

that it does not diminish with the passing years.

Frederick Locker-Lampson. A character sketch. By his son-in-law, the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

## WOMEN—AND SHE-DRAGONS

*By Theodore Maynard*

IF I may permit myself the luxury of making a remark in the modern manner, I would say that women are tolerable only so long as they are irrational. Men will always be puzzled by them, and try to save their own faces by making epigrams or jokes about their wives, which the wives will endure with that enigmatic tolerance extended by women to masculine folly or stupidity. One of these epigrams was made by one of the cleverest men who ever lived, George Meredith, when he said, "Woman will be the last thing civilized by man". It was one of the most foolish sentences that have come from the human heart. For wise men know that women will never be civilized; and they do not want them to be civilized.

Unfortunately there are not a great number of wise men in the world, none at all events upon the British War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry, from whose report Mrs. Hartley quotes:

It is desirable that women's wide employment should be made permanent. . . . On piece-work a woman will always beat a man. . . . On mass production she will come first every time. . . . Men will never stand the monotony of a fast repetition job like women; they will not stand by a machine, pressing all their lives, but a woman will.

This is what the world has come to understand by civilization. And that is why it is highly undesirable that

women's wide employment should not be made permanent.

I quote this passage at the outset because it is the heresy which underlies nine-tenths of our feminist propaganda. The general upshot of it all is that women are to be tamed for the factory; and they can only be tamed for the factory by being made dissatisfied with the home. In justice to Mrs. Hartley I must admit that in the earlier part of "Women's Wild Oats" she argues for the home as against the factory. But the second half of her book is a defense of all the things which tend to break up the home—divorce, the recognition of "honourable sexual relationships outside of marriage", and the separation of children from their parents.

Even in Mrs. Hartley's early chapters the hysterical note in her "womanly womanliness" led me to expect that it would not last. Trifles such as the sight of girls walking arm-in-arm with soldiers in the London streets on Armistice Day, and the fact that English women smoke and spend too much money on clothes, shocked her so much, that I felt sure I would soon find her advocating far more shocking things. I did. She appeared as the champion not only of divorce by consent, but of temporary unions outside of marriage designed for the convenience of people who do not feel inclined to accept the risks of marriage.

Mrs. Hartley is much more irrational than any woman has the right to be. Simply to take her own argument: if divorce can be obtained by consent, what need is there for impermanent extra-matrimonial associations? Marriage would in that case be as incidental an affair as the most callous libertine could wish. Nevertheless Mrs. Hartley italicizes her axiom that marriage is a discipline,

not an experiment—and ten pages further on we find her trying to make it as “experimental” as free love! Her logic bewilders my poor masculine mind!

I do not of course demand that she should accept the Christian doctrine that marriage is a sacrament. I do not even ask her to accept the fantastic notion that a promise made, a vow taken “for better, for worse”, is binding upon the honor of the contracting parties. But I earnestly warn her against the mistake of thinking that the divorce laws of England (or of America for that matter) are a reflection of the church’s opinion. England is a Christian country only in theory. I can offer her a definite assurance on that point. I am an Englishman, and I am a Christian. So I know what I am talking about.

The trouble with both Mrs. Hartley and Madame Marx is that they carefully pick their hard cases, and then proceed to argue from the particular to the universal. There are many curious similarities between these two women. They are both hysterical. And “curiouser and curiouser”, as Alice said, they both have Jewish connections. Mrs. Hartley is not a Jewess, but she is married to a Jew, and loses no opportunity of falling back on Judaism when she gets herself into a difficulty—a mean course of action, since she does not hesitate to throw Judaism over when it becomes a nuisance. And one gathers from the publisher’s circulars that Magdeleine Marx has all the unorthodox—I said *unorthodox*—Jews in Europe lisping their plaudits behind her Juggernaut car as it passes in its triumphal progress over the bodies of her successive lovers. I do not deduce anything from the fact; I note it and pass on to a consideration of “Woman”.

Magdeleine Marx writes in the dot-and-dash style which is supposed to be the sign of intellectual superiority. If you don’t know how it is done, I had better explain that it goes something like this:

“No . . . . yesterday? . . . . Perhaps it may be tomorrow.”

Her bosom heaved like the slow rhythm of the sea. He blew his nose . . . .

“Listen . . . . How can I tell you? . . . You wouldn’t understand . . . You know all now.”

So on for 228 pages. But I would be the last person to deny that Madame Marx can write cleverly and on occasion even with beauty.

The plot of “Woman” is made up from the commonplaces of the “emancipation” theme. The unnamed heroine, who is, we must suppose, Magdeleine Marx herself, discovers that she is beautiful (the publisher’s puff lays great stress on the author’s “lovely pale face and fine thin lips, just not prim and just not bitter”) and feels an inner urge to escape from her respectable home. So she goes out into the world, and takes a room in the inevitable Bohemian boarding house with its inevitable mystical Russians, one of whom is endowed with an “agile, insinuating body” and the appropriate name of Mania. Magdeleine goes into a shop or factory (it is not clear which) to work; and longs for someone to whom she can talk about herself. She meets him; takes him out for a walk; and then just as he is going to say goodbye addresses him thus:

“Listen. I have been thinking. Don’t let us part again. Never. It is I who am asking you. Let us live together . . . I cannot say anything else, that sums up everything, it is everything, to live together. Is it love? . . . I don’t know yet . . . But I know we ought to live together, and you, you know it too.”

The wretched man marries her, and

is condemned thenceforth to listen to her unending monologue.

To talk of oneself! That enigmatic, incomplete, elusive, warm thing, tossed by conflicting currents, adding to itself constantly, this thing that one is. To say what it is! . . . . To tell of it with modest lips, with lids raised, with voice sure, with silence . . . .

In the intervals between her one-sided conversations, she has a baby and then provides herself with a lover who is a married man. But being a garrulous person she tells her husband about her lover. She explains the state of affairs to him, and though he is in a position to be described by a virile, Shakespearian word, he takes it all as a matter of course.

"Since he came, if you only knew, I love you more. Not only do I feel your smile and your whole presence around me like a thousand arms and with even more than one heart, but I feel surer of myself, nobler—and admit it—more beautiful . . . . To go to him is to continue myself; it is not to lessen you."

After this husband and wife grow more truly spiritual—or is it more smug?—until the war breaks out. The two husbands go to the front; she writes to them both each day—until she hears to her great distress that her real husband has been killed. She consoles herself, however, with the reflection that the second man is still alive.

I called to the vision and welcomed it. My life was not dead, and my heart was open and there was still a man to love me . . . .

This cheerful thought was destroyed by the news that her lover also had been killed. But still the heroic Magdeleine was not downcast unduly:

Somewhere in the world tonight there are faces lying dormant for me, persons to whom I have things to say. I am waiting for them, I stretch my arms out to them, I know that they will come because of my need forembaces, a desire for caresses, so strong tonight that I jump up with a start. It is as if half my body were missing. I see myself deserted and frightfully widowed, and my mouth quivers with

hunger and thirst for another mouth. I know a man is on the way.

Dozen probably! But one man, he who writes these words, must be excused if he answers the invitation with shouts of coarse laughter.

*Women's Wild Oats.* By C. Gasquoine Hartley. Frederick A. Stokes Co.  
*Woman.* By Magdeleine Marx. Thomas Seltzer.

## AN UNCONVENTIONAL APOSTLE

*By Oscar L. Joseph*

**B**ETWEEN the years 1829 and 1912 a life of surpassing fruitfulness was lived in England, which exercised a worldwide influence bringing benefits to many thousands in the submerged strata of society. The organization known as the Salvation Army was founded in 1878 by William Booth. This leader and his associates scandalized polite circles by their "corybantic Christianity". But the criticisms of the cultured, the suspicions of the elite, the hostilities of the masses, only conspired to incite these adventurous pioneers to continue their campaign to the ends of the earth. The subtle opposition of religious and irreligious alike furnished the background for the light which shone upon the surrounding darkness from this band of heroic men and women, who were passionately consecrated to the Christian uplift of humanity.

The tables were turned in an unusual way and the translation from abuse to honor makes the career of William Booth one of the picturesque romances of modern times. In 1904