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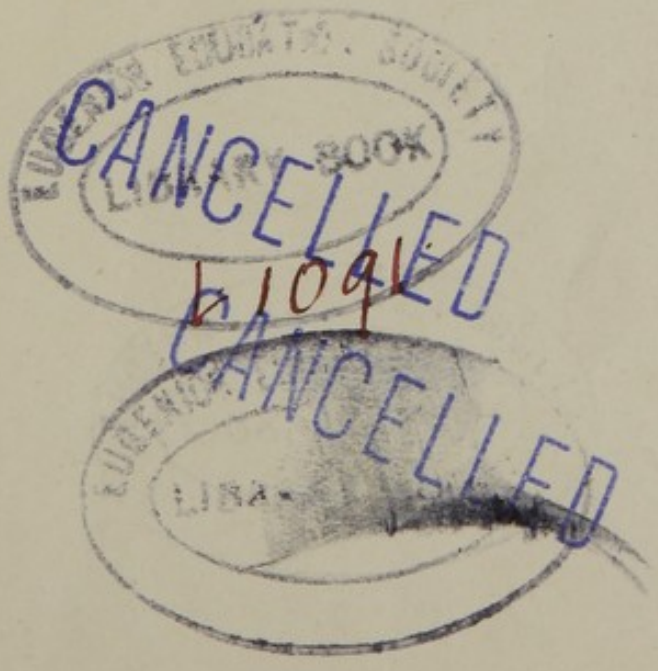

# THE NEW HORIZON IN LOVE AND LIFE

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*Photo by Arnold Genthe*]

Havelock Ellis

# THE NEW HORIZON IN LOVE AND LIFE

BY

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

WITH A PREFACE BY

EDWARD CARPENTER

AND AN INTRODUCTION BY

MARGUERITE TRACY

A. & C. BLACK LTD.

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Fearless in death as life her soul fares forth
Into the dark, and lights the way ahead.
We may not think of her as with the dead
Whose shining purpose lives, to mark her worth;
Whose prescient vision looked to happier years;
Whose lucid mind and thought for freedom spoke,
Seeking to lift the suffocating yoke
Of superstition and ignoble fears.

Unwomanly? The poet heart of her
Revealed its sweetness in that final test—
"Let the warm breezes find my sepulchre,"
She whispered, smiling. "Let my ashes rest
Where they are fain to fall, on sacred sod,
Along the road that Keats and Shelley trod!"

VINCENT STARRETT.

# PREFACE

I FIRST became acquainted with Mrs. Havelock Ellis —then Edith M. O. Lees—about thirty years ago at the meetings of a little society called "The Fellowship of the New Life." Miss Lees (born in 1861) was one of the most energetic members, and the society itself was full of enthusiasms and enterprise. There was a general urge towards Socialism—though more from the ethical and humanitarian than from the political side; there was a great determination to simplify life as much as possible; servants were to be dispensed with or adopted as friends; manual work to be cultivated side by side with intellectual; education to be greatly reformed. There were schemes for settlement on the land; and schemes for co-operation or community in household life. And always these schemes and reforms were to be carried out as far as possible personally and by the personal effort of the members. They were not to be merely philosophical propaganda applicable in a distant and general way to society at large. All which was in accordance with the Fellowship's Kantian principle that no one was to be made merely the means to another person's

ends, and with its Goethean motto that every individual must himself be "resolute to live in the Whole, the Good, and the Beautiful."

I think I am right in saying that it was on this point of personal effort that in the quite early days (in 1884) a split occurred in the society, which led to a certain group breaking away and becoming the founders of the Fabian Society. These latter concentrated their energies on general socialist and economic propaganda, apart from the question of individual and personal reform.[1]

The primal founder (in 1883) of the whole movement was Thomas Davidson (brother of Morrison Davidson);[2] and the earliest members were Percival Chubb, Maurice Adams, W. J. Jupp, Havelock Ellis, J. F. Oakeshott, and Rowland Estcourt. They were soon more or less formally joined by others, Herbert Rix, Edward R. Pease, Ramsay Macdonald, Olive Schreiner, Bessie and Isabella Ford of Leeds, Ernest Rhys, and so forth. Edith Lees, who joined after the split, became, as I have said, one of the most vigorous and active members. At an early period she undertook some of the secretarial work, and later on she largely helped to organise and carry on a joint dwelling or co-operative boarding-house in Doughty Street, near Mecklenburgh Square, where

[1] For further details about the beginnings of the two societies see *The History of the Fabian Society*, by E. R. Pease, ch. xi.

[2] For an account of Thomas Davidson, see Professor William Knight's biography.

some eight or ten members of the Fellowship made their home, and were to illustrate the advantages of the community life. Naturally the arrangements gave rise to some amusing, and some rather exciting, episodes ; and at a later time Edith Ellis made use of these (with a novelist's freedom) in a story entitled *Attainment.*

After her marriage with Havelock Ellis, and when the missionary activity of the New Fellowship had to some degree subsided, Mrs. Ellis concentrated her mind more and more on the task of writing and lecturing, from her own individual standpoint, on the various subjects in which she was interested. Having, however, also a very practical turn of mind she did not confine herself to literary work, but over a period of several years carried on, besides, a small farm in Cornwall, near St. Ives. Here she became quite accomplished in dairy work and the breeding of animals ; and there is little doubt that this very practical side of her activities contributed much to give concreteness and an effective edge to her speaking and writing.

As to the varied nature of her social interests, that may easily be gathered from the list of the chapters in the volume to which this is an introduction. Questions of Marriage and Divorce, of Sex-Variation and Eugenics, of the Art of Love in the past and in the future, of the Education of Children, of Women in Political Life, of the Ethics of War, of the real meaning of Democracy, all come up for consideration.

Besides this, I have before me as I write a printed programme of some forty lectures and readings, which were actually being given by Edith Ellis shortly before her death. Some of these cover, of course, the same ground as the chapters in the present volume, but others deal with related subjects, and not a few also with the life-work of well-known personalities like Swedenborg, James Hinton, Ellen Key, Frederik van Eeden, Olive Schreiner, Oscar Wilde, and so forth.

Naturally, with such a large and varied programme, it was hardly to be expected that each address should prove to be a profound and exhaustive treatment of its subject. On the other hand, it would be a great mistake—as any one may see who studies the present volume—to conclude that the results of this wide survey of human life were superficial and negligible. There was a capacity of swift and penetrating intuition in Edith Ellis's mind which, conjoined to a singularly direct habit of expression, resulted in an original and luminous treatment of almost any subject. It was the same with her novels and her plays and shorter stories ; and here—as in *Kit's Woman*, or *Love-Acre*, or *The Imperishable Wing* —her intimate knowledge of the life and lingo of the people enabled her to put the discussion of some of the great problems of life and death into the racy speech of ordinary working folk with very telling effect.

It was indeed a temperament of varied composi-

tion, including great contrasts — democratic yet dominating, combative yet sympathetic, hasty yet tenacious; practical and imaginative, logical and intuitive, feminine and masculine all in one. The Woman and the Man (and indeed also the Child) were closely united in her; and this it was perhaps which gave her such prophetic insight, as she often seemed to have, in human affairs.

Yet naturally such various elements could not always be held in touch together without strain and discord. I knew nothing of her parents, and she herself never knew her mother, who died shortly after her birth, but she used to tell me that she derived from them strongly conflicting heredities, which were a source of suffering and illness to her both mentally and physically. And it was pretty evident that this was by no means mere imagination. Her bouts of serious illness puzzled the doctors; her sudden changes of feeling and disposition puzzled, and sometimes offended, her friends. Yet again, through it all, her friends clung to her—and some in a quite devoted way.

We all, I imagine, have somewhat the same problem to face in our lives, in different degrees. Even those whose ancestral elements are of the most harmonious character are not without difficulties—while others find that they are condemned to drive through life a chariot whose steeds seem hopelessly unruly and contradictory! It is no doubt largely in the effort to effect control and harmony that the

greatness and the success of life lie. And, no doubt also, it is just by harmonising these unlikely elements that the best results are sometimes produced.

Edith Ellis's temperamental energy was amazing. In the autumn of 1914 she went to the United States to carry out a course of lectures there. She worked hard at this during the winter, and was well and cordially received. Indeed, she made a deep impression, and aroused enthusiasm both by her lectures and her personality. The Americans were delighted with her outspoken candour and directness, qualities so unusual in the British! There was also a deep and resonant attraction in the *timbre* of her voice.

But an American lecturing tour is an exhausting thing, and in the early year she fell quite ill there with tonsillitis and septicæmia, which led to an alarming state of exhaustion. Finally she returned to England, in May 1915, in an American ship which—as it happened—left New York only a few hours after the news of the ill-fated *Lusitania* arrived. The overcrowding and discomfort on the said ship (consequent on the receipt of the tragic news), combined with the perpetual apprehensions of nervous passengers, constituted a very unfortunate atmosphere for one in her enfeebled health, and for some time after reaching home she was in a quite broken-down state. Her energy, however, returned—though it took on a more feverish character; and actually during the last twelve months of her life she prepared and in part delivered the course of lectures and

readings of which I have spoken. Naturally, such activity and strain could not last, and after another more serious break-down in the spring, from which she only partially recovered, the end came in the autumn of 1916.

One can see how the very diversity of Edith Ellis's interests in life—the plentiful subjects for books and lectures, the numerous and devoted personal friendships—were almost too much for one lifetime. One could not but notice, as the threat of ill-health materialised more and more and as the limitation of the years became more evident, how the tendency to *hurry*, which had appeared to some extent in her earlier work, became more marked. There was a certain tragedy to her in the pressure of her multitudinous literary projects, combined with the fatal brevity of the time likely to be at command for their fulfilment; nor must we forget that economic needs (made all the greater by her habitual generosity) frequently increased this pressure. If we think that less speed and more deliberation would have contributed to a finer result in her work, that need not blind us to the quite gem-like brilliancy of some portions, nor can it diminish our gratitude for the real services rendered—often in the face of illness, opposition, and other disabilities.

Edith Ellis died on the 14th September 1916, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. The immediate cause of death was pneumonia, following a chill when watching the first Zeppelin brought

down in flames, but her system had long been undermined by the advance of diabetes. In accordance with her wish, the remains were cremated at Golder's Green, without religious service, to the strains of her best-loved piece of music, Handel's *Largo*. Two days later, in the presence of a few special friends, the ashes were scattered over the garden of the Crematorium.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

# INTRODUCTION

*In this collection of essays Edith Ellis puts forward the personal record of her faith. Few women who have achieved definitely beautiful expression in an art have left, as a corollary of their imaginative work, so articulate, so comprehensive, and so fearless a statement of a personal philosophy, or so struggled to live it out consistently in practice throughout an overflowingly full life.*

*Written originally as essays and lectures, and without the author's final revisions, these papers have the informality and colloquialism of the spoken rather than the written word, and are left with much of the spontaneous character of the spoken exposition on their heads. Presenting her as they do at widely different periods of her intensely active and practical life, they form a singularly valuable manual for any thinking man or woman of less experience, less stimulating environment, or less intuitive faculty for probing to the quick of things, who may nevertheless feel within himself or herself the imperative need of some new envisagement of life, now that the western world has been obliged to take down its sign, "Higher Civilisa-*

*tion," and write up in its place, "Liquidation because of Bankruptcy."*

*The world which Edith Ellis grew up in, and in which she, at least, actually lived her vision of human brotherhood, went down in an inconceivable holocaust of blood and flame, the women throwing themselves into it almost as collectively as the men. Her faith in and her hope for mankind may possibly have been shaken, but the foundations stood. Speaking on the (at that moment) burning question, "Shall Women train their Sons for War," she expressed the agony of articulate consciences all over the world, suddenly roused from sleep. "One is almost apologetic that one is not either mad or dead," she cried out. "It is a mess of apparently useless slaughter from the contemplation of which one has to turn away at intervals to escape madness." Yet she believed that international co-operation was not impossible, and it was her hope that women would help to bring it about. "That day," she wrote, "when woman takes her place beside man in the governance and arrangement of the external affairs of her race, will also be the day that heralds the death of war as a means of arranging human differences. No tinsel of trumpets and waving of flags will ultimately seduce women into the insanity of recklessly destroying life, or gild the wilful taking of life with any other name than that of murder, whether it be the slaughter of millions or of one."*

*She was never among those who thought that the guilt of the war must be put down to one particular*

*nation. "None of us are guiltless in this devastation of Europe," she wrote in a paper on "Women and War," not included in this volume. "Who dare deny that England may not now be paying some of the price of the Boer War? And may not Germany, looming at the moment as the cruel servant of Pride and Power, be getting her wages of death partly because of her gross conception of woman? And may not France, because of her very hatred of Germany, and may not Russia because of her internal tyranny, her infidelity to Persia, her injustice and cruelty towards Poland and Finland, be learning something of the dignity and the worth of all human life? While we are paying the price—as we are doing in this war—we blame any one and every one for what is only our fault. Every thrust at an enemy alien, every cry over a bloody triumph, every shout for more armaments and wider war, imply a destructive clog in the great civilised machine. It is for women to declare to their children that it may, from a civilised standpoint, be better to become extinct as nations than to survive only as oppressors and destroyers." While she recognised that war might under some circumstances be inevitable, she was not disposed even then to glorify it. "Women's intuition," she wrote, "grasps the truth that war is equally defiling to the conquered and to the conquerors, for the simple reason that the motive behind the outbreak is rarely a fine one. It is nearly always in the first instance for national aggrandisement or commercial profit. It is at its best an intensification of brutality under the name*

*of courage, or a diminution of human characteristics under the name of stoicism. It is well known that many men engaged in it are unfit for civilised daily life for a long time after a protracted fight."*

*While the madness and the horror of it all were at their darkest she died. She died suddenly, of a chill caught while standing to watch a Zeppelin brought down in flames, having characteristically and impulsively taken off her cloak to put it round some one who seemed less protected. Mercifully, she died before the war ended. She was spared the disillusions of peace. She died still hoping that the Great War would end in a magnanimous Peace—an end which, she insisted, would be the only mitigation of the evil of the war,—and that women who had sent their husbands and sons to fight other women's husbands and sons would be saving the women of the future from such tortures of human sacrifice.*

*But she left, none the less, an injunction to all women who ardently desire that lasting peace shall be the reward of so much useless sacrifice, a solemn injunction to ascertain their true attitude, to revalue their values, and to give, in the eyes of those who come after them, a spiritual significance to what must otherwise ever appear the most shameful page of human history up to date recorded.*

*" It is good," she said, in the same address and in conclusion, " to consider and to carry out so sane an international programme as the one suggested by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence" (substantially that of the Union of Democratic Control), on the basis of democracy, inter-*

*national agreement, and the acceptance of arbitration for all disputes. "It is, however," she adds, "still a compromise, as is any scheme which does not strike, through father and mother, at the root of the matter." I refer to her endorsement of this programme because it shows how closely Edith Ellis always linked theory and practice; with her some form of action must always follow hard upon the heels of thought.*

*It is clear that she could never be one of the militant forces in feminist movements. She disapproved of militancy as she disapproved of militarism, and on much the same grounds. "All militancy," she wrote, "creates the evil it sets out to destroy. The propaganda of militancy in any form by women is a blot on civilisation. The whole hope of the woman movement to-day is that women shall follow their own best ideals, and not follow blindly and weakly those of men. Love, courage, and even drudgery, can serve better than any form of destruction." She quotes Mrs. Pethick Lawrence—this time with regard to Edith Ellis's own attitude towards politics and militancy—as telling her that she was not "sound" on the woman question (p. 140). Genially she adds: "I am quite willing to agree with Mrs. Lawrence. . . . I have worked at these questions for more than thirty years, but I know that does not imply that I am what Mrs. Lawrence would call 'sound' on them."*

*No, she was not, in a narrow political sense, "sound" on these questions. She was something much deeper and bigger than that. Her husband, Havelock*

*Ellis, said to me once, respecting her especial place among the feminists and other advanced Englishwomen of the twentieth century: "If it's the niche that belongs to her you're hunting, you won't find it, for it does not exist. She never devoted herself to working at any single confined spot—the 'New Fellowship,' at which in early years she worked hard as secretary, had very wide aims—in the 'Woman Movement' or in any other movement, so she has no place assigned to her. That was indeed just her value, that she was broader and saner and more independent and daring than the women who confined themselves to working at some single spot."*

*W. L. George referred to this same independence and daring of her mind, when, last summer in London, we talked together of Edith Ellis, and of this volume which he had just been reading in the manuscript. He said, with dry humour: "I think it not too much to say that among the many thinkers who have been misunderstood, Mrs. Havelock Ellis occupies a distinguished place. I did not know her at all intimately, but I did know her well enough to confirm the impression I received from her works; and when I consider that by some she was considered a violent androphobe, by others an apostle of unregulated unions, by some a pale idealist, and by a few a dry mind, it is clear that they did not understand her. Mrs. Havelock Ellis was a wholly sincere and clear-headed woman. If she has been misunderstood, it is for two reasons. The first is that she had great respect for language; she used her words*

*carefully, and a careless, hurried generation found it easy to make them convey more, or less, than Mrs. Ellis intended. Thus, when she said that women cannot be physically free until they are economically free, she did not mean that the State must be upset by a single blow, nor did she want to convert physical freedom into physical anarchy. She meant only what she said." "The second reason," he added, "is more peculiar. Mrs. Ellis was often misunderstood because she was sane. That is to say, she was impartial, and as people generally choose to ignore the views which do not exactly embody their own, the Feminist thought her reactionary, and the anti-Feminist revolutionary. In my opinion, those verdicts are evidence of Mrs. Ellis's lofty intelligence. She harboured few prejudices, and committed herself to no side except to that of truth as she saw it. Neither harshness nor sentiment governed her; only the desire to secure for women and men a cleaner conception of freedom ever had power to inform her spirit."*

*It was this rare mixture of fearlessness and sanity which drew the intuitive Americans to Edith Ellis in a quite special enthusiasm of admiration. The United States of to-day is a very different country from the "New England" which in the nineteenth century was its intellectual mouthpiece. Money-making, sport, and society no longer occupy its upper classes to the exclusion of all other interests, and without even appearing eccentric, any individual who wishes to may practise the humanities.*

*Inevitably, as may be read between the lines of her*

*essay in this volume entitled "The New Civilisation," Edith Ellis saw the Americans in the dancing glow of the fires which her own enthusiasm kindled, for they went wild about her. Their quick, responsive gaiety, their delightful habit of receptiveness, their intuitive understanding, made them seem a very garden of the Hesperides in which the daughters of Atlas might sow and reap quick harvests. Pleasure-loving, leisure-cultivating, the Americans have nevertheless brought under cultivation the wild country which they genuinely adore, and have covered it with cities as full of eager self-determination as any warring and haughty town of the Italian Renaissance. These cities vie with one another in the multiplicity of their progressive institutions, and it sometimes seems, in the rush after perfection, as if there were no backstairs of existence, no dirt or disease or poverty; and as if, in the words of Emily Brontë, there was even no place for Death.*

*Into this halcyon, electric-fanned, vacuum-cleaned, and expensively simple American life, Edith Ellis sparkled like the Wine of Astonishment, a bitter and cleansing draught, but which left a sweet taste in the head. They came eagerly to her meetings. They stole away, afraid, but charmed; amazed, but touched to tears. Life, a new and wider and truer life, had so suddenly opened its portals. For a moment their quick pulses were beating with her rhythm. She could have led them to almost any height of spiritual zeal. Her sublime energy galvanised them. Her superb altruism carried them clear out of themselves. Her capacity for*

*devotion at the altar of service wrapped round the combustible fabric of their enthusiasm and devoured it, leaving the site swept and garnished for the sinking of less perishable foundations. Edith Ellis crossed half the American continent, blazing a trail that was one glorious bonfire: a wild string of beacons set in the strong framework of her logic like the flares in mediæval watch-towers.*

*She kindled speech, made it burn high and clear. Her phrases were hers. No one else ever had just her way of sending home whole truths. She tossed out English which is obsolete where virility is obsolete, direct, clear, idiomatic. Home truths in vivid language came trippingly from her tongue. She made the hair of her American audiences rise, possibly, with the naked honesty of her admission of the condition of the back-stairs of civilised existence. And then she touched their imaginations with her visualisation of what life could be, in a world where there really is Love and the Service of Love.*

*I realised the influence she was exerting, at the moment when the world in Europe was on fire and America had not yet ignited. I had gone there to deliver a series of lectures, and some of mine having been scheduled to follow hers at the same clubs or halls, I hoped very eagerly to overtake her. I had the most marvelling curiosity about both Edith and Havelock Ellis, whom I had at that time never seen; and there, just ahead of me on my mundane itinerary, was Edith Ellis herself, who not only could, but*

*spontaneously would, tell me everything my heart burned to know.*

*But she moved so fast, so like the wind, and I was so bound by my itinerary, as she was bound probably by hers, that I could never overtake her even by accident. Once I missed her by three hours. And once, at a Club, I believe, by three minutes. But I overtook her sayings which lived behind her, flashes of wit and of scandalous daring, thrusts of humour. I even almost reconstructed one of her lectures from the waif words I picked up after a Club dinner when the "girls" were just among themselves.*

*Edith Ellis did not shed a slipper, like Cinderella, for me to build her up by, but I caught these fragments of her talk, and I saw her portrait everywhere: that wonderful, sensitive, splendidly alive and strong young face with its cropped head of beautiful thick curly brown hair, tinged with grey. And I came to have the feeling that it was not a woman I was pursuing, but an incarnation of youth; boyish in a way; utterly free from the trappings and trammellings of what she would herself call "femininities"; escaped from our earthy imprisonment of the spirit, free — and impish — and imperishable.*

*The women she addressed seemed quite ready for her message, most of them. Indeed, they appeared to her, as she passed among them, to have the "New Life" at their very doors. But after she had passed, I heard them marvelling among themselves; turning over her sayings; discussing, musing together more like a group*

*of little children than like souls with a personal responsibility. They were recognising in her something which they had felt obscurely but inarticulately in themselves, a stirring from some clean strong wind of the future. They were like the disciples who said to one another: "Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and opened for us the scriptures?" Her very presence had had in it for them some beautiful strangeness.*

*Women in England have told me that when Edith Ellis entered a room the very air in the room seemed to change, to expand suddenly, to be different and more oxygenated. And if this was true of England, which seems never to be without its galaxy of brilliant and forceful women, what must it have been in America, where for half a century no pre-eminently great woman has appeared? No woman, that is, of the genius type such as founded, in that new world, its social movements which are coming to fruition to-day: no Susan B. Anthonys, but instead, Women's Suffrage, for which she pioneered: no Mary A. Livermores, but, instead, not only Temperance, but Prohibition: no Mary Baker Eddys, but instead, Christian Science. Perhaps the only one of those giant women whose dream has not wholly come true is Harriet Beecher Stowe. And yet Civil War ratified her message and Federal Law made it constitutional before any of the other dreams I have mentioned found any popular response. These pioneer women have a definite blood-kinship to the pioneer in Edith Ellis. But pioneer, idealist, mystic, and the*

*practical woman who could run a farm, all met in her, and for her kindred in her own time one must cross the ocean and return to the old world for an Olive Schreiner, for a Rosika Schwimmer, a Helene Stöcker, or an Ellen Key ; while the shambles of Poland and Russia reveal bloody footprints of women whose rags most of us in the impeccability of our linen would not care to touch, but who would have understood her well, and whom she would have dearly loved. Indeed, I heard the story of an American founder of a model Women's University who came away from one of Edith Ellis's lectures in rueful admiration, asking himself why all the money he has sunk on the higher education of women had not brought him a single such flower of energy ; why his university can only produce a certain standardised high type of mediocrity, like his early experiments in Holbeins and Fragonards which turned out apocryphal. Over and over, one observes in the younger generation of American women a curious resignation, clear-eyed and unafraid, to this very high level of mediocrity, if one can so call their skill in social life, their extraordinary deftness with the gentler aspects of success, their orderly and coquettish homes. They are charmingly turned out in their half-tropical dresses, and they take the stranger over their cottages or palaces always with the same open-handed hospitality which is a legacy in their blood from princely Spaniards and cheery English squires. And then they show you their children, if indeed it is not the children who have shown themselves : one, two, generally three children, so tall*

*and so developed for their ages that it seems as if they must have had different food. Perhaps the young parents say little about these children, but you see at once that here is their real centre of significance; it is for these children that they have visions. "We don't know what kind of a race it is going to be, but we are evolving a great race." They do not say this. It is what you read in their eyes when they look at these amazing children.*

*The men in America admired Edith Ellis tremendously; she addressed certain meetings that were mainly composed of men, business men, doctors, philanthropists, and such as do the country's thinking, as well as poets. In fact, the sonnet which appears on a flyleaf of this book was written upon news of her death by a poet who had not, I believe, even met her, but who, in Chicago, had heard her speak. Her lectures on social subjects were perhaps more fully grasped by the men than the women. I saw, recently, an American read her book on James Hinton, read it carefully and ponderingly, as his ancestors read the Bible. I saw him finally put the book down with a sigh, and, in a peculiarly penetrating and wistful way, paraphrase—almost word for word—the conclusion of a later and serener student of morality than James Hinton, who says, "We shall probably abolish prostitution. But the state of society which sees the end of prostitution will be a very different state of society from the one we are living in to-day."*

*It was with her vision fixed on this coming society*

*that Edith Ellis championed practical precepts such as we find in the teachings of great dreamers like Carpenter and Whitman and Olive Schreiner and Havelock Ellis. She saw with an internal and prophetic vision; knew often more by intuition than by material knowledge, and had at moments a quite uncanny gift of divination. A mutual friend has told me that she was once startled at Mrs. Ellis's affirming of her sturdy little boy who had just entered the room, and whom she had never seen before, "This is a premature child, isn't it?" and on being with some surprise corroborated and asked how she had guessed, "I was a seven months' child myself, and I can feel them."*

*An incalculable number of men and women came to her with their problems. She has somewhere referred to the heavy burden of correspondence with which her husband coped personally, and he made the same comment on her. "She had," he said, "a very large correspondence—nearly always the post brought more letters for her than for me, but she always dealt with them and destroyed them* immediately*—sometimes even before she had remembered to note the address."*

*It was this prompt efficiency which she carried into her experiments in co-operative life, in her later farming in Cornwall, and in her own housekeeping. Her cottage in Cornwall, which I visited, was charming with gay cretonne, and she was full of admiration for the ingenious labour-saving devices in America by which the housekeeper had replaced drudgery and partially solved the domestic problem. And the domestic problem, which in*

*England is still to be solved, was one to which she devoted just as much thought, and which she considered humanly just as important, as the problem of eugenics or woman's economic independence in the home. Her own servants, as a consequence, adored her, and she had them for years, though it seems doubtful that she ever made converts of them, converts, that is, to her theories about "Democracy in the Kitchen." Their attitude probably remained much that of Ann in her novel,* Attainment. *Life with her was to them an adventure. Servants recognised and responded to her quick perceptions and genuine human touch. "When Mrs. Ellis entered a room," said the servant at a house she visited, "there was not a person in that room, even a servant or a child, whom she didn't 'take in' and have a word or a smile for." She was democratic in the wide and rare sense which implies a genuine appreciation of even opposed kinds of social life. She was peculiarly sensitive, in consequence of her easily jarred nervous system, to the smooth refinements of life, and almost revelled in the luxurious homes of her friends in the West End, but it was with equally eager zest that she would drive a manure cart or cut up a pig or dig potatoes, and she was only amused when fashionable acquaintances failed to recognise her in these occupations.*

*Intellectual people have often been drawn towards experiment in community living after the fashion of Fourier's* Phalansterie, *which had amusing analogies with the experiment of the Fellowship described in*

Attainment, *but they usually outgrow it if they attempt to carry it out, as speedily happened to Edith Ellis's early effort in this direction, and in later days she would sometimes say playfully: "Fellowship is Hell, and the lack of Fellowship is Heaven." In France, Fourier's experiment is all but forgotten, and the message of Edith Ellis would be well-nigh incomprehensible to a Frenchwoman who had not lived among Anglo-Saxons. With most of the countries of the western world ratifying Woman's Suffrage, France up to the present moment struggles along without that political adjunct; trial marriages, or the more spiritual "noviciate for marriage" proposed by Edith Ellis, is apparently unthinkable to an orthodox French mind; the question of whether women shall train their sons for war is lifted out of the theoretic plane by compulsory military service; the great majority of Frenchwomen are not only economically independent, but the thrifty comptrollers of their husbands' salaries, while divorce in any but the strictest Church circles is made as easy as marriage is made difficult. The "Semi-Detached Marriage," which, as Edith Ellis suggests, offers such refreshing breaks in the routine of domesticity, would in France be looked upon by any judge as a sufficient grievance for according a divorce to the parties concerned. France in such matters might be an antipodal nation as remote as China instead of the country whose shore line can almost be seen from across the English Channel on a fine day.*

*Yet with a lovely delight in all things French, France*

*was perhaps the country which next to her own Edith Ellis loved best, her admiration for Spain crowding in a close second : France for her fine art of living, Spain for her serene soul. Indeed, in both France and Spain (as later in America), she seemed to find a gracious spontaneity, a congenial care for beauty, which she often sadly missed in her own country. Yet so far as I know she never wrote about either of them.* My Cornish Neighbours, *a collection of short stories, was begun during a convalescence in France, at Aix-les-Bains, where, having through the death of a dear friend been quite numbed in brain for four months, she revived under the sunny influence of that delightful spot. But* My Cornish Neighbours *is a group of pure genre studies untouched by the slightest foreign influence. Like the French writers, however, she excelled in the art of the short story. She had very little interest in the developing of plots, and seemed to need very little aid from invention. The real life around her farm in Cornwall furnished more tales than she had time to write. Some of the short stories in* My Cornish Neighbours *are true ; others were elaborated from small real incident, others suggested by a chance dialectical phrase.*

*Possibly a uniform edition of her novels and short stories will put these more easily within the reach of her American public, which knows her almost exclusively as a brilliant speaker and as a profound stimulator of thought. English men of letters who know her stories think very highly of them, her contemporaries, such as G. K. Chesterton and Ford Madox Hueffer. It fell to*

*Chesterton to review* My Cornish Neighbours *when it first was published in 1906. He said of the author's technique: "Mrs. Havelock Ellis's unity is the unity of one actual place. She studies her Cornish neighbours with that quiet and patient pleasure which is necessary for getting the truth out of any rooted and real people. . . . Mrs. Havelock Ellis shows one way in which the short sketch can be used with an eye to unity." He pronounced her, in other words, what it seems to me that she was more than all else, a finished artist. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer said, speaking of her literary work as a whole: "I have always had a very vivid sense of the gift of the author of* Kit's Woman *and* My Cornish Neighbours. Kit's Woman, *at least, has always remained in my mind as one of the outstanding books of a period, and* My Cornish Neighbours *was a skilful corollary of the novel.* Attainment, *too, was delightful. But in its own way,* The Imperishable Wing *stands all alone by itself in a wilderness of sham renderings of what is called the Celtic temperament. She had a great gift and a very authentic talent: her books don't 'date' in the least because she had no touch of journalism about her mind; she looked at eternal things, if I may use the term, and so her writing will always be 'interesting' for its matter, which it wouldn't if it were more smart or topical. Her art was very fine, restrained, and penetrating, so that it has a very lasting quality."*

*I had never read* The Imperishable Wing *when, one winter day about a year ago, Havelock Ellis took it from its place in her room which adjoins his study, and lent*

*it me to read. "The stories are all about Death," he said, "and that is how I came to suggest to her the title from Rossetti." And then he added with a smile of complete detachment, "That's the only contribution I ever made to her literary work." I may add, however, that she loved talking of her work with him, and after an early morning's work (her mornings sometimes began at four), she was eager to read to him what she had written and hear his criticism; if the critical interruptions failed to occur at sufficiently frequent intervals she would be hurt and exclaim: "You are not listening!"*

*I have heard their relationship described by friends who knew them both well as one of those marriages which are supposed to be arranged in heaven. But it had to be lived on* terra firma, *like any other less blessed union, and two people with a greater convergence or a wider dissimilarity of tastes it would be difficult to find. One was intensely social, the other almost a recluse; one of them loved to have a telephone at her bedside, and at its summons to start out on an entirely unpremeditated mission or outing, while the other held the telephone in horror and liked to do things planned out well beforehand, finding in the anticipation of any given event more enjoyment than in its actual happening, and living for the most part more in the future or in the past than in the momentary present. One of them was a scientist, and approached his work from the patient uphill path of scientific research; the other was an artist with no interest in scientific procedure, but often with luminous intuition or divination dis-*

*covering the same truths. To counterbalance these dissimilarities, they both often liked the same people and the same books, shared the same views on the important things of life, adored travel, and to the same countries, and both loved doing their writing out of doors. He shared something of her joy in animals (there were always any number of cats and dogs around her in the country), and they both found rest and delight in music. In a most charmingly direct and personal essay on Havelock Ellis, published in the* Bookman *of New York in July 1918, Edith Ellis describes their marriage experiment. She refers to it again indirectly, if I am not mistaken, in the essay on "Semi-Detached Marriage" (p. 24), and to the agreement on which their union was based. If this agreement sounds very simple and elementary, let any reasonably happily married man or woman search his or her conscience, and then read her essay in this volume on "Love as a Fine Art," in which she vividly paraphrases that promise, or the concluding essay on "The Philosophy of Happiness," in which she sums up her experiences of life.*

*That she had an unhappy and misunderstood childhood may be read in her exquisite half-fairy tale entitled* Love-Acre. *The humour which developed as she grew older colours her reminiscences of the experiment in community living which is recorded in the novel,* Attainment. *The fact that it is written jestingly does not at all impair its value as a document, for it is less the history of a definite social effort which failed than the personal record of high-spirited youth, which only*

*ends with the conventional goal of marriage because she was too impatient to carry the book on, as she had originally planned, to further stages of development.*

*To me, indeed, her literary work—in which I include her plays and playlets, some of them highly successful on the stage—comes before her innumerable other outlets of energy, which seem to have disciplined her for the comparative tedium of sitting down to weave out of moonbeams and cobwebs and early morning dewdrops the suitable vehicles for little stories like "Dawn" or "The Idealist" or "The Pixy" or the quiveringly beautiful revelations that are in* Love-Acre. *For these tales are not only marvellous little* tours de force *so deftly and invisibly contrived that there is an exquisite pleasure to be got from studying their fashioning, but they hold in their fragile envelopes singularly luminous professions of faith in the mystical beauty of life, in the sweet, safe transformation of death, and they treat of transcendent love through the medium of quaint Cornish genre studies which have of themselves a precious literary and folk-lore worth. Edward Carpenter has referred to the "quite gem-like brilliancy" of some portions of her work. To me, it is such a gem-like brilliancy as one sees over the roses and blackberry vines at sunrise, irridescent and quivering with an other-world, an elf-world, loveliness.*

*That brilliancy, that vivid intuitiveness and outgoingness that never learned to the last day of her life to count the costs, those were the imperishable essences of herself which she distilled into these little tales before*

*she vanished. Many great esoteric forerunners have appeared and have disappeared again leaving even less trace, and slowly and by waif-words the tales have grown out of which loving followers have fashioned the master.*

*Perhaps she tried to bring the New Life into being a little sooner than most of us think necessary. She was more in a hurry than the rest of us. She came into the world, even, before she was reasonably expected, and she left the world with a suddenness tragically consistent.*

*It was in February 1916, about eight months before her death, and while she was ill with nervous break-down, that, just arrived from France, I knocked at the door of her little cottage in Carbis Bay, up on the height overlooking the sea. It was here, in the surroundings which she had made so vividly her own, that I was at last to meet her face to face. It was she who came to the door herself, throwing it wide open with a charming welcoming warmth, and drawing me into the little old-fashioned, low-ceilinged sitting-room where Havelock Ellis was gently remonstrating with a fire which refused to draw. There was a contagious energy about her well-knit short figure, in her quick hand-clasp and extraordinary blue eyes—almost nakedly truthful eyes, capable of an infinite variety of expression, from reckless fun to quivering tenderness or scorching anger; eyes that might shed tears of divine consolation and pity, but that had never been tamed. I don't think that any one who met her ever forgot her eyes. Photographs were always inadequate to represent her; as Olive*

*Schreiner wrote of her: "The spring and love she suggests, which is her great charm, is wanting in them"; they usually give an impression of heaviness, she added, and do not suggest her small size, slightly below five feet in height, like Olive Schreiner herself.*

*We sat together round the recalcitrant fire, and she and I talked eagerly, and Havelock Ellis listened to us like a benign but brooding spirit. When the time came to leave them they both accompanied me to the little cliff path, swept at that season by a strong sea wind. They stood together, with intertwined arms, watching me until at the curve of the path I turned to wave to them, and they waved again with I know not what poignant emotion in their gesture of farewell; for I was going back to France, France was in her darkest hour, and their hearts accompanied me.*

*I never saw Edith Ellis again.*

*MARGUERITE TRACY.*

*Cap d'Antibes, A.M.,*
*January 1921.*

# NOTE

THE essays and lectures which form this volume constitute a fairly well-connected whole, since they deal from a definite individual standpoint with the essential personal and social problems of our time. Yet the writing of them covered a long period of years, from 1891 to 1915. Their publication in an organised and completed form was projected by the author many years ago, before, indeed, most of them were written. At first she intended to call the volume *The Domestic Horizon*, but as its scope seemed to enlarge she changed this to *The New Horizon*. She had proposed to publish it after *James Hinton : A Sketch*, and so it now appears, in accordance with her wish, though it cannot receive her final revision. She had arranged the chapters in a certain order, but had not worked over them from the point of view of book form nor written any Preface. As placed by the author, the chapters on Love and Marriage came at the end. It has been thought desirable for publication purposes to alter this order. Miss Marguerite Tracy is responsible for the re-arrangement and for the division into two distinct Parts. She has also struck out numerous passages which seemed to overlap. A certain inequality of manner necessarily remains, since the component parts of the book, notwithstanding their inner unity and coherence, were written at different times, and for different purposes, and some of them obviously intended to be spoken. Thus "The Masses and the Classes" is clearly a lecture; "The New Civilisation," an impressionistic sketch of American conditions; and "The Philosophy of Happiness," the careful and weighty statement of mature personal experience. The order in which the chapters stand is no

indication of their date ; it is desirable to point this out because the suggestions contained in the earlier papers have now ceased to possess novelty and, indeed, been largely embodied in practice, though it is still far from possible to say the same concerning many of the more recent chapters. The earliest is " The Masses and the Classes," delivered as a lecture in 1891 to the Ancoats (Manchester) Brotherhood, with whom her first successes as a lecturer were achieved; this lecture was printed as a pamphlet, the proofs of which she corrected on the eve of her wedding-day. " Democracy in the Kitchen," again a lecture, belongs to the following year, as also the substance of " A Noviciate for Marriage," first issued as a pamphlet, but much later re-written and shortened without change of substance. After this there was a long interval, during which, though occasionally lecturing, she was seeking to escape from ethics into art, engaged in the practical work of farming and in thinking out her novels and plays. " Love as a Fine Art " was printed in 1901. The two papers on Eugenics in relation to the Abnormal (a subject she also had in mind when writing " The Idealist " in *The Imperishable Wing*) were originally a paper read to the Eugenics Education Society in 1911, but later changed and divided into two. " The Philosophy of Happiness " was also written about 1911, and in the same year " The Maternal in Domestic and Political Life," followed a year or two later by " Political Militancy." All the remaining chapters date from 1914 or the early months of 1915, some of them written in America, including " Semi-Detached Marriage," which was probably the latest. The frontispiece—doubtless, as she herself also thought, the most expressive portrait of her in later years—is from a photograph taken by Mr. Arnold Genthe of New York in 1914.

H. E.

# THE NEW HORIZON IN LOVE AND LIFE

## PART I.—LOVE AND MARRIAGE

### THE LOVE OF TO-MORROW

When Edward Carpenter wrote *Love's Coming of Age* some twenty years ago, few people realised that it was a revolutionary book. It held, however, such unconventional suggestions for experiment in new sexual ethical living that one may almost classify it with Karl Marx's *Capital*, which held similar suggestions in the economic field.

Though there have been enormous changes in the last ten years with regard to the discussion of sex matters, the broader and deeper problems of modern love and marriage have not yet been solved. Sex questions, which include the economic independence of woman, the new love combining independence and interdependence, and the finer marriage implying comradeship and passion, stand comparatively little chance for an immediate solution, because the nursery, the schoolroom, the political

arena, the pulpit, and the doctor's consulting-room either ignore the question of love altogether or quibble the matter away from the standpoint of reason, virility, and clean-mindedness. The old England and New England puritanism is still the bitter foe of healthy sexuality. Hunger and love, through the demands of Labour and Sex, have to be faced from the standpoint of a new civilisation which is not only concerned with these matters as primary necessities of human, as well as brute, life, but as complex manifestations of a new order of living and loving. Hunger we have long been disposed to countenance as a respectable necessity which Labour's claim may demand to have satisfied through the united efforts of the whole community. We are preparing to face the matter of Labour's demands and to see what can be done to meet Dame Nature in her request that, given a mouth, a man shall be able to earn the wherewithal to fill it.

Love, an equally imperative figure in normal manhood and womanhood, still stands sniggering or brazen in her plea for frank treatment. Conventional marriage maxims form a code of world ethics which has as its frontispiece the figure of a sneering hag with her finger on her lips. Marriage has become so entangled in commercialism, in tradition, in doll's-house convention, in slipshod sentimentalities and worldly wisdom, that it is almost impossible to get a glimpse of the simple face of Love, who stands wounded and forgotten behind the gaunt

prudes presiding over sexual ethics. Prostitution, with no diploma from Love, hysteria, anæmia, and insanity, with no hall-mark from Nature, are the prices we pay for our conventional code of morality. The minimum of sexual decency and happiness amongst us is obtained at a cost of mental suffering and perverted natural instinct which no amount of prudent veiling can hide from the eyes of those who dig beneath the surface. Men and women, exhausted by excess or stunted by repression, are the living protests against the mock puritanism and savage slavery to outworn superstitions which defame the name of civilisation. A new morality implies a more evolved love and a finer human marriage.

The evolution of human love from brutish lust will not come about in a day, nor will the emergence of complex desire ostracise selfish, monopolising, tyrannical, or jealous affection in a year. The sexual renaissance will probably be a blending of healthy temperate animalism with that rare mating when soul lies by soul. In order to bring this about, many experiments may have to be tried, and apparent failure sometimes be an evidence of ultimate victory.

The first necessity of the situation is surely to have the courage and humour not only to realise what is wrong with the relationship between a man and a woman under the present legal form of marriage, but to dare to acknowledge the root remedies.

Tyranny in men, and parasitism in women, are foes to fine and clean sexuality. Love should never have a money value. Some day, perhaps, prostitution will appear as brutal as cannibalism, and marriage bargains as uncivilised as slave contracts. If Love is a mystical affinity, its outcome in children, art, or fine conduct cannot be connected with the Market or the Stock Exchange. It must own itself before it can give itself. It must be free before it can be bound. All the eugenic societies in the world and all the scientific marriage regulations may possibly only encourage materialism if the deeper matters to do with new economics and old spiritualities are not taken into account. In the new love-life divorce will probably be regarded as a makeshift, and hypocrisy a blasphemy. They are both concessions, as paralysing to a clean code of sexual morality as the outworn saying of a possibly epileptic ascetic that " it is better to marry than to burn."

The vital question for moderns to answer is—What are the new economics, and how can the great spiritualities of all ages be applied to the new revelations and consequent experiments ? If, as Professor Michels states, " marriage is the tomb of lyric love," it is time that evolved human beings should cease to be conceders or hypocrites about the fundamental needs of human existence.

That the majority of people are falsely mated is a matter of common observation. Divorce is, however, often only the substitution of one imperfect

person and condition for another. A timely knowledge of simple facts often prevents disaster. Intrigue is more often an act of cowardice than merely of lust.

It is more than probable that the evolved relationship of the future will be monogamy—but a monogamy as much wider and more beautiful than the present caricature of it as the sea is wider and more delicious than a frog-pond. The lifelong faithful love of one man for one woman is the exception and not the rule. The law of affinity being as subtle and as indefinable as the law of gravitation, we may, by and by, find it worth while to give it its complete opportunity in those realms where it can manifest most potently. We are on the wrong bridge if we imagine that licence is the easiest way to freedom, or laxity to beauty. The bridge which will bear us must be strong enough to support us while experiments are tried.

What is the gospel in this matter of sexual emancipation for men and women in the new world when Love has actually come of age? It is surely the complete economic independence of women. While man is economically free and woman still a slave, either physically, financially, or spiritually, mankind as a whole must act as if blindness, maimness, and deafness constituted health. The complete independence of husband and wife is the gospel of the new era of marriage. This is the vital matter which philosophers, parents, philanthropists, and

pioneers so often ignore when teaching the new ideals of morality. While a woman is kept by a man, she is not a free individuality either as child, wife, or mistress. Imagine for a moment a man being kept by a woman as women are kept by men, and a sense of humour illuminates the absurdity of the situation between any class of evolved human beings.

When sitting by the side of Judge Fry in the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations, and listening to the silly or tragic episodes which divide married people, lovers, and parents, I noted that not one case would have come before the judge during the morning I sat in court, if economic freedom for woman had been her civic right. Economic independence would rid Love of most of her enemies at a blow, the enemies outside her citadel as well as within it. If women were economically free, they would gradually become spiritually free. In spiritual freedom, no woman gives herself for money, for power, for personal aims, or even for pity. She gives herself because Nature, the great mother, whispers her forceful secrets in her ear, and the law of affinity binds up the rest. It is only in this large freedom that real giving and fine begetting can become aids to a civilisation new in the history of the world.

How this economic freedom is to come about depends, of course, on how far politicians in the group, and men in the home, face the situation. The traditions of ages are not easily laid aside, and tyranny and jealousy are atavistic in manifestation.

It is woman herself who will probably have to free herself and make the present absurd conditions of relationship as decadent as marriage by capture. Every woman who submits to-day to economic dependence on an individual is propping up parasitism and encouraging prostitution.

The problem of sexual emancipation is, however, extremely complex and will be difficult to solve even if all men as fathers and husbands were agreed about the necessity for the economic freedom of women. Perhaps the best way to arrive at a solution is to try and form an estimate as to the real value of woman in the community, not only as a sex being but as a human being. Her worth to the whole community and to man in particular is possibly as the worth of the sea, flowers, air, and sunlight, in addition to the fact that, as a mother, she is the mainstay of the nations. Her very potentialities should be her economic security. Her misfortune hitherto has lain in the fact that her maternal powers have been the chief reason for her dependence. The future civilisation will probably reverse this attitude. Her magnitude as a maternal citizen should secure her complete freedom to choose her mate significantly and for the good of the whole community as well as for herself. Her inner significance as a rest, a sweetness, and a beautifier of life, should be recognised as a time-saving and nerve-resting asset for the whole commonwealth.

It is possible that an approach to a solution,

though not achieving at once the complete economic independence of woman, may lie with the State to organise, instead of being entirely left to the good sense and generosity of individuals. A man physiologically is less hampered in the game of life than a woman. On the other hand, a man is more dependent on woman as mother, sweetheart, nurse, housekeeper, and general home organiser than woman is on man. Why should not a tax be levied on every man over twenty-one in recognition of this, and so provide a dowry for every woman-child when she attains her majority? Until every child attained its majority it might be possible, in the light of a newer aspect of the rights of women and children, to insist by law on every man who becomes a father paying to the mother of his child, whether a boy or a girl, his debt of honour for bringing it into the world. This would be his personal tribute to motherhood added to his gift of the child to the bearer of it. His contribution to woman as woman might possibly be a small tax levied on all men to be dispensed by the State to each individual woman when she attains her majority, the State acting as trustee for all her life. Added to this, legislation could ensure the equal payments and equal time limits for the work of both sexes in every sphere of labour. This would enable every woman to have no real necessity to be dependent on any man. No individual man under this arrangement need keep any individual woman, and in housekeeping they

would naturally share the expenses of the home, and the one who took the least share of the work would contribute the most to the household fund. When life is simplified and the word " menial " taken out of every civilised language this arrangement may be realised as not being Utopian, but common sense and fair play between the sexes, and an easy solution of a difficult problem.

Diversity of work, independence and yet inter-dependence, romance not sunk into boredom but stimulated by diverse enterprises, comradeship and friendship as component parts of passion, would make the Love of To-morrow a continual personal romance and a civic adventure. Domesticity, as it exists to-day, is doomed. It fosters egotism, dullness, and nerve strain, and is at the root of much of the infidelity and ugliness distorting so many lives. If the future of the relationship between men and women is monogamy we must cleanse and widen at the same time both the home life and the love life. The one man for the one woman is the civilised ideal. Hypocrisy, secret unions, prostitution, and a disguised polygamy must disappear when we are just enough, brave enough, and honest enough to face the whole problem and try experiments as evolved human beings. The training of the young in knowledge of the beautiful and mystic place of the senses in human life, the pioneering of youth into fine fellowships and friendships leading to possible noviciates for marriage, with the recognition of

marriage itself as a divine and lasting adventure which not even death can destroy, will surely be aids to the evolution of a sexual renaissance when body and soul can be helpmates and playmates together. That experiments must be tried before marriage, and in marriage between the two who are mated, so that love shall survive the ordinary wear and tear of life, seems a necessity. The inner and outer circle of love must thus be cleansed and widened in order that a lover's desires and a citizen's ideals may be merged in a new attitude towards freedom and restraint.

When we try to deal largely with jealousy, tyranny, absorption, the widening and enlarging of relationships, the newer liberty of marriage because of the same freedom in love, we seem to be on dangerous ground. But the really dangerous ground is where snakes are hidden in the grass. To-day marriage is more often than not both a slavery and a licence, and ofttimes also a bondage and a boredom to both men and women. To-morrow it must be clean first and then physically and spiritually beautiful.

## A NOVICIATE FOR MARRIAGE

In approaching the problem of the Love of To-morrow it is not only necessary to realise that the complete economic emancipation of woman is essential to any real solution of the sex problem, but also to face the fact that rational experiments must be attempted. Experiments in legal marriage and outside it are being tried by many clean-minded people, but they are as fearful of disclosing their experiences to the world as if they were to do with theft or murder. To rid the world of prostitution, to have woman economically free and man spiritually free, and yet to realise passion as the flame of love, is no easy task in the great emancipation of the world. It cannot be carried through without personal suffering and social upheaval. Experiments, with both successes and failures in their train, must be tried.

The marriage question might possibly lose some of its complexity if parents would accept, in place of the stereotyped engagement, a noviciate for marriage. In the future, sexual knowledge will form part of every educational scheme, and the study of Eugenics will be as important in a school curriculum as botany or Euclid. To learn about Love as a botanist learns

about flowers may later save human beings mistakes which a sentimental or chaotic view of passion incurs. Physiological needs, romantic desires, and Nature's imperative demands confuse the novice in the art of Love and often make "sin" out of mere ignorance. If monogamy is to be the form of evolved sexual relationship it is time we tried every device to obtain the substance and not be any longer content to remain with the shadow.

A noviciate in relation to marriage is no more terrifying to an evolved citizen than in relation to the Church, the law, or the arts of music and painting. Such a noviciate would be more coercive to the socially trained conscience of intelligent men and women than rash sensual episodes or haphazard pre-marital relationships. The ethical conscience of a community which countenances a man having one or many mistresses who can be flung aside for a "moral" relationship in legal marriage, must be either asleep or devoid of the sense alike of humour and of tragedy. The vulgarities of prostitution and casual intimacies will surely be exchanged, sooner or later, for rational and self-respecting experiments in the arts of living and loving.

A noviciate for marriage, which would also be an apprenticeship for fatherhood and motherhood, as well as a training in household work and management, is surely no more to be feared by right-minded men and women than training for the army and navy. Custom declares that an engagement shall be an-

nounced before even acquaintanceship, in its full sense, is begun. Legal marriage is clamoured for as a precautionary measure before mutual knowledge. That so many marriages are tolerably happy, and that some few are unregretted, is surely due to the fact that, in spite of our haphazard wooing, some unknown spiritual law of affinity takes the side of Love in the game of Life. A noviciate for marriage, as open as an engagement, would surely minimise the gambling element in modern unions, and pave the way to a true monogamy, which to-day, with prostitution and secret temporary unions accepted as necessary evils, is simply a name Respectability and Idealism accept, but Life too frequently denies. If by monogamy we mean one man and one woman cleaving to each other for sexual love, we all know, if we are out of our teens, that the monogamic marriage in modern civilisation is either extinct or has never really evolved. The latter is surely the real state of affairs, and if, as the tendency of modern progress indicates, monogamy is the most complete form of human sexual relationship, it is certain that, in order to obtain it in reality, we must open the way, not only to free discussion on sexual matters, but to cautious experiment.

As a preliminary step we must educate boys and girls in the art of love, and teach them how to approach cleanly and honestly the physical and psychical facts of sexual life in experiments which imply neither laxity nor barter. Marriage, when it really

comes to evolved men and women, may, in this way, stand a chance of being the sanest, deepest, and purest incentive to a life of real citizenship. The mere word of the clergyman or the registrar sanctions, and even sanctifies in the eyes of convention, what is in the majority of unions adultery on the man's side and a plunge into animalism on the woman's side. Repression and excess meet in the name of Love, and the bread and wine which life rarely offers more than once to a man and a woman as a veritable sacrament are devoured gluttonously upon the altar steps. To prevent unhappy marriages is surely a saner method than to facilitate divorce after souls and bodies may have become permanently injured through the orthodox experiment which begins after legal marriage.

A would-be nun, before she takes the white veil, enters into a noviciate which is to acquaint her with all the offices and responsibilities of a convent life, without the formal declaration which merges the experiment into a life-covenant. If, at the end of the noviciate in the sisterhood, a woman finds that her nature is unfitted for what she considers the most sacred life on earth, she frankly says so, and, without any reflection on her character from the lady superior or her fellows, she goes back to the world and finds her work there. "She has no vocation," is the verdict of the religious community upon her action, and her withdrawal from the convent is looked upon as a wise step, a nun being born, and not made, they

argue. A noviciate for marriage, of only twelve months' duration, the period of an ordinary engagement, freed from conventional restraints, and backed by a childhood and youth educated in the simple facts of sexual life, so that no mystery other than the subtle one of pure love could taint the experiment, would surely lessen the grim divorce list we read of in the papers, and the grimmer record we find in our private circles, where divorce may, or may not, creep in to undo our social blunders. A distinguished Roman Catholic priest told Alexander Dumas that out of one hundred women who married, eighty came to him afterwards and said that they regretted it. Who can tell how greatly this percentage might not have been reduced by a rational noviciate? With an honourable intention, there would also be an honourable return path if temperaments were incompatible. This is only one of the ways in which the Love of To-morrow may become a finer human manifestation than the average marriage of to-day can show. Six months of probation, either in the home of one of the parents or in a co-operative house combining social work with the open experiment, would test the fitness of those believing they were ready to embark on the ocean of marriage.

By a noviciate for marriage I mean exactly what a nun means when she takes the white veil. She believes she has a vocation for a religious life. She cannot be certain of this at first, for here, as in marriage, a halo is round the heads of the initiated, and a

veritable religious spell is over the whole convent life, towards which she yearns as she kneels in the chapel with the incense, the flowers, and the singing, wakening into life the romantic energies which claim heart, head, and hand, when the feet stand for the first time before the altar of the ideal. Life to the young girl is a sweet, thrilling romance. Abandonment, renunciation, and suffering become the only beautiful things in the world. They are seen through the flowers and incense, as she has read of them in her books, heard of them from priests, and glorified them in her enthusiastic longings. No rude coarse hand draws aside the veil and proclaims the commonplace. For six months she is a mere probationer, and lives, as it were, on the outside of the mystery of religious life. During this time she probably feels her vocation increasing, and when the period has expired she readily takes the white veil, which makes her a novice, to abide by the rules of the religious life for two years before the black veil, the oath, the parchment deed, and the ring are taken as signs of her eternal chastity. As in the religious life there is no pruriency to hide, no natural function to depreciate, the girl is led naturally from the dreams of a probationer to the realities of a novice, and for two years she faces the life of a nun as a practical woman. For a religious to wish to draw back after two and a half years of trial, with a full experience of convent life, from which the spell has gone, and into which the fret and jar of daily work have entered, to make

a stronger demand on ideals, would be looked upon either as disease, or the deliberate enervation of the moral nature, upon which the Devil could get a foothold. As a proof of the security of the experiment, it is well known that it is the rarest occurrence for a nun who has taken the black veil to wish to withdraw from her vow. The public oath is the mere culmination to a multitude of social and personal experiences which have tested the fitness of the woman for a religious life. An ecclesiastic, appointed to receive a large salary from his bishop in order to divorce women from their vow of chastity and obedience, would probably have a very easy time of it, as prevention in the religious life has taken the place of cure, and weeded out at an early period of the experiment the individuals who would throw discredit on the religious life, either through remaining in it, or wishing, later on, to be divorced from it. The gambling element is abolished. Commercial considerations and hysterical restlessness have no place in such a religious experiment. Deliberate choice, a lengthy noviciate, and, above all, a full knowledge of the offices and obligations attendant on the sacred life precede the formal and public declaration.

Is there anything similar to this in the preparation of a man and a woman for a state which, if not called religious, has as its sequel the most vital consequences to the community ? The answer can only be in the negative. From the first sign on the man's part of " intentions " to the hour of the Wedding March in

the crowded church, there is more of the atmosphere of a comic opera than the feeling of a sacrament. Dressmakers and sentimentalists make an atmosphere, preparatory to the great ceremony, which Cupid as either a lover or an artist could not breathe. Sacrilege and sacrifice more often than not rob the hours, preceding the finest expression of life, of their sacredness.

In face of the fact that marriage differs from other relationships only on its physical side, girls are taught that it is unwomanly to discuss sexual questions with their future husbands. It is a matter of every-day knowledge that a large proportion of brides marry still with no clear idea of the sexual function which they promise to fulfil. They marry in the stage of romance and girlish enthusiasm in which a probationer first dons her lace cap, to enter realities with the slender equipment for dreams. In the unwedded girl's idealised love-world nothing is even sanely virile. Brusqueness or brutality is not imaginable in marriage, which only presupposes romantic love. Her vision of self-sacrifice, of soul-mating, of a love-life lifted for ever out of ruts and vulgarities, is akin to the vision of the novice to religion who kneels at the entrance of a convent chapel, and forgets, amid incense and flowers, that the world of religious fervour has often bare boards, hair shirts, and narrow cells, which neither priest, flowers, nor music can convert into a child's fairy vision. Young girls who enter marriage with this

equipment, and without even a true theoretical knowledge of sexual life, are often as much shocked and unnerved by the virility of true manhood as if they had been caught in their sleep by the coarse paws of a satyr. When we add to this negative attitude on the woman's part the positive one assumed by men, through their previous experiences, we have additional evidence that in the mooted question of modern wedlock what we need as a first step is absolute sincerity between a man and a woman before a legal contract is signed. Society, under a mistaken idea that in this matter prudery and silence may cover a multitude of venial sins, gives no countenance to an open noviciate for marriage. Convention might possibly question the sanity of the woman who frankly refused to enter into a contract of which she did not know the full conditions. In face of an open experiment to test these conditions, Fashion would almost certainly close her doors upon what would appear to her as an indecent precedent. Unlike the Catholic Church in its dealings with novices, Society demands the ring, the parchment, and the vow as a preliminary to the knowledge and experience—hence adulteries, the divorce court, home prisons, and the increase of cant and pruriency in the community.

In a noviciate for marriage young people would have ample time and opportunity to compare their family histories and to learn the worst and best of one another. In the future it will surely be as much

a sin to keep back the knowledge of family taints as to forge or steal. Epilepsy, insanity, consumption, and syphilis cannot be concealed by any one with a social conscience who contemplates marriage with a full knowledge of its possible and probable consequences. In addition to the necessity for perfect frankness with regard to private and family histories, the need for full knowledge of the sex function and the difficulties which arise from individual temperaments will also have to be faced. Habits of many years' standing, trivial egoisms, and small idiosyncracies may play as much havoc with the chances for conjugal happiness as vice itself. If two people were to dwell in the same house for a few months, it would be impossible to conceal peculiarities and moods calling for the give-and-take process which has such an educative and sobering effect even in the most ideal marriages, and, in a pre-marital trial, would soon either educate the novices for wedlock into the beauty of true interdependence, or prove to them beyond doubt that it is best for some men to live alone, and for some women also. Such an experiment, presupposing a prior training in knowledge and control, would diminish the effects of the sex spell which so often hypnotises reason and drives lovers impetuously to passion's ends.

Physical surrender should be the last expression in mutual love and not the first. The criminality of bringing a child into the world under conditions which, later, may hamper its full value and signifi-

cance to the community, cannot be over-emphasised. The noviciate experiment is not advocated in the hope that "free love," as it is miscalled, should take the place of monogamy in the community, but that true freedom and sincerity shall be encouraged in order that actual monogamy may have a chance to try its fate among a people who worship it as an ideal, but whose feet are far from its temple. Nothing but open experiments and perfect sincerity as to results can rid us of pruriency and cant in this matter. Woman's economic freedom, her training in the full knowledge of sex, her insistence on her value as a human being first and a sex being afterwards, her resolution not to sell herself in legal or illegal unions, may lead her to risk experiments, but no longer to countenance hypocrisy and uncleanness.

The objection, which will be raised at once, that a noviciate for marriage will demand good men and good women as experimentalists, and that their example will be followed for the ends of lust and not for the means of love, is answered by the fact that the marriages of the moment do not, through their legality, ostracise lust. No law and no experiment can actually create pure men and honest women, compel temperance, or evolve purity. All we can do is to offer the chance for sincerity in place of hypocrisy, and give an open field for the possible evolution of monogamic marriage. In any real experiment having this evolved form of relationship in view, there can be no question of dragging love

into the region of the mechanical or commonplace. It is, on the contrary, a plea for one of the many rational experiments which will give love full scope, so that vulgarity, commercialism, and trickery may be divorced from wedlock, and public life may be strengthened and broadened through influences which have had their birth in a harmonious private experience.

## SEMI-DETACHED MARRIAGE

It is not war alone which is calling our attention to what is reality in modern civilisation and what is veneer. Spiritual forces are producing moral earthquakes which, through their apparent devastations, are helping us to revalue all our values. In no sphere is this more evident than in the love sphere. In sexual relationships the new order is at war with the old and the transitional period is full of difficulties. No one dare dogmatise in these matters. Sincere suggestions are often met with terror and dismay by those who harbour fear about the unknown. Temperance in speech and action is indeed essential in the struggle, yet courage and sincerity are of equal importance.

After speaking frankly about the Love of To-morrow, and suggesting a noviciate for marriage as one of the practical aids to a true monogamy, it will perhaps be as well to consider the question of this relationship after it has been publicly announced. The more complex the individuality the less chance there is, as a rule, for domestic happiness. It will take a long time to eradicate the superstitions and conventions which surround the idea of ruler and

slave in the marriage relationship. How many of us are acquainted with marriages where the woman is as free as the man, and where the man gladly accepts the fact? The traditions about "woman's sphere" and "man's authority" survive still in the most enlightened homes. The bondage of ordinary marriage often bores, strains, or even destroys what otherwise might be a beautiful love. It is well known that sea captains and their wives often keep a peculiar and romantic feeling for one another. The reason is evident. It is rare that passion and romance can survive a constant familiarity which breeds the commonplace. Our subtlest hours are hours of illusion and adventure. The artist in love must not forget this, or loss and disillusion ensues. If marriage could be made as great an adventure as wooing, many of our novels would not be so unreal or our children so average. Separation and silence are two of Love's ministering angels. Chatter and undue familiarity devastate in more ways than one, and at bed and board more corpses are strewn on Love's battlefields than could be put under statistics. The rigidity of public opinion with regard to marriage customs should surely give way to a consideration of temperaments as well as to ways and means of livelihood.

Perhaps a reliable illustration, as an instance of a sane experiment, may be given here, as theories count for less than actual facts. Twenty-five years ago two writers of unusually sensitive temperaments, when entering that bond of matrimony which so

often ends in disaster, decided, like Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, that they would not always dwell together in the same house, in order to escape the usual fate of boredom or indifference observed amongst so many of their friends. In fact, they resolved to ignore tradition and make only one vow on their wedding day, the vow of the lovers of to-morrow. They simply promised never to deceive one another. The man and woman are economically independent of one another, and in all external matters have behaved as true comrades or business partners would do. In their approaching old age they contemplate living side by side as a natural outcome of their experiment. The gossips, of course, have been busy, and the experimentalists have had their personal difficulties. No artist in any path of life can arrange his pictures, his music, or his books without smudges, discords, obliterations, and additions. It is only the amateur who is content with a rough draft. If in the end, however, some slight blow is given to the slavery of women and the traditionalism of men, any struggle or suffering in experiments is not in vain.

As a matter of common observation it is good for some women to live alone, and for some men also. It may be better still for many men and women to live in a domesticity which allows of little separation, and to blind themselves to possible episodes or train themselves to stoically endure few or constant moods, tempers, indifferences, or "naggings." It is

best, however, for complex or artistic temperaments to face the fact that the wreckage in marriage is more marked and more tragic amongst artists of all kinds than in other classes of life. One reason for this is the very fact that artists are more often at home than business men and women. Their time is often at their own disposal and their incomes more fluctuating than that of the average professional class. Money cares soon turn sensitive brains into incapacity, irritability, or worse. The imperative need of the artist to be able to dream and work in solitude is often an affront to the same woman who would cheerfully make her husband's toast on going to business in the early morning and have his slippers warm on his return at night.

The story is worth noting of the man who twice a week remained at his office very late until at last the jealousy of his wife was aroused to such an extent that a tragic scene took place. Gossips had done their deadly work, and the woman's heart was sore and her health impaired. In a rush of tenderness at last, the astonished husband explained the whole matter. He confessed that the strain of domestic cares, the sight and sound of the woman he loved in distraught moods and dowdy clothes, had driven him to stay quietly in his office, at times, in order to dream of her as he had wooed her and won her. His apparent faithlessness was a frantic attempt to keep his love unhurt by living in thought with the woman of his dreams. This story is of course a novelist's inven-

tion, but how true it is to life. Either on the woman's or the man's side memories alone often satisfy that craving for romance and idealism which domestic life may hurt or destroy. A husband and wife can be economically free and quite independent with regard to external conditions, and yet interdependent as far as love is concerned. Romance in married life can easily outvie any romance outside it if Love is always looked upon as a great adventure, as beautiful, mysterious, and awful as Birth or Death. The *egoisme à deux*, the slavery to pots and pans and old bedsteads and knick-knacks, the insistence on making children the excuse for the keeping up of a prison-house or a reformatory under the name of home, the cowardice which prefers the good opinion of outsiders rather than the inner sweetness of an evolved relationship, are the elements which tend to hurt or destroy marital love-life. If monogamy is to be the relationship of the future it will have to widen its doors, subjugate its jealousies, and accept many modern devices for spiritualising physical passion. By this is not meant that the senses are to be depleted, but, rather, enlarged and transformed. The lust of the flesh will give place to the passion of the flesh, and two made utterly one will not imply either rape, gluttony, or personal absorption, but the using of personal devotion for larger than individual ends. In a noviciate for marriage, and in experiments after marriage which are within law and order, many nerve-wearing and heart-rending experiences might

be saved. In the relationship referred to just now the husband and wife have each their own little home, and visit one another whenever possible. Outside friendships, diversity of interests, interchange of daily letters, and varieties of occupation keep their love life on a saner plane than would be possible to some temperaments in the stress of daily domestic routine. A stranger meeting these two people in a railway carriage and hearing scattered bits of their conversation inquired who they were. When informed, the significant remark was: "Oh, no! They could not have been married. He was much too interested and polite."

Property in persons is near its doom. We are still, however, obsessed with the idea that love is a question of barter and marriage a matter of slavery. Individualities count for more than public opinion, and in fine morals freedom is the great opportunity for fine action. When the artificial characteristics of male and female drop away, and human beings of both sexes are allowed the full liberty of their personalities, marriage will become a sacrament and cease to be a sacrilege. It will, under fresher ideals, become an enlarging and not a dwarfing of the life-forces. No price is too great to pay in order to rid the world of prostitution and profligacy. The remedy is constructive and the end is in view. When men emancipate women, and women, in their turn, cease to exploit men, and, above all, when women learn a new loyalty to one another, the new

love will have its way at last. The materialistic idea which supposes that no marital relationship can be truly beautiful unless dependent on constant bodily presence must give way to a new conception. Proximity is not necessarily a part of faithfulness, nor is a villa residence a necessity either for love's development or for educing the finest elements out of little children.

The man's age has led up to the woman's age, and from that the child's age will evolve. The veterans in the battle for the new civilisation can only watch and warn; the actual co-operative fighters, as evolved men and women, can only build the scaffolding for the new ramparts, and teach and protect the best in the older schemes in education, Eugenics, and sanitary defences, so that children may develop and expand under few limitations. It will be argued, of course, that under noviciates for marriage or semi-detached marriages the children of the future will run terrible risks. In the first place, illegitimacy will increase, cry the nervous; and in the second place, home life will be undermined, argue the orthodox. By the present haphazard arrangements illegitimacy is more likely to be encouraged than in the experiments expressly ordained to avoid it. As for semi-detached marriages, it is surely better for children to realise the beauty of marital affection and parental care under the best conditions, whatever they may be, than under the worst environment if the temperaments of their parents are not controlled. A child

never forgets the bickering scenes and discourteous behaviour which in many average marriages take place from morning to night as a matter of habit in so-called happy homes. I know a woman whose whole life has been more or less prejudiced against men because of the scenes she witnessed from a cot by her parents' side.

People who are brave enough to face their incapacities and to forge bad inheritances or weaknesses into some semblance of strength or beauty, give to their generation quite as much as the strong or the conventional. Surrender is not always loss in the end. Holding fast to anything because of fashion or prejudice does not invariably imply virtue. To have the evolved conscience and the good intention are the main things, and also a courage large enough to ignore gossip, jealousy, malice, and envy. "Free marriage," which is a happier title than the much-abused term of "free love," as differentiated from free lust, is surely a factor in the evolution of the love of the future. Self-love and vanity so easily pass for the genuine thing. The sign of true love is suffering gladly accepted. Its triumph is often its apparent failure. Complexities of relationship, the mixture of the sexual and the sensuous so evident in men, and the mixture of the sexual and the maternal equally evident in women, added to the muddle-headed so-called spiritual theories of latter-day puritans, who declare that the senses should be dwarfed instead of expanded, make it almost a

superhuman task to educate ourselves truly in the art of love.

The experiments put forward are not advocated as laws, but as tentative suggestions. Those who can live happily without these devices, and those who love too little or too much to need them, may be the rule and not the exception. What one wants to make clear is that a man and a woman who deliberately, for some good and beautiful reason, do not choose to live the average citizens' home-life with regard to marriage and parenthood, should not be looked upon as aliens or eccentrics. Those who find their affinities in this life, as well as those who miss them, need all the legitimate devices possible to shelter love in a world given over to so much that is cruel, commonplace, and crude. To combine common sense with uncommon sensibility, in these matters, is to aid in the evolution of the Love of To-morrow. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged. All sincere feeling and experiment pave the way for greater efforts. The failures of one lead to the victories of another, and Love, with bandaged eyes, is surely indifferent which of her servants unties the knot, so that she may at last see clearly.

"You see, I got a divorce from my husband last month," an American woman writes to me. "The divorce was *very* friendly and a great relief, as you can guess. He fell in love with his secretary, a nice little woman, and when I found out I suggested that he and I get divorced, so he could marry her. So we planned it all out, and the lady came to live with us during the winter and grew very fond of me and I of her. She had never had any time to read—or any one to tell her what to read—and I found her delightfully receptive and appreciative of the best things. Then her son, a boy of eighteen, joined us, and he and I took a great liking to each other, with the result that I've more or less adopted him, and he has been living with us ever since. He's more like my son than his own mother's."

Perhaps we shall get nearer a solution of the divorce problem if we candidly acknowledge that, just as in dealing with race problems we want a new idea of international relationships, so in facing the problem of marriage and divorce we need a new view of marital life. James Hinton, in one of his manuscripts, described our present way of living as somewhat like that of a man who, finding certain

arches too low to allow him to walk upright, was content, like an animal, to creep under them on all fours. Surely the thing to do is to rebuild the arches to the height of the men and women who demand to walk upright. The time has come to educate sanely, to emancipate woman economically, to purify and yet enlarge love from a mere sex function into a humanised spiritual function, and to minimise the jealousy of women towards women, while at the same time transmuting licence and lust into human love and into a new romance *in* marriage and not only outside it. To realise that deceit in love is the sin against the newer vision of affinity and desire is also of great importance. In this attitude it is possible that marriage in the future may become a fine domestic experiment in lovely living rather than what Professor Michels calls it, "the tomb of lyric love." A rational working out of a new inter-dependence might thus be within the home what amongst the nations would be termed real inter-nationalism. Puritans often forget that the expressions of love are individual and diversified, so that even what we call sensual hunger may be diverted or satisfied in very subtle ways if narrow domesticity or insane jealousy do not bar the way. The economic dependence of woman and the sexual gluttony of man, the traditional but false idea that possession in persons is legitimate instead of being regarded as what it is—a theft and even, on occasion, a spiritual murder—may gradually open the way to a saner and

cleaner enterprise in what may be rationally termed a "free marriage" rather than the much-abused term of "free love." This vital and complex relationship, founded on a new insight into comradeship, and marriage implying romantic devotion to causes as well as persons, may lead towards marital experiments in which laxity, cruelty, crudity, jealousy, and domination will be conspicuous by their absence.

It must be acknowledged that while we have prostitution, secret unions, and divorce as everyday occurrences, monogamy is still in the making. Divorce to-day is often the only way of escape for those who, through the iron chain of legal marriage, are driven to become potential enemies instead of being allowed to remain incompatible friends. Too hasty marriages, made on a money basis or for family and not love considerations, are not grafted on laws of either affinity or common sense, but fettered by worldly reasons. We cannot gauge the worth of any institution if the members of it are not true exponents of its vital laws. The law-breakers, dilettantes, and profligates in marriage to-day are blinding our eyes to the intrinsic worth of monogamy and its romantic possibilities. Olive Schreiner declares that divorce is what the crutch is to the cripple, and that monogamy represents the true love-health of the future. This, of course, can only be proved as we experiment and as we advance.

A new view of sexual desire and also a wider

conception of maternity will help to bring both love and parentage out of bondage into a refreshing freedom of thought and action. To be neither a slave of desire nor an ignoramus in the art of motherhood will, in any case, be to save and not to destroy. Purity of sex vision being the basis of sex reformation it naturally follows that a sane education should be accompanied by equality of opportunities for both men and women in civic life. This will bring about the complete manifestation of the psychical and physical in a balanced relation to one another, and will culminate naturally in marriage so free and human that the confession of ignorance and weakness which divorce so often is, need not be necessary.

The refusal of divorce in the future will be as stupid as stringent legislation against drink or opium. When once human beings have been trained into a rational love-life and into habits of joyfulness and temperance neither restraint nor excess will destroy the poise of personal development. People who really "belong" to each other in the great law of affinity rarely go through the mire of the divorce court even if their relationship has ceased to be sexual in the physical sense of the word. The fact that it is almost considered an indecency for two who have been divorced to even meet socially shows how inexpedient it was that they ever became "one."

It seems impossible to dogmatise about divorce until we have made a new statement about love. While we are still arbitrarily insisting that physical

love and parenthood must necessarily function as one, and also forgetting that spiritual children and spiritualised passion are becoming more and more evident in evolved marriages, we are apt to insist on easy divorce as a substitute for rarer matings where souls and bodies are not so easily divided by either Church or State; the newer aspects of love and passion include so much forgotten or never realised in the average commandments of the moralist of the past. The attitude of women to each other is gradually changing from the hat-pin frenzy of wanting to kill what threatens their absorbing sexual gluttony. Their new loyalty to one another is slowly manifesting in a deeper and more beautiful realisation of the interdependence and beauty of friendship and love between, not only men and women, but women and women and men and men. The day is surely coming when the evolved woman will no longer be happy shut up like a broody hen in her home, while her sisters lack opportunities for full development. The laws of affinity make no concession to the side issues of divorce. The rules of expediency, in however advanced a civilisation, will probably allow divorce until parents, educationists, law-makers, and prophets have brought into homely life the realisation of a new love needing neither chains nor laws, divorce nor punishment, but only a wider horizon wherein desire may use its wings in a free sky.

The modern woman's attempt to rid love of

parasitism and sex obsession may be as holy a way for the gaining of life's larger ends as is now the sacrifice of the average woman for her exclusive mate and child. Perhaps one of the most pathetic facts of modern life is that those of us who have found out some of Love's newer meanings by daring to live them, hide the beauties of the new expression and experiment through fear of those who have not outlived the vulgar lusts of the flesh and the fierce desire of absorbing possession.

Free marriage, in a clean and beautiful sense, is giving even now the death-blow to irrational and joyless prostitution as well as to torpid domesticity. The domestic horizon is slowly widening and love is tentatively reaching out to its own, and in that intimation is the certainty that in the future civilisation divorce will be the acknowledgment that haste and worldly considerations are, still, more in evidence in those who seek its aid than educated emotions.

## EUGENICS AND THE MYSTICAL OUTLOOK

MEN have accentuated for generations, almost as dramatists accentuate passion, the masculinity of healthy manhood, and women have minimised or caricatured the sexual instinct which in normal womanhood is neither a frigidity nor an obsession. If sex relationships to-day are assuming different manifestations, both in so-called normal and in abnormal relationships, it is time we faced the matter as scientists, humanitarians, and lovers. As Havelock Ellis declares: "We must improve our knowledge if we wish to improve our morals." The mass of books thrown upon the market to-day, which are supposed to enlighten us on sex problems, more often than not either confuse, through their sentimentality and puritanism, or run to the opposite extreme in exaggerating physiological needs. The developed human being demands a new gospel and a new epistle on this great human fact of sexual life. According to individual inheritance or through the type of early education, or by the restrictions or liberties of legislative conditions, as well as through a finer balance of health, mentally and physically evolved types of human beings are appearing, hitherto rare in the

world's history even as saviours or seers. Masculinity and femininity are emerging into a new humanity, which as yet is not fully aware of its own immense possibilities. When these evolving people have their chances for fine loving and fine living,—partly through new laws, eugenic or merely civic, and partly through finer economic conditions as well as through the interdependence of man and woman,—we shall be able to estimate more accurately the true meaning of the sex function. That function is still so often a farce, a bargain, or a vulgarity rather than a great spiritual enterprise, having results for the individual and the State which are both educative and far-reaching.

Think for a moment of the ordinary sexual life of to-day! The paralysing commercialism of prostitution, the parasitism of women, and the sexual gluttony of men and women alike, added to the no less stultifying narrowness and jealousy which form so often a part of virtuous homes, make legitimate mating an enterprise almost as dangerous as war, and turn illegitimate episodes into sly romances, with their aftermath of terrible suffering. Vulgarity, deceit, jealousy, and the disloyalty of women to women too often make ugliness, sorrow, and despair the atmosphere of a function which has in it both human and divine far-reaching possibilities. We need courage, sanity, and cleanliness within our hearts in order to face this matter, and then to dare to live out what we know as evolved humans. To-day we are content to live under a code more fit for grinning satyrs than

civilised men and women. Realisation of joy and a sense of humour, rather than an abject sense of sin or a puny sense of virtue, will gradually restore our common sense if we face facts as children of light rather than imps of darkness.

Through a new education of sex, through scientific knowledge and human understanding of the laws of love, of life, and of affinity, and also through sane experiments as a result of this knowledge, we may gradually arrive at the point where we may dare to pass eugenic laws, founded on an understanding of spiritual laws. When love is not complicated with property, slavery, or one-sided legislation, we may reach a sane recognition of what sex really is, and attack the evils surrounding it to-day at the root, and not merely be content to snip at the leaves and branches. First of all, we must surely cease to regard sex as a mere animalism, a confusion, a madness, or even as Nature's only way of manifesting her new revelations of creation. She has as many still-births on the mental plane, and as many cripples on the moral plane, and as many fine children on the spiritual plane as those with hands and feet. The production of a beautiful work of art may be as fine a manifestation of love as a fat crowing baby made on eugenic laws, which laws are liable to become rigid and material instead of fluid and spiritual. To learn to understand the inner secrets of both desire and restraint is to enter a new world of passion and parenthood.

Our own ignorance of our natures often alarms us, and so in a sort of wild apology for it we are in danger of maintaining ancient and out-worn laws, which, if literally carried out, might hinder the new mystic outlook. The modern teachers help us to combine physiological sexuality and spirituality in a harmonious perspective. They will also enable us to see that it is a lack of humour to imagine that the dangerous people are all locked up in mad-houses, or that the unusual and so-called criminal types need only eugenic laws or prison handcuffs to render them harmless to the community.

The whole attitude of the scientific educationist to-day is towards eliminating the unfit and encouraging the fit. To prevent some from propagating and to encourage others, and, at the same time, to approach questions of passion and maternity in the light of cold science and without conventional prejudice is no light matter. To weigh, by the standard of our reason, and of our ideals, who shall be born and who shall be deprived of the power of reproduction is one of the most difficult problems of modern times. The dangers of interfering with Nature's purpose, which purpose may possibly include eccentricities and designs beyond our finding out, are many. Only the scientist of limited vision, and the doctor who pins his faith on mere knife and drug, dare approach such a vast problem undisturbed and undismayed. Love and parenthood, hitherto, have taken their lucky or unlucky chance in the

matter of breeding. The great laws of affinity and the apparent accident of right environment have often checked some of the deplorable results of reckless gambling with Nature's forces. If we introduce large and sound ideas in the carrying out of eugenic practices, the loveliness of love and the inner meaning of parenthood may slowly evolve, and Dame Nature get her chance to interpret herself through all her children. Nature has not told us many of her secrets yet, and probably Eugenics may be one of the means she will employ to open our eyes a little wider.

Our object surely is not only to limit the production of the unfit, but to get the best results out of those in the community who are a bewilderment to the State and who seem unfitted from a eugenic standpoint to propagate. Consider the neurotic and the abnormal, for instance, and also the sane members of insane families. How can we secure that there shall be no waste or ruin for their special powers of work for the race? It is surely an accepted fact that many of the most capable people are neurotic or abnormal. Not only modern life proves it, but history accentuates it, and in the field of art, as in music and the drama, we find the problem in various forms.

According to the severe code of some eugenists, not only an Oscar Wilde, but a Michael Angelo, a Nietzsche, a Chopin, a Tchaikovsky, a Blavatsky, a Rosa Bonheur, a William Blake, and a Mrs. Eddy stand in the same class of the neurotic or the abnormal,

to say nothing of a vast mass of less distinguished people. Is it not a part of Eugenics and a part of religion to indicate to these people how they can directly aid the improvement of the race—in other words, to turn them into allies instead of ostracising them into rebels? The best citizen is surely one who produces, from personal emotion, the finest results for the whole community. It is our duty as advanced citizens to see to it that equality of opportunity for this end is given alike to the normal and abnormal men and women in our midst. Often by a stupid, vindictive, or conventional attitude towards what we do not understand we waste or ruin powers which could otherwise have helped the world, and at the same time produce, through our materialistic and bigoted attitude, much personal suffering.

As eugenists or as mystics it must be of vital importance to us that we educe from every individual, whether he be a Titian or a Sandow, or even an apparent criminal, the best that is in him. We must give him hope to live and enable him to forge his passions into power here and now. Ignorance and conventional theories, in and out of doctors' consulting-rooms, paralyse more creative force than we are prepared to admit. It is necessary that our doctors and eugenists should not look upon people only from the point of view of aptness or inaptness for physical procreation, and praise or condemn them accordingly. To obtain the very best results according to the hope of Eugenics, is surely to use, and not

to abuse, or debase, or hurt, or discourage, any impulse or power in a human being which can be made into use or serve the whole community. The mixture of prudery and cant which so often assumes the name of Purity, but is as far from it as stubble is from grass, confuses the wise and ignorant alike in this matter, and may even actually destroy what we are trying to bring into the world.

The attitude of the average man of to-day towards sex is still primitive, rank aggressive, dangerous, or weak. He uses sex as he plays billiards, or as a bull would approach desire in the cattle-pens. Sex has degenerated so much into a mere pleasure function that to-day it is not the great force which it might be if it was subservient to the new conscience directed towards wider than mere personal aims. Sex, under a new vision of its intrinsic value, will in the future be able to create, not only physical children, but even Edisonian or other inventions for the amelioration and the joy of the human race. Men, less than women, have scarcely yet discovered that sex is as much an affair of the soul as of the body.

To woman, under her habits of fear and tradition, sex is too often associated with hypocrisy, humiliation, and a necessity to use her body as a lure to exploit men. She often tries to crush her fine instincts in order to please man, or she becomes a prude in order to please herself, and so flings the one she thinks she loves, and herself she thinks she understands, into debauches or episodes through sheer

boredom or self-righteousness. Yet the finer type of modern woman—half mystic, half mother, with her reverence for sex and her desire for life equally balanced—is becoming more in evidence year by year.

The tyranny of legislation often intensifies the evil it is the wish of ardent law-makers to dispel. A Church, on the other hand, founded, not on Christ's human and tolerant attitude towards sex, but focused on the bitter and one-sided statements of St. Paul and of the ascetic Fathers, has all through the centuries accentuated the crudities and the cruelties taught in the name of God without reckoning with God's ally, *Mother Nature.* The Christian disciples have dogmatised on the flesh until they and their followers have at last seen only corruption in it. Those of us who know the flesh to be as good a medium for manifesting the spirit as flowers for conveying sweet odours, cry in anger and despair, "To the pure all things are pure, and to the puritan all things are impure."

It is the waste of time involved in wrestling with the complexities brought about through our wrong attitude towards sex which is so lamentable. To approach sexual passion as a menace rather than as a spiritual meaning brings upon all its manifestations the limitations of the police and the prison. There is nothing we could not be or do if, instead of degrading the sex function into dirt, we realised it as divine fire. Laws to-day on these questions are

chiefly swaddling bands, and moral dogmas generally work out as dull despotisms. We need to become clean and clear and courageous. The little good we know about these great matters we must radiate from our personalities and live in our lives. It is useless any longer to limit or to destroy. We must widen and uplift through a fine passionateness and a spiritual daredevilry. Sex is not a mania. It is a mysticism. The saints evidently never found this out and the sinners, if they know it, evade the inevitable logical conclusion in case they have to associate with the frosted hypocrites who call themselves the virtuous. Even the mother-bird seems more capable of realising the loveliness of sex and its mysticism than most of our moralists and our lawgivers. It is time our mothers, our school teachers, our doctors, and our clergymen taught from morning to night that function on the sex plane is no more disgusting than function on the hunger or thirst planes. If it is, for Heaven's sake let us stop begetting to-morrow. To the poet and the mystic, love, in every one of its manifestations, has all the possibilities of making earth into heaven here and now. Why? Because purity can never only be a question of the flesh any more than the song of a canary can only be a question of its cage. In the near future the average sexual relationship of men to women to-day will be looked upon with as great an aversion as that for which Oscar Wilde was crucified. For Oscar Wilde was a martyr to un-

scientific legislation. He was not responsible before Heaven's tribunal as many normal men and women are to-day for their consciously gross sins against both Nature and Love. Wilde's mother had for nine long months, before he was born, prayed continually for a girl. Her imagination dwelt upon this during nearly all her pregnancy. That her prayer was partially granted in that perplexing mixture of artist, man, woman, and egotist the world knows as Oscar Wilde was perhaps one of Nature's satires in order to show what we do when we force, through our limited laws and barbaric persecutions, these peculiar people into becoming menaces to the State through lack of capacity either to understand them or to educate them. After all, the universal scheme may have ulterior ends to serve in producing, through the primitive function of sex, giants or pygmies who have possibly a sacred place in the human scheme. Even in abnormality, in its congenital manifestations, Nature may have a meaning as definite in her universal purpose as the discord is in music to the musician.

We curse and kill the so-called abnormals when they transgress what we are pleased to call the moral law, but what of the normal and self-righteous amongst us, who, within the law of wedlock, indulge to excess or restrain to extinction? Are we not often uncaught criminals under the cloak of our legalities and moralities? Are there not as many sexual burglaries done in the name of the Church

and the State, on the honeymoon, as in the kitchens and boudoirs? Are there not as many spiritual murders accomplished under the name of virtue and prudence as in the lonely lanes and alleys? Every man who takes a woman against her will, in wedlock or out, or who seduces her for his own pleasure whether the law allows him or not, while she is ignorant of the conditions, is inverting the uses of humanised sex functions. Every woman who surrenders to physical passion for ulterior reasons, such as being supported economically, or in order to rival another woman, is also inverting the lovely and spiritual uses of sexual desire. To-day man scarcely stops to woo, and woman is often a damaged article in the spiritual, if not in the physical sense, before she has had the time to consider or to choose her mate. As Goethe found out long ago, the law of affinity is as subtle and as tremendous as the law of gravitation, and it is time we reckoned with it when daring to put under legality the inner forces of love and desire. By the wider and cleaner laws of morality it will surely come to pass that the stereotyped actions of desire may be seen to be the very denials of spiritual verities. Often what we count as vicious, or even abnormal or insane, through the very fact of unusual suffering involved in it, or of some new courage born of a rare vision of love on a specialised plane, may be an aid to purity, rather than a degradation. Eugenics, if not too narrow in expression, can be amplified in its work by the

very people a too stringent legislation may turn into menaces to the whole State. It is what we are, and not what we do, which gives the world the fruit by which we must ultimately be judged. What we really want indeed is not so much Eugenics by legislation, as Eugenics by *education*. The real materialism of this world is setting a limit to redemption. Eugenic laws, if passed by those who have become dehumanised, or who are slaves to property or commercial considerations, may do as much harm as good. Legislation is only an aid to a solution of physical problems, not a final solution in itself. A principle is always more than a law. Vital and spiritual educators, who combine uncommon sense with a fine spirituality, are the urgent need of the hour. Law-makers must always remember that education on right lines is better than punishment on wrong lines later on, and that to over-emphasise either the sentimental virtue or the gross vice of the past is to waste time in gaining the balanced morality of the future. As Havelock Ellis says: "There are no quick cuts to the millennium." The rapid passing of eugenic laws or the over-emphasis of legislation in any form, until our human and scientific knowledge is more profound, may possibly hinder what we want to bring about. The ostracism of the so-called bad in favour of the so-called good, and the digging and delving at prostitution as the whole root of the social evil, instead of realising it as one of the manifestations of the wrong view of sex,

and also a result of economic pressure, but above all, as the signal of the social ignorance of the whole community, is a sign that we need a new vision of sex and an all-round education in the arts of both living and loving. A new economic, civic, domestic, and passionate expression of human life must give to Mammon the things which belong to Mammon, take from man the things which he has stolen from woman and render to her the things which are clearly hers. The eugenic measure which would dwarf legislation into nothingness would be the universal refusal of women to surrender their clean bodies to diseased or unclean men, or, for any reason, economic or emotional, which implies barter or sensuality. Passion is a pure dynamic force and cannot any longer be wasted on gluttons or gamblers. Lust is as dull as gluttony. Woman in the future is to be the high priestess of sense and not the victim of sensuality. Her love in the near future will be the reward of those who think finely, who love beautifully, and who live joyfully.

When at last we realise that the uses of the flesh are not for destruction and folly, but for the manifestation of a more splendid citizenship through the clean and ardent love of those who are really mated in body and soul, we shall be beginning to understand sex in its finer sense. It is well to remember, during our most practical occupations in the schools, in the wards, and even in the kitchens, that there is no kingdom in heaven which cannot prevail upon earth,

and that our bodies are not sewers but temples of the Holy Ghost. Only a new view of sex and nature through science and art can raise Christianity from the death to which its mistaken followers have nearly consigned it. Science and art alone to-day can prove that bodies and souls are not enemies, but mates of the road, and that a modern sin is to try to function one without the other.

We must learn to trust new spiritual intuitions, while organising a new love world. The thought must rule the senses and not the senses the thought. Laws must be widened to serve the spirit and not the spirit dwarfed to an expression confined by mere legislation. To hold on to the old rigidities of tradition without changing, or to change one's moral outlook without holding on to the eternal spiritualities, is out of the order of the new ideal. If for fifty years we could consider sex expression as a soul expression, instead of a body expression as hitherto, what wonderful children of soul and body we could bring forth! Once we really believe that women's souls cannot be sacrificed for the mere affair of men's bodies, or spiritual purity be sacrificed for sexual impurity, we shall at last arrive at a sane view of both sex and Eugenics. We shall look at these things from the innermost, rather than from only an external, view of sex in its relation to human life.

Sex to men, hitherto, has so often been an episode, a partial hunger of the body, appeased too easily or too grossly and so treated lightly. To woman, even

in the courtesan and the prude, it has been, and is, more or less a hunger of their soul as well as of their body. "Women's souls more than their bodies want to breed." Both conception and birth have their mystic message in woman from her head to her feet. She always craves an affinity as well as a father for her child, and finds so often, in responding to a man's physiological demand, only an intensification of her real sex hunger. More often than not, through his only partial comprehension of her nature, he disorganises the harmony of her being, and gives the physicians she consults a problem to deal with which neither Eugenics alone, or drugs alone, can solve. Few men or women to-day realise what is the matter with them, and so rush in terror and despair to make new fetters through the law, as schoolmasters invent new punishments for their pupils. The laws of love are as little understood as the laws of music or painting by the average person, and yet they are as tremendous in their action and reaction as the laws of gravitation. The technique of the body must be taught, and also its interdependence with the soul. Not only are the arteries and the nerves and the cells of the body to be understood in their relation to one another, but the mystic laws of repulsion and attraction and the interplay of passion and desire, as well as of love and fulfilment. The artist in love knows how to save for great issues or to spend recklessly for joy and restoration. In order to explain to a child or to a generation the difference between the use and the

abuse of the body and the inner mysteries of conception and birth one must have been reborn oneself through both pleasure and pain—reborn into an atmosphere where sex is both sanity and beauty, and not a shameless intensification of savagery like the newest gun is to-day in warfare. It is in a new vision and in a sane education, combining the facts and fancies concerning the new world and the old, that the fuller and sweeter and deeper sex comradeship is to emerge. We are so anxious to legislate for the limited and savage appetite which we think is a final manifestation, instead of an evolving sexual force combining the physical and the spiritual manifestations of a new order of life—a life which is already out of its childhood and in the stage of its first crude youth. The development of virtue apparently having vicious results and the practising of vices which often seem to gather, through their apparently anti-social manifestations, some of Nature's curious secrets, in spite of her antagonisms to her Judas children, bewilder priests, doctors, and law-makers. In frantic terror, we make more laws and manufacture more hypocrites. We punish where we ought to educate, and restrain where we ought to unfetter. The evolved human being lives ever beyond laws, as the unevolved man and woman lives ever below them. It is not out of new laws but out of new visions that the fuller life will emerge.

James Hinton voiced a great truth when he declared that the power of a woman's body is no more

bodily than the power of music is a power of atmospheric vibrations. The first men and women who really believe that and act on it in an esoteric application to sexual problems of both normality and abnormality will create a new heaven in this decadent earth of ours. When pleasures are looked upon as incidents and not ends, and love is seen as a mingling of ardent desire and universal service, we shall have no need of Eugenics; for then love will literally be the fulfilling of law, combining in one balanced expression the mystical and the physical, which are not two but one.

## EUGENICS AND SPIRITUAL PARENTHOOD

THE study of Eugenics, a comparatively modern aspect of a great scientific problem, fascinates us, because it seems to offer a promise of the improvement and happiness of the human race. The meaning of Eugenics, according to the definition accepted by the Eugenics Education Society, is the study of all agencies, under social control, that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations. In other words, it is the science of good physical breeding. One of the chief points in the great circle of women's progress is for women to realise that, in them, lies the responsibility for the health and the sanity of the nation through their refusal to add to the misery of the world by bringing into it human beings who are badly handicapped even before birth. The consumptive, the epileptic, the feeble-minded, and the insane, under the code of the eugenist, will not propagate their kind. In order to attain this object, not only religion, legislation, and Eugenics must be brought to bear upon the problem, but a new idealism, combining common sense and justice, must be presented to abnormals themselves. This will enable them to gain hope to live by forming under

wise guidance a rational standard of life which would act finely through bringing joy to themselves and react in willing service for others. It is as though the emerald should say, in Marcus Aurelius's words, "Whatever happens, I must be emerald." The educationist of the future will help the legislator to make the best use of what is congenitally characteristic of a human being, and not insist upon the total destruction of his natural characteristic abnormalities. He will enable abnormals to use their peculiar forces as a jeweller his emeralds, by encouraging society to put them in a setting calculated to bring out a splendour unlike diamonds, it is true, but with its own definite radiancy.

What is to become of those, however, existing to-day, who have been born and live outside the cold laws of Eugenics, whose conduct and outlook seem different from the codes of the educationist and the religionist? These people, who are a danger to the State and a problem to themselves, what word have they from the eugenist? I am not speaking of the imbecile or the feeble-minded, but of those whose mentality is often vigorous and exceptional, and who have original powers of a high order. These "peculiar people" are often ostracised when recognised, and are often as much bewildered about themselves as specialists are about them. What has a eugenist to say to a class of people definitely in our midst who are, from the point of view of Eugenics, unfit to propagate and

who appear to the casual observer mere freaks of nature ?

From a eugenist's point of view, persons unfitted to have a child should be encouraged to devote their energies to those ends which indirectly aid the higher development, whether it be in the fields of art, science, or religion. In this way, through the understanding of their nature and their limitations, and also through comprehension of the varied needs of a complex society, from a eugenist's point of view these persons might doubly bless what, otherwise, they might curse, the future generation. In Dr. Ewart's extremely interesting paper published in the *Eugenics Review* some time ago, on "The Influence of Parental Age on Offspring," he said that there are two methods by which the ideals of the eugenist may be attained, each of which has a sphere of usefulness in our efforts for the common weal. The first has for its object the improvement of the breed, and the second has for its object the making the best use of what we possess, under the present conditions. It is not only as enlightened eugenists that we should ask these people, or compel them, to restrain from physical propagation, but we should show them how to stimulate, through their work, the ideals of those who are physically equipped for race production, and so indirectly affect unborn generations. The work of the eugenist is not only to prevent the waste and ruin of lives, but to help and to stimulate existing powers, *however curiously*

*manifested*, into channels of service and joy. It is surely as necessary that doctors and eugenists should understand something of the laws of attraction or of inversion as that they should understand the virulence of syphilis and the ravages of consumption. It is not only the abnormal by any manner of means who need guidance and warning about these subtle dangers. As many sins against great underlying laws of affinity are committed in legal marriage as in the ranks of those we designate as abnormal. Eugenists tell us that it is not good that epileptics and consumptives breed, but do they also tell us that it is not only not good but evil that people, however normal and healthy, should breed if their union is a cold sensuality or a mere legal bargain ?

When we consider these matters, we realise that it is very necessary to combine ideals with Eugenics, or we may stand face to face with the fact that a child born outside the mere code of Eugenics and in the realm of passionate love may bid fair to improve the race, more than one born true to the letter of rational breeding, and yet outside that world of mutual love and psychic harmony which is the greatest hope, not only for Eugenics, but for the perfection of the human race. Good sinews and muscles do not always or necessarily indicate that impulses are generous or hearts tuned to bravery and purity. A perfect body is not necessarily a perfect equipment for a divine essence, unless mothers, doctors, and schoolmasters combine

to educe the more complex personality out of the mere primitive savage. It is a well-recognised fact that often cruelty and callousness co-exist with robust health, and that sympathetic understanding and tenderness are more often than not associated with delicacy of constitution. Invalids, criminals, and abnormals as well as the robust must be given the chance to satisfy their hunger to create. There are surely as many spiritual children in the world as physical ones, and there are as many miscarriages and still-births as in normal parenthood. Our prudish cruelties, our lack of humour and imagination, our fetish worship of crudities and mock moralities, our terror of bogies, and our ignorance of our individual natures make many of us blundering midwives who actually destroy what we are trying to bring into the world. The abnormal has such horror for us, and our dread of being associated with it brings such odium and fear in our minds, that we ignore again and again a problem which is becoming more and more important to face, as it affects the health and the well-being of the whole community. It is time we gave not only a word of warning but also a word of help to the class of people we designate as abnormal. In the vast scheme of the world it may not greatly matter whether the result of love be a healthy baby, a fine score of music, a beautiful work of art, or a scattering of vitality and joy amongst others. Perhaps it is a somewhat daring statement to make when I say that no *true* abnormality exists that

cannot be converted into power if conditions and environment give it a chance. I say "true abnormality" advisedly, for mock abnormality is a great danger to the State, and it is a growing one. By mock abnormality, I mean an attitude towards passional experiments and episodes outside normal lines merely of self-gratification. Indulgence for the sake of indulgence, either in the ranks of the normal or the abnormal, is, in the light of modern ethics, a shame and a disgrace, and it is the nearest approach to sensual sin we can imagine. All shams not only block out realities but waste energies. Real abnormality is neither a shame nor a disgrace, but a problem to be reckoned with and tested by one fact and one only—its result on the individual and on the whole community. Here, at any rate, it is "by their fruits ye shall know them," for we do not gather grapes from deadly nightshade, but from a pruned vine.

Science and love have proved that there are, and always have been, men who have the souls of women, and women who have the souls of men. This is the true abnormality. The thing is as much a fact as that the purple hyacinth and the harebell occasionally bear white flowers. However much learned or ignorant people call abnormality a disgrace, or a hideous disease, the matter faces us day by day. The fear of it prevents us from understanding the problem. We shirk the consideration of its good or evil effects upon the community, and only close

our eyes and wring our hands in horror and condemnation. Condemnation is the attitude of the ignorant or the cowardly. If abnormality is sheerly evil, it is time that Religion and Eugenics took it up and helped to ostracise it. If it is merely a problem, and possibly an aid to Eugenics itself, through its tendency to eliminate the unfit, this is surely another reason for studying it, not only from a eugenic point of view, but from an ethical point of view. At the time of the Oscar Wilde trial I asked a Cornish doctor what ought to be done with such men. The answer was brief and virile. "Shoot them at sight, or lock them up for life." "They never asked to be born," I said; "they are what they are—what can they do?" He glared very fiercely at me for forcing what he considered was the only answer. "Do? Do?" he said; "Good God! Are there not women enough on our streets?" His answer went direct to the woman's heart in me. That this man, a doctor and a healer, had no answer for the invert except death, imprisonment, or the ruination of us women, has left me pondering to this moment. I wondered how many intelligent people would give me some such startling reply, and I set upon a voyage of discovery. I have rarely had an approach to a rational facing in this matter. Doctors attack abnormality, for the most part, with bromides, hypnotism, conventional advice, and platitudes. To persons of this kind, perplexed and bewildered about their own nature, it is no help and a great danger

to be told it is a "disgusting disease," "incipient insanity," or "abhorrent and unpardonable." To be induced to enter a loveless marriage as a cure, which is so often the conventional advice, is to twice curse—to curse the partner in the fraud, and their offspring. The great immoralities of the race often spring from following such so-called "moral" advice. Such advice is against the aims of Eugenics, because these people are, in most cases, entirely unfitted to become the parents of future generations. The advice given by doctors on these matters is often only a sop to convention or a mask for ignorance. I have known a rare nature turn from such advice, coupled with stern platitudes about morality, and go from the consulting-room to suicide as a better solution; and I have known others, of tougher, coarser fibre, "go to the dogs," as they expressed it, rather than seek more help from prudery and convention. The religious people are often great censors through their traditionalised attitude. The first aid to a cure is to understand and then to advise without condemnation.

There is surely a place in the great scheme of things even for the abnormal man and the abnormal woman, but it is not an easy place. Possibly it is a very high place: the place of clean living and renunciation. Under the highest laws of both Love and Eugenics I feel its place is one of spiritual parenthood. Neither bromides, loveless marriages, nor asylums will cure congenital inversion. The real

invert is an invert from his birth to his death. This is the opinion of most competent scientific authorities. The pretence of it, and here lies the great danger to the State, can be cured by marriage, eased by bromides, trained into control in asylums, and influenced by all the arguments of Religion and Eugenics. The test of the value of an abnormal relationship is whether it cheapens love in any shape or encourages any form of prostitution. Abnormality is, then, productive of vice, as normal actions also are on such lines, and legislation must do its best and its worst with the offenders in each class. Hurried drastic legislation, however, by the terrified about what is not yet even classified as normal or abnormal will only increase social evils. I am not at the moment dealing with vicious pretenders, though even these must be treated in the light of modern mercifulness and understanding. It is with a different order of "peculiar people" we find the worst tragedy. The true invert, though often not a criminal in any real sense, is an alien amongst normal people. He realises that he is the gipsy, the outcast, the sufferer, and it lies with him whether he can also be one of the redeemers of the race. Society does its best, through its distaste for him, to thwart this greater purpose for which he may possibly exist.

This is not a plea to glorify the invert, but to understand him and to put him in his place in relation to Religion, Eugenics, and Ideals. The normal, so far as we know anything, is the true harmony in nature,

and the invert is the seeming discordant note. But in music the discord has its place. Without it, should we get the perfect harmony? It is possible that inversion and genius have some sort of affinity. They certainly both tend to belong to the neurotic group. Are we, then, to condemn both genius and inversion at sight and make laws for their crucifixion, or are we to find out the special laws and meaning of these forces in the evolution of the world? Both genius and inversion are capable of being forged into powers instead of remaining menaces, if they are rightly approached and understood. A tolerant and sane attitude towards the question of inversion might make an abnormal person a veritable Knight of the Grail, while ostracism and intellectual brutality might turn him into a criminal, and the punishment possibly revert to the instigators of the offence. The laws of retribution are more stringent than we dare or care to acknowledge. Our work is first to learn tolerance about this matter, then comprehension, then to face comprehended facts in order to weigh results on personalities and communities. Rage, fear, vindictiveness, and ignorant prudery, which is half prurience, will settle nothing, except that conventional morality draws its victims more from the ranks of the abnormal than from those of the normal. Nature is sometimes grimly humorous about this matter. I have a friend whose fierceness against everything abnormal was at one time so great that I believe she would

have refused her friendship to one so constituted. She married, and Nature gave her the problem to solve in a child of her own. We do not all get answered so curtly when we refuse to meet this problem tolerantly, but there is always the possibility that the unexpected may happen, and facts may push our theories into the background.

What has Eugenics, then, to say to the abnormal person? Surely this: Come and help us to solve this vital question of the improvement of the race. Add to our list of healthy physical children a list of spiritual children. "I am what I am," should be the true invert's motto; but, added to this, he should say, "And I refuse to pretend to be what I am not." This is his challenge to Fate who made him what he is, and to Nature who craves his help, that he should refuse to be evil even if he is considered so. The congenital stamp on him must ensure him living according to the highest he knows. So that, even if he is only an apparent eunuch in the courts of love, he may still shame those who have merely learnt the crudities of desire.

The true invert, under Eugenics combined with ideals, has to face either total renunciation of the physical expression of love, or, if Fate send him a true mate in the form of another alien, for in these things affinity has its own laws and pure love can be traced in strange hiding-places, then the bond shall be as binding, as holy, and as set for splendid social ends as the bond of normal marriage. There

is surely no other solution of this vexed question. Any concession, any compromise with seduction, or prostitution, or cheap physical expression, though no worse in many ways in abnormals than normals, but destructive in either, hinders the development of true love, and so the betterment of the human race, which betterment should always be an outcome of personal love. True love is the best thing in the whole world, and if the invert is true to what ought to be his ideals in this matter and refuses to cheapen love on any side, he can thus join hands with the eugenist, because their aims will be to diminish unfitness and increase racial possibilities. There is, in the meeting of the eugenist and the invert, an apparently hard word for the latter. It is this: Thou shalt *not* increase and multiply, nor shalt thou concede in matters of desire to what is common, average, or unclean. Spiritual parenthood must be freed from deadly microbes and vicious tendencies, even more than physical parenthood, for it is as glorious a thing to give to the world as a child of love, a work of art, as one with hands and feet.

As we do not understand abnormality as yet, and as there is danger in its increase in a haphazard way, the true invert must stand for the greatest ideal of all. He must lay down his life for the world. The true happiness of an evolved being is to do this. To some it would be no effort, but before any one has arrived at this stage of evolution, much suffering has to be lived through. It falls to the lot of some

of us to know the secret lives and the struggles of many who are in the temporary phases of either lust, morbid asceticism, despair, or a vague longing to be something other than they are. It is to these hardly pressed students in the unravelling of personal emotions that we must be ever ready to suggest individual solutions on sound lines. To do this, one must have left superstitions and trite condemnations. This attitude does not imply laxity. On the contrary, there is no one so firm in good conduct as the one who has ceased to condemn and can see all round a given case. The sternness, if sternness there must be, the truly tolerant person only keeps for personal renunciation or self-control. The condemner is nearly always nervous, envious, or secretly sinning. The mystic is bent on sincerity and fine loving. Fear and envy, with him, like lust and gluttony, have been put by in the natural order as childish things. Some of the best men and women I have ever known belong to the "peculiar people," and to know their intimate struggles and victories and even apparent failures is a strange Pilgrim's Progress story which would astound many who think they alone are the Pure in Heart. We must always bear in mind that the usual can be impure and the unusual pure. We must remember that in the great roll-call, white will not be called black or even grey, that all the Saviours of the world have been aliens who would not have been asked to sit even on the doorsteps of Respectability, that the best flowers spring from the best

manure, and that names destroy and spirits emerge, while all lovely things are possible when Love leads the way. We must give abnormal people a chance to be their best—to live and to die for the race.

I have spoken especially of inverts because they have been prominently before the public in latter years, and because they form a very large class of the abnormal. Exactly the same principles, however, apply to other abnormal classes. There are many forms of inborn perversion and abnormality, too numerous to specify, of which this holds good. All these classes are not fitted for carrying on directly the ideals of Eugenics for race production, but they can do so indirectly by moulding higher ideals and by their own spiritual creations. It is surely important that none of us should hinder such a result by a hardness of heart or a want of understanding. Nature can revenge herself in subtle and terrible ways for affronts to her children, and the maimed, the halt, and the blind are as much her children as the healthy romps, bullies, and other complacent dwellers within her tents. Spiritual parenthood, then, must suffice for these people, but they must remain true to the laws of their own being and vision. This ideal is by no means an easy thing, chiefly because, in a great measure, we have put the whole question out of any decent court. The eugenist must help this matter by showing, as I have already indicated, that the wise thing to do with the invert is to let him follow his *own* best ideals, rather than force him to

follow normal ideals for which he not only is not fitted but which would cripple his special powers of work in the eugenic fields of spiritual parenthood. When the day comes, as it is surely coming, when no part of the body is held in contempt or forbidden its own particular service for the world, we may then without absurdity speak of it as the temple of the Holy Ghost. As things are, this temple might be a common sewer made to hide unnecessary and unsightly things, or, at best, a suburban villa built to crowd in it or on it what is superficial and inartistic to the exclusion of beautiful realities. Physical parenthood having become one with spiritual parenthood, and spiritual parenthood being acknowledged as a manifestation of Nature's finest vibrations of the body, we may thus doubly welcome Eugenics as the helper of Love, Life, and Art in all their manifestations.

## BLOSSOMING-TIME

In the new civilisation experiments in evolved forms of relationships, both in love and friendship, will be inevitable.

If love is one of the chief arts of life, it follows that a different education with regard to its fuller development will sooner or later take the place of haphazard methods for teaching children the truth about their origin. It is in the very earliest years that indelible images are printed on the mind. Blossoming-time is the most precarious to the fruit-grower. On it depends the harvest. Hitherto parents have scarcely realised how to instruct their children in the mysteries of sex, for the simple reason that for the most part they have not known their own natures or the subject of sexual life in its relation to evolved conditions.

We are surely growing to realise that sex is not merely an animalism, a confusion, a madness, or even Nature's snare for gaining her own ends. Ethics and Science are slowly proving that this combination of physical, psychical, and spiritual manifestations has underlying ulterior uses in the universal scheme. The law of gravitation is not more definite or binding

than the law underlying affinity or the attraction of one personality to another. To imagine, when crude youths and maidens feel the necessity to mate, that then is necessarily the greatest wonder hour in their lives, is to realise little about the mysteries and inner meaning of love and desire. The art of love and the mysterious workings of the law of affinity in the spiritual and physical manifestations of mature development contain romances of more immense meaning.

When an artist begins a picture about which he has dreamed, or a musician finishes a score he has worked towards for months, the result in each case is a slow evolution through trained experiments. So it is with love. The lover of the future will be trained as the artist is trained. Technique must be thoroughly grasped by the would-be artist. Drudgery in learning the use of knife, palette, and brush, the blending of colours, the balance between restraint and freedom in order to fit the length and width of the canvas, the differentiation between light and shadow, the true understanding of values, the right use of detail, as also its abandonment, if necessary, to gain a perfect harmony, as well as a comprehension of the laws of perspective and sequence, mean, to the true artist, years of unemotional training. When "inspiration" comes, it will follow spontaneously along the lines of beauty and knowledge because of the prior training and control.

The laws of love, affinity, desire, passion, aban-

donment, and renunciation are as little understood by the majority of people as the laws of painting and music. From the nursery onwards every child should be prepared for the moment of inspiration when the Greater Life has need to manifest definitely through the Lesser Life. Mere excitement and joy in these great matters are the happy moments of children. The artist of love must know the technique of the body and the meaning of arteries, cells, nerves, and muscles, and their laws of dependence and interdependence. He must realise the interplay of the passive and dynamic in human desire, and also what to eliminate in emotion, as well as what to use or conserve to the uttermost. To be a finished craftsman he must realise how to control or save in order to spend recklessly and yet spiritually during that divine riot when bodies seek souls in order to fulfil Nature's strongest need. The nursery, the schoolroom, and the workshop are all training-grounds for understanding the art of love. Blossoming-time, however, is the crucial time. The child who has developed in an atmosphere of both knowledge and purity, in spontaneous joy and natural expression, through being initiated by those who are born and trained lovers, has a defence against vulgar school-time episodes or when later, in the streets, garbage is offered as a false value in passion.

In blossoming-time the wise parents will train the human being first and let the differentiation of male or female slowly follow in order of gradual

evolution. The mother of fertile imagination will soon find out whether to divulge the mysteries of love and birth to her little ones through fairy tales, science, or mathematics. The evolved woman, however, realises in any case that she must interpret these facts to her child in some form of truth, however fantastic or trite the medium may be. The stork, the doctor's box, and the parsley bed are not only stupid but dangerous fabrications. It is better for a child to look upon its mother as the temple wherein little warriors are manufactured than that later on the mother should have to realise that she is being summed up as a simpleton who either does not know the truth or is afraid of it. The naked truth about sex is too beautiful to distort, and the parents of the future, having become new lovers and new mates, and so understanding the secrets of affinity and rebirth, will have got rid of the old shames and base fears about processes which are at one with beauty and order.

A child, from its earliest years, should be trained into the knowledge of love as it is trained into the knowledge of health. The average schoolboy thinks of love as "rot" and speaks of it as he would of the toothache. His attitude to girls is the attitude of a young savage towards wild duck on the wing. The average attitude of the girl is one of emotional sentimental romanticism and hero-worship. Even a little teaching in the matter of the division of bricks and the realisation of the give-and-take as equal

comrades in games would modify and intensify, in the nursery, relationships which may help to make or mar the development of the future youth and maiden.

When a mother sees a child she has borne in the first stage of inquiry as to how he got upon this planet she generally evades the questions he asks. She does this for two reasons. Her own initiation into the mysteries of motherhood and fatherhood makes her hesitate before plunging her child into vague or troubled wonder about its origin. She cheats herself into the idea that ignorance is safety, forgetting that what she refuses to divulge her nursemaid may vulgarise or misinterpret. For parents to deal truly and beautifully with the question of how an entrance into life is made, they must be able in imagination to become little children once more, and in the second place they must be able to live in imagination in that future stage of our civilisation when the mysteries of love and birth are accepted in the same spirit as a glass of pure water is enjoyed or the glories of sunrises or sunsets absorbed. To explain to a child the simplicities and intricacies of birth one must be able to dwell in fairyland and hold a magic wand. Common sense to a child is often sheer nonsense and uncommon nonsense reality. Interrogative fever is as inevitable in the nursery as other childish symptoms. The mother must be well trained, scientifically and socially, in order that she can answer in rhymes and pictures the questions she is asked. A symbol is the child's epistle, and the truth in that symbol his little

gospel. The link between mother and child makes it possible for her to bare her intimate experiences by turning them into fairy lore. The love of the child for its mother makes it possible for it to penetrate into mysteries first unconsciously realised at her breast. To a true mother natural facts cannot but be lovely. Interpreted in this spirit to her child they spell love. The father's task is more difficult. He is more modest because possibly less pure. He deals with facts rather than with fancies, and facts to the child mean dull lessons. The father would feel himself ridiculous, like praying aloud, if he tried to explain bald bodily functions in the terms of the nursery. He merely coughs, and answers for his spouse: "Some day mother will tell you. Go and play now." In this way it nearly always becomes the mother's task to meet or evade the inevitable question of "Mammy, wherever did I come from, and how did you get me?" If the mother is wise she will, in Irish fashion, ask a question at this juncture in order to gain time. I remember, when I was a young governess, telling my four little pupils to try and find out the meaning of any word they were puzzled over before coming to their daily lessons. My astonishment was great when a mite of seven exclaimed one morning: "I can't find 'dultery anywhere. Whatever is it?" I was nonplussed. My prudish training was no help to me. I found I had no definition ready for children about these matters. I asked a question to save time: "Do any of you know?" The brother of eight

answered glibly: "Why, of course. It's just lying to your neighbour's wife." He had saved the situation, and my gratitude to the innocence and insight of a child was unbounded.

It is well to remember that a "trailing cloud of glory," suddenly born into this world of flesh and blood, cannot grasp earthly conditions or secrets for some time. These conditions and secrets must be presented in the terms of a possible different dimension or as near to it as human imagination can attain. The world of wings, fairies, dewdrops, and flowers is possibly nearer the understanding of a little pilgrim who is learning to adjust itself to a new world and trying to use new weapons than one wherein a mature man or woman has become naturalised. Botany is a wonder-world of suggestion from which to teach a child of human earthly matters ranging from birth to class distinction and snobbery. To enable a child to understand the secrets the bee whispers to the harebell, or to tell it the dire truth that some flowers shun daisies as some foolish people shun beggars, one must use facts as apparent fancies and fancies as unforgettable possibilities. There is no natural fact told simply and sweetly to a little child which can shock it. It is the unnatural emphasis on a natural process which bewilders and destroys. To take a child into the home garden and answer its questions about insects and flowers is to give its emotional nature a bias towards sweet scents and charm and deliciousness. In order to teach it the secret of eat-

ing beautifully for strength and joy in life one would not take it to a butcher's shop and show it the ghastly entrails and indecent corpses hung in a row like a blot on modern civilisation. One would show it simple food spread out with flowers and glass and linen as part of its enticement and as an aid to digestion. The mother who understands purely the matters pertaining to her sexual life and that of her mate teaches her child from whence it came and how it arrived by holding the child close to her breast in the telling. Her breast being an image of a world containing milk for babes, rest for men, and succour for women, she can make it a symbol of the sacrament of sexual life. It is the magic globe from whence love, like a winged bee, after sipping at her lips, has passed to the gates of Paradise. At those gates, mothers and fathers alike long for little sons and daughters, and their prayer is often answered. This may make the child croon, and he kisses his mother's lips, and is kissed again by them, in a delirium of kicking rapture. Her breast he knows as birds know their nests and bees a rose. She lays the little head once more on it as she approaches the holy of holies with half closed eyes and tender touch, in answer to the sleepy "How does God send them?" Could she not answer from some of her own girlish thoughts? "If God had willed, my little one, He could have blown you, like a pretty bubble, from Mother's mouth, or let her breast open like a rose in summer-time so that you stepped out ready to robe yourself in flesh as now you put on your

tiny pants; but He knew Mother loved secrets, and so He told a few of his easiest ones to Daddy and Mammy, and through Daddy's strong love for her and her tender love for him, you were put in a soft wee bag right in the centre of Mother's body. Just as you see the bee putting precious drops into the centre of a flower, so love finds a way to bring little babies into the world. Even Mother scarcely knew the great secret until she began to feel you slowly growing and growing within her, as you nestled, as small as a pea-pod at first, under her heart. For nine months she lived in the light, loving you though you were in the darkness like a snowdrop in the earth waiting for blossoming-time. She made a temple of her body for your use, as she knew you had been allowed to leave a fairyland of play and joy and music in order to rest and grow at the same time in this secret place near her heart, so that you could put flesh and blood and bones and muscle upon the little gossamer thing of spirit the pixies and fairies loved and love still. You had to grow ribs, lungs, legs, arms, and eyes and ears so that you could understand the new world in which you would slowly become a soldier." "A soldier!" the child might ask; "I had to wait then until I was borned, I suppose? and were you a soldier too?" The mother's answer should always gather round the image the child has prepared, whatever it may be. She might reply: "There is always pain and blood and scars and deep cries whenever there are soldiers fighting a battle for a new thing,

whether it is for a baby or for a nation. Babies nearly break their mothers to pieces, like a butterfly breaks its cradle in trying to be born and forgetting it was once a caterpillar. Every one helps when they hear the cries, because to get a new soldier into the world is even more wonderful than to watch a blue butterfly on red poppies or baby sister in her big bath before the soap gets into her eyes and makes her cry."

There is no age at which children may not suddenly surprise their parents by questions which demand immediate answers. To put them off is to run a risk of never hearing others. Reserve and shyness or the wrong and hasty answer has often sent the little seekers within themselves into that desolate region of doubt and fear which is the bogy-land of childhood. A child should always be taken seriously, however fantastic the solution may be which is offered. A laugh, a sneer, a reprimand, or an impatient answer may cost the parent more than can be realised at the time. A child's longing to know is a guarantee of its right to know. Blossoming-time is the best hour for revelations. Mothers are not only the houses of Life, but the Holy Ghosts within the gates.

## LOVE AS A FINE ART

REAL lovers are as rare as real artists. Modern life is full of enigmas, and Love flies before analysis. The lover is born, some think, not made; hence the rarity of the true species. No, the lover is marred through the mischances of his wrong education, his haphazard experiences in the heyday of his youth and tender idealism, and through the concessions to the commonplace in his maturity. Love as an art never enters into the educational methods or moral calculations of the schoolmaster or the parent. The latter, if an average man, looks upon it as a thing to be gone through, like measles; if he is a poet or idealist he knows from his own experience that Love is a demon with ten thousand serpents in its trail, and though in his heart he believes that its wings are burnished gold and its eyes pure flame, he has sorrowfully to declare that the fools, dreamers, and madmen who follow it as the first good in life are more or less crucified or disillusioned.

Those who know the undercurrents of many lives know that love or affection is as imperative as hunger. Spirit and body, twins, and not, as some would have us believe, antagonists, clamour for sustenance so

that through their individual and united fulfilment they may bring peace and joy to the whole nature of a man or woman. Only a happy person makes others happy ; fulfilment is happiness, and to expend joy and love is as imperative as to breathe if the whole man is to be physiologically healthy. Why, then, are real lovers so rare ? They are rare, as every married woman whose lover has sunk into her mere husband will tell us. The reasons are many, the cure simple to tell, but in this transitional time difficult to do.

Love is not, should not be at any rate, merely a sentimentality, a frenzy, an episode, or a physiological function. It may be all these, but to be a fine art (and that surely is what both life and love should have become to us moderns) it must be much more. An artist cannot rush at his picture in an inspired moment, his mood the outcome of a blue sea and a blue sky, soft warbling birds and the scent of spring in the air. All depends on his training as to whether he can really express himself. His values must be right, his drawings accurate, his perception of tone and colour trained through his past studies, else his work is the work of a madman or a baby.

Yet, in just such a nonsensical way, do men and women, when the love mood possesses them, approach love and—fail. The world, if it knows anything of the emotional daub of their lives, pities or grins ; the woman and the man writhe at their own mistakes and often have not the clear-sightedness,

the courage, or even the humanity to see what has gone wrong. Love, being the first and sweetest thing in the whole world, needs more perception and artistic treatment than any other art in the world. It must be an absorbing and ever-present essence, and yet it must never monopolise or satiate its possessor. It must bind itself only through its freedom: it must abandon itself only through its temperance. It must dare all things in order that it may accomplish all things, and yet it "must not hurry" for it must "have faith." It must, to use Edward Carpenter's phrase in a special sense, "win its freedom afresh every morning," even if it has to mount Calvary before evening through its own deeds.

Its very intimacy must be its own warning against a too great familiarity, which often breeds not only contempt but boredom. It must never refuse the body its legitimate claims, lest by so doing it wars against the spirit. It must never shut the doors of the body against the spirit, lest by its slavery to sense it loses its own essence. The lover learns little by little the big secrets of life and love, and he learns in the only way knowledge is of any use, by experience.

Men and women fail to become lovers, as would-be painters fail to become artists, because concentration, the perception of beauty, daily drudgery for a definite end, renunciation of shams, tricks, and the slavish adherence to the methods of others, need a

strong, clear perception and a trained and resolute courage. To dare to be a true lover or a true artist is to bid defiance to many conventional rules and straitlaced pruderies; it is to dare to be oneself and to risk experiments. Rules are for babes and sucklings; laws are probationary statutes fixed upon a mere crude conception of strong forces beyond our present perception, but as irresistible as gravitation. Eternal laws work out slowly and surely, and to transgress these even unconsciously is to sin against the spirit as well as the body, and to bring about the retribution which is a sure effect following a cause. No one can advise another how to love or how to paint. Individual temperaments follow out individual lines—hence the originality of character and of pictures.

But every art teacher can, in fact must, lay down some "shalt not" about details, or good results could never be arrived at. Any student of the human heart knows well that, at different eras in the history of mankind, different commandments are graven on the mount by the new prophet who sees the new vision.

In this transitional time we are in a quandary about the emotions. Makeshifts are the order of the day for the majority, and the poet and the scientist sing songs and collect facts around the hurly-burly we call love and marriage. Love as a fine art is far from being the cult of the moment, but its day is bound to come. The question is—How

is it likely to arrive? That it will be a slow and almost imperceptible change of ideals on the emotional plane goes without saying: all great reformations arrive as results of apparently insignificant beginnings. The reformation in the love-world will come chiefly through the mothers of to-day educating their children in the real laws of true living and true loving. Every child from its infancy will have to become accustomed to the sight of nudity and the sanity of the physiological laws of its own little body, as it is now made familiar gradually with the actions of feeding and speaking. Children are never shocked at nakedness or at truth; it takes a long time to teach a child our false notions of the unloveliness of the body and its marvellous functions. A wee maid I knew once, when scolded for running about her nursery naked, took the covering her nurse held towards her and wrapped it round her neck, saying, "Me quite good now, nursey."

There is but one way of educating, and that is to ignore evil and teach good, and teach good by finding all natural things clean and sweet if done cleanly and sweetly. Evil, being a mere blundering on the way to good, will die its own natural death as beauty and temperance make their own headway. The child brought up to deal naturally with natural things will develop into a youth whose ignorance cannot be made the servant of all work for lustful imaginings and intemperate or hypocritical sensualities. Courage to respect one's body by giving it

its own legitimate needs, but not at the expense of the ignorance or poverty of another, will go far towards ridding civilised life of its curses of prostitution and worldly marriages. To buy shoddy goods in the range of the emotions will surely one day be regarded as a vulgarity as great as buying second-hand clothes, and yet no gentleman to-day would go to a pawnbroker's for his top-coat, though he will satisfy his emotions in a more distinctly vulgar manner.

The lover of the future will shun bought love in any form as the true artist will shun pot-boiling in any shape. The lover cannot shun experiences: those are inevitable in all lives not bound down to the inanely commonplace, but he will shun all things which threaten the corruption or disruption of the vision of love which as a child and as a youth he has seen. Love can never admit of lies in its passionate relationships: it can never truckle for an instant to the maxims of worldlings or the tests of mere saints; it must bud and flower and seed according to the laws of its being, and guard, more jealously than even a maid her virtue, the freedom of the one to whom it surrenders itself. To bind is to lose. Jealousy, still almost the worst and meanest sin of the old and the new lover alike, must have no quarter in the new code of love as a fine art. When through childhood and youth a man has at last come to what he thinks is his own, and taken the woman of his choice to his heart, let him know that his education has

only begun, for his courtesies must be doubled; his attitude as lover, combined with that of husband, must be a blending of friendship, comradeship, and loveship, but never a tyranny. Absolute possession in persons or purses is as out of date as feudalism.

For love, then, not only to be a fine art but *itself*, it must take no thought, when its spring-time has come, of the things it has learnt about its own nature. The artist, in his moment of inspiration, works out his ideas with no conscious thought of the stern rules of his art; if he is a true dreamer or painter he lives in the moment, is caught up in a perfect frenzy of creation, and forgets all things else in the wonder and beauty of the hour. So it is with the true lover. Passion, when it mates with true love, is lost in its own exquisiteness. To take thought about itself, to stammer, blunder, and calculate, to look for the spiritual or emotional wherewithal with which it can express itself, is to fall short of its own inspiration. It must forget all things by remembering only its need to become itself through the equal need of another. It must for the hour dwell in a world given over to those things which are profoundly deep, profoundly real, and profoundly simple. From such hours youth is renewed, life is consecrated, and the world gains through the joyfulness of two made utterly one.

# PART II.—THE NEW CIVILISATION

## DEMOCRACY IN THE KITCHEN

The servant question is a test question which won't easily get into politics, and so be solved in the orthodox English way. Men vote it a women's concern and laugh at it as an unimportant matter by the side of the nationalisation of land or the fight of labour with capital. No one likes the subject, simply because it implies the disclosing of a domestic skeleton which is in every one's cupboard to-day. Feudal economics and cant ethics become powerless when servants are faced without their caps and aprons, and recognised as legitimate claimants for citizenship.

The nationalisation of land and the crying of quits between capital and labour are so far away that even a Parliamentary candidate, with his hands in two pockets practically filled from both sources of production, can get his seat through an eloquent speech on the socialistic side. Justice for the people in the abstract and land nationalisation, two centuries ahead, leave him comfortable time to make his plans. But when that Parliamentary candidate leaves the platform, a subtler problem, in the shape of the waged

slave or flunkey who brings his brandy and soda, stands at his elbow. The class and mass war, which is gathering force daily in our midst, is epitomised in every house which boasts of a parlour and a kitchen where a sharp line is drawn between those who serve and those who are served. Labour and capital, as master and man, mistress and maid, show us daily how far we have really advanced into the practical region of equality. Capital, with its wants supplied, its exactions met, its comforts provided, its insufficient pay accepted, may be studied in the average middle-class household in England. Labour, with its badge of cap and apron, its painful drudgery or debasing flunkeyism, tells its own tale of mass servility and dependent slavery.

The servant question, then, is a test question; it is as vital to the solution of the labour question as the economic independence of woman is to the sex question. Servitude in this domestic problem has got service by the throat, and in order to conceal the fight between the two, we, who are served, talk glibly of the incapacity and ignorance of the servant class, for whose stupidity and servility we are in a great measure answerable.

Socialism—the word, I mean—rings in our ears. We are on the verge of believing in it; some day, in spite of the fact that many of us look upon it as a mere bridge to a wider and broader view of a new civilisation, we shall live it more and discuss it less. To talk loudly and act sincerely is scarcely given as

yet to nations or to men. Christianity and Socialism alike are theories for the most part, not practice. This statement may be tested in every "lady's" attitude towards "menial" work, and in the mental attitude of every man who has a daughter or a son in "service." Those "household drudges running from the hearth to the slopstone and from the slopstone to the hearth all their lives," as Edward Carpenter has it, are satirical commentaries on our eloquent lectures on equality and our tracts on self-sacrifice.

Mass and class, equality and servility, feudalism and democracy, rights and mights, slavery and emancipation, are in the face of the dirty little maid-of-all-work, whom we have ever with us. If we have a shadow of honesty, we know that to bring twentieth-century Socialism or first-century Christianity to bear on that problem is to shelve the matter at once, or to face it like straightforward men and women. The philanthropic sops thrown by fine ladies to hush the importunity of the problem simply hinder the solution of the matter, as 30 per cent. returned to the Duke of Bedford's tenants hinders the land question. Charity here, as in other walks of life, heals with one hand the nasty wounds she makes with the other. What the two million individuals on the servants' register need is justice—plain and simple justice, and not bones thrown to social dogs to keep them from biting. So long as we touch the servant question from our easy-chairs, and make the test of the matter our personal convenience, and so long as we admit the indecent

word " menial " into our vocabulary, so long will the servant question remain unsolved, and, being unsolved, will cry shame on our quack social physics, which, while stimulating the brain, leave the hands and feet of England bound and paralysed.

The domestic servant question—dull as it may appear to most men and to some women, who really believe that not only the animals but servants were made for their exclusive use—the servant question, being a distinct demonstration of the effects of servitude on the whole body politic, is at the very core of our national democratic problem. It is, then, a question which is of vital moment to both the masses and the classes, as it runs like a tangled thread through the whole of modern life. The army of menials—in the shape of flunkeys, caretakers, ladies'-maids, kitchen-maids, butlers, parlour-maids, general servants, laundresses, lodging-house " slaveys," and the rest—meet us on every hand either as our relatives or as our machines. The problem is, then, not only an individual but a national problem.

Let us criticise for a moment the position of the average general servant, noting how the matter of inferiority crops up at every point in the girl's life. A general servant is engaged : all sorts of questions are considered legitimate for us to put to the person who is to do our dirty work for us. No really vital questions are expected in return, such as, " Do you nag all day, Madam ? " " Do you give your servant your underclothing to make or mend if she finishes

your work promptly and so makes 'free time'?" "Do you demand that your husband and sons treat your servant as if she were a woman, and not as a chattel?" "Do you give good food?" Inequality is represented at the outset. The girl enters her new home: she finds that as sharp a line is drawn between the kitchen and the drawing-room as between heaven and earth: she begins, if it is her first place, to learn through this fact the "slavey" code of non-ethics. She finds in a dull sort of way that her soul must be different from that of her mistress, for though she sits deferentially on a chair while her master reads a chapter from the Bible and says a prayer for the conversion of the heathen, she notices that in the church she does not sit by the side of her mistress in the same pew. Her body, she learns, cannot have the same needs as that of her mistress: while spare rough food may do for one, the hard worker and early riser, titbits, and what appear to her dull eyes as two dinners a day, barely suffice for the other. If she is ill, of if her woman's nature craves a definite resting-time, she has to learn that her rough servant fibre does not need rest at such times, but that a couch and loving attentions under similar conditions above stairs are often necessities to tide "the lady" over a weary time. She learns that she has no real sense of beauty: old and ugly wedding gifts and yellow texts in gold frames adorn her bedroom, furnished generally from the "servants' list," which tells its own tale in every furnisher's catalogue. She is often forbidden to have

her sweetheart in the house, and the area gate is locked to enforce obedience. Love becomes a forbidden fruit looming in the distance as a secret vice which she intends to indulge in the moment the area steps are unwatched and her enemy from home. The reaction from this unnatural bondage comes sooner or later, and then we pious superior folk clasp our hands in solemn horror over the hopelessly demoralised servant class.

The Rev. G. P. Merrick, formerly chaplain of Millbank Prison, heads his list of 14,790 fallen women with suggestive figures which represent the relation of domestic service to prostitution. Out of his quoted number of 14,790 inhabitants of Millbank we find that 5823 are domestic servants, and if we include domestic service in all its branches, the number increases to 8000, or more than half the total number.

Now what do these facts demonstrate? The utter rottenness and vulgarity of our mass and class traditions; the wickedness of our conventional restrictions with regard to "followers"; and the inhumanity of the traditional attitude to domestics, which allows women to treat them as slaves, and which naturally leads men to regard them as chattels. Mistresses who treat their servants as mere means to their comfort and convenience are largely responsible for the attitude of disrespect, contempt, and callousness too often assumed by men towards those who, being in a dependent position, should naturally command protection and respect. Then follow

sudden dismissals without "character"; too often leading the bewildered "slavey" to begin a pitiable career which ends often enough in the hospital or the prison.

That the servant class, as a class, is loose in its morals, dirty in its habits, untrustworthy, lying, and stubborn, is perfectly true. From whom have they learnt their chief lessons? It is stupid and illogical to expect servants as a class to ignore object-lessons in flirtations, ill-temper, and white lying, and steer straight in the midst of their demoralising drudgery towards the robust qualities which are only found in those who have escaped from servitude of mind and body.

We are told that one of the most debasing characteristics of the ordinary servant is petty pilfering. Why is this? Because locks and keys put the girl at once into the position of an enemy, and human nature soon learns to become what it is imagined to be. I do not for a moment believe that the average mind of an ordinary "general" in the first instance looks upon sharing the good things of life with her master and mistress as stealing. Poor soul! she may have a dim idea that she is only doing that which is fair, straight, and according to the ideals of Christianity, or, like the darkey when detected in stealing his master's pork, may answer with a slavey's logic, "I'se massa's, and the pig's massa's; I eats the pig, and we's both massa's still."

Those who have a sweetheart, a sister, or a child

in a situation as a general "slavey," for the word is apt, know that what I have said is the truth, and know that the very conditions under which the girl lives inevitably sap her love of truth, her openness, and her thoroughness, and that she either degenerates into a servile drudge or into a social rebel against law and order, which latter is the more respectable condition of the two. The sharp caste line which separates one woman from another, one man from another, and stamps one form of work as artistic and the other as menial, cannot develop a true personality, and must, through its subtle influence, corrupt the best men and the best women. The whole servant system is rotten and degrading, and morally injures those who serve and those who are served, and no sophistry which drawing-room economics or ethics can bring to bear on the question can defend the wage slavery in our midst or the class distinction in our mansions. The prosperous condition of the servant staff does not alter the question at all. Large servants' halls, an over-abundant supply of food, opportunities for imitating the worst characteristics of employers, all the enervating extreme of the "general slavey" position, lead us to the contemplation of flunkeydom, than which there is no more hopeless picture. Bad as is the misery and monotony of the life of the ordinary servant drudge, there is really more hope from it for the servant cause in general than from any increase of large establishments, with their staff of well-dressed

and leisured servants. To live in a fashionable country village and watch closely the attitude of the liveried manikins belonging to the wealth of England, is to feel that the servant question is not only depressing, but hopeless. Why? Because one finds that the overfed manikin does not seem to miss his manhood; because hat-touching and the servile attitude of one man to another has robbed him of honest self-respect and made him a more desperate enemy of real progress than the veriest barbarian.

So imbued are these fringes of the aristocracy with the traditions of caste prejudice that in large servants' halls it is no uncommon sight to find the servants divided off at different tables—a veritable sitting below the salt existing among themselves. A lady's-maid won't demean herself by associating with the parlour-maid; she, in her turn, patronises the kitchen-maid, who, sorely at a loss to whom to rise superior, makes the life of the gardener's boy a target for her outraged dignity. To say that servants have more caste feeling than their employers is simply to state a well-known fact, and I think that no one will deny that, taking them all in all, there is no more hopeless or demoralised class in our community than ordinary domestic servants. The problem curses those who serve and those who are served. All the petty revilings in the world will, however, not help either the masses or the classes out of their false interdependence in this matter.

What can help us ultimately? Nothing but a

clean sweep of the whole system as it stands to-day. Servitude is a stupid blunder, and costs us money and nerve-strain, and the sooner we laugh it out of our domestic concerns the better for individuals and the better for the nation. In making a statement like this I am not advocating anarchy, and I am not what is vulgarly known as "gassing." There is nothing easier than to fling one's arms about and advocate the total upheaval of existing institutions. It is the way of fiery souls who have never studied either history or human nature. What I am advocating is not a fanatic's air-bubble, but a practical English threefold way out of a serious difficulty, a way which could, to some extent, be cleared to-morrow by the County Councils all over the kingdom, and could be helped on municipally at every election. If the methods I am advocating were adopted, we should make great strides into the very centre of socialistic legislation, and the present servant situation would go down like a house of cards. Energy, plodding persistence, a dogged resistance to candidates who cry for individualistic measures, a sincere wish to stand level for opportunities all round, is all that is needed to bring from the region of theory into practice Democracy in the Kitchen.

The first step surely to be taken in order to get rid of servitude and find our way back to common-sense service, is to try and bring about the independence of the servant class. The first thing to do in this direction is to put domestic service completely

on a trade basis; to make the teaching of how to lay a fire, how to wash saucepans, how to cook a dinner, and keep drains and traps flushed, not only compulsory in our board and private schools for all classes, but to enforce a short and sharp apprenticeship upon all those who intend to offer themselves as domestic helpers. To put housework—an inevitable feature of civilised communities—on the level of an honourable trade or profession, where a guarantee of efficiency would do away with any special contempt attaching to pleasant and healthy work; to let reason and thoroughness take the place of slipshod uneducated drudgery, would surely minimise some of the evils of domestic service. Make the work artistic, and let it be done from an artist's standpoint, and you will use a lever which will banish the word "menial" from our dictionaries.

Imagine for a moment what a transfiguration life would undergo if educated service took the place of haphazard drudgery. Conceive of the domestic worker with only one foul rag in her back recesses instead of twelve; think of her disliking a greasy sink and general surface cleanliness as only the Ruskinites or the sanitary enthusiasts do now; imagine her having a reason for everything, and thus sparing her heels through a minute effort of her brain, and minimising her labour and doing her work with half the expenditure of energy of the untrained dabbler who is now ever with us. If domestic service could be made into a trade, with its organised

demands, its limited hours, and its legal contract, philanthropy on this subject would soon be eclipsed by justice. Domestic workers as a class would be defended against the traditional attitude of employers, and employers would have a right to demand efficient work for an honest salary. The experiment would naturally have its transitional evils, as did the teaching of reading and writing to the manual worker, as well as the passing of an Eight Hours Bill, but the day is far spent wherein we can seriously demand that the reform car shall be stopped because of the temporary obstructions in the path.

The moment the servant class is organised into a distinct army of responsible and efficient workers, whose self-respect will kill servility, and whose importance in the community will command equality, the way is at once open for the next movement, which will be a distinctly socialistic one, and which will directly remove from daily life its weight of responsibility and nerve tension under our present domestic hugger-mugger. I mean the formation of municipal bakehouses, kitchens, and dining-halls. A few of our churches could well be spared to give a practical demonstration of the all-roundness of Christ's gospel, which has in it the supplying of loaves and fishes and the care of men's bodies more than many of our parsons like to admit. If every woman could have a minimum instead of a maximum of domestic spider-threads tugging at her brain year in and year out, through the municipalisation of

laundries, bakehouses, kitchens, and restaurants worked under well-trained and methodical civil servants, just imagine for one moment what a new life would be on this earth. Woman's equality would be established almost as much by this as by her economic independence, as it would open up the way in many cases for that very independence ; for many women would find their real life-work in the municipal domestic factory, and be paid their true earnings as citizens. The class-feeling removed, work swerved out of the drudgery element into the artistic region, machines employed wherever practicable, short hours the rule, and leisure the result of the short hours—what else do we want in order to solve our problem ? What reason is there for not at once beginning to bring this about through our County Councils all over the kingdom ? As a practical experiment alone it would surely be a capital investment for the State, and would in ten or twenty years be as remunerative as the General Post Office, for our boots, knives, beds, and grates have to be cleaned with the same regularity as the postman's knock is answered.

The argument which will be brought against the matter by the average Britisher will be that every Englishman's home is his castle, and this experiment threatens to undermine the foundation. Every Englishman's home may be his castle, but we know well enough that the castle at present constituted always has one or two feudal slaves in it, the wife or

the " slavey," or both, and it is often difficult to tell the one from the other. The curse of the English middle class is snobbery and gentility. Manual work —the cure for much of the hysterical anæmia and sexual effeminacy in our midst—is relegated to the region of the kitchen, instead of being divided for the general good of the ladies and the domestic slaves alike. It may sound extravagant to many when I say that if the municipal factory could be started it would be a death-blow to woman's incapacity and dolldom, and would probably have more effect in bringing about equality of the sexes, and also equality among the classes and masses, through obtaining true citizenship for women, than anything else.

The average woman with a distinct capacity for domestic work would cease to fret and worry her life away in petty household details : she could join an honourable army and work hard for the common good and be paid out of the common funds. Up to a few days even of childbirth it would be of service to her to take some share in the general work, just as in the Paris Duval Restaurants you see women in this condition cheerfully working within a short time of their delivery.

The professional woman, with special gifts and special hereditary equipment, would also have a fair chance under such a system. The full work of a Jane Welsh Carlyle was practically lost to us because there was no common kitchen for the wants of dyspeptics. The private home, relieved from the kitchen

range, the frying-pan, the washtub, and the shoe-blacking and knife-cleaning, would demand so little in the way of work and worry from the inhabitants that any normal professional person would find the manual exercise needed there good for his health. This of course implies simplicity in one's private home and an utter absence of ostentation or luxury. Life, stripped of mere appearances, robbed of slavery to conventions, despoiled of knick-knacks and sham observances to fashion, weeded of its superfluous clothes, rooms, and general etceteras, would become beautiful and bearable to all. The municipal domestic factory combined with a new ideal of what sincere living is would simply rid civilisation of the vulgar hag of Servitude. Private luxury would then make way for public comfort. Nationalism would begin to eclipse Individualism. Simplification of life, except from the voices of ascetics and fanatics, does not mean either sordidness, uncleanliness, bareness, or ugliness. It simply means the reduction of life to beauty instead of letting it be overloaded with luxury.

Life to-day, in our cities at any rate, is a pinched anæmic drudge, waiting upon a usurper who is slowly pinioning the very thoughts and deeds of honest men and women. Beauty, almost as vital a necessity to a normal man or woman as air, or light, or food, or love, has no chance. Vulgarity and the commonplace stride triumphant in the land.

To strip life, then, of its superfluities on one side,

to get artistic necessities for all on the other side, to let appearances go for a single cipher in the sum of living, to demand freedom, joy, and beauty for every creature on this earth, here is a work for our Labour Churches and Brotherhoods to do, and if they are in earnest, they can set about it to-morrow.

Add to these things the importance of emphasising the growing need amongst earnest men and women to-day, the need to spell the first letter in the cant-ridden word of brotherhood ; to find nothing and no one common or unclean ; to dare to prove this outside the self-righteousness of little coteries ; to dare the taunt of inconsistency, luxury, niggardliness, and "bad form" ; to dare to live a life—not of a base servitude to maxims, morality, or catchwords—but of silent Service, which, like Love, rarely catches its own reflection in the mirror of Life.

## THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES

My subject to-day is a double one ; it has to deal with two sides of a very complicated matter : the struggle between two portions of the social body which are practically at war. At present the signs of rebellion are not very marked, but they are significant, and show that the burly Mass is taking form, and will have to be reckoned with in a new way. The wakening of Labour is like an epidemic : all over the world the revolutionary germ is spreading, and Individualism, which has become a disease in the Classes, is beginning to assert itself as a healthy manifestation in the Masses. Tennyson's farmer's dictum that " the poor in a loomp is bad " is beginning to be discredited by the poor themselves, and righteous demands are following a sturdy reckoning of accounts.

I am not concerned now with the question as to how there came to be Masses and Classes. I am here to face the immediate moment which concerns both the rich and the poor, and then to make my plea. It is enough for us that we recognise the gulf which separates the Capitalist from the Labourer ; which gives the monopoly of life to one, and scarcely the oil to make the machine go to the other ; which gives

the inheritance of the earth to one, and a vague promise of a secure resting-place in heaven to the other.

The very word Mass describes the picture on one side of the big social gulf : a huge, crowded, unshapen, burly thing we call in fine language the proletariat, in less fine language the British workman, in vulgar speech "the lower orders." It takes little imagination to call up this heaving mass of organised or unorganised workers, with their manhood and womanhood sucked under, in the majority of cases, in the unequal race for bread and life ; with their opportunities fined down to a mere name, mostly an opportunity to revert to an animal existence of drudgery year in and year out, or to die in our hospitals or workhouses. On one side stands the fierce dog Competition, ready to tear limb from limb if muscle relaxes or demands increase, and on the other hand sits the fiercer wolf of Human Greed, which guards the sea where the submerged tenth lie drowning. The record of this incessant struggle against fierce odds may be calmly and prosaically viewed in that excellent book, written by Charles Booth, on *Labour and Life of the People.* In column after column we get the brief unvarnished record of how the Masses live, and one reads between the lines how the chains of long hours of work, of ill-ventilated and over-rented rooms, no margin to days or months or years, no free chance to be a man or a woman, only the opportunity to continue machines, have dragged all joy and strenuous purpose from the

labouring folk, and made them a standing shame to our vaunted civilisation.

In order to get an outline of the Class life, one has only to turn to any Society paper of the hour and read quite calmly the record of how the Classes live.

Now let us look more closely into the lives of Masses and Classes. The curious part of the matter is that in the first instance equality exists : the Mass baby comes into the world much in the same way as the Class baby ; the surroundings, as we know, vary somewhat. The Mass child is dragged up ; the Class child is brought up : this is the first significant fact. The Mass boy is taken from his school in order to try and snatch a living somehow long before the Class boy has begun that quaint process called "finishing." The handicapping of the one and the enervation of the other begin simultaneously. While the Class youth is eating his dinners for the Bar, or going through his degrees for teaching the doctrines of the Mass Man of Nazareth, or learning how to heal the Classes through experiments on the Masses, the life of the Mass man or woman has begun. Some of you know that life better than I do—the life of weary toil from morn to eve, with scarce margin enough wherein to drink and eat and rest, in order that the machine may be ready for the next day's drudgery. You know the meaning of the short wage and tedious work ; the labour which has lost its joy because it is hurried and competitive, and makes one

man strive against another man and push him to the wall ; the labour which sucks the manhood from one man in order to make a manikin of another. You know the endless details which constitute the weekly lives of the workers : children quaintly asking from the mother, who never sees her husband till nightfall, " Who is the strange man as comes on a Sunday and whacks us ? " Wives toiling and moiling and charing and child-bearing under a stress which, but for its commonness, would force tears from our eyes. Men always living upon the verge of starvation, and oftener than not getting submerged when the fever comes, or a bad winter, or a dull season ; silently slipping into that black sea of failure, never to come out ; women looking dumbly at sixpences, and wearing out nerve and brain to try and make them do the work of half a crown ; beauty, joy, and freshness fading from the faces of men, women, and children : men growing hard and bitter, and pitting class against class, and drowning their despair in lust and drink, and making the women curse the hour they bore their children : thousands of men and women passing days with scarcely enough to eat, and living in herds in rooms not fit to be described to polite ears, and for which they pay exorbitant rents ; without proper air, with but a poor supply of water, and in utter and pitiful ignorance of the big world of beauty just outside their eyesight. Women dying of foul and secret diseases, and selling their bodies for a mere pittance to eke out the sweater's

wage : men becoming servile and unmanly because bread comes that way. This is the unexaggerated picture of the lives of the Masses, and it is this evil which every honest man and woman, Christian or Agnostic, has got to heal ere they can sit down in peace.

If it were not that the two pictures, though so widely different, have a relation of cause and effect which makes it impossible to view one without the other, the aspect of a real Class life would be irresistibly funny. I want you to bear in mind that in sketching these two pictures of social life I am fully aware that I am dealing with extreme instances of the two sides of my subject, but every word I say can be proved by experience. The life of a Class man begins when the "finishing" process has been gone through and the profession is chosen. There is a current belief in the Classes and in the little circles which act as satellites to the aristocracy, and would fain follow their lead, that a gentleman must of necessity belong to a learned profession or live on his estate, and that a lady must live on her means or teach. Only the other day an old schoolfellow of mine met me, and almost apologised for the fact that she had become a good milliner instead of a bad governess. A Class man is often as much tortured and bored by the obligations which are upon him to enter a profession as the Mass man is weighted with his drudgery. I know a young fellow who this year has refused the petitions of his mother and his brothers,

and left a very lucrative and "respectable" profession in London, to go to Mother Earth and learn her simple secrets as a common farmer. The man is happy, but his people are sad. Why? Because of the great Class bogy, which has taken the place of old-world witches and ghosts.

The Class brings its own miseries; which fact is often ignored by the Mass onlooker, who only sees the suits and trappings of well-dressed and well-fed prosperity. The inevitable keeping-up of appearances, the marrying in his sphere, the donning of a coat and hat which prevent a rest on a friendly doorstep or the carrying of a washer-woman's basket, the obligation to sit in a certain way and eat according to certain rules, the necessity to follow the expensive and tedious habits which constitute "good form," the acquiring of learning which will make a man scorn to dig the earth or use a blacksmith's hammer, the amassing of wealth with the least effort and in the most gentlemanly manner,—that is, chiefly by becoming a Stock Exchange gambler, a director, a doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman,—the cultivation of caste prejudices and habits, which keeps a man encircled in a sectarian groove of fashionable clubs, with impossible entrance fees except for the Classes; the crushing of quick, bracing, childlike, and joyous impulses, because Society—like the prudent mother I once knew, who wrote and told her daughter not to smile much in winter, as it produced wrinkles—Society demands that her children move with stately

nonchalance, varied with occasional fits of ennui, to the music of her presiding genius, Madame Grundy.

Think of it pitifully for one moment: the nerve-wearing toil of trying to make enough out of the labourers, the land, and the capital of a nation, to furnish a doll's house, to keep a doll in it, and to be wearied to death in the long process of turning a man into a tailor's dummy. Of the woman's side of the question I have little to say. The Class life, in proportion to the extent it makes a woman into a Class slave, is a breeder of prudes, of dull dollies, and of hysterical patients for unconscientious doctors, who find it more lucrative to prescribe bread pills and coloured water than large waists and hard work. I may seem to speak bitterly, but I do not feel bitter. I always see the pathetic side of this picture, and when I am in "good society" sometimes, amid the whirl of drawing-room gossip, with its stereotyped clothes for its men and its stereotyped manners for both its men and its women, I sometimes pause a moment, and then feel an inclination to cry out suddenly, "Men and women, in Christ's name where are we?" And then I feel a pity stronger and deeper than when I hear a woman has been outraged or a man murdered, for murder and outrage come of quick passion, when madness suddenly sweeps into a man's brain; but this murder of truth and wholesomeness, and this outrage on manhood and womanhood, have become habit and life, and the victims are mostly ignorant of their position.

I have sketched these two pictures, not to inflame class against class, man against man—there is far too much of that growing up amongst us ; but I have sketched them in order that I may face the position definitely ere I make my plea.

If you look back upon the picture of the Masses, you will find material there for any artist or poet in the land. There is always a dramatic fighting against odds, a fierce struggle from hand to mouth, which knits the blind nearer together ere they fall into the ditch. Painful, unjust, and uncivilised as the picture is, it has its grand lights and shades, and is close to the heart of the poet and artist, for its simple human possibilities and interests are never apart from it. The other picture is a dull one—too dull to linger over. Goethe was right when he defined good society as that which furnished no material for poetry. Imagine our artist or poet lingering over the Bank, the Stock Exchange, the fashionable drawing-room, in which civility and social interest speak first, and truth is left to convenient seasons ; the marriage of the world (though tragedies enough are to be found there), the Queen's Drawing-room, the modern villa life, the taking of dividends, the amassing of hundreds or thousands, the fanciful patient and the fashionable doctor, and the hundred-and-one instances to be found in a real Class life ! No wonder William Morris has to travel back for the inspiration for his poems.

We are in a very tangle at this moment, of unbrotherliness, of competition, of injustice, of con-

gested centres of industry, of jerry work and jerry life, of Class and Mass strife, of strikes, societies, debates, and remedies; and it is almost impossible to get even time to pause and look the situation full in the face. But this is what we must do at intervals ere we can tread safely in the path towards social happiness. We must give ourselves time for social stocktaking, and face the immediate prospect.

The Mass man has surely to pause ever and anon, as he is working for a new labour world by organising himself to get his rights, and squarely face a few matters. The faults of his class threaten him seriously at times like these, when the transitional moment is almost over, and the new hour is at hand. A new power, however necessary and right it may be, is always dangerous in the hands of those who have been enslaved: reading and writing made many thick-skulled slaves into vain manikins till the transitional time had passed. There is no tyrant so great as the one who has been downtrodden and has struggled to the fore; there is no greater danger than the vain fanaticism of a pygmy who stands after a brief fight in the ranks of giants. It is no use blinking facts: unless the Masses, in taking up their absolutely right demand for equality of opportunity and a just return for labour—unless the Masses keep their heads and educate themselves into "grit" citizens while they claim their demands as men and strenuously fight the transitional dangers to character and country, we shall have a very terrible time of it.

The child who has been starved at home by a tyrannous father, and bereft of necessaries by a niggard stepmother, is liable later in life to become either a reckless spendthrift or a tyrannical miser. The Masses have been wronged, both consciously and unconsciously; their day of reckoning is at hand. Let them face it like men, and while demanding Rights let them guard against neglecting the old-fashioned Duties, without which Rights will be of very little use. There is a great tendency amongst certain working classes, and these belong chiefly to the over-worked and often, it must be confessed, slipshod workers, to look upon all capitalists, landlords, and well-dressed "toffs" as blackguards and thieves, and to threaten and sneer accordingly. They are too ignorant to see that the system may make the individual, but the individual is not the system; and, as a matter of fact, a capitalist and a landlord to-day is often as much in ignorance of economics and of ethics as a Mass man is of mathematics and Latin. "Whatever is, is right," growls the ignorant possessor of land, capital, and labour; and he does not think much of the equally foolish reasoning of his brother, who yells back to him, "No, sir, whatever is, is wrong." Surely half of the unworthy acts, aims, and ridiculous pretences of Individualists are the results of ignorance more than of wickedness. I know well many Class folk who have never realised what a working man's life really is, who have never thought of him as anything but

a mechanical contrivance between their wants and their supplies, and whose study of Christ's doctrine has brought them to the conclusive argument, presented so often as a finale to silly theories of equality, that Christ Himself had declared: "The poor you have always with you." Ages of tradition and years of habit and inheritance are behind these fossil notions: we cannot rest till we have rooted out such ignorant thoughts and deeds, but we shall never do it if we merely go and shout in the rich man's ears: "You thief! you blackguard! Let me change places with you—it's my day now,"—which is the real substance of much of the revolutionary doctrine of to-day. To threaten the Class man suddenly, after centuries of submission, with stones and bullets; to curse him and to use uncouth words at him, only makes him think how worse than low the "lower orders" are, only fossilises him in his Class habits, only makes him sneer openly and put his hands deeper into his pockets and whistle a tune while he rattles the coin. It is a sign of stupidity and ignorance to bite a man's head off if you want to convince him. This is the way of a schoolboy in a rage. If you want to convince a man that you are in earnest, and that his ways are anti-social and wrong, convince him by your action that you know what you are talking about. To condemn our ignorant social worship of the great god Getting-On; to demand rights and work for all; to condemn the enslaver of labour and the banqueter on labour's produce,

and at the same time to work like a Trojan to get into the very places, to build the very houses, and to lead the same idle lives as the men we wish to dethrone, is both illogical and ridiculous. You know as well as I do that the worker, over-wrought and stunted as he is to-day, often speaks and acts from a kind of envy of the man he says is robbing him, as if, forsooth, to be a robber and an idler were the great things in life. A turning of social tables is not a readjustment of social conditions: it is merely jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. It is a well-known fact that when a Mass man "gets on," as the world calls getting on,—that is, when he gets his head and shoulders above water, keeps in work and health, and is thrifty and close and sharp in money matters,—that the first thing he does is not to demonstrate to his new circle that his social ideal is true for action as well as for theory, by living a sane, simple, brotherly life, but to do exactly the reverse. He goes and buys some starched cuffs, a starched collar, an imitation gold watch and chain, a tweed suit, and sets himself up in a villa, with its best rooms elaborately vulgarised by knick-knacks of no use to himself or to his neighbours, as they are shut up on weekdays, and grudgingly and uncomfortably used on Sundays to excite the envy or admiration of his comrades. He begins to pick and choose his acquaintances, and gradually climbs that silly ladder of caste prejudice and social convention which saps both manhood and womanhood, from the

Masses at the foot of it, and the Classes at the top of it. The very man who as a Mass man was indignant at the sweater's wage and the enslavery of the labourer, now dogmatically tells us from his cosy fireside and his hardly-won easy corner that it is a man's own fault if he cannot get on, and that a loafer is a loafer by predestination, and the survival of the fittest is not only scientific but Christian. From this standpoint the Mass master becomes a greater tyrant than his Class predecessor. It is just this pitfall that the Mass man has to guard against if he dreads social retrogression. Let him stand firm to a common-sense economic position: let him combine sturdily, and let the need of co-operation and combination be as a religion to him: let no failures in individuals and no self-pride or personal vanity hinder him in the full acceptance of all methods which can help to bring about, sanely and surely, a new labour world. A fine theory about these matters is not enough. Representation in the municipal elections, demands for an eight-hour day, representation in Parliament, unions and strikes, and all the economic stepping-stones laid down in a programme like that presented by the Fabian Society, must be steadily demanded by every working man. The fight of necessity will be very hard, but God forbid it should be bitter. I speak quite seriously when I say that I believe it is better for a man to die of starvation or grind, than to become a mere railer for rights without that brotherliness which

will make rights of any use to him. It is right to hate oppression, robbery, and slavery ; but it can never be right to hate the oppressor, the robber, and the slave-owner. It is absolutely imperative that men and women should demand scope to live their lives in beauty and fulness ; but it is a mean thing in Masses or Classes to struggle for conditions in which they will have opportunities to live a jerry life, and by a jerry life I mean a snobbish, unsimple, and unbracing life. Don't give in one jot to the oppressor,—not one jot,—not because you are afraid of starvation and death and the rest, but because it is not good that the oppressor shall oppress : it is good that he shall be just. Be firm in your demands, make them all without flinching, but get them all in a spirit which will carry everlasting issues with it—a spirit of sane brotherhood, which cares as much that the battle shall end well for the old oppressor as for the new victor. It is not a mere matter of revolution for either Classes or Masses : it is a question of education, and just because of this it will inevitably be a slow growth ; but there is no excuse in this for either Classes or Masses to rest for one instant in the false position they are both in to-day. By education I don't mean book learning : I mean the education which will make the Mass man cease to be a mere railer for rights ; which will enable him, while he is working through experiments of every kind towards a new social order, to retain his true manhood by cleaving to a new ideal of fellowship and justice,

which must slowly but surely leaven the hard lump of ignorant commercialism and effete individualism. I don't wish to minimise in the slightest degree the importance of so-called practical reforms, but I want to lay stress on the fact that the true idealist is really practical, because he must shape his ideas into action, and dry rot cannot long keep company with a sane enthusiasm which counts death little, but life for every man and woman on earth much.

To the Classes my plea also is for education, and here, again, I do not mean the education of colleges or of books. I mean the education which will make the Class man, after looking social matters in the face, suddenly turn in upon himself and ask himself questions :

Why are the few rich, and the many poor ?

Why should land not belong to the people as well as air and sunshine ?

Why must one man work sixteen hours a day, and I be allowed to go to my club, and smoke and live on my means ?

Is Christianity a pretty myth, or a reality ignored by nearly all the churchgoers ?

Is the prostitute, who is bought as a means to an end in our public streets, of the same flesh and blood as my guarded wife at home ?

Is it God's law or man's ignorance that a thousand men go to the wall, while one man becomes a millionaire ?

What I mean by education, is the capacity which

will enable the Class man to answer those questions quite sincerely—that is, apart from all material and personal considerations: the education which must bring a new light in his eyes, which will give him a warmer hand-clasp, which can but make a just liver and worker of him, which will make him dig the social question to its roots, and, in the face of what he sees there, cry out with honest Walt Whitman, and mean every syllable too—

"By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

This is the education the Class man needs, and he is getting it, too: signs are all around us that men and women are becoming ashamed of philanthropy in mansions, of Christianity in luxury, of so-called brotherhood in commercial competition. Surely one of the simplest and yet most imperative things for the classes who have faced these things to do, is this: to go and live right in the very midst of the workers themselves, not as patrons or philanthropists,—above all, not as self-righteous Pharisees, which is still the most glaring sin of the social reformer,—but as men and women determined to join hands with all classes; vowed to live cleanly, beautiful, though unluxurious lives right in the very midst of the humblest in the land, so that very shame will prevent ostentation and luxury, and very brotherliness will bring about simplicity and equality. We must all dwell somewhere: let us leave at once, for Christ's sake, who was a carpenter and a wanderer, our brass plates and our

Class surroundings, and live as the people should live —lives of hard work and strong love, with beauty welded as a religion in all that is useful, for beauty is the greatest of educators if it is divorced from those trappings which inevitably lead others into servitude. We want the Classes to educate themselves into the great social truth that there is no necessary work which is either menial or dishonourable, and that it is a mean thing for one human being to ask another to do a service for which the receiver gives, in part payment, contempt. No really educated man, of whatever class, can be happy to take his development or enjoyment at the expense of another man or woman. To make any man or woman a mere means to a private end is to do this, and we need not go far away to see examples of this theory in practice. Capital and labour, prostitution, sweating dens, luxurious homes, servants in servitude—apply the principle to these, that no one must be a mere means to the enjoyment or profit of another, but an end in themselves, and you will find your social problems unravelling one by one.

The bridge must be spanned between the Masses and the Classes, and the Masses, by force of events, will inevitably do most of the work. Let them see to it that, as they demand their rights, they educate themselves into men and women capable of living simple, wholesome, hard-working, and sincere lives, whatever grand opportunities may occur to do otherwise. Let all snobbishness and vulgarity, which

appertain to so-called getting-on and turning of tables, go with other old-world barbarisms of oppression, starvation, and drudgery. Let the Masses, above all, keep through the inevitably fierce struggle that spirit of comradeship which makes the joining of hands an absolute necessity.

My plea to the Classes as I close fitly comes from Alfred Hayes, who calls on the rich who have faced social matters :

> "To quit for one short breathing-space the roar
> That drowns the single voice, join hands, and take
> This simple oath, and teach it to their sons :
> 'Never through grief or joy to flinch or flag
> Till right prevail, till all men justly share
> The sweet and plenteous fruit of all men's toil;
> Till knowledge, art, and gladness be as free
> As sunlight, and the gulf 'twixt lord and slave,
> The coarse and fine of manners, garb and speech,
> Sunder our lives no more.' This oath to take,
> Then back into the tumult and the wrong,
> And mend it in God's name."

## THE MATERNAL IN DOMESTIC AND POLITICAL LIFE

"WOMEN are either willing parasites or unwilling wage-earners." That charge, levelled against us, is not only an ungenerous criticism, but shows failure to appreciate the causes of our dependence. To give the community an equivalent in work for money received, either from an individual or the State, is to be a wage-earner. To receive money and food without returning a just equivalent in work is to be, no doubt, a parasite.

Women, however, find it very difficult to avoid the dilemma of parasitism on the one hand, and underpaid wage-earning on the other, because the system of education has failed to offer them the opportunity to develop fully their natural gifts either in the home or out of it. The system and not the woman is at fault.

The question of education for women is momentous when so much divergence of opinion exists as to what is "womanly" and what is "advanced." The over-cultivation of the merely feminine characteristics tends often to eliminate those of the true all-round woman. On the other hand, the attempt to cultivate masculinity produces merely the weakest characteristics of men, while forcing a woman's

own nature into the background. The adjustment will perhaps come when the fact is once faced that men and women never have been, are not now, and never can be, equals in the physiological or psychical sense, but are, nevertheless, equally necessary and equally important halves of humanity. There is no inferiority in either sex, but there is a difference, and it is vain to deny difference in mental and physical make-up.

To acknowledge this, however, implies that there is a need for reformed methods of education. If we recognise that woman, as we know her, is not an undeveloped man but an undeveloped woman, and therefore should be so trained that her whole nature may evolve to its ultimate perfection, we are on the way to the solution of many difficult problems. Given a rational education, and equality of opportunity to make a citizen's use of that education, women will cease to be dull drudges and mere imitators of the worst characteristics of man. They will be trained to develop their real natures, and not suppress them.

The President of Harvard has said that the best type of liberal education in our complex modern world aims at producing men who know a little of everything and something well. The "something" a woman should know well is her own nature with its complex needs. Otherwise, she is unable to fulfil adequately her natural function. For the mother is the natural teacher of her child, though hitherto we

have usually seen the blind leading the blind in these matters.

The small amount that the average mother knows about her own organisation is overshadowed by her gleanings from false tradition and conventional precept. The consequence is that she is ignorant as to how to take care of her babies or even how to feed them. The mother of the future must be so trained in hygiene and eugenics that the school will be only a place for amplifying knowledge already gained in the nursery.

She must be taught the basic laws of sexual life as well as the necessity of contending with false economic conditions, and not be left to ferret out these things for herself or to rely upon her instinct.

The masculine woman of to-day is a protest—though only a temporary one—against the feminine woman of yesterday. Both the artificiality of the past and the pose of the present are leading to the freedom and sanity of the future when the full expression of both manhood and womanhood will conduce to the well-being of a nation.

The future education of women will occupy itself less with the routine studies of old, and more with the care of children, ordinary hygiene, physiology, domestic economy, and those arts and crafts which bear upon the composition of a well-organised life. The new "Schools for Mothers" and allied institutions are doing splendid work in this direction. The modern craze for athletics must also make way for

such exercises as dancing, which, while increasing the suppleness and charm of woman, yet save her from the over-muscular development induced by strenuous gymnastics. The over-training of the muscular system results in an unnatural development of a woman's body and is a drawback to the safe fulfilment of her greatest work for the community.

If knowledge of herself is one-half of the liberal education of woman it is more than likely that the knowledge so gained will enable her to find out her particular aptitude in order that she can benefit fully by the second half. This realisation of her choice of work might lead to a "finishing" school where the specialised vocation by which she means to make herself a responsible wage-earner in the community would be taught by specialists alone. In this way woman would naturally be educated along the lines of her own temperament and particular gifts. Whether a woman be a trained mother and housewife only, or a cook, a lawyer, a doctor, a mathematician, or a farmer, matters not if the main object of her education has been to obtain a real understanding of her own nature first and then to acquire all the knowledge possible on the self-chosen line of her career.

The rational education of woman on these lines would certainly help to strengthen parental responsibility and at the same time aid in abolishing "shoddy" work. When women once realise that to produce a perfect citizen is the most distinguished of all work,

and when they also face the fact that to bring a human being into the world so handicapped by disease or mental instability as to be a danger to his fellows is to commit the most pitiable of all errors, we shall be approaching the time when artificial morals will give place to real morality.

Woman's place in the future evolution of the race is thus a very important one. She has not only herself to protect and develop, but also her offspring, for the mother is Nature's highest priestess. The education which intensifies her aptitude for producing both good children and beautiful social conditions should be the mainstay of nations. The more closely this education brings her, both in thought and aim, to man, the swifter will be the evolution of economic and social reform.

The competition between the sexes in the matter of wage-earning threatens the charm, the health, and the sanity of the rarest types of woman. The anæmic competitor and the Amazonian destroyer are the extreme instances of what modern civilisation has to offer man as a survival of the chattel, the fool, the angel, and the helpmate. Economic servitude, conventional ideals, marriage restraint and licence, loneliness, and rigid formulas about natural things have at last placed woman in a dilemma bewildering to herself, to her household, and to statesmen. While the child is now acknowledged to be the most important factor in the State, the woman, who used to be its guardian and educator, has become the hurried and

distraught wage-earner talking of the equality of men and women, and contradicting the statement by attempting to do two-thirds of the work of a citizen at one-half of the pay. The home and the market claim her. She rushes distractedly from one to the other, and the artist, potential in every woman, is hurled back in the double enterprise, to wrestle with nervous breakdown and competitive conditions.

The scarcity of men, the congestion of cities, and the love of excitement and lack of serenity have forced many modern women into positions which, from even a mere physiological standpoint, they cannot long maintain. From motherhood to surgery, or even poultry-keeping, no woman ought to work at what she dislikes. The difference between her and man is as the difference between the rock and the flower. Seas may swirl round the rock and leave it the same; the flower is destroyed. Delight in work is the one way of getting work done well. There should be an affinity between the work and the worker ensuring success. It is with work as with eating. What we like to do or to eat vivifies. What we dislike produces inadequacy or indigestion. Surely one of the most important things in facing questions to do with women is to combine economic freedom with delight in the work of begetting that freedom. Some women are born housewives. Those women are physically or mentally stunted or strained as typists or journalists. Some women are born inquisitors and meddlers. These types are better

safely enrolled in the police force than playing casual havoc in private houses. Some women, again, are Napoleonic in organisation, and some delicate and subtle artists in detail.

What the world needs most is beauty. To give every woman a chance to earn her own living in the way most congenial to her would surely open up channels for the increase and distribution of beautiful things under harmonious conditions. When we realise that neither love nor art should be bought and sold, and that the "common" things of daily life can be rendered beautiful through understanding the complexity of true simplicity, we may be nearing a time when Commercialism itself can give an orderly distribution of necessities for an equally orderly return of work.

Those of us who have tried experiments in wage-earning may have discovered a few ways in which modern women could combine economic independence with beautiful living. It is surely possible so to modify the strain and stress of modern civilisation that life may develop into an art and not a vegetative existence or a reckless vampirism. We have emphasised the brutal, the unimaginative, and the commercial too long. Woman has imitated her child, man, and blindly followed his lead. As a militant politician woman is anything but original. She is using man's weakest weapons and ignoring her more drastic means of revolt. As mystic, as witch, as conjurer, and as artist it is time she unfurled

her own flag and hoisted her own colours. She has grown tired of using her charms, her ravishment, and her manifold poses and potentialities according to old-fashioned ideas. She is ready for a larger stage, a bigger nursery, so that she may enjoy what her maternal devices have at last brought to an issue. Because woman at the moment is kicking at limitations it does not necessarily mean she is a destroyer. It means she is a constructer uncertain of her perfect method. The arch she has been creeping under is too low ; she wants to build one under which she can walk upright. The home will be no less a home to her if she has bigger rooms to make beautiful and wider doors and windows through which to see the horizon. Experiments cannot destroy or dwarf her if she has the insight and courage to be herself and not another, even if that other tells her on the Testament and his oath that it is the only way.

Woman is the maternal beautifier of the world and there is no limit to her work on those lines. She has but to be herself and then design her life and her home on realities and not stereotyped patterns. The atmosphere and very walls of one woman's room spells a lyric, of another a doggerel, of another a caricature, and of another a Futurist daub of many borrowed colours. Every individual woman who takes herself seriously as the charmer, the mystic, the winged human with feet firmly planted on the earth, is the real emancipator. The most drastic militancy woman can attempt is to make herself both

indispensable and desirable. To earn her living and organise her life so that she becomes the most necessary spoke in the civic wheel is to be at once a menace and a meaning. One of the ways of accomplishing this is surely more or less to monopolise those centres of industry which by nature and inclination she can run better than man because of her natural instincts and acquired experiences.

"The home is the enemy of woman," says W. L. George in his challenging book, *Woman and To-morrow*. He looks on the average home of the past as the oppressor of woman, and concludes that "the sterility of home labour is the result of social rather than conjugal conditions." The daily combat with small details and worries, petty as cobwebs, and the battling with moods and inefficiency render the life of most housewives more wearing than battlefields or the Stock Exchange for men. It is quite time that domesticity reappeared in a civilised form. This form, so Mr. George thinks, will be one of "voluntary organisation, an orderly anarchic society, when the two sexes no more exact services from each other than do the individuals." He rightly protests against the using of women, even in domestic duties, merely for the procuring of man's comfort. Co-operation need not imply servility or drudgery for either side of the contracting parties. Freedom in work, high pay, and expert labour must take the place of drudgery, poor wages, and incapacity. In other words, domestic work must become

a profession and cease to be a haphazard experiment.

In the newer domesticity the slave must go and the free-woman arrive. The atmosphere surrounding the sultan and the harem, with wives and servants as ornaments or drudges, are both out of date, and the " velvety prison " is doomed. The wage-earning woman has a magnificent chance before her as artist, decorator, and domestic expert in order to inaugurate housekeeping as a highly efficient and highly organised trade. Woman is so essentially a creator that she can find endless opportunities in a new system of catering and housekeeping. The obsolete and nerve-destroying methods of supply and demand in domestic affairs must give way to efficient and well-paid service. Artistic homes, delicious and nourishing cookery, limited hours for efficient workers, and higher pay for every form of " menial " work are the lines on which a possible reformation can evolve.

The co-operative home movement has come to stay. It is, however, far from complete yet, either as a democratic or as a financial success. It is an urgent need of modern life and should be labour-saving, time-saving, and a husbanding of nervous force, as well as an expression of democratic solidarity.

To get the most out of life with the least nervous strain or financial output is the problem to be faced by good housewives and home-lovers. Women at present, through habit and tradition, are essentially

the best organisers of the home, whether that home is run on democratic or individualistic lines. It might be well if they formed a monopoly in this matter through proving their superior efficiency. The first thing they would have to do would be to examine the home needs of the modern man and woman, and then the possibility of supplying those needs. An elaboration of the hotel or the boarding-house system does not supply such needs or suggest home to tired workers. For a home to be real it must be capable of lavish hospitality, excellent cooking, cosiness and privacy, at will. It is not easy to combine the useful and the beautiful under one roof, or unite freedom, equality, and comradeship on an economic and domestic basis. The women who are able to inaugurate this combination of modern ideals into practical working order can command big salaries. It is the need of the hour. Many of us are willing to pay in order to be delivered from irksome details, as some of us are willing to be paid and take our share in the delight or the drudgery domesticity implies.

The time has arrived when every town and village should have well-equipped bureaus for the supply of expert labour to co-operative homes. The domestic drudge is obsolete and the slut a slur on modern civilisation. Efficient domestic workers need training and organising into a compact and highly paid body, like midwives or nurses, to serve at a moment's notice any domestic need of the com-

munity. The training and organising of such a staff is itself a profession for women.

There are thousands of capable women whose work is lost to the community through the lack of opportunity such a bureau would create. It would not only open the doors for congenial work and fair remuneration to the average woman of average capacity, but it would enable the artist and the invalid to specialise or to recruit without overworking, degrading, or underpaying those who supply the necessary domestic labour involved. It would make life a very different thing for the community at large, for specialised work would open up the way for specialised talents.

Co-operative homes, run on domestic lines and implying not only good pay but interchange of service, would satisfy one section, and that an increasing one, of the community and find employment for women outside masculine competition. There is, however, a larger section of the community who are, and probably always will remain, more individualistic than socialistic, but who are face to face with the fact that service is becoming more impossible and limited than hitherto and more expensive. These people may realise that even along individualistic lines there is much room for reform which may prevent disaster and disorderliness in household organisation. Simplification in individual houses, the making of cottages into beautiful homes, the communal life of congenial friends and families,

run on somewhat the same lines as the co-operative experiment, would bring about a solution of many complicated domestic problems.

Every home or room should be the expression of the personality owning it, and in these various experiments experts are needed to know how to carry out individual ideas and tastes. From the cleaning of saucepans to the hanging of pictures a large organisation of women is imperative who know their work and can teach others technically to follow their lead. There is no reason why an elaborate and world-wide scheme on these lines should not be started at once. It implies instant employment, a break-up in congested industries, a good financial and healthy life for women, and a boon to every member of the community, either directly or indirectly. Beauty is worthy of complete emphasis, but under present conditions it is subordinated to commercialism. The ostracism of the doll's house, the bird-cage, and the prison will mean emergence for both men and women. The true emancipation is to deliver women from economic pressure and find new channels for her manifold maternal powers. In organising and managing homes of varied beauty and comfort she will not only become economically independent, but a greater power in the community. The new system of housekeeping would make for definite and permanent reform in household management, which might eventually become a State concern. To secure perfection in domesticity is at least as important as to

have efficient postal or telephonic services. Brain workers and artists of all kinds would be free to give to the world their best by working under harmonious conditions, and manual workers could render their services in the same spirit. In such an experiment, carried out more fully than has ever been tried yet, Individualism could actually develop because of its twin Socialism, and Beauty would almost certainly obtain its rights as a result of the combination. For, after all, the object of social reform should be to secure liberty for the individual, and through personal liberty beauty and joy for the community at large.

The struggle for the Suffrage has intensified many problems which it will take all the intellectual energy of women to solve. Men are awakening, through the sane and insane methods of political women, to a new situation. Women themselves are also being roused to a clearer idea of what they will be in the State when the clamour for the vote is over. Hitherto it has been a fight for mere rights as against monopolies. In the near future this struggle must lead to a realisation of duties founded on a level-headed facing of physiological realities. The normal woman is maternal. The possibility of becoming a legislator, a municipal councillor, a mayor, or even a prime minister cannot alter that fact. The woman with little knowledge and less wisdom denies this. She insists on trying to be a poor imitation of man, or else a mere neuter, possessing neither the virility of manhood nor the charm of womanhood. Sex

hatred becomes almost as significant a characteristic of this type of the moment as ivory buttons and law-breaking. The absurdity of such an attitude does not free it from danger even to the clear-headed women, who are working for peace and not for discord, and whose aims are as sincere and dignified as those of most of their brothers in the region of politics. When women either deny their own natures or become disloyal to one another they are practically hindering their cause more than those who oppose the enfranchisement of women. For a woman to crave a man's place, instead of her own, in the world at large, is to arrest progress. It is just the maternal element we need so badly in politics, and it is short-sighted to endeavour to minimise woman's most significant warrant for political usefulness. In so doing, woman is not only damaging her own small world, but the larger one she hopes to change through her influence in the State. The question of loyalty to her own sex and party is only secondary to the inner voice which demands the fulfilment of maternal ministrations to the State as well as to the private home. The loyalty of woman to woman is quite as important as the loyalty of one sex to another.

The militant woman of to-day is not, to outward seeming, the maternal woman. If she were, she would not, in the political nursery, imitate her naughty boy who, because he cannot immediately get what he wants, knocks the head from his rocking-horse and throws bricks in the face of his nurse. We know that

when she means to attain a given end in her own nursery or schoolroom the maternal woman relies on her insight and on her resolution. Noise is not her refuge. She makes herself so necessary in the nursery that both the roguish boy and the demure girl find out at last that it is not good policy to try and kick so good an administrator and so delightful a playfellow out of the door, or to humbug her any longer with statements that are false on the face of them. She makes herself indispensable and dominates while smiling. The woman who counts to-day is the woman who persistently and quietly makes herself necessary by capably filling the posts already conceded to her, so that she gradually becomes regarded as indispensable. Uproar is neither dignified, dangerous, nor drastic, in spite of all the arguments in its defence. It more often than not defeats its own ends.

The one and only way to gain the vote is to educate women, not only to want it, but to realise its significance when won. The maternal woman realises not only its significance but also its insignificance. One would think, to hear some of our women talk, that the day the vote is won the world will be a new Garden of Eden with Adam thrust outside to commune with the serpent. The vote will not do more for women than it has done for men. For them it has been a small means to a possible end. Other and more potent factors are needed in the development of men and women alike to give the vote

all the possibilities that are claimed for it. The vote will not necessarily free us from petty aims and malicious actions, nor will it give us courage to progress until woman brings to its aid the tremendous maternal force within her. The true mother forgets herself in the general good. She is happy in giving, rarely in grasping. She never deals blows, but cures through firmness and tenderness. Through her very maternity she realises that new births do not come about in an hour, and that pain and struggle are inevitable in all great developments. She is "without haste and without rest." She smiles serenely and yet tolerantly at party strife and political jealousy.

It is the maternal, then, that we want to bring into politics to clear it of its slavery to traditions and its attempts to formulate moral laws. The morality of the future is very largely in the hands of woman, so that she will need all the educative discipline possible to fit her for her responsible work. The true mother, in a kindly spirit, will put the dunce's cap on the heads of her hysterical daughters who mistake noise for freedom and sex hatred for emancipation. She will help to calm the ruffled tempers of her sons who, in the political arena, struggle to keep the floor entirely for themselves. The maternal woman's great desire is not so much to be in evidence as to be herself evidence that a nation inspired by women and governed by men will make cleaner and juster laws than one governed by women in defiance of men.

It cannot be too often repeated that sex hatred means retrogression and not progression. Man and woman are compensatory but not opposed, equal but not alike, "equipotential but not equivalent," as it has been lately expressed. The paternal and maternal are as essential in politics as in home life. The feeble, swooning woman is out of date and the masculine woman is out of favour, but the maternal women has been for all time and will be always the mainstay of men and nations. Childlessness cannot kill the maternal in a true woman, nor can mere political frenzy. The modern feeling tends towards making maternity a crowning characteristic of all highly developed women whose need is to use their innate force in order to help all the children of the State. Exclusiveness in the maternal instinct and absorption in child-bearing is characteristic of the savage more than of the advanced woman. To be content only to rock one cradle, regardless of the discomfort and need of thousands of little ones in the larger family of the State, has become almost a vulgarity through the selfish absorption it implies. The maternal instinct only needs enlarging to be the most effective power of modern times. The maternal woman, in the work of the State, as in her private home, will diffuse sanity and serenity into the difficult details of legislation.

It is too late to ostracise woman from politics, but it is not too late to save her from becoming a mere politician. Equal opportunity for political usefulness does not imply equal methods of carrying out the work.

Diversity implies greater expansion and better statecraft. It is not a question of superiority of sex, but of willingness to share burdens. In domestic and political life the maternal woman is the sweet emancipator and the tactful arbitrator.

## POLITICAL MILITANCY: ITS CAUSE AND CURE

I HAVE been told by my friend Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who has known me for more than twenty-five years, that I know nothing about politics, nothing about militancy, and very little about the woman question at all. According to her, it is as appropriate for me to speak on the cause and cure of political militancy as it would be for a sailor to argue on surgery or a physician to hold forth on painting. I am quite willing to agree with Mrs. Lawrence. The first step in knowledge is to know that we know nothing, but that surely is no reason why one should not try to grow closer to apprehension of any truth through revealing one's limitations and inviting others, by discussion and opposition, to enlarge our outlook and perception. I have worked at these questions for more than thirty years, but I know that does not imply that I am what Mrs. Lawrence would call " sound " on them.

I am not going to defend politics or militancy, nor to deride and belittle them.

Women have been trying for years to get the vote, as an expression of justice. But the mystic nature of woman seemed, in her first political awakening, to be a

barrier to any vital dealing with her own problems in connection with those of man. A woman, physiologically and spiritually, works from within outwards —a man from without inwards. It is a law of nature and has to be reckoned with in dealing with these questions. The day dawned at length, however, when a section of women at last realised that, in justice, the vote is as much the woman's right as it is her right to drink wine or to smoke if her taste lies in these ways. It is, however, not insistent upon her to vote, to smoke, or to drink if she dislikes these things. But it is insistent upon men and governments to give her equal *opportunity* with men to serve the public good in the same way that man thinks he is serving the commonwealth, by voting for what he considers right as against what he considers wrong.

The women who saw the truth of their cause were bent on convincing other women who had never even thought about this matter at all. The educative process of the deliverance of woman from mere man-made law had begun. A little advance was made year by year, but so little that even *Punch* was not moved beyond caricature. Few daily papers ever spoke of the suffrage as it concerns women. Then, suddenly, the militant suffragettes alarmed all London by a raid on the House of Commons. Now, whatever people may say or think about political militancy, we must remember the fact that, but for the suffragettes, the apathy of the parasitic women in our midst, and the ignorance of many men would have remained

just where they were till now. Jog-trot methods were suddenly eclipsed in a dramatic onslaught. If the drama does nothing else, it generally keeps people awake. The first attack was efficient, almost educative, and more or less dignified. It led to results which ought not to be minimised, and cannot be ignored or derided. The awakening was terrific in importance and magnitude. It spread like an infection, this rebellion of distinguished and cultured women in our midst, this apparent outrage on womanhood itself to gain a recognition of womanhood. Many of us were stirred to our depths and ignored all the cheap talk about self-advertisement and hysteria. People can advertise themselves in more popular and less painful ways than by going to prison ; and though many of us deplored the later tactics of the Women's Social and Political Union, we nevertheless recognise the immense importance of the fact that the mass of women who had never weighed the question of parasitism among themselves or prostitution among others, are to-day struggling to solve those questions in their own homes and in the lives of others. Women are educating themselves day by day in the only way education is worth while, by experiment and organisation, and they are also slowly proving their worth by efficiency in the posts they have already won in public work. Women must not only be judged by their mistakes, but by the less dramatic but more effective results in educative and municipal work, which is hastening the greater emancipation of women.

Neither men nor governments can resist persistent efficiency as an argument for the opportunity to do wider work. The educative work is proceeding more quickly than many of us realise, and, once women are organised, there will be no need for drastic militarism to gain their ends.

At the time the militants made their first dramatic plunge, we must remember, the majority of men and women laughed at the idea of women having votes at all, as they laughed at impossible situations in comic opera. All that is changed, and tactics must alter with the new average attitude towards votes for women. The difference is almost wholly due to the splendid organisation, the educative process, and the loyalty of women to each other evoked by the enthusiastic band of militants.

Militancy, then, as a challenge, has had its use. I say *had* its use because, as an organised modern device through which intelligent women choose to insist on justice, it seems to me not only ineffectual but wasteful—wasteful in time and in energy, and bad in a certain vindictiveness of attitude towards men and governments. All reforms are fluid and not rigid things. What is good to-day may be bad to-morrow; what is strong to-day may be weak to-morrow. Militant methods, like all war, belong to the savage more than to the civilised. War, vindictive and cruel as it always is, war is loved by the populace and dreaded by the prophet. Violence will always have its defenders in a nation which once

loved bull-baiting and cock-fighting, a nation which still loves prize-fighting, gambling, and hunting better than music or painting or dancing. The vote is only a means to an end. It is not the end itself. It has been sarcastically said that when man gives woman the vote, he will give it because he knows its uselessness. It is only of use because it assures a hearing in that babel of strife, bribery, corruption, and commonplace we call political life. Its best use for women, and perhaps its only use, will be to destroy politics as they exist to-day and introduce measures by which equality of opportunity can be the birthright of every citizen of the State, whether male or female. When spirituality and common sense have eliminated party greed and organised monopolies, then the vote will be useless to both man and woman. It is imperative to keep this in mind, or we are liable to get obsessed by the vote, as some people are obsessed by the imaginary omnipotence of gold.

The vote is imperative because it is one point in a circle of justice. It is not and never can be the circle itself. It is one of the means by which woman can at last realise herself as an entity and not as an appendage. The terrible part of the position of woman to-day is that neither her body nor her time nor her individuality actually belongs to her. Though her position is better than half a century ago, she is still handicapped in producing her perfect self or her perfect child, because she is not her own. She must

own herself in order to be able to give herself, either to a man or to a child or to the race.

Woman is awake, and her demands will be met in spite of man and in spite of herself, for we must remember that she is as traditionalised in many ways as her comrade man. He is as absurd a slave to superstitions on the women question as woman on the man question or the labour question. Lives are being dwarfed, brutalised, minimised, and degraded for the want of united action, and a realisation that the Cornish motto of "One and All" is significant of the need of women and of labourers. The labour question and the women question are twins. The labourer is awake, and woman is awake, and the problems of both are in many ways alike. Freedom must be gained for both, and, with it, equality of opportunity.

I would not go so far as Mr. Upton Sinclair and say that the labour movement and the woman's movement should join hands in order to gain their rights actually together. They must each insist on justice, not only for their own sakes but for the sake of the whole community. Men, however, the majority of them at any rate, are not emancipated enough to be trusted not to use women as means to labour's ends and then rest content with what they have gained. Woman must first be freed as woman, as man must be freed as worker. They must be economically independent first, so that they can later be interdependent, just as every self-respecting

woman to-day cannot be financially dependent on any man, not even her husband, in order that the true law of love and interdependence shall be hastened for all women.

With regard to the question of capital and labour, woman must insist on her own emancipation as a separate freedom because she means later to join forces with labour and gain the true equality of the workers and women in one. Serfdom is doomed for both the woman and the labourer. It is only a question as to signing its death warrant in politics and the home. It is women themselves, without violence or sex hatred, who must organise and courageously carry through this reformation in the lives of the individuals who, as men, women, and co-workers, constitute the State.

Woman had grown so desperate just before militant methods snared her, desperate through the lethargy of man and the apathy of woman, that she violated her own nature and eventually minimised her power by adopting small means for her great end—the means of force and spite and artifice. She simply could not get a hearing, so she reverted to methods opposed to her make-up in soul and body. She became, as a militant suffragette, an imitator of her child, instead of drawing on her maternal nature to gain her maternal ends. What was she to do ? She could not get a hearing from men at all. The first onslaught of the organised militants was really a cry of exhausted patience. " We want

justice," they cried. "Attend to us. Meekness has not sufficed, neither arguments nor intelligent reasoning have availed, so we will scream and kick in order to gain your attention." They certainly gained attention, from every side and party. The older suffrage societies were loyal and grateful, and put prejudices aside in a whole-hearted way and acclaimed the younger and more ferocious of their sisters in their attempts to be heard. But the methods which were allowable for awakening the dead are out of date at the actual moment of resurrection.

Let us recall for a moment the first organisation of the Salvation Army. In many points this militant movement in politics is similar to the first onslaught of General Booth upon conventional religion. The drum and fife of the Salvation Army woke many a lass and lad to the wonders of their own spiritual heritage. It made the public think; it aroused criticism. It was clever enough to appeal to the average in human nature, to the love of noise, to the inherent cry of the leader to lead and the followers to follow. Its autocracy, its definiteness, its dogma, its hero-worship, and its capacity for collecting huge sums of money to save the lost, were immense, just as in this woman's movement in politics. It was vital and dramatic, and made use of the need for sacrifice and martyrdom which is in the make-up of us all, and it used the apparently waste material which came to its hand, and made it a usable product for the good of the community.

It jarred terribly, just as militant tactics jarred, but the cry caught many a slum lad and lass, as militant tactics have taught many a half-evolved man and woman to think out the woman question for themselves. When, however, the serious work of the Salvation Army came on, a process of education came with it, and less and less emphasis was put upon the original methods, which were practically methods of advertisement. The Salvation Army became gradually a constructive power in the State.

The reviving thing about these militants is the way they are approaching a solidarity unknown among women in the same degree before. This and the prison reforms they have consciously and unconsciously introduced ought to reconcile the fastidious to the little loss sustained by their eccentric methods of trying to gain a hearing. It is a very significant fact, this solidarity of women, and is a militancy of the true order, as the solidarity of women and men is beyond all need of militancy. This is the *fact* to be emphasised about these fighting women rather than the temporary aberration of window-smashing. For let us be brave, and declare it *is* an aberration, as war itself is an aberration. War is antiquated and ridiculous in the light of modern religious and ethical feeling, and militancy of the window-smashing order is not only farcical but a waste of precious time and energy.

We all know that revolution, though by no means an ideal way of reconstructing society, is sometimes

the easiest of all methods to bring about destruction. Its ineffectuality is proved by the fact that it more often than not leads to reaction. France had its reaction in Napoleon. The tyranny was merely diverted, not destroyed. Revolution is better than apathy, but wanton destruction wastes time. What we must aim at is construction. When it is time for the apple blossom to disappear there is promise of the fruit. A wild beating of the tree to hasten the fruit merely kills it. To haste is as disastrous as to rest in these matters. At the appointed time, blossom changes to fruit, so that there is a dual process of destruction and construction.

Woman should be, by spiritual and physiological laws, a constructive agent in the world's work. She is a maternal force. This is even conventionally granted to be her legitimate sphere in the home, so why not in the State ? It is not a matter of actually bearing children. The women who have children of their own are often less truly maternal than those who are not mothers in the accepted meaning of the word. In the future, we have to give the maternal force full play, for we are badly in need of a new home and a new State. This is surely the underlying feeling in women's need of the vote, the need to use her maternal powers in the State as well as in the home, the need to emphasise motherhood in the laws as well as fatherhood.

The maternal element in woman is almost beyond finding out, and so she is often called a mystic. So

she is; and it is this mystical maternity within her that will gain her not only the vote, but those stronger and more beautiful things which no vote can give.

The first thing it will do will be to give her to herself, a self never realised in her as yet, either as a savage, a domestic drudge, a mere breeder, or a politician. It is just this self she must always reckon with even during her frenzy to get the vote.

If woman is eminently constructive, what means thereto can she employ in the present crisis of her affairs? Surely the first thing women have to do is to realise that they are maternal, and that maternity is no limitation of work, but the biggest means towards the greatest work for the State, for the redemption from slavery of all the human family.

In woman's struggle to get the vote, she must never lose sight of a fact that—though she is man's equal, and possibly his superior in some things, as he is hers in others—is the foundation of her power. This fact is that she is ruling her nursery, and that while doing so she must steer clear of anything approaching sex hatred. This may sound trite, but it is a very essential point in this great struggle. Anything approaching sex hatred is retrogression, is ludicrous. The worst men are our babies, the best our lovers and comrades. They are as much to be pitied when monopolising affairs of State as we are to be pitied when limited laws either dwarf our usefulness or crush us to hell. We must always bear in mind that man is as far from his true kingdom of

manhood as woman is from her true kingdom of womanhood. In all this struggle for the vote nothing is so evident as this fact.

We must, then, keep our love of men as a mother keeps her love of her children, and never in speech or action depart from this maternal spirit. Sex hatred is quite as illogical as maternal hatred. It is with men, and not against them, that the battle has to be fought and won. That men have done and are still doing insanely cruel and stupid things to women is true. That spirit is the enlargement of the bird-nesting, hunting, shooting, and caging spirit. The mother does not hate her son for this. She knows he will grow out of it, as she has outgrown her doll. But though she does not hate him, she protects herself against his primitive instincts, and she protects not only herself but others from them through organisation and also through the limitation of his opportunities for irresponsible outbursts. The very love woman has for man must be her spur to defend herself and others from his ignorance and gluttony. By gluttony I mean man's possession of woman for his own ends. She must protect herself, just as man must protect himself from being made a mere means of livelihood by women.

The saner war, if it still must be war, may consist in the breaking of hearts as mothers break their hearts, rather than in the smashing of windows. Woman must free herself from her present limitations. She must free herself by her threefold maternal

unfolding, an unfolding towards her lover, her child, and the State. She must use every legitimate chance that comes to emancipate herself in order that she can free others. In these days it behoves women to cultivate every charm they possess, to dress well, to be well, happy and desirable in the fullest and finest sense, in order that the rusty gates of prejudice should open and the prison doors be unlocked. Woman must be quick to use the chances which are hers in order to gain others which are not as yet hers. Her object should be to become a maternal stateswoman. Let her prove her capacity for this in even seemingly insignificant ways. Let her prove to the world that she knows what she is about. Every detail is significant, every honourable device worth while. Let her use all the votes she already has on municipal councils; let her home be the home of a capable citizen and not the home of a doll or a slut or a slave-driver. Let her be as capable at making a pudding as at laying down the laws for the perfection of other people's lives; let her study eugenics as well as the wonderful art of living; let her voice not be heard so much in the streets as in the everyday matters she can and must organise. The little things really count the most in bringing a final day of reckoning. For instance, if every woman who has studied the lives of sweaters bought at no shop where she knew underpaying the workers was practised, if she refused, so far as she knew, to use in her home goods produced by sweated industries, think how, in a few

years, that would divert trade from the sweated and congested corners of commercial life and bring fairplay trade into the open. These are constructive tactics. They are the tactics of Felix Holt in the mouth of a George Eliot. "Well," said Felix, in answer to the favourite remark on this matter that if one does not do a certain thing, another will, "well, if some men must be thieves and liars—they may, *I* won't!"

If we think of it, it is only cowardice and apathy which retard the millennium. In proportion as each one of us refuses to be a coward or an idler, do we advance or retard the true civilisation when men and women can work together as free citizens. While, as maternal citizens, we women are trying to get our voice heard about the questions which chiefly concern us as women, wage-earning and prostitution, let us see to it that, as individuals, we are neither parasites nor sweaters. If we are keen for martyrdom, there is plenty of it to hand if we refuse to be kept by men or to sweat women. A sane boycott is a dignified attitude. It is easier to break windows and go to prison than to divide a house against itself by conscientious and determined action on what is right and true, whether we get the vote or not. The true emancipator is not a Jesuit declaring that a given end will justify any means. No end justifies some means, but some means, however apparently trivial, will surely in the long run ensure a given end. The truly maternal woman sees beyond politics. She sees a day ahead when even if politics organised or allowed

sweated labour, war, the white slave traffic, monopolised corners in capitalised industries, there would not be men and women to avail themselves of the base opportunities given. For that day to come, every woman who sees must act according to the light within her, and the opportunity afforded her from outside. While she is busy smashing windows, she may be neglecting her real chance, and real chances rarely offer twice.

Woman must cease to be either a parasite or a slave and become economically free. To be economically free is to be rid of the necessity to be a prostitute or a parasite. There are some who are parasites or prostitutes from choice, and only education and ethical eugenics or religious ideals can alter in several generations these inborn traits. It is well for us to bear in mind that every woman who is kept by a man, whether in marriage or out, is already either a parasite or a prostitute. The legality or illegality of the situation does not affect the fact. Woman can never be free, and no vote can make her free, till she is economically independent of a man, first as a protest and then as a defence. The true militant protest of the moment is for every woman to refuse to be dependent on man till she is recognised as an equal citizen with him. Love can take or give anything, but in order to free love, so that it can give and take righteously, woman must refuse to sell herself, even in love. We want to get rid of the very name dependence in this relationship, in order to win

the true interdependence. While a woman has to go to a man and ask for money—whether for dress or food—she is dependent. She is in the position of a slave or a parasite, and no love—however great—can exonerate her from aiding in the general implication that woman is not her own—that she is bought with a price. She must neither be bought nor sold. She must belong to herself, in order that she can give or withhold herself as she will. Surely this is a matter more worth while doing than to go to prison for breaking windows. It is a greater sacrifice, too, for it may break hearts instead of windows, but the maternal woman, like the Spartan woman, would rather her children should die than that they should not be free and noble.

Some may say that this is all slow and vague, and that women want the vote first and independence through it. True economic independence for woman depends less on the vote than on education, and immediate experiment on sound lines. All educational reform is slow, but it is sure, and the time is ripe for it and for immediate heroism on the lines which education and morality suggest. Behind all the vague and dogmatic things women are doing now is the longing to do the right thing and at once. The right thing is a constructive thing. In order to effect a constructive reform every individual woman can do certain definite things to-day, now. It is imperative on each one of us in our different spheres to set our own and the State house in better order.

As all people like definite statements, I will, in conclusion, name a few things women can do.

Women can, first and foremost, refuse to be dependent on any man. If this implies hard labour, well, what then? Freedom has never been won without it in one form or another.

Women can, again, refuse to add to the sweating horror by always buying where they know there is no underpaying, and by refusing to deal where grossly sweated goods are sold.

They can, moreover, keep their own houses in order by habitually organising them as if already bound by the laws they want their votes to introduce.

Women can, by persistent habit, and this needs particular emphasis, refrain from even a suspicion of mean trickery or wheedling in love affairs, in clubs, or in business. Women are still traditionalised in these matters. To travel first class with a third class ticket, to steal newspapers from her club, to bargain the very soul out of another woman's body in domestic or business affairs, to push her way into the centre of a queue instead of taking her legitimate turn at the end, are examples of what I mean by trickery. If women want the privileges of sexual equality with men, they must at least play the game as honourable men play it.

There is another very important thing woman can do at the present crisis. She can make herself more desirable and more charming and more capable than ever before, in order, not to lure men or to sell

or even give herself, but to refuse herself to any man till she has educated him, through her maternal wisdom, into the ways of health, cleanliness, and justice. All this need not hinder her in her sane boycott as a tax resister or a capable organiser of a better social world, which no vote alone can give. The vote can only aid her to enter the vestibule of her real kingdom, and that is the only reason it is worth getting.

With these considerations I have suggested in her mind, woman can also educate herself, while getting the vote, to estimate its uselessness in the face of spiritual truth and her own maternal insight.

This may possibly sound like rebellion. Of course, it is rebellion, but neither of the strident nor of the arm-chair order. It needs intelligence, control, drudgery, patience, and no concession. It is the rebellion of the maternal woman who wants to save, not only herself, but all her children.

## WAR: AN ANCIENT VIRTUE AND A MODERN VICE

MORALITY is so largely a matter of hemisphere or of epoch that to dogmatise as to badness and goodness in a person or in a nation is often futile. A worn-out virtue may be an up-to-date vice. What appears strenuous morality in one age or nation may be counted decadence in another. Take, for instance, the different attitude towards "Greek love" in antiquity and to-day, or towards polygamy among the Hebrews of Abraham's day and the Americans of our own.

The very same action may be heroic or cruel in accordance with its motive. One boy killing his father in sudden rage at the sight of his mother being nearly beaten to death, and another stabbing his father to secure his money, perform identical actions. The motive alone exonerates or condemns the offender. Nations creating a world-wide anguish through a war begun for gain, are not in the same position, from an ethical point of view, as those nations entering the battlefield in order to rescue, by the only means possible, a small country from the tyranny of a larger one, or a big national ideal from a commercial obsession. Sin, according to evolved

ideas, is living below instead of on the level of one's vision. In other words, sin is realising what is the best to do, and conceding to the second best, if not deliberately choosing the worst. What is normal in some animals, as eating dung, would be disgusting in the savage, as cannibalism would be an offence in the cultivated human being. Among some wandering tribes it has been reckoned a fine action to kill the aged. The "virtue" of this proceeding can easily be realised when one imagines what hardships the sick and feeble would endure while travelling under irksome conditions and with insufficient food. To-day, with old-age pensions and reasonable chances of a cheerful and secure end to their days, it would be a sin to shorten the lives of those on whom we have once been dependent. The "virtue" of destroying female new-born infants as comparatively useless, now that the social equality of men and women is becoming recognised, would be a crime. So we realise that what in the past was recognised as a virtue may often safely in the present be branded as a vice. Morality is not a rigid but a fluid thing. Much of the personal and national anguish in the world to-day is due to our constant striving for rigidity in our laws and customs, instead of welcoming and organising the newer point of view.

In the question of modern warfare the unevolved human being still clings to the Old Testament ideal of a tooth for a tooth. The more evolved person theorises about loving one's neighbour and then

advocates peace at any price. The fully evolved personality recognises his limitations as well as his opportunities in this matter of war and peace. His foe, national or personal, serves as a looking-glass. Could any militant suffragette during this present militancy, which dwarfs all other types into child's play, refuse to learn the lesson which the foes of true civilisation are teaching day by day ? Possibly we are learning a new attitude towards our foes as we educate them and ourselves in a process of defence against them. Is there not evidence that the day is at hand when, in our treatment of criminals, aliens, and foes, we shall " make good " in a double sense ? To kill, to torture, or to transport for life a mad or mistaken fellow-being is to proclaim our fear of him or our incapacity to deal with him in a civilised way. Is there not in modern civilisation an entirely new point of view in these matters ? Then why not a correspondingly new action ? When our national educators, as the headmaster of Eton College, are condemned when they ask us to save ourselves and our foes from hatred, it is proved that the theory of Christianity and its logical outcome in action are not yet one in the popular mind.

During the present great war of the nations, observers have had pretty conclusive demonstration as to how far modern " culture " has broken up the brute forces within and without. In times of panic, war, sickness, and earthquakes, there are sudden revelations of the worth of individualities and of

communities. The veneer is off, and the searchlight of truth reveals both old atrocities and new beauties. In the European War we have a spectacle of what military and intellectual efficiency amounts to if the customary decencies of modern warfare are not observed. If, according to Lloyd George, "treaties are the currency of international statesmanship," the breaking of them, when a nation finds it is not to its interest to keep them, is surely dishonourable. The laying of mines at random, the placing of women and children in front of armies, the indiscriminate torpedoing of ships, unmentionable assaults on women, ruthless killing of the wounded, the wanton destruction of beautiful churches and works of art impossible to restore, the march in the name of God while doing the devil's basest tricks as spies or patriots, in order to obtain victory at any cost, make us aware with what kind of foe civilisation has to deal. Even the strongest advocates of peace have realised that in this war the partial and pitiable remedy has been a homœopathic one—the cure of bloodshed by bloodshed. The new intention excuses in a slight measure the old methods.

The real question is as to what we can do to prevent a repetition of a "holy war" in the civilisation of the future. The new values must be faced and tried in action and not only weighed in a theoretical balance. The treatment of our foes, not only during the struggle but after it is over, will be the test of our spiritual retrogression or advance. When

we come face to face with madness and ruin as the result of passions let loose in looting and destroying, it is not easy to be tolerant with the foe. We must remember that we often manufacture our enemies' sins, and the attack is generally the outward sign of a prior aggression. The spectacle of national hatred is so revolting that it makes one feel that if in the peace contract a pledge was demanded of all nations that the equipments of war should all be destroyed and no more manufactured, it would not be such a fantastic idea as a year ago. Our eyes and mouths seem full of blood as we realise that the cure of war is perhaps in this very madness of it. "Potsdamnation," as it has been called, is having the same horrible death-throes as cannibalism, slavery, and feudalism. Birth pains, growing pains, death pains, are definite agonies leading to reconstruction. Constructive internationalism, however, will not replace destructive militarism in a year. Hatred is not easily dispersed, even when hitherto unrealised spiritual vibrations reach us from the trenches. We must not forget that "Potsdamnation" is not by any manner of means made only, or cultivated only, in Germany. When any nation lusts to dominate entirely the waves or the air or beneath the seas, it has not grasped the spirit of modern internationalism or interdependence. The humiliation of the figure—half Siegfried, half journalist, as he has been called—of the Kaiser will not end militarism. It is even possible his downfall could increase militarism. War to-day concerns

every individual and not only potentates and statesmen. That Christmas Eve message to us from the trenches spelt a revolution and a reformation. It was as if we could see men killing one another as ghosts and eating and playing together as men. In that solidarity of the moment war was an atavistic manifestation, a vice and not a virtue. We realised for a moment that men and women would soon be unable to think or act in terms of murder, fear, lust, jealousy, or spite, only in a free interdependence through which the evolved human being and the artist could lead the world in freedom and beauty. When we think not only as Germans, Russians, French, or English, but in the terms of a universal humanity, we are ending the wars of the world in a more common-sense way than any peace treaties alone could effect. The saviour of his country today will be he who shows ancient insular virtues as modern and destructive vices, and the fine statesman will be the one who can most readily realise that it is never too late to forge a vice into a virtue. To increase armies and navies in the old spirit of fear, hatred, and avarice will not ensure our safety. If we increase our defences it must be in the spirit of a sane householder who provides for a possible fire or burglary. A Krupps murder organisation will soon be unthinkable. When armaments are no longer under exploitation by individuals or single nations we shall be near a new civilisation. A change in fashions of thought could bring the new methods

of action. When a man, a woman, or a nation refuses, under any legal opportunities, to damage physically or spiritually another nation or individual we are approaching culture and leaving mere *Kultur* behind. If we must endure a police administration, either in war or eugenics for some time yet, let it be an international and highly complex body organised by intelligent men and women in order to endow humanity with a new conception of service. To hate the Kaiser or to want to crush Germany is stupid, unscientific, and wasteful. Does a mother in her nursery or schoolroom want to kill or crush her obstinate, cruel, and overmastering child? If she is a wise mother she studies the obsession or the particular dominating vice of her strongest as well as her weakest son, and she helps the one who has erred the most to see the best, however long it takes her. If she cannot do this she is as stupid and as erring as any member of her household. Militarism, after all, is only a bad habit, fostered by the press, the nervous, and the self-seeking. Breaking in upon the world as it has recently done in all its nakedness, it is a mirror for nations to find out the worth of race prejudices, commercial greed, traditional obsessions, and class distinctions. Is any one of us clean-hearted or as clean-handed as a dignified and far-seeing mother would be in her large family? Even in the din of battles certain suspicions are growing in the minds of statesmen that the ancient and the modern ideas about war cannot intermingle. Can

we hope to produce permanent peace by preparing for perpetual war? Can we minimise hatred by hating? Can we introduce a new civilisation by increasing murder, whether legalised by the War Office or only unspiritually manufactured in our own hearts? Can we cure spies by shooting them or traitors by exiling them? This is surely ancient Jesuitical sophistry as devilish in its dogmatism as it is weak in its logic. The nation that is without sin to-day let her dare to cast the first bomb.

In the dread and excitement of actual battles few have had poise or leisure enough to dwell on many important and far-reaching side-issues. One of these is the immediate as well as the ultimate treatment of our enemies. The treatment a man metes out to his enemy, and the effect the enemy's actions have upon the man, is a test of his decadence or his progress. If it is true our enemies are often our greatest moral levers, and if through them we can better see ourselves and test our value as nationalities or personalities, it is time even in the midst of the horrors of battle to face a few facts. We still applaud the officer who lets his enemy drop back into the water because he spat in his rescuer's face. We still ostracise naturalised "alien" enemies, and we shoot spies at sight if they belong to any country but our own. Through these actions we have lost the right to place ourselves in the rank of reformers and must be content to be looked upon as learners.

The meanest enemy a nation or an individual can

have appears to be a spy, a person who thinks any means justifies his end. He seems, at first sight, on a par with those who listen at doors, open other people's letters, and give a half-truth which destroys knowing the whole truth which saves. He is a paid agent for obtaining information almost impossible to obtain in any other way. Curiously enough, he is recognised as part of a nation's legitimate equipment in times of war, and yet when we catch him, if he belongs to another nation, we shoot him with the same haste as we destroy a mad dog.

Perhaps the only way to understand a spy is, in imagination, to become that personage for a brief period. We must see as he sees and understand as he understands. The spy, in his own estimation, may possibly imagine he is the cleverest and loyalest type of man existing in the world. His life is at stake for political ends. He considers himself, if caught, a martyr, and reckons his death as an unjust crucifixion. He probably considers that those who shoot him for what he is pleased to consider his virtues of loyalty, intelligence, and courage used for his country are people deficient in bravery themselves. When he sees the "brutal enemy" take one of his undefended and forlorn brothers and shoot him as he would shoot a mangy cat, he prays to his God for ten more to take his place. And they do. Why? Because evil is rarely killed by evil. It may be in a wrong way, but to him it is the only way. When he is captured he surely deserves quite as humane treatment as if he had helped in a

submarine or an airship. Shooting, moreover, does not put down spying. It is the seed of that particular herd of martyrs. In the London *Times* we find this statement: "Ten may be found in a village and shot one day. There will be twenty in the next to take their place." Are we deceiving ourselves? Are we not trying to cure a new sin by the ancient virtue of revenge? In the truly civilised attitude is there not a distinct need to reform and even in the end to help our foes? It is characteristic of the humanitarian habit of mind which has been slowly evolving during the ages. It is malice and revenge changing first into pity and then becoming transformed into service. To-day we treat spies as we once treated witches, and for the same reason. We are killing what we fear instead of turning a menace into an ally. The witch might have been of untold value to the community had her unusual powers been used by the Church. In the midst of panic it may appear to be the easiest way to hand to shoot and to ostracise, but it is not the most effective. It is bad political economy, as the same power used for evil can be educated, not tortured, into good. It depends on the forging power latent in what is attacked to convert the power of destruction into construction. A fine statesman wastes nothing. He uses the weak to minister to the strong and the strong to protect the weak. The Inquisition is out of date. It is time now to acquire new power in the State through enabling those who have erred most to see best. Once war appears a semi-tragedy, an inversion

and a brutal offence against beauty, it is doomed. The men, lifting their hands as they run from the trenches apparently mad, are not so insane as those of us who, knowing the truth, dare not proclaim it, and who, having sons and daughters, shirk their clear call to decry to them murder in all its forms. That this is a "holy war" is the very reason that all wars in the future shall be branded as unholy.

It is common sense that we cast off war. A sweating industrialism with its infernal motto that the weakest must go to the wall and a degenerate materialism which we still insist on calling morality will one day give place, as a reaction against this war of the nations, to an international courtesy of nationalities through moral force taking the place of brutal force and so making civilisation a fine art. Gross materialism has expressed itself at the moment in this deadly modern mingling of air, water, and fire to testify, as Edward Carpenter declares, that "vanity and greed have met together and patriotism and profits have kissed one another." Many nations besides Germany have looked on war as a law of nature and the source of moral good, the spur of national religion and the backbone of a nation. These old-fashioned ethics are as devastating as war itself. It is the new intuition, the sane outlook, the wider understanding and sympathy which will create the dynamics and statics of a new civilisation. Corners in oil and corners in moralities may cause as much devastation as bayonets. We want fluid principles instead of rigid rules, spiritual

realities instead of antiquated ideals. Germany is not the only nation whose intellectualism, religion, ethics, philosophy, and inventiveness are under the obsessions of exploitation and tyranny. It is a world disease which is in slayer and slain, ally and foe. The way we conclude a world peace will be the test of our decadence or our growth, of whether we have uprooted the fever of war or only subdued it till, in a more direful manifestation, it becomes a world epidemic. It is for us in the immediate future to prove whether we are preys of the powers of darkness or prisms of the fuller light.

As conquerors or conquered it is in our power now to begin the new civilisation. The word of advice Lord Roberts gave us just before his death is invaluable now. "May I give a word of caution," he says, "to my countrymen against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies. Let us avoid what Mr. Kipling during the Boer War described as 'killing Kruger with your mouth.'"

There are definite signs that war is doomed. The mere fact that we apologise to each other for its existence is one of the signs. Nothing can make up for this war but the cohesion of statesmen facing the peace reckoning, not as mere diplomatists, but as parents, in a spirit of forgiveness, constructiveness, sanity, and understanding. The application of evolved theories to old spiritualities, the sinking of national hatred into international friendship, may make this war of Europe the last war of the world. War is a decadence.

Gunpowder is literally dust and ashes. The new civilisation will have neither war, vivisection, hanging, or some forms of sport, either to save or to divert mankind. It is not shrapnel but spirituality which is to save us; not submarines but superman and superwoman—supermen refusing to slaughter and superwomen refusing to provide food for slaughter. At the end of this war, as Bernard Shaw advises, we had better all cry "God forgive us all!" and stop counting either our enemies' sins or our own virtues. If this horror of blood can at last make us realise that war is an ancient virtue which has become a deadly vice, we may indeed honour and almost envy those who have lost their lives in fires which may eventually cleanse the world. In the true solidarity of mankind there is no longer a place for permitted murder. It is incumbent on a new world to insist on arbitration as a substitute for bloodshed and to use all the agencies of civilisation to end war for ever.

## THE NEW CIVILISATION

THERE is no doubt that we are on the verge of a new era in civilisation. With regard to war, love, birth, death, morals, and art, we all know that some thoughts and actions are doomed and that others are ready to take their place. It was while I was in America that I realised more than anywhere that, as feudalism is dead, so commercialism, in its selfish sense, is dying. If the Americans work largely with one hand to make big profits they give with the other, and if they divorce often they love oftener. Their refusal to go to war is not, as is so often supposed, a lack of courage or a national laziness, but a realisation that war, even if apparently necessary, is as decadent a way out of national misunderstanding as cannibalism is out of hunger.

It may be of interest to record my first impressions of that new world at the forge, a new civilisation in its first experiments. I went to America a little imbued with prejudice, and expected to find an overwhelming love of dollars, a rather artificial democracy, and a noisy clamour of business with little originality in art. I was mistaken, and came back as much rejoiced by the new civilisation as in Spain I had

been by the more peaceful atmosphere of an old culture.

America at the forge may yet teach Europe at the game of obtaining an evolution which will bring good education, valiant experiments, and fresh spiritual episodes into civilisation.

As I left the *Minneapolis* upon my first voyage to America, I entered New York in the same mood in which a child enters its first circus. My impressions at the end of the day were so rapid and so diversified that as I fell asleep I felt I had been face to face with a new civilisation in the making. The faults of youth and the vigour of it also, the bluster of an outgrown childhood mixed with the greediness of the schoolboy, were all before me. I found them in the air, in the streets, in the vivid faces and the rapid movements.

Neither greed nor snobbery are the real mainsprings of this new onward swiftness. The clear, alert eyes give their secrets, the nimble feet theirs. It is a new world bent on seeking and finding, on amassing and bestowing. Its vulgarity is a passing episode. Robust democracy is the spinal column of the new civilisation. The brutality of amassing is the same kind of brutality a schoolboy shows when he fights his fellow for marbles, or pennies. Like the schoolboy when he has won, the people of this new land are careless about their gains, but on the whole choose to give rather than to hoard. The millionaire in the new democracy has the Walt Whitman need to scatter amongst men and women as he goes. He

loves his achievements more than his possessions, and in time he will grow to love his fellows quite as much as his achievements. To amass and to hoard is an ancient sin. The new civilisation gathers and scatters. The weakest eventually will not go to the wall because the strongest puts his back out and knocks it down if it is a barrier for the weaker.

When listening to "Mother Jones," the labour agitator, speaking to three hundred women for nearly two hours on the Colorado problem, I realised that I was looking into the eyes of the new civilisation. She stood before us in her eighty-third year, reminding me of John Burns in his prime, shouting in Hyde Park at the time of the great coal strike. The deafening cheers that greeted her words showed the trend of the new civilisation. The lust of greed will soon be a disease as direful as melancholia, and the passion for service an irresistible desire in a land which has produced a Lincoln, an Emerson, and a Whitman. The new impulse is as certain as birth, as magnetic as love, and as inevitable as death.

I went to America in despair, realising that if militancy stands for the last word in modern politics we had better go to sleep and dream no more dreams lest they change into nightmares. I was scarcely two months there when I realised that the new civilisation is as certain as that childhood passes into manhood if given a reasonable chance. The *chic* clothes, the dainty and digestible food, the haste without actual scrimmage, the subtle echo of a

laughter testifying to a clean *joie de vivre* founded on New England ideals, the distinction and dignity of the arrangement in dwelling-houses, the architecture of stations and public places in general, are all testimonies, in small things, of a new spirit in what, by some, might be called mere commercialised luxury. The intelligent working out of a real simplification of life is being tried at last.

This simplification may justly be described as a simplicity *de luxe*, but in the near future it will be one of the spokes in the great wheel of woman's economic freedom. Domesticity as a fetish is doomed, and as an enslavement it will be out of order in the new ways of living. In the new civilisation woman will not be a doll, a slave, a parasite, or a drone, but an artist—not only in handicrafts and the arts of the Muses, but in the formation of the new life of the future citizens.

There is in America a distinct intimation that the future of civilisation will be a realisation of human ideals and not a mere gallop for personal ones. It may be a long cry from this first intimation to the logical working out of Kant's gospel that no human being should be used as a mere means to the end of another, but be an end in himself. The seeds, however, are planted and the harvest is certain.

When I went over the public schools in Chicago and realised that the parks had been brought to the people at their slum doors, and when I saw in those schools all the gifts of a new civilisation in the elaborate

swimming baths, recreation grounds, and libraries, I realised another great spoke in the new wheel of social progress. In the education of a people, on national lines, lies a nation's future well-being. To educe the best is to eliminate the worst.

When sitting by the judges in the Domestic Relations Court, in the Morals Court, and in the Juvenile Courts, I knew for a certainty that this new way of dealing with the poor in spirit and in will, aided by an understanding of the finest ideals in eugenics, would, in the near future, free humanity of its dross and make room for its gold. Especially was I impressed by these new methods when sitting by the side of Judge Bartholme in her court one afternoon. To watch a woman judge and a woman doctor together analysing frailties and suggesting and compelling remedies, in the spirit of mother and not in the spirit of inquisitor, was to realise fully the importance of the maternal in politics and the impotence of sex rivalry or antagonism. To lead aright and in a spirit of kindness young girls just developing into womanhood is indeed no easy task, and possibly never was fit to be undertaken by any but women judges.

In the new civilisation women's economic independence of man will be the greatest means to their interdependence. To sit for two days in those courts in Chicago and watch the men and women in all departments working in equal comradeship is to get a glimpse into the near future when the savagery of prostitution, the cannibalism of monopolising com-

mercialism, and the dulness of sexual jealousy and tyranny will be nightmares of a decadent age. In the noise and whirr and pathos of those police courts I saw the new ideals of the modern world and the dawn of a democracy which is the breath of a new life and not the mere pose of a lingering death.

In a little stimulating talk with Miss Janette Bates the legal attorney, I was further encouraged to find that the judges have no prejudice about the matter of sex as it touches jurisdiction. I was told that, though all courtesies are given as from men to women, nevertheless, if the woman deserves rebuke or criticism she gets it as from one human being to another. In those crowded courts in Chicago there is an underlying intimation that, in the civilisation of the future, the human being will be more in evidence than the sex being. Perhaps it was a delicate compliment to a stranger which made both Miss Bates and Mr. Taylor tell me that the woman invariably gets the best of it in any dispute between the sexes. Certainly that was my conclusion during the hours I sat in the several courts—the most instructive schools I have ever entered. To watch the Binet method tried and to hear of some of the wonderful experiments in the psychopathic laboratory, where men and women work together in harmonious comradeship in order to solve the problem of the feeble-minded, is to realise the immediate needs of a new civilisation.

Every case in those courts has a new significance. Each difficulty, for instance, brought up before Judge

Fry in the Domestic Relations Court impressed me with the urgent need of the complete economic independence of women. The difficulties, however, of the immediate situation not only are baffling, but seem insurmountable. Nevertheless, the new civilisation hangs almost entirely on this economic enfranchisement of woman. The immediate consequences of any great emancipation mean heartaches, tribulations, and mistakes in experiments of living in freedom instead of bondage. But as the law of life seems to be that we can only learn to walk by walking, to love by loving, to govern by governing, experiments must be risked and failures accepted as educative processes.

The great mental hunger and thirst for knowledge in the new democracy is a sign that a certain mass of civilised human beings are eager and ready to carry out a new code of living. Rigidity binds us. Decadent domesticity, stereotyped love, hypocritical devices to secure romance, paralysing conventions, and a slender hope we often misname faith, are still cherished as ideals. The keener spirits guess or realise the newer truths, but they have not the courage to put them into practice.

Let us consider some of the tendencies which could easily be carried into actual reforms and so help to make a new civilisation.

One of the most effectual reforms would be a simplification of domestic life and a truer view of "menial labour." To simplify is often to beautify.

To rid modern life of its knick-knacks is to make room for those things which are necessary and beautiful. The labour-saving devices in America, the excellent construction with regard to heating and mechanical domestic arrangements, are aids to a new domesticity which will gradually do away with the servant question as it exists in so-called civilised countries. The new democracy holds the near solution of domestic drudgery. As to a highly civilised human being no person or race is abhorrent, so to an intelligent householder no necessary work is "menial," and can therefore be shared by any or every member of the household according to individual capacity.

Our domestic slaves, as well as our habits of luxury or gluttony, keep us tied to a way of living which is savage in expression and boring in result. To have only beautiful things and artistic devices in our homes, in order to produce a luxurious simplicity, would be to emancipate many women and cheer many men. The new home will not be a cage or a showcase, but a well-organised and beautiful expression of a life in which men and women together will gradually make disorder, dirt, and extravagance conspicuous by their absence. The labelling of any work as merely man's work or woman's work is the expression of an old civilisation. When no stigma rests on any necessary work, men and women will only do the work best suited to them and which they love. If, as must happen, there is some work which no man or woman

cares to do, lots may be cast or we may pay as we now pay for specialised handicraft.

In this new democracy the humanisation of law will become an enlargement of the true spirit of the home, and the maternal in politics will express itself in the same way. Some men and many women will choose to work out their individuality in the domestic sphere; some will find their development in the development of others outside that sphere and in the saving of the many rather than only the few. For Judge Bartholme to spend her time in cooking or Judge Fry in domestic details, rather than at their posts in settling domestic relations, would be to waste the best energies of a nation.

When the people are educated to choose their judges, whether they be men or women, for qualities which make for humanity and justice, the courts will slowly become the larger homes, and every man and woman administering the laws will help to blend the paternal and the maternal in civic life. The division of courts, as in Chicago, into Domestic Relations, Morals, Juvenile Boys or Juvenile Girls, is at once to concentrate and to expand. It needs a specialist in psychology to deal with the cases brought day by day into the Morals Court, as it needs a humorist as well as a humanitarian to bring peace out of the domestic disorder of the relationships and temperaments brought to light in the Domestic Relations Court.

The simplification of domestic life and the

humanising of legal administration would inevitably lead to some device for freeing modern civilisation in the most human way of its feeble-minded and those physically unfit for service as citizens. It is possible that if a tax were levied on the incomes of the fit in order to transport to some uninhabited island all certified incapable citizens, a complex problem of modern life would be near its solution. Such an experiment would clear the way for the humane and idealistic eugenist to step forward and prevent the propagation of the unfit through education, advice, and even law. To transport those the eugenist declares should never have been born, to educate probable mothers and fathers in race morality, to allot specialists of a rare type to be judges in these important matters, would bring our civilisation into line with the new ideals. In the new democracy the fit will gladly labour so that the unfit, during their life-term of exile, shall live under wholesome and beautiful conditions. "He that is greatest shall be the servant of all" is not the saying of a decadent or a madman, but of one who knew the line along which any great civilisation must evolve.

The radical reform needed to bring any experiment into sane and clear working order is the utter and complete emancipation of women. To make woman altogether economically free from man is to give her the power to help man to bring into working order those civilised ideals which she as woman and he as man cannot carry out alone.

Shoulder to shoulder as human beings, equal, but unlike, with complete economic independence, they will evolve a finer love which will be the basis of the new civilisation.

The vote alone is only a small, though essential, point in this matter. A vote may or may not change civil conditions, but it cannot alone open up a new spiritual horizon in the relationships of men and women. When love is disentangled from commercialism, then only shall we have a real social freedom.

Every separate case I heard analysed in the Court of Domestic Relations and also in the Morals Court in Chicago was before the judges because of some pressure through the fact that woman as sweetheart, wife, or mother was depending on some man for a living. In a new civilisation the whole community will be responsible for its single members and not one individual for another individual. When all the citizens give to the community an equivalent of what they take from it, and give according to their best capacity, woman and man as equal citizens will look back upon some of the disgusting and absurd relationships of to-day as we look back upon the conditions which produced the plague and smallpox. For it is worse than even physical disease, that disease of the soul which, knowing the best, deliberately remains content with the second-best or worst. The new love is not the supreme egotism, but the divine fire.

At present all the evidences of a young civilisation emerging from the brutal manifestations of primitive savagery are here. The hunger and thirst after the knowledge which can be put into immediate action are very evident in America. It has expressed itself so far in a somewhat worn-out fashion—the fashion of accumulating and squandering, and outstripping others for the sheer love of enterprise. To spiritualise this ardent and adventurous spirit is to herald untold possibilities in the region of love and art, and to make in the future an art of life itself. To bring beauty and joy into new relationships while intensifying true purity and rare passionateness, to bring the home spirit into the order and dignity of civic life, to have complete economic freedom and therefore justice for both men and women, while educing the best and eliminating the worst in each through right mental and physical education—this is surely the way to bring into modern life a new civilisation.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS

THE art of living, which includes the meaning of love, and the philosophy of happiness are subjects more worth while studying than how to attain riches or even how to fly. The philosophy of happiness wants more than a philosopher to explain it and to examine it. To state with any degree of certainty whether happiness is an art or an accident is not an easy task. A sound heredity and a perfect digestion sometimes appear to cover the whole ground, until one hears the intimate confessions of those who seem to possess both. These confessions lead one to the conclusion that happiness has its own special laws, and that certain conditions are essential to its existence. To reveal the nature of happiness one really ought to be something of a child, in order to tell great secrets almost unconsciously. Possibly, also, the problem should be approached only by one who has merged pain into the redemption of joy. Above all, one needs, as the interpreter, a divine jester, who is able to express the subtle connection between the anguish and gaiety which lie at the heart of things.

Many people say they are happy, but, when the veils are down, and intimate confessions are made,

we find, if we are philosophers, that most of the so-called happiness of the world is a vague content or a resigned fortitude. Real happiness is a glowing, radiant thing, so radiant that the person who is really and truly happy within, spreads it contagiously, even if he is at the moment wretched. True happiness has roots and an inner meaning. It is not an effervescent thing, or a matter of moods. It is an eternal possession, which no man or woman can actually give, or wholly take away.

Now what is the philosophy of it? Is happiness an art to be acquired, or a mere accident? Happiness, like love, is a need of the soul and the body. It is a means of health and a human right. Its satisfaction makes men and women better citizens, and legitimate inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, in this or any other world.

The pursuit of happiness is, however, fatal, as it is fatal in love to love oneself more than the loved one. The first rule for the attainment of happiness is, never to pursue it. We must let it overtake us. The philosopher, in these matters, realises that to seek is to lose, and to hold is to fetter. The philosopher of happiness waits and listens, in case a call to happiness comes, but he never runs after shadows, nor does he groan at delay. The gods are not merely pitiless, as they sometimes appear to be, in these affairs. They are good organisers and great engineers. What the soul needs for development they send, but in their good time, not ours. To seek happiness is

the challenge to destiny of a man who is too much in a hurry to lead a large and harmonious life, which would itself create his destiny. As the old poet, George Chapman, says, "Man is his own star." It is we who should rule the stars of destiny. The man who seeks for happiness will have to be content at the best with a compromise. True happiness, like perfect love, makes its way inevitably to its own. What is for us will find us. The laws about these things are as fixed as the laws of gravitation. We need have no fear.

The first condition for happiness is never to seek it. Even the true believer has moments of apparent atheism on this matter. "Do not hurry—have faith," said Edward Carpenter. This should be the text for the philosopher of happiness.

The second condition for the attainment of happiness is an uncrushable sense of humour. A sense of humour is a veritable gift from the gods, and saves the philosophic and the unphilosophic alike from endless pitfalls. It is ludicrous to pant for and to seek what is not ours, and it is equally ludicrous to waste time in trying to get what is ours for the asking. By the asking I mean literally praying. One naturally inquires as to what sort of prayer? A mean, selfish, and self-satisfied, would-be truce with the Infinite in order that we may get our own ends more easily and quickly, is not real prayer. There is no humour in that, and certainly no dignity. It is only drab, pestilential selfishness, and a lack of faith in destiny.

In crude words it is: "Help me to get all I want." The only prayer to offer in this matter would be somewhat like this: "Help me to face Life, with happiness or without it, sustain my courage, and make courage a daily habit. Save me from self-seeking, but open my eyes that I may see and understand happiness if it should come to me. Put my small will into the larger will and increase my powers of joy. If happiness comes not, give me grace to rejoice with either my brother or my enemy who has received it."

There are a great many people left in the world with puritanism in their blood, and there are others who suffer from, or even cultivate, a sort of spiritual anæmia which is mistaken for goodness. These people are afraid of happiness even while they long for it. They are soldiers of a great gospel, but the uniform is often too tight for a splendid warfare. Happiness has been so wrongly labelled, and names are such soul-destroying things. There is nothing to which we give such absurd names as to the things connected with joy. If we are philosophers, or even if we are lovers and not philosophers, we know that a fixed name cannot fit two functions or acts, but new names are needed by every individual who functions and acts differently from his neighbour. The spiritually suburban seeker for happiness wants it placed in a six-ounce bottle, and carefully labelled "righteous and safe," and warranted not to effervesce. The true mystic knows that joy is a regenerator and a cleanser.

When heaven thinks it is good for us to have happiness it is sent to us in no mean way. When the hour comes, after fasting and prayer, destiny holds out a cup to us, full to the brim, if we have obeyed the conditions. Laxity and compromise must have no quarter. In order to hold the cup, our hands must be steady. The spiritual command is, Drink and be satisfied. Now it is for us to choose whether we will take that cup and drink it, or not. If we refuse happiness when it is handed to us by fate (and there are definite signs to enable us to know the difference between heaven's gift and earth's gift), we pay as cowards pay. We go hungry and thirsty, and poor and enfeebled, till death calls us to act another part. It needs not only the philosopher and the humorist to accept happiness when it is offered, but the valiant in soul and the pure in heart, for these have flung away the fantastic labels by which tradition and convention rigidly distinguish right things from wrong things. The pure in heart have substituted a living morality for a dead and fossilised morality. "We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars," says Vachell. Why so many of us are afraid of happiness is because we think virtue consists in sleeping in the gutter rather than in singing to the stars. Some of us are afraid of not getting happiness and we are equally afraid of accepting it, because we have forgotten that the senses can be as clean as our prayers and as ardent and as purifying as the sun. As much danger may lie in

cold calculation as in swift spontaneities in these matters. "Love and do what you like," said St. Augustine. The happiness most people are seeking is that of doing what they like, forgetting that love seeks not its own. Love can redeem anything and everything, and never fails. The philosopher of happiness, who realises happiness as an art and not as an accident, knows that perfect personal joy is the right of every civilised human being. Charm, abandonment, and all fantastic beauty expressed in song or dance and passionate expressions of all kinds lead us upward and not downward, if we know the philosophy of love as well as the philosophy of happiness. It is at our peril to-day if we allow ourselves to become anæmic spiritual slugs instead of rollicking children of the Infinite.

Happiness, then, is our right, but we must not seek it, nor must we refuse it. When the cup is handed to us, let us drain it to the dregs. A drop left means so much less power to the drinker. We need have no fear. In Dr. Garnett's wonderful little book on Love (*De Flagello Myrteo*) he says: "At Love's high feasts there are two cups: one never can be drained, and the other fills itself." He knew the great secret, that a great love is a sacrament, and bread and wine do not fail at the high altar.

This brings us to the contemplation of an apparently sad side of this question of happiness. As people of faith, as philosophers, as parents, as humorists, and as scientists and artists, we know that life is

often pain to the average person. To some of us, apparently, whether we seek happiness or not, destiny seems to offer no cup at all. For these, the philosopher of happiness has a special word. The sufferer may actually be the cup-bearer and so be a special servant of the Infinite. We are too foolish yet to realise whose hand Fate chooses for the offering of the cup of happiness to her children. Your sorrow, and my sorrow, unbearable as they may appear to us, may help to mould the cup for another's comfort. Who dare deny that your loss and my loss may help to fill that cup for another, even if that other be our rival or our defamer? It may be our lot to press the very grapes for the wine our rival drinks. This may be a sort of left-handed happiness, but, to the real philosopher, it is happiness, because he knows the "forward ends" of pain, as Hinton so clearly puts it. Many of us, groaning and grunting, in spite of all we believe and all we have, can see, as in a map, the reason why we agonise, and why we apparently fail and are desolate in spirit. It is as if on a ship we trust our captain, but that does not save us from sea-sickness. Those who are training in these matters know that the day is near when from pain and loss happiness can literally be extracted. To save others is at last as though we had saved ourselves, and thus happiness of a rare and delicate kind is found.

And this brings us back to the image of destiny. When once destiny has handed us a fragrant wine, we must drink it to the dregs, and personal happiness is

the best foundation for what, by a great spiritual law, follows. It is the gift of the gods and not a devil's poison. If, being wise, we have drunk that cup, and got all the warmth and strength it can give us, and we pause, like happy, tired children, then let us have a care. Our impulse, of course, is to hand back the empty cup for refilling. This is also good. Destiny nearly always refills the cup. It seems another spiritual law that he that hath shall have more, and is a direct challenge to the ascetic who fancies that self-control can only be learnt by renunciation of natural and joyful and beautiful things. The cup is refilled, but, before it is taken again, the artist in happiness must be on guard. The second cup is never for the quenching of personal thirst. It has to be handed round. The lover, who has had all the delight of his love, must not remain only absorbed in his rapture. His passionate outgiving is a mere lesson in order to train him later to say with Whitman, "I will scatter myself among men and women as I go." The woman who has had all the glories of a passionate surrender must be prepared to go to the gates of death and hell, in order that new life may come into the world. The philosopher who, in the silence of nature, has felt the veil lifted between his soul and the Oversoul, which to him is a personal happiness of a very absorbing kind, must be content to move in and out of crowds in order to minister to the spiritually deaf and dumb and blind. The poet, living as he does in a realisation of definite harmony, must do

the scullery work of the world down to its most sordid details.

If we refuse the first cup of personal happiness, we pay our price. If we accept it, we have to pay heaven's price, and that is, that the second cup, filled to overflowing, shall not only be handed round and drained dry, for the good of others, but be handed back again and again to be refilled and emptied for others till death releases us. To every one who has been personally happy in the fullest sense, there comes at one time or another a voice from heaven about this second draught, this aftermath of happiness. To ignore it is to surrender to the vulgar wile of the sybarite for excess or to the self-love of a mere child of this world. As the second cup is handed to us, it is a challenge from heaven. If we refuse the challenge, our last state is worse than the first. To us much has been given, and we must not spill or waste the wine or break the cup. Fate's challenge to those of us who have dared to be gloriously happy is to go on being happy in the only way possible. The law is, in this matter, that the personal joy shall lead to the universal succour. We must not haste, but neither must we rest, till every one in the world has a taste of joy. The only happy person is one who radiates joy even out of personal pain. To be happy is to know a few secrets that the gods whisper in their obedient children's ears.

When I was talking with Edward Carpenter a little while ago about Life and Destiny, he said,

with a smile that was almost a sigh, "The whole blessed thing is an obstacle race for happiness." He was right. Most of us have bandages over our eyes, sacks tied round our necks, chains on our feet and hands, or some fettering of our freedom. The world seems a literal school or prison-house, but we must remember that the game of happiness not only is not forbidden, but is in the rules of the house, and is always worth while. We must become not only philosophers in studying it, but professional artists in playing it. Few happy people sin, for most so-called sins are subterfuges for joy. The solemnity and absurdity of our crude moralities, the fear of losing ourselves in unrealised possibilities, the cowardice of much so-called purity, and the recklessness of much so-called vice handicap us on our way to perfect happiness.

Once we become lovers in the real sense we are safe. The lover is only concerned lest he loses his vision of love, or fails loved ones in their need.

To a few a third cup is sometimes offered, and the personal and the universal alike are forgotten for a moment in the cry, "Father, let this cup pass." It is the cup of wormwood, or the sponge with vinegar. It is the chalice of crucifixion, and those who drink from it are the willing saviours of the world. They are despised and rejected of men, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief. They have at last no care for what the world can give or take away. They are free from condemnation and free

from personal craving. They have seen the beauty of the whole, and faced death and suffering. The multitude cannot recognise them. They stone them and slay their bodies. The Magdalen and the Judas may call them friends, the little children, simple folk, sinners, and animals are their companions.

These people, who have appeared in the world's history at long intervals, have not only "scattered themselves amongst men and women as they go," but they have gladly given their lives for the many. They have always the new truth to deliver, the old one to bury. They are the seers and the prophets of the world, and find their greatest joy in a transference of personal happiness into human succour. They condemn neither the Judas, the Peter, nor the Magdalen. They have passed through the pangs which turn personal joy into universal service. Universal service to these children of God has hitherto implied an acceptance of crucifixion as a gift of the brother who does not yet know of the deeper secrets. They have arrived at the state where life or death is equally worth while because there is something vital to be done in each—either children to be gathered together, men and women to be saved, or beauty to be emphasised. Happiness can never be an accident to these chalice-holders, because the corn, the flowers, the pharisee, the saint, the cross, and the mockery of men have their inner meaning to the real prophet of eternal joy.

Hitherto the chalice-drinker has been the excep-

tion in the world's history. The Christ and the Buddha are the chief examples, and men like Gordon and women like Jeanne D'Arc are lesser instances of the need to save others. But there is a distinct change coming with regard to these things. There is a fashion even in spiritual matters. There is a sort of uneasiness creeping over society, the uneasiness which comes upon a man in shabby clothes, the uneasiness which comes over a woman in badly cut ones. The solidarity of the workers and the solidarity of women is suggestive. The happiness of the many is now becoming the imperative demand. The day is not only coming but is actually here, when to live in luxury while one human creature lacks either bread or joy can only be crucifixion to the spiritual man or the spiritual woman. To be a millionaire will soon be more pitiable than to be a leper, because it implies extortion, the sweat of brothers for mean ends, and the gluttony of one at the expense of many. The seeker for happiness soon finds out the impossibility of real joy on the lines of monopolies in any shape or form. The Christ crucified has ecstasy within, because of the working out of the great truth, that to lose one's life is often to gain it. The poor ignorant human who fancies that happiness consists in piling up gold or wasting it, is to-day enduring a crucifixion of the worst kind, a crucifixion of fear and insecurity. The trend of the age is against his short-sighted ideas of happiness. He is afraid. In a vague way

he is terrified of the atmosphere, even in politics, which threatens his unstable possessions. He wants to go on sleeping or wallowing, and the cock-crow in a new dawn disturbs him. Ideals spread like epidemics, and the art, not the accident, of happiness is spreading fast. As it is now almost a disgrace to be ill, it will soon be a disgrace to be rich or unhappy, because to-day the only truly happy folk are those who do not care about a happiness which implies only comfort, gain, rest, or peace for themselves. This attitude is not because of some craving for an egotistic saintship or a moral superiority over others, which is as stupid as the search for any other monopoly, but because while one human being is hungry or lonely, no evolved person can eat in peace or rest in mere personal happiness, any more than they could in their family circle if a sister or a brother were starving or heart-broken.

Happiness is a definite art and not an accident, for it is beyond accident, even beyond analysis. It is an art of the inner life, a result of wise cultivation. It is sometimes bought at a great price, but the payment is well worth while. It is often pain forged into peace, and the personal merged into the universal. Those who have it stand like children before the Eternal, content to hold the hands of Life and Death, knowing that all that happens is meant to form part of a great picture in which we are the colours.

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