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LATEST NEWS. SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Kitchener in Rome.
Rome, Sunday. Lord Kitchener has paid a visit here and went to the Front to confer with the King and General Cadorna.

The Tsar's Promise.
Rotterdam, Sunday. According to a telegram from Salonica, Emperor Nicholas has promised M. Paschitch that in a week's time Russian troops will be in Bulgaria.

Joffre to Retire?
Copenhagen, Sunday. The *Nationaltidende* reports from Paris that General Joffre assumes the Presidency of the Council of War of the Allies. Further that his successor as Commander in Chief will be General Foch.

Duke Protests.
London, Sunday. In the House of the Lords the Duke Marlborough complained that the agriculture of England was being ruined by the numbers of labourers taken away for the army. His Grace is a very large landowner.

Must be Disarmed.
Athens, Sunday. The *Nea Himera* which is the organ of M. Gumaris, states that should troops cross the Greek frontier pursued by the Bulgarians, they must undoubtedly be disarmed.

U-Boat Booty.
Berlin, Sunday. Of late the German submarines have been paying special attention to shipping in the Mediterranean with the results that, between the first and fifteenth of November, 27 ships were sunk with 112,082 tonnage.

Peculiar Position.
Lugano, Sunday. According to a Paris despatch published in the *Secolo*, the position of the troops of the Allies in Salonica is considered as exceedingly peculiar and is such that either the town must be fortified and held or the troops be re-shipped.

Military Brotherhood.
Athens, Sunday. When Lord Kitchener expressed a desire to obtain an audience with King Constantin, the Monarch replied: "I am no diplomat, only a military man and that I should meet another soldier can have but beneficial results." And on those grounds Kitchener was received.

British Officers Losses.
New York, Sunday. According to figures vouched for by the Associated Press, the loss of British officers lost since the commencement of the war amounts to 18,200. Out of that number 5,559 were killed or died of their wounds; 1,115 have been wounded and 1,536 are missing.

Rasputin Rules.
Frankfurt a. M., Sunday. The Stockholm Correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* telegraphs that the "Miracle worker" Rasputin is virtually in control of the Government of Russia and has completely gained the fullest confidence of the Tsar, who is convinced that the Monk can by virtue of his powers, win the war.

A Peace Apostle.
Christiania, Sunday. An American multi-millionaire by name of Ford, after paying a visit to the President in Washington, has hired the Steamer Oscar II to make a trip to Europe. He is reported to have a plan for a general peace in which he is backed by thousands of women in the United States who have sent him telegrams and signed a petition. Mr. Ford appears to be convinced that with money he can bring about his object.

Opportunity Lost.
London, Sunday. The military writer of the *Times* Colonel Repington writes that in the Balkans the enemy outnumber the Allies. He adds that it would take vast sacrifices or troops and money in order to bring about conditions favourable for the Allies and that the opportunity in the Balkans has been missed. Now such sacrifices would no longer be justified. The Balkans, he says, is a seat of war from which it would be well for England to hold aloof.

Unity or Destruction.
Milan, Sunday. The *Corriere della Sera* publishes a leading article in which it is stated as the opinion of that newspaper, that unless there be some unity of purpose and a one man leadership of the forces of the Quadruple Alliance, disaster will surely follow. There must, says the *Corriere*, be some common aim. In the first year Germany forced the war. Wherever

Germany took the offensive there fighting has taken place, and where that country had remained on the defensive no offensive movement by the enemy had been successful.

Opera in America.
New York, Thursday. The opera season opened here with a record house. "Samson et Dalila," was the attraction, with a wonderful cast, including Caruso, Matzenauer, Amato, Schlegel, Rother, Bloch, Audiseo and Reschiglian.

At Chicago the season opened with "Gioconda," the cast including Mesdames Destinn and de Cisneros. All the artists have promised their services for various war relief funds, and Madame Calvé is to-day selling dolls in New York for the benefit of the wounded French.

Cunard Liner Aground.
Montreal, Thursday. The Cunarder Saint Cecilia, which ran aground a few miles below Montreal on Saturday afternoon, was yesterday evening refloated, and returned to dock here. Her hull apparently was uninjured, as the vessel struck the mud at the bottom. She was fully loaded with foodstuffs, and 500 tons had to be removed before the Cecilia could refloat. The cargo will be replaced, and the vessel will resume her voyage as soon as possible.

RUSSIAN DOCTORS LOOSE REPUTE.

Petersburg, Tuesday. In the *Novoje Vremja*, the well known war writer, Menschikow, condemns in the strongest terms the incapacity of the Russian Doctors. He says that they are ever so behind their European colleagues in scientific knowledge and quite specially have they been thrown in the shade by the efficacy of the German practitioners. The result has been remarkable. In the German army sixty per cent of the wounded return to the front, but in Russia, such is their from medical treatment that only 18 per cent return. Thus, says Menschikow, out of every million of men at the front the Germans have an advantage of 420,000 or 10 1/2 army corps. And that is the reason of the apparent invincibility of German army, says the famous Russian writer. And he goes further saying, that not only are the Germans, from the point of artillery superior, but are further, reinforced by three times the soldiers restored to health.

Such results, 60 to 18, says Menschikow can lead to fateful results. After the war of 70 it was generally stated that the German schools had beaten the French, now it is that the German doctors and the German technicians have been the greatest enemies of the Allies.

GREEKS CONSIDER THAT GERMANY HAS ALREADY WON.

VENIZELOS GIVES AN INTERVIEW TO ENGLISH SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN ATHENS. EFFECT OF GERMAN PROPAGANDA. HIS MILITARY FORECAST NOT VERY BRILLIANT.

London, Sunday. The well known Special Correspondent Mr. Ward Price has had an interview with the ex Premier Mr. Venizelos in which the Cretan appears to have considerably lost faith in the friendship of the Allies, and he even charges Sir Edward Grey as having forfeited confidence in Greece by making an offer of Greek territory, Cavalla, to the Bulgarians.

Mr. Ward Price writes:
M. Venizelos spoke, too, of the great effect the German propaganda in the Balkans has had upon Greek public opinion. As a result of this campaign the Germans, he said, who started with public opinion against them, have gained greatly, while the Allies, who had the sympathies of the Greek people with them, have lost ground.

"Thanks to German propaganda in Greece," said the ex-Premier, "a great part of the Greek people, while still ardently desiring the victory of the Allies, believe not that Germany will win but that she has won already."

A Diplomatic Mistake.
"I have the greatest admiration for Sir Edward Grey," added M. Venizelos, "and when I was in office had the most cordial relations with him, but I feel that it was a mistake to chill Greek sympathies by offering Kavalla to the Bulgarians without at any rate first ascertaining whether they would accept the bribe. As for the offer of Cyprus to Greece," he went on, "the feeling of the mass of the Greek people is that it would be too great a risk to accept Cyprus under conditions of a co-operation which, in their opinion, as I have said, might lead to the forfeit of most of the rest of their territory."

How different!
From the point of view of the Greeks as from that of the Allies is it a great loss that the influence of M. Venizelos, with his clear perception of the fundamental facts and principles of the war, should be withheld from the guidance of his country at this crisis. How different and less dubious would be

KING CONSTANTIN HOLDS ALL TRUMPS.

Paris, Sunday. The Athens Correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* in a letter dated Nov. 22 says that King Constantin, in the political game being played, holds all the trumps in his hands. That is a fact which the diplomats of the Quadruple Alliance must not overlook. They must recognise that their positions as regards the King will become all the more difficult in proportion as the expeditionary corps in Salonica increases in size.

The entire article is in the nature of a serious warning to the Quadruple Alliance not to push the coercive measures lately initiated too far. And it is noticeable that during the past few days the Diplomatic representative's of the Allies have dropped a number of their former demands, including that which most offended the Greeks, calling for the demobilisation.

It is also stated that an agreement has been come to a regard's troops fleeing across into Greece, whereby they will not be disarmed but at the same time the Bulgarian's will be allowed to pursue them in Greek territory.

Undoubtedly the Allies are infringing Greek neutrality by interfering with the legitimate trade of that country, but that is merely their being placed in the same position as other neutral nations.

YET ANOTHER NOTE.

Reported Increased Demands Made by Central Powers Upon Greek Nation.

Athens, Sunday. To the extreme perplexity of the Greek Government, yet another note has been handed in by the representatives of the Quadruple Powers. It is understood to be in the nature of a demand that wherever troops of the Allies land Greek military forces should be withdrawn. This demand it is understood has been made in order to facilitate the Entente Troops provisioning themselves, a matter difficult in place where Greek troops have the first call. A Council of Ministers has been called to consider this latest proposal.

According to a Paris despatch Lord Kitchener during his stay in Athens, made the request that permission should be given to land English and French troops in many other points of Greece besides Salonica. Further that a partial demobilisation is imminent. Such Paris reports must however be accepted with suspicion.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS THOSE WECKED NEWSPAPERS!

LOVAT FRASER PROTESTS AGAINST BLAME BEING PLACED UPON THE NEWSPAPERS. SAYS POLITICIANS MORE GUILTY.

London, Sunday. In the columns of the *Mail* Mr. Lovat Fraser continues to be as a thorn in the side of the Government. He takes up the question of Press Censorship as follows:

Mr. Balfour, of all men, addressed a homily to the Press at the Guildhall banquet the other day. The purport of his remarks amounted to this: that the Press ought not to urge the Government to act with greater energy because articles containing such counsel were liable to be "grossly misunderstood" in other countries.

I will deal in a moment with the merits of this contention, but it is necessary first to point out to which it leads. The Government cannot restrict the freedom of the Press (except for purely military purposes) without also suppressing freedom of speech. The one measure follows the other as surely and inevitably as night follows day.

Problem of Suppression.
Nothing that has been said in the British Press on the question of Serbia, for example has made one-tenth of the impression upon other countries produced by two speeches by Sir Edward Carson in the House of Commons. Sir Edward Carson spoke with Ministerial authority and full knowledge. Do the Government propose to suppress him? No article in the Press since the war began has unveiled so much or attracted a title of the interest created abroad by the speech of another ex-Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill. The press has never made such disclosures about the Dardanelles as have been revealed by Sir Henry Dalziel. No printed criticism of Lord Kitchener has equalled or even approached the denunciations of Mr. Lynch and Sir A. Markham. No newspaper indiscretion, if such it was, can be compared with Lord Ribblesdale's mention of Sir Charles Monro's report, which the Government treated with such very curious tenderness.

Are the Government going to clap these people, and many others, in the Tower? Yet, if they blotted out every leading article, this kind of criticism would still be disseminated unless they suppressed Parliament also.

The fact is that, as France found out last century, a Censorship is a very dangerous thing when once it is extended beyond its legitimate function in war, which is solely to prevent military information from reaching the enemy. When the position of Ministers becomes difficult they find themselves in contact with an alluring temptation.

And now to return to Mr. Balfour and his fears about the effect of the British Press upon other countries. A short time ago a London newspaper, which was obviously actuated by purely trade jealousies, published a long article endeavouring to prove that the defection of Bulgaria was due chiefly to articles in other British journals. I found myself solemnly pilloried among the offenders. My crime was that I had said in an article in *The Daily Mail* that the British Government "lacked resolution." The public were asked to believe that the Bulgarian Government were so deeply impressed by this mild remark that they instantly began to hammer Serbia.

Ridiculous Contention.
Was any more ridiculous contention ever advanced? Can you conceive King Ferdinand mobilising his troops and calling for his horse, a step-ladder, and a cushion because an article in a British newspaper had suggested that the British Government were no better than they ought to be?

What influenced King Ferdinand, and what influences all neutrals, is events, and not newspaper articles. That is the answer to Mr. Balfour and to all Ministers who inveigh against the Press. The attitude of the Bulgarian Government was primarily determined by our failure at the Dardanelles in the spring. The attitude of Greece to-day will be eventually determined by the number of men and ships we and our Allies are prepared to concentrate within a given time in a given area. This is not a war of words but of armed strength. If the public want scapegoats they must look elsewhere than in the newspaper offices. Events alone are influencing the opinion of the world to-day.

SERVIAN FORCES IN FULL RETREAT.

Grave Doubts Exist as to Possibility of Allies Being Able to make Good their Retreat. Entente Powers in Trouble.

The war in the Balkans has now almost resolved itself into a combined attempt being made by the united forces to cut of the retreat of what remains of the Servian army, which is seeking in the south to join hands with the forces of the Allies, and to the west to escape through Montenegro and may be eventually join some Russian force reputed to be coming to the rescue, but which sounds very like a broken reed upon which to depend.

However the retreat through Montenegro appears to have been almost effectually cut off after a certain number of Servian troops have escaped in that direction.

Safety Threatened.
As for the Allied forces General Sarrien appears to be more preoccupied as regards the question of the threatened safety of his own troops, than with any idea of rescuing the Servians.

The Anglo-Franco troops menaced by an encircling movement have, according to the *Journal* Correspondent had to withdraw south of the Demur-Kassu defile. A later report states that they are retreating all along the line.

Futility of Attempt.
According to the Constantinople *Tanin* the Entente Powers now realise the futility of attempting to assist the Servians. It further states that the most the allied troops propose to do, is, line the Greek frontier and attack the Bulgarians as they come on in pursuit of the fleeing Servians and strive to bring about a fight which this they hope will be decisive.

The Servians, owing the encircling movements of the Bulgarians have had to evacuate their positions in the Amselfelde where they had offered a stubborn resistance for some time past.

Monastir Hemmed in.
Monastir is hemmed in on three sides by the Bulgarians and their lines are all the while being drawn closer and closer in. Four divisions of Bulgarian troops are engaging the Allies.

According to the Sofia Correspondent of the *Rotterdamsche Courant* the Servian cam-

paign is to all intents and purposes over. What remains of the army consists of 80,000 men widely dispersed in groups and with no common purpose. A retreat through either Montenegro or Albania is out of the question, because the question of victualing the troops, owing to the presence of the Austrian torpedo boats, submarines and hydroplanes dominating the harbours of Antivari, Durazzo and Medua, has become impossible. The Anglo-French expedition in Macedonia is entirely hopeless. In order to turn the Bulgarians out of their present positions it would need 800,000 men with adequate artillery. But over and above that there are already strong disagreements between French and English in Salonica. The French officers and men wish to give up the expedition seeing how ill supported they are by the English. Already the French have suffered terrible losses. The Correspondent goes on to say, that if the Entente Powers decide to try and attack the Central Powers through Kavalla, it will come to the point when Greece will have to come to a decision as to which side it will take.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

(Balkan Front)
The pursuit continues. South West of Mit-owitza Rudnik has been occupied. Over 2,700 prisoners have been taken by the United Armies. Large quantities of booty have fallen into our hands.

With the flight of the demoralised remains of the Servian army into the Albanian mountains all further operations with the same, on a large scale, are over. The principal object, the opening of communications with Bulgaria and Turkey, has been achieved.

Since the United Armies have successfully crossed the Danube, and Belgrade was occupied by Brandenburg Reserve Corps and the Seventh Austrian Army Corps, and Zageour, Knjazevac, Pirov have been taken by our Bulgarian Allies, all opposition has ended and the courageous resistance of our opponents broken.

Neither well nigh impossible roads, nor trackless mountains, nor difficulties of keeping up communications have prevented our advance. About 100,000 men, almost a half of the entire Servian forces, have been taken prisoners, their losses in fighting or through desertion are incalculable. In addition to that heavy guns and endless war material of all kinds has been captured. The German losses can be taken as having been quite small, much regretted as they are, even so. The troops have not suffered from any illness.

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Allies in Trouble. As M. Clemenceau had predicted, the Balkan expedition organised by the Allies is turning out to have been a grave military blunder. From what is heard from more than one source, the position of the forces of the Allies is most dangerous. Indeed it is such, that there are but two things to be done, either to fortify Salonica and stand a siege, supported by the guns from the assembled warships; or to re-ship the army, gathered together with so much trouble, and ignominiously leave the Servians to their fate. This disagreeable and humiliating military dilemma is considered in the Secolo and the Times. The Italian organ expresses great doubts as to whether there will be time to turn an unfortified place like Salonica into a military stronghold, and therein that newspaper is probably perfectly right. Colonel Repington in the Times remarks that the forces of the Allies are evidently outnumbered and that the only course open is to tranship the assembled troops back whence they came.

In this column, the evident possibility of a coming calamity to the forces of the Allies in the Balkans was foreshadowed in our last issue, and each hour that passes it becomes more and more evident that the French and English troops are embarked in what M. Clemenceau has characterised as a "foolhardy undertaking." Readers of the Continental Times have been kept minutely informed as to the course of military events in the Balkans and the latest news of importance—of great importance—they heard was that the Bulgarian army was being detailed to pay sole attention to the forces of the Allies. The Bulgarians can easily bring up some half a million of troops, soldiers of the first order, fresh, full of fight and quite near their base. What on earth can the 150,000, at most, transport-cooped, mixed forces, many of them colonial troops, do against the highly trained and eager soldiers of King Ferdinand, stimulated as they are to redoubled zest from the knowledge of a series of victories recently won. Why nothing at all! They are beaten in advance. And, if that which appears certain, namely that the Allies be beaten by the Bulgarian army, or have to take to ignominious flight to avoid defeat, why nothing in the world can prevent a Ministerial Crisis in France. Nor can one imagine that the already much shaken British Coalition Ministry of England could survive the shock of another military disaster. So, altogether, the entire situation for the Allies, both militarily and politically is in the highest degree precarious.

Do not throw away your Continental Times after reading it, but send it to a friend either at home or abroad.

Benign Adversaries.

We publish today an exceedingly interesting article, from a Budapest Correspondent, an Englishman, which is full of praise of the good-hearted Hungarians, who not only have refused to follow the example of the enemies of that country in internment of civilians and treating them with severity, but on the contrary have behaved towards himself and other English subjects who happen to be living in their country with the utmost consideration and kindness. We recently published a letter from Vienna, which told of exactly the same conditions of benevolence existing in the Austrian capital towards English people who had chosen the beautiful Danube city as their dwelling place. It must not be forgotten, whilst referring to the Christianly humane attitude of the Austrians and Hungarians toward inoffensive citizens of countries with which they happen to be at war, that the camp at Ruhleben wherein the English civilians who had formerly lived free in Germany are interned, is purely the outcome of the rigid measures taken by the English against the Germans in Great Britain.

HUNGARY AND THE WAR. EXPERIENCES OF A BRITISHER LIVING IN BUDAPEST.

I don't wish to enter into a long discussion as to the rights and wrongs of the war or the justifications of the belligerents. I believe that all the different nations are convinced to their own satisfaction that they are justified and each feels that right is on his side. The Austro-Hungarian statesmen believed that the integrity and existence of the Dual Monarchy was threatened by the Pan-Slav agitations, carried on by Servians from Belgrad, with the knowledge and, evidently, with the concurrence of the Servian Government. These statesmen had often been criticised for their tolerance and passivity in face of a situation full of dangerous possibilities. Answering the argument of a Pan-Slavist in the London Press I myself have said before the war that the danger of the situation lies not in the energy and severity, but in the extreme tolerance of Austria-Hungary. (Westminster Gazette Feb. 12, 1913.)

Effect of Serajevo Murder. One can imagine the feelings of those statesmen on hearing of the terrible event of Serajevo. They must have felt that their love of peace had led them to ignore a danger in the hope that it would disappear. But when has a danger disappeared for being ignored? Certainly Pan-Slavism has proved in a most terrible manner that dangerous situations cannot be left to arrange themselves but must be faced and dealt with energetically.

The tolerance—in my opinion extreme tolerance—of the Monarchy, instead of convincing the agitators of the pacific intentions of Austria-Hungary, simply convinced them that she was afraid to act and thereby directly added fuel to the fire. If, after the assassination of the Crown Prince, she had begun again to parley she would have proved herself incapable of holding her position as a great power, would have forfeited for ever her respect in the Balkans—if not in Europe—and would have imperilled the internal integrity of the Empire. There come moments in the life of every state when it must prove by its own actions whether it is alive and vital, or not. If it fails to do so at the critical moment, not all the Concerts of Europe ever convened can rehabilitate it in the eyes of its people or the world.

Possibly the admonitions of Europe might have kept Serbia quiet for a time—possibly the Serbian government might have been induced to make efforts to protect the monarchy from the actions of certain classes of her (Serbia's) people. But it is possible for the government of one country to protect another country if the attacked one shows herself incapable of protecting herself!

In 1909 Serbia promised to respect the Status quo and to keep good neighbourly relations with the monarchy. But is there any one today who will assert that these promises have been carried out, or that there was even a serious attempt made at carrying them out?

Serbia's broken promises.

People who say that the relations between Serbia and the Monarchy could have been arranged by a conference of the powers show a complete ignorance of the state of affairs, especially in Serbia. They also leave out of consideration the position of the Monarchy; while she would be standing before a court composed of the Powers of Europe in the character of a complainant against Serbia, asking it to guarantee the peace of her frontiers—a position obviously impossible for her—and while the powers would be dealing almost exclusively with the assassination of Serajevo (being naturally unable to take into consideration the thousand and one events which led up to them) her very position would constitute in itself the greatest weapon in the hands of her enemies. Then indeed they could cry from the housetops, what they had formerly secretly spread, that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy had ceased to exist as a world power and was merely a conglomeration of dis-united peoples, ready to go asunder at the first opportunity. No matter how much moral right she might have, no matter how much European sympathy, I am absolutely convinced that had she wavered at the critical moment, she would have lost her prestige and her honour. It may seem extraordinary for a Britisher—and a loyal Britisher at that—to be so firmly convinced of the justice of the Austro-Hungarian position. The reason is that I have arrived at this conviction slowly and, to a certain extent, against my own prejudices.

I don't criticize the actions of England. I think she had a right to act in any way which she considered her vital interests demanded, but I also think that we should be the last to deny the same right to another country whose danger was perhaps as great as our own. We, who drew the sword the instant our prestige or interest was threatened, can hardly sit in judgment on those who drew the sword only when a constant threat had developed into an ugly reality.

Dual Monarchy Forced Into War.

Finally I am quite convinced that all fair minded persons—whether subjects of neutral

or enemy countries—who know any thing of the conditions existing here, stand by the Monarchy in every step she has taken. Many of them have the courage of their convictions and have not hesitated to express them freely in the Press and elsewhere. It is true that their voices are half drowned by the angry clamour of masses who know absolutely nothing, of the whole matter, but I am convinced that in the end truth will prevail.

The conduct of the Monarchy before the outbreak of hostilities is only equalled by the conduct exhibited since.

As a Britisher living here in Budapest since the beginning of the war, I think it will be admitted that my position gives me a good opportunity of judging, and I must say most emphatically that the treatment meted out to us, strangers and subjects of of an enemy country as we are, is beyond all praise.

Britishers Praise Hungary and Austria.

In speaking here specially about Hungary it most not be supposed that I consider the treatment of Britishers in Austria to be different—it simply means that I wish to speak only of what I have personal knowledge. I have spoken with many Britishers here who travel very often to Vienna (although officially "interned") and they all agree that the Britishers in Austria meet with similar treatment as we here in the Kingdom of Hungary.

Really there is no question of "treatment" we feel simply as free as if we were in our own countries;—if any thing, the kind-hearted Hungarians regard us with extra sympathy and always inquire whether we have any troubles on account of the war. As a matter of fact we, here in Hungary, hardly feel the war at all. Money is plentiful—as is amply proved by the fact that the enormous amount subscribed for the new war loan is more than the total of the first two got together. All shops are open and as full of customers as in times of peace. It is difficult to get seats in any of the theatres or music halls,—last week I telephoned to the Opera for one seat and, although it was 11 o'clock in the morning, all seats were sold out! Fashions change as rapidly as ever but the ladies keep up with them; not only does one not see last year dresses but one does not even see last months styles and as for shoes well, as if in direct contradiction of the idea of scarcity of leather fashion has decreed high boots, every pair of which requires about three times the quantity of leather ordinarily used. But one must not run away with the idea that because the Hungarian ladies dress so elegantly they do not take the war seriously, that would be indeed a false impression, for every Hungarian lady takes some part in the work for the soldiers. Every one gives and does all in her power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded.

Beautiful houses are turned into convalescent homes for the soldiers and it is a common sight to see poor wounded soldiers who have lost the use of limb or eyes, being taught some useful art or industry in aristocratic drawing rooms. This war has served at least to bring out in strong relief the wonderful qualities of this wonderful nation. There is not one of the belligerent nations whose record can compare either in the quality of her soldiers or of her people at home with Hungary's. I am sure that after the war this nation will stand out as the bravest, the most cultured and the most humane nation. There is no bragging or boasting, no nursing of hatred here, but a quiet confidence in their right and a quiet determination to win. J. J. Dempsey.

Our Policies Puzzle Japan.

Although the La Follette Seaman's Act which has swept the American flag from the Pacific has greatly benefited Japan, that country is amazed that any country should have passed such an unpatriotic measure. Mr. Takikawa, a leading Japanese manufacturer employing 10,000 persons, describes the forcing of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company out of business by American legislation as something "that an Original mind cannot quite comprehend." "It is strange," said Mr. Takikawa, "that your lawmakers do not realize that wages in Japan are far less than here, and to compete with Japanese steamships your own transportation companies must have the benefit of every advantage the law can give them." Many people, who for the same reasons advanced by the Japanese manufacturer, have looked upon the La Follette acts as a piece of mischievous legislation, were surprised to read the statement issued recently by the Acting Secretary of Commerce that "the European war has placed the United States second among the maritime nations." But, as Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire points out, the United States was second before the war commenced, if coast, lake and river tonnage were included. "A very considerable number of the vessels registered during the war year for foreign commerce," says Senator Gallinger, "were simply American-built vessels transferred from the coast trade because of the unusual demand for freight ships for overseas voyaging." (Charlton Bates Strayer.)

THE PINCH OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

London, Sunday. Each day we are here feeling the pinch of the war more and more severely. Prices keep rising in view of the so heavily increased taxation which falls so severely upon the tradespeople. And with that our incomes are, to quote Mr. Montagu to be cut in half.

The postal service, which used to be the pride of England, has become exceedingly poor and when postal communications are bad, why business is crippled. The business community complains bitterly and the Postmaster General replies that half his staff has gone to the war and that it is more important to beat the German's than to have a regular postal service.

Each day the banks and business offices are being denuded of employes. In the Bank of England, just at a moment when there is an abnormal amount of work to be done, the places of the bank clerks—who owing to their mode of life are likely to make the poorest kind of soldiers—are being filled by women. In consequence there is a state of semi chaos, an enormous influx of work and inexperienced people to deal with it.

Each day the streets become darker owing to the rules for shading lights being more and more severely enforced. Each morning strings of offenders are brought into the police courts charged with the misdemeanour of having shown too much light and are fined various sums ranging from £3 to £25. The bitterness felt amongst the small tradesmen as regards the petty persecutions of the masses of private police and spies, knows no bounds, the more so as most of their businesses are already well nigh ruined. Most of the theatre owners, owing to the suppression of lights in the streets and the ever present prospect of visits by Zeppelin's, have given up night performances, eight only holding out with an evening programme. They are all doing poor business.

Milk has now risen to five pence a quart and eggs are from three to four pence each.

AN ALPHABETICAL POEM. A VERY STRANGE PREVISION, PUBLISHED A LONG TIME AGO FORETELLING THE MURDEROUS DEVASTATION OF TODAY.

The following Poem was first published anonymously about fifty years ago, and its authorship still remains unknown. It is a curiosity in its way, and is the most remarkable case of sustained alliteration that is known to exist. Each word in the first line begins with the first letter of the alphabet; each letter in the second line begins with the second letter of the alphabet, and so on all through the poem. The last line reverts to the first letter again, because formerly, after saying the alphabet, the sign for "and"—&—which represents a word commencing with "a"—and sometimes called "ampersand," followed:

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade Cossack commanders cannonading come Dealing destruction's devastating doom. Every endeavor engineers essay, For fame, for fortune—fighting—furious fray! Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God! How honors Heaven heroic hardihood! Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill, Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill. Labor low levels longest loftiest lines; Men march mid mounds, mid moles, mid murderous mines; Now noxious, noisy numbers nothing, nought Of outward obstacles, opposing ought; Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed, Quite quaking quickly "Quarter! Quarter!" quest. Reason returns, religious right redounds, Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds. Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train, Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine! Vanish, vain victory! Vanish victory vain! Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xavier? Yield, yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen, yield your yell! Zeus's, Zarpater's Zoroaster's zeal, Attracting all, arms against acts appeal! Harold Morré.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

As a rule gray horses live the longest and roans next. The whale's progress through the water is limited too 10 or 12 miles an hour. About 65 per cent of the Swiss Federal Railways rest on steel tires. One-quarter of the area of the Kingdom of Saxony is covered by forests. A Spanish syndicate is considering building a railroad across Northern Africa, 1,864 miles long. Massachusetts has the largest Portuguese population of any State, Rhode Island ranking next. The doll is one of the oldest of toys. Examples have been found in the graves of the children of ancient Rome.

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.

Wants The Truth.

To the Editor. The other day a friend gave me a couple of back numbers of The Continental Times for the 3rd and 10th, and may I say I was really pleased with the contents, there being various items one would look in vain for in the British Press which is of course doctored to meet the needs of the Government as to what must be made public. I should be pleased if you would be kind enough to send me your paper regularly, and after reading it I will pass same along to other friends both American and British whose minds are not poisoned by bias and prejudice. Copenhagen, Nov. 20. C. E. H.

The Offensive Churchill.

To the Editor. I read and appreciated to the utmost your recent article with regards to Winston Churchill and your just remarks concerning his never ceasing blunders and misuse of terms. He scarcely ever opens his mouth to speak without saying something either foolish or objectionable. In his latest speech in the House of Commons he managed to offend every woman throughout the country having a husband son brother friend or relation at the front by referring flippantly to the ill fated Dardanelles expedition, in which thousands upon thousands of English soldiers lost their lives quite needlessly and fruitlessly, as just a "war Gamble."

The following letter written by Lady Ley to the Press conveys the sentiment felt: "As the mother of a son fighting in Gallipoli, I cannot help protesting against the way in which the operations in that region were referred to by Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons on Tuesday.

We mothers are prepared to take all legitimate risks of war, even on the present unprecedented scale, but that our politicians should look on, and speak of, the operations in which our sons are engaged as a "war gamble" is as heartless as it is ill timed, and, I doubt not, is keenly felt by many in the silence of their homes. A Mother.

The Continental Times is the only newspaper published in all Europe which tells the truth in English.

Thanksgiving.

To the Editor. I enclose you a few lines about thanksgiving which I hope may be of use; Thanksgiving is here again; but it is a different Thanksgiving from former years, for the cruel hand of Mars has strewn misery ruthlessly. Even many an American has lost a dear friend or relative during these terrible moths. Those who live in Europe have not only seen the patriotism, the bravery and the self-sacrifices of the various nations; but have also learned to know what sorrow and grief such a war inflicts. But though there have been thousands of cases of suffering and sorrow, there are also manifold incidents of deep gratitude, of great heroism and such nobleness of spirit, that one constantly is led to marvel and admire.

And now when Thanksgiving comes, when some of us read of the awful conflicts of nations, while others watch the soldiers marching to the front—the glad light of enthusiasm shining in their eyes—and still others see the trenches, the camps and the actual life in the field, then our hearts are filled with a hymn of thanksgiving that our country has been spared such scenes. We think of those we love and are devoutly grateful that they have not been called to defend their country, to return perhaps no more. Yet just because we fully recognize how great the loss of our own loved ones would be, our thoughts go out to those foreign brothers and sisters in deepest sympathy and we earnestly wish we could comfort and assuage their overwhelming suffering. Formerly we pictured Thanksgiving as a day when all members of the family came together, rejoicing in the past gifts and and joys which the year had brought and in the knowledge of their love for one another; while turkey, cranberries and pumpkin pie completed the well-known picture. This year the home-circle will mean more than ever, but our faces will be saddened and our hearts more serious as we think of those thousands of fresh graves being gently covered with the red gold falling leaves. Thankfully we welcome Thanksgiving but with a more reverent and sweeter thankfulness than ever was known before. Hamburg, Nov. 27. Elsa Buchenberger

LORD KITCHENER'S MISSION.

By Sir Roger Casement.

In July 1911 Mr. Noel Buxton M.P. invited me to accompany him to the Balka on a private mission of investigation into the alleged "Turkish atrocities" that were then a subject of some political interest in England.

refused the invitation for I was, at the time, engaged in the investigation of the actual atrocities of the London Putumayo Rubber Co. on the Indians of the Upper Amazon and a few days later I set out on a second visit to that far off region.

Moreover I had some doubt as to the authenticity of Turkish atrocities in general and of English sympathy for the victims in particular. Not that I do not believe that the Balkans have been the theatre of great tragedies in the past, but I did not accept the English attitude. It was not based, to my mind, so much on sympathy for the sufferers as on a hope to derive political results from the suffering.

Political considerations I saw clearly were at the bottom of the humanitarian Crusade of England against the Turk in 1911 and 1912.

With those considerations I could not sympathise, for the object really aimed at was not the betterment of the Balkan peoples but the attainment of British ends against Germany.

It was the last link in the chain of environment that was to be riveted by a triumph exposure of the Turk and the handing over of his heritage of centuries to those who might then be welded into a solid south-eastern barrier against the Teuton.

Such was my judgment at the time and the events of the four intervening years have abundantly justified it.

In September last year, while I was still in America I wrote these words:

"Day by day as the war proceeds, although it is now only six weeks old, the pretences under which it was begun are being discarded. England fights not to defend the neutrality of Belgium, not to destroy German militarism, but to retain, if need be by involving the whole world in war, her supreme and undisputed ownership of the seas." (Philadelphia, 15. September 1914.)

Fourteen months have passed and the truth of that statement must now be clear to all men.

The first victim was Belgium, the latest is Serbia and tomorrow will come another.

Three or four months ago we had the visit to Athens, Sofia and Bukarest of Sir William Tyrell, the special envoy of Sir Edward Grey, to secure the adhesion of the Balkan States to the policy of Environment.

Sir William Tyrell's mission failed and now we have Lord Kitchener's. I do not know if Lord Kitchener goes to the Near East as a general or as an envoy; but it is clear why he goes.

Where "Turkish atrocities" failed and Sir William Tyrell failed, the victor over the Mahdi and the Boers may have a better chance.

The British Government is repeating the error that led them into the war.

War for England in the past has been always an adventure abroad, not a great national duty at home.

There has never been for three hundred years and more a war undertaken by England for the defence of England, but only a series of expeditions abroad to lay hands on other people's territory and swell the foreign dominions of the Empire.

So true is this that whenever England fights the force sent into the field is not called the "British army," but the "Expeditionary Force in Flanders," China, Gallipoli or wherever the adventure lies. Instead of the fact we have a euphemism, just as when it is sought to bribe some still neutral power into the fray the process is termed "an advance to our allies."

The mistake this time is a vital one and one I warned Sir William Tyrell against three years ago. An English war against Germany could not be of the old character—a great adventure to be conducted by raids, by expeditions, by subsidies to "allies" and picnic trips in quest of new "friends," Sir Edward Grey thought that England would have an easy task, that indeed she would suffer no more by going to war with Germany than if she stayed out.

The error was based on a profound misapprehension. England thought that war with Germany meant only to attack a Government—she has discovered a People. Too late she realizes the error. An organized Nation fighting for all it holds dear, with all its strength cannot be faced, much less overcome by the old methods. And yet England has no other methods. Hence, instead of sending her own armies against the foe, she sends a general to find the armies of others. The truth is beginning to dawn on the minds of enlightened Englishmen; but then none of these are in the Government.

Sir Edward Carson resigned because he saw the truth and detested the deception; but then Sir Edward Carson is at bottom an Irishman and has some of that ruthless sincerity that makes an Irishman always his "own worst enemy."

The debate in the House of Commons on the 2nd November may be regarded as the turning point in the war. Here for the first time it is frankly recognized that the time is gone by when large offers of other people's territory can affect the issue. Arms and men alone can win the war, and unless England can furnish these herself, from within, her diplomacy to get them from elsewhere is doomed to failure.

This and more was said in the debate on the 2nd instant but the Government did not remain to listen to the truth.

The Prime Minister, Sir E. Grey and other members of the Cabinet having delivered their traditional commonplaces, left the House to the critics and then only did the truth emerge—the first time since the Declaration of War on August 4, 1914. The return of truth to the House of Commons is the first victory England has won, and I sincerely hope it will soon be followed by others.

The ablest critic was not Sir E. Carson, who followed Mr. Asquith, but Mr. Amery, once a war correspondent in the South African War, compiler of the Times "History of the Boer War," and now member for South Birmingham.

Mr. Amery I met more than once during the Boer War. He has as much regard for the "small nationalities" as for the land systems of the Zulus or Bechuanas, and probably still less for the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey. His speech in the House of Commons is the first frank confession of complete failure that any Englishman has emitted, and it comes from the ranks of the Jingo imperialists.

Here are some points from the speech: "The Government had hardly ever led, but had continually yielded. They had hardly ever foreseen, but had always been surprised. They had been surprised that there was a shortage of munitions, that there was a shortage of men, that cotton was of use to the German artillery, that the Turks fought well in trenches, that Bulgaria was hostile to Serbia and that Greece hesitated. . . . Our policy was that of meeting unpleasant solid facts with empty promises—a policy of self-deception, timidity and indolence. . . . Then we began to make extravagant offers of territory to Greece. It was not a bribe of more territory that Greece wanted. . . . It was men; it was the certainty of success. . . . It was impossible to buy nations by acres; they were bought by men. What were we doing now? Having no plan and no policy we were sending General Munro to try and save the situation. . . . They had to face the actual situation. It was too late to prevent the forcing of the gateway between Germany and the East. It was too late to save Serbia from devastation."

For his frankness Mr. Amery deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. It is the first time that the House of Commons has been told that the war is not a great adventure, but a great disaster. The next admission may well be that it is not only a disaster but a crime—the thing I have always called it, "the Crime against Europe."

Lord Kitchener in the Near East will be as futile as Lord Kitchener at the West End. The English Government went into the war with only idea—the hope of destroying Germany as a great power. They saw only a government, and they struck a Nation. They had not counted the cost—they did not weigh the means—they did not understand their opponent. They reckoned by heads—and overlooked the human heart.

England, today, is beginning to realize the truth, but its statesmanship is still bankrupt. It resorts to methods of panic, and grasps at every straw that shows on the surface of the hurrying tide. But the river sweeps always to destruction, and straws cannot stay the swimmer.

What England wants today is not a general to prosecute the crime, to lead to fresh disaster, but a statesman to give the land peace.

And here again I will quote Mr. Amery; although I apply his words in another sense.

"What we wanted was courage, decision, leadership. Any man who would lead this country as it ought to be led, who would not look over his shoulder afraid of his own shadow would find an invincible host to follow him to victory."

Yes: but the victory must be won not over Germany, but over England.

If, even now at the eleventh hour, England could produce a Statesman, she would do something better than subsidise her allies—she would save them, as well as her own honour.

The prolongation of the war in the vain hope of getting Germany down is not only the greatest crime in human affairs, but the greatest folly in English history.

A year hence the hope will be as vain, or vainer than it is to day, and a year hence millions more of mankind will have suffered. The man that is wanted is not Lord Kitchener in the East, in Greece, in Gallipoli, in Egypt—but an Englishman at home who will realise, again to quote Mr. Amery, that "it is not too late to save our honour."

Roger Casement.

November 11th 1915.

CASE OF BARON FLONDER.

Baron von Flonder was interned as Taschkent and belongs to a small group of exchange prisoners who were allowed to return via Roumania, while the majority of the other exchange prisoners are directed to return via Sweden, Holland and Germany.

Baron von Flonder declares the climate of Taschkent as most unhealthy. In winter the

lowest temperature was -10 degrees C.; while in summer the highest point reached by the mercury was +50° C. The winter lasts hardly three months and has the character of a raining season which extends from the beginning of December to about the second half of February. The summer is hardly bearable for a western European. Water must always be cooked before it may be used for human consumption. But in spite of all such precautions malaria fever prevails among the people. Even the doctors fall victims to this illness. But also other illnesses occur in great number. Baron von Flonder stated that the Bukovina hostages after they had been removed as prisoners from Czernowitz never again met, but were sent to different destinations. Baron von Flonder says he enjoyed no privileges during his captivity, but was treated just in the same way as all other prisoners.

An exception was only made in the case of the Austrian painter Lindenthal, a member of the Vienna Academy of Arts, who likewise is interned as prisoner at Taschkent, but is permitted to paint religious tableaux for the altars of the Roman-catholic church at Taschkent.

FICTION.

Editor (to contributor)—Why don't you make your story true to life?

Contrib.—What's the matter with it?

Ed.—What's the matter with it? Why here you say that "There was the sound of a shot, and immediately the street swarmed with policemen." (Judge.)

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LITERATURE.

THREE VALUABLE BOOKS.

The Soil of Atrocity Tales. The Meaning of German Victory.

By R. L. Orchelle.

Die Urbilder der feindlichen Greuelberichte, Von Marie Louise Becker. Concordia, Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Berlin SW. 11. Preis 50 Pfg.

This is a very valuable and interesting work. It deals with the origin of the atrocity tales with which the French and English press flooded the world at the beginning of the war, and proves how the soil for these gigantic crops of falsehoods had been prepared for years in advance. The author lived for over seven years in France, acting as a dramatic critic for various German publications. She writes in a clear and pleasing style, and has a fine gift of irony—which is in itself remarkable in a writer of the fair sex.

Frau Becker proves by many interesting sidelights how the patriotism and the lust for revenge of the French people had been cunningly played upon by professional journalists, dramatists, school-teachers, and artists. The school-books of the young contained tales and pictures of "German atrocities" of the War of 1870. The franc-tireur was always proclaimed as a hero—or heroine. Maudlin, sentimental and chauvinistic plays upon Elsass-Lothringen abounded—all of them presenting slanderous interpretations of the German administration. The basest passions of the mob were catered to, and that strain of sadistic cruelty which manifested itself in the French during the Revolution found rich nourishment. The publications for young boys and girls dwell with special ardor upon deeds of heroism performed by dauntless French youths against German monsters in human form. Book after book containing the grossest insults against everything German oozed, one might say, from the press; their authors were not gutter journalists, but eminent French authors who had descended to the gutter. Even the

character and chastity of the German woman were held up to obscene ridicule.

Frau Becker's book is particularly interesting in that it lays bare the roots of the astonishing fanaticism and fury that seized the French people upon the outbreak of that war into which their rulers deliberately led them, passions which resulted in the most unutterable abominations being perpetrated upon German civilians and German wounded during the first few months. It is the story of a people being systematically poisoned for political ends—one of the most cunning and criminal campaigns in all history. It is well that Americans should obtain an insight into these influences at work behind the scene, for there can be no doubt that this crusade of lies and calumny so cleverly prepared for and so thoroughly and diabolically carried out by the French, has exerted a deplorable influence over the uninformed American.

It is in these artificial aids to the passions that support the war-mongers, the Delcassés and Poincaré, the Churchills and Iswolskis, that we must look for all that has rendered modern war so hideous and detestable. A prostituted press, a debased art, a system of education saturated with the venom of the chauvinist, and lo! a people poisoned and betrayed, a nation misled, weakened and flung into a senseless war against a neighbor that wished only to dwell in peace with a people it still admired.

Der Deutsche Sieg. Ein Beweis von Hanns Withalm. Concordia, Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. Berlin SW. 11. Preis Marks 2.

This book is one of those remarkable evidences of German power arising from the unshakeable conviction of the righteousness of Germany's cause, and her astonishing achievements in science, administration, education, in the realm of the spirit as well as in that of arms.

Herr Withalm has given the title of "German Victory" to his book, and in his manly and straightforward introduction he makes clear his right to this title in the light of that German ascendancy in the world which neither murderous hate nor corroding envy can now destroy.

"Politically and economically," says Herr Withalm, "The Germanic nations are innocent of this carnage. And that which elevates this guiltlessness to heroism and to an apotheosis, is our battle for life, for our place in the world, for our native heaths."

A number of famous Germans have furnished original contributions to this book. The author also summons up the sinister spirit of Germany's foremost enemies, as well as those of neutral color, and establishes his argument through these. The ravings of some of the leading intellectuals of the Entente strike one as sheer insanity, that most terrible and deplorable insanity which is no longer tragic, but simply grotesque and comic. The overwhelming fury of impotence and defeat, the bitter knowledge of inferiority drives them to a madness that is like a whirlwind in the brain. For out of the calumny of your enemy you may win the treasure of the sincerest eulogy—just as the loveliest lilies spring from mould.

I have more than once called attention to the fact that the much misunderstood, the grossly-distorted and furiously-attacked German Kultur, or system of civilization, is already triumphing over the world—not only in neutral lands—but even in the countries of Germany's enemies—most of whom are desperately attempting to emulate her in outward forms without possessing the inner moral qualities. That is the supreme secret of Germany's greatness and Germany's success—the inherent ethical strength of the people disciplined and organized by the intellectual forces of the land, instead of being disrupted and corrupted by political and industrial and economic exploitation as in most other countries. If Germany's Kultur be still clouded to American eyes by the venomous mists bred in the journalistic jungles of the Entente, surely little Germany's successes against a whole world in arms, ought to appeal to American worship of success and that much vaunted American chivalry I hold that America must in the future look to Germany for the secrets of true progress—for the path of England is the path of retrogression.

German victories are not so vast and significant because they are the victories of German arms, but because they are in essence the victory of that German civilization which may yet bring harmony, health and happiness to a convulsed and suffering humanity.

WAKE UP, FRANCE! A CRY OF WARNING.

Frankreich erwache! by Ernst Heinemann, Carl Heymann, Publisher, Berlin. 1 Mark.

"This little book is an attempt to awaken the French people from the hypnotic sleep into which it has been cast for over a quarter of a century by its allies in London and St. Petersburg."

Such is the aim of this excellent little brochure by Mr. Heinemann. He points out how the idea of French revanche, rooted in and kept aflame by an intense national vanity as well as by diligent incitement from without, has led this proud nation unto ruin and vassalage. There was indeed a time when this fierce desire of a dwindling state to redeem its defeats by overcoming a powerful and growing state by force of arms, began to die away. That was the period of common sense in France, of a cool and objective view of the situation and its hopelessness. A ray of the truth that the interests of France could best be served by friendship with her powerful and prosperous neighbor, began to make its way into the souls of the French. But this desirable turn of affairs was not to the taste of the chauvinists—nor of the power chiefly interested in keeping that pernicious animosity alive in Great Britain. It was these blind and rabid executives, supported by a venal and incendiary press who kept this dreadful spark glowing in the hearts of the French people, and then betrayed them into a ruinous war to serve the sordid purposes of England.

One is often appalled to hear French statesmen or their press organs talk of the "German attack upon France." Yet a mere glance at the official books, proves that this attack was nothing more than a simple and natural question to the French government as to what its attitude towards Germany would

be—whether one of peace or one of war. The answer was a veiled threat and the incursion of French troops into Elsass. France was offered peace,—and that offer was sincere, no one who knows the heart of the German people can doubt. She deliberately chose war. Where is that much-vaunted logic of the French mind? The French Yellow Book, Letter No. 158, runs as follows: "Depuis plus de quarante ans, les Français, dans un sincère amour de la paix, ont refoulé au fond de leur coeur le désir des réparations légitimes."

In English: "For more than forty years the French, in their sincere love of peace, have kept the desire for legitimate reparations ("revanche") alive in the bottom of their hearts." Observe, pray—"their sincere love of peace!"

France, Mr. Heinemann proves, is merely working, bleeding, dying for England in this, for her, most unnecessary and foolish of all wars. He deduces the historical evidence for this—facts which cannot be gainsayed, and make one marvel how a great and intelligent people can lose their heads over a false cry addressed to their hearts.

Fifteen billions francs has France flung into the bottomless coffers of Russia in order to be able to draw her sword for the Serbian interests of Russia and the commercial interests of England. It has placed its money, its beautiful country, its brave children at the disposal of its so-called friends—for the sake of an insane and hopeless ambition. The raging inconsequence of the French mind of to-day may be traced to a last despairing effort to fight against the realization of this truth—that once more the hot-headed people have been betrayed by the cold and heartless exploiters and that the Germany which was forced to take up unwilling arms against them, is even to-day a truer friend than the ally from over the Channel.

When the hour strikes and France awakes that hour will behold the seeds sown for the future peace of Europe and the co-operation of two great nations which nature destined to work together for the advancement of civilization. R. L. Orchelle.

THE LETTERS OF CLARENCE. An Intercepted Correspondence.

XVI. The Horse's Head, Brighton.

Dear George: This is really quite a delightful place, and they put you up very nicely. There are a number of writer chaps stopping here, and this Inn may be said to contain the brains of the place. I almost feel at home now.

The Italians must feel flattered to have had the "Giuseppe Garibaldi" sunk. Think of what good company she is now in! We and our Allies now have a Cruiser at nearly every important point in the Mediterranean, and no further cost for their upkeep either.

The Russians are now rapidly advancing into Germany. That fellow Hindenburg started them on their real invasion, and there are now nearly as many Russians as Germans in the country. Isn't it simple of the Germans not to see into our carefully laid plans? They are only making it the easier for us to starve them out.

If this fine weather holds, I will not need to stay here much longer. I was snapped yesterday, and one really sees a marked change in my appearance. The fellow who snapped me, charged me double because of the trouble in developing the moustache, he said. There is nothing like taking advantage of a period of roughing it like this.

Let me know how you are getting on with the recruiting. It is really a good idea of yours to wear a uniform yourself, to show the recruits how fine it looks. Of course it is awkward to go without a starched collar at first, but remember you are suffering for the good of your country.

Cordially yours, Clarence. July 23rd, 1915.

XVII. Cashmann's Hotel, Eastburne.

Dear George: Three days with no sun, caused me to travel on this much nearer home. It is much more interesting here than at Brighton, for there is always the chance of German Airships appearing on the scene. There is a pool gotten up in the Hotel each day, and it costs but a pound to get in on it. The Hotel management runs the pool, and will pay each member of the pool living in the Hotel, one hundred pounds in case the Hotel is struck by an airship bomb. Rather good odds, what? Quite safe too, for the tickets say—"Good for 100 Pounds Sterling if presented at the desk of the cashier of Cashmann's Hotel within 48 hours after the dropping of a German Airship bomb upon the said Hotel".

There is a chap here who seems to know a lot about Parliament. He goes by the name of J. T. Dowd, which I am sure is assumed for he speaks of various members in the most intimate terms. He calls Bonar Law, "old Boneyard"; Asquith is "ask with or without", and he speaks of the Conservative Party as "Pickles". He must be a Member here for his vacation, though I do not remember ever having seen his picture in the papers. He has a rather long horse-shaped face, blue eyes, and a red nose. Do you, by chance, know him?

Numerous crews of our ships are being landed all along this coast, and they say that their ships have been sunk by submarines. Queer that the papers say nothing about it, but perhaps it is nothing of importance. Let me know what the prospects are for shooting this fall.

Cordially yours, Clarence. July 29th, 1915.

XVIII. Axminster Hotel, Eastbourne.

Dear George: An American who came here is partially the cause of my leaving Cashmann's Hotel. We met in a bar, and he seemed a decent sort of chap. He asked me where I was stopping, and "was interested in the pool, when I told him about it. I showed him my ticket, and he laughed greatly over it.

He said that it was a good game for the management, and that I would have difficulty in locating the cashier's desk, if a bomb really hit the Hotel. Do you think the management could have possibly reckoned on that?

I should have left that Hotel anyway, because that fellow J. T. Dowd turned out to be other than he led people to suppose. As you say, my description of his appearance will fit many Englishmen. After he had borrowed Fifty Pounds off me, I found that he was only a publican in the neighborhood of Westminster, and had there made the acquaintance of the various members of whom he spoke.

Our plans are succeeding wonderfully. Last month the Germans took 171,056 prisoners and the Austrians 50,796. They were all Russians, and you know what appetites they have. The Germans are such barbarians that they keep their prisoners well fed, so that they may gloat over them daily; instead of following more modern, humane methods as we did in South Africa. They also have taken many cannon and machine guns of the Russians, but as we supplied many from those weapons, we know that there is little to fear from them.

You forgot to let me know about the shooting, so I hope to hear from you again soon.

Cordially yours, Clarence. August 2nd, 1915.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REVERSAL.

There has been a sharp reversal of attitude on the part of President Wilson with reference to military preparations since William Jennings Bryan left the cabinet. Less than nine months ago, in his annual message, the President stated to the House and Senate that "America should not be turned into a military camp." He added that the nation must depend in every time of national peril the future as in the past, not upon a standing army, but upon a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms. "More than this, proposed at this time," he added, "would mean merely that we had lost our self-possession, that we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes cannot touch us, whose very existence affords us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service which should make us ashamed of any thought of hostility or fearful preparation for trouble." In addition, while the President said that this nation "should take leave to be strong upon the seas," he doubted whether it would be well for the United States to do much until the experts agreed upon the ideal type of fighting ship. Now, however, the President admits that military preparations are necessary. He has instructed the Secretaries of the Navy and War to prepare plans for adequate defense. There is no doubt that he is sincere at this time in pressing for military preparations. The chief danger that confronts the President's program, however, is former Secretary Bryan. Mr. Bryan was the dominant factor in the administration's control of Congress at the last session. Whenever the President was in doubt about the disposition of Congress toward any given policy, he called upon Bryan and Bryan delivered the votes. Bryan is now actively engaged in lining up his friends in Congress against the program of more adequate defense. (Thomas Logan in Leslie's)

A COLLECTOR. She—What's his penchant? He—Antiques. She (glaring through lorgnette)—Is that one of them with him? (Judge)

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