

ly personal, things in themselves, instead of things kindled in the flame, that the fight between man and woman begins. It cannot be avoided; any more than nightfall or rain. The more conventional and correct a woman may be, the more outwardly devastating she is. Once she feels the loss of the greater control and the greater sustenance, she becomes emotionally destructive, she can no more help it than she can help being a woman, when the great connection is lost.

And then there is nothing for men to do but to turn back to life itself. Turn back to the life that flows invisibly in the cosmos, and will flow forever, sustaining and renewing all living things.

It is not a question of sins or morality, of being good or being bad. It is a question of renewal, of being renewed, vivified, made new and vividly alive and aware, instead of being exhausted and stale, as men are to-day. How to be renewed, reborn, revived? That is the question men must ask themselves, and women too.

And the answer will be difficult. Some trick with glands or secretions, or raw food, or drugs won't do it. Neither will some wonderful revelation or message. It is not a question of knowing something, but of doing something. It is a question of getting into contact again with the *living* centre of the cosmos. And how are we to do it?

The article which follows, written by a woman of to-day, shows a new trend in woman's battle, a trend which may lead to the rest and peace which Mr. Lawrence thought desirable.



Quiet

BY BERNICE KENYON

OUT of confusion, out of conflicting voices,
My song was woven. Forever in my head
The wild sounds were drawn together, and twisted
Into a moving music, a secret luminous thread
Which the mind followed, wanting a far ending—
Wanting a joy, like silence. Now the bright strength
Of the song is done; I am done with all confusion;
The thread is spun to its length.

Because all worldly voices are remote and quiet
Since my ears at last are attuned to your repose,
Because you are near, I am happy to be done with singing;
I can sit languidly, and contemplate the rose
Bending upon its stem in the red of evening,
Unmoved by the twilight waning, by dusk in the air.
And the turmoil of the world, far and beyond knowing,
It is not for me now. I am silent. I am unaware.

*The women of a new generation
plead a new cause*

Give Us Our Privileges

BY ELIZABETH ONATIVIA

IN 1902, Mr. Dooley remarked: "Woman's Rights? What does a woman want iv rights whin she has priv'leges? Rights is the last thing we get in this wurruld. They're the next things to wrongs. They're wrongs turned inside out. All the r-rights I injye I don't injye. . . . I'd give all th' rights I read about for wan priv'lege."

There are at least ten million females in this country between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, who probably know Mr. Dooley only by hearsay, but are preparing to echo his statements. They are the women who are going to be the new feminine influence in this country, and feminine is the word. They are going to live their own lives, but with the new combination of Victorian charm and twentieth-century intelligence.

They know nothing, first-hand, of petticoats and whalebones, of spending rainy afternoons practising new ways of doing their hair, of breaking shop windows to signify their intention of getting the vote, of going with deputations to Albany or with units to France. They have heard rumors about these things, of course, in much the same way that the young people of the nineties, down South, heard about the abolition of slavery and inherited the tradition of hating the Yankees.

But not having had the actual experience of achieving emancipation, these young women take it all for granted, and are pretty well fed up on being men's equals and good fellows and steady wage-earners. They don't entirely understand why there is all the fuss about being feminine. Why on earth shouldn't they be feminine? There's no law against it. They sneakily feel that it would be a strange and delightful experience to take an hour to dress, to spend the day in strictly feminine pursuits, possibly even sewing and gossiping together, to be waiting, sweetly attired, for their exhausted men-folk, instead of rushing home after a hard day at their own jobs.

This generation, with its grandmothers who were suffragists or antisuffragists, whose mothers are still demonstrating post-war and slightly mature versions of the flaming-youth codes, are wide-eyed and incredulous, or bored and slightly cynical about all the feminist fighting. They take their rights for granted and think the fuss rather silly.

It won't be at all surprising if these young ladies go about the business of restoring their privileges, as their immediate forebears fought and are still fighting for these rights. They will go about it with all the skill of economists and stylists. They won't put it in so many