

by fullest recognition of comradeship, and the Great Peace cannot be won by disregarding it. There will always be the human element in industrialism to be considered; and let us see to it that we never forget that the men and women of to-day are full of immense possibilities for good or evil, and that the spirit of comradeship and brotherhood makes possibilities for good, and that failure to cultivate this spirit can only stimulate and produce evil.

The British Empire requires men and women who can increase the yield of bushels of wheat to the acre, who can open up and develop our billions of acres of virgin forests, our mines and minerals, and all the fabulous wealth nature has with lavish hand endowed us with. We want men and women who can discover for us the secrets of science which will enable us to avoid our present-day wastage of coal by better methods of using the same. We want

avoidance of waste in every other direction.

With all these channels for work of hand and brain there should be no unemployment, for there need be none. It is merely a case of bad organization, and teaches us that the British Empire needs men and women of ideas even more than it needs bushels of wheat.

Our Prince of Wales has given us an uplifting inspiration of ideas and ideals. We can apply these to the development of the national resources of the Empire in commerce, manufactures, and business, shipping and railway, and so render our best service to our comrades — our fellow man and woman.

Let Capital and Labor of all classes, rank, or station, work together to make the most of the glorious opportunities nature has placed within our reach, and unemployment will disappear as the mist before the glorious rising sun at break of day.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY'S WOMEN STUDENTS

[Oxford University some time ago admitted women students to practical equality with men. An effort by the students of the two women's colleges at Cambridge, Girton and Newnham, to obtain similar privileges has just met with defeat, an outcome which has called forth a wide variety of comment from the English press. The first article following is from the Spectator of October 29; the second, by the distinguished British critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, is from the London Times of November 2. Mr. Walkley is an Oxford man, of Balliol and Corpus Christi Colleges.]

I. THE ACTION OF THE CAMBRIDGE SENATE.

IN rejecting last week the sensible compromise set forth in Grace I, the Cambridge Senate, in our judgment, made a serious mistake. The compromise, as we believe, would have brought peace to the University; the very old question of the status of women would have ceased to wound or to provoke; and if there had been further develop-

ments as the result of experience and successful working, they would have been natural and orderly. As it is, we fear that there is strife ahead.

Grace I, although it did not fully meet the wishes of the women, had been accepted in advance by them. On the other side, many men who had joined in voting down last December the pro-

posal to admit women to unconditional membership of the University felt that the promise to women of generous concessions could be fulfilled by nothing less than the proposals of Grace I. Thus there seemed to be a first-rate opportunity of reaching a settlement by consent — a settlement based on moderate opinion and drawing its strength from various parties, including some which in the past had always resisted the women's claims. But it was not to be. To us, at all events, the rejection of Grace I was a surprise, although it is notoriously difficult to foresee what will happen in the Senate House, as opinion among non-resident voters is incalculable. As not only full membership of the University, but also the idea of a separate women's university, had previously been rejected, Grace I brought forward the new proposal that women should be given a restricted membership of the University, but none the less a legal membership. The number of women students was to be limited to 500, and discipline was to be maintained among them by women officials. Women were to be excluded from the Senate, but they were to have a Representative Board with similar powers. A woman, if elected to a professorship, was not to control the department as a man would do. The men's colleges were to be forbidden to admit women as members.

Grace II, which was carried on the day that Grace I was rejected, gave women titular degrees without recognizing them as members of the University. There is little doubt that, if women had asked for the simple concession, which they have at last won, any time during the past few years, they would have been granted it. But they asked for more, and, personally, we think they were quite justified.

Let us try to do justice to the women's opponents. Their point of view is

intelligible. They argued that Cambridge, having been founded as a men's university, must remain a men's university, unless, indeed, it was to become a coeducation institution, which nobody really wanted. Nobody desired, for instance, that men and women should mingle in the same college. They argued that, if the women became members of the Senate and took a regular share in the control of the University, the character of the education would tend to become a compromise suited as much to women as to men. In fine, Cambridge would be destroyed as a first-rate university for men, and in the name of progress it would establish a colorless or neutral curriculum, neither perfectly designed for men nor perfectly designed for women.

Moreover, the opponents of the women argued that, for geographical reasons, there must be strict limitations to the expansion of the University. They pointed out that the men already found the University overcrowded; and they declared that, if women were freely allowed to join the University, the congestion might become disastrous. 'All that justice requires us to give to women,' they said, in effect, 'is degrees by diploma. That will prove that they have passed their examinations to the satisfaction of the Cambridge examiners. What more can they want? They have their own colleges, and they can build more colleges if they like, or if they can raise the money. What they really want is not to be fairly treated, but to get power in the University.'

Some years ago that reasoning would have seemed to us satisfactory. But surely matters have gone too far for it to be accepted to-day. The truth is that the extension of the franchise to women and the eligibility of women to sit as members of Parliament have altered the whole basis of our social structure. Whether we instinctively

like this great change or not, it is now part of the law of the land. We should, therefore, abide by it, and help in working all the incidental changes which it postulates. We do not in the least want to justify changes which may be regarded as questionable, on the weak plea that they are 'inevitable,' and that it is, therefore, useless to try to resist them. Our plea is, rather, that what is inevitable has also, by force of circumstances, become right and reasonable. Oxford has given full membership to women; and though history forbids us to say that Cambridge should ever do anything merely because Oxford has done it, he must be a bold man who really believes that Cambridge will never throw her doors open wider to women.

What we fear is that concessions which might have been made gracefully and willingly will ultimately be made ungracefully, because the memory of the past will cling to them. Possibly there will be a tendency among women to go to Oxford rather than to Cambridge, in order to enjoy the higher status. That would be an irony indeed, as Cambridge led the way in the foundation of women's colleges. It need not be thought, however, that there will be any immediate falling off in the numbers of women at Cambridge, as all reports show that the applications for membership at Girton and Newnham are far more numerous than ever before.

Another possibility, which would be much more unpleasant for the men than for the women, is that the women will use their Parliamentary vote in order to threaten the male-governed University. Even now, there is talk of an appeal on behalf of the women to the Royal Commission. Parliamentary terrorism would be a nightmare. If it should ever happen, it would be a sorry reflection that a great opportunity for peace was neglected. With the numbers

of the women limited to 500, there could never have been any question of the women calling the tune in University education. Even if full membership should ever be granted at Cambridge, as at Oxford, the probability of women becoming members of the Senate in sufficient numbers to control it would be remote.

The undergraduates' 'rag' after the voting, in which considerable damage was done to the iron gates at Newnham, was a particularly destructive ending to a destructive day. There have been various and rather contradictory accounts of the 'rag,' but even if the kindest accounts be accepted, the storming of the gates was an unprecedented act of bad manners and stupidity. It is at least satisfactory to know that an apology has been offered and accepted. It is also a consolation to be able to believe, on the strength of the accounts of some observers, that the demonstration before Newnham was not premeditated, and that the gates were broken down by the weight of the crowd rather than by the shocks of a battering ram. Anyhow, the demonstration should not have taken place. University 'rags' have gone through many stages. The old 'Town and Gown' rows, in which Mr. Verdant Green played his part, and in which the Reverend Thomas Tozer, the proctor, was capable of using his fists as freely as the undergraduates themselves, died when the sort of odious class-consciousness which provoked them faded out.

The best of the more modern 'rags' have always had some element of geniality, imagination, or humor, as, for example, when a protesting proctor was shepherded along a street to a point where he could be pushed through a gate into an enclosure with iron railings. The gate was then locked, and the proctor's attempts to demand 'Your name and college, sir,' gradually yielded

to the awful realization that he was being offered buns through the railings, while an undergraduate lectured on 'this rare and most interesting specimen recently added to the collection.'

It is said that feeling at Cambridge was largely guided by the medical and scientific men, who resent the way in which their places are usurped by women in laboratories. Probably there is just now a very difficult period of transition. Universities suffer from the bacillus of unrest like nations and

trade-unions. If that is so, it is useless to deny it. The undergraduate has never been remarkable for keeping to the middle way of life, and he finds it just now almost as easy to hate the woman whom he imagines to be an unscrupulous rival as, in another mood, he might find it easy to flirt with her. But no explanations and excuses can atone for the ill-conditioned behavior. The offense against Newnham was the worse because the women were the defeated party.

II. AN OXONIAN VIEW

AMONG what Johnson called the anfractuosités of the human mind must be reckoned the desire for full membership of the University of Cambridge. Even women, apparently, desire this boon, and you wonder why. As regards the men, it is permissible to guess why. Cambridge is conveniently near Newmarket. It offers better opportunity than Oxford to amateurs of red brick. And you can enjoy the lectures of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who is an Oxford man. Further, there are such trifles as exact scholarship and an unbesmirched purity (despite the ravisher Einstein) of pure mathematics — though these are delicacies for the 'happy few.' Altogether, then, with a broad and tolerant allowance for human willfulness and infirmity, it is possible to account for the existence of the Cambridge man. And there is this to be said: in the rough commerce of the world the mark soon wears off. In after-life Cambridge men are often indistinguishable from Oxford men. Ladies, I fancy, never know the difference. They have been told a thousand times, as Mrs. Shandy was told by her husband about the relation of the earth to the sun, but, like her, always forget.

It must be this forgetfulness that

allows so many of our younger ladies, not only to flock to Cambridge, but to yearn for full privileges of membership. The world is all before them, where to choose; and they choose, not Athens but Thebes, not Oxford but Cambridge. It is manifestly absurd, in their case, to attribute this wanton choice to the proximity of Newmarket. Can it be the inviolable purity of the mathematics? Oxford offers them a greater wealth of academic dignity. It prostrates itself at their feet and is their devoted servant to command. But the capricious coquettes turn their backs upon their adorer, and spread their nets in a quarter that has proved more churlish. This is, surely, to abuse the privilege accorded to women of being light-headed.

Unfortunately, it seems, they are not light-footed. *Il ne manquait que ça!* On the evidence of our correspondence columns it is to be noted that the Cambridge woman's little feet (if they are little) do *not* peep in and out like mice beneath her petticoat. On the contrary, her footsteps are distinctly audible as she comes in late ('O, woman, woman!' as the gentleman groans in *Heartbreak House*) to lecture. Indeed, this painful fact is so borne in upon the senses of the men present that they are

impelled to register it then and there. They stamp their feet, so our correspondents aver, in unison with the anything but fairy footsteps of the late comer. This, presumably, is intended as a delicate, or Cambridge, reminder of her unpunctuality, and, generally, a way of 'larning her to be a toad.'

Happy youths! too young to know that it is one of the precious tyrannies of lovely woman to be always late. Also, though late, she takes the front row, and they regard this (so one of them told his mamma, which proves it must be true) as 'pushing' and 'aggressive.' But, if there is room in the front row, why not?

It appears that these happy youths are vigorous stampers. 'You could hear the row,' says one of their victims, 'some way up the street.' Thank goodness! athletics have never been neglected at Cambridge. In local circles, it seems, this vigorous stamping in unison is esteemed highly humorous. 'Another M.A.' (a Cambridge M.A. of course) writes to explain that it is not 'rudeness' but 'chaff' and gravely informs us that 'there is nothing indecorous or improper in stamping in time to the footsteps of a fellow student of either sex.' Of course not. It is one of the generally recognized marks of real refinement. Indeed, the acme of politeness would be to stamp not merely in unison with the footsteps, but on the feet, of the fellow student.

I do not add, with Another M.A., 'of either sex,' because the happy youths should be careful to restrict this civility to the ladies. If tried on a man, they might find the stamped toe suddenly applied to the softer part of their own persons. And that is what Another M.A. strikes me as overlooking, in his dislike of all sex-distinctions; the ladies cannot retaliate on the stampers in kind. The tenuity of their shoe-heels forbids it. There are only two modes of

escape for them. Either they must learn to 'skim along the plain' (there might be special classes for this at both Newnham and Girton), or they must wear heavy boots for lecture, and, imitating the Statue of the Commander, make such a 'stump, stump,' when they arrive late, as to drown the unisonal stamping of their polite fellow students. A piano, with the appropriate chords from *Don Giovanni*, would then make a Cambridge lecture-room in fact, what it already is in aim, a perfect Temple of Department.

But what a go-ahead university Cambridge is! They have only lately introduced the brand-new degree of Ph.D., and now they have invented the novel, fascinating, and, best of all, perfectly safe game of 'ragging' women. This last invention gives Cambridge a proud preëminence. To be sure, there is (or was) plenty of 'ragging' at Oxford; but, by a regrettable oversight, it has hitherto been directed against mere dons or other trousered beings, who are capable of reprisals; that slow, unenterprising University is not yet awake to the exquisite pleasure of stamping in unison with a lady's footsteps, so that the row can be heard some way up the street.

Men, again, have been known to damage some of the property of their own college, in Peckwater Quad and elsewhere; but how much better they manage at Cambridge, where they don't damage their own foundation but the women's.

Ladies are 'bitter bad judges,' as Mrs. Peachum would say, of their own sex, and one of them, from her letter to the *Times*, seems rather to have enjoyed seeing the gates of Newnham go down. 'These were certainly not reduced with a battering ram,' she assures us, 'but by mere pressure from the back.' The Cambridge 'backs' are famous, but I never guessed they were

so powerful as this! The lady adds that, in her opinion, 'there was no spirit of vindictiveness, but rather one of legitimate ragging.' *À la bonne heure!* 'Legitimate ragging' is a delicious phrase. And another lady recommends

Cambridge women to adopt 'more gracious manners and pleasing ways.'

Unless and until they do, I suppose Cambridge will adopt a new motto for the arms of the University — *Nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.*

THE EXECUTIONER

BY PHYLLIS MÈGROZ

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THE house, which was painted a dull red, stood some distance out of the town, where the other buildings clustered together in friendly groups; it was like a pariah clinging desperately to the outskirts of civilization.

Here, in this sinister dwelling I was born, and here I was foredoomed to pass the whole of my existence.

My father was headsman to the town. In those days, the office of headsman was handed down from father to son; and if any man rebelled against the taking up of his grim heritage, the law compelled him to do so, under penalty of death. Moreover, these wretched beings were forced to live isolated and alone; their houses were stained the color of blood, to denote their calling; and they were not allowed to marry except among their own kind. They were accursed and reviled of all men.

Sometimes I ventured out into the streets, thinking to find playmates of my own age, but the children shrank away in terror at my approach; while others, less timid, stuck out a contemptuous finger at me, and shouted derisively: 'Look! Look! There goes the executioner's brat!'

One incident is seared forever on my mind. One day I came upon a little girl of perhaps three years, who had broken her doll. She was crying bitterly, and would not stop, despite the loud scoldings of her mother. As I drew near, and looked with pity on the poor baby, the woman caught sight of me, and pointing me out to the little one, said: —

'If you do not stop crying at once, I will give you to that boy there. Do you know who he is? He is the son of the headsman who lives in the red house yonder, and he will come with a sharp axe and —'

The child's cries died into sudden silence, her eyes dilated with fear, and with a horror-stricken look at me, she made off in the opposite direction, as if she were being pursued by some monstrous spectre.

When they were out of sight, and I was alone, I burst into angry sobbing. What had I done to bring that awful look to the baby face, I who had only wanted to comfort and console her? I turned my heavy eyes toward the red house standing bleak and remote. Was it because I lived there, because my father was headsman, that no one would