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A JOURNAL FOR AMERICANS IN EUROPE

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No. 1128. Vol. XXI. No. 61.

STOCKHOLM

ROTTERDAM

LUCERNE

BERLIN

VIENNA

ZURICH

FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1915.

LATEST NEWS. SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Japanese Opinion.

Tokio, May 27. One third of the members of the House of Representatives have signed a resolution in favor of a restoration of friendly intercourse with the Central Powers.

Beef Trust Angered.

London, May 27. The American Beef trust is threatening to boycott Great Britain unless American ships carrying meat to neutral countries are allowed free passage.

Captured German Ships.

London, May 27. The Times announces that 57 German ships, which had found refuge in Italian ports at the outbreak of the war, now stand as captured.

Torpedoed.

London, May 27. The Danish steamer Betty has been torpedoed in the North Sea. The steamer Norwene, from Shields has been torpedoed off Stannhead. The American ship Nebraska has been torpedoed. She did not sink but was towed to harbor.

Blazing Petroleum.

Budapest, May 28. The Russians, before leaving Borislow, set fire to vast stores of petroleum. Eighty thousand tons of petroleum are burning and the smoke poisons the countryside for miles around. One tank alone held 4,000 tons of oil.

Unlucky Flyers.

Rotterdam, May 27. Two German aeroplanists have been fished out of the North Sea by an English torpedo boat. They were conveyed to Harwich and interned aboard the warship Ganges. The aeroplane was sunk.

King To The Front.

Lugano, May 25. King Victor Emanuel has gone to the front and has joined General Cadorna at staff headquarters. The Duke of Aosta and the Count of Turin will hold high positions in the Army and the Duke D'Abruzzia in the Navy.

Hooting the Soldiers.

London, May 27. Some 800 Sein Finn recruits, coming from Dublin and Cork, arrived in Limerick where they were to join other Sein Finn troops. They were hooted and stoned by the population. The troops fired blank cartridge at the people.

Want More Help.

Sofia, May 27. During the past few days the Russians have made renewed efforts, both here and in Bucharest to persuade Bulgaria and Roumania to join forces with the Allies. They promise almost untold advantages to both countries.

Liner in Collision.

Boston, May 27. The Transatlantic liner Ryndam of the Holland-American line, has collided with another steamer off Nantucket. Both ships were badly damaged. The passengers and a large portion of the crew were taken aboard the warship South Carolina. The Ryndam was 12,500 tons displacement and built in 1901.

Signs of The Times.

Vienna, May 27. It is announced that Count Bobrinski, the Russian Governor of Galicia, has left Lemberg and is not likely to return. It is evident that the Russians have given up all hope of being able to hold Przemyśl and if that fort should fall the holding of Lemberg becomes impossible. The Russians are retiring, devastating everything as they go.

Italy in War Time.

Two Companies of Italian Troops Decimated. Masses of Deserters Flying over the Frontier.

Chiasso, May 27. The campaign has not begun very auspiciously for the Italians. In the many small skirmishes that have taken place on the Tirolean frontier they have been beaten back and in one case two companies (say 200 men) have been wiped out.

Italian deserters are pouring over the Swiss frontier and up to yesterday no less than 8,000 had sought refuge in Switzerland. The frontier guards in trying to stop some of the deserters, fired and shot a number of them. The deserters are sympathetically received by the Swiss population.

In Italy there are but few volunteers for the war. Last evening the mob devastated the well-known Hotel Metropole of Milan belonging to a Swiss. It was rumored that signalling was taking place from the roof. It appears that it was all a mistake. The mob then wrecked an Austrian business establishment in the Victor Emmanuel Gallery.

THE NEW CABINET.

Dominating Influences Likely to be Unionist.
Ready for Conscription.

UNITY UNLIKELY.

Forces so Contrary that Agreement can hardly be Maintained.
Churchill in Disgrace. Not Likely to Remain Passive.

London, May 27st. The new Ministry has been formed and consists of twenty two members. Its formation denotes a complete surrender of the Liberal Party and a thorough success for the Unionists. Sir Edward Grey, Lloyd George and Churchill may be taken as having disappeared. Sir Edward Grey has, for a long time past, had more than enough of his position as Minister of Foreign Affairs. In order to gloss over his departure from the Foreign Office, Lord Lansdowne, who will in future rule there, is given a seat in the Cabinet without portfolio. But he is the new and active Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A DIFFICULT POSITION.

The exceedingly difficult position of Chancellor of the Exchequer is given over to Mr. McKenna, who has at different times been utilised to fill up all sorts of positions in the government. England's financial difficulties of late have become more and more complicated. A new and vast war loan has to be floated. To put a mediocre man like McKenna in such a difficult position does not arouse enthusiasm in the City. Thus one of the most difficult posts in the government has been given to one of the least notable members of the Coalition Ministry.

To place the dilettante Balfour, the man whose love of ease and quiet is so well known; into the position of First Lord of the Admiralty, must necessarily be a great mistake, and that is clearly shown by the attitude of Lord Fisher who refuses to resume his highly-important position with such an inept man as Balfour in charge of navy affairs. Mr. Balfour made an excellent and resourceful debater and leader in the House of Commons, but to place him in the strenuous hard-working position of First Lord, is fatal.

NOT TO BE SPARED.

Lloyd George with the strange title of Minister of War Materials, is a good Chancellor of the Exchequer gone; and that at a time when his services in that capacity would have been particularly valuable, one might almost say invaluable. His appointment to see to the supply of munitions is further an official confirmation of the failure of Lord Kitchener to keep the army sufficiently supplied with shells, and gives justification to the attacks of the Daily Mail. It cannot be a very pleasing incident of the times for the already much becheveled Minister of War. Kitchener's standing, however, is much shaken in the opinion of the general public, and of late his position has become all the more difficult owing to the failure of his latest appeal for 300,000 men which has fallen dead upon the ears of the people. It is understood that Kitchener is very weary of his task and exceedingly irritated at the attacks made upon him in the press. So it might easily be that there may yet be another crisis caused by the Minister of War demanding to be sent on active duty.

SURE TO COME.

The fall of Churchill was sure to come. The number of blunders he has made during his tenure of office in the Admiralty, beat all previous records of over bumptious would-be politicians like himself. But that is not all. Churchill has started the ball of lack of confidence rolling throughout the country. When an entire population stands expectant and at high tension, as the British public has done for ten months past, and then suddenly it is shown that one of the Ministers in the most responsible position was merely playing with his responsibilities, why then suspicion is aroused concerning the entire Ministry. Thus the period of illusions of confidence, which was so carefully kept up for so long, has suddenly changed and the period of distinct disillusion has come, maybe even in an exaggerated degree. That is the way with the British public, all one way, or all the other way. And the other way, which has been opened up by the vagaries and incapacities of Churchill, causes the British public to be pessimistic, to find fault, to seek everywhere and on all sides a victim, to grumble at and to criticise everybody and everything.

NATION OF GRUMBLERS.

It has been truly said that the English are a nation of shopkeepers, but it is just as true that they are a nation of grumblers and "kickers". And now they are displaying those

qualities in more than characteristic manner. The Roman Catholics are offended because Carson is brought into the Ministry as Attorney General. The City men are irate because of the nomination of McKenna. The loud-mouthed Churchill clique is already conspiring to revenge the fate of its leader. The Northcliffe following is doing all it can to shake the position of the Minister of War. The Liberals are furious at the nomination of Balfour as First Lord; the followers of Kitchener are indignant at the treatment of their hero; and altogether no one appears to be at all satisfied. None imagine for one moment that Churchill is going to take his defeat with resignation. To think so, would be to ignore the character of the man. He is above all things a fighter. He is unscrupulous, mischievous, unsentimental, and an egoist of the first water. He is said to be furious at his downfall. And it is certain before long there will be more trouble in the Ministry and that Churchill will be no stranger to its inception.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

The new Ministry is formed as follows: Premier, Mr. Asquith; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Grey; Minister of the Interior, Sir John Simon; Minister of War, Lord Kitchener; Minister without Portfolio, Lord Lansdowne; President of the Privy Council, Lord Crewe; Privy Seal, Lord Churchill; Exchequer, McKenna; Colonies, Bonar Law; India, Chamberlain; Material of War, Lloyd George; Admiralty, Balfour; Commerce, Runciman; Local Board, Long; Duchy of Lancaster, Churchill; Ireland, Birrell; Scotland, Wood; Agriculture, Lord Selkirk; Board of Works, Lord Selborne; Public Works, Harcourt; Local Government, Henderson; Attorney-General, Canon.

Do Not Want To Fight.

London, May 27. The recruiting goes from bad to worse, and, unless conscription is at once introduced, it is difficult to see how the British forces are to be sustained. The Morning Post publishes a letter from a soldier just off to the front, in which he says:—"I am sorry that so few people have volunteered for service at the front. Only ten per cent have responded to the call. We here are trying to get together two regiments for the front and to fill the vacancies in a third. But it is difficult. The people here refuse to come in, saying that they want to see the younger men volunteer first. I cannot see any prospect of Kitchener obtaining the 300,000 men he asks for so long as the present system is not altered."

Fierce Fighting.

The English Admit Having Suffered Very Heavy Losses at Gallipoli. An Armistice Asked for the Burial of the Dead.

Constantinople, May 27. There has been the fiercest kind of fighting around Ari Burnu. The English losses were immense and it came at one period of the fighting that the English stopped and demanded an armistice for the purpose of burying their dead.

The London Report.

London, May 27. The Reuter bureau reports very heavy fighting for the possession of the village of Kithia. The English forces were almost annihilated. A body of troops were rallied by their officers and came within a thousand yards of the village to make a last desperate attempt. But again they were beaten back. The losses in officers were quite exceptionally large. The Turks have paid special attempting to the "picking off" of officers. Their sharpshooters are scattered around all over the country, in holes and behind rocks too, with the one duty of sniping the English officers. It is stated that the Turks dye their faces and hands green so as not to be observed and appear the same color as the surrounding country and that they cover themselves with green leaves so as to make themselves invisible.

From Cairo the Reuter agency has received a cable telling of the great losses in officers at Seddül-Bahr. It is almost impossible to detect the Turkish batteries, so cleverly are they masked.

The French attempted a landing of troops from the warship Jules Michelet. It was repulsed. The Turks captured a landing pinnace and had, as booty, one machine gun and a case full of munitions.

Serious Outlook.

London, May 27. The Times publishes fresh casualty lists from the Dardanelles. They include the names of 91 officers and 200 men out of which 948 are Australians.

The Daily Chronicle estimates the daily losses at the Dardanelles as averaging 2200 men on the English side alone. In the fighting there are white and colored English men, Indians, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, military and marine infantry, Senegalese, Zouaves, and regiments of the Foreign Legion.

The Daily News assesses the losses at the Dardanelles at 60,000 men out of action on the side of the Allies.

King Constantin Better.

Athens, May 27. The condition of King Constantin has considerably improved.

Gloomy Coal Outlook.

London, May 27. Business on Newcastle coal market was at a standstill yesterday, and prices fell to the lowest figure at which they have stood for many weeks. The lack of business was due to the difficulty of securing licences for exportation to neutral countries. Several pits are reported to be working very short time, and the prospect of the regular employment of miners is stated to be very gloomy. Concurrently there is said to be a determined bid on the part of the United States for coal business which hitherto has been practically monopolised by British collieries.

Ran on Reef.

Santiago-di-Chili, May 27. The merchant ship Maximiano Errazuriz has run on a reef and sank. Fifty people were drowned.

NORTHCLIFFE RETORTS.

The Owner of the "Daily Mail" Stands to his Charges Against Lord Kitchener.
Sent the Wrong Kind of Munitions to the Front.

THE SHELL MUDDLE.

Asserts that Minister of War Thought What was Right in Boer War was Right Now.
Quotes the Ministers of the Crown as Backing Offensive Accusations.

London, May 7. The Daily Mail published a stinging article indicting Lord Kitchener both for sending to the front the wrong kind of ammunition and also for calling out men up to the ages of forty. On account of this there were largely-attended meetings on the Stock and Produce Exchanges, at which speeches were made denouncing the Daily Mail and supporting Lord Kitchener. On the Stock Exchange copies of the Daily Mail were publicly burnt.

Nothing daunted, the Daily Mail, on the day following returns to the fight and publishes a leader, parts of which are here given.

WRONG AMMUNITION.

"We emphasised in these columns yesterday, some distressing and unpalatable truths. They ought not to have startled anybody who is really acquainted with the facts of this war. Everyone in the Army and everyone in the House of Commons knows that our men at the front have been supplied with the wrong kind of shell and that the result has been a heavy and avoidable loss of life. It is time the public knew it, too, and that the driving-power of popular opinion was brought to bear on the subject. Yet the first effect of our insistence upon the tragic blunder that has been committed was to draw down upon the Daily Mail a fusillade of newspaper shrapnel. It damages us no more than Lord Kitchener's shrapnel in Flanders damages the German trenches. The Daily Mail is too strongly entrenched in the truth of its facts to be dislodged by such means, and when the percentage of wrong shells made becomes known to the public it will be found that our statements are more than justified."

EXPLANATIONS ASKED.

It would be more to the point if our assailants would try to explain why Mr. Lloyd George on April 21 was led to inform the House that "the production of high explosives had now been placed on a footing which relieved us of all anxiety and enabled us, in addition to that, largely to supply our Allies." We do not blame Mr. Lloyd George because we believe—and it has, indeed, been definitely stated in the Ministerial Press—that Lord Kitchener kept him and the whole Cabinet in ignorance of the repeated complaints received from the Headquarters in France on this score. The Army objects to fighting Germans in 1915 with the type of ammunition popularised by the Boer War of 1899. That there should have been a shortage of the right kind of shells at the opening of the war was excusable, but that the shortage should persist after ten months of incessant object-lessons is a proof of grave negligence. This is at last becoming understood. We very much doubt whether there is a single Front Bench man on either side of the House who is prepared to join the Coalition Ministry except on the express condition that Lord Kitchener no longer holds the absolute power which has placed the Army in its present predicament. The industrial business of organising the production of munitions must be separated from the military business of raising and training troops.

FIXING THE BLAME.

One more point before we pass on from the Shell Muddle. Complaint is made that we have criticised Lord Kitchener. What we have done is to fix upon him the responsibility for official acts and decisions that have proved injurious to our Armies in the field. But in any case we cannot subscribe to the doctrine that, when the nation is fighting for its life and blunders in high quarters may lead to disastrous results,

"public interest" demands from us the silly pretence that everything is going well. The right views on this matter were well expressed by Mr. Winston Churchill on November 27 in the House of Commons. "Of course," he observed, "it would be entirely wrong for a Department or a Minister to use the term 'public interest' on naval and military matters in order to shield the Department or himself from blame or censure. This is a war so serious and formidable in its character that persons ought not to be spared."

PREMIER'S DUTY.

The Prime Minister is especially charged by the country at this time, and it is his duty, not to allow any considerations of party association or personal friendship to stand in the way of making any change that is necessary in the public interests."

To-day, however, we propose to deal with the Recruiting Muddle. Much damage has already been done by the latest phase it has assumed, but it may still be possible to check some of its evils. We announced yesterday that we will not accept any more of Lord Kitchener's advertisements asking for the enlistment of men up to forty years of age. Most men of that age are married, and married men ought not even to be asked to go to the front while the young slackers and shirkers are left untouched.

Anything better calculated to "hearten the enemy" and convince him we are at our last gasp for men than these appeals to heads of families cannot be imagined.

As a matter of fact, the country abounds in youths who ought to be in the Army and are not. Anyone who goes into a country town on market day or watches the Sunday parade in any of our great cities will be astounded to discover how little the war has affected the supply of men who are still in their twenties. These young fellows are not all unpatriotic. Some perhaps are held back by home ties, others by the selfishness of employers who do not wish their staffs to be depleted. But the main reason why the bulk of them are not already with the colours is that they do not realise the critical nature of the war and will never do so until they are ordered to present themselves at the nearest recruiting depot."

All of which emphasises our contention of the essential, ineradicable inferiority of England, morally, mentally and materially. Chaos rules.

KITCHENER'S LETTER.

The letter of Lord Kitchener which led to the disagreement of the Daily Mail, and which that newspaper said it would not again publish, has an advertisement that reads as follows:—

"I have said that I would let the country know when more men were wanted for the war. The time has come and I now call for 300,000 recruits to form new armies."

"Those who are engaged on the production of war material of any kind should not leave their work. It is to men who are not performing their duty that I appeal."

War Office, Whitehall S. W.

KITCHENER.

The new conditions for enlistment were given as, age limit 19 to 40; minimum height, 5 feet 2 inches; chest 33½ inches. Responses to Lord Kitchener's above invitation have been so small that the votaries of enforced military service are once more crying aloud for conscription.

The Continental Times

Published three times a week: Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
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suitable manuscripts can under no circumstances
under to return these.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

Wonderful indeed is the success achieved by the German submarine boat, which stands as unrivalled. This is more than demonstrated by the arrival of one more such submarine in Turkish waters. To accomplish such a feat requires knowledge, skill, the utmost endurance and the highest courage amongst officers and crew. And above all it denotes the extreme high point of mechanical skill which Germany has developed in the construction of the submarine. They have reached the Dardanelles; by the shortest and straightest route, the distance traversed must have been 3406 knots, that is to say, roughly speaking, about five thousand miles. But the straightest route could not be taken and the first deviation would probably be the circumnavigation of the British coast. Later on came the passage of the Straits of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, filled with warships of the enemy; through the island-studded Greek Archipelago and at the end of the journey a dive under the line of French and British warships blockading the coasts of Gallipoli. And all that without touching at any port.

It stands out as a stupendous, an almost incredible feat of seamanship and valor. What heroes the men who manned a submarine upon such a perilous journey! It may be mentioned that the newest English submarine boats, now in course of construction, are not guaranteed more than a 3,000 knot radius sphere and the latest of the French submarines 2,300 knots radius, so that they are already beaten by the German boat. And what is more the German submarine has, immediately upon arrival at destination, demonstrated its practical qualifications by boldly torpedoing the British line of battle ship *Triumph*. The *Majestic* is also reported as having been torpedoed, but that news is not confirmed by the ever-scrupulous German official news service.

JAPAN OWNS CHINA.

According to the latest news from the Far East, Japan has forced China to accept an agreement which, to all intents and purposes, places the direction of international and external affairs of the Celestial Empire under the direction of Japan. Some time ago the President of the newest republic, Yuan-Shih-Kai, sent out circulars to the Chancelleries of the world powers, describing the manner in which China was being bullied by the Japanese government. He begged for help, he appealed to Europe, he stretched out his hands to America, he told of the absolute helplessness of China to defend herself, from the military and naval points of view; he reminded the nation signatories of their promises to guarantee the integrity of China. But all to no avail. America protested. Japan in reply sent a strong flotilla to Turtle Bay. England said that she did not approve of what Japan was doing. At once the Japanese press was filled with insulting remarks concerning the commercial envy and egoism of Great Britain. And Japan just forged ahead, each day forcing yet another concession from the helpless Chinaman and, by each concession so wrung making China more and more the slave of the Government at Tokio. Thus when the war is over, Chinese trade will be found to have fallen into Japanese hands. The railroad concessions which belonged to European countries will be found to have come under Japanese control. And as everyone knows, where the Japanese government holds sway, there the foreigner is not given a living chance. Japan is pocketing enormous sums of money from Russia for delivery of cannon and munitions, in order that the war may be kept up, so that the white races of the West may be weakened. At the same time she is taking care that when the war is over, Japan will be the controller of the trade of the Far East and the trade of other countries with China be diminished to the utmost. England will be the greatest sufferer. Next to her America! And who can do anything to stop Japan? The Japanese *Colonial Journal* of some time ago writes as follows:—"The China of the present day is a source of danger to Japan, and she is placed in a somewhat similar position in which Korea found herself some two decades back. In order to preserve Chinese territory Japan is prepared to go to war with any nation. Not only will Japan try to stifle the ambition of Russia and Germany, but she will also endeavour to keep England and America from putting their fingers in the pie. The solution of China's problem is of great importance to Japan and has little to do with Great Britain". One wonders what England has to say. As regards action, like the other countries, she is helpless.

A Judgment on Italian Politics of Today.

by Dr. G. Strakosch-Grassman.

The goal of Italy in its present onslaught upon Austro-Hungary is not only an attempt to seize the absolute command of the Adriatic, but that of the entire eastern Mediterranean. It is not for love of England that Italy has taken part in this war, but for the reconquest of that dominion which Italy, according to her historians, exercised from the 11th to the 15th century, and which Venice likewise enjoyed in the Adriatic from the 12th to the middle of the 17th century.

There was a time when the Latin Empire at Constantinople was ruled from Venice, when the key to southeastern Russia lay in the hands of the Genoese, and the trade routes to India were controlled by the Venetian Fondaco at Alexandria in Egypt. Italy now hopes to recover all this, so she levels her first blow at Austria; her second is to be reserved for England. The commercial predominance over the eastern part of the Mediterranean for which Italy strives, is conditioned by two things. The first is the exclusion of the Central European Powers from access to the Mediterranean and the absolute dependence of their trade upon the sufferance of Italy, as was the case when Venice commanded the Adriatic, the second is the political control of the neighboring Orient and the sea routes to India. If the Entente has really pledged Italy to cooperate in the conquest of the Dardanelles with a force so great as 150,000 men, then it has virtually delivered the Dardanelles into her hands. This position, in conjunction with the Italian command of Rhodes, of Erythraea, the Somali peninsula and Tripoli, might indeed enable the Italians sooner or later to make themselves masters of the Levant, of Egypt and of India. England by dragging Italy into the war, has created a rival that might one day become as dangerous for her, as she has now become for the Central Powers. Italy, as soon as she realizes that these hopes of hers are within realization, will tear up whatever pledges may now bind her to England with the same unscrupulousness as she tore up those that bound her to Germany and Austro-Hungary.

The Italian agreement with Germany and Austro-Hungary had the purpose of protecting Italy's interests in the Mediterranean against France. It has served this purpose, so now it is discarded. Italy's position is strengthened today, in part by the exhaustion of the French, in part by the conquest of Tripoli and the possession of Rhodes. And now further steps are to be taken. Italy wishes to conquer the Adriatic, the monopoly of which enriched Venice for five hundred years, and to set her feet on Asia Minor. It is in the nature of things that the geographical situation in such a case is far more perilous for England than it could ever have been for Germany. Though the Turks may not have been able to penetrate into Egypt from southern Syria, this would be an easy matter for the Italians by way of Tripoli and Barka. The necessary "disturbance" which will serve the Italians as an excellent excuse for gradually increasing their forces in that country, will certainly be forthcoming. Germany has never been in possession of such colonies, nor of such well-chosen coastal points by which to command the sea routes of the old world, as are today either possessed or striven for by Italy. England made an onslaught upon a friendly nation; she attacked Germany, but the harvest will not, as Lloyd George imagines, be gathered by England, but by Italy—that is, if her efforts in Central Europe happen to be crowned with success.

Since Italy has neither the financial means nor the necessary mineral resources to enable her to overcome England's trade in the eastern Mediterranean and in Asia Minor by means of legitimate competition, thus enabling her to utilize her hoped-for supremacy in the eastern Mediterranean to the fullest extent, she is virtually forced to attempt to secure this monopoly by force of arms. Italy's coast is, to be sure, in a more or less defenseless position at the present day. But the development of the submarine will bring with it the day when an English fleet would not even be able to enter the Straits of Gibraltar. At the same time the provisioning of Malta would be rendered impossible by the occupation of the surrounding coasts. Then arms may secure what commercial competition was unable to bring about. It is a fallacy to suppose that Italy has her eyes merely on Trieste. The cotton plantations in Egypt, the petroleum wells in Mesopotamia and even India itself, are tempting morsels, all of which are more easily attainable by Italy than by Germany. England has battled against a phantom and has thereby created the real danger that will prove her ruin.

A Warning.

London, May 27. Ambassador Page has warned all Americans intending to come to Europe to postpone their intentions in that direction, for the present at least.

American Woman's Club

Reading-room, Library, Residence,
Visitors cordially welcomed.
Prager Platz 4, Berlin.

TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY.

The "New York World's" Representative, Mr. Roeder, Tells of what he sees in his Travels. Quick Recovery from Early War Depression.

ST. JOHN GAFFNEY TALKS.

"I feel in Common with all my Countrymen who Live here, a Keen Sense of Humiliation." Charges of Insults and Atrocities all False.

New York, May 25. The *New York World* Correspondent Mr. Gustav Roeder, has been publishing a number of letters in which he tells the truth about Germany. This is very astute journalism on the part of the *World* and has largely increased that newspaper's circulation.

Mr. Roeder's trip to Munich forms interesting reading. There he met the well known American Consul General Gaffney, who has such an enviable reputation in the Bavarian Capital.

The *World's* Correspondent writes:—
T. St. John Gaffney, a lawyer from New York, is the United States Consul General in Munich. He formerly occupied a similar position in Dresden, the capital of Saxony. There are few Americans, if any, who are more popular to-day in Munich than is "der Herr Amerikanische Consul," as he is more generally referred to in the capital city of beautiful Bavaria.

At the same time it must be stated that the feeling against Americans in general is not any too friendly in Munich just now. Munich people will not permit the average foreigner to talk English. They don't object, however, when Mr. Gaffney converses with his friends in his native tongue.

HE KNOWS.

There are few persons in Munich who understand the war situation from a German point of view better than does Mr. Gaffney. His expressions are looked upon as convincing as law. They realize that it was no fault of Mr. Gaffney that the English cut the German cable at the very outset of hostilities, and that most of the news that comes to the United States concerning matters in Germany just now is sent via the British censor and from London.

When the reports were first brought back from American that Germany was on the point of starvation, that bread and potato riots had taken place all over Germany—which includes Bavaria, of course—and that people were unable to get enough food for their maintenance, Germans in all walks of life flocked to the office of the United States Consul General at No. 7 Theaterstrasse to launch their protest against such publications. Americans, too, appeared on the scene, and they demanded that the truth be made known, so that their relatives and friends at home might be relieved of all possible worry.

Hotel keepers, owners of restaurants and cafes called too, and they brought along copies of their bills of fare to prove that Munich was nowhere near starvation.

When *The World* staff correspondent called upon Mr. Gaffney in Munich he found that official in his office with his desk piled full of menu cards.

"So glad you came," said Mr. Gaffney. "The Americans here, as well as the Germans living in this district, have been wishing for a long time that a newspaper correspondent direct from America would pay them a visit. Here, look at all these bills of fare. Read them. Does that look anything like hard times or like starvation? Just go and see for yourself and report what you see and hear, and we will all be satisfied."

"LIES."

Munich, with its old-time buildings, its wonderful beer, its art treasures and its great theatres and opera houses, has 640,000 inhabitants. It is the seat of the royal family of Bavaria, and King Ludwig III., the seventy-year-old ruler of the kingdom, has his residence in Munich, which in often referred to as the "Athens of Germany." It was there that Richard Wagner, the composer, lived for many years.

In the first place the newspapers showed that all the theatres in Munich, ten of them, were running every night. At the Royal Opera they had sung "The Magic Flute" the night before to a packed house. A few days before that there had been a gala performance at the opera for the benefit of the wounded soldiers—and there are plenty of them in and about Munich. Seats had sold as high as \$12 for an orchestra chair.

During the intermission a splendid dinner had been served, for which the charge had been 3 marks (75 cents) a plate.

No bread cards had been necessary. But bread cards were about to be introduced the day *The World* representative visited Munich on his tour of inspection of Germany and her economic affairs.

THEY TROTEST.

Americans and Germans had come to the box occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gaffney during the benefit performance to enter their protests against what they said were "outrageous lies about conditions in Germany."

"I feel, in common with all my fellow-countrymen who live here a keen sense of humiliation," Mr. Gaffney had replied. "Germany has been so misrepresented in America." At the outbreak of the war Germans were accused of outraging and insulting American citizens. For weeks, while the cable was cut, these lies were distributed

throughout America. Of course, they are all false.

"The next lies were that the firing line, had reached great cities of the empire, that Nuremberg had been destroyed.

"The effect of the publication of such news was in the first instance to alarm the relatives and friends of the Americans residing in Germany, and in the next instance to discredit American journalism and create a hostile feeling on the part of a section of the population against Americans.

ATROCITY FAKES.

"Then commenced the atrocity campaign, for the purpose of influencing American public opinion. In addition to the legitimate correspondence that comes to the American Consulates in Germany, our mail has been considerably increased by letters from distressed relatives and friends who have been alarmed by this news.

"Can you, then, wonder why we are all glad to meet a representative of your newspaper, who has come to us to report facts and nothing but facts?"

EFFECT ON GERMAN TRADE.

"When consideration is given to all the reports coming from the industrial fields of Bavaria, it would appear that the economical war balance does not at all show an unfavorable aspect. It is most astonishing how wonderfully the great industrial and commercial concerns understood how to adapt themselves to the entirely changed conditions of life.

"Never, so far as history records, has a nation been exposed to such difficult demands as Germany. At the beginning of the war her enemies prophesied famine, financial ruin and economical prostration of all trade and industry. But nothing of all this happened. Everything went on all right, and week by week the economical life has strengthened.

"Many businesses have gone on even better than before the war, and everywhere they have strong reserves on which they can always fall back. A nation with the technical, intellectual and material abilities of Germany will always be able to fight its cause to the very last."

Mr. Gaffney asked *The World* representative to accompany him to a place in Munich where he had been requested to inspect a newly built field ambulance automobile for service at the front. Mr. Gaffney had received some time ago a donation of money sent by the Austro-Hungarian Ambulance Committee of New York, and this money had been used in the construction of the new ambulance, which was inspected that day.

NOT ALL INTERNED.

Mr. Gaffney's attention was called to the fact by some of his American visitors, to whom *The World* correspondent was introduced, that Germans had not interned all English subjects still living in Germany, while in England all Germans had been made civil prisoners of war. Prof. Wells, an Oxford B. A., is still lecturing at the Munich University. Prof. Henry Marteau of Paris is still connected with the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin.

While walking through the town with the Consul General, a shop was passed where the *Matin*, *London Times*, *Daily Mail*, *Figaro* and other prominent publications from London and Paris were openly exhibited.

"I bet you won't find the *Berliner Tageblatt* on exhibit like this in London," said a friend of the Consul General, who was of the party.

The Men of Our Submarines

by Peter Scher.

You do not speak
Of revenge nor hate;
We trust in you! Seek
Your duty, your fate.

If Germany shake not
In her bright ranks,—
To you—though you take not—
The Realm gives thanks.

For every hand
That in death grows cold
For our Fatherland,—
Let millions of German hands unfold,

And the living hearts of our people feel
Joy in the clang of your conquering steel.

Weddigen's Grave.

In silence,—dark, abysmal,
So he went down to death,
And the great seas baptismal
Are nobler for his breath.

Such fame beyond all story
His shining youth had won,
That in defeat the glory
And hero soar as one.

From "Simplicissimus", translated by R. L. O.

The Open Tribune.

Letters from our readers.

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.

British Sneers.

To the Editor.
I read in a recent miserable apology for war correspondence, a composition of trite nonsense strung together by one Valentine Williams, one of the former protégés of Northcliffe and discovered by the parasite Wile. Williams is one of the "lie per day" type of journalists that Harmsworth delighted in, and of the kind which has led to the *Daily Mail* being execrated by the British public. The puppyish Valentine was for a long time in Berlin, and thinks he knows Germany and the Germans well. The purpose of the above-mentioned letter by Valentine was to dilate upon the miserable appearance of the German soldier. Well, Valentine, suppose what you say be true, which it is not. Then I ask you, why is it that the English soldier is being continuously beaten by that poor-looking German soldier? Strange! It is natural to conclude therefrom, that if the German soldier, as you state (which you know to be untrue) is a poor fellow, why then the English must be ever so much worse. The way in which the English soldier ran at Antwerp and Maubeuge, and the manner in which the Turk is "wiping the floor" with him, ought to be enough to make anyone, even with the preposterous name of Valentine, keep forever silent concerning his merits.

I read the *Standard*, for which paper Valentine now writes, for he appears to have been "bounced" from the *Daily Mail*. And therein I note a whole page advertisement, the reproduction of a letter from Lord Kitchener, in which the Minister of War makes a piteous appeal for a paltry 300,000 more volunteers for his army. Anything will do for the noble Lord, between the ages of 19 and 40, height 5 feet 2 inches, chest measurements 33 1/2 inches. If such undersized men are reckoned fitting to fight England's unjust battles, no wonder she is always defeated. In Germany, it would be well for Valentine to tell his readers, there were somewhere about 2,000,000 of volunteers for the army, outside of men called to the colors in due course. It is understood that Kitchener's appeal for the 300,000 volunteers had been an utter failure. The English youth has no stomach for fighting. Rotterdam, May 25. Anti-Rot.

Many Thanks.

To the Editor.

Through the medium of the *Continental Times*, I would like to express the best thanks of our little committee to Mrs. Elizabeth Plankinton of Dresden, for the very generous offering of 400 marks towards our Fund for the helping of Orphan children in East Prussia, by American Women married to Germans.

Schwarzenfeld, Oberpfalz Bavaria.

Berta, Princess zu Isenburg.

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Majestic Torpedoed.

A Third British Line of Battle Ship Sunk within a Few Days. Reported to be the Work of a Torpedo Boat.

Constantinople, May 27. The British line of battle ship Majestic is reported to have been sunk. This would make the third British line of battle ship sunk within a few days. It now transpires that the sinking of the Triumph was caused by a German submarine boat and was quite a remarkable feat. The Triumph was guarded by two destroyers and had a double torpedo netting down. And yet, the submarine boat managed to escape observation and to shoot off a torpedo which pierced the net and struck the Triumph amidship. In twenty minutes she had disappeared. The English have now lost, around the Dardanelles, the Irresistible, Ocean, Goliath, Nelson and as now stated, the Majestic. The French have lost the Bouvet and Gaulois.

Tommy Sings No More.

New York, May 26. A New York World correspondent who has been at the English front in Flanders writes: "Every British soldier in France has come to realise he is engaged in a struggle without parallel in history—a struggle in which he is confronted by a formidable, ferocious, resourceful opponent. Every British soldier in France has come to a realisation of the terrible gravity of the situation that faces him."

"You don't hear him singing 'Tipperary' any more, or boasting about what he is going to do when he gets to Berlin. He knows he's up against the world's heavy-weight professional champion, and appreciates he has a hell of a job in front of him."

Not Surprising.

What May be Termed Artificial Patriots. Sonnino and Salandra have been Heavily Paid to Betray Italy. d'Annunzio is a Pole under a False Name.

Rome, May 27. As everyone knows, the present war has been brought about by totally artificial means and heavy sums of money have found their way into the pockets of those who helped to bring about the outbreak of hostilities. It is therefore not surprising to read in the *Avanti* that the Prime Minister Salandra received a million francs for betraying the trust of Italy to her Allies and Sonnino a little less. For publishing this truth, two of the Editors of the *Avanti* have been put in prison and the newspaper itself suppressed.

The poet d'Annunzio, who suddenly, under French instigation, developed extraordinary patriotic zeal, after having long been an absentee from his country, has also been heavily paid for his sensational services. But what is more interesting still, is to hear that the parentage of d'Annunzio has been traced. And, it transpires, that he is not Annunzio at all, but that his real name is Rappaport, that he is a Pole, the son of a lawyer who lived in Russian Poland. The father of the poet, Rappaport, was for a long period in the service of the well known Austrian statesman Gulochowski. From that he went to Rome and assumed the name of Rapacci. How his son came to be Italian and assume the name of d'Annunzio, it would be interesting to know. This information is given by no less a person than Count Gulochowski himself.

A Foolish French Consul.

M. Ferrand at New Orleans Flagrantly Violates the Ethics of Diplomacy.

Washington. The antics of the French consul at New Orleans are creating some amusement and not a little resentment in administration circles because of his unneutral activity in trying to enlist young Franco-Americans in the French army. It is generally regarded as the most violent eruption of unneutral activity that has emanated from any foreign source on American soil. M. Ferrand recently summoned all American-born sons of Frenchmen to the tricolor for "the priceless privilege of fighting for the mother country." The young men did not respond, and thereupon the French Consul called them all traitors and cowards, threatening them with all sorts of disagreeable things if ever they turned up in France. When called to account for his pernicious activity in behalf of a foreign country, the consul made matters worse by declaring that all Frenchmen born out of France were regarded as French citizens by the French Government until they attained their thirty-second year. The matter has been brought to the attention of the State Department.

The New York *Evening Sun*, commenting on the activity of the French consul, says editorially: "As for the boy born in this country, he is supposed to be American in the perfect sense. The crowning possibility of Americanism is open to him and the notion that any foreign country might lay claim to any share in his allegiance is intolerable. It must be remembered that under our neutrality laws the mustering of reservists here and their shipment to Europe for any army is forbidden. In recruiting actively, any consul here is seriously straining his privileges. When it comes to abuse of American citizens and the exercise of moral bludgeoning to compel them to ignore their rights and duties as Americans, who have a pitch of overzeal that approaches outrage. If M. Ferrand persists in his course he may leave our government no alternative consistent with self-respect but to demand his recall."

The Fires of Ypres.

By Bernhard Kellermann.

The following brilliant description of the German artillery at Ypres was written by Bernhard Kellermann, the well-known author of "The Tunnel." It possesses all the vivid dash and splendid imaginative qualities for which his style is famous. Translated from the Berliner Tageblatt by R. L. Orville.

Whilst the Austrian-German armies in West-Galicia are bursting the Russian gate from its hinges, we in the West here are at work battering in the armoured portals of the Franco-English lines. The enemy here is tougher and more intelligent. He will let his teeth be smashed from out his jaws ere he will budge. Furious are the battles. Here and there the English charge in up-right columns against the fire of our trenches. Every German is of good heart and full of confidence.

Our troops fought like maniacs in furious hand-to-hand combats. They stormed forward like glowing devils. I saw them return hot and steaming from their positions and the drunkenness of the fight still danced in their seething eyes and lay like a mist over the smoking, trampling companies. A few wore bandages; the others had already returned to reality, and laughed. During the last few days heaven and earth has been groaning with the thunder of the guns. The chain of craters which day after day the German batteries slowly shoved in a vast arc towards Ypres, spew their hundreds of tons of iron into the infernal cauldron of that town. An officer assured me that the artillery fire is frequently far more violent than that which subdued Antwerp the Unconquerable.

Early one morning I found myself on the firing-line which impinges upon the field of activities to the south-east of Ypres. But the cannon had risen earlier than I. They are pounding away, breathlessly, like colossal drop-hammers that labour to some terrific tune, and the air is lashed into tempests by their furious blows. They pause not, neither do they rest—for even the fraction of a second. They are like a conclave of hurricanes among the mountains; they growl and mutter, and err about like bewildered titans and find no peace. Often the strokes fall in unison and then there is a roaring and a rolling as though the side of a mountain had flung itself into the valley. They stamp upon the earth and under it; they are above us; they are all about us. The whole horizon flames. They suck in the atmosphere, then belch it forth again. The vast structure of the air totters. Our motor shudders closer and closer to the lines; the commotion grows still wilder, still more furious. Clearly, above this panting, this throbbing, this pounding that falls and rises in a mighty rhythm, we hear the deep and wicked roar of the heavy calibres. Their voice is the voice of savage beasts of prey, and they out-bellow all the others.

We halt in a shattered farmyard, a few hundred yards from the English trenches. The ground under my feet jerks to and fro without a pause, as though shaken by heavy motor-drays. If seismographs amount to anything they must surely record this convulsion of the earth's crust for a circumference of hundreds of miles. I have never experienced an earthquake, but it must certainly be something like this. The artilleryists call it a "Trommelfeuer"—a "drumming-fire", and I am the richer for another word. At times it literally beats the breath from my nostrils and I assure you that I am not unused to noises of high intensity. Blow follows blow, quivering with passion, raving blows and remorseless, salvo-like blows of a boxer mercilessly bent on beating his opponent to the ground. The guns shake themselves with rage, they glow and leap, and the foam boils from their muzzles as they spit their hate against the enemy.

The morning is divine. The world shines with beauty and the birds sing with joy. But I have no eyes nor ears for these things; I yield myself up to the tremendous tide of the cannon-fire which, immense as the ocean, spreads itself out before me. At times I venture to throw a swift, shy glance towards the heavens that vault above me in their splendour; at times I seem to blench within, and sometimes I am moved to make the sign of the cross. Somehow or other I have been plunged into a tornado of the time when chaos ruled the universe, when the earth cleft itself and brought forth mountains. Or what else might it be? Is the earth waging war with the sun, assaulting the orb of day from the throats of its volcanoes? Are demons trampling about in space, demons invisible to me, for all that they rave about me?

This commotion is so mighty and so mysterious, so compact of elemental fury, that all the measures of my judgment fail me, as before the face of astronomical figures. It is difficult to believe that human beings are battling here, or that flesh and bone form the targets of these iron monsters. Ah, can you conceive it?—it is man,—man born of woman,—who is here settling scores with his fellow-man. He is settling it in his own way, with his wrath and the wrath of his machines. The Daemon of the Earth, swollen with elemental instincts, is abroad. He had slumbered for long, and a mere nothing sufficed to wake him. I have stumbled into a tempest of the nations that discharges its

anger amid its agony, and gives forth a hail of iron and a rain of blood.

I must confess that I would not care to be in Ypres today, nor in the country beyond Ypres. Nor would I like a brother or a friend of mine to be there. This avalanche must be too terrific even for stolid English nerves, and I know that today their pipes are going out. Nor need I speak of the Frenchmen nor of the colored men, who would certainly be well satisfied with half this amount of attention from the German guns. The English know that we are in deadly earnest and they have no delusions regarding their position.

Unappeasable, pitiless is the speech of the guns. Whole flocks of English aeroplanes mount into the air out of that dreadful pit of fire. Their movements are restless and startled, but stubbornly and despairingly they cross and recross above our positions, searching for our guns. Like angry birds of prey they circle high overhead; their nests and eeries are on fire and they are questing for the enemy. The crashing of the anti-aircraft guns had awakened me as early as five o'clock this morning. As the day grows apace I see the little white cloudlets of shrapnel bloom forth upon the blue of the skies, now to the right, now to the left. They look so beautiful and harmless, like little lambs of snowy wool.

Suddenly there is a crash close beside me, a sharp and hard report, and a shell with a fierce and hungry hiss flashes into the heavens immediately over my head. There is an English biplane up there racing along at a height of some 2000 metres. The shrapnel explodes behind him. Two! three! Like rockets they sail into the air with a fiery, sucking draft. Four! five!

A machine-gun rattles and strews a fountain of pointed bullets against the firmament. And now, with a tearing, crashing roar, a light field-gun takes a hand in the game—at some little distance to the left. The Englishman is facing fire from the front. Marvellous shots! One burst of shrapnel comes so close that it must have splattered his machine with some of its iron berries. The aircraft has lost his appetite; he turns with a mad curve and is off like the very wind. But, no, he returns. Three times he repeats his daring and desperate attempt to fly over our positions and three times he is driven back. The machine-gun hammers like mad; the ribbons of cartridges rush into its jaws; the thing is unappeasable.

The discharges of the cannon have not ceased. They reverberate and thunder without drawing breath. The salvos groan. The battle goes on. What do I say? The battle has just begun. It is just seven o'clock.

In the evening I saw the sun sink down the west, immense, blood red and gloomy,—even as from time immemorial it is supposed to have sunk over great, historic battle-fields. It looked like some face that was wet with blood,—that sun of Ypres,—plunged into the sea of war, shattered by projectiles, and dying,—yet still full of majesty even as it died.

But the guns were still striking their ceaseless and remorseless blows.

Needs Potash.

The United States wishes the Prohibition on Exportation of the Product Removed.

New York, May 24. A Berlin despatch to the *World* says that the negotiations with the United States for the removal of the German prohibition of the exportation of potash salts, which have been in progress for some time, have reached the stage where a successful issue seems probable.

Potash salts form the essential part of both black powder and the bursting charge in shrapnel, and also the fulminating cap in rifle cartridges.

The German proposal which seems to be capable of acceptance by the United States, is that potash exported in exchange for cotton cargoes be consigned to the Department of Agriculture at Washington under a guarantee that it will be used solely in the United States for the purpose of fertilizers, and that its distribution be supervised by inspectors who would see that none of it would fall into the hands of powder manufacturers, as it is charged has been the case of rubber imports from Great Britain.

THE LAST SHOT.

New York. Patrick O'Loughlin, an attendant in the Flatbush Court a few days ago fired the last shot of the Civil War from an old musket that was used in that conflict by the father of the late Willard H. Hodgson of No. 379 Parkside Avenue. The gun when brought home by the elder Hodgson was hung on the wall in the library fully loaded, and there it so remained until a sister of Willard H. Hodgson called Lieut. Henry Brown, a veteran of the Civil War, and requested him to remove the musket from the wall.

The Lieutenant was afraid to discharge the musket, so he took it to the Flatbush Court. O'Loughlin went to the street, pointed the musket at the ground and pulled the trigger. There was an explosion that aroused many residents of Flatbush.

The Hodgson family is moving to another house and did not want to carry the loaded musket.

INDOMITABLE

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

An Iron Calm at Vienna.—Agricultural Workers. An Earthquake at Sarajevo.

Calmness, contempt, unfaltering courage—these are the dominating qualities with which the Dual monarchy faces the new situation. Calmness,—because the empire knows its strength, the inflexible determination to persist unto the end that shall assure it an honorable peace in the face of its dishonorable foes;—contempt for the cowardly and treacherous ally whose sword is stained before it is even drawn;—courage that has only been heightened and hammered into a fierce and unconquerable phalanx of power, reinforced by a conviction of indisputable right, such as must be clear to all mankind.

But these heroic qualities are mingled with an emotion of the most deadly disgust, with a moral horror that finds almost no words to express its detestation of the foulest blow ever struck by one nation at the heart of another. The incredible loathsomeness, the fathomless treachery of Italy's act, appears to most Austrian-Hungarians as something maniacal, a Borgia-like atrocity committed under the mask of friendship. It is indeed difficult to find words to describe the Italy of today. The human reason reels, for it cannot comprehend a thing so monstrous. Italy has not only betrayed her old ally, but she has betrayed her own people and the sanctity of all human relationships. She has sold her future, her people into bondage and sealed them to disaster for the corrupt gold of the impotent Entente. The whirlwinds of blind and suicidal passion whipped up by her bought newspapers and her bought poet, that irresponsible satyr voluptuary d'Annunzio, have hurled her into a war that may well prove her perdition. Criminal statesmen, corrupt newspapers and the inflammable litter of the streets have flung her into that red quagmire in which all the dupes and the allies of England with the single exception of Japan, are now floundering.

Italy suffers from a cataract of the vision, an abscess of the reason, and there can be no surgery for her except the sword. This nation whose name shall hereafter curl the lips of the world into sneers of scorn, must learn in anguish what she would not see in reason. She will discover that the embattled might of Germany, Austria and Hungary is still strong enough to strike down the latest and most cowardly of their foes. Her flesh, her fair and smiling fields and lovely cities will feel that the sword of the Central Powers has not lost its sharpness. They will be laid as sacrificial victims upon the altar of Moloch at which she has been worshipping. The frenzied d'Annunzio shirked that Italy must cease to be a museum. We wonder what flowery words he will venture to utter when he finds that it has been turned into a hospital and a graveyard? And all for naught!

TURKISH CONFIDENCE.

The closest and most sympathetic relations exist between the Turkish and the Austro-Hungarian governments. The Turkish papers have expressed their delight regarding the splendid victories of the Allied armies over the Russians in Galicia. Turkey, too, does not fear any new foe that may show himself. The Sick Man of Europe, as the English were wont contemptuously to call him, is sound and strong again. He has been cured by a German doctor and by German medicine. This war, in fact, has proved to the world, precisely which nations are sick and corrupted and diseased.

HELP FOR THE FARMERS.

Minister of Agriculture Zenker has notified all the communal bodies in the monarchy that all inducements should be given to refugees from Galicia, and to such foreign farm-laborers, among them many Russians that may have been kept back by the war or interned. All measures are being taken to ensure the planting, gathering and garnering of the next crop.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN SARAJEVO.

At 35 minutes past 3 o'clock on the 19th of May there was a heavy earthquake shock at Sarajevo, accompanied by a deep underground rolling sound. This was followed by two further shocks. No damage was done, but there is something strangely awe-inspiring in the thought that the Bosnian city where the assassin's shot was fired that set half the world tottering, should now have been visited by a convulsion of nature. But this came as an after effect. May not the terrible earthquake at Avezzano in Italy a few months ago be regarded as a symbol of the fate that shall befall that entire land?

PLENTY OF OIL AND PETROL.

Another hope of the Entente Powers—who are forever counting upon material factors instead of moral ones—has gone to wreck by the reconquest of the great oil-fields at Boryslaw. A report has just come in from a commission sent to examine the wells and refineries, some of which have been damaged by shell-fire. At Boryslaw alone there are over 50,000 car-loads of crude oil in storage.

R. L. O.

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German Potato Prices.

The City of Berlin has inaugurated the sale of potatoes from its own supplies which have been stored for some time. The price for wholesale dealers has been set at 67 cents per bushel of 60 pounds. The retail dealer pays 76 cents per bushel and charges 15 cents per 10 pounds. Retail dealers who sell municipal potatoes are not allowed to sell other kinds. [Report of American association of Commerce.]

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TRAVEL IN GERMANY.

Mr. Georges Freund tells of Conditions Existing in These Times of War. Report upon the Agricultural Outlook.

AT THE KRUPP WORKS.

Everyone Hard at Work. Some Eighty Thousand Artizans Employed. How Well the Workmen are Cared for. A Model Institution.

In that brightly edited and useful publication, the "Weekly Report of the American Association for Commerce and Trade," Mr. S. G. Freund, Consulting Engineer of New York, publishes an interesting letter upon his observations, gathered in the course of a recent trip to a number of German cities.

Says Mr. Freund:—

In travelling from Hanover to Essen, a distance of about seven hours by fast train, a most fertile section of the country is traversed. Everywhere the most minute care has been taken to utilize every bit of land for agricultural purposes, and the crop outlook can be pronounced as very promising.

The train service leaves nothing to be desired, in fact no difference can be detected in comparison with normal times.

As usual the train had a dining car, a charge of 75 cents being made for a regular course dinner of excellent quality.

GOOD WORK.

The efforts of the National Women's Service and the Red Cross are noticeable at every turn, their good work being carried into every corner of the country. At each railway station, women distribute refreshments to soldiers aboard the trains, and along my train, which carried only a few soldiers, and all of them on leave, several women were parading up and down the platform, doing their very best to distribute their burden of coffee, sandwiches, oranges, etc.

The entrance into Essen, Germany's steel city and the seat of Krupp, makes one think of Pittsburg. Long before the train pulls into the station, shops, furnaces and coal mines are passed, and especially at this time the roar of a thousand wheels and hammers never ceases. They are working day and night now at Krupp's.

If Hanover indicated at every turn "peace in war time," Essen evidences the grim activity of war, for Krupp is now very busy, employing in Essen alone a working force of more than 40,000 men.

AT KRUPP'S.

I am told that in all works of Krupp, located in other cities, more than 80,000 men are employed. And it was Krupp especially where my interest centered.

A hundred years ago, when Krupp began the making of steel, Essen was a town of barely 4000 people and to-day, when Essen has grown with Krupp, the population has reached 56,000.

It is generally believed and taken for granted that Krupp is solely a maker of war material. This impression is erroneous. Krupp is primarily turning out steel and secondly is a manufacturer of guns, machinery, steel work, railway material, in short anything made of steel. The reason that the name of Krupp has always been associated with guns has its cause in his success in the manufacture of modern artillery equipment.

Less known to the world, however, is the success of Krupp in the care of his workmen and employees, and it can truthfully be said that his success as a manufacturer is exceeded only by his efforts and results in the social welfare for his men.

These results are many-sided and cover many fields, but of special interest is no doubt the housing and living problem as solved in the interest and for the benefit of his employees.

HOUSING PROBLEM.

The housing situation of the City of Essen had not kept pace with the development and growth of Krupp, presenting very early a veritable problem for the city's government. Krupp, however, realizing the importance of this, made short work of the situation and took the matter into his own hands. His endeavors in the direction date back as far as 1870, when he inaugurated the establishing of proper living quarters for his employees.

As time advanced, colonies and garden cities sprang up in the outskirts of the town and under the lavish hand of Krupp modern, living quarters were provided and for a rental of about one-fifth less than generally charged by private owners in Essen.

All colonies and garden cities owned by Krupp are built in accordance with the cottage system, providing detached houses for one or more families, with plenty of air, garden space and recreation grounds and facilities.

These colonies are provided with the conveniences of a modern community, as for instance, consumers' stores, swimming pools, libraries, theatres, picture shows, etc.

While these cities are for married men only, separate quarters have been established for single men in the form of boarding houses, also owned and run by Krupp. The charge for full board varies between 37 and 39 cents per day, and for a small room between \$ 2 and \$ 2.50 per month.

MEAL SUPPLIED.

In the restaurant, located within the limits of the works, and affording room for several

thousand men, single meals may be had at a charge of 8 cents for the noon meal and 5 cents for supper.

Other spacious dining rooms are provided for the married men who have their meals brought from home by their people, or who desire to have their meals from the works kitchen.

Great care has been taken for pensioned or invalid workmen, as separate apartments have been provided for them in another garden city where no charge whatever is made. This applies to not only the aged workmen, but also to their widows.

Furthermore, special convalescent homes, hospitals and recreation establishments are provided, all of which are of the most modern equipment.

The pay of the workmen has considerably increased since the outbreak of the war, and, as an official put it, they deserve it because they work so much harder just now.

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

John Galsworthy says that England's Honor is Involved in Restoring the Belgian Kingdom. But as Present He Thinks the Populace is Starving.

London, May 25. Under the heading of "Saved the World," John Galsworthy; thus late in the day; calls the attention of the English to their so far neglected duties towards the Belgians. Amongst other things he writes:—

We have pledged our honor to restore Belgium. But Belgium is not a word—it is a people; and the Belgian people is starving. If we let it perish during the process of restoration we shall have grasped only the shadow of our task.

Mr. Hoover, chairman of the Neutral Commission for Relief in Belgium, and Mr. Francqui, chairman of the committee in Brussels, tell us that "at least 1,500,000 Belgians are now entirely destitute. With the rapid exhaustion of the meat and vegetable supplies there will probably be before harvest time 2,500,000 Belgians who must be fed and clothed solely by charity. The remaining 4,500,000 will get their pitiful daily allowance of bread through the commission, and will pay for it." And they add: "Will you help us to keep the destitute alive?"

BELGIUM'S SACRIFICE.

Our own exigencies are, of course, tremendous; but what would they not be if Belgium had consulted her own material needs, had just chosen to save herself—instead of saving the Western world? With Belgium complacent to the German, Paris gone, Calais gone—it would have meant another year on to the years we may have to fight, an extra five hundred million pounds of money, an extra hundred thousand lives. If ever country owed debt, this country owes it to Belgium, to keep the breath in the bodies of her people. Owe it, and must pay it.

In standing to her guns Belgium saved, of course, the whole world, for modern civilisation is built on nothing if not on good faith and honorable obligation; but it is France and Britain, before all, that she has saved. France, however, has a terrific task in the rescue of her own ruined millions in the north. Thanks, perhaps, to ruined Belgium, Britain has not, may never have, to rescue and restore ruined towns and countryside.

NOT ENOUGH.

In return, what is Britain doing? Spending money and blood like water to drive the Germans out of Belgium. Yes, but let us be honest. We should have had to do that in any case for our own interest. We are not thereby discharging the debts of gratitude, justice, and humanity. Giving hospitality to 200,000 Belgians? It is something, but not enough. Not nearly enough! So far we have not faced at all the desperate situation of Belgium itself; we have not, indeed, been asked to. From Canada and Australia, with one-fifth of our population, help to the value of £150,000 a month has been coming in. From ourselves, practically nothing. But in future, all eyes are turning to us; it is we who are now asked to stay the march of death.

It would of course astonish Mr. Galsworthy to hear that Belgium under German rule is really better governed and more orderly than ever before. But if this wooden idealist imagines that England is still going to concern herself about the fate of her victim for her victim's sake, he is pitifully mistaken.

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