

## SEALERS!

CREWS FOR THE  
S.S. 'Neptune,'  
AND  
S.S. 'Sam Blandford,'  
Will sign on Monday and Tues-  
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S.S. EAGLE and S.S. TERRA NOVA  
will sign crews MONDAY, March 6th, and TUES-  
DAY, MARCH 7th.  
Will sail WEDNESDAY, March 8th, at 9 a.m.  
S.S. FLORIZEL  
Will sign crew THURSDAY, March 9th, and FRI-  
DAY, March 10th.

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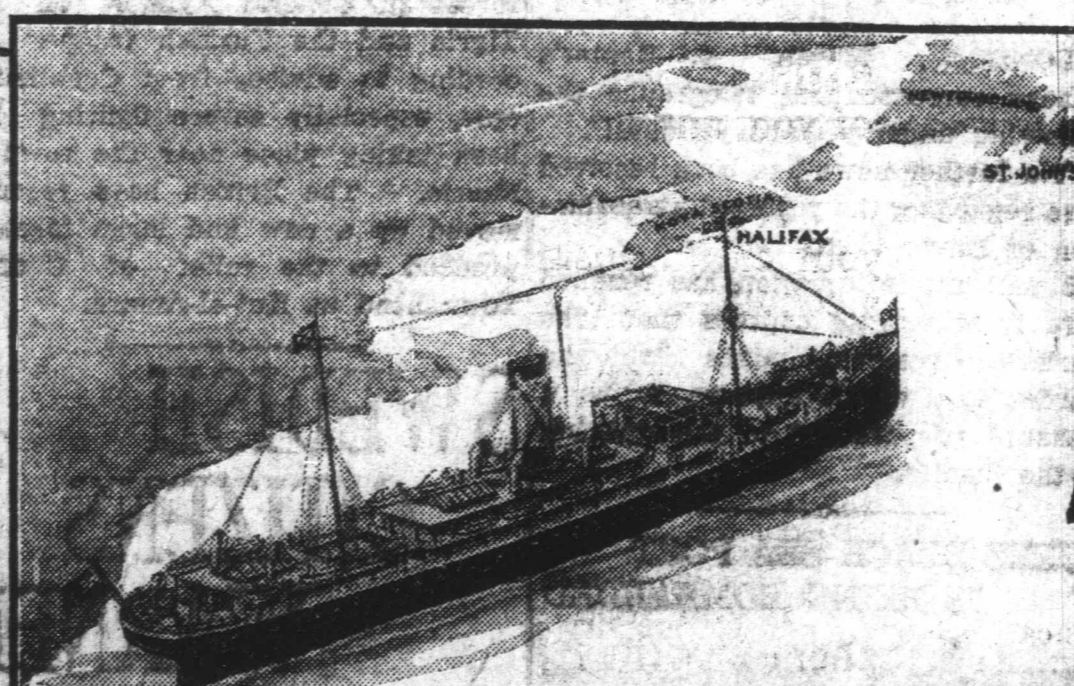
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## Mr. Chesterton Explains Why Prussian Kultur Will Not Fit Democracy

IT PURPOSES to devote my rapidly  
approaching doings to the com-  
position of a Primer of Conservatism  
for the use of Pacifists, Jingoists, Ger-  
mans, Materialists, Christian Scien-  
tists and all others who stand in need  
of elementary training in the matter.  
The science has some points of simi-  
larity to the science of war, and may  
possibly share a revival of interest.  
There is the difficulty of interest,  
or bringing all the facts and  
arguments into line, so that they all  
cut off from one's base, or, in  
other words, forgetting what one said  
at the beginning and flatly contra-  
dicting it at the end—a manoeuvre  
much in favor among the Advanced,  
especially of the feminine variety. And  
even the principle which makes a  
General avoid, when possible, offer-  
ing battle with inferior forces at any  
given spot and time (whatever his  
ultimate reserve of strength may be)  
has its parallel in the art of contro-  
versy.

That parallel might be stated thus:  
"Never, however strong you may con-  
sider your case as a whole, go out of  
your way to challenge a particular  
comparison with something that in  
itself is stronger than you." The  
classic instance was the strategic  
blunder of the Suffragettes, in pub-  
licly comparing themselves with  
things much more beautiful than  
themselves: such as the English  
Prayer Book and the pictures in the  
National Gallery.

My friends of the Continental Times  
the American-German paper, need this  
advice very badly. Their style, at  
the best, is florid; and they suffer all  
the minor disadvantages attending  
those who write in a language they  
have never learned. But they need  
not make their deformed and over-  
dressed English seem more deformed  
and more overdressed by sharply com-  
paring it with a very fine piece of  
writing, which happens (if only by  
an accident of its historical period) to  
be both very English and very re-  
strained.

They publish a thing which they  
call "a New Declaration of Independ-  
ence"; that is, they offer it, not only  
as a pendant, but practically as a  
sequel, to Jefferson's famous docu-  
ment. "The New Declaration begins  
like this: "Seven score years have  
elapsed since those great words were  
forged that welded us into a nation  
upon many fiery battlefields. In that  
day the strong voices of strong men  
rang across the world, their molten  
words flamed with light and their  
arms broke the visible chains of an  
intolerable bondage. But now in the  
red reflex of the glare cast from the  
battlefields of Europe, the invisible  
manacles that have been cunningly  
laid upon our freedom have become  
shamefully apparent. They rattle in  
the ears of the world."

"Well, I suppose they would call it  
a matter of taste. But there have  
been people who wrote rather differ-  
ently, so far as I vaguely remember.  
"When, in the course of human ev-  
ents, it has been found necessary for  
one people to sever the bonds that  
have hitherto bound it to another, a  
decent respect for the opinion of man-  
kind"—Some readers may know  
the words better than I do; and it is  
for them to estimate the parallel.

For me, when I recall them, how-  
ever vaguely, I know in all my bones  
that the thing we call style is not a  
flourish or a varnish; but is a thing  
virile and fit for men. Style is in  
the inside of a man, and not on the  
outside. And after all legitimate re-  
actions and jokes about cherry trees,  
the Revolution that made America  
was a thing in the grand style. Amer-  
ican rebellion was more dignified  
than German order. The riot of Bos-  
ton was more classical than the re-  
pose of Berlin. The Americans dressed  
up as Red Indians and threw tea  
about; but a decent respect for the  
opinion of mankind prevented them  
from writing about red reflexes.

They did not load a great public  
document with more metaphors than  
it could carry; and they would have  
been puzzled to discover how a red  
reflex could have the effect of rattling  
a manacle, even an invisible one. And  
the decent respect to which I have  
already referred would have prevent-  
ed them from agitating "the ears of  
the world" with such stuff. The ears  
of the world are not so long as all  
that.

All these German appeals seem to  
ignore one fact: that to look cunning  
is to be clumsy. If the journalists of  
Berlin wished really to bamboozle  
democrats like the American, the  
French, or even the Scotch, they ought  
to have begun long ago. As it is,  
everyone knows perfectly well that  
Berlin is not in favor of democracy  
either in practice or (to do it justice)

of theory.  
There is a rationally tenable case  
for destroying democracy; and Prus-  
sia has promptly and punctually used  
every single opportunity to destroy  
it. Nor will the German apologist  
be any more successful with the five  
or six other abrupt and belated en-  
thusiasms which have appeared in  
them, for the first time, and only in  
the new experience of doubt and de-  
feat. Nobody will believe that the  
beaten bulles of the Kulturkampf are  
distracted about the invisible perils  
of the Pope; or that the gaolers of  
Cardinal Mercler are the emancipators  
of Catholicism.

Nobody will believe that Prussians  
have any feelings about Irishmen, ex-  
cept an abstract envy of the chances  
of treating them as they have treated  
their co-religionists, the Poles. No-  
body can believe that any Irishman  
would put up with any Prussian for  
twenty minutes, if he could get a  
Malay or a Red Indian instead. No-  
body can believe that the despoilers  
of Denmark and France were horri-  
fied when British troops rode into  
Johannesburg, or that Colonial fil-  
lustering on a small scale seemed  
shocking to the chief historical ex-  
ponents of Continental filibustering  
on a large scale. Nobody can believe  
that the only friend of Abdul the  
Damned, the only ally of the Bash  
Bazouks, is pained at our employ-  
ment of Eastern troops; except in the  
sense in which he is doubtless, pained  
at our employment of any troops.

Nobody can believe he believes in  
Islam when he thinks of Constanti-  
nople, and in Romanism when he thinks  
of Rome; or that his appeal to both  
of them can be anything but a des-  
perate bid for safety. By the way, a  
fancy I once suggested in an avowed-  
ly ridiculous romance has actually  
been carried out in sober German  
reality: the combination in one sym-  
bol of the Crescent and the Cross;  
suggested that it should be called the  
"Crescent." But I do not much mind  
what it is called; nor have I the least  
objection to the German professors  
broadening their minds till they are  
as broad and dry and empty as the  
deserts of Arabia. I do not mind  
their emblem including the crescent;  
it is the cross they have no right to  
include.

There is nothing dangerous in any  
of these things. The only way in  
which the barbarian cunning can pos-  
sibly succeed in weakening Christen-  
dom is somewhat as follows. The  
military operations are very large and  
very long; the average mind has a  
great difficulty in containing all of  
them. It is as if four or five mathe-  
matical dons from Cambridge were  
not only working out a geometrical  
problem that nobody else could fol-  
low, but were working it out with a  
circle as large as Yorkshire and a  
tangent longer than the Pennine  
Chain. In these circumstances there  
descends on a multitude of minds a

quite irrational but quite human feel-  
ing, to which charlatans and his-  
lings give all sorts of fanciful forms,  
but which in its real nature simply  
amounts to the sentiments, "O Lord,  
this will never end!"

It is quite irrational, for, as they  
admittedly do not understand the pro-  
position, it may end any minute. The  
Germans seek to turn it into a con-  
fused conception that Germany is un-  
conquerable. If they may extort the  
admission that we cannot beat them,  
they will be content to agree that  
they cannot beat us; and they will  
call it a compromise to cling only to  
half of their ill-gotten gains. The  
test case is the port of Antwerp. It  
is of all things the thing they are not  
to have; the one thing which in Eu-  
ropean morality they should not have;  
the one thing which in British policy  
they must not have. It is also, of  
course, the one thing they want to  
have. But even the maddest of them  
cannot even dream of having it, un-  
less they can fill civilian minds with  
a vague notion that full vengeance  
and redemption are now impossible.  
They could not dream ever of this if  
they were not supported in their  
concepts of despair by some of the  
professional pessimists.

Even in treason there is honesty  
and dishonesty. The comparatively  
honest traitor is he who hopes, and  
sometimes says, that the enemy must  
prevail. Intemperate individuals have  
said it here and there in England; and  
being comparatively harmless, have  
been sent to prison. But there are  
some people who have not even the  
courage of pessimism, and dare not  
tell us that the German must win.  
But they do tell us (for all practical  
purposes) that the British must fail;  
and this is quite as much of a lie, and  
one more useful to the enemy.

## Attempt to Assassinate Wilson

CLEVELAND, Feb. 25.—Cleveland  
was startled to-night by newsboys  
crying "Extra: Attempts to assassinate  
President Wilson!" The extra is-  
sued by the Cleveland Leader con-  
tained nothing more sensational than  
a routine story of the President's day,  
including this paragraph in dark  
type:

"The President did not notice, as he  
followed Mrs. Wilson into the auto-  
mobile, that there was a sudden com-  
motion on the sidewalk nearby. De-  
tective Riley, one of the score of de-  
tectives and patrolmen scattered  
through the crowd, had pounced upon  
a man, whose suspicious fumbling in  
his overcoat pocket had attracted at-  
tention. He was Charles Kalestian,  
an Armenian, and was placed under  
arrest. A razor was found in his  
pocket, but he maintained that he did  
not know the President was in town."

Police officials said to-night they  
were convinced the man had no de-  
sign upon the President. As a pre-  
caution he is being held on a bond-  
fide charge of carrying a concealed  
weapon.

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had at the following stores:—  
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Mrs. Hayse—King's Bridge Road.  
Mrs. Brien—Colonial Street.  
James Whelan—Colonial Street.  
F. Fitzpatrick—Gower Street (top  
of Nunery Hill).  
Mrs. Organ—Military Road.  
Mr. Parsons—Catherine Street.  
Mr. E. Parsons—Corner Hayward  
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M. J. James—Cookstown Road.  
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Mrs. Tobin—Casey Street.  
Mrs. Cummings—Head of Casey St.  
Mrs. Healey—Corner Water St. and  
Hutchings Street.  
Mrs. Fortune—Corner Water Street  
and Alexander Street.  
A. McCoubrey—(tinsmith) New  
Gower Street.  
Mrs. Joy—New Gower Street.  
Mr. Ryan—Casey Street.  
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Water Street West.  
Mrs. Keefe—Hamilton Street.  
P. J. Morgan—Pennywell Road.  
Axford's—South Side.  
Chas. Truscott—New Gower Street.  
Miss Murphy—Water St. West.  
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cott Streets.  
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B. Jackman, 54 New Gower Street.  
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