

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Fighting Parson Makes War on English Road Hogs

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—A new crusader has made his first appearance in England. He is a well known American citizen whose mother is a grand-niece of President Monroe, at present working as a parson in the North London parish, said to be the resort of the most select body of thieves and burglars in the world. The Rev. George Monroe Royce differs from most previous crusaders in that he is leading an attack of the many against the few of the 999 against the one, if we accept the estimate of Frederick Harrison, the Postivist philosopher, who is in full sympathy with Royce's crusade. The American parson, in fact, as editor of the Non-Motorist, whose first number is soon to be issued, stands forth as the champion in his country of all who do not possess motor cars against "the common enemy of man and beast," and in particular, the road hog. I found Mr. Royce at St. Mary's vicarage, Hoxton, brimful of enthusiasm for his cause and confident in the future of the Non-Motorist, which will commence life as a monthly magazine, but hopes to become a weekly if it attracts public interest. The editor has been much encouraged by the promises of support from the Highways Protection League, of which the leading spirits are Lord Halsbury, de Broke, who has declared that "nothing sets the poor against the rich so much as motoring" and has written that he "will do everything in his power to support the Non-Motorist from the Road Union, which was formed expressly to combat the motor car, under the guidance of Dr. Shadwell, the well known Times writer and author of the book on "Industrial America," and from Lord Halsbury, ex-long chancellor of England, whose words "We are living in an actual reign of terror" appear in the place of honor on the cover of the Non-Motorist.

"Here is Lord Halsbury's letter to me when I wrote asking him if I might use the sentence as our motto," said Mr. Royce. It read:

"Dear Sir: You are heartily welcome to make use of the words which I have spoken ubi et ubi, and I hope your publication will tend to abate a very dangerous nuisance.

"Faithfully yours,

"HALSBURY."

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION.

"We want to have a public demonstration this winter," continued Mr. Royce, "with Lord Halsbury in the chair, and supported by the Highways Protection League and the Road Union, which are in cordial co-operation with one another. Dr. Shadwell has written to me that the road hogs are to be co-operated to support my venture. The Road Union, you know, this year promoted a memorial to the prime minister, which was signed by more than 218 district councils in England, calling attention to the intolerable state of things produced by the increasing number, size, weight and speed of motor vehicles. Why, according to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the roads are now being torn up by the roots in this country. At the present rate of increase we shall soon have 200,000; and what shall we see then? Already 80 per cent of the unbroken road goes to repairing the damage done by motor cars, especially by those chains which they have round their wheels!

"The abuse in England is worse than in any other country, and the roads of the country. The county of Kent is already ruined by the cars, and when you have the 200,000 it will be the same all over. I am speaking of what I know by personal experience. For I have traveled for five years up and down England, taking ministerial duties here and there.

FRANKLY HOSTILE.

"Perhaps the name 'Non-Motorist' may not strike you as being so appropriate as 'Anti-Motorist,' for instance. But we make our appeal to everyone who does not own or ride a motor-car. Still, we are frankly hostile to the automobilist. The position is this: 'The motor-car is the attacking power. We defend the peace of the country by a perpetual condition of fear and danger, as great, if not greater, than an actual state of war. The motorists themselves invite the use of the word war. Do they not employ scouts to meet the legal checks on excessive speed, and for what are scouts used except as precautions against an enemy? The motorist is a foe, the defender is a scout. The laws of this country are an outlaw. Therefore the war against him must be unrelenting. We must carry it on without quarter and exterminate the car, whose existence threatens our lives, health and property."

CALLS IT A COMMON ENEMY.

Mr. Royce waxed warmer, and he moved restlessly about his small study in the Hoxton vicarage, speaking rapidly and incisively. "Why, the motorists must be dreaming if they think they can monopolize the roads, bringing death to men, women and children—especially children—and spoiling the whole countryside. The automobile is the greatest outrage upon civilization within the memory of man. It has appeared in the press from all classes of people, presenting the outrage in all its phases. It is simply amazing, after reading those letters, to think that we have put up with it so long with the common enemy of man and beast (as the car has so well been called), which disfigures the town, defaces the country, menaces all other modes of motion, impedes life and limb, and is everywhere and under all conditions a dread and danger to society."

"And have you never ridden in an automobile or a motor-omnibus yourself, Mr. Royce?"

SEEKS TO CALL A HALT.

"I never ride in a car now. I will admit that I have been in them occasionally in the past, but I never will do so again. I am not quite decided as to the attitude which one ought to adopt toward motor-omnibuses. I have been studying them in this neighborhood, and see here I have two tickets of journeys not completed owing to break-downs which caused me to get out and walk. But whatever the position of the motor-omnibus, there can be no doubt that the private car causes what Lord Halsbury calls 'an actual reign of terror,' and it is the

aim of the Non-Motorist to put an end to this. The slaughter and the outrage must cease."

"How is it?" I asked Mr. Royce, "that you come to be in Hoxton and can find time to edit the Non-Motorist?"

"Well, I have a position, under license of the archbishop of Canterbury, as lecturer to the parish of St. Mary's, Hoxton. This is a post entirely unknown in America and very rare even in England. I am preacher and lecturer here, without parochial duties, though I live at present where you see me, in the vicar's house. I am also chaplain to the Royal Ophthalmic hospital, close at hand. But, having no parochial work, I have leisure for literature and I am able to devote myself now to the cause of the non-motoring public."

FRIEND OF ROOSEVELT.

"You have not spent much of your ministerial life in America?"

"No, mainly on the continent of Europe and in England. I have been attached to all the American Episcopal churches on the continent except one—Geneva. I was ordained in Paris, after a year in deacon's orders in New York, and took charge of our church here for a short while. Then I was lecturer for some months at Rome, before becoming rector of St. James' American Episcopal church in Florence. In 1892 I returned to America and engaged in literary work, my principal productions being my 'Americans in Europe' and my contributions to 'The Churchman' on church colleges. Then I canvassed for my friend Roosevelt when he ran for the presidency. Then I was appointed chaplain to the American church at Munich, and worked there six years."

"That was where you lived in a castle of your own, was it not?"

OWNER OF OLD CASTLE.

"Yes, I was the owner of the old castle in Germany, Schloss Grunwald, which, according to a notice in the grounds, dated from 15 B. C. It had been used as a hunting-box by Ludwig of Bavaria, when I bought it. From that time until last year, when I sold it again, I entertained in the castle a most interesting collection of visitors of all nationalities, Americans, English and the rest. Here is my visitor's book, containing just 1,000 names and a large number of drawings made by them by celebrated artists. Those are all pictures and photographs of Schloss Grunwald which you see round the room."

Mr. Royce is full of anecdotes of his wonderfully varied career. "But I must keep them for my autobiography," he protested. He said, however, that he had been a soldier and a candidate for the assembly on the Reform ticket in New York, as well as a parson. He appealed to the patriotic American as having served in the army as a Virginian boy of 12 and fought ten battles. His experience of war he incorporated in his book "The Little Bugler," of which something like 80,000 copies were sold in England and which has been the cause of numbers of letters written to him by readers whom the story touches deeply.

Once in this country Mr. Royce's military career stood him in good stead, and the "fighting parson" in real life is not entirely forgotten in Brighton yet. He had gone down to Brighton to get away from the London fog for a few days one winter. He took a cab from the station to his lodgings and was followed by one of the local "cab-runners," a class of toughs which at that time caused much annoyance and fear to visitors to the popular Sussex seaside resort. On Mr. Royce refusing to employ his services to remove the baggage from the cab, the runner first kicked the horse and then struck the parson, violently on the right temple, causing a cut of which the mark remains to this day. Mr. Royce did not hesitate.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

"I knocked him down three times, and when he made off I followed him up," he told me. "When I caught him he threatened to assault me, but save in when I asked him if he wanted any more of what he had just had." The man was handed over to the police and ultimately got three months in jail. The next day, when I went into the local branch of my bank to draw some money, I was a stranger in Brighton, and I said to the cashier, as I passed him, 'check.' 'I suppose that you are the cashier of my bank,' he said. 'You don't know me here.' The cashier looked first at my signature and then at my eye and said, 'No, Mr. Royce, you can have your money. We won't contest the matter with you.'"

FRANCIS HOPKINS.

Cook Instead of History Professor, But College Hired Him Just the Same

Humors of Warsaw University, Which is One of the Most Extraordinary Seats of Learning in the World—Professors Who Read Daily to Empty Benches The Same Lectures They Have Read for Years.

Special Correspondence.

WARSAW, Poland, Dec. 13.—After being closed for over two years and a half, the University of Warsaw, the only center of "higher" education in all Russian Poland, is open again. It was closed soon after the notorious "Red Sunday," when the czar ordered the crowds to be fired upon in St. Petersburg. This event, as will be remembered, was followed by disturbances all over the empire. Warsaw was not behind in this, and the students were the most active. Meeting together in the university, they passed a resolution that they would turn out all the Russian professors and have the lectures delivered in Polish, and swore to boycott the Russians till they were replaced by Poles. Then they tore the czar's portrait down from the walls and cut it to pieces.

The natural result was that the Cossacks surrounded the university buildings and arrested some 600 students. Although most of them had been averse to insulting the czar's portrait, this act of violence did them a great deal of harm. The building was closed and their demands and petitions to have a "Polish" instead of a "Russian" university ignored. Efforts were made by Russian reactionaries to remove the university altogether from Poland, and open one in eastern Russia instead. But those professors who wished to stay in Warsaw prevailed, and their institution has just been reopened, with the comparatively small number of 600 students. But the government has been firm about the language in which the lectures are to be delivered—Russian is to be used, and Russian alone. So the Polish element has boycotted the place. There are only 38 entered, and even these are doubtful. The rest of the students are mostly the worst type of Russian anarchist propagandists. So uproarious are they that they even have prevented decent Russians from entering the university. The quieter portion of the town population is aghast at this inrush of unruly youths, most of whom have been expelled from all the universities in Russia and found a haven in Warsaw because the government wants a "Russian" university there at all costs.

UNHEALTHY CREATURES.

Strange as it may seem to western ideas, these students do not come to learn, nor to get that "tone" which universities give in other parts of the world. Sports are, of course, unknown. The Warsaw university students exercise consists in walking "very slowly" up the principal street and making rude remarks to the women he passes. He is an unhealthy looking creature, the product of underfeeding and of vicious habits. Coming, as he does, from the depths of Russia, he never saw a white linen collar before. He possesses one red cotton shirt, cut low at the neck, and held in at the waist by a leathern belt. His trousers, being bought from some second-hand clothes dealer, have been made either too large or too small for his limbs. Over the shirt he wears a short coat or a flowing cape. High boots and a cap with a faded blue band complete his costume. His hair flows over his shoulders—and he never shaves. He never goes into the lecture rooms of his university, either, except his fellow students call a political meeting, when they flock to the building in such crowds that a detachment of soldiers is told over to keep order outside.

SENT HIM A COOK.

The ignorance of the Warsaw university lecturer long has been proverbial, and now that the best of them have resigned the rest are beneath criticism. In fact, many of them were never trained as teachers. One who lectures on universal history is very well versed in the art of making cut-late. Some years ago, when the notorious Apuchin was educational minister of Poland, a professor was needed suddenly for the Warsaw university. Apuchin wired to a friend in St. Petersburg, "Send me a history teacher at once. Qid one dead." The telegraph clerk twisted the message into: "Send me a good cook at once." So the friend sent a man he could thoroughly recommend by the next train. Apuchin was astonished when the new professor presented his certificates—but by no means displeased. "Do you know who Napoleon was?" he asked. "Yes, your excellency," was the prompt reply. "He was the man who gave the name to the apple cakes with puff paste." "You'll do; begin your lectures tomorrow," said the great man. And from that day the cook began to read history to four empty walls and a doorkeeper of the Warsaw university.

ANY OLD THING GOES.

And though this cook-professor is rather an extreme case, not very much

all like in this. As only a few members go out of curiosity the professors read—or mumble—their lectures to empty benches. At the end of the term those who want to pass their examinations read up their course at home and trust to Providence for the rest. Generally, Providence is good to them. The examinations are carried on in a peculiar way. A large urn stands in the middle of the hall and the candidate draws a ticket therefrom. These tickets have numbers which correspond to the numbers on the examination paper prepared by the professor—and which do not change one whit during generations. If he draws No. 8, the professor asks him question 8 and lets him go. Of course it often happens that the candidate only reads up for question No. 9 or No. 7 and knows nothing whatever of No. 8. But, in Warsaw, at any rate, this does not much matter. The professors, knowing the desperate class of youths they have to do with and fearing that severity will do them no good, are consequently in the closing of the university, let them down lightly.

EASY DIPLOMAS.

Last month, when the entrance examinations were held, the ministry of education sent them secret instructions to allow 90 per cent of the candidates through, irrespective of what they knew. Great stress was laid on this order, which was carried out faithfully. Several professors told the writer that most of the candidates possessed less general information than children of 10 and 12 in the elementary schools, and no knowledge of any special branch of education at all. "But," added one, laughing, "we had to make up the percentage somehow, so what was to be done?" The majority of the students spend their time in socialistic propaganda. They form themselves into various committees, some of which collect money for the cause, others print revolutionary literature, while the rest distribute it among workmen, soldiers and children. Very poor themselves, they have everything and everybody that represents capital. Some of them give cheap private lessons in the families of the lower classes, which affords them excellent opportunities of spreading their extreme doctrine among the rising generation of the so-called "literary proletariat." Though they have no fixed political program they aim at stirring up everybody against the existing state of government.

In fact, the government is cherishing a veritable viper's nest by filling the Warsaw university with those who have been refused an entrance into all the other educational establishments in the empire. Needless to say the professors are not much better, for the simple reason that no civilized man could stand the present state of affairs.

GERMANY'S TAMED WAR LORD.

Emperor William, here shown mounted on his magnificent snow-white charger, has been having no end of troubles of late, due to statements he made to a representative of a London newspaper. As the result of his indiscreet utterances the German ministry, headed by Chancellor Von Buelow, has placed a quibus upon the Kaiser, and henceforth he has promised to make no public statements that have not been duly censored by his ministers.

can be said for the Russian university professor in general and the Warsaw university professor in particular. The fact is that, according to Russian bureaucratic ideas, anybody is thought good enough to teach. Not only is education not wanted, but the professor is not supposed to take the slightest interest in his pupils. He is paid a paltry sum yearly to go to the university so many times during the term and read a certain part of his "course." If it takes a whole hour, so much the better. If not, the few students who come to listen are glad to get away before the clock strikes.

COMIC OPERA COURSES.

The professor's "course" would be rather a curiosity in any other country. It consists of a bundle of tattered papers, on which he has written whatever facts he thought necessary for his specialty when he first became a professor. These dilapidated documents never are added to, even though his particular branch of learning has made great strides in other parts of the world. Armed with them, he gets to his desk at a more or less punctual hour, opens his papers and mumbles out what he has set apart for that lesson. It must be remembered that he read exactly the same piece on the same day last year. Two years ago, five, seven, or twenty. He never adds to or alters his sentences, because it is not worth while. He is an ill-paid, badly oiled machine, so out of gear that what he does has not even the merit common to things mechanical—accuracy.

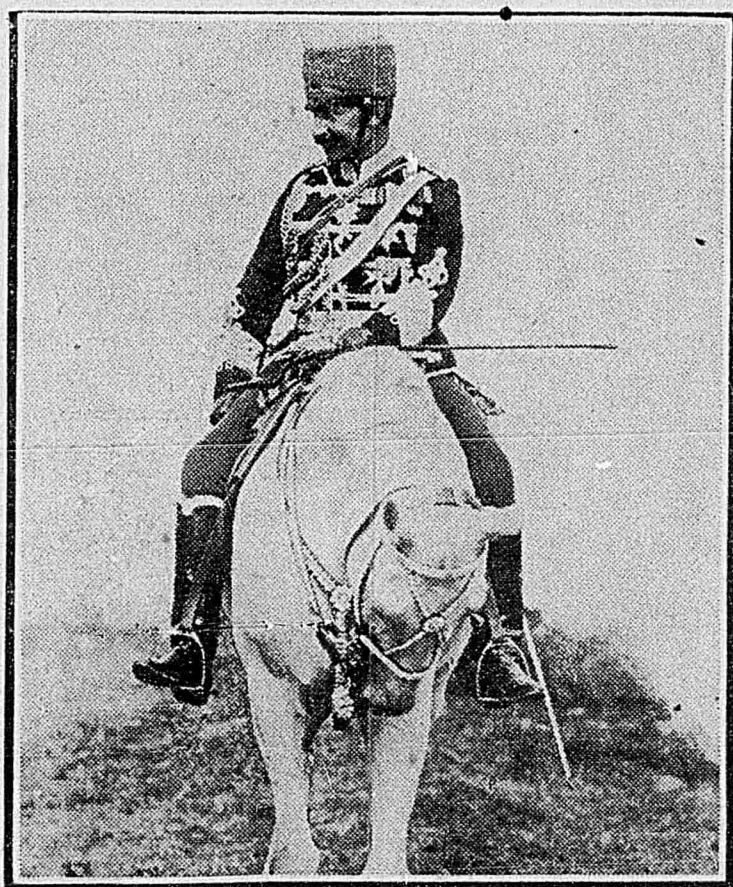
UNIQUE LIMITATIONS.

There is a very well known professor of Russian history in Warsaw who, instead of making up his own course when appointed to the university some thirty years ago, took an ancient sort of history text book, then much in vogue in schools, and read out of that. This history only goes down to the year 1810, therefore ignoring all

the important events that since have fallen on Russia, to say nothing of the Crimean and Turkish wars, of which every European schoolboy of 15 has some idea. But the good professor uses it all the same, and will not be persuaded to adopt a newer one. "I am used to it," he explained to the writer, "that I know exactly what word begins each page. When I turn them over they are like old friends. I did try a newer one once, but felt so unhappy during the lecture hour that the janitor asked me if I was not ill." It did not occur to him that young Russians of 20 or so ought to know something about their country's history after 1810, and yet if you meet him in society you would at once say what a benevolent old man he was and how fatherly he must be to his pupils. As a matter of fact, he does not even know their names and cares as much about their welfare and mental development as he does about Russian historical facts after the year 1810.

During the revolution the schools were closed and therefore many boys could not enter the university because they had not the certificate saying they had passed through the schools—a certificate which takes the place of matriculation examinations. The professor in question, a man named Elinoff, had a gift for imitating other people's signatures. All these certificates passed through his hands he was able to forge the signatures at the foot of them so successfully that even the people themselves were deceived. He therefore faked these matriculation certificates for boys who wanted to get into the university for \$200 apiece! This went on for three years until one student, arrested for political reasons, denounced him on condition that he himself should be set free. It then transpired that the same system of faking was going on in several of the Russian universities, and many professors now are undergoing examination at the hands of the police. They will, in all probability, be let off lightly, for the simple reason that nobody takes such things very seriously in Russia. As one professor aptly remarked, a man must live somehow, and the university professor is too ill paid to be able to be honest. The general tendency of the minister of education is to send away all the enlightened professors because they refuse to belong to the Reactionary party.

SERGIUS VOLKHOVSKY.



GERMANY'S TAMED WAR LORD.

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French Women Who Vote Must Become Soldiers, Is Argued

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Dec. 12.—In English speaking countries the only opposition to woman's suffrage has been popular tradition and a certain immaturity on the women's part for civic responsibilities. But in France, aside from the usual Gallic conservatism that greets any attempt at feminine emancipation, there is another barrier. That is the compulsory army service which every voter must undergo as a component part of his citizenship.

Dr. Madeleine Pelletier, president of the Women's Solidarity League, who recently attracted considerable attention by hinting in a vague sort of way that she was ready to do military service in exchange for a vote, has followed that statement up by giving your correspondent a complete exposition of her views on the interesting subject.

"Of course the conscript service is a logical necessity if women are granted the right to vote," she explained. "Although I am the first to proclaim my willingness for such service, there are many French women who would do likewise only they aren't courageous enough to say so."

TO DO WOMEN'S WORK.

"I know the idea sounds ridiculous at first, but that is mainly because of its novelty. Naturally I don't mean to advocate army service without any qualifications. I don't expect women to serve in the rank and file—at least, at present. However, only two-thirds of the army is given over to active field work. The other third have much more passive duties. These duties women could perform as well as men. For instance, they could help in the manufacture of army supplies, could make uniforms and shoes. The provision department could be turned over to them and they could work in the stables and kitchen, could act as orderlies, and, of course, serve on the medical staff. Later, when popular opinion had grown more accustomed to the idea women could serve regularly in the infantry, cavalry and artillery. This would mean, of course, a special military education, schools, etc."

"Naturally the majority of French women, however, great their civic zeal, will prefer to renounce their pretensions to the vote rather than serve. I would overcome that difficulty in this way: the vote would be granted only to those who were willing to do their service and, as a compensation for their public spirit, certain privileges would be granted them after their term of service was over. For example, women who had served would be assured pension after 20 years of service. They could be postmistresses, could be given charge of the tobacco shops which are under state control or could be employed as government clerks."

NOT A NEW IDEA.

"The idea of women serving in the army is not new in France. Certain papers exist showing that similar projects were discussed during the revolution. At that time the cause was far advanced than now and certainly the plans would have been put into operation if Napoleon had not come to the throne and founded all attention on his own schemes. Several women during the revolution, such as Madame de Lamoignon and Mlle. de Foerberg, disguised themselves as men and fought in the army. They were called excellent officers."

"It seems to me that a uniform for women is of the highest importance. It is like a medal or a title. It confers a certain prestige and dignity. It would give to women that courage of their convictions which so many seem to lack. They could wear the knickerbockers and short jacket of the Zouaves—or of course in the colors of their respective regiments."

"Our first step is to get a parliamentary hearing for this revolutionary purpose of many like warm ones. Many need such concrete signs before they can realize the intrinsic worth of a cause. We must have a uniform and footing. This year, Mr. Ferdinand Buisson, a deputy from Paris will lay before the chamber des deputes a bill favoring women's votes in municipal matters. If that passes, we may hope for greater developments and who knows perhaps in a few years my idea of military service may be receiving grave official attention and later, official sanction. Then everyone will find it quite logical and practical. It is only the pioneer who bears the brunt of popular ridicule. Time is the great revolutionist."

LITTLE PLAY FOR THE WORKING GIRL.

Jane Addams writes in the December Charities and the Commons that the failure to provide proper recreation for young girls in cities is one of the saddest results of modern social organization.

"Unhappily this experiment of failing to make adequate provision for play is being tried just at the moment! that modern industry has gathered together multitudes of eager young creatures from all quarters of the earth as a labor supply for the countless factories and workshops, upon which the present industrial city is based. In the United States alone 3,000,000 of these young women. Never before in civilization have such numbers of girls been suddenly released from the protection of the home and permitted to walk unattended upon city streets and to work under alien roofs; for the first time they are being prized more for their labor power than for their innocence, their tender beauty, their ephemeral gaiety. Society cares more for the products they manufacture than for their immemorial ability to knead over the bread of life and reaffirm the charm of existence."