

meadow. Careful and watchful, no woman's foot passes a certain line. Incidentally one learns the views on society hidden beneath those helmets. The policely ideal, of course, is to have all members of the social order under strict police supervision. Jail is and always must be the natural order of the universe. The model city is the one that has the most people locked up. And all poor people are lazy and their poverty is their own fault. Nor is one to expend pity on the degenerate—he deserves only blame. Yet kindly human feeling shines out as the trim young martinet helps the old blind beggar on his way, and one forgives him for his fury at the thought that his own wife might like to vote!

The whole world goes past the pickets at Westminster. Many are the gibes heard, and as a rule, the smallest, most insignificant looking men are the most burning in their disapproval, and the most ludicrous in their gesticulations of contempt. There is a fatal tendency, too, on the part of humans whose features are hopelessly dumpy and common, to try to assume an expression of cold and haughty scorn. The result is excruciatingly funny. Most sympathetic are the artisans and skilled workmen—and most intelligent.

Perhaps to a visitor the most amazing thing in this whole unparalleled movement is the tame, sheeplike attitude of the average, intelligent, presumably self-respecting Englishman in face of the extraordinary spectacle of hundreds of refined delicately nurtured Englishwomen thrust into prison with the most glaring evidences of judicial animosity and governmental use of repressive force and cruel, unusual punishments—for so must much of the procedures be called. Should a visitor stray into certain courts, he might hear a sentence of five shillings imposed upon male beings for "obstruction." Now, can a month's imprisonment in the second division be equal to five shillings? Most unpleasant is the impression received by the visitor from beholding the court of Mr. Curtis-Bennett. A certain feline something seems suggested by the refined and fastidiously gentlemanly bearing and well-bred features of this magistrate. Under an air of apparent benevolence there lurks an intimation of a repellant relish—an epicurean and dainty taste for the titbits of the feast brought before him in the seat of power over human beings. Not only when Suffragettes are present—but, too, with the casual drunkard, still clinging to a shred of human dignity, this justice seems to toy delicately.

It seems altogether incredible that in any other country could men be so supine before insults to women of the highest standing. Certainly not in America; there would be a public uproar that would be heard across the ocean. More and more dizzy does one become, as one wonders—"Is this England? or Russia?"

To Mr. John Massie, M.P., it seems clear according to a letter in the *Times*, that "truncheons" may in the near future have to be drawn upon women "to quell her before she does mischief"; meanwhile he appeals to Heaven to "preserve us from this horrible outcome of the present madness."

Skull cracking does not appeal to us as remedial treatment for mental aberration.

Book of the Week.

THE WHITE PROPHECY.*

Mr. Heinemann has doubtless done wisely to start his new venture of the two volume novel with so popular a writer as Mr. Hall Caine. "The White Prophet" is in many ways a most remarkable book, and undoubtedly strong. Reading it, one asks, is this merely a romance, or is it, maybe, an indictment against the occasional misconception of the finer qualities of the Oriental character, shown by the European when in a position of authority?

The story takes the reader to Egypt, first to Cairo, into the very heart of high officialdom, and thence across the desert to Khartoum. It is written with all Mr. Hall Caine's nervous and powerful style. His studies of the Egyptian character are both subtle and forceful. The strange mingling of childlike simplicity and craftiness in this emotional people is well set before one. The extraordinary hold the Moslem religion has on her believers, the apparent sincerity of their belief, coupled with an unflinching observance of outward forms, is clearly shown.

The book opens, as all books should, with a vivid scene, which interests and rivets the attention. Lord Nuneham, the British Consul-General, has organised a sham fight, a representation of the Battle of Omdurman. The scene is brilliant, and all the elite, both civil and military, are present, and all would have gone well but for the indiscreet utterance of an Englishman, unluckily overheard by the Egyptians standing around.

"In the native mind, it altered everything in an instant, transformed the sham fight (a mere holiday show) into a serious incident, made it an insult, an outrage, a pre-arranged political innuendo, something to rebuke the Egyptians for the fires of disaffection that had smouldered in their midst for years."

Lord Nuneham, who had for forty years ruled with a firm and, mostly, a wise hand, is at this time an old man. His iron will remains the same, but his power of just discrimination seems to have become clouded; he can no longer judge fairly between the crafty political schemer, such as the Cadi, who for his own ends secretly sows the seeds of sedition while professing fidelity to England, and the perfectly harmless enthusiast, the White Prophet, the preacher of peace and goodwill, the visionary who believes in a universal religion of love and tolerance. He springs from the solitude of the desert, speedily gathering round him a great following, who listen eagerly to his teaching. Without the least knowledge of how harmless he is, the officials jump to the conclusion that here is a new Mahdi. Believing him to be a dangerous element they decide to crush him.

Very different to his father, Lord Nuneham, is young Colonel Gordon Lord. A splendid English soldier, born and brought up in Egypt, understanding her people and openly in sympathy with them, believing the doctrine preached by the Prophet to be a true one. He is engaged to Helena, the daughter of General Graves, and his future seems a brilliant one, till his father, mis-

* By Hall Caine. (Heinemann.)

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