

Perspective

after twelve months—she had grown very stout in that time—and lives now on an allowance of £150 a year that her husband conceded her. She is certainly not mad, but she is unquestionably eccentric. She still talks sometimes of going on the stage, for example. She took no active part in the militant movement after she came out of the asylum, but she was, and is, an ardent feminist.

She stayed with us down here for a fortnight last August, and her theory of the war seemed to be that it was an interpolation of Providence designed to put women into power. I am willing to agree that the enlargement of women's energies will be one of the war's effects, but I cannot admit that it will be either the principal result or the only one. I feel as if there was some undefinable constriction in Mrs. Hargreave's mind. I believe that if she could have shaken off that dominating *resentment* of hers, her life might not have been wasted.

The same opinion is true of poor Helen. She, too, is in effect a monomaniac, although she has never suffered from the mania of greatness that landed Mrs. Hargreave at Chiswick. Helen reverses Mrs. Hargreave's judgment. She regards the war as an intolerable interference with the great militant campaign which was moving in 1914 towards its triumphant achievement. She has been doing office work for the last two years. She had a serious nervous breakdown after her last hunger strike, but she is a perfectly competent secretary. She is working, now, for a well-known woman organiser—she steadily refuses to take employment under any man.

Herz is interned. He had neglected to take out his naturalisation papers, and applied for them, too late, when he had received his notice to return to Germany