

his half was—and life seemed one long honeymoon. They broke off their children as they wanted them, and, with the increasing corpulency of years, found this a most admirable provision, for they actually retained their good figure, while raking in baby bonuses. But she wouldn't let well alone. She said that they had been keeping company quite long enough; it didn't matter while out on the track, but now, approaching settled districts, they had better get "married." . . . At last she took up her burden of motherhood, and set out on her journey. . . .

She first stood up, the child on her breast.

"My dear," she said, "I have only just realised what a long way we still have to go, and if we—that is, if Baby is ever to get there, I must give up a lot more for him."

"Please yourself, darling." He was now an experienced married gorilla, and knew how to avoid an argument.

"Of course," she said with a brave little smile, "I'll try to keep up with you, but Baby is so heavy, and the children drag at one's fur so—but I'll try." . . .

Yet all through those ages she was doing, in secret, a most awful thing. She was unconsciously dislocating and distorting her athletic body, that her child might have ampler room for growth and nobler sources of nourishment. She lengthened her trunk and shortened her legs, and forced her lungs to breathe upward. Her head ceased to expand. Her hands and feet, once powerful as her mate's, withered through eternities of helpless brooding and nursing.

"Haven't I a pretty little foot?" she said one day to her mate. He kissed it—but not with tears, for he did not understand. . . .

Then we learn how by sweeping out the cave.

One day the woman makes a discovery. "Think!" says she. "For an eternity I have been saying 'Goo!' to my eternal baby." In a powerful scene woman presents her ultimatum to the Powers. It begins: "To the Horrible, Selfish, Savage, Silly Old Powers: I'm sick of the whole pack of you." This document, which we refrain from printing (we have culled enough!), is signed "Civilised Motherhood, R.I." It is wonderful what a fine thing motherhood is found to be in books and men's speeches. The value of motherhood rather depends on the quality of the children doesn't it? Anyhow, it is something that we have got away from the false Malthusianism which hypnotised generations of men professing to be scientific.

The Moral.

We are obliged to give one further quotation because of the light which it throws upon the logical conclusion of the Feminist movement.

If an eternity of sex-specialisation has reduced woman to what she is, what—in God's Name—will another eternity of sex, and nothing but sex, reduce her to? A horror of sex-incarnate—brainless, soulless, helpless—something gross and leprous-white for ever lying still—an abomination disguised in silks and flowers and perfumes, mowing like an idiot,