard for all his other rôles. He crams for his university examinations; he gets his marriage-proposal letter-perfect; if he is a banker, he cultivates an expression of honesty; if he is a lawyer, he achieves a mask of wisdom; if he is a priest, he adopts an Oxford walk and a Tractarian movement; but, when he is shown in the final rôle, for the last act of that comedy which, if it be not Hugo's "passage de peu de choses à rien" is then, as Montaigne declares, "l'acte sans doute le plus difficile."

"Death," admonished Savonarola, "should be met with fortitude."

"With cheerfulness," corrected the expiring de Medici.

And it is true that, of whatever race, a brave man always dies as if he were used to it, but it is also true that, in our race, we do not quit the world with that art which, for this act, should peculiarly beft human beings. "Good-bye, proud world!" cried Emerson, who always wrote prose when he attempted verse and whose prose was always poetry—"Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home"; he alone of all of us seems to have reflected that, as the moment of death assumes all men equal, so, in the eternity after death, whether we go to Heaven or to Hell, we go at least into an absolute monarchy.

Wasteful as we are, in this neglected opportunity lies, then, our greatest artistic malversation. The thing could be so easy. In any other attitude of life a man may fail. He may, but he will never fail in death. He will never have the heart to contradict this last pose; in any other attitudinizing, a man may survive to betray himself, but in this one Lazarus is about the only case of anti-climax on record.

It seems, indeed, a sort of indelicacy that most of us, who lead lives of unassuaged frivolity, should commit our one serious act unpreparedly. It is of course true that Fate, who at best can merely imitate art, frequently bungles and decrees grossly philitine deaths: all railroad-employees are not wrecked, some sailors are not drowned, and only a comparatively few judges are hanged. But if we cannot control the manner in which death is inflicted, we can at least decide that in which it is to be met—a ploughboy should not have the bad taste to die like a general, though both have been known to die drunk. All argument to the contrary is dangerous, and not to cross a bridge before you come to it is a sure way of crossing it ungracefully at the last.

Everywhere else men have realized this fact and erected a thoroughly organized etiquette of dying. We have but to consult our pet histories—"sets" symbolically bound in half-call, which nobody reads—to find the proof that, once in other times and now in other places, mankind mourned and murdered and considered of its span to the rehearsal of "Last Words"; by no common chance were those words so many and so fitting.

Consider Socrates, passing his last hours haranguing his disciples on the immortality of the soul, and never hesitating for a phrase. Sarsfield, slain at Landen, gasps: "Oh, that this had been for Ireland!"—are we to suppose that the hero hadn't that long ready for the first flying harm? Good old Mr. Abbott, in a similar simplicity, used, in my schoolboy days, to convince me that the first Napoleon died in 1812, when he cried "Josephine!" History being obsessed by the dramatic sense, never permits anyone to leave its stage without "a few appropriate remarks":

"They run!" cried the aide to the wounded Wolfe.
"Who run?" the general demanded.
"The French," answered the aide.
"Ah," sighed Wolfe in the pure pleasure of slaughter successfully accomplished: "then I die happy!"

At almost the same moment, in the enemy's lines, Montcalm was being told that he could survive but a few hours.

"So much the better," he responded; "I shall not live to witness the surrender of Quebec."

Nobody can have forgotten that red-fire, low-music and slow-curtain style of chronicle. In it men always composed their death-songs as carefully as King Lodbrog. That they were forever ready is shown in the case of the Duke of Guelders.

Roger Ascham, who was Queen Elizabeth's preceptor, says that Charles V., when Frederick was taken prisoner at Mulberg, decided that it would be well to make an example of this Protestant and sent his death-warrant to the captive while that gentleman was engaged at a game of chess with his cousin, the Landgrave of Lichtenberg. Frederick read the document and tucked it in his belt.

"I perceive," he said, "that I fall a victim to my religion and that my death is necessary to the emperor's schemes of distinguishing the Protestant..."
August 1st, 1913.

**THE NEW FREWOMAN**

faith. But God will maintain His own cause. Come, sinner, take heed of your game."

Obviously a man like that was worth keeping alive. The Emperor wisely recalled his warrant and "ever after treated the Elector of Saxony with the highest respect and esteem."

This, however, is aside from the point. The point is that these men, down to the Frenchman that gave the tumbril-driver a pourboire to hurry him to the guillotine, had observed an etiquette of dying. The Earl of Derby, on the night preceding his execution, lay in his bed "like a monument in a church" and "to-morrow," he said, "I shall really be so." One must meet death half way; one must be decorous in the face of decorum, and one must preserve precedent. "Did those that came before me in this place uncover?" asked that staunch King's man, Lord Capell, and, on being assured that they did, he handed his plumed hat to the executioner and delivered his farewell oration bareheaded.

Yet this is precisely the sort of thing that we here and now fail to do. There was Aaron Burr, for example, a boy of a century ago. To remind Americans of his death showed a lack of imagination that so effectively gave the lie to his life as to discredit the whole accusation of his treason. We are fond of regarding him as a sort of American Duke of Monmouth; but the real Duke of Monmouth did not fail to make his imposing pose at the end.

"Here," he said to Jack Ketch, "are three guineas. Don't hack me as you hacked Lord Russell. I've heard you struck him three or four times. Do your work well, and my servant shall give you more gold."

The whole secret of this etiquette is the secret of any other sort of etiquette. A man should die in character—if not in his own, then in that which, throughout his lifetime, he has assumed as his own. Lord Essex sent the starving Spenser twenty pieces of gold; but he refused the gift, "because," said he, "I have not time left to spend them."

The Jews gave the world a great religion, but no country has ever given the world so many different varieties of a single religion as the United States. Every year brings in one crop of prophets and another. Now, surely the most convincing precedent in a prophet's life should be the termination of it, yet in this important particular America's native product is hopelessly inferior. Why do not the illuminati appeal to Mahomet, the Chesterfield of their profession, for guidance? He kept it up to the last. When he could no more walk, he insisted on being carried to the mosque so that he could preach at his people, and, in his final agony, he told his favourite wife, Ayesha, that God, through the visitation of the Angel Gabriel, had given him choice of life or death, and that he had deliberately chosen to die.

That is the way: to maintain one's rôle. It is something for a politician, when favourable returns come in, to telegraph that sublime sentence: "God reigns! Peace! Plenty! Liberty!" but it is still more elegant to be a Pitt and die, at the news of an Ulm or an Austerlitz, sobbing: "My country! Oh, my country!"

I am far from wishing a speedy end to either of those tremendous benefactors of mankind who discovered the North Pole, or went mad and said so.

Still farther am I from wishing them the manner of meeting death, and above all, one's manner of dying. Dying, like anything else that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. One should rehearse one's own entracte of meeting death, and above all, one's parting speech with life. Choose that carefully, for it is one paragraph that you cannot revise, one book that can never run to a second edition. Here is a manuscript that nobody will edit for you—unless, indeed, you are an accepted hero, in which case you may safely leave to history the whole duty of invent-

There are splendid examples for us all. Are you an artist? Then die like Kneller: Pope—who himself died with all the deliberation you would expect of a man that edited and published his own "Correspondence"—"says that Sir Godfrey passed his last hours "lying in his bed and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument"—and ended his days by asking Pope to write his epitaph. Are you a soldier? Then emulate Collingwood, who, though the inscription on his tomb commends him as "just and exemplary," died in the high hope that he might live to kill again. Nor could the modern matron make a better ending than the nonagenarian Mme. de Rothschild, who, with her labours with the declaration that he could not make her young again, replied that all she wanted was to continue for a while to grow old.

The story of poor Wilde's death leaves no excuse for a trivial exit by present-day wits. After months of starvation in Paris, he awoke from unconsciousness to find himself surrounded by trained nurses, specialists and consulting physicians.

"Of course I shan't recover?" he inquired.

They told him: "No,"

"Then this is a fitting finish," he said: "I have always been extravagant and now I perceive that I'm dying beyond my means."

The theologians, of course, fare better than most. Their trade provides them with a plenitude of examples, and yet, just as the critic would do well to imitate Peterborough, who wanted to survive for vengeance on Bishop Burnet and to "give that rascal the lie in half his history," so our divines can learn something from a statesman like Cromwell. The dying Oliver asked his minister if it were possible for a man that had been in a state of grace to fall therefrom, and the minister, like the true Calvinist he was, replied with a firm negative. "Good," said the relieved Protector, "I am then safe, for I am sure that I was once in a state of grace."

Once only! But that was enough for the conqueror of Drogheda.

Instances, however, come too swift. Keats, with his "Don't be frightened; be firm and thank God" had a splendid chance of showing how he scorned it—"one paragraph that you cannot revise, one book that can never run to a second edition."—and lastly, Scott, writing without complaint, till the pen literally dropped from his fingers, and then breathing: "Friends, don't let me expose my weakness; get me to bed!"—these are the models for their own profession. The lawyer, too, ought to take counsel of that great lawyer, John of Barneveld, who went to his death not so much troubled about its manner as its legality. And all of us, if we pride ourselves upon our intelligence, could profit by Dr. Johnson. He was troubled concerning the destination of his soul, but found solace in the certainty that his body would rest in Westminster.

"Shall I be damned?" he feebly inquired.

The attending ministrant was doubtful, but he was kindly, too, and so sought refuge in evasion.

"What do you mean by 'damned'?" he parried.

"Sent to Hell and punished everlasting!" defined the lawyer piqued.

These, then, are they from whom we may learn. Dying, like anything else that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. One should rehearse one's manner of meeting death, and above all, one's parting speech with life. Choose that carefully, for it is one paragraph that you cannot revise, one book that can never run to a second edition. Here is a manuscript that nobody will edit for you—unless, indeed, you are an accepted hero, in which case you may safely leave to history the whole duty of invent-

"I have not time left to spend them."

"I am far from wishing them the manner of meeting death, and above all, one's manner of dying. Dying, like anything else that is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. One should rehearse one's own entracte of meeting death, and above all, one's parting speech with life. Choose that carefully, for it is one paragraph that you cannot revise, one book that can never run to a second edition. Here is a manuscript that nobody will edit for you—unless, indeed, you are an accepted hero, in which case you may safely leave to history the whole duty of invent-
ing a “Last Word” for you two centuries later. Seriously, I propone a revival of the Roman Lanistae. Their system is, so far as recorded history goes, the only one that ever taught the full art of dying. It was their business, says one authority, to go, the only one that ever taught the full art of dying. It was their business, says one authority, to instruct the gladiators in the rule of fence; but they also taught their pupils “not only the use of their arms, but likewise the most graceful postures of falling and the finest attitudes of dying in. The food . . . prescribed . . . was of such a nature as to enrich and thicken the blood, so that it might flow more leisurely through their wounds, and thus the spectators might be the longer gratified with the sight of their agonies.” Here, in a word, were pedagogues that went further than our short-sighted instructors of to-day. We waste as little time as they did in teaching youth to live beautifully, but, whereas we emulate them by government schools to instruct young men in the task of killing others, the Lanistae taught the etiquette of death.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

To Foreign Despots.

--- An ---

Order of Individualists, who do not want to be driven to attack Society, as the only way of gaining toleration for their own higher ideals, wish to hear of an Island on which they can try to lead the Better Life, without being pursued and annexed, and converted against their will into criminal Anarchists, by a Christian . . . . Government. Address:

The Chancellor of the Angel Club, c/o The New Freewoman.

The Humanitarian Holiday Recreative Party & Food Reform Summer School.

(which gave such unqualified satisfaction and pleasure to all who attended it last year) will be repeated this year. For this purpose a Boarding School with 70 beds has been taken. The house stands in its own grounds overlooking a beautiful wooded park near sea. Lectures, musical and other entertainments, excursions by land and sea, outdoor games, etc. Inclusive terms, full board residence (4 meals a day) 1 to 2 guineas per week according to bedroom accommodation.

Prospectus giving all particulars from the Hon. Secretary or Mr. & Mrs. Massingham, Food Reform Guest House, 17, Norfolk Terrace, Brighton.

Paris Notes.

SCHOOL PRIZES AND PROBLEMS.

(Translated from the French of Jean Jacques Brousson in “Gil Bias.”)

HAPPY Barbamuche (Hector, Victor, Nestor, Nepomucène, Vincelas), I have learned through the newspapers of your academic triumphs. At the distribution of prizes in your grammar-school you have been named fifteen times. Prize for conduct, for geography, for Greek version, for horsemanship, for violin playing, for history, for Latin verses, for Spanish, for fencing, for algebra, for line drawing—you have had them all. Yes, fifteen times, with gymnastic stride and to the strains of a discordant and patriotic orchestra, you have mounted the steps of the platform hung in blood-red Andrinople. Fifteen times the mayor of the town has encircled your pimpled and close-cropped brow with a crown of crimped-paper daisies. Fifteen times he has kissed, without passion or disgust, your downy purple cheeks. Fifteen times you have redescended the trembling boards of glory, your arms breaking under the burden of your trophies. Every mother in the audience regretted that she had not carried you in her womb. Every father was jealous of your progenitor.

On your way home, O Barbamuche, in the procession of your parents, of your sisters, of your nieces, of your serving-maids, proud caravan staggering under the heap of heavy octavos bound in red and gilt, you met the little Crabouillat. He is the dunce of the class. You eyed him with just disdain. He had obtained not the tiniest booklet, not even a leaf of laurel wherewith to season a stew.

In shame, like a malefactor, his father thumped him along to hasten his flight from the gaze of a contemptuous public. Resembling the lamentable Niobe, his mother, weeping like a gutter-spout, followed at fifteen paces, hiding the immensity of her affliction behind an inadequate handkerchief.

At sight of you both, Monsieur Jourdain, Monsieur Dimanche, Monsieur Josse, Madame La Ressource, standing in the doorways of their shops, lifted the veil of the future:

“Ah! this Barbamuche! What ability! He will go far. Surely he will be a notable some day, or a cabinet minister, or a member of the municipal council. Just as you see him, he will have his street and his statue in our city.”

It is for the distressing Crabouillat, they unanimously declared him unfit for anything, unsuited to any office in the republic. In advance they consigned him to the paupers’ grave.

Well, young and interesting Barbamuche, it will be just the contrary. The dunce will become His Excellency and have his statue. And the finest street in the city will be called Crabouillat Street.

For mark this, O Barbamuche, if there is an essential and fundamental truth in this lower world where all is uncertainty and illusion, it is that only the former dunces come to anything.

Having learned nothing at school, they have nothing to forget. Their brains are fresh, and not encrusted with that academic deposit of which you are so vain. They have so far done nothing. Good! they are not tainted. Their ardor is unimpaired.

And then, is it true that they have done nothing? It is very difficult to do nothing. While you were stuffing your thumbs in your ears to rehearse your everlasting lesson, your schoolfellow T, armed with a jagged penknife, was lovingly carving his name in his desk; I predict that he will become a famous engraver on wood.
Mademoiselle Dupont is engaged to be married. She is delightful, and Monsieur Durand, her intended, is a charming fellow, a little delicate in health, it is true, but never complaining. Moreover, marriage will do him good. Nothing like the conjugal soup-kettle to restore one's vigour.

One day the young woman's father takes Monsieur Durand into a corner, and says to him:

"All is broken off."

"Why?"

"You did not tell me that your name is on the official list of the tuberculoses!"

"True, but I am getting better. And, as I have friends in high office, I hope that my name will soon be taken off the list."

"No matter; I cannot allow my daughter to marry a consumptive."

The marriage is abandoned. Commonplace consequence of the compulsory declaration of tuberculosis!

Some time later Mademoiselle Dupont is engaged again. This time Monsieur Chose is the choice of her heart. Monsieur Chose also seems to be suffering a little, but Papa Dupont attaches no importance to this; he has assured himself that his future son-in-law does not figure on the famous list drawn up by the advice of the Academy of Medicine.

The marriage is celebrated joyously. Who still remembers the poor evicted consumptive?

Now, a year later, the young woman is delivered of a still-born child. Moreover, characteristic symptoms had already enlightened the family physicians. Monsieur Chose is obliged to confess:

"It is true, I am syphilitic. But, after all, that is my right. I figure on no list of prohibitions. Pedants have always been banterers, delighting in setting snares."

Our master, Anatole France, loves to tell how old father Hase or the young Thibaut, who forgotten—on what date the law of supply and demand was enacted."

I cannot vouch for the foregoing. L'Intransigeant is responsible for it. Se non è vero, ben trovato.

A French deputy who lately addressed the Chamber for four hours on a matter of law rushed into the library not long ago and said to the librarian:

"You have no idea of the tricks that my memory plays me. Perhaps you can tell me—for I have forgotten—on what date the law of supply and demand was enacted."
to take the consequences is to declare the victim the tyrant's debtor, and is superstition pure and simple.

Legislatures are enacting laws in this direction, and religious bodies are ordering their clergymen to refrain from solemnizing marriages without the physician's sanction. Whereat there is much rejoicing, it being forgotten apparently that husbands and wives may, and frequently do, contract disease after marriage, and communicate it to offspring. The logic of this movement requires periodical examination of all husbands and wives by authorized doctors, and compulsory divorce in case of the discovery of disease. The prostitute who is pestered in this way may live to see the wife similarly treated. Let us have equality before the law for all licensees of the State. But do these hygienic moralists realize that they are aiding the Anarchists, though not by Anarchistic methods, to lessen the number of marriages, increase the number of free unions and illegitimate children, and reduce the birth-rate? Now that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is helping Brieux to put "Damaged Goods" on the stage, what will Rockefeller do if Brieux asks him to alternate "Damaged Goods" with "Maternity"? The one play discourses marriage, the other encourages abortion, and the result of either is fewer slaves for Rockefeller. And what will happen when this form of the eugenics craze shall strike France, already in a panic over the dwindling of her population? Will Piety and Patriotism, in league to contrive ways and means for the more rapid production of human targets for invisible artillery belching shrapnel, be able to resist the demand of Purity that the stage forth no invalid shall be permitted to engage in target manufacture? There is trouble ahead for the three Ps, whatever road they take. The gods have made them mad, and their consequent destruction is imminent.

Benj. R. Tucker.

Metaphysicing the Drama.

A FEW evenings ago I sat at a lonely part of the South Coast at sundown just when distant brass-tailed yachts began to gleam like fire-flies. I saw from this spot the sun fling a flaming cloth across the channel formed by the coast and the far-flung island where the sea terminates in a faint blue line. Then in the luminous air I passed out to the heart of an immense encardined globe while behind me the earth sank from view as though effaced by a curtain of gold enfolding the Holiest. The magic of the sun had lifted me out of civilisation into the eternal.

I am accustomed to accept the welcome of the sun and the sea. Sometimes the sun looks over an ivory cloud and the sea spreads a jewelled tail for me. At others, its golden light projects welcoming arms that exist when man stood on the earth as from the heart of a great ruby. I follow it as it climbs to the South, and it swings me athwart the vital blue as in a burnished cauldron. I watch it where amphitheatred clouds wave spectral crests as though showering applause upon the victor of Time. Thus, at all times, I am invited to travel along the paths once trod by man through the avenues of the emotions, right up to the heart of that temple of The Soul, there to realise the eternal mysteries.

I travel by principles and methods of the earliest and loftiest initiation into the mysteries of The Soul. Civilisation recedes and pre-civilisation takes its place revealing the advent not only of individual initiation but of its earliest form of expression, namely, The Drama. When the caveman emerged into the sun and the right clasp of flinging him, he unfold his soul in naked dance The Drama was born. Drama was then an element by which The Soul gave instantaneous expression to its deepest mysteries, and The Drama served as body and raiment for human souls that expressed this element. This was the meaning of Drama and The Drama at an early period of the world's history when mankind walked in dreams and beheld the sun and stars with wonderment. Then Drama was Art expressed in movement; and The Drama was movement—movement that sprang from feelings too intense for words.

To the early man words were inadequate to express the dying or unfolding of his aspirations. In their hands Speech was invented to decorate dungeons of learning, to unmask phoneticians and those sick creatures, their critics, who seek to communicatize the unspeakable things. Speech is the symbol of civilisation and the curse of The Drama. As civilisation grew, corrupted and destroyed spiritual man, so Speech grew and reflected corruption and death. And as Speech grew so it mutilated the original meanings of Drama and The Drama. The pure form of both underwent gross adulteration, became alloyed with word tradi­tion and superstition. This was a bad and sad thing for man. While The Drama was scornful of words and mankind realised it as the expression of an eternal energy, its power was irresistible and sway im­mortal; while men externalised Drama in action each was impelled to create his own form of dramatic expression; but as soon as speech stepped in man appears to have lost his separate individuality. He became less sensitive to dramatic invention and from being a creative author-actor became a mere spec­tator. He was, in fact, compelled to call in others to tell him the story of his own soul what time he sat in the background a limp and listless onlooker. Hence arose his deputies the word-mongering gang of playwrights, producers and actors, who today have hardly any other idea of what The Drama means or of choosing a subject for a play than by continual reference to word books and human gramaphones. In their hands Speech has destroyed the play-spirit in human beings.

In suggesting that The Drama has nothing to do with words I am aware that I am suggesting that civilisation has nothing to do with The Drama. Neither has it. The theme of The Drama is The Soul's unfolding. What has civilisation to do with The Soul? It has nothing to do with The Soul if it is applicable to it. Who can truthfully speak of its loftiness, vastness, splendid majesty, of its eternal and unparalleled glory? Accurately, we speak instead of its bloodshed, diabolical malice, its venom, oppression, hatred and destructive force. Civilisation is, in fact, synonymous with destructive energy and has the same vocabulary adorning itself with such words as shatter, crush, ruin, pillage, plunder, massacre, ravage. In short civilisation is the glorification of the Principle of Evil. Erase it altogether and we shall at once find the true theme and principles of the Drama, those that existed when man stood on
the threshold of Life. For thousands of years no attempt has been made to cross the threshold.

The human mind has been engaged instead in a prepositional attempt to produce a pseudo form of dramatisation. The human mind has been occupied with the War of Words. We have heard that as man gradually lost his identity with the universal he grew more and more garrulous. As ages of idiot gabble succeeded each other blotting out his spiritual guide so there arose in his mind suicidal questionings concerning his beingness. He asked himself whence and whither on this mortal planet. And as his doubts increased so he sought to veil the nakedness of illuminating action by pretexts, devices and poetic glitter. The first and foremost pretext for word inflection was Destiny. Some gibbering imbecile having conceived the theme of the conflict of The Soul with Fate (whatever Fate may be) set it to words according to the feeling of the age. The idea took root. The ancient Greeks seized it and rapidly developed it, prepared the verbal ingredients, the really dreadful incidents of the conflict, recorded, discussed, explained, even gloated over the malignity and cruelty of the leading character—called Fate, added poetic flavouring and served up the mixture to an audience which thoroughly enjoyed disasters seen through the lens of a family curse.

I am prepared to hear someone say that the splendour of this spoken poetry is a great palliation of the brutality of degrading The Drama. But is such poetry justified in making the world more devil-ridden that it should be? Ought we to praise it for converting The Drama from a movement to a metaphysic? Ought we to praise it for ravaging mankind on a vast scale for its own aggrandisement? Perhaps if the successful usurper had retained its early form and continued to plunge human beings into disasters and dissipation on a scale colossal enough to stir the imaginative force of the poet in them some excuse might be found for it. By enabling them to participate freely in fictitious crimes and to incur fictitious hereditary liabilities it might have cured their hunger for the real thing.

But unfortunately the mania of the Diction Drama for following the times did not allow it to stop at old pretexts and devices. Apparently it was convinced that it was possible to make interesting material out of the beginning and ends of human experience. So we find it placing itself under ecclesiastical control and priding itself on its discovery of Heaven and of its independence of Earth. At this stage a great part of its business was taken up with an exhibition of the greatest intellectual resources of the Deity and the Devil. It revealed their mental contrivances for explaining their systems, the one of morals and metaphysics for the government of the world, the other of the utility of the Fig Leaf and Hell. Thus it revealed their remarkable verbal address both argumentative and persuasive and showed that the Deity in conversation with Adam and Eve and the Devil discussing the origin and working of his cooking establishment, had nothing to learn from teachers of pronunciation. Following the invasion of Paradise came a reverse. Heaven got mislaid. The Mysteries and Miracles went in search of it and never returned. The Diction Drama still clothed in religious ideal, emancipated itself from ecclesiastical control and ceased to chatter the lay version of the Church Liturgy. Being now uncertain as to the whereabouts of Heaven, and henceforth its purpose was to purify, sanctify, even to adorn it by showing it as a gramaphonic actor in the material world process. Its chattering shadow has never grown less simply because the idea that conflict is the "life and soul" of The Drama has strengthened; and the ancient device of introducing the interference of philosophical, theological and social thought which settled the conflict has continued to be increasingly employed. The Diction Drama has, in fact, continued to follow the current of philosophical, intellectual and social thought. This means that it has been wandering in a vicious circle. For the philosophical, intellectual and social thought which produced the Morality Play of the 15th and 16th century largely persists to-day. There is still considerable doubt as to the whereabouts of Heaven. For everybody will not accept the implication of Comte, Darwin and Spencer that Heaven is here and now and at its gates are the flaming swords of Evolution and Heredity.

The newest exponents of the Diction Drama are not likely to accept my statement that the said form of drama has been stagnating these many centuries. In their view it has evolved and attained its highest refinement. If the War of Words in the old Morality days showed that the combative interest of human beings was a found gratification, the modern literary and dramatic fight of rival vices and virtues disguised as rhetoricians, it shows in the present Bernard-Shaw-cum-John Galsworthy Morality Play that the interest finds gratification in the competitive struggle among mankind generally. The morality-mongering playwright of the 19th and 20th centuries is more likely to accept my statement that the said form of drama has been stagnating these many centuries and that its highest refinement is the Morality Play of the 15th and 16th century. The newest exponents of the Diction Drama are not likely to accept my statement that the said form of drama has been stagnating these many centuries...

By this time the Diction Drama had fully arrived at its metaphysical mission. Its moral awakening was complete. It had discovered the earth and all that in there is and henceforth its purpose was to purify, sanctify, even to adorn it by showing it as a gramaphonic actor in the material world process. Its chattering shadow has never grown less simply because the idea that conflict is the "life and soul" of The Drama has strengthened; and the ancient device of introducing the interference of philosophical, theological and social thought which settled the conflict has continued to be increasingly employed. The Diction Drama has, in fact, continued to follow the current of philosophical, intellectual and social thought. This means that it has been wandering in a vicious circle. For the philosophical, intellectual and social thought which produced the Morality Play of the 15th and 16th century largely persists to-day. There is still considerable doubt as to the whereabouts of Heaven. For everybody will not accept the implication of Comte, Darwin and Spencer that Heaven is here and now and at its gates are the flaming swords of Evolution and Heredity.

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I have recent examples of the said "highest refinement," all around me. Let me quote one or two. Here is a "gem" from "Milestones" by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knobloch:

"Precisely. Don't you go and imagine that all the arguments are on one side. They aren't. Five-sixths of the experts in England have no belief whatever in the future of iron ships. You know that! Iron ships indeed! And what about British oak? &c., &c."

And here are some thoughts of "gold" from the "brilliant" Henry Arthur Jones' "The Divine Gift":

"What's anybody's fame? Even Shakespeare's? A century or two of growing renown; a babble of confused criticism; a thousand years of fading mention; a withering mention; a queer use of the words Drama and Devil. It is the current degradation of The Drama following the line already indicated and the queer use of the words Drama and The Drama, afford further examples of the "highest refinement." Take these—

"Has not our modern drama been getting away from the centre of late? Is it not showing a tendency to leave the main road and run up little by-lanes? Is it proper under the circumstances that "our modern dramatists" should run up little by-lanes also—and stop there? "We who work for the drama need not blush. We are giving the English drama may go begging and starve before they (the moneyed class) will lift a finger to save it." (Granville Barker.) Who wants English drama. We want DRAMA. "We are giving the

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Drama as made in England." (Mr. J. E. Vedrenne in the "Morning Post.") Here's the true-born British drama for you. Mr. Joseph Cundall's "Joseph and His Brethren" contains no fewer than fifty-six speaking parts." (Daily Telegraph.) Apparently Joseph and his brothers belong to the parrot tribe. "Mr. Louis N. Parker's 'Joseph and His Brethren' has tried to show the twentieth century world and its tyrannic idea of child marriage, to the callous neglect of the health of women, which, until Western medical women—all too few—came to the rescue, left them with barbarous tending in sickness and childbirth long after the men had taken advantage of Western science for their own bodies."

"Mahabharata" is not a book that should ever have been permitted to England the shining wisdom of ancient India was for India only—foreigners being without the sacred radius. After reading Dr. Coomaraswamy's address we are inclined to offer the said foreigners our sincere congratulations. Apparently the "Mahabharata" is not a book that should ever have been permitted to say its say outside India and now that Dr. Coomaraswamy has unintentionally exposed its subtle poison there is hope that even the stupidest journals will begin to take the fact to heart. We are led to say unintentionally because when Dr. Coomaraswamy read his paper (which has since been issued in book form) before the Sociological Society there were signs that he believed the ideals taught by this sacred book, to be true, and that he was rendering a great service to his own country and all other countries, by quoting the following extract from a conversation between Shiva and Uma. "The Great God does not require sacrifice to women" and "She who is queen of heaven, and yet so sweetly human answers":

"The duties of woman are created in the rites of wedding, when in presence of the nuptial fire she becomes the associate of her Lord, for the performance of all righteous deeds. She should be beautiful and gentle, considering her husband as her god and serving him as such in fortune and misfortune, health and sickness, obedient even if commanded to unrighteous deeds or acts that may lead to her own destruction. She should rise early, serving the gods, always keeping her house clean, tending the domestic sacred fire, eating only after the needs of gods and guests and servants have been satisfied, devoted to her father and mother and the father and mother of her husband. Devotion to her Lord is woman's honour, it is her eternal heaven."

"We must learn to play. We must be personal in our amusements," says "Plain Talk." Precisely. And the moment we have learnt "to play" that moment we shall cease to tolerate The Drama and renew the spirit of acting.

HUNTLY CARTER.

Reviews.

Sati: A Vindication of the Hindu Woman. By Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. (Sociological Review. 2/6.)

We are hearing a great deal just now about the ancient ideals of India. One mid-Victorian journal represents the importation of such ideals to Western peoples as the new road to salvation and the translation of the utterances of the founders of Eastern forms of religion to be the new path of literary progress. Impelled by its epoch-making discovery it does not hesitate to solicit subscriptions to enable it to purchase contains, even containing ditches, to themselves up as Gods, and of women consenting to worship them as such, to live, think, act, die with them, and to dwell with them after death no matter how pestiferous they may be, has its full approval. Apparently Dr. Coomaraswamy believes that his vindication of Sutee does assist his indictment of Western woman's worst enemy—Industrialism; and the career-of one gross tyranny can only be cut short in the midst of its uselessness by another gross tyranny. Perhaps he is not aware of the true nature of the shackle that today infest Indian waters. If not we beg of him to consider the following words of H. M. Swanwick:

"Ortoral conception of the subjection of women leads to the hideous cruelties of child marriage, to the soul mutilation of child widows, to the callous neglect of the health of women, which, until Western medical women—all too few—came to the rescue, left them with barbarous tending in sickness and childbirth long after the men had taken advantage of Western science for their own bodies."

Dr. Coomaraswamy is no doubt a worthy citizen of India and of great service to that country in propagating its stupid ideals concerning women. But to our mind the evidence against the usefulness of such ideals to Western peoples is overwhelming; and his attempt to foist fossilised slave ideals on England at a moment when its intelligent citizens are fiercely fighting to crush them out, can only lay him open to ridicule. We shall not be surprised to hear that he has reaped in pain what he is sowing in pamphleteering.

H. C.

Goslings. By J. D. Beresford. (W. Heinemann. 6/- net.)

The task Mr. Beresford has set himself in "Goslings" is an extremely interesting one: he has tried to show the twentieth century world and its civilization in the grip of a great catastrophic happening, which, in his own words, involves "a return to the old segregation of nations, and brings about a new epoch beginning with separated peoples evolving on more or less racial lines."
His fantasy develops through the agency of a terror-striking plague which crawls slowly from the East through Europe, its peculiar characteristic lying in the fact that the disease spares the women but kills the men in vast numbers, leaving a world whose female population is to the male as a hundred to one or so.

It will be realised at once how full of possibilities is this situation, how dramatic, and, to a large extent, original (even though it be granted that "Goslings" is a very direct descendant of Mr. Wells' "War in the Air," and to a lesser degree of "The Food of the Gods"). The members of the Gosling family are chosen to develop the theme. We see them first, before the advent of the Plague, in their Brondesbury home: a family of four—father, mother, and two grown-up daughters. It is one out of those countless suburban families on £300 per annum (George Gosling was head of the counting-house in the firm of Barker and Prince, wholesale provision merchants), of very slight education, no interests save the narrowest personal ones, very respectable as regards all the conventions, more or less happy, and more or less indifferent to one another, though preserving an amicable relationship. To this little life the Plague brings the terror-striking plague which crawls slowly from the East through Europe and sinks the lifeless, crippled, ailing, and dead; the two girls. Mrs. Gosling, wholly lacking in initiative and adaptability, soon succumbs, and dies; the elder of the two girls. Mrs. Isaacson, the once beautiful Jewess, is snatched from her family, and carried off the men in vast numbers, leaving a world whose female population is to the male as a hundred to one or so.

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Correspondence.

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

NOT EVEN WILL O' THE WISPS, NOT EVEN MIRRORS TO CATCH LARKS.

To the Editor of The New Freewoman.

MADAM,

We are told that all socialists, whatever be their nationality, are bound to each other by a common ground upon which they total absence of humour. In consequence socialism is not even Will o' the Wisp, not even details, there is a common ground from which they are bound to each other by a union of nationality, are bound to each other by a common ground, as was pointed out with such force by the Hon. Member for Leicester and the degradation of the Post Office official who dabbled in Marconis, sufficiently point a moral and adorn the tale.

Your obedient Servant,

THE HUSBAND OF ONE WIFE AND FATHER OF THREE DAUGHTERS.

EDITORIAL.

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be personally addressed: Ainsdale, England.

PUBLICATION.

All business communications relative to the publication of The New Freewoman should be addressed, and all cheques, postal and money orders, &c., made payable to The New Freewoman Ltd., Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

All orders, letters, &c., concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The New Freewoman, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

— Note. —

There have been complaints from many parts of the provinces that it is difficult to obtain the paper from the Newsagents. We should be obliged if readers would notify their Newsagents that it can be obtained through the usual channels. The paper is kept in stock at the following Agents:—


Posters.—The New Freewoman would be very materially helped by the exhibition of contents bills. Will anyone who is able to arrange for a bill to be shown kindly write at once to the Editor?

THOUSAND CLUB MEMBERSHIP
FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

The New Freewoman undertaking is entered upon in the knowledge that the philosophy of which the Freewoman was the vehicle has roused a vital interest among a steadily-widening circle of thinking people, and it is particularly on account of the further knowledge that this circle has widened even since The Freewoman ceased to appear, that we are prepared to assume gladly the responsibility which is inseparable from any journal not abundantly financed. We feel, however, that once the initial step of inaugurating the paper has been taken, responsibility for its continuance must rest with its readers, upon whose attention is urged the fact that no paper can be secure which has not a substantial permanent subscription-circulation, as its basis. With The New Freewoman we hope to reduce productional cost to sixpence per copy, which sum we charge to the public. We believe that no more than in the case of any other commodity, should a paper be offered to the public at a figure less than cost price.

To keep down the annual charge of The New Freewoman, and also to relieve the promoters of much anxiety, it has been decided to change the weekly issue into a fortnightly one, the dates of publication being limited to the 1st and 15th of each month. This arrangement will be maintained until there are 2,000 direct subscribers on the books. When we have secured these we can reduce the price and set about considering a weekly issue.

THOUSAND CLUB MEMBERSHIP.

To secure this quota of 2,000 direct subscribers we are pushing forward the Thousand Club Membership scheme in England. This scheme, devised originally in the paper's interests in America, where it is already being carried into effect by influential friends, has for its object the gathering together into a Club Membership a thousand readers of The New Freewoman who are willing to finance the paper to the extent of £1 (5 dollars in U.S.A.) by taking out forthwith a long-length direct subscription of eighteen months (thirty-six numbers), thus giving the paper the necessary support and backing during the first difficult year of its independent existence. The Membership Schemes are intended to furnish the necessary organisation. Membership forms are given below. Friends of The New Freewoman are earnestly asked to give their assistance to secure their successful completion during the next twelve months. They are asked either to send for forms to fill up from the Hon. Treasurer, or to make out a form on the lines of the draft given below. The filled-in forms should be returned to one of the Hon. Treasurers:

Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., England.
Miss Edna Kenton, 240, West 15th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
Miss Marjorie Jones, City National Bank, Evanston, Ill., U.S.A.

Thousand Club Membership Form.

I wish to become a member of the Thousand Club Membership, and herewith enclose the sum of £1 (5 dollars, U.S.A.), this being the price of an eighteen months' subscription to The New Freewoman.

Name..........................................................
Address......................................................
Date..........................................................

*All Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders should be crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch," and made payable to The New Freewoman, Ltd.

Ordinary Subscription Form.

Please send me The New Freewoman for..............................................from..............................................for which I enclose..............................................

Name..........................................................
Address......................................................

Orders should be sent to Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed and made payable as indicated above.8

The New Freewoman Ltd.—A company to own the paper has been formed, in which a limited number of persons have interested themselves financially. As the company is a private one, the number of shareholders is restricted to fifty and no public request for the taking up of shares can be made. Anyone, however, who is interested can be supplied with all necessary information by applying to the Secretary of the company, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.
FRANCIS GRIERSON.—I predict for you brilliant success in the near future. No new movement will succeed that gives quarter to the blind forces of the material. The psychic, being superior, will override the material, and that is what is occurring in certain parts of the world, notably in America.

H. G. WELLS.—I rejoice beyond measure in the revival of The New Freewoman. Its policy even at its worst was a wholesome weekly irritant, and its columns were more illuminating and entertaining than anything since Mr. Frank Harris’s “Saturday Review.”

EDWARD CARPENTER.—The Freewoman did so well during its short career under your editorship, it was so broad-minded and courageous, that its cessation has been a real loss to the cause of free and rational discussion of human problems.

HAVELock ELLIS.—I admire so much the energy and courage of The Freewoman that I am really sorry I cannot identify myself more closely with its spirit and outlook. No doubt a newspaper requires both funds and publicity. The first is usually difficult to obtain, but I scarcely think you can count on the second. Considering the inevitable difficulties, the limited appeal of so revolutionary a journal, and the closure of the usual method of procuring publicity, it is wonderful how widely the paper is known.

Reginald Wright Kauffman, Author of “Daughters of Ishmael.”—The Freewoman was a torch in the night. I am glad indeed that that torch is to be rekindled, and I shall always be at your command to do whatever I can to help to guard the flame.

Benj. R. Tucker, Thirty years Editor of New York “Liberty.”—I consider your paper the most important publication in existence.

Eden Phillpotts.—I am delighted to learn that The Freewoman is not dead, but merely in a fainting condition from lack of necessary nourishment. May she soon be her dashing self again.

Mrs. G. Bernard Shaw.—I am really glad to hear that there is a chance of restarting The Freewoman, for though there has been much I have not agreed with, I think it is a valuable medium of self-expression for a clever set of young men and women.

Charles Lapworth, Editor of the “Daily Herald.” It was while Mrs. Lapworth and I were leading the lives of tramps in Italy that we were first introduced to The Freewoman, and we fell in love with its fine upstanding, vigorous attitude towards “Life Problems.” I hope it will go on.

Edna Kenton (Hon. Secretary, The New Freewoman Committee, New York).—I cannot tell you how unsurpassingly I admire your courage and your standpoint. Until the advent of The Freewoman I had not had the same feeling of breathless wonder at the voicing of herebefore unprinted things since reading “The Ego and Its Own.”

Charles T. Hallinan (Associate Editor, “Chicago Evening Post”).—I am delighted that The Freewoman is again to take the field. There is work for it to do here as well as in England. I believe that a large and intelligent minority in the suffrage movement in this country is ready for the discussion of something else besides votes. It may take them some time to get used to the libertarian emphasis of The Freewoman, but they will be at once to recover through its columns a perspective of the woman’s movement which, through no fault of its own, is suffering at present from an excess of politicians and a shortage of general ideas.

Floyd Dell on The Freewoman in “Studies in Modern Feminism.”—She provokes thought. And she welcomes it. She wants everybody to think—not to think necessarily, nor the right thought always, but that which they can and must. She is a propagandist, and contentions; with regard to the relations of the sexes... These matters and the handling of them shed a flood of light on certain aspects of the “Woman Movement.” It seems to me, and to others, what they (i.e., Suffragists) have no right to do is to ignore and to meet somebody who has the courage to champion, &c. This refers to the Editor, whose courage in that particular issue took... To me, and to others, what they (i.e., Suffragists) have no right to do is to ignore this dark and dangerous side of the “Woman Movement.”

Earl Percy on The Freewoman in the “Morning Post.”—With regard to the Church League, the welcome (to The Freewoman) would appear to be equally cordial, if less official. In the issues of The Freewoman for July 11th and July 18th, appear letters from the Rev. — a member of the League. In the first case the letter is placed close to one entitled “The Children of the State,” advocating open immorality, which hardly seems a suitable situation for a clergyman’s letter. In his second letter, however, he says: “It is refreshing to meet somebody who has the courage to champion,” &c. This refers to the Editor, whose courage in that particular issue took... To me, and to others, what they (i.e., Suffragists) have no right to do is to ignore this view of marriage. If the Church League is not in sympathy with the doctrines of The Freewoman, why does one of its members, an eminent divine of the Church of England, correspond with it?

Morning Post Editorial on The Freewoman.—“The battle, then (i.e., the woman’s), is against society, and naturally there is a tendency to alliance with the Socialist Party, who have also a quarrel with established institutions. A Socialist feminist organ, the The Freewoman, preaches the new doctrine with a great deal of vigour and frankness.

The Forum (New York, October, 1912).—The Freewoman came with the incredible heresy that the woman movement was nothing if not an effort on the part of the women to lift themselves for ever out of the “servant” class and to place themselves definitely and finally among the “masters,” using their faculties, like all masters, for the upbuilding and development of their own personalities and the advancement of their own personal aims.

Current Opinion (New York, January, 1912).—The feminist movement has evolved its superwoman; or rather, the superwoman is the ultimate expression of that new philosophy of feminism preached by the daring “humanist” review, the London Freewoman.

The American Review of Reviews (Frances Bjorkman, quoted in December, 1912).—The writer of The Freewoman editorials has shot into the literary and philosophical firmament as a star of the first magnitude. Although practically unknown before the London Freewoman, with the quietly authoritative air of the writer who had arrived. Her style has beauty as well as force and clarity. Merely as an essayist she makes us wonder why we have never heard of her before.

The Chicago Evening Post (October, 1912).—Year by year The Freewoman, if unhampered, will precipitate for the English and the American woman’s movements some new and lasting conceptions of the vital problems which confront us.