

to him just that very vice for which their own gang at Dublin Castle, the men who stole the crown jewels, were notorious, we simply concluded that the last trace of reason or of common sense had left the authorities for ever.

They capped it, however, by sending over "Bloody Balfour"—so that the President could simply not avoid asking: "What are you going to do about Ireland?" The reply is the "all-Irish convention." It is to laugh.

Redmond and Company were discredited once and for all when they agreed to the hanging-up of the Home Rule Act.

The party is dead as mutton; its sheep's bleat and its sheep's brains and its sheep's sheepishness have not saved it. Ireland is Sinn Fein, eleven men in twelve, maybe more.

Will we come to the convention? What—talk again? We only want one thing of England: "Get off my face."

The moment we are an independent republic like Canada or Australia or the South African Union there can be no further grievance. "We may fight among ourselves?" Well, that's our business, not yours. (Besides, it's a pleasure.)

Until that day of freedom we can do nothing whatever but fight for it. We have had seven centuries of England on our face, and we are desperate. We will use every means; all's fair in love and war. Quoth the genius of Ierne: "No, I don't want you to lend me money; I don't want you to protect my commerce; I don't want you to assist me to overcome my own digestive troubles; I want you to get off my face."

When that day of freedom dawns, the situation,

will dissolve like a dream. Free Ireland will see—with one glance at the map—that she can have only one friend, one ally—England. We are intermarried with the English quite inextricably. The attempt to revive Gaelic is quite on a par with the German reaction toward Gothic type—does any sane Sinn Feiner expect his American cousins to learn Erse?

I, for one, am ready to fight on England's side today, against any foe but Ireland. Why should we be foes? It is lunacy, it is against nature.

Get off my face! Let me up, and I'll fight side by side with you. I'll lead your armies to victory, as in the past; I'll replace your dummy officers with men of brains. I have imagination, courage, wisdom—everything you lack—and it's all at your service. But I can do nothing while you are standing on my face.

Cannot England try the experiment, at least? Things cannot well be worse—and yet they grow worse inevitably with the induration of time.

Once a republic, shall we not help our sister France? What grudge have we against you but the one grudge? We do not wish to annex Lancashire; in fact, God forbid! We shall not try to starve you with submarines; on the contrary, we can help each other with food. But we'll treat as friends and equals; Britons have not a monopoly of "never will be slaves."

You are so stupid in all that concerns Ireland that I fear you may not see that I am not uttering a pious wish, but stating an apodeictic proposition, declaring the inexorable logic of events.

But after all, even if our republic doesn't work as I say it will, and know it will, would you be worse off than you are now? And surely we can talk better arm in arm—Oh, do get off my face!

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LEADERS OF THE NATIONAL SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

MESDAMES:

May I address a few words to you with regard to the general policy of the campaign in favor of Woman Suffrage? In most respects the conduct of that campaign has been admirable, but I should like to indicate what appears to me a remarkable omission.

You have understood perfectly that general education is a necessary feature, yet you have not put your finger upon the one great obstacle to the emancipation of women. I refer to what is known as wholesome literature. In England to some extent, but still more in this country, the purveyors of fiction cut away the ground entirely from under your feet by the constant assumption that woman is nothing but an instrument of sex. In the average novel, no matter what the subject, what is called the "love-interest" means nothing more than that the real pre-occupation of the book is with the question as to whether she will, or whether she won't. The entire plot is a species of tantalization. It never seems to occur to the popular writer that a man (even) could take a genuine interest in

those things which persons like myself at least are really interested. The doctor who discovers a new cure for diabetes, the inventor who opens a whole world of activity to the human race, the poet who seeks to translate the divine ecstasy into language, are doing this, according to the popular writer, merely in order to get hold of a girl. It is this fundamental pre-occupation with sex, this enormous over-valuation of sex, which is making it impossible for the people of this country to assimilate in the idea of a woman as a human being, something more than Swinburne's "Love machine With clock-work joints of supple gold, No more, Faustine."

At the present moment we are inaugurating in this magazine a campaign to put sex in its proper place—as a necessary ingredient of life, indeed, but not one to be allowed to obsess the mind. The sex-taboo is the enemy of human progress. Until that is removed mankind can never dwell upon the heights; the mischief done in life by it is made possible principally by the mischief done by so-called wholesome literature.

CEREBELLUM.