

proceedings was the *volte face* executed by Mr. W. T. Mills, of Milwaukee, who had been imported, at a high remuneration, for the express purpose of welding Labor into one solid, united body on constitutional and law-abiding lines. In pursuance of this design he had established what was called the United Labor Party. The Federation of Labor—through its organ, the *Maoriland Worker*—had described the Mills organisation as 'a Yankee fake.' Mr. Mills, not to be outdone in politeness, had described the Federationists as 'semi-Anarchists.' Yet at the Congress Mr. Mills gave himself over, body and soul, to the Federation faction, and even called for cheers when their victory was assured. He was subsequently appointed one of the paid organisers for the new party. Truly, for 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain' the heathen Chinese is not in it with some of our American importations.

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The lesson of this 'Unity' Congress for reasonable intelligent, law-abiding Laborites, who wish to work for the betterment of working-class conditions along legitimate lines, is unmistakable. Oil and water cannot mix; and it is neither possible nor desirable that there should be anything approaching a fusion between constitutional Labor and the apostles of lawlessness and revolution. The moderate party have made an honest and earnest effort to bring about unity; and they have failed. If this 'Unity' Congress fiasco has finally brought home to them the lesson that, for reasonable men, the Federation of Labor is an impossible proposition, their experience, disagreeable as it has been, will have been very well worth while.

Sapping the Foundations

At the present moment two movements are in operation, over widely extended areas, which threaten in a gravely serious degree to undermine the very foundations of civilised society. The first movement shows itself in the abandonment of the time-honored principle of respect for law and order, and in the unhesitating resort to violence as a kind of short cut or royal road to the redress of every possible sort of grievance, real or imaginary. It is well exemplified in the recent doings of the British suffragettes. It is about seven years since the modern suffragette movement was inaugurated in England by the establishment of the W.S.P.U.—the Women's Social and Political Union—with Mrs. Pankhurst, widow of Dr. Pankhurst, and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, wife of a wealthy barrister, as its leading spirits. The W.S.P.U. was established to carry on a 'militant' movement, as distinguished from the constitutional movement which has been so led by Mrs. Fawcett. At first the 'militancy' was limited to interrupting and interjecting at political meetings. Then attempts were made to forcibly enter the House of Commons with a view to presenting in person a petition on the subject of the suffrage; and about the same period the practice was adopted of throwing stones through the windows of the residences of Cabinet Ministers, the stones being wrapped in paper on which were written the words, 'Votes for Women.' A little over two years ago a grand *coup* was planned. The call was issued—secretly, of course—to the women of the W.S.P.U. to come out in their thousands on a given day for a window-smashing campaign in London. The idea was that there would be such a vast army of participants that arrest would be quite impossible, and it was conceived that the destruction would be on such a grand scale that even the conservative British public would be impressed with the necessity of immediately granting the women's demand. Instead of thousands, however, only a few scores of women responded to the summons; and the ring-leaders were easily arrested. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, one of the most gifted women in the movement, at once perceiving that if resort was to be had to physical force in this contest the women must of necessity be beaten, withdrew from membership in the W.S.P.U. Since then the 'militants' have been led by Mrs. Pankhurst and her two daughters; and we have had a melancholy record of violence in all conceivable phases, from the destruction of valuable

pictures and rare orchids to attacks on pillar-boxes, the burning of churches and other historic buildings, interference with trains, and the use of bombs, even to the point of endangering human life. The leaders of this movement are able and educated women, but they have lost their mental and moral balance. For the present, hysteria has marked them for her own. It is bad enough when the spirit of lawlessness breaks out amongst the lower strata of humanity; when the impulse to violence comes from above, from those whom we have been accustomed to look upon as the pillars and props of the social and moral order, the situation is doubly serious. How quickly the contagion spreads may be gathered from the rapid growth of the doctrine and practice of sabotage, and from the industrial anarchy which has, during the past week, been rampant on the Rand.

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The other subversive movement is represented by the widespread and growing abandonment of the principles of common morality, and by the all too frequent return to worse than pagan practices and ideas. It is exemplified in the state of things disclosed a week ago by the police raid on the Melbourne cafés—society ladies, prominent citizens, and women of the demi monde, drinking, smoking, gambling, and consorting together in an orgie of vice and 'pleasure.' The account of the conduct of a number of French women at a great French race meeting lately—the Auteuil Prix de Gras—is an illustration of the same movement; when, as our dailies told us, the majority of the bodices seen did not reach far above the waist, and when a number of women wore absolutely transparent lace skirts disclosing the fact that petticoats had been dispensed with and that beneath the dress the garment worn was theatrical tights! And our Melbourne cafés, bad as they are, are only a poor, pale copy of similar infamous dens in such cities as London, Paris, and New York. Here is a picture of an up-to-date New York 'cabaret,' given by a woman writer, Mary Gilmore Carter, in the *New York Freeman's Journal* of recent date: 'And now the audiences just emerged from our opera and playhouses, from concert and "movie" halls, must sate gluttonously upon the superfluous sweets and insidious liqueurs of entertainment presented by the "cabaret," an imported feature of restaurant life now indispensable for sustained popularity and success in New York's dazzling white-light district! And what a feature, judged from the viewpoint of the special attractions it offers! "Turkey-trots" that strike the lowest round of the Terpsichorean ladder, beneath which yawns the eternal grave of immortal souls. Double entendre chansons, no longer echoing from the riotous yet idealistic Latin Quarter, but from the veriest depths of the social sewers, the spiritual slaughter-houses, the moral morgues of Paris, with whose infamy Hades itself rests content; "tango dances," suggestive, immodest even to the incredible degree of shameless public impurity,—importations from the Argentine's garish "plaisances," barbaric, beastly, openly reeking with the fires and dementia of the accursed, maddened revels of hell.'

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It is a lurid picture, but it is not a new picture in the history of the world. It is the picture of a people from whom God has withdrawn His restraining grace—such a picture as was given long ago by St. Paul, with painful detail, in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans: 'And as they liked not to have God in their knowledge, God delivered them up to a reprobate sense.' It is the picture of a boat left to float with the current and to be carried over the precipice. Into this young country, with its small and scattered population, the grosser evils above described have not yet come; but come they will, unless we are on our guard. Eternal vigilance is the price, not only of liberty, but of moral health and of civic and national salvation. We are forewarned: let us see to it that we are fore-armed.

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