

# PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF LONDON AND PARIS AT NIGHT



NOTRE DAME GARGOYLE OVERLOOKING THE CITY, PARIS

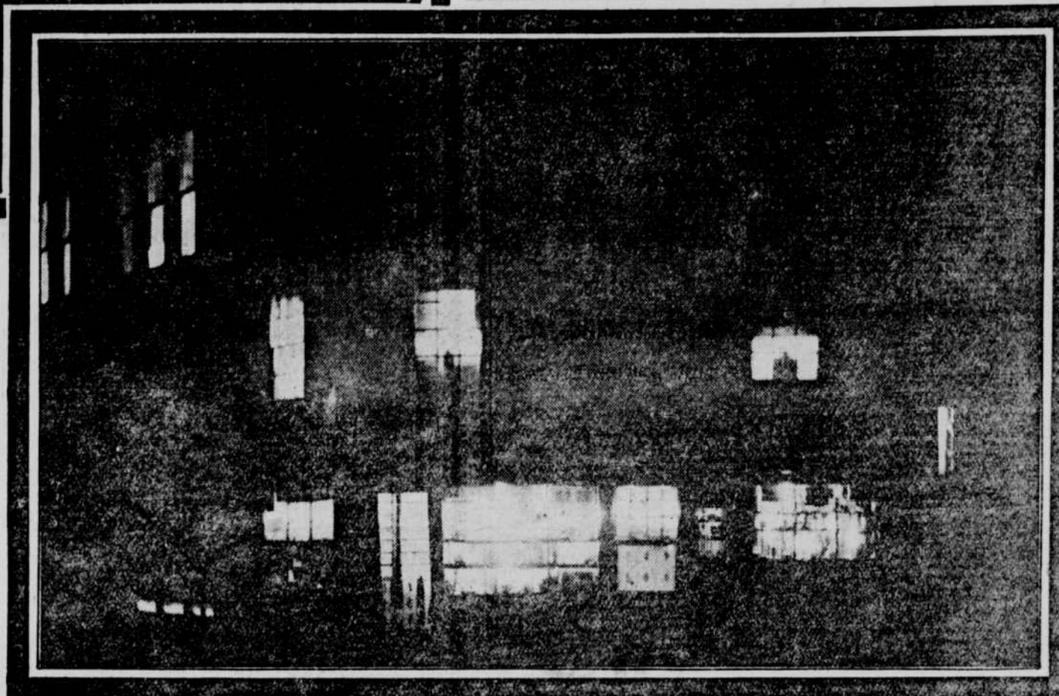
The gargoyle in the foreground in the photograph above is one of many on the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. It was placed there about one hundred years ago, when the cathedral was reconstructed. In the centre of the picture is the conciergerie in which Marie Antoinette was imprisoned. The streak of light running through the centre of the photograph was caused by the lights along the Seine.

The upper right hand photograph shows one of the two sphinxes on each side of the obelisk on the Victorian Embankment in London.

In photographing the Old Curiosity Shop the photographer used three dozen candles placed in various parts of the building. For years the building was used as a rag and paper warehouse.



THE SPHINX ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.



THE "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" PORTSMOUTH ST. LONDON.



II

## THE "BUSINESS OF LOVE," AS MRS. MARY AUSTIN SEES IT

By IRENE M. N. SWASEY.

IRVING L. GARDNER once said: "There exists no sort of earthly reason why some people should not see angels where other see only empty spaces."

I had been reading advance sheets of "Love and the Soul Maker"—which was published yesterday—and thinking of Mary Austin's almost uncanny psychic faculty for seeing through and beyond life's greatest problems, when the telephone rang and a gay voice cried: "Let's go to The Players. It's ladies' day." My subconscious self said, "You will see and talk with her," so I went. In those rooms full of fun, fashion and folly an hour later Mrs. Austin and I were in a corner talking about her latest book. That may have been a coincidence, but when I asked her to tell me all about it, "if only to try to keep one man from reviewing it," she laughed and understood, and next day we met again.

One needs only to look at Mrs. Austin to realize something of the tremendous power back of that broad forehead, with keenly critical eyes set wide apart, and the mouth, which almost denies them by its indications of a great quality of tenderness and generosity. Aside from writing, her interests are as broad as her philosophy, and sooner or later she fuses every experience into poetry or prophetic prose. She was the originator of the Court of Domestic Relations and believes we should have as well a commission of marital affairs. These, with a municipal marriage bureau and paid chaperones, are all contributory to the warp and woof of this book, which gives evidence of having lain deep in her consciousness, growing with her growth, for many years.

THE "WOMAN UNAFRAID," SHE WAS CALLED.

Her interest in the drama and open air theatres (the first in the West being near her home at Carmel-by-the-Sea) and some chat of her official connection with the Panama Exposition brought us to California and her early life, with its seventeen years in the desert among the Indians on the edge of the great Death Valley. As we sat there I began to feel something of the struggle, the will power and superb personality which had bent to her use even the elements. Half remembered things recurred which I had read of how her young life and writings had dealt with out-of-door things, nights under the pines watching the wild things drink, cloudbursts, heat, snow and mountain bloom! She had lived all those years close to the earth, but her eyes were on the stars as well.

The education, wide culture and sympathy which enabled her to define at twenty a liberal education as "knowing enough of all things that are known to be able to seize and corre-

late the significant facts of every day experience" enabled her to see through and beyond caste and to make of the Indians her friends—proving a tower of strength in community needs. A friend of all types, unfortunate women around the mining camps, shepherds and rangers who by living close to nature keep the primitive faculties of sensing the weather and of feeling the nearness of friend or enemy, she steadily studied and explored the psychic life of the Indians and was called the "Woman Unafraid." Her home was a centre for men of high attainments, mining engineers, geologists, government experts, for she was the only woman of her class they might see again in the course of a year. She once wrote in effect to Stewart Edward White: "Please keep away from my desert. It's all mine now—stick to your tall timbers."

Asked if such unusual opportunities had not increased her own psychic perceptions, she said that her study of primitive life had helped her to understand much of the complex in modern life. Certain personal experiences, such as "feeling" the San Francisco earthquake twenty-four hours in advance, and striking instances of telepathy which she narrates go to prove what many now think of the psychic side of life.

When Mrs. Austin's health broke down and she came East from her eyrie in the pines she was already famous through her group of Indian stories. Her going to Europe, with the hope of finding answers to those questions she had asked herself in the wilderness (surely in Milan or Munich), is made the more humorous by its context, her ideas about death. She says: "I believe, in spite of the curiosity, I would have been afraid to venture if it hadn't been about that time the opinion of several professional gentlemen that I probably wouldn't live long enough afterward for any harm to come of it. Of course, these gentlemen had forgotten that for as long as they had been studying the causes that induce death I had been studying the forces that make life, though now too tired to care. I was so convinced of going on after it that I thought to pass through the experience called dying might prove interesting and advantageous. As near as I could guess from predilection I should go on as the guardian spirit of a little forest of silver firs in an easterly gap of the Sierras, where in January the snowdrifts are forty feet deep, and in June the air is odorous and hot with the breath of saxifrage and pentstemon. There I should shake out the sapling firs from the clogging snows, keep the deer from trampling the white lupins along the creek and manifest as a blue shaft of light in the green and wind-gleams."

In "Love and the Soul Maker" she evinces a broad tolerance toward life

as we should live it and as we don't, for which outlook humor is requisite. Add to his prophetic vision of the poet and a nature thoroughly keyed to the profundity of life and we find in this book a ringing call for racial betterment through readjusted industrial conditions; a study of love and marriage and their relation to higher ethical standards, and a plea for the same education of the young, with an appreciative understanding of their poetic and religious tendency in adolescence, for, says Mrs. Austin, "no scientists, not even Mr. Darwin (though he tried by deriving one from the other), can discover the three-piled root of sex, art and religion."

The literary and historical value of her collected work is so esteemed that she has been offered the use of the library of Leland Stanford University by its president to enter the contest for the Nobel Prize, for which this book is to be entered.

During her studies of primitive and animal life, becoming convinced that their one constant quality was what she terms mate love, she recognized in this same quality the purpose of soul making in humans. From this basis, with its psychic and physiological phenomena, and some acquaintance with evolution and biology, she evolved the title of her latest book, using the word soul maker to express the great cosmic force working through nature to develop the soul of man. Her habit of thinking in poetry and the fact that parts of this book were originally in poetic form may explain the wonder of the high note she has struck and sustained, despite the need for plain, straight talk. She was still striving for just the imaginative element necessary to remove it from the essay style, when an incident occurred which caused her to write at white heat, weaving into the present form all the phases of her material, using the first person as more direct and an easier way to keep the personality of the writer out of it.

"GRIEF OF VALDA MACNATH" MIGHT BE TITLE.

In spite of the deep range of thought involved, the serious piercing into and through subtle and complex problems in "Love and the Soul Maker," this added intensity of human appeal might almost have changed her title to "THE GRIEF OF VALDA MACNATH" The song of all women For whom light hands have lit love Like a raiming flare in the woodland Strewing the pleasant ways with ash And the charred sticks of Remembrance.

MARY AUSTIN.

For the story of Valda runs throughout its pages like a troubled river, which rarely glimpses the sun, with only darkening pools and overhanging shadows. Its restlessness and rebelliousness in a way epitomize Valda's "Eternal Why."

The author—being first the confidante of both and then a sort of referee—begins with a sketch of Valda's life, her early environment, ignorance and heart hunger, then the Fabian Society and the reactionary (a creature minus humor or justice), who learned too late that he did not love her. "He only respected her profoundly. He told her so himself." With collected statistics which prove that in no case has free love ever proved as workable as marriage, Mrs. Austin herewith demonstrates also its utter absurdity. "Where would be the freedom in a relation which left both parties free to decide what they would do about it, especially when the 'unloved' is always left to suffer and to pay?"

In Valda's passion was the great illustrative. Transmuted into power it might have raised her to great heights. "She wanted to be loved by the superman, and his style was early Victorian."

HER PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE PUT INTO WORDS.

Having demolished the reactionary, Mrs. Austin says these are the sort of women who are doing the serious thinking, so infinitely personal, will eventually influence our marriage modes. With irregular questionings from Valda, who still beats her wings against the "Everlasting Why," the author builds up for her and us a steady constructive philosophy of life through the hope for those readjustments toward which we grope to-day.

Claiming her right with James and Bergson to think in terms of humanity, she considers the facts and forces of life entirely from the human point of view and treats them with the dignity of a great purpose. From the period when man had his first revelation of divinity through the discovery of his own creative power to the latest developments of the trilogy of "Art, Sex and Religion" she states facts in easy, non-scientific fashion, occasionally harshly, more often with delicacy and poetic feeling, but always clearly. "Love is a matter of fact and not altogether of opinion—an energizing force which serves God like all other great natural forces—a force of which procreation is only one manifestation and not absolutely the most imperative." Everywhere tracing its definite pattern on the field of human history, she separates and defines its many aspects:

Mate love, a force which may be studied, its directions noted, its values measured.

Made love (of later development), when women were mere property and the true meaning of femininity had become thoroughly perverted.

The love of youth, with its poetic charm and religious tendency.

Free love, so called, reduced to an

absurdity! And finally the new freedom, when "we shall be able to walk with love and not be driven by it, and shall have learned to stand superior to the passions of sex as we are learning to stand free of the passions of trade and industry, to play fair alike in loving and unloving."

MORE KNOWLEDGE GREATEST NEED OF THE DAY.

Our greatest need to-day, she says, is knowledge, more knowledge, and on all sides an intelligent morality.

With the best intentions in the world we have not yet found, she thinks, a proper way for the education and development of the young. They are hedged about with securities and evasions, developing, without direction, along mysterious sex lines to their everlasting detriment. "The purely hypothetical character of most advice given to youth is what makes it unacceptable. But even the young are saved from disaster by exact knowledge." What they need is to be allowed to grow up with their own generation, where their relative values naturally develop, instead of growing a sex consciousness by guessing at what is "out then beyond the end of knowing." All we seem to have to offer them she characterizes as the "jumping" first of their book learning and later their family relations, until after many years of struggling with life's problems they may work out from under as warped and subdued members of society. "Everywhere we see married pairs attempting to organize a home about some tattered remnant of the old ideal and sending one another because they fall at it. It is possible for a married pair to survive being bored with one another's opinions or pleasures, but it is indispensable that they should not be bored with one another."

The sheltered type of woman, the ideal of the mistress-wife and mother-priestess, is indissolubly connected with the idea of a serving class, as most marital problems are connected with industrial conditions which, sooner or later, resolve into money problems. For this reason, if for no other, the economic independence of women is absolutely necessary for the attainment of that spiritual freedom which will be her true emancipation.

THE REBELLION OF WOMEN A NATURAL ONE.

Mrs. Austin believes in men as well as women, but she says in this mutual crowding of the sexes into utterly untenable attitudes women have suffered most. It is natural that from women as a class should come the most spirited rebellion. It is purely incidental that the struggle has shaped about the contest for political equality. Under all forms the right that women are fighting for is the right to be themselves. With her entire belief in their

right to set the ethical standards of the race she sees again into the "back of beyond." "The right of a man," she says, "to refuse to sacrifice her personal achievement in order to secure for his family more than the necessary requirement would be recognized as a primary right, to infringe upon which a woman should blush as much as to buy these things with her personal favor, and in admitting the waste involved in the economic parasitism of women we open the way to the suspicion of social loss in forcing on every man, irrespective of his native capacity, the role of provider. Let women go on long enough in the way they are pointing and the direct issue of their political right will be the recognition of the personal rights of man."

The business of love is not just loving, and the business of mate love is to serve the race. The essential relations of man and woman are not altered by sex relations, but owing to the idea of woman's changed relation to society by marriage she has become, as it were, "organically connected with the world of thought and industry, the result being that few women know what a man really is and fewer men what a woman ought to be."

THE ROLE OF WOMANKIND IN LIFE'S PLAY.

Marriage of necessity means more to a woman than a man, if only for her futile attempts to make of it a career. "She is bound up in all her spiritual progressions with processes of physical reorganization. Love in man may change his relation to society, but in woman it changes the woman," for marriage and maternity are prone to lessen her physical charm, and in many cases so irrevocably that she becomes an independent and self-supporting life's impossibility.

All that we can expect of eugenics (which deals with certainty only with futures) is to find an absolute authority for making marriage more difficult, or at least a matter of more serious consideration. As soon as we recognize that many of the phases of the social evil are a part of our inefficient social organization they should disappear through a more intelligent, industrial readjustment. In this hideous business of buying and selling it becomes important to inquire not so much who sells as who buys, and on what compulsion. It is imperative that society provide opportunity for wider freedom of choice, educative processes and social centres, with the consequent destruction of what may be termed "love's grafters."

In regard to children, society should either contrive that the wealth of the world necessary to the betterment of the species be used for those best fitted for propagation and moral responsibilities or their care must pass back into the hands of society at large. "As

much as children have to do with modifying the modes of marriage, they have still more with establishing its performance. The failure of all institutional substitutes for personal parental care, as well as the known reactionary effect of personal responsibility upon character and mentality, would seem to point away from the assumption of that responsibility by the state."

PERSONALITY OF PARENTHOOD IS NECESSARY.

This is Mrs. Austin's nearest approach to the theory advanced by Ellen Key. For Mrs. Austin, "love is a force, not only between man and woman, but between parent and young. It is the catalyzer of the constituents of personality. It plays an undeniable but not clearly determined part in physical vitalization. Almost any kind of parent is better than an institution for very young children."

All the things that marriage ought not to do for us may be gathered under the one head of not discrediting our social value. It is here that we reach the question of divorce. Particular attention is given this problem. When, ever unfaith, doubt or jealousy enter into and begin to weaken the marriage tie, Mrs. Austin says it should at once be a matter for a marital welfare commission, for, mixed with the grief of loss and the bitterness of betrayal, jealousy becomes the most rending of our tragedies. Her recognition for the necessity for divorce is placed purely on the grounds of inefficient mating. There should be ease, simplicity, privacy and no newspaper publicity.

TEACHING OF YOUTH A CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY.

The new morality of sex must be the morality of social consequences. We are male and female for definite marked periods of life, but from beginning to end we are members of society. Our chief responsibility appears to be to teach youth the truths of life and to transmute the energies of adolescence into ethical study or creative art. That certain high psychic states can be attained through spiritual exercises is a fact as old as mind. To deliberately direct such energy could regenerate the world, for man, subduing the brute, finds God.

Small and afar, as a spider climbs to the sun, The woman climbed up to life by the thread from her body spun, And she marked through the leaf and bloom of life.

How the changing patterns run In the Wills that blow across the world As the wind across the wheat, And the opal bubbles of love frothed up And broke in slime at her feet. But she braved the rending forces And dared the Wills to meet. For the word was in her bosom Ere ever life begun, The will of each to each in its kind And the will of us all to One.