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Big Caliber Gun.

Paris, Oct. 28. The Creuzot works are busy on the production of a vast 45 centimeter mortar.

Colored English.

Rotterdam, Oct. 28. The recruiting of colored Englishmen has begun in Capetown. In two hours 200 men had enlisted.

Appeal by Servians.

London, Oct. 28. The Daily Telegraph publishes an appeal by the Servian Government to the Allies for help, the Servians being hopelessly outnumbered.

Strange Proposition.

Lugano, Oct. 29. According to despatches from Rome, the English government has requested the Portuguese government to send troops to Gibraltar to relieve the English forces there, they being needed elsewhere.

Aeroplane over Venice.

Lugano, Oct. 28. The town of Venice has again been visited by an enemy aeroplane. A bomb fell upon the roof of the Santa Maria degli Scalzi. A bomb fell on the Piazza St. Marco. A day later three aeroplanes visited the town. The damage done was small.

Too Late.

Sofia, Oct. 27. The newspaper Kambana writes concerning the situation, that any help that be sent by the Allies can only come too late to assist Servia for now both the Salonica railroad and the line of the Vardar are occupied.

Transport Sunk.

Salonica, Oct. 28. An English steamer the Marketti, used as a transport ship, has been torpedoed in the bay of Tsesi. A thousand British troops were aboard, 40 ambulance men, 12 doctors, 500 mules and large quantities of munitions of war. Only 82 men were saved. The transport had been escorted by two destroyers until it was thought that all danger was over.

Awkward Questions.

London, Oct. 28. In the House of Lords, the late Lord Chancellor Loreburn, put the questions to the Government as to whether the sending of troops to Salonica was in full agreement with the Government in London and the maritime and military authorities. Secondly whether the Government was sure that it could keep up the communications with those troops and keep them fully supplied with all necessities including reinforcements of men.

Presidential Crisis.

Paris, Oct. 28. Not only is the town full of rumours of Ministerial changes, in which it is said that a new Minister of Foreign Affairs will be nominated, but there are further reports that a Presidential crisis is imminent. This last one goes so far as to say that M. Deschanel has given up his position as President of the Chamber, in order to be ready for the new Presidential nomination. Also that M. Léon Bourgeois and M. Ribot have Presidential pretensions.

Greeks Annoyed.

Athens, Oct. 28. Great is the annoyance at the attitude of the Entente Powers towards Greece. The pretensions of the British Minister to control the action of Greece has been the last blow. The Hestia says that only the Governments in Athens and Nish are capable of interpreting the treaty between Greece and Servia. The Greeks have passed 4,000 Bulgarians going to the front, and not only that, but have given them free passage in over the Greek railroads. If Venizelos should be found intriguing further, it has been decided that he will be expelled and sent to Crete.

King Constantin Speaks.

Athens, Oct. 27. King Constantin has given an interview to the representative of the Associated Press in which His Majesty said that Greece held its sword in the scabbard but ready for action. That his country would not admit of any action which might in any way be considered as a violation of the territorial rights of Greece, or as restricting the free rights of the people. "It is my duty," he said "to watch over the safety of my country and see that it does not come into danger of sinking. That danger would however be, if we took part in the Continental war. So far as it lies in my power, I will prevent that."

CRUISER LOST.

London, Oct. 28. The Cruiser Argyll has run ashore off the Scottish coast and is lost.

FEEL WEARY
OF THE WAR.

English Quite Willing to Fight But Want to See Some Victorious Results.

CASUALTIES, CASUALTIES!

Vast Casualty Lists Appear Every Morning When Newspapers Come Out But No Progress Made.

London, Oct. 28. One of the military writers says: "The English are not so tired of the war as they are weary of a war which brings no results whatsoever." That pretty well reflects opinion here. Each day there comes the terrible casualty list, for which the public is never properly prepared because it is "fed up" with a constant diet of victorious engagements, with no mention made of losses. And the letters that come from the front are full of complaints of the terrible times the "tommies" are having.

One of the late casualty lists is 99 officers and 3,611 men, and the people look at one another and ask what it means. For they have been told that the Germans lose six men to every one of the English. If that be so they say why then the Germans must have untold millions!

Such things are told the public by War Correspondents of the Valentine Williams type, who have never in their lives seen a battle fought. But the British public is getting very tired of all the nonsense served up to it by the so called, War Correspondents, who one and all appear to be banded together in order to deceive the public and make the people believe that England is winning when things, as the King said, are in a desperate state.

Violent Attacks.

The Times, the Manchester Guardian, the Daily Mail and the Morning Post all combine in a terrific campaign, calling for the truth to be told and menacing the already tottering government. Asquith has been ill and he has lost all hold on his unwieldy Government consisting of 22 members. An impossible number, with which it has been found almost impossible to come to any definite agreement upon any subject. All are agreed that the trial of the coalition government has shown it to be an utter failure.

Those Casualties.

Amongst some of the latest casualties are Lieutenant Robert Williams, the prospective Unionist candidate for the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire, who has been killed in action in France. He was 27 years old, and was machine-gun officer in the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Another casualty list gives the names of 108 British officers. Among the officers killed are Lieut.-Colonel W. T. Gaisford, 7th Battalion Seaforth Highlanders; Major M. C. Dobson, Royal Field Artillery; and Major R. E. Noyes, 10th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment. The wounded officers include Colonel B. I. Ways, 4th Battalion North Staffordshire Regiment, attached 8th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment; Lieut.-Col. A. M. Kennard, D.S.O., Royal Field Artillery; Lieut. Colonel A. B. B. Smith-Bingham, D.S.O., 3rd Dragoon Guards; Lieut.-Colonel H. B. Warwick, 12th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers; Major and Adjutant C. G. Forsyth, 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment; Major J. H. Jaques, 12th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment; Major C. C. Noot, Royal Garrison Artillery; and Major W. N. Stewart, Lothians and Border Horse, attached North Somerset Yeomanry. Major T. A. Glenny, 7th Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, is wounded and missing.

Another list referring to the rank and file gives the names of 2321 men of the two Services, of whom 166 are reported to be dead. A list of 119 wounded repatriated prisoners is also given.

Irish Chaplain Dead.

Father John Gwynn, chaplain to the Irish Guards, has been officially notified dead. Father Gwynn went to the front at the outbreak of the war, and was shortly afterwards seriously wounded. On recovering he again volunteered for active service, and to the last he remained in the firing line with the Irish Guards. A native of Galway, Father Gwynn was a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, and his loss will be deeply regretted, particularly amongst the Irish Guards, with whom he was very popular. Father Gwynn was only one of a large number of Jesuits risking their lives at the front.

Famous Football Player.

Lieutenant W. M. Dickson, the Scottish Rugby international, has died in France. The lieut.-colonel commanding his regiment writes:—"He was one of the most popular

officers I had, and his loss is a severe one to the whole battalion. His disposition and unflinching cheerfulness endeared him to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man. He was killed when with his company holding a trench against the Germans. I can only say he died like a soldier and a man, and suffered hardly any pain. From all I can hear he was unconscious almost at once and died very soon."

A Rowing Man.

Lieutenant R. W. M. Arbuthnot, R. F. A. Adjutant to the 94th Brigade was wounded in the spring after being out since August 1914, returned to the front on September 8, and now has his right arm smashed. He stroked the Eton boat at Henley, in 1909-10-11-12 rowed for Cambridge against Oxford, one year stroking, and also rowed for Leander. He joined the Reserve of Officers four years ago, and as soon as war was declared joined for service.

Lieutenant W. M. Cameron, 1st Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, only son of Rev. Alex. Cameron, formerly minister of Sleat, Skye, now of Fort William. He joined the Special Reserve of officers in 1913, and, receiving his commission soon after, has been out with the 1st Camerons since the beginning of the war. He is suffering from a fracture of the left thigh and a bad shrapnel wound, and is now in hospital in London.

LOST THE GAME.

Governments of London, Paris, Rome Failed to Give Necessary Support to Their Diplomats.

Copenhagen, Oct. 28. The leading papers here are of opinion that the Quadruple Alliance had once again lost the diplomatic game. The Governments of London, Paris and Rome had utterly failed to support their diplomats in a manner so that they could give issue to the promises that had been made. Now the three Powers find themselves given the choice, either to leave Servia in the lurch, and thus lose their entire prestige in Asia and the Orient, just where prestige plays such a big role or to accept the campaign in the Balkans to which the Central Powers have challenged them.

The Politiken and the Berlingske Tidende publish articles in the same sense, in which they frankly state that the Entente Powers have suffered a terrible defeat. The Politiken, a paper which is strictly non-german says: "German diplomacy has risen to the height of the capacities shown in the leadership of the army, that is to say, it has been keen, quick and energetic in its action."

AMERICAN OPINION.

Attention Drawn to Breach of Neutrality in Salonica Landing. Tampering in England With Cable Despatches.

New York, Oct. 28. Both the World and the Sun draw attention to the gross breach of neutrality on the part of the Allies in the landing of troops at Salonica and say that it is contrary to the terms of the Hague Convention.

The World contains a strong attack upon the English Government on account of the manner in which Cables sent by its Correspondents are tampered with.

A GOLD RECORD.

New York, Oct. 28. What is said to be the largest consignment of gold yet made in the course of the present movement of that metal from England to the United States reached Messrs Morgan lately. According to one estimate, it amounted in value to 25 million dollars (\$25,000,000). It is rumoured that the consignment was made in the form of sovereigns.

ITALY'S AMERICAN LOAN

New York, Oct. 28. Italy has negotiated in New York the placing of notes for a term of one year to the amount of \$5,000,000, bearing interest at 6 per cent.

ROUMANIA NEUTRAL.

Lugano, Oct. 28. The Idea Nazionale states that it hears, on good authority that an understanding has been come to with Austro Hungary and Germany which secures the absolute neutrality of Roumania.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

(Balkan Front)
The German troops have pushed forward into the Rud-ik mountain range. The Austrians are following up the Topolo-Kagujevac road.

The Army of General von Gallwitz has reached Lapowo and after hard fighting drove the enemy back south and south-east of Cytllajnac. Prisoners 2,033.

The first Bulgarian army has taken Pirot after hard fighting and have made a triumphal entry into the city. The Bulgarians have now joined hands with the Austro-Hungarian and German troops.

AMERICA AS GREAT NAVAL
POWER OF THE FUTURE.

STUPENDOUS WARSHIPS BEING BUILT ECLIPSING ANYTHING YET KNOWN IN ANNALS OF NAVAL CONSTRUCTION. SUPER BATTLE CRUISERS BIGGER FASTER MORE HEAVILY ARMED THAN ANYTHING AFLOAT. SPEED OF THIRTY FIVE KNOTS PER HOUR TALKED OF.

New York, Oct. 28. Whilst the powers of Europe are fighting battles of the bloodiest kind, America is busying itself with the task of building up a navy which will excel any other. And so, the people of the world will one day wake up to the knowledge that the United States has a navy quite as powerful as that of any nation.

Scarcely noticed in Europe, owing to the all absorbing interests of the Great War, the biggest and the most powerful line of battle ship ever launched, has been floated, she is the California.

The New Wonder.

The new battleship California, just launched, will be the world's first electric Dreadnought, and from point of size will be greater than any foreign battleship built or building. The California and her two sister ships, the Mississippi and the Idaho, already authorised, will each displace over 39,000 tons, almost 6,000 tons more than the new Dreadnought Pennsylvania, now on the way to completion.

The California is a ship of innovations. She costs \$7,700,000 without her armour or armament, which is expected to cost as much more. She will have a speed of 21 knots, will be 624 ft. long, 97 ft. beam, and will draw 30 ft. of water. She will carry twelve 14-inch guns, mounted three abreast in a turret, 22 5-inch rapid-fire guns, and will have four submerged torpedo tubes.

The principal feature of the new Dreadnought, however, is the electric propelling machinery. The navy experts believe that the electric installation is cheaper than steam propulsion and reduces the weight of machinery. The system has been so successful in a collier that the Navy Department feels justified in adapting it to a Dreadnought.

Battle Monsters.

Two sister ships of the California, the Mississippi and the Idaho are under construction, the latter will soon be completed. Further the Pennsylvania, 33,000 tons and the Arizona, about 32,000 tons are in course of construction, the former almost complete.

President Wilson has approved the recommendation of Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, for a naval programme, extending over five years, involving a total cost of \$500,000,000. This is likely to be largely increased.

BIG NAVAL PROGRAMME.

Washington, Oct. 28. Super-battle cruisers, bigger, faster and more heavily armed than any war craft now afloat or building, which will cost \$18,000,000 each to construct and equip, will be recommended to Congress as a part of the navy building program for next year. Decision on this step was reached at a conference between President Wilson, Secretary Daniels and Representative Padgett, chairman of the House naval affairs committee.

SERVIA STANDS IN FORLORN SITUATION.

Surrounded on All Sides. King Peter's Army Resists Despairingly. England Refuses Help. Russian Assistance Comes Too Late. Appeal By Patschitch. Falls on Deaf Ears.

All are agreed that the situation of Servia is in the last degree critical, and above all the Servians themselves. The aged Premier Patschitch has despatched an urgent appeal to the Allies telling that the Servians were fighting in a despairing struggle against overwhelming odds.

What Friends.

From France came no reply at all. From Russia a promise, that at an indefinite period 250,000 troops will be sent. From England comes the cold douche, in the callous speech of Lord Lansdowne, who, in reply to the despairing cry of the Servian Premier, coldly informs the small Balkan State that England has no troops at disposal. This extraordinary attitude on the part of Great Britain, after having posed so exceedingly prominently and ostentatiously as the friend and champion of the small countries, can easily be imagined. The Servians, thus left in the lurch by England, Russia and France, are staggered. Rumours are that King Peter is making arrangements to abdicate. Whether he can escape capture is more than doubtful.

Utterly Hopeless.

A look at the map shows clearly how utterly hopeless the position of the Servians is. It looks in truth as though nothing can save Servia from sharing the fate of Poland. The Bulgarians have joined hands with the Central Powers' forces about Palanka. The entire Timok

Plans for such a type of vessel as is contemplated already have been prepared under the direction of Rear Admiral David W. Taylor, chief constructor of the navy, and now are being considered by the secretary and members of the General Board.

Just how many of the new type ships will be asked for this winter has not been determined. Secretary Daniels said after the conference. Cost of construction of many navy craft has risen since the outbreak of the European war, with the consequent enormous demand upon American resources, some recent steel contracts for the navy showing an increase of 30 per cent. over previous prices.

Dreadnoughts Also Urged.

Dreadnoughts which will also be recommended for construction this winter will cost \$18,000,000 each, it is estimated, as against \$15,000,000 for those now building. Part of this increase, however, is due to new hull construction to provide greater protection against torpedo attack.

Thirty Five knot Speed.

Plans for the battle-cruisers, Mr. Daniels said, contemplated a speed of 35 knots an hour. They will be faster than any but the swiftest destroyers. In land terms, they will equal the speed of railway trains, making more than 40 miles an hour.

The armament has not been decided upon. But it probably will be equal to or greater than that of present-day dreadnoughts. It is understood that some officers believe each ship should carry twelve 14-inch, 50 caliber rifles, but it is possible that a lesser number of guns may be mounted, or that the new 16-inch rifle, the largest naval gun yet developed, may be used. In that case probably only six or eight big guns would be mounted.

All the items of the forthcoming navy estimates have been considered in the course of many conferences. Secretary Daniels declined to disclose other details of plans. He intimated, however, that a building program for the submarine flotilla would be urged that would make possible an inner line of defense along both coasts, to be maintained by submersibles operating from bases established at necessary intervals on both the Atlantic and Pacific shore lines.

Submarines Highly Valuable.

The secretary said that recently, when submarines were at the height of their activity in the European war, the pendulum of public opinion had swung too far in favor of submarines, and that the tendency now would be to swing it too far the other way. The navy plans, he declared, would not make either error. He added that the value of submersibles for defense of the wide reaches of coastline on both shores could hardly be overestimated.

SERVIA STANDS IN FORLORN SITUATION.

Surrounded on All Sides. King Peter's Army Resists Despairingly. England Refuses Help. Russian Assistance Comes Too Late. Appeal By Patschitch. Falls on Deaf Ears.

River communication has fallen into the hands of the Bulgarians. By the capture of Knjajevatz, Nish is cut off from all communication, Pirot has been stormed.

A train carrying what remains of the Servian national treasure has been demolished by bombs from an aeroplane.

The Bulgarians having captured Uskub are following up rapidly the fleeing Servians towards Prizrend, where already the Albanians are harassing the Servians.

Sauve Qui Peut.

It is no longer a question of the utter defeat of the Servians, but rather that of how the special protégés of Russia can possibly escape utter annihilation.

The official reports give little news. But all may be summed up in a few words. Servia is done for and the great question which poses itself is: "what next!"

NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

Paris, Oct. 28. According to private report a Ministry will be formed with Briand as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, with General Gallieni, as Minister of War; Barthou, Justice; Ribot, Finance; Admiral Lacaze, Navy; Jules Cambon, General Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

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THE CONTINENTAL TIMES may be seen at all Consulates and Embassies.

The Editor, while always glad to consider suitable manuscripts, can under no circumstances assume responsibility for their return. All letters must be addressed to "The Editor."

Praise and Abuse.

Assuredly the *Continental Times* must be attracting a great deal of attention if we are to judge by the enormous number of complimentary and abusive letters which are daily received at its office. The praise, sometimes excessive, we take with the due modesty of those who are doing their duty and telling the truth, however unacceptable that may be to a great number of people.

But the abusive letters are amusing, and instructive from the psychological point of view, as showing the narrow-mindedness of so many members of the human race. One letter for instance from "A smiling Englishman in Rotterdam"—such letters are nearly all anonymous or written under a false name— inveighs against us because we were humane enough to congratulate King Constantin on having kept his country—already so exhausted from the efforts in the last Balkan war—out of the great campaign and having ousted Veniselos who wished to drag poor little Greece into the vortex of the European conflict. The "Smiling Englishman's" knowledge of international affairs appears small, for he does not even know the conditions of the treaty between Greece and Serbia, which related solely to the question of Serbia being attacked by any two Balkan Kingdoms. However, on the whole, the Englishman who smiles in Rotterdam thinks the news in the *Continental Times* is well set forth; for which appreciation we naturally have a fitting recognition.

Then comes along a furious man, of the plebeian name of Hawkins probably he pronounces it "Awkins," who is not smiling in Rotterdam, but fuming, fretting and foaming in Stockholm. That is natural enough, as the hardy and independent minded Swedes dislike the race to which Hawkins or "Awkins" belongs, since their experiences of its representatives in the last Olympian Games at Stockholm. Moreover, the Swedes have found it necessary to expel several of the Hawkins tribe—for he is undoubtedly a spy—from Sweden. And Hawkins, in a very absurd letter, in which he fails to give his address, boils over in futile rage against the *Continental Times* and quite specially bitterly against its well meaning and hard worked staff. This foolish fellow loses precious time and wastes black and white paper in bombarding the members of our staff with vulgar abuse. "Oh!" he writes: "If the English Government could only get hold of you!" Poor Hawkins or "Awkins." How he must suffer!

No! No! dear Hawkins, or "Awkins," you are of those who resent the knowledge of the fact that the war is going exceedingly ill for the Allies. That the *Continental Times* should tell you that is disagreeable to you, and, in the smallness of your mind, you think it well to abuse us, just as you are abusing the Greeks because they refuse to abandon their neutrality, the Bulgarians on account of their having taken sides against the regicide Servians, and the Turks because they are brave and have made mincemeat of the French and English troops at Gallipoli. But all that is of no avail dear Hawkins, or "Awkins." When the war is over the Shaws and Haldane's, the Morley's and the *Continental Times* will receive the appreciation they deserve for their independence and daring in "calling a spade a spade", praising where praise was due, condemning where fault lay.

Adieu To The It will interest many habitual Wagons Lits. travellers to hear that the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits* is to be re-organised. You can hear them saying, "bravo!" Its service was miserable, its prices exorbitant. Now we are to have the Central European Dining and Sleeping Car Company. It will be international in the true sense of the term and no foreign capital will find place in its formation. From Jan. 1 1916 trains will be run from Antwerp and Ostende to Constantinople and from Constantinople to Warsaw and vice versa.

AN OPINION AS TO VICTORY.

AMERICAN TELLS WHY GERMANY OUGHT TO WIN THE GREAT CAMPAIGN. THE COUNTRY OF TODAY.

REPLY TO BIGELOW'S LETTER.

BELIEVES IN THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF TEUTONIC CAUSE. RUSSIA CAN STAND LICKING. LOVE OF FRANCE, ENGLAND HAS NO BUSINESS IN WAR.

New York, Oct. 29. The following interesting letter has been addressed to the *New York Tribune* and merits careful perusal:—
Sir: Apropos of Mr. Bigelow's recent letter to *The New York Times*, in which he tries to prove that there are no gentlemen in Prussia, permit me to say that newspaper editors cannot imagine how irritating and amusing it is to those of us, who, in spite of our decided German leanings, are nevertheless sufficiently neutral not to look at things from a pervertedly partisan point of view, to see the scathing satirical and prejudiced articles eminent "neutral" Americans are contributing to important and supposedly neutral American newspapers.

I am one of those, Sir, who believe in the righteousness of the German cause, and who honestly believe and maintain that the best interests of society would be best furthered by a Germanic victory.

I am an American by choice, citizenship and training, but above all I am a human being in my sympathies. I know that the Germanic allies are not perfect, that they do not corner all the virtues, but I believe that of all the belligerents they represent the highest good and ideals for society, and mankind.

I well realize the services England has rendered to mankind by giving the world eminent sons like Shakespeare, Newton, Darwin, Lister, and by giving the world the Magna Charta and a parliamentary form of government.

Loves the French.

I love the French. Everybody does. They gave the world Rousseau and Voltaire and Pasteur, and they have sown the ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity into the consciousness of a grateful mankind.

So you see I am not prejudiced.

England and France represent the musty, bygone past, Russia typifies the coming race, but Germany, in that wonderfully, virile prime of her national life, represents the glorious, splendid present, with all its tremendous possibilities.

She is the country of today, and that's why she triumphs.

Life—so evolution teaches us—is a constant struggle between the strong and the weak, in which the fitter survives.

Coming down to the issues of the war, it was all right for Russia to undertake to champion the cause of the Serb and that of Pan-Slavism, because she risks very little, and because she can easily stand a licking.

But it was a sin against society for democratic England and republican France to enter into an entangling alliance with autocratic Russia and—here is where 'the eternal law of compensation begins to operate—they are paying the price now.

A Criminal Alliance.

France, but for that unnaturally criminal alliance with Russia, would be at peace today, attending to the solution of her urgently pressing internal and national problems. As a consequence, however, poor Belgium lies prostrate and poor France is bleeding to death. Few people realize that the French Government—being afraid of the consequences of her suicidal foreign policy—does not dare to publish the casualty lists, that French papers do not publish the German versions of the war, and that there are more births today in New York City than in the whole of France.

England has no business to be in this war. The handful of people representing the government had no business to declare war in the name of an empire, when her people do not have their heart and soul in it. Otherwise, why that frenzied advertising for recruits and threats against the workmen? (There are over 3,000,000 volunteers in the Germanic armies.)

Youngest and Strongest.

Germany will win this war not only because she is the youngest and strongest, but also because she does most for her people.

A thorough, efficient school system, organization, science, patriotism, honor, clean municipal government and lots of social legislation are bound to make a nation loyal, self-sacrificing and willing to die for the country.

There are no Churchill or Caillaux scandals in Germany, but there is a united nation fused with one intoxicatingly glorious patriotic exultation: to defend and save the Fatherland from her enemies who would starve and dismember her.

This is the way the world would benefit by a German victory: England will realize that her system of education and the looseness of her governmental system are not up-to-date. She will learn that too much individualism in an national crisis is bad, and that the state has a very important business in looking after the economic interest of her citizens. She will realize that there is something else to live for than mere money making.

Will Rejuvenate.

France will come to her senses. She will be rejuvenated. She will learn that the old-fashioned attitude of the German Hausfrau, with her belief in church, kitchen and children, is more substantial and more worth while than the sickly, loose morals of decadent French family life, which began to result in a slow dying out of the population.

Russia will learn that it is not numbers, but intelligence and patriotism that count. She will liberate her hordes of downtrodden peasants from the slavery of ignorance, treat them justly, and give them an interest in the affairs and councils of the nation.

Italy will learn that hot-headedness does not pay. She will learn to control that excitable, hot blood of hers, and will have a chance to meditate that the old, romantic day of the stiletto is gone.

What will happen to Belgium I do not know.

Let the Americans remember the proclamation the highly intelligent and efficient German Socialists issued a few days ago, the most important and most hopeful document that came out since the war broke out.

Germany will and must win!
Max Jägerhuber.

Harriman, N. Y.

TARTUFFE AND ANANIAS.

Cant, Calumny and Commercialism.

"Is one dear to you fighting in the Great War? If so you are entitled to wear this badge. Send one shilling."

—The Woman's Branch, National Service.

"Mr. Bernard Shaw is trying to emerge from the obscurity caused by his unpatriotic utterances at the beginning of the great struggle."

—Daily Mail.

"It apparently seems to you that it is inhuman for any man to sell arms and ammunition to the Allies. I cannot agree with you. It is humane for us to send food and clothing to the plundered and impoverished Belgians. It is not less humane to send guns to the policemen who are trying to drive the plunderers out of the home they have devastated and to restore it again to its rightful owners."

—Lyman Abbott.

"When Germany made war on Russia, France and Belgium, the German people were misinformed."

—Gregory Mason.

"A sinister news item is the German announcement of a Lille—Warsaw express train service."

—The Outlook (New York)

In order that Lord Haldane's observations may be more readily accessible we propose issuing a cheap and popular edition of Scaremongering from the *Daily Mail* in which will be found enshrined a number of those interesting announcements of his which led this country to believe that Germany was our friend, with the disastrous results now known to the entire world. —Harmsworth.

"Our hatred of German cruelty and greed and wild ambition to dominate the world."

—W. Beach Thomas.

"Poor little Serbia."

—Daily Mail.

"M. Delcasse's resignation will be deeply regretted. The debt of Europe to him is heavy. With the late King Edward he was the creator of the Entente Cordiale which has now ripened into the closest of alliances. France can show no greater Foreign Minister in her splendid history."

—Daily Mail.

"The Revolt of Bryan." "That which is crushed breaketh out into a viper." Isaiah, 59, 5."

—Col. George Harvey.

"Our Zeppelin Fund. £200 for Death of Each Adult, £25 for Death of each Child. £300 for House and Furniture. Conditions: Subscribe to *Daily Mail*." —The Daily Mail.

"Wednesday next being the feast of Saint Michael and all angels in the Church of England, Mr. Arthur Machen will contribute to to-morrow night's issue of the *Evening News*, a special article entitled "Angels in the 20th Century."

—Evening News.

"Our Day' in Egypt."

—The Times.

"Unless assistance was rendered the Belgian people might starve. From such study as I have made of the psychology of the Germans they would not deplore that result."

—Lord Curzon.

"The Hague Conventions make each belligerent responsible for the proper maintenance and clothing of all prisoners of war within its jurisdiction. The almost wearisome demand for parcels contained in prisoner's letters home shows only too vividly how the German authorities shirk their obligations."

—Times.

"There must be a kind of glorying in London at being allowed to take our little share of danger in Zeppelin raids."

—Bishop of London.

"Awake! Great Britain is at last awake!" wrote a bold German rechanter. Great Britain is at last awake to a stauncher loyalty, so she buys Wolsey underwear."

—Daily Mail

"Nelson is loved as our greatest Englishman. This journal which shares his qualities, proves that Britain appreciates them to-day and follows the voice of courage, by a sale far in excess of a million a week. If you wish to win cleanly, quickly, write to John Bull about it."

—John Bull.

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

Emperor Bestows Orders for Bravery upon Heroes of the War.

RED CROSS HONORS.

American Contribution to Vienna Choral Union. Movement to Obtain Release of Doctor Sylvester Prisoner of Russians.

The Emperor has bestowed the Order of the Iron Crown of the second class with the war medal on Fieldmarshal Lehel Festl in recognition of his services before the enemy. Professor Dr. Richard Werner who has served as army-surgeon at Przemysl, has been decorated with the Cross for military merits and the Francis Joseph order. The same decorations received Dr. Gustav von Metnitz, commander of the Volunteer Rifles Corps No. 5, for special bravery in leading his troops against the enemy.

The Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Constantinople, Count Pallavicini, on behalf of Emperor Francis Joseph, handed to the Grand-Vizier the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Stephens.

Archduke Francis Salvator, as deputy-protector of the Austrian Red Cross, on behalf of the Emperor has decorated with the silver medal of the Red Cross Fraulein Mizzi Pellar of the Deutsche Volkstheater.

Emperor's Donation for Bulgarians.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has handed over 25,000 crowns to the Austrian branch of the Bulgarian Red Cross, and 25,000 crowns to the Hungarian branch of the Bulgarian Red Cross. Archduke Francis Salvator, with the permission of the Emperor, has accepted the position of High-Protector of the Bulgarian Red Cross in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Hungarian Bishops Charity Fund.

A conference of the Hungarian Bishops under the presidency of Cardinal Prince-Bishop Dr. Czernoch will be held on October 27th at Budapest. Among the items to be discussed is a resolution that the Roman Catholic Church in Hungaria do establish a Charity Fund for the benefit of War-Orphans and Invalids. This fund is to become a permanent institution, and after the war is to be under the sole control of the Catholic Clergy in Hungary.

Indianapolis helps Vienna.

The Vienna Choral Union has received a letter from the Indianapolis Choral Union enclosing a donation of 200 crowns as their contribution towards the fund established by the members of the Choral Union in Vienna for the benefit of widows and orphans of those members of their Union who have fallen on the field of honor in this war. The letter is signed by President J. P. Frenzel on behalf of the Indianapolis Choral Union, and in course of the letter President Frenzel says, they all admire the heroism and the bravery shown by the Austrian troops in this terrible war, and they all hope for the speedy final triumph of the united Austro-German armies.

Stigmatizing Traitors.

The Municipal Council of the Hungarian town and district Hunyad, by solemn resolution, have expelled from among their number the former Municipal Councillors Vazul Cswoda and Johann Votia for betraying their country to the Russians. The Municipal Council at the same time decided that the expulsion of these two traitors should be made known publicly. The said Cswoda and Votia have fled to Roumania.

Dr. Nemet's Historic Documents.

Dr. Alfred Nemet, secretary to the President of the Hungarian Ministry at Budapest, has published in the Hungarian language a collection of diplomatic documents, emanating from the various European governments, and bearing on the present war. Dr. Nemet describes in an introduction the different phases of the diplomatic campaign which led up to the outbreak of the war, and in the body of the book many important documents are found published which otherwise are difficult of access to the ordinary student of politics.

Deputy A Russian Prisoner.

A committee has been formed in Vienna for the purpose of causing diplomatic action to be taken by the Austro-Hungarian government to bring about the release of Deputy Dr. Sylvester, member of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, who last January was taken prisoner by the Russians, and since that time has not been heard of. President of this committee is Deputy Reizes.

Belzec-Lublin Train Service.

The railway line from Belzec to Lublin via Tawnik has been re-built, since the Russians during their first invasion of Galicia had burnt down all the stations, and torn up the permanent way. Now a regular daily service of trains has recommenced to run on this line. In the place of the burnt down station-buildings temporary iron-buildings have been erected.

Antwerp-Constantinople Sleeping Cars.

The journal *Die Zeit* states that the old International Sleeping Car Company of Brussels is to be re-organized under the new title of "Central European Dining and Sleeping Car Company". The seat of the new Company will be at Brussels as before, but no foreign capital will be allowed to have an interest in the new company. The new service of cars will commence on January 1st 1916, and cars will be run from Constantinople to Ostend and Antwerp, from Constantinople to Warsaw, from Constantinople to Copenhagen, and, of course, vice versa

The Open Tribune.

To Our Readers.

We shall be glad to publish any communication from our readers, but must ask contributors to attach name and address to their letters. These will be published anonymously, if so desired. The *Continental Times* is not responsible for the opinions of the contributors to this column. Contributors are requested to limit the length of their letters to the utmost, in order to avoid the necessity of curtailing by the Editor.

Mr. Gaffney's Resignation.

To the Editor.
I have been requested by the friends of Mr. Gaffney to send you the enclosed address to Mr. Gaffney, that it may appear in the *Continental Times*.

München, October 25, 1915.

Charles E. Cuvry.

We learn with regret and dismay that you have been called upon to send in your resignation by our Government at Washington.

The first intimation given to us that our Consul was requested to resign came, not from our President, not from our own Government or Ambassador, but from the news-agency of a foreign country. We are told by a London press bureau controlled and directed by the British Government that an American Consul-General in Germany is dismissed because he is charged with friendly feelings toward the German people.

We share these feelings to the full. It was your duty, Sir, to entertain those feelings and to exhibit them at all times, and you would have been false to your trust and to the duties confided to you, to protect and maintain our interests in this country, had you not cultivated and expressed our friendly feelings toward the people of the land you were commissioned to reside in and of which we are happy and proud to be the guests. For that service and for the many others you have rendered us, as citizens of the United States, we thank you. You have at all times discharged your duties in our regard with courtesy, energy and goodwill. You have been an efficient representative of our country and its interests in this great city throughout this most trying period.

We have felt that in you the care of our interests was in capable hands and was guided by an active intelligence that took account of all our needs at a time when these demanded vigilance, tact and close attention.

We assure you, Sir, that the American Consulate at Munich has never been better represented than of late, by you. It is, moreover, the opinion of the few British residents here and entrusted to your care, that you have done everything in your power to represent their interests and lighten their lot since the outbreak of the war. On the other hand, the esteem in which you are held by the Germans, above all by the government and municipal authorities, has done much to establish a friendly understanding and a good feeling between them and the Americans resident here.

We regret sincerely, if these are the reasons for which you have been recalled from your post at Munich, and assure you that a severer blow in the present times could not have been inflicted on our Colony.

Munich, October 1915.

Geraldine Farrar for Germany.

To the Editor.
I wish to draw the attention of the readers of the *Continental Times* to the following excellent and sensible letter from Geraldine Farrar, the brilliant American Prima Donna, which I take from the *New York Tribune*.

She says:
"I am pro-German because never shall I remember with anything but the deepest humility and gratitude that Germany made me what I am! That for sixteen years the folk under the black eagle encouraged me to sing my song. That can't be eradicated, and I would feel that way if I had received my spiritual sustenance from any other country. But it did not so happen. And those of my friends who cannot appreciate this, can no longer come to my table; I am sorry, but so it must be.

"What I say is not a calculation of the head. I feel that the unity of the nation, the ideal of a country, that is what democracy lacks. We have not the perverted patriotism a monarchy shows a patriot doesn't grumble about what the navy's going to cost!"
"It's a peculiar sort of patriotism we show. Why can't an American sail on boats running under the Stars and Stripes? How do we expect other people to respect us when our people, who in time of trouble ought to be considerate enough for their country, deliberately engage in actions that must plunge millions of people into war because of their foolishness!"

Good luck to the bright and interesting *Continental Times*.

American.

from all the above mentioned cities to Constantinople.
This enterprise is no doubt one of the most interesting features of the life behind the front, dining- and sleeping-cars run by the Central Powers right across the European continent as if the world were enjoying the most complete peace.
Vienna, October 27th.

T. R. Willson.

THE "TIMES"—CONTINENTAL AND INSULAR.

The Bishop of Bristol in Fear of the Former.

His Grace Exercises one Surviving Liberty and Writes to the "London Times."

By R. L. ORCHELLE.

STOPPING THE GERMANS' ENGLISH JOURNAL.

The Bishop of Bristol, in a letter in "The Times" yesterday, called attention to attempts by Germans to circulate copies of the "Continental Times" (a German paper printed in English) in this country. An official of the Post Office stated yesterday that so far as possible circulation of the "Continental Times" in this country has been stopped. Owing to the bulk of the mails which have to be handled occasional copies of the paper have, however, escaped the notice of those charged with preventing the spread of this journal. "The Times," Oct. 13.

Our little Continental Times, small though it be in size, is great in its effects. It is constantly coming in for new honors. By honors we mean attacks, denunciations, feverish attempts to suppress us abroad, and doubts cast upon our "Americanism," not to speak of the usual hints and open charges of such things as "subsidies," "gold," etc.—all dear to the British heart.

We have tasted the sweetness of being bitterly attacked by our Gargantuan namesake, the erstwhile "Thunderer" of Printing House Square the Howler of to-day. We have also received flattering if somewhat glutinous attention from Alfred Harmsworth's—we beg his pardon, but new-bought titles slip in our memories,—Lord Northcliffe's Poisoner-in-Chief and Garbler of German News, Mr. Friedrich Wilhelm Weil, once of Nuremberg. We have been unfavorably mentioned by the Morning Post and the Standard and by many another Fleet Street organ which we have disturbed in its pleasant and profitable business of dispensing truth according to the typewritten formulas of the British Press Bureau. The Morning Post, indeed, went so far as to assert on the sacrosanct testimony of its Berne correspondent, that one of our British contributors had been bribed to write for our paper by a munificent offer of "German gold"—the potencies of which, like that of German steel—seem to be so very superior to those of the British. This amused us greatly and, like Lord Clive in another contingency, we were amazed at our own magnanimity. Our honored and devoted contributors, we regret to say, are able to attest with guiltless palms, that they are innocent of selling us their excellent works. German Gold, unlike the British, is at present safe in the national

treasuries, where it is honestly doing its duty by covering the paper notes.

But, what are the attentions of a Harmsworth, a Berne Correspondent or a Fleet Street minion—compared to those of a Bishop? It is something in these irreverent days to meet with public denunciation by the upper clergy. To that exalted peak the Continental Times had not dared to aspire. All it might have hoped for was some eloquent allusion to its pernicious activities by say—Father Bernard Vaughan of "Sins of Society" fame, who with Torrey and Alexander and Pastor Russell may be called the Yellow Pulpit of the Church.

But a personage no less exalted and orthodox than the Right Reverend Bishop of Bristol has written to the Times about us. We have not seen the Right Reverend's letter, for we do not see nor wish to see every issue of the Times. But the quotation at the head of this article is cut from one of its recent issues. Our readers will admire that true British self-satisfaction with which our insular namesake assures its own readers, and incidentally the ecclesiastical luminary in question, that our "German paper in English" has been stopped from circulating in England. Still, copies have slipped through,—having escaped the Argus eyes of the post-office clerks charged with preventing the import of that terrible contraband of war—the "truth in English"—which the powers who began the war and profit by it—imagined they would profit by it—fear more than anything else.

Yes, the Continental Times that slips through the mails, is feared in England to-day almost as much as the Zeppelin that slips through the clouds. And darkness is resorted to as a means of defense in both cases. I forget, for the moment, the name of that conqueror who made a "wilderness and called it peace." The Bishop of Bristol will no doubt recall the quotation and may possibly even see its application to the condition which he helps to create in his own country. You create an artificial night in the minds of the people and you call it "our sacred cause" and "defending our country against ruthless aggression."

But why should His Grace the Bishop of Bristol object to our Continental Times, the only organ in the Eastern hemisphere which tells the truth in English? Did not his still more eminent brother in the faith, His Grace the Bishop of London,—a "do-in" 's little bit in this 'ere war"—recently declare with

I know not what strictures or contortions of his facial muscles: "There must be a kind of glorying in London at being able to take our little share of danger in Zeppelin attacks."

I doubt the correctness of the right reverend prelate's estimate of the glorying that is abroad in London. But the churchly mind, forever bent upon explaining the mysteries of the hereafter, may be forgiven for its wild guesses at the condition of the "here and now"—to use one of our pithy American phrases—as officially sanctioned by our own Ambassador. Or is the Right Reverend Dr. Winnington-Ingram's enthusiasm for the "danger in Zeppelin attacks" induced chiefly by the fact that no damage has been inflicted upon Fulham Palace or the Cathedral of St. Paul's—which, by all one hears in the English papers, ought to have formed the first targets selected by the Teutonic destroyers of works of art? But the Bishop of London is himself a work of art—at least in Khaki. We are not so wholly isolated from London, we Americans in Germany, as not to recall the triumphant trumpeting of the Harmsworth press at the splendid patriotism of this Vicar of Christ in donning the clay-colored uniform and the brass buttons, and discarding the priestly gaiters for the military puttees. "The Bishop of London takes his place with the boys in Khaki." The real "man-to-man" note, you see, the genuine "For he's a jolly good fellow" touch. And yesterday in sauntering down the lively and fascinating Friedrich Strasse, I passed the Goethe Bookshop where all the chief newspapers of Germany's enemies are displayed for sale on an open board. There was a Daily Mail among them. And the yellow paper contained a coarse half-tone picture of the clay-colored Bishop standing in a boxing-ring aboard a battleship, haranguing clusters of Jack Tars. But to return to the diocese of Bristol.

Why should the Bishop of breezy Bristol be so alarmed at the few copies of the Continental Times that escape the vigilance of the post-office clerks and enter England? They may be sent by neutrals solicitous for the welfare of His Grace's soul or the souls of his parishioners. They may be sent by Englishmen abroad—who are diligent readers of our little paper—in order to let an occasional ray of light into minds smothered with Harmsworthian ink or the sooty emanations of Messrs. Horatio Bottomley and Robert Blatchford. They may be sent even by England's own allies in order to wipe

the thick fog from the spectacles that cover England's eyes. Can it be that the Right Reverend gentleman is also suffering from weak eyes or sore eyes like Sir Edward Grey, or from that catarrh of the conscience which has suddenly smitten Mr. Asquith and threatens to turn the whole conclave of Entente diplomacy into a sanatorium? Either the Continental Times presents truth or it presents falsehood. In the former case no "man of God" should object to its circulation among those whose eyes he is pledged to open. In the latter case, considering the rigid "justice of the British cause," and the fact that the Lord, according to Mr. Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Poet Floriate, is on England's side as against the Devil on Germany's, our falsehoods would be as feathers against that adamant of righteous conviction. Moreover, are we not said to be a German paper? Observe the nonchalant air of that explanatory bracket inserted in the text of the notice given above—it is so cunning because it assumes to be so matter-of-fact.

But how can the Continental Times, (being German according to our insular contemporary) presume to be cunning? Is it not notorious that all German propaganda is "clumsy" and "crude" and "dishonest"—like German diplomacy? When it is not—again like German diplomacy, "diabolically clever," "unscrupulous" and "Machiavellian?" How then can it be effective in the land of liberty and light? And being ineffective what need is there for Right Reverends of Bristol or anywhere else to write anxious letters to the Times, clamoring for our complete suppression?

The truth, of course, is that the churchly mind of this sort as well as the yellow press minds of all sorts have a deep and abiding terror of the truth. The entire structure of falsehood, hypocrisy and misrepresentation has been so cunningly built up—albeit on crumbling sand—and has grown so shaky and precarious that the methods of Russia must be employed in maintaining that mental night that extends from John o' Groats' to the Pyrenees and from the Thames to the Neva and beyond. The initial falsehood requires reinforcement, as usual, by a million more. The truth becomes an outcast. Is there a glimmer of her luminous face in the Labour Leader? The offices of that journal are sacked and its publications confiscated. Is the Gaelic American or Irish World full of facts unpalatable to the Canadian Government? Forbid its entry into the land and offer him who is found in possession of a

copy the choice of five year's imprisonment or a fine of 5000 dollars.

To these inquisitioners of Bristol and elsewhere it does not matter that the Continental Times is not a German, but an American paper, tolerated in Berlin—as the Daily Mail or the Paris Matin are tolerated. Though naturally in a different class.

No, had the protest of the Bishop of Bristol been informed by a real love of England's marvellous liberties, he should have written to Harmsworth's Times demanding to know why the Continental Times should not be permitted to circulate in England as freely as the London Times and all other hostile sheets circulate in Germany? Can it be that the "Barbarians" are less afraid of British truth, than Bishops of Bristol of "German lies?" Can it be that the millions of Germans who read English, French and Russian are less likely to be influenced ("kept in the dark," as they are declared to be) than the few thousands of English capable of reading German? If I am able to read the Daily Telegraph at the Cafe Josty or to buy it at Potsdamer Platz, why should not John Smith of Tooting Bec be able to read the Continental Times or for that matter the Berliner Tageblatt or the Frankfurter Zeitung at Slater's or to buy them at Charing Cross? Is it possible that the German is not afraid of what his enemy says, and that the Englishman is? If I were a Briton I should belabor the columns of the daily press with protests insisting upon my holy and inalienable right to buy and read an enemy paper. If I were a Bishop I should not wax choleric on being confronted by unfamiliar truths in a familiar tongue—I should not wax fearful for the fate of the nation and write terror-stricken letters to the Father of Lies I am appointed to combat.

Were I a patriotic Briton and one who had the real welfare of his country and of mankind at heart, I should clamor, not for the suppression of the Continental Times, but for the suppression of the Daily Express, Daily Mail and John Bull.

The whole incident, of course, is typical of that terror of the truth which prevails in all the lands of the Entente—a terror which drives its guilty statesmen into moral, mental and nervous collapse and its guilty journalists into frantic paroxysms of rage as the thick and poisonous mists pour from their presses to stupefy the people.

"What is the purpose of the Continental Times?" I was asked the other day. "To serve as an anti-toxin," I replied.

POLITICS.

"BIG GAME."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT. From Robert J. Thompson,

Late American Consul in Germany and America.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

As you are a great hunter, naturalist and our chief exponent of the strenuous life of the chase, I am addressing this letter to you. You will remember, perhaps, my idealistic appreciation of your philosophy and the little volume I published in 1903 under the title of "A Square Deal for Every Man." You pronounced it the best book that had ever been written about you. This was a naive acknowledgement of your own qualities as a writer, for you overlooked, I think, the fact that it was nothing more than a compilation of your own expressions. In any event the book formed the origin of your great slogan of the Square Deal, and it should give me a bit of standing with you now when it comes to a consideration of the application of this philosophy in its broader and world aspect. Then too, one of your many and splendid graces has always been that of sense of humor. I believe, therefore you will not be unappreciative of the following:

Great Opportunity.

"Big Game! Good Shooting! Great Opportunity for Live Sportsmen!" Etc., Etc., Etc.

So reads one of the recruiting placards which have graced the walls and public places of the land of Shakespeare and Tennyson for the past year. An interpellation in parliament respecting these remarkable displays brought out the apparently satisfactory explanation that they were considered necessary in order to reach all classes of possible volunteers. Nothing, unless it be the fecundity of the atrocity factories of Fleet street, has given the neutral visitor to London more pain and disgust than these extraordinary examples of English humour.

"Big Game" is good. If I am not mistaken it is one of those expressions, coined by the British war office, that will enter into the settlement of scores between Germany and England when the present game is at its end. The Big Game poster should have formed the frontispiece to the Bryce Atrocity Report.

The House of the Hun.

I have been resting a while, recently, in the House of the Hun, in Barbary, the field

of this "Big Game", in the House of the Hun, on the farther side of the Rhine. I have been the guest of some of the chief barbarians of that country; those murderers, liars, pirates and erstwhile baby-killers of the present war, those germ-huns, so cleverly pictured by the literati and military excursion agents of London. Yes, I have been looking over some of this "Big Game", with the following results and impressions, most vividly fixed in my mind.

There is a savage and especially dangerous specimen of these wild animals in the vicinity, or region round about Munich, indeed the particular specimen of "Big Game" I have in mind at this moment, is often seen in the University at that place.

A Savage.

Professor William Röntgen, who discovered the so called Röntgen, or X-Rays, a few years ago, was the first person to receive, through the Swedish Storting, the Nobel Prize. It is claimed that the use of the Röntgen Rays in hospital work is effecting a greater saving of life, amongst the wounded in the present war than any other new element introduced in the handling of disabled soldiers. It is a German discovery, and quite as much so as the process of printing by old Gutenberg in the sixteenth century. However, both now belong to the world and the Röntgen Rays are used in the English, French and Russian hospitals as widely, no doubt, as in the German. But in all the world, Professor Röntgen of the University of Munich was the first person named as having performed the highest service to humanity, the first person honored under the terms of Mr. Nobel's will, and according to the judgment of the Swedish government. This was in 1901, the initial year of the distribution of the prizes. The old gentleman is still prosecuting his studies and work in the laboratories in the University. He was also, only recently, presented with the military decoration of the Iron Cross.

Now here is "Big Game" for the Canadian sharpshooters, or perhaps even for my young friend, Tom Moorwood, of the Hallamshire Territorials, when they reach, perchance, the jungles of Munich and come to settle those little matters with the Bavarians which started on the Vpres Canal last autumn.

Prizes for Humanity.

The Nobel Prize was founded in 1898, on the death of the Swedish philanthropist of that name, and the first prizes were distributed three years later. They are given, as you know, to those persons or institutions who shall perform the greatest service for

humanity during the year preceding the distribution. There are five fields open for prizes: physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and international peace.

In considering this "Big Game" proposition of the English recruiting office, I think it well to bear in mind the conditions mentioned and appertaining to the distribution of the Nobel Prize. It certainly is illuminating to say the least, that of the sixty prizes given out in the period from 1901 to 1913, one third have found a place in the House of the Hun, and a larger number than to any other people. Two have gone to Austria. These two peace prizes—to Alfred Fried and to Countess Bertha von Suttner. In the same time America received three prizes—Professor Michelson of the Chicago University, Mr. Elihu Root, and yourself, Mr. Roosevelt, also, these two latter being peace prizes.

They Won the Prizes.

While the Baby Killers and Barbarians were receiving twenty prizes, amounting to \$800,000 in those twelve years, England, so long the light and hope of the world, received as recognition for her beneficial performances towards the welfare of humanity, and in the several fields mentioned, eight prizes. I believe Sir William Ramsey, one of the gentlemen to be honored by the Swedish government and the Nobel Prize Committee, has forfeited his prize, however, by discrediting the action of the Swedes and denouncing his German colleagues as scientific thieves and opportune pirates on the wisdom and research of the English investigator. Before the war it was my privilege to speak and report on the leadership Germany was taking in the realization of many of the essential ideals of modern life, and since the war, I have become convinced that the prejudice of the world against her is, in large part, due to an ignorance of what she has really accomplished. Can it be purely a coincidence that of the neutral states, Sweden is regarded as especially pro-German in sentiment, or is it possibly due to a more intimate knowledge, and appreciation, on the part of this northern neighbour of the significance and value of German culture? It has been a great pride and honor for the Swedish government to direct the Nobel Prize allotments and it may be, in giving a greater number of these distinctions to Germany than to any other country, she has come to know her better than the rest of us. Certainly no voice has been raised as yet in criticism of these distributions. During

the last 14 years the Swedes, or Nobel Prize committees, in the field of literary work, have found, no Englishman, no American, no Canadian, with the one exception of Kipling, to rank with Mommsen, Eucken, Heyse, or Hauptmann, and I wonder how many of my American friends can tell me anything of the work of these men.

But to return to your hunting.

Somewhat back from the great river which flows out of the everlasting snows of the Alps northwesterly into the North Sea, and known to the Barbarians as the Clear River, or Rhein as they say in their Hunnish lingo; somewhat back from the upper reaches of this great river, on another stream known as the Main, at a place where the Huns and their enemies, the Franks, even in the days of Vercingetorix and Caesar were wont to ford the same, and now really called Frankfurt on the Main, here in this country is "Big Game", first right, (erst recht) as the Vandals put it. Here is the haunt and den of the terrible, blood-thirsty Ehrlichus, a wild awesome creature that has devoured already thousands of millions of simple inhabitants of the Earth, lively and enterprising little creatures, known as the bacilli Syphilitus and the Tetze fly microbe. He is a fearsome and formidable beast and is said to possess not less than six hundred and six teeth.

Hun of big Proportions.

Professor Dr. Paul Ehrlich, Privy Councillor to the government of Barbary, and a Hun of some proportions, you may be sure. He is worthy of the marksmanship of a Colonel Cody or a Theodor Roosevelt, indeed, Catch 'em—Alive! Jones might find this specimen interesting. I wondered how long his name would survive the present troublous days, if, in fact, it would live as long in the memory of man as that of, say Mr. Winston Churchill, or Sir Edward Grey.

The doctor is also a Nobel Prize recipient. Only one of those twenty I have referred to. He has been designated by the great Naturalists of England as the original "germ—hun". And this clever and humorous appellation fits him perfectly as he is the most renowned germ hunter of the world. I rang the bell at number 606 Paul Ehrlich-strasse.

An interesting thing, just by way of diversion, that one finds in the land of the Hun, is a fashion they have of naming the streets, on which many of the chief Barbarians have their habitations, after the "Big Game" itself; Paul Ehrlich-strasse, Ernst Haeckel-strasse, William Röntgen-platz, Gerhard Hauptmann-allee, Etc., Etc. While my attention was upon this pleasant recognition of certain of the

greatest living representatives of our race, I could not forget a similar practice of naming the public schools after some of our prominent citizens, members of the Board of Education, in our own splendid Chicago, and the embarrassment of finding, in the course of time, the men so honored, either in the penitentiary, or driven from the city by disagreeable litigation of some sort or other. The scheme has its disadvantages as well as its advantages and that's a fact. I spoke of this later to Professor Ernst Haeckel and it amused him greatly. He thought, however, that Jena was fairly safe in his case, as he was already past his 80th year and the chances of his discrediting the town were diminishing rapidly with his advancing years. The difference between the Hun and we in America, in respect to public applause, it seems to me reflecting upon the matter, incidentally is, that the former is quite satisfied to have the lime-light rest upon his works, rather than, as is too often the case with us at home, upon ourselves. Being Barbarians they must, of course, be wrong in this; nevertheless it does save them the trouble often times of changing the names of their streets and public buildings.

War is Defensive.

But I diverge really. When I spoke to the Vandal Ehrlich, and mentioned that many great hunters throughout the world being assembled by the English government in a sort of second Challenger Expedition, to beat up the reaches and swamps of Barbary and that I thought of writing you about it, he said:

"Yes, yes, I recall the fear, partly for, and partly against, that the world had of the Tretze fly and the sleeping sickness and the dangers of exposure when Mr. Roosevelt went into the Nairobi region of Africa. I am sorry I can't say anything about big game as my work is with the microscope. But you might say to Mr. Roosevelt, if you write, that I regard the present great war as an enforced and purely defensive action on the part of Germany; an action on her part directed against the endeavor of the enemy states to check and diminish the advanced and advancing position of German culture and science, of German commerce and industry, which is the direct result of the political and national unity of the Empire. Germany is today fighting for her existence, fighting for the fruits of her intellectual and cultural victories.

"And we all who are not in the actual struggle in the defence of the frontiers of

(Continued on Page 4)

the homeland, seek to maintain and increase the spiritual and material welfare of the nation at its center. Therefore, in spite of the serious magnitude of the times, each stands at his post, and the movement of German commerce and science continues on its usual course, so that the quiet industrious life of the people seems even to belie and deny the state of war in which we find ourselves. But the German people, and each single one of them is more conscious than ever of the duty he has to perform; and particularly has an example of the energy of this consciousness of duty given expression recently in Frankfurt in the opening, against all difficulties, of our new university, with the enrolment of a large number of students who have been able to take up their work in every requisite branch.

"And as our interior development moves forward, even during the confusion of the war, and to the firm and unshakable con-

fidence in the victory of our arms, we may join the hope that homeward coming troops may again find a land whose undiminished strength awakens their renewed efforts".

Thus spoke the Hun Ehrlich. "Big Game" at the old ford of the Franks. The welfare of the world and the preservation of Christianity demands that the Canadian sharpshooters certainly secure this specimen. You will say, Mr. Roosevelt, that it is not the Almani of South Germany that is to be destroyed, but the Prussians of the Mark in the North. But we must not forget that the progress and science of Germany is the result of the political and national unity of the "Empire" and national unity of the German states is a Prussian ideal and accomplishment.

With great respect, Mr. Roosevelt,
I am faithfully yours.
Robert J. Thompson.
The Hague.

THE STUTTERER OF THE "BOSTON TRANSCRIPT" FROM THE LONDON PRESS.
Staccato Expletives, Screams and Verbal Explosions
by R. L. Orchelle.

There is an anonymous scribe on the *Boston Transcript* from the *London Press* who is one of the pathological freaks of the war-hysteria engendered in feeble and friable brains, far removed from "the tumult and the shouting", and bent upon supplanting it with a plenitude of their own. This nameless and quite nakedly shameless Adamite, is obviously a patriotic Britisher, furiously bent on blackguarding his enemy and preferring the safe dens of the *Transcript* from the *London Press* to the foul trenches of Flanders.

Ever since the beginning of the war this pathological geyser has been furiously spouting forth his black torrents of falsehood and calumny against everything German—spouting when he has not been spitting or dribbling. No lie too gross for him to swallow, half-digest and retch forth again in his own peristaltic style. In reading him one is afflicted with a kind of intellectual nausea—as in the presence of something spiritually diseased, insane or unclean. For this is not thought but *delirium tremens*, not prose but pathology, not co-ordinate reason, but a mosaic of madness. Here is a mind dyed to its innermost fibre with the terrible darkness which blasts the maniacal haters of Germany in England and France. There is a passion which is of the pit and this is of it. It mistakes frenzy for strength—lies for light, perspiration for inspiration. It hath the luminosity of a decayed mackerel in the dark, and the strength of the smell thereof.

This fellow has too much fury to be one of the ordinary paid prostitutes of our Anglo-maniac press. You can hire a helot to do dirty work, but ah, you cannot fire him to do it with zeal. No, this nameless, dithering, staccato person on the *Transcript* from the *London Press* is evidently an all-red Briton afflicted with a chronic and perennial ague in his thinking faculties. He lards the lean Earth with parts of English speech as he shivers and shakes his way through three intolerable columns. Yes, you may lead a pro-Ally ass to the trough, but you cannot make him dance like a teetotum whilst he feeds. We miss that cold, metallic pro-Allyism of the *World*, *Sun*, *Times* and the other journalistic bargains of British diplomacy. We miss the flatulent and sterile spite of the non-conformist New York *Outlook*.

The Boston person goes "neare to be fony." One cannot read him without thinking of telegraph forms or a rattling dray or a frenetic tango or something similarly agitated. He stutters in print and gasps in type. He recalls those comic headlines of the paper he serves (and deserves), with all their crammed and clumsy and tortuous abruptness, half a column high. He reminds one of a tap which gushes, stops, then gushes again—the effect is both irritating and amusing. He is a hundred little Roosevelts dismembered and disarticulated, each jiggery and popping like corn in a sieve. He brings to mind the rancous wheeze and maddening blare of a phonograph smitten with the staggers.

The good man is no doubt proud of his style, harking back as it does to a famous original. These accents are not quite new—here has this buzzing and rattling tortured our ear-drums in the past? Obviously in "Pickwick"—from the lips of the rascally Alfred Jingle.

Mars might have spared us this phenomenon bred on Boston beans. For he is the ultimate atrocity in bad taste, ignorance, splay-footed English and stark-staring malignity. One must look twice at the head-lines ere one is convinced that this pathetic garbage is permitted to appear in the *Boston Transcript* (from the *London Press*) which was wont to "point with pride" to its good English and to plaster itself with gross flattery as to its own good taste!

As an example of the remarkable style of this cataleptic Chronicler let us quote the teeth-jarring, nerve shatt ring beginning of his 56th Week of the War (August 27):

"Armageddon has so much—horror, fighting, killing, armies, warcraft, weapons, all first things—of the gigantic, war watchers apt to skip second things, the matters by wayside of first things. These second things not in middle of Moloch's main road are jewels for historians, to

onlookers, periscopes for poison atmosphere enveloping war and part of it. Monstrous as this war is, what would it be without its one saving grace, women? Underneath din of battle listeners catch whispers of new tidings, new freedoms. Said a woman (*sic*) to British cabinet minister these seven days, etc."

Imitation is the insincerest flattery. *Boston Transcript*—*London press*—has horror on staff—mouthing foaming first to last—immense tongue unsheathed—dripping ink—slaying German prodigious numbers—also English grammar—syntax—horrible carnage—noddle immersed in Ally's poison atmosphere—impediment in his thought—Billy Sunday of journalism—incoherence—agitation—rehashing, regurgitating lies spewed from maxillae cloacae of London and Paris—agitation—whoop—jiggery—dithering—agitation—blare—agitat—agi—"we battle for breath"

No, "monstrous as this war is," Boston has added to it a new terror. And Boston was wont to pride itself upon being (ah, true puritanical and provincial modesty!) the hub of the universe. But, really, this kept clown of the *Boston Transcript* from the *London Press* is enough to damn the kultur of a dozen hubs—hubs whereof the *Transcript* is the nut and its synopated scribe the squeak.

Heine, having played some imposter with great gusto, quoted an Arab fable to the effect that whenever the Lion, King of Beasts, felt out of sorts, he went forth and relieved himself by tearing an ape to pieces. "Though no lion," said Heine, "I too feel distinctly better now."

And I who am neither a lion nor a Heine nor even out of sorts, also feel a considerable sense of relief. I don't know its name, but I think it must have been a mandrill.

RESTAURANT PRICES.

In the weekly Report of the American Association of Commerce and Trade, we read: In spite of the rise in prices of food in general, the price of edibles in restaurants has not proportionately increased, and Berlin, especially, will, according to American ideas, be called a reasonably priced city to reside in, even after nearly fifteen months of war. Prices of meals in the watering places and health resorts are still very moderate; for instance, in the small town of Bad Bertich, near the Moselle, and only an hour by rail from Coblenz, a favorite resort, our President reports the following bills of fare: for dinner, oxtail soup, tenderloin roast of beef with wax beans, roast duck with salad, stewed fruit and raspberry cream. Another day: Turbot with hollandaise sauce, beans and fresh ham, roast veal with salad, stewed rhubarb and chocolate pudding. Another day: Soup à la reine, boiled trout with potatoes and butter, sirloin roast with vegetables, stewed apricots and rice pudding. For supper: hors d'oeuvres, eggs, several kinds of cold cuts, bread and butter and apple sauce. It must be borne in mind that Germans eat a hearty dinner and light supper. The price for room and meals, including service and light, for approximately \$1.02 a day, was the regular charge made by the Hotel Drei Reichskronen.

At one of the first-class beer restaurants in Berlin, Friedrich-Strasse, a daily lunch of four courses is given for about 40 cents, which lunch October 20 consisted of tomato soup with rice, fish, boiled beef and potatoes, or cauliflower, roast beef tenderloin, stewed fruit or salad and pudding. Kempinski's wine restaurant, perhaps the best known to Americans, had October 21 on its bill of fare chicken with rice and vegetables, corned tongue with sour kraut and mashed peas, bo led shoulder of lamb, for 45 cents. This goes to show that although the price of provisions has risen, persons dependent upon restaurants can still obtain meals at very reasonable prices.

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Fold a dollar bill and place it in your vest pocket. As you take it out you will find it in creases.

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(Judge)

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