

taken, we might, perhaps, venture to let Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and her friends out. As a taxpayer, I object to having to pay for her bread and cocoa when her husband is not only ready, but apparently even anxious, to provide a more generous diet at home. After all, if Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is not afraid, surely the rest of us may pluck up a little.

We owe something to Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, both as one of our most distinguished artist craftsmen and as a most munificent contributor in crises where public interests have been at stake. If Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson must remain a prisoner while the Home Secretary is too paralyzed with terror to make that stroke of the pen for which every sensible person in the three kingdoms is looking to him, why on earth cannot she be imprisoned in her own house? We should still look ridiculous, but at least the lady would not be a martyr.

I suppose nobody in the world really wishes to see one of the nicest women in England suffering from the coarsest indignity and the most injurious form of ill-treatment that the law could inflict on a pickpocket. It gives us an air of having lost our tempers and made fools of ourselves, and of being incapable of acting generously now that we have had time to come to our senses. Surely, there can be no two opinions among sane people as to what we ought to do.

Will not the Home Secretary rescue us from a ridiculous, an intolerable, and, incidentally, a revoltingly spiteful and unmanly situation.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

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## THE IMPERIALISM OF SEX.

Editorial by John Geo. Godard, in the (London) *New Age* of Nov. 15, 1906.

"I don't acknowledge the authority of this Court so long as I have no part in making the laws which I am supposed to obey. I am a rebel because I am an outlaw."—Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson.

In these words, recently addressed by an energetic "Suffragist" to a magistrate, we have the key to the entire case for female suffrage. No rights, no obligation; no privilege, no responsibility. A person who is denied any voice in the government does not owe it allegiance; to withhold all legislative power, and yet to punish for a breach of legislation resolves itself into pure tyranny. Men make the laws, men administer the laws; and yet they positively expect women to obey them, and inflict penalties for disobedience. Woman is good enough to tax, to fine, to imprison, to hang; but woman is not good enough to vote. The equality of the sexes is recognized on the rate book, at the police court, in the gaol, and on the gallow; but it is not recognized at the polling booth. This is despotism, and there is no other name for it.

The imperialism of the sex—that is the meaning of man-rule. Empire, we have been rightly told, is the predominance of race; it is the rule of one people by another people, involving, of course, the subjection of the former to the latter. And exclusive male suffrage is the predominance of sex; it is the rule of women by men—likewise involving the subjection of the former to the latter. Our sisters at home are governed precisely as 95 per cent. of our

subjects abroad are governed; that is to say, they are ruled by us, and have practically no voice in their own government. And the principle is equally vicious and indefensible in both cases. The grievance of the Indian Bengalee and the grievance of the English woman are the same; and it has its origin largely in conceit. We think we can govern other races better than they can govern themselves; we think we can govern women better than they can govern themselves. And, wrapped in this conceit, we fail to realize that, even if we could govern better, that is no ethical justification for withholding self-government from those who demand it.

Imperialism, whether of race or of sex, would stand a poor chance if we could only adequately reverse the position in our own minds. Let the Englishman imagine himself as being absolutely ruled by another nation, or as being absolutely ruled by the other sex, in either case having no direct political power, and he would make short work of the casuistry he now employs to defend his actual supremacy. Tell him that he would be better off, and he would reply that he is the best judge of his own interests, and that he claims the right to be the judge. And he would have logic and equity on his side—just as the women have to-day.

In truth the question of whether alien government is good or bad is only of secondary importance—the point is that in either case it is despotic. As a matter of fact, alien government is seldom good; but the gist of the indictment of Imperialism, whether of race or of sex, is that it is inimical to liberty—it is the denial to others of the rights or privileges claimed for oneself. It is no answer either to the Indian Congress or the British Suffragists to say that they are well governed. Both will dispute it (and with a considerable show of reason), but their complaint is that they are not permitted (as are English men) to govern themselves. This is not a question of respective spheres, or of physical distinctions; it is one of political equality. Laws are necessary for the existence and preservation of society; citizenship is common to all who live in societies, and depends neither upon nationality nor upon sex; and the common obligations demand the common rights, the common restraint calls for the common liberty.

Of course, with those who deny the doctrine of political equality and the doctrine of liberty, argument is useless, unless it be the argumentum baculum—the reason, possibly, why some of the more ardent female reformers assume the role of amazons. But to the political party now in power, to the great historic Liberal party, government based on distinction of sex should be abhorrent, since the very foundation of their faith consists in these doctrines. It is frequently said that Female Suffrage is not a party question. True, the reform is supported by many Conservatives, which only shows that some men are better than their creed; for the Conservative party is the party, not of political equality, but of political privilege, not of liberty, but of monopoly. The sad, significant fact, however, is that many Liberals are worse than their creed; that just as they deserted their principles by supporting the subjugation of another nation and by concurring in the destruction of its independence, so

they desert their principles by upholding the subjection of women and by the denial of equal civic rights. In other words, they are Imperialists—and a "Liberal Imperialist" is a contradiction in terms.

Granted, however, it may be said that the women have a grievance, why are they not content to adopt "constitutional means" to get it removed? But what if such means are not available? The "Passive Resisters" were told that, whether they liked the law or not, they should obey it; but then they could appeal to Caesar to secure its alteration—and the appeal was not unsuccessful. The late Conservative administration was the very abrogation of democratic government, since, returned to power on one issue, they year after year persisted in legislating in defiance of the popular will; but in the fulness of time the popular will asserted itself, and indignantly repudiated the despotic oligarchy. For women, however, there are no "constitutional means;" for women there is no admission to Caesar's court; for women there is no fulness of time when the popular will may prevail; for the only will that can prevail is that of their numerical inferiors—the male will. What man, then, shall sit in judgment upon them if they adopt unpopular methods to influence the only prevailing popular will?

The Imperialism of sex! Like every other form of imperialism it is the deadly foe of liberty. But the spirit of "racial supremacy," with which all classes were imbued only a few years ago, is now happily chastened. May it be reserved for this Parliament of "Little Englanders" to make England truly great, not merely by granting freedom and autonomy to those abroad whose liberty and independence were destroyed, but by extending the rights of citizenship to those at home who have hitherto been kept in political subjection.

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### SENATORIAL CONSEQUENCES.

A Transposition from Gilbert.

Senator Hush was as good as gold;  
He always did as the railroad told.  
He never asked if a thing was just  
Or gave offense to the Sugar Trust;  
He never sniffed at the tainted dough  
Which lobbyists dropped in his hand of snow.  
He never squealed when the gang kept still  
Or stood in the way of a land-grab bill:

And the consequence was he advanced in station  
And died at the head of a corporation.

Senator Growl was a naughty boy;  
To start reforms was his chiefest joy.  
He wouldn't vote as his Boss decreed;  
He wouldn't pander to private greed;  
He said rude things to the Wall Street man  
When he came around with the whitewash can;  
And he often wrote, with a fendish gall,  
"Thou shalt not steal" on the Senate wall:

And the consequence was when his term was over  
He faded back to the tall, tall clover.

—Wallace Irwin in Life.

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Dress, in short, is a fine art which women pursue in and for itself, and the educated taste they bring

## Publishers' Column

### The Public

is a weekly review which prints in concise and plain terms, with lucid explanations and without editorial bias, all the news of the world of historical value. It is also an editorial paper. Though it abstains from mingling editorial opinions with its news accounts, it has opinions of a pronounced character, based upon the principles of radical democracy, which, in the columns reserved for editorial comment, it expresses fully and freely, without favor or prejudice, without fear of consequences, and without hope of discreditable reward. Yet it makes no pretensions to infallibility, either in opinions or in statements of fact; it simply aspires to a deserved reputation for intelligence and honesty in both. Besides its editorial and news features, the paper contains a department of original and selected matter, in which appear articles and extracts upon various subjects, verse as well as prose, chosen alike for their literary merit and their wholesome human interest.

Familiarity with The Public will commend it as a paper that is not only worth reading, but also worth filing. Published weekly by The Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.  
Entered at the Chicago, Illinois, Postoffice as second class matter.

## NEXT WEEK

### Portrait and Biographical Sketch of Frederic C. Howe

The next issue of THE PUBLIC, December 15, will contain a biographical sketch, by Louis F. Post, of the life and public services of Frederic C. Howe, author of "The Confessions of a Monopolist," "The City the Hope of Democracy," etc.

Mr. Howe's career has been an exceptionally interesting one. He is an excellent type of a conscientious and public spirited Republican who, through conviction of the economic injustice of our time, has become a fundamental democrat.

An excellent half tone portrait of Mr. Howe will accompany the sketch, as a supplement.

Extra copies of the issue of December 15 will be furnished, while the supply lasts, at the regular prices: 5 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100, in lots of 50 or upward. Orders should be sent in early.

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