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No. 1134. Vol. XXI. No. 67.

STOCKHOLM ROTTERDAM LUCERNE BERLIN VIENNA ZURICH

FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1915.

LATEST NEWS. SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Servians in Albania.
Sofia, June 10. The Servians have occupied Elbassan in Albania. The fact is admitted in the Servian Legation here.

New Naval Chief.
Paris, June 10. The new Minister of Marine has been appointed. He is Vice Admiral de Jonquieres.

Ran on A Mine.
Rotterdam, June 10. The trawler Letty, in the neighborhood of the Dogger Bank ran on a mine and was blown into the air.

Big Figures.
London, June 10. Each day the casualty lists grow bigger and bigger. The last one published has the names of 70 officers and 3,560 killed.

King Constantin Improves.
Athens, June 10. The improvement in the condition of the King continues. It will however be a long time before His Majesty will be quite restored to health.

King Constantin. (later.)
Athens, June 10. The condition of the King is not so good as it was. His condition gives cause for anxiety. Kidney troubles have set in.

Bombs on Venice.
Vienna, June 10. In the latest aeroplane raid bombs fell in the famous Square of St. Mark. The amount of damage done is unknown.

Press Barred.
Geneva, June 10. The *Avanti* states that the Italian military authorities have determined not to let a single war correspondent go to the front.

Bulgaria Neutral.
Sofia, June 10. The President of the Ministry Radoslawow has sent a Memorandum to the various Legations, declaring that Bulgaria proposes to maintain her neutrality.

Official Casualty Lists.
London, June 10. In the House of Commons, in answer to a question Mr. Asquith said that the total British losses up to May 31st, had been 10,955 officers and 274,114 men.

Rebellion in Lybia.
Zurich, June 10. News has reached here to the effect that there are serious troubles in Lybia and that the Italians are evidently about to be attacked by the Arabs.

Japanese to Rescue.
London, June 10. The *Daily Telegraph* states that Colonel Miyagawa and other Japanese officers have arrived in Petersburg. They are to instruct the Russians in the use of big guns which the Japanese have supplied.

Alcoholists in the Lines.
Paris, June 10. In the *Echo de Paris*, General Cherfils draws attention to the deplorable condition existing at the front owing to the abuse of alcohol amongst the troops. He says that drunkenness and debauchery go hand in hand and are rampant.

The Dardanelles.
Constantinople, June 10. The losses of the Allies in their latest attempt to advance have been very heavy. Their casualties amounted to 15,000. Constantinople is perfectly quiet and the people are rejoicing at the success of Turkey over the enemy.

English Losses.
Constantinople, June 10. The renewed attacks of the British here are proving very costly to them. In the battle of the 5th of the month they left 2,000 dead. But the fight which has taken place since then at Sedd-ul-Bar, must have cost them twice as much in loss of life.

d'Annunzio in Roumania.
Lugano, June 10. Gabriele d'Annunzio has gone to Bucharest. He is credited with a desire to play a similar role in the Roumanian Capital to that which he assumed in Rome before the war. The Roumanian government however appears to have made up its mind not to be drawn into the war.

Birth Rate Decreasing.
London, June 10. The children's death rate in London has of late increased at the rate of 200 per week. At the same time the birth rate has decreased 400 to 500 per week. This last is accounted for by the almost universal enlistment of the women into work connected with the war.

Sunk By Zeppelin.
Rotterdam. For the second time on record, a Zeppelin has sunk a ship. And not only one ship, but two. The English cutters Welfar and Lauretina were cruising in the North Sea, when they were attacked by a Zeppelin airship which dropped bombs and sank them both.

A VITAL QUESTION. The Much Debated Subject of a Minister of Munitions. Lloyd George Makes a Speech. THAT OR FAILURE. It is Admitted That the Future of England Depends on the New Idea. Strong Opposition in Parliament.

London, June 10. There is but one question here, which absorbs all attention and it is that of the powers to be given to the newly nominated Minister of Munitions, Lloyd George. It is proposed to make them supreme and unquestionable. But there is a large element throughout the country which opposes the giving of such powers to any one man. The new Minister of Munitions has made the public speech which is usual in England, prior to a statesman taking any big responsibility. It was at Manchester, and the following are some extracts, which will give an idea of the general trend of Mr. Lloyd George's ideas concerning his new appointment. Lloyd George knows exactly how to touch the spirit of a British audience and whilst, on the one hand, flattering it by assuming to take it into his confidence, on the other he strikes one as a schoolmaster lecturing a lot of children who understood little. It is, of course, characteristic of this particular English demagogue, as it is of nearly all his countrymen to-day, to attribute the German successes to purely material factors—all of which are surely in favor of the Allies. They cannot, or they will not permit their clouded minds to face the fact that Germany wins by superior moral and mental qualities. All that Lloyd George utters in his blather to the mob that cries, "Hear! Hear!" is simply a confession of the hopeless and fatal inferiority of the English.

Amongst other things the Plagiarist of the German Insurance Bill, said: **RUSSIA'S GREAT TASK.** "Have you read that anxious tale of the struggle which is going on now in Galicia? Read it. Read it well, read it intelligently, and you will find how much the workshops count in this war. (Hear, hear.) Our Russian Allies have suffered a severe setback. I have come here to tell you the truth. (Hear, hear)"

To what is the German triumph due, then? It is due entirely to superior equipment, overwhelming superiority of shot and shell, of the munitions and equipment of war. That victory has been won not by the strategy of the German generals or by the greater gallantry of their troops, but by the use they have made of their skilled industry, and especially by the superior organization of the German workshop.

Have you read the story of that battle which appeared in all the papers—200,000 shells concentrated in the course of a single hour on the devoted heads of the gallant Russians—700,000 fired away in a single battle?

WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED. Had we been in a position to apply the same process to the Germans on our front, broken their lines, driven them back the same number of miles as they have driven back the Russians in Galicia, what would have happened? They would have been turned out of France; they would have been driven half-way across the devastated plains of Flanders; they would have been well out of the country they have tortured and tormented with a dastardly cruelty—more than that, we should have actually penetrated into Germany, and we could have seen clearly in front of us the end of this terrible war, the only end which is consistent, believe me, with the continued existence of the British Empire as a power for good in the government of the world; more than that, the only end which is consistent with the continued liberties of Europe.

That is what workshops could accomplish, and workshops alone. For the moment we have more than plenty of men to the equipment we have ready for them. The French have gallant men, the Russians have overwhelming numbers of men. No doubt we shall want more men; they will come to the call. (Hear, hear.) But we want the workshops to equip them with the weapons, the power to break their way through and shatter this cruel military despotism to the dust. (Hear, hear.)

We were the worst organized nation in the world for this war. (Hear, hear.) I am not altogether sorry for that. That fact will be our apology and defence in history when this war comes to be judged. (!!) I would rather that we suffered somewhat than that we should have the stain on our conscience of having had anything to do with precipitating this horrible war. (Cheers.)

I have only held this office for a few days, it is true. I had some insight before

then into the position of things, but what I have seen has convinced me from overwhelming testimony that the nation has not yet concentrated one half its industrial strength on the problem of carrying this great conflict through successfully. It is a war of munitions. We are fighting against the best-organized community in the world; the best organized whether for war or for peace, and we have been employing too much of the haphazard, leisurely, go-as-you-please methods, which, believe me, would not have enabled us to maintain our place as a nation, even in peace very much longer. (Cheers.)

GOVERNMENT WORK FIRST. Those gentlemen who have been teaching me my lesson—I am only here repeating it—they want me to impress that upon you. Government work must not be sacrificed to any civil work, however important it is. The work of the country must come first, because unless it does there will be no country left worth working for. (Hear, hear.) Don't let the flag be shot down for any man's profit. (Hear, hear.) We have the most complete command in our statutory powers over the workshop. As such, we have complete command over every machine in the workshop, and when you set out to undertake this task for us I want you to remember that if you experience difficulty with anybody you have the most ample powers working through the Munitions Office and under the Defence of the Realm Act, and that is very vital for you to remember.

Why did we ask for these powers? Not because we thought engineering firms were unpatriotic, and that these powers but saves time which would otherwise be necessarily consumed in persuasion. It saves a breakdown which might occur if you had any obstinacy, or stupidity, or selfishness on the part of any individuals you have to deal with. It is helpful for the best employers, and I am perfectly certain that they will find it most serviceable when they come to organize this country.

If I could for a moment make everybody realise the great issues, the great dangers of the struggle we are engaged in there would be but one cry from every home to the Government. It would be this—"Convince yourself as to what action is necessary, take it boldly, and we will see you through." (Loud cheers.)

A DEPUTATION TO THE KAISER. If the country is not prepared for that, then let us go to the nearest German internment camp. Pick your men and send them as a deputation to the Kaiser, and say on behalf of Great Britain: "We tender you our deepest apologies; we are sorry we have sinned against the great monarch of the world. What penance wouldst inflict upon us for our transgressions? We will gladly endure."

IN PARLIAMENT. But in Parliament there has appeared a party which refuses to be silenced with the word "Patriotism" and which calls loudly for details. It wants to know the extent of the powers conferred upon Mr. Lloyd George and protests that any one man should be given such absolute and autocratic powers. And the moment of the introduction of the Bill for the appointment of the Minister of Munitions, by Sir John Simon, was made the opportunity for a very heavy debate upon the subject.

For instance the Liberal Member Mr. Pringle insisted that such powers could not be conferred upon a Minister by King George personally. That the Minister would have all the powers of a dictator. If it was intended to coerce the workingman a special law would have to be passed and for that the House of Commons was necessary.

Mr. Chowden, Labor Representative wanted to know whether the powers, as stated by Mr. Lloyd George at Manchester, were to be conferred by the King or Parliament. If any attempt were to be made to coerce the working man, the Ministry might expect the strongest opposition.

Mr. Dillon, the Irish Nationalist, wanted absolutely to be told clearly what were the exact powers which the government proposed to confer upon the new Minister. It could very easily lead up to a form of slavery.

Crooks, the well known workmen's leader, stated that if the Bill was intended to force the

hand of the working man, the country would not stand it. Mr. Hobhouse, a prominent Liberal, was against any coercion. Mr. Asquith and Secretary Simon both denied any such intention.

Mr. Jones, a Liberal, said that this debate was a good lesson to the Government and showed that the subject needed careful debating. Mr. Duke, Unionist, was strongly against the Bill. Mr. Lough, Liberal, stated that the House should carefully look into the bill. Mr. Dalziel, Liberal, said that if there had been more debates during the last ten months the situation would have been much other than it is and it might not have been necessary to bring in the Bill at all. The late government had been too much trusted and too little criticised.

Thomas, Labor representative, and Terrell and Sanderson, Unionists, opposed the Bill.

Bryan Versus Wilson. The Ex-Minister of State might be termed the Leader of Peace in the United States.

New York, June 10. Few people in the United States had thought it possible that Mr. Wilson should appear in the light of a chauvinist. However it would appear to be the idea of Mr. Bryan to place the President in such a light before the Public. Bryan wishes to place himself at the head of a peace movement and he had sought to win President Wilson over to his idea. This however Mr. Wilson did not approve of. It is more than possible that Bryan, in his position as a private person, will now begin a peace campaign throughout the United States. If he should achieve success, it would leave the President in a doubtful position. It must be said that the Press of the United States is against Bryan and in favor of the President.

The parting between Bryan and Wilson was of the most amicable nature. They quietly discussed their differences of opinion and parted with a mutual "God Bless You!"

Russians For Peace. Important Meeting Under the Presidency of the President of the Duma, Peace Demanded and Resignation of Goremykin Called For.

St. Petersburg, June 10. There are rumors of a forthcoming Ministerial crisis. A meeting has been held of the principal leaders in the Duma and it has been determined to request the Emperor to summon Parliament. The Duma President Rodsjanko presided. A motion was carried, that a petition should be addressed to the Emperor calling for a Coalition Ministry. The idea prevailing is that the Premier Goremykin, who is strongly in favor of war to the end, should be forced to retire. What is remarkable is that Presioent Rodsjanko has lately made a long visit to the front where he had prolonged audiences with the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolavitch, and the natural surmise is that H. I. H. considers that the chances of success for Russia in this war are over.

Battleships Destroyed. Stated That the Newly-Built Super Dreadnought Has been Destroyed When Just Ready for Launching. Lion Badly Damaged.

It would appear that on one of the visits of the Zeppelin airships to England, several bombs were dropped upon the newly-built and unlaunched line of battle ship Resolution. The story comes through a seaman who was aboard the steamer Balaklane in Newcastle and went thence to the United States. According to his evidence, the Resolution was struck by three bombs out of the 25 dropped over Newcastle. Not only was her deck destroyed but the plates of her side were torn out and she was effectually disabled. The Resolution is one of the new ships of the Royal Sovereign type. She has a displacement of 26,200 tons and a speed of 21 knots and carries 10-38 centimeter cannon. The big armoured cruiser Lion, according to the sailor, lay in the harbor of Newcastle lying very low in the water badly damaged. She had a big hole in her side.

Cruiser Sunk. Splendid Work Done By an Austrian Submarine Boat. In Spite of the Warship Being Protected by Destroyers, she was Sunk.

Vienna, June 10. Once again evidence has been given of the wondrous efficacy of the Austrian submarine fleet. A little while ago the line of battle ship Gambetta was sunk by one of our submarines. Now an English cruiser, of the Liverpool type, though protected by six destroyers, has been torpedoed by our U 4, whose commandant is Lieutenant Singule. It took place off San Giovanni di Medua. The Liverpool type are boats of 4900 tons, speed 26.3 knots, crew, 376 men. The Italian destroyer Turbine has been sunk by an Austrian destroyer, the Lika.

SCENE IN PARLIAMENT. Sir James Dalziel Attacks the Coalition Ministry and Says the Members have Made a Money Deal.

HOUSE IN CHAOS. Opinion that this Means the End of the Ministry of all the Talents, Personalities Banded About.

London, June 10. One of the most disgraceful scenes which has ever taken place in the House of Commons, has just been enacted. It shows in the clearest manner the intense personal bitterness existing and at the same time it appears to sound the inevitable death knell of the new Coalition Government. The Liberal Party is shown to be against it, and undoubtedly a large portion of the Unionists and the Irish Nationalist party is hostile.

It had been reported that the new Ministers had arranged to divide their salaries equally, a form of pooling their emolument, a deal never heard of before in any government. It at once suggested a "sharing of the spoils".

THE INCENDIARY. Sir James Dalziel, who had surely expected to have been given a position in the new Government, if only as an Under Secretary of State, began the attack. He stated that it was known that, behind the back of Parliament, the Members of the new Coalition Ministry had made an agreement between themselves to share their salaries, so that all should receive the like sum. Churchill's salary, for instance had been reduced from £4,500 to £2,000. Such a course would therefore be profitable to him.

The Premier whose rage was beyond anything ever observed in him before, was evidently furious at the revelation of this political deal. He replied in great and evident anger that he could not understand how the House could wish to mix itself up in the matter of the salaries of the Ministers.

A FULL HOUSE.

The House at the time of the uproar was filled to overflowing and there was the ring of excitement in the air. Bonar Law sat next to the Premier, his lips compressed and evidently exceedingly pained at the situation created. Churchill, whose career seems to be over, sat with his head between his hands. After some time, when cries and counter cries were ringing through the House as serious members attacked or tried to defend the Ministry, the Liberal Kalloway, in the midst of the storm of noise raised his voice and said: "The casualty list today shows a hundred English dead and thousands of wounded and here we are engaged in petty quarrels and recriminations. For God's sake, act as Britons!" But the House only roared. Then the Unionist Cooper yelled out: "We are living in a fool's Paradise and we bury our heads in the sand. I tell you, we are not going to win this war!" Upon which the uproar became all the greater.

A MATTER OF TASTE. One member asked whether the debating of such a subject was in order. To which the Speaker replied that it was a matter of taste.

Markham a Liberal in scornful tones remarked: "It is the dividing up of the booty!" Upon which there was further uproar.

Then Swift McNeill piped in, "But for that there would have been no Coalition Ministry!"

Asquith rose and said that he had listened to the debate with the utmost pain. He refused entirely to give the House any details of what he did with his salary. He on his own part did not take any share in the division.

Mr. Prigle, Liberal, upon this sprang up and said: "The members of the Ministry are not fulfilling the first instruction of Christians. It is to be hoped that its members would fulfil the second, namely love one another!"

It is almost universally accepted that after what has taken place, the days of the Coalition Ministry are numbered.

Use Of Trawlers.

London, June 8. It has been asked why the Germans so persistently sink the English trawlers. The following, taken from the *Times*, fully explains the reason. "Thousands of fishermen have volunteered as mine-sweepers, and for the Navy and Army, are patrolling at sea, or on the coast, or have been shifted from fishing to some other work more directly connected with the war. In the steam ports the Admiralty has commandeered the majority of modern steam fishing vessels, while in other ports there are boats laid up for want of crews."

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Zeppelinitis in England.

Opinion That What has been Done is Only the Commencement of an Airship Campaign. Greatest Secrecy Observed. No Details to be Made Public.
 London, June 10. The utmost secrecy is observed as regards the visits made by the German airships. One newspaper that merely mentioned the name of a street in which a bomb had fallen has been suppressed.
 Apropos of the Zeppelin visit, the Times, thus late in the day, thinks it well to take the Airship visits as serious. Editorially it writes as follows:—
 "The German is a very serious and persistent person, and it would be well for us if the nation as a whole were to take him a little more seriously. The phases through which public opinion in this country has passed in this matter of German airships are singularly instructive. When the war began, the dominating conviction was that the Zeppelins were little more than a myth. When they reached Norfolk in January, the general belief was that the experiment would not be repeated. Authentic news at a later date regarding the destruction of two or three Zeppelins encouraged the spread of the idea that the menace from the air was at an end. When the Tyneside and Suffolk endured visitations in April, a plausible theory was started that there would be no recurrence, because the "short nights" would henceforth be a deterrent. When Southend was twice bombed, it was said, though at last a little doubtfully, that they could not reach London. Now that they have reached London, fresh sedatives are being administered, on the ground that the Zeppelins have accomplished very little, whereas the real truth is that they have hardly even yet begun in earnest. The argument that a hundred visits from Zeppelins will no disturb our national purpose, and cannot affect the course of the war, is, on the other hand, a good one; but the fact remains that Zeppelin attacks have become unpleasant realities, and for technical reasons are exceedingly difficult to repel.

THE USUAL APATHY.
 "We have analysed the course of popular opinion regarding these airships because in some respects it is typical of the attitude adopted by many people towards far more serious issues which have been gradually unfolded during the war. Very much the same attitude is visible in some quarters regarding the infinitely larger question of national service. Realities are not faced, and the truth about the position in which we find ourselves is obscured by delusive arguments which sound extremely impressive, but do not solve our difficulties. While, on the one hand, we are assured that compulsion is foreign to the genius of the English people, on the other hand we find that forms of veiled compulsion are being applied to particular classes of men. The Labour newspapers, for instance, are complaining bitterly that it is invidious to seek to compel the tramway men to enlist; and, quite apart from the merits of the strike, the plea deserves attention. So long as the principle of compulsion is not made universally applicable, any attempts to apply it in an indirect and sectional way produce a feeling of injustice, and are certain to break down.

Submarine Successes.
 In Spite of all Criticisms by the English, the Invasion Takes its Course with Splendid Results.
 London, June 10. The Russian Steamer Adolph has been sunk by a submarine. The bark Superb, on the way from Buenos Ayres to Queenstown has been torpedoed. She had as cargo 2,200 tons of wheat. She was sunk by means of a bomb, fifty miles west of Fastnet. The Steamer Glitterand with a cargo of wood, from Sweden to Hartlepool was attacked by a submarine. She attempted to escape. The crew was given ten minutes to leave the ship. The trawler Arctic has been sunk by a German submarine. As she tried to escape she was shot at and several members of the crew killed. Five of the survivors were rescued by a fishing boat. The English trawler Volicity has been sunk in the North Sea. The crew after being in the boats 42 hours, was rescued. The British ship Nottingham has been sunk, also the ex-trawler Tunisian and Castor, hailing from Grimsby. The crew of the Saturn has been landed at North Shields, the ship having been sunk. The steamer Erna Boldt, which had been taken as prize by the English, has been torpedoed and the crew landed at Harwich. The English cutters Qui Vive and Eastward have been sunk. The crews took to the boats and the ships were sunk with explosives.

There is no unity, no apparent high sense of patriotism, no feeling of devotion to duty in England, which impels the entire country—as in Germany—to act as one man for the safety and welfare of the fatherland. What has got into the English? Will they never rally to a sense of their duties to their country? Apparently not! Lloyd George has, twice of late, drawn attention of his audiences to the fact that England was the most badly organised country in the world. And he might truly have added, "The English people are the most disunited in spirit in the Universe!" To them "organisation" is a horrible word, for it signifies discipline and order, two magnificent qualities which the English despise and look down upon as antagonistic to the laws of freedom. But they are the qualities which win battles and bring success in all phases of life, they are no enemies of freedom, but the adversaries of licence and disorder.

Just after having written the above, I read the account of a session in the House of Commons in which the members of the new government are attacked and accused of having accepted office just for the sake of the spoils attached to their positions. Asquith had never before been seen in such a state of rage. Dalziel had accused the Ministers of arranging to share their salaries. One member rises and calls out, "The casualty list of today shows a hundred dead and thousands of wounded. Lay aside your personal petty quarrels. In the name of God, be Britons!" Another member stands up, calls out at the top of his voice: "We live in a fool's Paradise and hide our heads in the sand. I tell you, we are not going to win this war!" A third Member sarcastically remarks: "It is only a question of a division of the booty!" To which an Irish Nationalist adds: "Were it not for that, the coalition Ministry would not exist!" The whole scene was disgraceful to a degree which is incredible. It clearly shows that the new Coalition Ministry is doomed at its inception. It demonstrated personal bitterness existing in Parliament are of such a nature as to be incurable. The Coalition Ministry will surely, before long, fall. And after that, what?

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COMING ROUND. English Opinion of the Germans Altering a Great Deal as Times Brings out Truth. ENMITY TO RESPECT.

An American Who has Been to England Several Times of Late Vouches for it that Hatred Have Given Way.

Cologne, June 10. An American who for years has resided in Europe recently wrote to an American friend here describing his impressions of the changing attitude of the English toward Germans from enmity to respect. His letter is published in the semi-official *Cologne Gazette* as follows:
 "In the course of the war I have come to London four times and have been here this time since the beginning of March. Whereas the hatred here against Germany was very bitter at first, a change took place shortly after Christmas in the sentiments and attitude of the people. Amongst all thinking people the hatred has given way to a feeling of respect and frequently even of admiration for the enemy. Yesterday in a large meeting of the Socialist Labor party, heard remarks about the 'German heaven' which is penetrating everything and which has also leavened England much more than the leaders would like to be true."
BRITISH PRAISE GERMAN.
 "In this four hour meeting many words of praise and appreciation of German character, German labor, the German achievements as the German government were said. Would that be possible in France? Never. For the French this war is an affair of the heart, for the English a business transaction. The Frenchman has lost his senses in his blind hatred for everything German. The Englishman, in so far as he is not obliged to help his governments out of its dilemma, coolly puts the following question to himself: "How can we make good the follies of the government without being too much damaged in the affair?"
 "Most of the Englishmen with whom I have spoken say quite candidly: "We have undervalued the Germans."
GREY'S GOVERNMENT DISAPPROVED.
 "In England wide circles of the population are in search of the truth because they are convinced that the government and its press organs would like to bar the door to truth. Until well into February the faith of the people was very strong that the government could fulfill its promises. Full of confidence, they repeated what the government had recited to them as to such matters as Lord Kitchener's army of millions, the German military dismemberment. But today one hears everywhere: The government has lost its credit through its own assertions.
 "Against it, and its promises the events and facts like the enormous increase in the price of food, the stupendous lack of ammunition and of factory workers, the sudden failure of Kitchener's recruiting drum, the heavy losses in ships of all kinds, speak a plain language which is understood by all classes.
 "At yesterday's meeting, at which over 3,000 people were present, I could not hear a single abusive word against England's enemy, although more than ten speakers gave expression to their opinions in the course of the hour long debate. At a similar occasion in France they would have outdone themselves in abusive language.
 "When an aged man, the foreman of a workshop, spoke of the 'German heaven' he was greeted by enthusiastic applause. The speaker grew warmer and warmer in his arguments for the necessity of a speedy reconciliation on the part of England with a nation which—I quote his words—before and even more in this conflict has given so much evidence of extraordinary creative ability. We English laborers would injure ourselves the most if we wanted to help murder the Germans, whom we need as we need the light in order to see."
SOLDIERS PRAISE GERMAN.
 "I noticed that there were many soldiers in khaki uniforms at this meeting who are at present not at the front and that toward the end of the debate two soldiers stepped on to the platform in order to add their approval to the order of the day, which was a sharp criticism of the government. One of the soldiers declared in a ringing voice: "Let the French fight and bleed for their revenge. But why should we English laborers risk our skins in order to keep competition away from the men with the large money bags?"
 "The goals which the French and the English have set up for themselves in this war seemed to me to have been very fittingly expressed in this brief sentence. The English papers are complaining bitterly that there is no sign of enthusiasm for the war among the large masses of the people.
 "It is a fact that was acknowledged by almost all the speakers that there is not the slightest enthusiasm for the military enterprise which a clever Socialist characterized as a sordid maneuver of rivalry for the purpose of destroying German competition in numerous fields. One obtains the impression that England is carrying on a colonial war, or, to express it more exactly, England is letting others wage this colonial war.
 "The knowledge that the present cabinet has wantonly called forth the conflict is gaining an increasing hold on the people.

Zeppelin Results.

A Great Deal of Damage Done in London. Great Secrecy Observed by the Authorities. A Bridge over a Railroad in the City Blown Up.
 London, June 10. The greatest secrecy is observed here concerning the recent visit of the Zeppelin. However it leaks out that the amount of damage that was done is more than was at first thought. It was not only in the outskirts of the town that the airship operated but in the centre of the town also. The East End about the great docks was made a special target of. A bomb fell in Liverpool Street and three houses were shattered. Right in the heart of the City, in Broadstreet, a bridge which ran over a network of railroad lines was demolished, with the natural consequence of a serious interference to traffic.
 Everyone is convinced that the visit was merely preliminary to many more, and that next time it may be made with a flotilla of airships. In consequence the feeling of unrest is very great.

Russians Depressed.
 "Invalid" Newspaper tells of Demoralised Troops. Tales told by Returning Soldiers Depress the Public Spirit. Latent Panic in Petersburg.
 St. Petersburg, June 10. Whatever war enthusiasm there might have been has disappeared.
 The *Russkii Invalid* states that both in Petersburg and Moscow the War Spirit has almost died out, and that on all sides the most awful reports are heard and all conversation turns on the heavy Russian defeats. And such things are quite openly spoken of. The losses of the Russian army are truly prodigious. For instance two Siberian Corps have been totally decimated, scarce a man being left. The Russian population is further depressed by the feeling that it is not being told the full truth. As is the case in all wars, the returning soldiers tell of the vast losses, of the terrible hardships endured, of the hopelessness of the situation, of the long and continuous retreats in flight before the terrible enemy. The paper goes so far as to tell of the desertion of entire regiments of the younger classes under the first fire. At the same time the Revolutionary agitators are at work destroying the spirit of loyalty amongst the troops. Truly a not encouraging picture that the *Invalid* draws of conditions in Russia.

Feeling in Petersburg.
 Vienna, June 10. The *Bacharest* newspaper *Adverval* has received confidential news from a trustworthy source, to the effect that the news of the victories of the United Forces in Galicia has produced panic in Petersburg. Demonstrations constantly take place upon the Newsky.
The German Troops.
 Vienna, June 10. In the *Neue Freie Presse* the Correspondent Franz Molnar tells of the remarkable good showing made by the German troops upon their entry into Przemyśl. They looked fresh and active, filled with the spirit of discipline, in fine order and clean. He says:—"Those who saw these soldiers felt assured that none in the world could ever defeat them."
Song of the Hungarian Hussars.
By Joseph Bernard Rethy.
 The road before us is a flame,
 And at the turning there is death.
 The stench of powder in our breath
 Is viler still than England's name,
 Yet like the gales that fiercely weep
 We gallop onward—twenty deep.
 Before us boom the Russian guns.
 A wall of fire blocks our path.
 The whole world shakes in monstrous wrath,
 Like crashing suns upon huge suns.
 And as the typhoon's awful sweep
 We gallop forward—twenty deep.
 No Hell of Satan's ever blazed
 More terrible than that red wall.
 Ten thousand men stand up and fall.
 A hill nearby is almost raised,
 Yet like an avalanche we keep
 Our mighty onslaught—twenty deep.
 And now we reach their bristling lines,
 The very earth reels with the crash.
 Up Hussars, let your lances flash!
 What do we care for guns and mines?
 Lo, death itself is but a sleep,
 But Freedom lives—charge twenty deep!
 They flee. They run. The battle dies.
 How still the dark Carpathians stand.
 There falls a quiet on the land
 Like some cool hand on wearied eyes.
 Hail Hussars! May your valor reap
 God's benisons—still twenty deep.
The Fatherland.

Plenty of Wheat.
 The German War Wheat Company has made considerable progress in taking care of the bread supply. Latest statistics show that the supply of grain and flour is absolutely ensured until next harvest, and it can be stated with authority that the immediate supply on hand, ready for use, exceeds the required demand after next the crop will have been harvested.
 A careful survey of this supply reveals the fact that, besides the required supplies until next harvest, the stores in reserve for eventual use after next harvest amount to 7.5 million bushels of wheat and rye.
 A further interesting fact has come to light, as the supply of wheat exceeds the supply of rye. Thus the necessity arises of returning again to the more extensive use of wheat in bread and cake-baking, which fact will be hailed with particular satisfaction in Southern Germany where the people are more accustomed to white bread.
 Nevertheless, the bread card will remain, not only to prevent any waste, but also to encourage thrift.
Weekly Report of American Association of Commerce and Trade.

FOR RENT.
 Comfortably furnished modern three room flat, in Berlin W. Grand piano. Lift. Address J.P. 3615 Continental Times, W. 50.
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The Open Tribune.

To our Readers.
 We shall be glad to publish any communication by our readers, but must ask contributors to attach name and address to their letters. These will be published anonymously, if so desired.

Slanderous Mrs. Atherton.
To the Editor.
 That very much over-rated lady novelist, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, has followed the lead of a number of her compatriot fiction-mongers, and is expending what remains of her almost exhausted faculty for yarn-spinning in concocting or furthering lies against the Germans.
 After many years of patient waiting on the fringes of the English aristocracy, she at last believes that a chance has arrived to flatter her way into that magic circle. At last her wooden dummy heroes can be studied from the life, or may perhaps, she thinks, be galvanized into vitality. The innocent American listens open-mouthed to her owlish and malignant utterances, because he knows she spent some years in Germany where she was accorded not only hospitality, but honour. They were fruitless years, however,—so fruitless that in her novel with the prince of cads for a hero—"Tower of Ivory" which I have just read, not one of her numerous German quotations is correctly rendered. Still less has she appreciated the true inner *Geist* of the German people. She lived in Munich as in dozens of other cities in order to allow the kindly scribes of the press to remark that she was "obtaining local colour." Hundreds of miles will this strenuous and pompous lady-novelist cover to reach a certain place where her newest novel can be written. The novel, when it appears, is precisely like all the others. But it has received its *Reklam* and the bustling authoress plans a new foray.
 Mrs. Atherton in traducing Germany, is once more glutting her infinite thirst for advertisement. But eventually this latest self-boasting may prove in its result quite different from that for which she has baited her venomous hook.
 May. M. Jefferson.
 (Home Address: Indianapolis.)

To the Editor.
 I am a subscriber to your paper and I am glad to say that I very highly appreciate your efforts. All Americans residing in Europe should subscribe to the Continental Times
 Yours truly,
 The Hague. C. G. B.

A Timely Letter.
To the Editor.
 The *New York Times* said editorially on April 17, 1865:
 "Every possible atrocity appertains to this rebellion. There is nothing whatever that its leaders have scrupled at. Wholesale massacres and torturings, wholesale starvation of prisoners, firing of great cities, piracies of the cruelest kind, persecution of the most hideous character and of vast extent, and finally assassination in high places—whatever is inhuman, whatever is brutal, whatever is fiendish, these men have resorted to. They will leave behind names so black, and the memory of deeds so infamous, that the execration of the slaveholders' rebellion will be eternal."
 These very words might be paralleled from the comments of English and French journals, and of their sympathizers in this country, upon what they are pleased to call the "Furor Teutonicus." Yet, fifty years after the close of the slaveholders' rebellion, there are few who hold Lee and Jackson and Johnston and Davis in particular execration; and so far from the conduct of their armies and officials being considered particularly atrocious, I believe it is generally held that the behavior of both sides in the American civil war was if anything less rather than more reprehensible than the behavior of most armies in time of actual hostilities.
 May it not be that Frenchmen and Englishmen freed from the Prussian danger, will in time admit that most atrocities are subjective? New York, April 11, 1915. Elmer Davis.

AN OPEN LETTER

to

Col. George Harvey, Editor of *The North American Review*.

From R. L. Orchelle.

We have received so many requests for copies of Mr. R. L. Orchelle's "Open Letter," that our entire edition has been exhausted. In answer to the continued demand for it by single copies and by hundreds we take pleasure in once more republishing it.

Sir:—This war has proved that one may be too late to overtake a lie, but perhaps not too late to overtake an attitude. I believe that never before were the pages of a dignified review degraded by a contribution more abysmally servile, ignorant and unjust than your recent letter to Lord Northcliffe. It is not only intellectual prostration; it is moral prostitution, shameful not only to you as an individual, but disgraceful to all of us as Americans. It is a pusillanimous capitulation of the last dignity that has been left to America by this war. It is the abject flattery of a man who is one of the most virulent pests of modern society.

It is possible that you do not know how completely you have disclosed your mentality in that most dangerous moral and literary trap—an open letter. For private candour for public consumption requires a mind more delicate and astute than that which you disclose. I do not attack you as Colonel George Harvey, nor as the editor of the *North American Review*. It is true that you are prominent, but not that you are important. Yet for my purposes you do possess a certain importance, since you represent a unit, a type of a class whose influence amongst us I hold to be pernicious and whose corruption of mind and character has been deplorably laid bare by the inquisitorial steel and fire of this war. I do not—to be just to both of us—question your motive. I do not doubt that beneath this manifestation of moral and mental slavishness there still lingered a spark of genuine American independence of spirit. Even the studied tepidity of your terms, the naive conclusions and the meek complacency of your attitude cannot quite hide this one little flicker of redeeming light. But you fancied you were uttering a protest in the name of America when in reality you were offering homage to Great Britain in the name of Alfred Harmsworth.

One might find amusement in your stilted, old-fashioned phrases and their mixture of simple-minded guile and griggishness. With a casual air, carefully studied, you recall to Lord Northcliffe your function at a dinner given in his honour, and you express your ingenuous but unwarranted belief that you know and understand England. For snobbishness and a copy-book conception of England which would make a Battersea cheese-monger laugh, are not least among the comic mental traits disclosed by such Anglomaniacs as yourself. Let us hope that your dear friend, his noble Lordship, has not forgotten your presence at the dinner of which you so painstakingly remind him.

You ask Lord Northcliffe whether it be true that "when, as never before, our respective peoples should be animated by the most fraternal spirit, they are gradually but surely drawing asunder?"

The American publicist who can conceive any close, much less fraternal spirit between the America of today and the England of today, who finds in England's criminal and cowardly cause any reason for enlisting American sympathy, who blindly ignores the monumental fact that the American of 1915 is overwhelmingly cosmopolitan, and fatuously persists in seeing in it only a sort of overgrown English colony, that man must be inaccessible not only to the evidence of history, but to the evidence of his senses. He must still be inebriated with the alcoholic emotionalism of after-dinner conviviality. Why, the very language through which you tortuously labour in an attempt to make it orthodox English, betrays the immense cleavage between the two peoples.

You are primly shocked by the atrabilious Mr. Strachey's violence in his *Spectator* article entitled "A Great Danger." You imagine that your emotion is due to fear of a clash between his land and ours, rather than to an unconscious resentment against that contempt for America which lies hidden in his lines—as it lies hidden in every true Britisher's heart.

It is moral blindness such as this which blasts the soul of a nation with the ashes of doom, though outwardly it flourishes like a green bay tree. Have the code of the grafter and the dishonest technicalities of the reptile lawyer encysted themselves in our hearts and brains? The financial, therefore the journalistic, therefore the mental bondage of America to Great Britain may be seen running like a black thread through your entire shambling discourse. Though it might be rude, would it be wrong to assume that your sub-relationship with the cheque-book of Pierrepont Morgan has not been without effect upon your principles, your independence and your pocket? Yes! you are significant because you are a bit broken from the Anglo-American whole. You see I persist in this hyphenated distinction. For though it may not yet have become apparent to you, this war has disclosed the mountainous fact that we are a community of many nationalities, and not a nation in the real sense, and that the press, and therefore the thoughts and emotions of our people, are slavishly subject to English control.

Was ever the inalienable, absolute right of a nation to protect its own commerce more pusillanimously surrendered than in your words,—which are merely the reflection of our craven official attitude: "Our government courteously inquired of your Foreign Office if it would be considered objectionable, etc." If what would be considered objectionable—to ship guns, submarines and shells to Germany? No, whether the English bully of the seas would be so gracious as to permit us to send cotton and food-stuffs—as had been our immemorial right! Such is the attitude of certain degenerate Anglo-Americans of today, a genuflection, an abasement to a tyranny of which we fondly imagined ourselves freed. Towards the cool insolence and aggression of our hereditary foe—timid inquiry and smirking courtesy which provoke nothing but his contempt;—toward friendly Germany, handicapped on all sides,—threats, bluster and the cheap dignity of vulgarian politicians. My dear sir, does your Kultur extend so far as to include knowledge of a French gentleman called Tartuffe?

With a strange, or rather let me say quite natural inability to analyze the true and humiliating reasons for the American attitude in this war—the surrender of millions of sentimental, uninformed American minds to a world-wide campaign of English lies and blackguardism and French fanaticism, you babble forth the easy current cant which in our country still does service for thought and fact—"Belgium," "Germany's shocking conduct," "wanton destruction of cathedrals," "militarism." I believe that the psychologist-historian will regard this universal obsession and weird hallucination of our countrymen as one of the most remarkable phenomena of mediæval superstition (a belief in monsters and devils) rioting luxuriantly in the soil of modern ignorance. But the mental constitution of a Harvey would make all clear to him. For you, sir, or colonel, are one of those typical villagers of which Bernard Shaw said our entire nation was composed.

Are you so badly equipped with the real and inner history of this war as to need assurance that had Germany acted in any other way than iron circumstance forced her to act—both by her declaration of war against Russia and France and her frank offer to suborned and suicidal Belgium, she would have been guilty not only of betraying her own existence, but the very future of Europe? But it is perhaps sufficient for you to think of spiked helmets, that absurd term "War Lord," and to grow sentimental over the cruel and mongrel Belgian franc-tireur whom you confound with the heroes of 1776. Do you really believe that a nation like Germany would deliberately enter upon a war with three formidable nations out of sheer wantonness? No doubt you are capable of believing even this, for like most of our countrymen, you do not know Germany, but some chimaera created for you by the English press. Through her duping, her egging-on and then her final betrayal of that misguided little land, the blood of Belgium lies upon her head, and not Germany's.

Let me tell you that every Englishman still capable of distinguishing black from white, knows at heart that his country is engaged in a cold-blooded war of business interests, and not a crusade for the vindication of high-sounding moral principles. You know little of the English nature if you do not realize that the average Englishman thinks it his duty to support the vilest iniquities of his country's politics by every means in his power—by lies, by moralizings, by money, by abuse—and that even the best among them surrender their personal scruples to imperialistic interests—which, with the England of today, mean commercial ones. "My country, right or wrong," is his cry—from the crimes of Warren Hastings to those of Sir Edward Grey. That Britain, all of whose wars have been waged for commercial ends, is fighting for the noble ideals she professes, is left for the dupes of the English censor and Lord Northcliffe to believe. Perhaps the smiles that played across the features of English editors and English politicians on reading your astonishing contribution to their cause might have added to your assumed knowledge of the real English soul. Somewhat bitter music for your ears would have been the roars of laughter that echoed in the dens of Carmelite House and Printing House Square over your grotesque naïveté. And the twisted tongues that lolled across the big English teeth into capacious English cheeks as their owners penned you (I take it) their generous congratulations!

It is apparent that you are as ignorant of the true character of Alfred Harmsworth, as you are of the true nature of English policy and history. As a free and democratic American you are certain to treasure the friendship of this new-made peer most highly. A pleasant and gaseous warmth suffuses the Anglo-American who is able, especially in public, to address an English Lord, even one of recent ascent from the plebs, as "my dear Northcliffe." But he who imagines this to be a proof of his independence, is the very man whose fraudulent mind is unable to conceal his vanity when he writes.

There is no doubt that you, as a good New England church-goer and intellectual suburbanite, would be revolted by the thought of worshipping at the shrine of a modern Moloch. And yet no other name could more correctly designate the character and influence of this one man. In all this international slaughter there is no individual, apart from the English Foreign Secretary and Ambassador Iswolsky of Russia, whose hands drip more abundantly with the blood of millions of innocent men than those of the yellow Emperor of England's triumphant gutter press. For years his unscrupulous papers,—from the degenerate, popularized *Times* you praise, to his cheapest halfpenny rag for slaves, have waged war against Germany and spread the spawn of hate. This man, who has done more to ruin the simple tastes and character of the English masses than any one person, has been working hand in hand with the profiteers and the politicians of that base and wholly industrial England which has supplanted the literary England romantic Americans still imagine to exist.

Through the official association of his papers with English imperialism this man is directly responsible for that public state of mind which rendered it an easy matter for English diplomacy to engineer its treacherous attack upon a friendly sister nation, and to catapult the docile masses into a cowardly and commercial war without consulting either them or that Parliament who have been told to admire. Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, stands guilty of more than sowing those vast fields of hate with the seed that has now borne such a millionfold fruitage of agony and death. For under his domination of the English press, the last vestiges of traditional decency have been flung aside. The astonished world has been staggered and swayed and poisoned by a campaign of vilification such as has never before been let loose upon the lowest passions and instincts of men.

Through such men the press, instead of spreading light, has become the foulest, most potent engine of ignorance and darkness. The cables of the world that brought the nations closer, have, through England's monopoly, become strangling tentacles choking their very souls. The spirit of the huckster, the hooligan and the hypocrite is triumphant in the England of today and Lord Northcliffe is the incarnation of all three. Exploded forever is England's assumed reverence for "fair play,"—and her traditions of the gentleman. The bright sword of young Germany has cut across her old, envious and mercenary soul and the stench thereof and the sight thereof have sickened all men in whose brains the balances of judgment still hang true.

Let me quote for your benefit something written of your dear friend Northcliffe by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the editor of the *London Daily News*. This forthright denunciation might, it is true, have been of more effect had it preceded rather than followed Harmsworth's attack upon the patriotism, consequently the profits, of the *Daily News*.

"Indeed, the late Lord Salisbury said the final word about you long ago. The *Daily Mail*, he said, was 'written by office boys for office boys,' and though you have soared to *The Times* since then, you have only succeeded in dyeing it with the colours of the office-boy's mind.

But you say that we prophesied peace. Yes, we not only prophesied peace, but we worked for peace, just as you prophesied war and worked for war. We lost and you won. And you rejoice in the victory that has made Europe a shambles. Is it really a matter for rejoicing? A million men have died on the battlefields of Europe already and a million more will die. Millions of lives are being broken, millions of poor homes darkened by death and suffering. Is this really a subject for a newspaper advertisement? Do not suppose that we could not have preached war too. It is the easiest thing in the world. It makes you popular, it brings you readers—as you know.

Can you absolve yourself from any share in bringing this calamity upon the world? Nay, do you wish to absolve yourself? Are you not rather claiming this war as tribute to your prescience and your power?

You proclaim to all the world that the most powerful Press in this country worked steadily not for peace but for war. And to that extent you have made us partners with the guilty. That is your claim. That is your boast. And you think to shame us because we do not share your guilt.

You are mistaken. We are without shame and without regret. When this nightmare passes away we shall still work to bring the nations together and you will still work to keep them asunder. You will discover some new foe with whom to play upon the fears of the public and through whom to stimulate your sales."

But what the justly-indignant editor of *The Daily News* does not comprehend is that his indictment of Lord Northcliffe is equally an indictment and a confession of the entire English policy. For Northcliffe has been and is now the mainstay of that policy. The insight for which his editorial office is the same that inspires the policy of the Foreign Office. Mr. Gardiner's letter is also an indictment of the entire English people from whose support a man like Northcliffe draws his power, and whose passions he seeks to reflect or, when it suits him, to inflame. Northcliffe is but the dyer's hand stirring in the vat of ink. The people that would tolerate such a journalism will tolerate such a war.

You refer, sneeringly, to Dr. Dernburg. Were the majority of our newspapers not so utterly contemptible they would have seen that the "attempts to educate public opinion," by such eminent men as Dr. Dernburg were not only necessary in the intricate problems of European politics as an offset against the British usurpation of our intellectual freedom, but that they were a distinct compliment to us. It is an easy matter for little minds to repeat the cheap sneers of British editors or British correspondents in New York and call the German propaganda "clumsy,"—by which,—so little do you understand your own hypocrisy,—you mean honest. Clumsy, perhaps, in this sense it was when compared to the British avalanche of lies appealing to our rooted prejudices and black ignorance—already fostered by the English press bureau long years in advance. Clumsy? No. But perhaps ineffective, for the Germans made the mistake of appealing to our intelligence, our fairness and our alleged reverence for facts.

Your dull, excruciating efforts to convince the saffron-souled Harmsworth of how very faithful you and America were to his Lordship and Britain, culminate in what is without doubt the most revolting exhibition ever given by a toady grovelling in the mud of Fleet Street, Whitehall or Park Lane. America, to our ignominy, has seen the day when, beneath the eclipse of all true Americanism in the black shadow of Anglo-Saxon dominance, it has become necessary for German-Americans to vindicate the real principles and reassert the true ideals of the American citizen!

There is in that Washington platform you quote not one single clause that would not, should not, to a sane understanding, have received the stout-hearted support of every real American—if Americans were still real and still stout-hearted. There is not one proposal whose acceptance and enforcement would not redound to the honour and advantage of our country. And yet this manly declaration, this brave attempt to snatch self-respect from the ruins to which our Anglo-Saxon subservience has reduced not only our dignity but our interests, you have the face to characterize as "an exhibition of intolerable insolence!" And to bolster up this unutterable rankness of soul and mind, you quote the words of the degraded journalists whose worthless opinions seem to confirm your own. Do words still possess a meaning? Or are they mere sounds that you emit as you perform your worm-like, peristaltic movements before the mud-stained, blood-stained boots of Alfred Harmsworth?

Surely you do not only do not understand Europeans, but you do not understand human nature. For what man whose intellect possesses the activity of a jelly-fish, would have the crass presumption to imagine that 25,000,000 American citizens of German birth or extraction would sit calmly and silently with folded hands whilst the cowardly curs of our foul-mouthed press heaped insult after

insult upon them, aspersed the proud and noble heritage of their German blood, and persistently blackguarded the most valiant people that ever out of their spiritual strength and unity performed wonders in the most righteous of all wars? To clean American minds their very indignation and rebellion were proof of their real American spirit. Had they not protested they would have been less than American for they would have been less than men. Their organization politically was the most legitimate and parliamentary protest that peaceful citizens could make. It speaks volumes for the high qualities of the German that their just anger should not have assumed more violent forms, or imitated the obscene insults of our slavish Saxon sheets. Yet they, the German-Americans, who demanded nothing more than true neutrality in speech and act—a little of that splendid quality of *Sittlichkeit* which Lord Haldane recommended to his countrymen just before the war—they in the very face of an orgy of anti-German ruffianism, were accused of disloyalty and partisanship!

You proceed: "German efforts have made it dangerous for a public man to speak a word in favor of their cause—and none of importance, to my knowledge has done so."

I wonder whether you realize the profoundness of baseness these words disclose—as a revelation, nay, an exposé of your character and of such who think as you do? I agree with shame that no public man of importance has had the courage to stand against the gravitation of the lie-besotted multitude—but then we have no public men of real importance. Democracies such as ours cannot produce individualities in our day. Had we statesmen instead of weak and sterile pedants, shallow mountebanks and vociferous, platitudinous demagogues, had we even journalists and clear thinkers like Bernard Shaw and Maximilian Harden instead of a mob of stunted mediocrities,—or leaders of thought other than the senile President of Harvard University, there might have been found Americans who would not have feared to speak the truth even though it might perchance prove "dangerous." But you make us baser than we are. For I rejoice that, after all, there were certain Americans of this quality, and their importance is indeed in proportion to their courage.

You quote the *Spectator* to the effect that—when we feebly protested our right to sell food-stuffs to Germany: "America seems to reckon it up in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and human suffering." But the editor of that canting weekly is mistaken in the temperature of our cash. Those cold dollars and cents are now warm with the life-blood of brave German men and the tears of noble German women.

I do not know whether it be mental blindness, moral obliquity or that ultimate perversion of the human soul that is without name, which saturates such a sentence as this:

"It is not, I beg of you, to believe, my dear Northcliffe, either because of our desire to lend aid and comfort to the enemies of civilization, or of our craving for material gains that we should like to send food to Germany as we are sending it in great quantities to Belgium and Holland without money or price; it is because we would, if we could, save from starvation the poor German people whom, too, we love. Is there anything reprehensible in that?"

What the great and proud (and well-fed) German people may think of the purblind creature who offers them the nauseous dish of his uncalled-for pity with one hand while befouling them with the other, I leave your readers to conjecture. And I shall leave to some expert in moral decay the task of fathoming the following hideous mixture of the infantile with the fiendish:

"I wonder, moreover, if your people in common with your government, and of course, yourself, are fully aware that their allied forces are drawing their rifles, their cartridges and other munitions of war from our factories, and that, but for the supply thus obtained, they could hardly ever hope to triumph! (italics mine). As you doubtless know a determined effort made in Congress "under pressure of the German vote"—to stop the sale of implements of destruction to combatants got not so much as a hearing."

Yes, that immortal infamy went as unchallenged in public as did America's right to help commit murder upon a friendly nation went unchallenged in Congress. But even here the sycophant, in order to ingratiate himself with the titled proprietor of the *Times*, overlaps or rather overspawns himself, and splashes his own people with more mire than they deserve.

I might add many such stones to the monument you have erected upon the grave of all true Americanism in the name of the most ruthless power that ever oppressed the world, subjugated weak nations, exterminated little peoples, incited Europe to mutual slaughter of nation against nation,—the icy, calculating power whose hands are still crimson with the blood of the Boer republics, of slaughtered and dismembered Persia and now with the blood-guilt of a seduced and betrayed Belgium, not to mention our own victims which she induced to travel as passengers on an auxiliary cruiser and floating arsenal! Yet you and other Yanko-Picts are too blind to see the immemorial fangs disclosed to us in the very grin the monster wears to gull the Harveys and the Eliots.

"Yes, we wish to sell our cotton to Germany and Austria, though Britain can easily prevent our doing so and without evoking protest from us if she should consider such action necessary or desirable."

Here even italics lose their illuminating force. Let the American, when next he sputters about his independence, digest that sentence.

Your entire open letter is indeed, pardon me, nothing less than an open sore. "Why then, are we for you and your Allies? For no other reason in the world," you remark in one ungrammatical phrase and two outrageous platitudes, "except that you are continuing the great battle for government of, for and by the people which we began when at Lexington we fired the shot that was heard round the world."

The idea that the Allies,—commercial England, corrupt and revengeful France, knout-ridden, mediæval Russia, Serbia the assassin, and now the unspeakable traitor and blackmailer, Italy,—are continuing "the great battle for government of, for and the people," is so grotesque and horrible that one is forced to marvel how it could find lodgment in a mind still presumably sane.

It is with characteristic charlatany that you, the James L. Becks, and other provincial sophists close your eyes to the brute fact of semi-Asiatic Russia against whose black advance upon Europe the enlightened hosts of Germany stand arrayed for the only defence of human liberty and civilization of which an honorable historian of this war has a right to speak.

It is, of course, a villager's fallacy to imagine that the battle for popular government began at Lexington. But you seem to forget against whom that famous shot was fired—and why. And you still further proclaim your ignorance of history if you believe that the traditional, official England of intrigue, aggression and perfidiousness has in any way amended its nature.

"As I have remarked already,"—thus do you comically and rather ungrammatically proceed,—"and as none better than you well knows we are no longer in the kindergarten, etc." This quaint protestation with its air of mock-dignity and injured pride, must likewise have evoked sardonic English grins. I assure you that nothing would more thoroughly convince the British that we still are in the Kindergarten stage than the Open Letter of Col. George Harvey, editor of *The North American Review*. Yet it is better for a nation that its mind be in a German Kindergarten, than its morals in an English concentration camp.

My dear sir, I have seen the well-educated German soldiers, mere privates, laughing over *The Daily Mail*, *The Times*, and *Le Matin* in German cafes—for enlightened Germany does not think it necessary to suppress the enemy's newspapers. Perhaps when I next go to the library, to which they seem as devoted as the English Tommy to his "pub," I may have the pleasure of seeing them laugh over the *North American Review*.

One word as to that brave and much-maligned scape-goat, General von Bernhardt, at whom, of course, you too, must have your fling. Surely a shame-faced Lincoln, were he alive today, would revise his saying about fooling all the people all the time. The case of Bernhardt is but another proof of the contention I have already made—namely, that Americans will not believe even the evidence of their own eyes when in a state of journalistic hypnosis. We are loath to think or form an independent judgment even when all the material is set before us. The trash written and spoken by us about Bernhardt is but an ignorant echo of the ignorant yet crafty hue-and-cry raised by the myrmidons of Fleet Street in obedience to official orders. Bernhardt, a blunt, honest patriot, with few readers and certainly no following in Germany, simply wrote what every soldier of capacity and every statesman of insight had not only always firmly believed, but always invariably acted upon, however much political ends in other lands may be disguised in falsehood and sham morality. It is for this reason that German truth and candour ring with an evil and Machiavellian quality in the ears of the Pharisee and the sentimentalist unused to both. Nor was it to be expected that you would perceive the innate nobility and inspiration of the passage you quote from that great and impassioned seer Treitschke—unto whom even an Englishman, the late Professor Cramb, did royal honour.

It may be futile to hold up to ridicule the soapy vanity of the author which, like the fish-soul of the hypocrite, flounders helplessly in the attempt to conceal itself under the tattered cloak of a pretended modesty and a sham generosity of mind. Yet I cannot refrain from quoting your delicious and naive conclusion—nor from laughter at its unconscious irony:

"Meanwhile I beg of you, my dear Northcliffe, to maintain unceasingly the patient and wise consideration which you have breathed into your great journals, while I transmit to Mr. Strachey a small volume whose sole merit is its title: *The Power of Tolerance*."

As one more deeply interested in the war of ideas than the war of interests, as one who holds that the white light of the true international, or citizen of a united world is a nobler thing than the murky red fire of the patriot—even of the United States,—I would say but this: If our country is to reap any moral or intellectual wealth from this war, any profit more permanent than the blood-money pocketed from the enemies of the great and heroic people it has helped not only to slaughter but to traduce, let it tear or it need be, blast the heavy husks from its eyes and soul. Let it strive to grasp the true significance of that great phenomenon among the nations of the world—modern Germany.

The glory of this wonderful people will survive all calumny, as its strength will survive all attack. It is a strength, a faith rooted, not in the brute force of superior numbers, in wealth nor in dumb matter,—elements that are all in favour of its enemies,—but in intellect, in disciplined moral qualities, in the lustre of its science and the young, red blood of its virility. In the midst of its stupendous resistance to a world of enemies, it has reaped not only victories of arms on land and sea and air, but many huge victories within its own realm—economic, financial, social, political and spiritual. In the very midst of the destruction of war it has been creative and brought about a new, better and more efficient order in the very territories it has occupied. It has even given of its inexhaustible strength to that nation whose life-blood England had sapped for forty years, and today "*The Sick Man of Europe*" stands forth splendidly revitalized in a valiant struggle for his liberty.

Germany was feared because she was strong from within; she was hated and plotted against because she was successful; she was overwhelmed with calumny because her cause was just and her faith in the justice of men, alas, too strong. He who has lived in that bright, harmonious and beautiful mansion that is the Germany of today, may be able to realize the inspiration that burns in this proud and noble people. When he has understood its civilization, the grandeur of which no puerile cry of "barbarism," can ever dim, he will understand why it is entitled to occupy the highest, the foremost rank.

Germany's ideal it is to bring harmony into a chaotic world through the peaceful conquest of her ideas and the voluntary acceptance of her methods. Even her greedy, blinded and revengeful foes have attempted to imitate her in these things. But the dazzling yet mystic secret of her hidden and

Hopes of Little Peoples of Russia. Many Small Nationalities Under the Czar's Rule Long for their Freedom. Significance of these Ethno- graphic Differences in the Present War.

By Dr. S. M. Melamed.

While the Allied fleet is bombarding the Dardanelles and the Russians are on their way to invade Turkish territory from another side, with the object of capturing Constantinople, emissaries of many small nationalities in the Russian Empire have taken their headquarters in the Turkish capital, to be in touch with the Turkish Government. I have been officially informed that one emissary from Ukraine (Little Russia), two emissaries from the Caucasus, and two from the Crimean Peninsula have been sent to Constantinople to induce the Turkish Government to look after the interests of these oppressed nations when peace is to be concluded. Talaat Bey, so an Ukrainian friend tells me, has received the Ukrainian emissaries, two Russian subjects, and promised them on behalf of the Turkish Government that Turkey will spare no effort to bring about the independence of the Ukrainians. An independent Ukraine! Ukraine forms the third part of the European Russian Empire. And it is the richest and most fertile part of Russian soil. If Ukraine is independent, Russia as a European power can no longer exist.

But the Ukrainians are not the only ones among the many little nationalities in Russia who long for national freedom and independence. In the west of the Empire there are the Poles, Lithuanians, and Letts. Further north there are the Finns. In the heart of Russia itself there are the white Russians (Bielo Russki), a Slavonic tribe, comprising ten million souls, who are dreaming of tribal or national liberty, and in the Caucasus and the Crimean Peninsula there are more than half a dozen little nationalities, like the Armenians, Georgians, many Mohammedan tribes, etc., who are striving either to reestablish their old national sovereignty or to establish a new one, because they are none too happy under the Russian rule.

ETHNOGRAPHIC STATISTICS.

Taking a superficial survey of the Russian Empire, we see that the Russian people themselves are surrounded on nearly all sides by either non-Slavonic nations, as is the case in the Caucasus, or by foreign nationalities of the Slavonic race, who still live their own tribal or national life, and who yearn for a separation from Russia. A few years ago the Russian Home Office published ethnographical statistics of the Russian Empire, which go to show that altogether not less than 42 foreign tribes and nationalities are living within the realm of the Czar.

In the West and Northwest the foreign nationalities are much superior in civilization and culture to the Russians themselves. The Poles, for instance, are certainly more refined in culture than the Russians. Even the Lithuanians have more and greater culture and traditions than the Russians themselves. The Finns have produced a wonderful system of civilization and they consider themselves much superior to the Russians. In spite of the fact that they have been oppressed by Russia for the last two decades, they nevertheless succeeded in preserving the system of national education, and have cultivated literature, science, and art. Helsingfors, geographically so near to Petersburg, resembles a Teutonic city much more than a Russian one.

In the Baltic provinces the German nobility and the Lettic people are also superior to the Russian nobility and to the Russian peasantry.

But still, all these nationalities do not form a majority, or, to be more exact, a considerable majority, in the Russian Empire. The Great Russians (Veliko Russki), on the other hand, do form one united mass that is situated in the centre of the Empire, and that aims at the assimilation of all the small nations around this centre. But it seems that the Great Russians are rather a centrifugal power, because the smaller nationalities are not greatly attracted by the Great Russians. And here the great historical tragedy sets in: The 70,000,000 Great Russians, who by sheer numbers are stronger than any other nation living within the Russian Empire, are eager not only to rule the other nations, but also wish to assimilate them. Up to now, all attempts to absorb these small nations were in vain, because the small nations are intellectually and morally much stronger than the ruling Russians.

The Russians, having failed to absorb and assimilate the small nations by moral, political, and intellectual means, have taken refuge in barbaric and despotic measures. If the Russian literature and the Russian clergymen failed to attract the smaller nations, the Russian knout was the last resort of the statesmen in Petersburg and Moscow. The smaller nationalities were to be forced to abandon their separate nationalism and were to be made Russians. But even the Russian knout was unable to bring about the russianizing of the smaller nationalities.

REVOLUTION OF 1905.

Ten years ago this struggle between the Russians in the centre of the Empire and the small nationalities on the outskirts had already reached such dimensions that a cat-

astrophe seemed to be the only possible outlet. What is really known in history as the Russian Revolution of 1905 was not really a revolution of the Great Russians against the Czar, but a revolution of the small Russian nationalities against their rulers.

The so-called liberal parties in Russia consist either of members of the small nationalities or of the new Russian proletariat that was created artificially by the policy of Count Witte; the so-called Constitutional Democrats represent a small section of the Russian intellectuals. The leaders are a few Europeanized intellectuals of the progressive wing of the Russian nobility. As a matter of fact, the revolution was overcome not so much by governmental reprisals as by the Russian inhabitants of the large cities, who are known by the name of Real Russian people. The title these dark masses have assumed bears out my statement, that the revolution of 1905 was a rebellion of the small nationalities against the ruling Great Russians. The victory the Great Russians have won by crushing the revolution has considerably strengthened their position and has given them a predominance to which they are scarcely entitled. They are much stronger to-day than they have ever been. One of the results of their victory was the rise of the Pan-Slavistic movement, which is one of the historic causes of the present European conflagration.

The policy of Russianness of the small nationalities was carried out by the government before the Revolution took place, while now it is in the hands of the Great Russians. The brutal policy of Russianness was forced upon the Russian Government by the Duma. No Russian Cabinet would be able to remain in office for even a day if it had dared to oppose this Russianness policy. The Government, naturally being a Government of the Great Russians, was but too ready to follow the lead of the Duma, knowing very well that the predominance of the Great Russians is simply identical with the predominance of conservatism and real Russian Czarism.

FAILURE OF REVOLUTION.

The failure of the revolution and the intense Russianness policy that followed upon it so intimidated the smaller nationalities that they dared not utter even a whispered threat against their oppressors. The foremost revolutionary leaders were either executed or suffered banishment to Siberia or imprisonment for life, and the weaker elements were either intimidated or corrupted by the system of spying or of bribery or counter espionage. The foreign nations of the Empire were too weak and too frightened to resume the struggle. The silent hoped for a war between Russia and a western power which might result in a Russian defeat and in a possible dismemberment of the empire. Men who are acquainted with the conditions in Russia had reason to hope that soon after the outbreak of the war all the opposed nations in the Russian empire would rise against their oppressors and help the invader.

Many friends of these oppressed nations are greatly disappointed because they have not revolted. As far as the Poles and the Ukrainians are concerned, I have it from the best authority that everything was prepared for an uprising, but that the developments of military operations have prevented the realization of these plans. The explosion in the Warsaw Citadel and the revolutionary uprising in Odessa and in many other parts of the Ukraine during the first days of the war are not forgotten, and one also remembers a proclamation of the Grand Duke Nikola Nikolayevitch, in which he warns the Polish Sokols not to help the enemy under the treat of being court-martialed.

This is not a mere presumption of mine, but I know it from official Finnish, Polish, and Ukrainian personalities that all these respective nationalities had expected the Germans to invade Poland and occupy Warsaw in the early days of the war, and also proposed to invade Finland, while the Austrians were expected to occupy parts of the Russian Ukraine in the First Weeks of the War. Had this taken place, the Poles, the Ukrainians, and the Finns would have openly declared their sympathy with the invading liberator. But as the Russian forces prevented such an invasion, there was only one course open to them, viz., to remain silent.

Two of the more important Slavonic nations, the Poles and the Ukrainians, have suffered a great deal from the non-realization of their hopes and plans.

RUSSIAN POLES HELPED INVADERS.

As long as the Austrian forces were successful, while operating in the government of Lublin, the Russian Poles, at the advice of their co-nationalists in Austria, rendered great services to the invading army. But as soon as the fate of the battle turned in the favor of Russia, the same Poles took up the cause of Russia against Austria, because they saw, or believed they saw, an Austrian defeat, while at the same time they had a solemn official promise from Russia that in case of a Russian victory, Polish national independence

would be reestablished under the sovereignty of the Czar. The same promise, of course was made to them by Austria. With the varied results of the war, the Poles changed their attitude according to the impressions of the moment, with the sole result that they are considered traitors by the Russians as well as by the Austrians. Russia as well as Austria, will, after the war, find a thousand reasons, not to keep their promise to Poland and no matter in whose favor the war ends, Poland will be economically ruined, nationally paralyzed, and politically weaker than ever.

In order to save what is still possible, the Poles in Russia are at present anxious to demonstrate their Russian patriotism, and in order to achieve this, they denounce the Jews living among them as German spies. At first, they were successful with this policy and one of the Russian generals in Poland, Gen. Dimitschikoff, ordered the execution of a few hundred poor Polish Jews, victims of the Polish denunciations. But to-day, even the Russians refuse to believe the Polish stories of Jewish treachery, and instead they are charging the Poles themselves with treachery to the Russian cause. That is at least the view taken to-day by the head of the Russian Black Hundred, M. Purishkevitch. In short, the Poles in seeking their own salvation, betrayed the Austrians as well as the Russians and they are to-day in a most critical position. If Russia ever had any reason to fear the Poles, she has no reason to fear them to-day or even in the near future. In Galicia, also, the fate of the Poles will not be very enviable, because the Viennese government says to-day that they are convinced of the Polish treachery. The Austrian Government was compelled to dissolve the Eastern-Polish Legion—led by Count Skarbek—consisting of 20,000 men, because this legion, although formed and armed by Austria, refused to take the oath of allegiance to Emperor Francis Joseph. But eight weeks ago hundreds of Polish officials in those parts of Galicia which are still controlled by Austria have been dismissed from their posts, and many of them were arrested on the suspicion of High Treason.

But, fortunately or unfortunately, over three millions of these "Little Russians" are living in Austro-Hungarian territory. In the course of a thirty-years' struggle with the Poles in Galicia, the Ruthenians (the Ukrainians are so called in Galicia) have more or less succeeded in overcoming their Polish oppressors and in developing a system of national education and national political organization, which influenced their co-nationalists in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Austrian Government had proposed to erect a Ukrainian university in Galicia after they founded twelve Ukrainian gymnasiums (high schools leading up to the university). For the last two decades intellectual and political life flourished among the Ruthenians in Galicia, and the Ruthenian agitators from Galicia went across the border and preached the theory of Ukrainian nationalism to the inhabitants of Russian Ukraine.

The Great Russians recognized the danger of this spread of Ukrainian nationalism in the Russian Ukraine, and they took immediate steps to stop it. For the last ten years Pan-Slavistic agitators travelled from village to village in Galicia to preach Pan-Slavism and Greek Orthodoxy to the Ruthenians. When this influence failed, they resorted to bribery, and the Russian ruble greatly attracted the poor Ruthenian peasant. Thus the so-called Russophile party came into existence in Galicia. Of course, the Galician Poles were very glad to see the Ruthenian opposition weakened by its being split up into parties. The Pan-Poles in Galicia, who are themselves Russophiles, actually helped the Russian efforts among the Ruthenians. After ten years' work in making propaganda and stirring up agitation among the Ruthenians in Galicia, the Russians thought that they had succeeded in winning over the majority of the Ruthenians to their cause. Grand Duke Nikola Nikolayevitch, the Russian Generalissimo, when arriving at the head of his troops in Lemberg, telegraphed to the Czar: "The Austrian danger has been overcome." What he meant to say is very clear. Russian rule in the east of Galicia, which is inhabited by Ruthenians, would

kill Ukrainian nationalism and thus prevent the further development of Ukrainian nationalism in the Russian Empire. But it seems to me that Nikolai Nikolayevitch was greatly mistaken. Only a small percentage of Ruthenian peasantry could be won over to the Russian cause. The bulk of the Ruthenians in Galicia still consider Russia their most dangerous enemy. The Ruthenian intellectuals did not wait for the arrival of the Russian troops in Galicia; they fled to Vienna, from where they are continuing the efforts in favor of establishing an independent Ukraina. There exists to-day in Vienna a "Ukrainischer Nationalrat," represented by Ukrainians (Ruthenians) from Galicia, Russia and Hungary. The "Ukrainischer Nationalrat" is on the best terms with the Viennese Government, and I understand that the Viennese Government has pledged itself to help to establish either an autonomous or an independent Ukraina should Austria emerge victoriously from the war.

The Finns, a cultured people with wonderful traditions, have not entered into relations with any foreign Government, and have preserved a neutral attitude during the whole crisis, knowing very well that as long as Russia is not beaten, it would be foolish for them to entertain any hopes of national liberation. The opinion taken by leading Finns is that their independence will come naturally as soon as Russia is positively either defeated or exhausted. But should she be victorious, the great Russian oppressors will have no occasion to charge them with treachery.

As far as the Jews are concerned, I am able to state that, although they have been caught between three fires, viz., Russians, Poles and Germans, they have been careful enough to refrain from forming a policy before their fate is decided. Of course, they have learned from the past how unwise it is to anticipate events. To say that they are dissatisfied with the Russian oppressors would be using but a moderate expression. They have no other choice, and must remain quiet. In any case, they are doomed. A defeated Russia would make the Jews responsible for the defeat and organize pogroms on a large scale; should the Russians, however, be victorious, the Jews would be the first to suffer through a victorious Pan-Slavism and a Russian clericalism.

AN OPEN LETTER.

(Continuation from page 3.)

inexhaustible strength and superiority they cannot imitate. In Germany a new spirit of classicism has arisen, and the war she wages against overwhelming odds is in its true essence a war for the liberation of the modern spirit, as much as for the right of a vital and highly-cultured nation to persist. Of late years her splendid art, her architecture, her manufactures and technical triumphs—all of them true fruits and blossoms growing out of a potent and fertile national life, the entire magnificent fabric she is building up to house her soul, have glowed and throbbled with a spirit found only in the England of Elizabeth and the Italy of the Renaissance. These treasures have enriched and shall still further enrich the world as greatly as her music and her philosophy. The pulse of future civilization is felt nowhere so strongly as in modern Germany—no nation gives us such glimpses towards that perfection which is the goal of all the world. No nation has so thoroughly mastered the brute substance of the outer world by the coordination of her inner forces.

These words may well sound strange to Americans who have seen Germany and the Germans only through the mists of traditional misconception, or through the befouled and splintered spectacles of her enemies. But that American who is wise enough to step himself in the electric streams that vitalize the head and heart of these modern Greeks, will be repaid by contact with truth so rich and dynamic as to partake of revelation. Much does the American owe to Germany, but now, more than ever before, he owes it to himself to increase this debt by looking upon her real face and listening to the music of her gigantic heart.

When the war is over, Colonel Harvey, or even before, and you have the courage to leave some of the darkling intellectual provinces wherein you have dwelt, and the wisdom to discover this great land for yourself, you will find that not least among German virtues is a noble magnanimity towards even the most virulent enemy—so long as his enmity is due to his misconceptions. For the German is not inspired by the lust to become the master of the world so much as by the passion to remain its school-master.

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