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Labor

A Hero of



brought at Chillianwala and Gujarat, in several frontier expeditions, and in the Santal rebellion. He was at the relief and capture of Lucknow, and continued in the field until the close of the

and continued in the field until the close of the Mutiny operations. In later years fate called him to forsake the sword for the pen, and he had a large share in the task of reorganizing

...and the other two of his cousins,

the Mutiny

heard him breathe a word about retiring." A

heard him breathe a word about retiring. At the same time, it seems clear that there was a period when Wilson needed stiffening. It is admitted that he wrote to Sir John Lawrence that

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At any rate, the ideas he picked up made him, when the bank in question foundered, set about saving from the wreck L'Industrie Minière section. A certain M. de la Froemaise believed in him, and in advancing what money he wanted to float, in 1904, Le Crédit Minier (capital 5,500,000 fr.), set Rochette's foot in the stirrup. He has since been proving his faith by assisting him with sums making a total of nearly a quarter of a million sterling, and embracing his and his mother's entire fortunes. They still regard Rochette as the victim of vile jealousies, intrigues, and resentment at his attempts to "bear" the Petit Journal shares in order to become the directing shareholder.

Skepticism

It is no exaggeration to say that this is the manner of M. Anatole France in dealing with Joan of Arc. Because her miracle is incredible to his somewhat old-fashioned materialism, he does not therefore dismiss it and her to fairyland with Jack and the beanstalk. He tries to invent a real story, for which he can find no real evidence. He produces a scientific explanation which is quite destitute of any scientific proof. It is as if (being entirely ignorant of botany and chemistry) he said that the beanstalk grew to the sky because nitrogen and argon got into the subsidiary ducts of the corolla. To take the most obvious example, the principal character in M. France's story is a person who never existed at all. All Joan's wisdom and energy, it seems, came from a certain priest, of whom there is not the tiniest trace in all the multitudinous records of her life. The only foundation I can find for this fancy is the highly undemocratic idea that a peasant girl could not possibly have any ideas of her own. It is very hard for a freethinker to remain democratic. The writer seems altogether to forget what is meant by the moral atmosphere of a community. To say that Joan must have learned her vision of a virgin overthrowing evil from a priest, is like saying that some modern girl in London, pitying the poor, must have learnt it from a labor member. She would learn it where the labor member learnt it—in the whole state of our society.—London Illustrated News.