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No. 1117. Vol. XXI. No. 50.

ROTTERDAM

LUCERNE

BERLIN

VIENNA

ZURICH

ROME

FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1915.

LATEST NEWS.

SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST
FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Considerable Gain.

Suwalki, April 28. It is announced that the German army has made an advance here amounting to a gain of 27 kilometres.

Munitions Blown Up.

Vienna, April 28. The Austro-Hungarian General Staff reports that two Russian munitions depots have been blown up in the Carpathians.

A Catastrophe.

St. Petersburg, April 28. An accident, the details of which are concealed, has taken place on the Russian warship Paul I. Admiral Tyrkoff and three officers lost their lives.

Italy Neutral.

New York, April 29. Signor Marconi has arrived here and, being a member of the Italian Senate was immediately interviewed on Italy's policy. He asserted that his country intended to maintain a strict neutrality.

Churchill Again.

London, April 29. In the House of Commons. Winston Churchill declared that there was not any idea of altering the treatment accorded to the German submarine prisoners.

Sunk By Cannon Shots.

Stockholm, April 29. It transpires that the Finnish Steamer Fraak was not torpedoed, as previously announced, by was sunk by shots from a submarine boat.

Creoles Called to Army.

Geneva, April 29. As showing how short the French are of men for their army, they have now called to the colors the Creole contingent of the Antilles, from Guyana and Réunion.

Against The War.

Milan, April 28. The so splendidly organized working man's party here, is strongly against the war. It is organising anti-war demonstrations all over the country, for the 1st of May.

Newspapers Stopped.

Rotterdam, April 29. A very lucrative trade in English newspapers, which was being carried on here, has been stopped by the English. It is thought that there is a desire shown thereby; that the heavy casualty lists, which are the results of the latest engagements about Ypres; be concealed.

High Praise.

Vienna, April 30. Sven Hedin has just returned from the front. He praises the Austro-Hungarian forces he saw there in the highest degree. He says that the men at the front have withstood more hardships than any other men in the whole war. A Russian shell exploded so near the explorer, that he was covered with the earth it raised up.

Prisoners in Germany.

Magdeburg, April 29. The American Ambassador to the Court of Prussia, Mr. Gerard, was here on Wednesday to see the officer prisoners who had been arrested in retaliation for the submarine prisoners in England. The Ambassador expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied. The prisoners are quite contented.

Airmen Over Friedrichshafen.

Friedrichshafen, April 28. Once more the enemy have sent their airmen over here, with the evident object of destroying the airship hall and works. As before, the attack was repulsed. The airman threw six bombs, the only result being that one man was wounded on the hand from a splinter. The aeroplane was hit several times and showed marked signs of being damaged.

Canadian Regrets.

Montreal, April 28. All over Canada the press expresses the great sorrow felt at the heavy losses of the Canadians in the new engagements which have taken place about Ypres. The people are just beginning to realise the seriousness of the war and to look upon it in a quite different light than at first. Canada thought the losses would be no more serious than in the Boer war.

Awarded the Iron Cross.

Munich, April 29. The Iron Cross with white band, for civilians, has been awarded to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, for the excellent work he has done, in the publication of his most able work entitled *Kriegs-Aufsätze—War Essays*. It is a book which everyone should read, as it throws a true and perfectly clear light upon the causes of the war and upon English policy.

England's Ammunition.

A Visit to the Armstrong Work Shows That There Are Not Enough Mechanics.

Staggering Facts.

Two Thousand Mechanics Needed and Six Thousand Extra Hands.

London, April 25. The Newcastle correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* managed to obtain permission to visit the Armstrong works, which would correspond to the Krupp works in Essen. Wonderful as it may seem, as the information must needs be of much interest to the enemy, he was allowed to publish the results of his visit, which shows a deplorable condition of things existing. Amongst other things he says are:—

The very first fact I learned was rather staggering. "You can take it," said one of the heads of the firm, as he was arranging to hand me over to one of the works managers, "that we require about 2,000 mechanics of all sorts at the present moment." Mechanics, of course, are skilled men, but when we came later to talk of labour in the large—unskilled as well as skilled—I was told that, apart from ordinary labouring work of the absolutely unskilled sort, the firm could easily be doing with about 6,000 additional hands to set, supervise, and tend machinery alone.

Sharp Contrasts.

My tour of those portions of the works where shells are being turned out brought me into contact with all sorts of sharp contrasts. On the one hand I saw huge workshops positively humming with activity, every machine working apparently at full pressure; on the other, I saw even larger workshops comparatively uninhabited, with whole ranges—one had almost said streets—of machinery mute and motionless.

Since the war broke out a vast amount of new machinery has had to be mounted, in the endeavour to cope with the urgent needs of our Armies in the field. To accommodate this fresh machinery great new workshops have had to be provided. And at the very threshold of these machinery installations the shortage of labour makes itself felt. New machinery, for which there is pressing need, is constantly coming to hand, but the awkward thing is that there are not nearly enough hands to erect it. To-day I saw evidence of this. There were machines, numbers of them, with no belting to move them to life; not far from them were other machines, the belting attached and the machines themselves set for their works, standing idle for lack of hands to look after them. And all the while our troops are crying out for the ammunition upon the provision of which their success in the field absolutely depends.

Short of Hands.

In the course of my visit I ranged my gaze down one of the new workshops, which seemed to me to be peopled only in odd corners. Its mission is to turn out Army shells. "Now," said I to my courteous guide, "how many hands, approximately, are required to staff this workshop?" He considered for a moment or two, made a mental calculation, and answered: "You observe that the workshop consists of seven bays. Well in order to operate the machinery in the four bays nearest to us, we should need something like 2,000 hands of all grades—skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled. For the other three bays, owing to the character of the machinery we are putting in, we should require much fewer." Just picture the situation which practically requires 2,000 extra hands in one workshop alone. Obviously it was not for nothing that the authorities set about establishing the Armaments Committee for the North-East Coast. A great and intensely interesting task confronts it.

Skilled hands lacking.

During my wanderings over the works my attention was directed to groups of extremely complicated and intricate automatic machines engaged in turning out parts of the fuses of shells. For these machines highly skilled labour is requisite, but, unfortunately, the supply of it falls lamentably short of the demand.

Bombs at Eprenay.

Paris, April 29. According to the *Matin* six bombs were thrown upon the city of Eprenay from a German aeroplane. Only material damage was done.

DARDANELLES FIASCO.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT WAS NOT UNITED BUT FORCED BY A RUSE OF MONSIEUR DELCASSE TO AGREE.

CHURCHILL'S RESPONSIBILITY.

ATTACKED IN HOUSE OF LORDS BY SEVERAL MEMBERS. BRITISH PRESS, HIGHLY CRITICAL, ATTACKS MINISTERS.

Paris, April 29. Public sentiment, which was depressed owing to the news of the loss of the Gambetta, is still further lowered by the despatches of the *Daily Mail* which in vehement from attack the whole idea of the assault upon the Dardanelles. The *Daily Mail* regards the attempt as a dead failure.

It now appears that members of the French Ministry were anything but agreed as to the advisability of the attempt. The Ministers Sembat and Guesde were, from the first, decidedly hostile; giving it as their opinion that it was directly against French interests. The Minister of the Navy Augagneux wavered. Finally, after much discussion, M. Delcassé, who with Lloyd George was the joint author of the undertaking to force the Dardanelles; persuaded his colleagues, by the Jesuitical argument that it would be unadvisable to let England go uncontrolled. It is evident that M. Delcassé was well aware that England would never have undertaken the attack alone.

Churchill's Action.

Accused of Having Acted on his own Responsibility in the Dardanelles Question He is Attacked by the Newspapers.

London, April 29. The great question here is "Who was responsible for the Dardanelles fiasco." A debate has just taken place in the House of Lords in the course of which Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grenfell and Lord Almer-Marle, one after the other, threw the responsibility upon Churchill. Lord Curzon went still further and said, that this was not the first time during the war, that Churchill had shown an unfortunate disposition to act upon his own initiative. The government, he said, must now not wonder, that the attention of the House was attracted to the matter, for it had aroused a strong sentiment of unrest and anxiety throughout the land. It was more than doubtful if, in this matter, Churchill had had the support of the Sea Lords. It was a matter of urgency, for the cabinet to seek to control their colleague more than it had hitherto done. The Government should be more careful how they dispensed their high moral obligations, than was the case in Churchill's call for reprisals.

Want To Know Why.

The *Daily Chronicle*, which is the Government organ, wants to know how it could be that an attempt to force the Dardanelles was made in March, which resulted in miserable failure, but had the effect of forewarning the Turks and the Germans of British intentions. To this question there appear to be two answers, that given by *Morning Post*, namely that the Admiralty had been guilty of a gigantic and easily avoidable blunder; the second that the plan was upset at the last moment by the fall of Venizelos. Minister Venizelos wished to take part in the undertaking, send troops and allow the Greek harbors to be used as naval bases. He who does not admit the latter reasoning, must accept the opinion of the *Morning Post*.

A Direct Charge

The *Morning Post*, in a leading article of much pungency: "Is it true that troops and cannon were taken from our army in Flanders, for the purpose of strengthening the expedition against the Dardanelles? If it be true—and we have very reliable information upon the subject—it is yet another proof of the necessity for a strict control, in the interests of the army and the nation."

Lord Esher Attacks.

Lord Esher writes a letter to the *Morning Post* in which he says:—"The truth of the situation today is, that the German army occupies nearly the whole Belgian territory, a large piece of France, and the greater portion of Poland is devastated. The success of the Germans, whether they occupy Paris and Calais or not, is important and menacing. Since the month of September the conditions of the opposing forces has remained the same. In spite of bravery, devotion and self sacrifice, no advance has been made. Germany's great strength lies in the fact that she pursues one aim. Russia wishes to conquer Germany, so as to form a mighty

Balkan state and to gain Constantinople. Russia's interests in the west are merely platonic. France has only interest in the freeing of her people and the winning back of her provinces. The French are true allies, but what interests can they have in the Balkans, or in the future of the Dardanelles. Our goal is quite different. The entire future of England, of all Britons, yes, the world, hangs upon the result of this war."

Losses on the Gambetta.

Much more Serious than at First Thought. No less than Seven Hundred and Thirty Two Dead.

Rome, April 28. The catastrophe of the loss of the Léon Gambetta, is far greater than was at first expected. No less than 732 men lost their lives when the ship sank. The scenes, as the battle ship went down, were awful. The first torpedo hit the accumulators, with the result that the entire ship was at once in darkness. This added very much to the confusion. The second torpedo hit her in the stern, making a large rent through which the water poured so rapidly, that she sank ten minutes later. The wireless apparatus was also destroyed by the first torpedo, so that there was no hope of calling for assistance. Further, most of the crew was asleep at the time of the attack.

A small boat brought the news of the disaster to the signal officials at Santa Maria di Leuca. Two torpedo boats from Brindisi rendered aid and saved 136 of the survivors. Sixty corpses were fished out of the water and taken to shore for burial. It is stated that Admiral Senet committed suicide by shooting himself. In any case he is amongst the missing. A panic had broken out aboard which the officers, revolvers in hand, had tried to quell. The boats were lowered, but nearly all were sunk by the rush of occupants which overcrowded them.

French Prisoners.

They are Perfectly Well Treated and are as Content as Circumstances Permit.

Christiania, April 28. The Paris Correspondent of the *Aftenposten* telegraphs his paper, that the Norwegian Banker Steen gave a lecture before the French Red Cross, upon the subject of the French prisoners in Germany. He gave assurances that the French newspapers were misinformed in making statements as to ill-treatment of French prisoners in Germany. The German regime he said, was hard, but not inhuman. Above all the food was good. There were very few cases of complaint. The moral status of the prisoners was excellent; and had improved all the time. The lecture was illustrated with cinematograph pictures. The President of the Red Cross, Baron Anthonard, made a speech thanking M. Steen.

On the West Front.

Stubborn Battle Which has Been Progressing over a Week. Vast Quantities of Ammunition Expended.

The English have during the past few days been hurrying to the front the greatest number of troops available. In Calais there is great activity, in view of the German offensive and the commandant of the town has ordered the civil inhabitants to leave. The Belgian head quarters have removed out of Belgian territory, at Fournes, into France.

Fighting has been continuous for over a week and is still progressing and the expenditure of ammunition has, altogether, exceeded anything known during the war. Ypres exists no more, having been practically blown off the face of the earth. Scarce a house remains standing, in this town which had 16,000 inhabitants. The loss of life on both sides has been very heavy. The German papers give no details. The English and French press claim no victories.

Ministers Attacked.

The English Times and Daily Mail join in Taunting the Ministers of the Crown.

London, April 29. Nothing is so significant of the spirit of the moment as the constant attacks made upon members of the ministry by the leading papers. The *Times* attacks the government on account of its secretiveness in matters concerning the news of the war, which it qualifies as not only useless, but harmful to the state. It quotes many cases, in which the press was not allowed to tell the truth about things which were quite well known in America and Europe. It further attacks the narrow censorship of private letters, which it characterises as not only stupid but impertinent inquisitiveness on the part of the censors. It concludes by saying that the present secretiveness is akin to deception.

The *Daily Mail* uses stronger terms. It writes editorially, of the growing discontent with the government. For a long time, it says, the government hid itself behind the persons of Lords Kitchener and Fisher, both of whom are now severely criticised. Lord Kitchener came to a war office, which had, for a long time been in the hands of lawyers and other amateurs, and had come to be a national joke. He had taken possession and done what he could to create an army.

By Advertisement.

And the *Daily Mail* goes on to tell of the plan; whereby the reader comes to doubt as to whether it is meant in earnest or as a joke. Lord Kitchener's plan it says, was to employ a highly expert advertiser, in order that he might placard the walls and fill the columns of the newspapers with all kinds of most ingenious placards with which he had demonstrated that, patriotic and impulsive advertisements had the power to make opinion amongst the people, to induce them to go into the army, just the same as the advertisement of a new cigarette or a new shoe blacking achieved their ends.

Dividing the Forces.

The *Times* criticises in the sharpest manner the action of the War Office. It says that the forces are being divided up and sent to various parts, whereas the demands of the campaign insist, that all troops possible should be sent to Flanders, where the English operations are constantly delayed by lack of men and munitions. The *Times* continues: "The time for a decisive combat on the most important battlefield is drawing near. England is fighting on six other fronts, at each of which men and munitions are required. It is necessary that the forces on certain of those fronts should be diminished, for it would be an unredeemable shame, if the English army in the principal battlefield, were to be unable to hold its own." The article ends up by casting doubt as to whether the government knows how long it will take to send a new army across the Channel.

The German Guns.

General Cherfils the French Military Writer Tells of the Perfection of German Artillery. Gustav Hervé Criticises.

Paris, April 28. Writing concerning the fighting in the heights of the Maas and in the Champagne district, General Cherfils, the well known French military writer says that the German artillery is perfection, that it is so cleverly concealed that the French storming columns suffered terribly from its fire. In spite of the undoubted numerical superiority of the French artillery over that of the Germans, it was impossible to get at and silence it, so carefully was it concealed, so constantly did its positions change. The positions of the batteries which are bombarding Reims, are likewise scarcely known. It is impossible to hit the enemy's artillery, because even the airmen are unable to find out the situations. The problem of how to discover where the German artillery is situated has so far been beyond the perspicacity of the French intelligence department.

Gustav Hervé writes on the same subject and asks whether it is not possible for the general staff, which is not lacking in men of talent, to find some means better to prepare the attacks of our infantry, so that the best and most courageous shall not sacrifice their blood on the barbed wire entanglements, as has been the case with entire companies.

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A vicious Press.

In verity the British government has what the French call *mauvaise presse*. It would seem, if we read between the lines; that the principal English newspapers are preparing for the worst, and already in a manner which must be most discouraging to the Ministers of State preparing to throw the blame for failure in the war upon the Government. The *Times* publishes a quite particularly pessimistic article, in which it casts the utmost doubts upon the wisdom of the course being pursued by the Minister of War, Lord Kitchener. It points out, truly enough, that just at the time when there is likely to be a decisive battle in Flanders, the British forces are divided up and are fighting on six fronts. That is the case, without any doubt. But anyone, having even a slight knowledge of the military situation, must see at a glance that wherever the British forces are now fighting they must fight on or give way. And giving way, means defeat and demoralisation. Without doubt the military position of Great Britain is a most difficult one, to many military experts it appears well nigh hopeless. But it is a strange thing that it should be the English press which is doing all in its power, one would imagine, to make the already so difficult task of the War Office more difficult still, by its constant naggings.

A Contrast.

No greater and more telling contrast could be furnished than that given by the visits made of two newspaper correspondents, respectively to the Armstrong and Krupp works. A representative of the *New York World* paid a visit to the Krupp works at Essen, and told of how there were working, in that vast and magnificently organised establishment, day and night, some 46,000 men, busied in the manufacture of guns and ammunition. He told of how the war had added 10,000 men to the Krupp's force of artisans, and that 150,000 members of the families, of those at the front, were being supported, also that the war had been the means whereby the pay of all had been increased. On the other hand we have the visit of the Newcastle correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* to the Armstrong works. What he there found was, to say the least, a deplorable condition of affairs. Some of the new sections were absolutely empty, for the reason that the necessary number of men could not be found to do the work. Altogether he states, some 6,000 more men were needed to complete the staff. In any case Great Britain cannot make enough ammunition to keep her army and navy supplied so that if the supply of munitions from the United States were, for some reason or another, to be cut off, she would have no other choice than to stop the war. Kitchener calls all the while for more men and French for more munitions. But the munition factories of England are already very short of men, their staffs having been reduced by the calls of the recruiting committees. Now it is a question, before the newly formed organising committee, of drawing upon the army to supply the munition factories with hands. It all looks as though England had once again displayed a great lack of foresight. This the *London Times* draws attention to, in bitterly worded leading articles.

Odious Abuse.

There is nothing in the world which so shows up a poor case, as when a man becomes abusive. Of late both Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith have become abusive. They have respectively, in the House of Lords and in the Commons; evidently with premeditation; made the most vicious charges against Germany, as regards the treatment of its prisoners in this country. In doing so, those Ministers of the Crown have been guilty not only of injustice, but they have lied to the British public. There is not the slightest question, but that the English prisoners in Germany are perfectly well treated. If there were any doubt concerning it, the matter is finally settled by the visit of Ambassador Judge Gerard to Magdeburg, whither His Excellency travelled, just in order to see for himself the condition of the very prisoners about whose treatment Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith complained. The Ambassador, it is scarcely necessary to say, found the prisoners perfectly well treated. They had no complaint to make and were as content as prisoners could be. But what about Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith? How can men in their position so demean themselves as to resort to a most malicious form of lying, in order to try and harm the reputation of a highly civilised and gallant enemy? It is simply odious!

In the Dual Monarchy Count Tisza's Remarkable Speech in Vienna. The Spirit of the Country.

Russia's Clutch Fedor von Zubovics Seventy Hears old at the Front. The Daunkles Spirit of Austro- Hungary.

Vienna, April 29. The unconquerable spirit that pervades all ranks and classes of the united Dual Monarchy, the iron determination to fight on until the destiny of the nation be secured under conditions of a fruitful peace and not a mere armistice, are aptly reflected in the words of Count Tisza in his speech at Vienna: After once more emphasizing the obvious documentary fact that the Monarchy had entered upon the war purely in a spirit of self-defense, and not of conquest, the Hungarian Premier declared:

"The Dual Monarchy will remain true to its historical world mission in this war and after this war; it will remain a pledge for the European balance of power, but its power will be exerted only in the name of the freedom of states and nationalities."

It is certain that this declaration of Count Tisza's will be received with a cordial response in Turkey and in the Balkan States. There is not one of these States whose national integrity is not threatened by the powers of the Entente. Austria and her powerful ally Germany, are alone security, not only for the nominal but the actual independence of these little nations between the Lower Danube and the Aegean Sea. The moral and physical power of the Austro-Hungarian forces was, in spite of the stupendous tax upon it, absolutely unimpaired, in fact, its offensive and defensive spirit had been steelled by its successful resistance and by the spirit of self-sacrifice and unity that prevailed among the entire people. The Austrian guns in the Carpathians bellow their unbroken and devastating defiance to the crumbling and broken Russian hordes; in the Mediterranean the thunder of an Austrian torpedo sends one of the prodeust ships of France to the bottom, from far-off Chicago, the faithful Croats, refute the lies of the enemy, and proclaim their unswerving loyalty to their Emperor and country.

THE RUSSIAN FAILURE.

Slowly but surely the Russian clutch upon the slopes of the Carpathians is weakening. To the east of the Uzsak Pass the Austrians have made themselves masters of nine positions of the enemy, capturing 7 officers and over 1000 men. On the heights of Ostry the assaults were hurled back with immense losses, two battalions were absolutely wiped out and 28 trenches and vast stores of material captured. But these victories, huge in themselves, yet of minor importance in view of the long-drawn battle line, are of almost daily occurrence. The dull grey sea of the Russian flood rolls up to the crests of the hills and then rolls back, broken into masses of bloody foam. And the ice-cold spectre of dismay and bitter disillusion is beginning to steal over the misguided Russian people.

ART TREASURES BURNED.

A disastrous fire which is certain to cause extreme regret to all lovers of art, occurred a few days ago at the beautiful and historic castle of Kreuzenstein, near the town of Korneuburg. One of the most important portions of the ancient building was destroyed and with it many of the priceless art-treasures it had housed. The fire is assumed to have been caused by the igniting of crow's nests in the great chimneys. Fortunately the firemen, many of whom came racing down from Vienna, were able to save all the remaining wings of the famous castle and their valuable contents.

RESTORING PRZEMYSL.

The Russians are working feverishly in attempts to restore the defenses of Przemyśl. It is reported from Cracow that the transportation of prisoners of war has ceased. Only the wounded and the sick remain in the fortress, among them some 6000 regulars. 127 Austrian physicians were retained. Supplies of food and munitions are carried into the fortress day and night. Special attention is being paid to restoring the defenses toward the River San. The Russians are eagerly searching in the river in the hopes of recovering some of the munitions buried there by the Austrians.

A WOUNDED HERO.

Fedor von Zubovics, who, in spite of his 70 years, is one of the most dashing cavalry officers of the Austro-Hungarian army, has been wounded in one of the recent battles in the Carpathians, as reported from Budapest. Zubovics's Land Mine Division had brilliantly distinguished itself, especially with the famous land-torpedo invented by the officer himself, the automatic effects of which are full of terrible surprises for the foe. Zubovics was in command of a crack division of volunteer sappers, and was at one time the champion horseman, whip and swimmer of the army.

SVEN HEDIN IN AUSTRIA.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer, whose work upon the German army has been one of the most valuable and impartial tributes to its high qualities, has been inspecting the various fronts in the east, and has also paid a visit to the Bukovina and its capital Czernowitz. He expressed himself as filled with high admiration for the organization and spirit of the Austrian forces and repeated his firm conviction that Germany and Austro-Hungary cannot be conquered. The books this famous and liberal-minded man has written upon the war, or is still to write, will remain among its most permanent and valuable documents. They are even being translated into English—let us hope without any English editing!

THE GREATEST MILITARY HOSPITAL.

The Hospital of the military barracks at Parduwitz is nearing completion. It will be the largest hospital of its sort in all Europe and will comprise not less than 10,000 beds. The hospital will be thrown open to the entire body of sick and wounded soldiers who have returned to Bohemia from the seat of war. The cost of this new and magnificent group of buildings was some 12 millions crowns and some 5000 workmen were employed in its construction. It will be the most perfect institution of its sort in the world and it is a triumph for Austro-Hungary in the world of science and economics, and a further proof of her inherent strength and resources.

Russians Tired of War.

An American Coming from Petersburg Tells that the Population Wishes the War to End.

Copenhagen, April 28. An American, who has come from Petersburg, has made some interesting statements concerning sentiment in Russia regarding the war. He says that the long duration of the war, which was quite unexpected, has had a depressing influence in the capital. No one supposed that the Austro-Hungarian army could possibly resist the Russian forces for so long a period. It had been supposed that the Russian troops would be in Vienna within a fortnight of the commencement of the war. Further, it had been taken as certain that the Slav races would revolt and come to the assistance of Russia and welcome that country as Liberator.

Want Peace.

The merchant and middle classes above all things want peace, even if it be a separate peace with Russia alone, because owing to the internal political situation Russia is not in a position to continue the war to the lengths demanded by England.

The English attack on the Dardanelles was not by any means looked upon in Russia as desirable, that part of the world being considered as specially interesting to Russia alone. As regards the internal situation, the populace is in the most discontented state, but the outbreak of a revolutionary movement, so long as the war lasts, is unlikely. The Austro-Hungarian prisoners in Russia made a most favourable impression. As it had been the habit to deprecate the Austro-Hungarians, the sight of those finely equipped and most military looking soldiers created great surprise and interest.

Greek Policy.

M Zographos the New Minister of Foreign Affairs. Emphasizes the Neutrality Views of the Government.

Athens, April 29. In the new Greek government, there stands out the personality of M Zographos, Minister of Foreign Affairs, as one of the most broad minded politicians in the Kingdom. *Budapesti Hirap* has interviewed M Zographos, upon the policy of the Gumaris government. M Zographos says:—Greece, ever since the commencement of the war, has announced officially her neutrality. It is true that we have certain agreements with Serbia, but those only come into force under quite special conditions, and do not apply to the existing state. The powers of the Triple entente are, to a certain extent, popular in Greece, but independent and self reliant Greece is tributary to none and desires freedom of action. The epoch of Venizelos is finally closed; it is now time that we forced him to quit our country.

Friends to Both.

We want to stand upon the best of terms with the Entente powers, as also with the Central powers. Our interests are mixed up with both. For the time being we have no communication with Turkey. We expect soon, to nominate a new diplomatic representative to the Porte and possibly Dr. Streit will occupy that post. As regards the islands, Lemnos and Tenedos are occupied by the English and Chios is being used as a naval base. The administration at the present time is entirely in English hands. We must suppose that, when the contest is over, England will return the Islands to us. The Dardanelles question interests us exceedingly, but it does not occur to us to mix ourselves, up in the matter, in any form whatsoever. There exists no agreement between Greece and Bulgaria, but the situation is improving all the while, which is of much importance.

Shaw's Opinions.

The Great English Playwright
and Author Writes to a Friend
in Vienna.

Is Not Anti-German. Militarism has Cost him a Thousand Pounds in War Taxation.

Vienna, April 27. The inimitable Bernard Shaw, who has so often dared to tell the truth to his compatriots concerning the war, has written a letter to a friend in Vienna, which is as usual in all his communications, full of originality and interest. It reads as follows:—

"Your letter of the 27th of December has just reached me. It is the first word I have heard from you since the commencement of the war. The last letter of my wife to you went to Ostende and, after a prolonged stay there, was returned. The letter you mention as having been sent to me, never came into my hands.

When reason first began to be agitated, I appeared each week before large gatherings in London; and as the newspapers found this out, not only was I not torn to pieces, but I made more friends than ever before. I brought to the knowledge of the people, that patriotism was not to be erected upon a mass of crazy lies and I found out that telling the truth was not so dangerous as one might have imagined. At that time not a single newspaper, would accept my idea that the war came from Imperialism, and was merely a war of the people just as much as all wars are for a time.

Not Anti-German.

As regards myself, I not what is called a Pan-German. The Germans would not respect me, were I at such a time as this, when all thoughts of culture have vanished, not to stand by my people. But also, I am not an Anti-German. The war brings us all on to the same plane of savagery. Every London coster can stick his bayonet deeper into the stomach of Richard Strauss than Richard Strauss would care to do to him.

Militarism has just now compelled me to pay a thousand pounds war taxation in order that some "brave little Serbian" may be facilitated in cutting your throat or, that a Russian Moudjik may cleave your skull in twain, although I would gladly pay twice that sum, to save your life, or to buy some beautiful picture in Vienna for our National Gallery.

The suggestion that in a war with England, Ireland can be of any use to Germany is a mistake. My wife has seriously warned by Princess....., not to place importance upon the anti-Home Rule agitation, which is merely for party purposes, just as the idea that Ireland stands on the verge of a civil war. All that is but a bluff. Austria might possibly have some chance in Ireland, because Austria is Roman Catholic. And she understood how to rule the Polish people. It is the extreme Irish Nationalists, who profess to stand on the side of all the enemies of England, who have failed utterly to shake the position of Redmond, as the official leader of the parliamentary Home Rule party. He has offered to England the entire support of the whole Irish Nationalist movement and only the most crass misunderstanding of the political situation in Ireland, could figure any other possibility, although the Irish like the English far less than they do the Germans. In your letter you say, that every German will hate England, until that country be destroyed. Two days before you wrote that, the German and English soldiers caused anxiety to their officers, because they came out of their trenches, conversed amicably together, smoked and played football. Within a year, after the ending of the war, you will first come to Paris and then to London, where you will find a number of friends with whom you will take meals.

Speech of the Austrian Heir to the Throne.

At the general reception in Czernowitz the Heir to the throne spoke as follows to the President of the Chamber of Notaries, von Mikuli: "We have reconquered the Bukovina, and I trust that things may now resume their normal course and the population proceed peacefully with its work."

To the President of the Israelite community, Member of Parliament, Dr. Wender, he remarked: "Your co-religionists have suffered greatly at the hands of the Russians because of their patriotism. The Jewish population is indeed very patriotic. We shall never forget that."

The Archduke then inquired as to the fate of the Burgermeister Doctor Weisselberger who had been carried off by the Russians.

American Woman's Club

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

The Open Tribune.

Letters from our readers.

To our Readers.

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

Greatly Interested.

To the Editor of The Continental Times.

Dear Sir!

I duly received the copy of your paper, which aroused my greatest interest. Can I subscribe for the "C. T."? Many of my friends here would very much like to do so as well, providing that the sending of the *Continental Times* is possible, which I have no reason to doubt. I am fighting here for truth and trying to overcome all prejudice, but it is an uphill fight, yet, one gains in it thousands of hearts.

Should I come in summer to Germany, I would certainly not fail to try and make your personal acquaintance.

I remain yours very truly

Buffalo, N. Y. Baron N.

Irish-American Opinion On the War.

To the Editor.

The Irish-American newspapers to hand indicate that Irish-American public opinion is practically a unit in favour of Germany and Austria in the present European war.

Mr. Joseph McLoughlin, the official head of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the most powerful Irish organisation in the world, has repudiated in an open letter Redmond, and the Irish parliamentary party. He declares that the attempt made by Redmond T. P. C' Connor and other members of the party, to induce the Irish to enlist in the English army, is treason to Ireland.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians was always the bulwark of the Home Rule movement in America and supplied most of the funds for the maintenance of the organisation in Ireland. Mr. McLoughlin in his letter gives the lie to the statement of Redmond that Irishmen in America approve of his treachery to his native land in encouraging recruiting. The action of Mr. McLoughlin has been endorsed by all the great American organisations throughout the United States and the United Irish-American Societies of New York in a series of resolutions commend his course and express the hope that England will be decisively defeated in the present war.

Meanwhile reports from Ireland indicate that a reign of terror exists in that country, that martial law prevails, newspapers are suppressed and free speech abolished.

An Irishman.

Let Us Laugh.

The Truly Terrible Situation of Berlin and Germany, as Pictured by the French and English Press.

No wonder that our friends abroad are sorry for us when they read the French and English papers. According to the *Matin*, an order has been issued by Burgermeister Wermuth that all Restaurants and Cafés be closed at 10 o'clock of an evening. By common consent however, all clocks have been put back an hour, so that thus an hour is gained. But as the Berliners are confirmed "Bumblers", those early hours do not suit them. So they go to the apothecaries and pretend to have been suddenly taken ill. There they are supplied with unlimited quantities of beer in spoonful! —

The *Morning Post* is very depressed about us. It says that there is not the slightest life, either in the provinces or the capital. Not a single individual thinks of putting out a flag in honor of a German victory. So the police set to work and order that all the houses be belagged. Since then the principal buildings are overcrowded with bunting.

The *Temps* is much concerned apropos of our stomachs. It says that the condition of starvation in which the people throughout the country find themselves, is terrible. In Vienna and Berlin, in all the restaurants and public places, the police have ordered the automatic weighing machines to be removed, in order that the populace may be spared the shock of knowing how much weight of flesh it is losing.

The *Daily Mail* thinks that we are reduced to eating horse flesh. It says, that since the entire disappearance of the automobile, the old fashioned horse droshky has reappeared. But those vehicles are drawn by wretched animals, the number of which is daily growing less, owing to the calls of the people for meat. So it is that the Berliners, in the eyes of the English, are driven to eat horse flesh. That paper further states that, in the capital, disturbances and strikes are perpetually taking place. Every 24 hours there comes the announcement of the suicide of an entire family, owing to starvation and despair. The members of the family either hang themselves, or take poison, although, for a change, the mode of death is varied by a collective jump into the Spree. That all reminds one of Lord Northcliffe's famous order to his Berlin correspondent, which was as follows:—"A thrill per day. I don't mind mind whether it is true or not, I will never go back on you!"

The Soul of England.

By R. L. Orchelle.

The shattering blare of bugles blown through the slums that lie piled along London's muddy river, the luke-warm, jaded playing of a military band parading Whitehall and followed by a rout of ragamuffins, the dull mustard colour of khaki wriggling through the drab crowd upon a thousand backs, and blatant posters screaming from every wall—such is today the key-note and the colour-note of the English capital.

In the streets of the suburbs the English Philistine stares from his window upon companies of raw recruits marching four abreast. The types are common enough—pale and weedy cigarette-sucking City clerks side by side with sturdy mechanics, under-fed factory hands, an athlete or two and a few middle-aged men already stiff of limb, but puffing manfully along—a red-faced, grey-haired drill-sergeant snorting at the head of the column. Now and then these sweating, dull, drab masses raise a spiritless chorus of "Tipperary," or keep up a faint whistling. Some loafer may give them a cheer from the door of a public-house. But the unemotional pedestrian stares indifferently and does not pause.

The wide-flung net of Kitchener's recruiting campaign has gathered in the fruits of English industrialism, English sport and English social conditions—so much human dust whirled up by the tornado of the press, the foaming eloquence of demagogues and the persistent, hypnotic cry of "Your King and Country Need You!" But the response is not necessarily patriotic. Unemployment, the boredom of daily routine, the lust for adventure, even political ambition, as in case of young barristers with an eye to a seat in Parliament, drive these young Brits into the ranks. There is also the sentimental appeal, but, as bad lithographs attest, it is no longer "Remember Louvain!" but "Remember Scarborough!" With the wreckage of war at your own door, what need of growing maudlin over damage done your neighbors?

TIRED OF BELGIANS.

As for English sympathy for an abstract "heroic little Belgium", embodied in such glorified cartoons of King Albert as "Punch's" drawing of "Unconquerable," this mellow sympathy has begun to evaporate now that the English themselves have come into close contact with that strange and hybrid people. The English host who, incited to patriotic philanthropy towards the singed cat that had burnt itself for his benefit, enthusiastically flung wide his doors to those poor, panic-stricken refugees and franc-tireurs, is now more than happy to be rid of his thrice-unwelcome guests. And the British workman glares with hostile eye at the "furriner" who may snatch his job from him. For he knows his employer—knows that he is not incapable of offering starvation wages yet cloaking the offer with the pretense of charity. No love is lost on either side. Intimate acquaintance with Belgians and their habits has done more to refute and discredit those lurid, so-called German atrocities than all the official denials of the Germans themselves. At heart the Englishman feels that an alien stranger who will mess up the bed or bath-room of his generous host, is capable of any deed of darkness against a hostile invader. So there is disillusion on both sides, and the Belgians are beginning to leave England. They perceive that something deeper and wider than the Channel rolls between them and the English, that sympathy whipped up by newspapers is a mere paper fire,—that they have become superfluous.

STRIPPING OFF THE MASK.

One by one these monstrous illusions, pretenses, hypocrisies and lies are laid bare in the shifting kaleidoscope of the war. The most amazing self-deception consisted in this: that any honest Englishman could have been misled as to the motives and origin of the war so far as his country was concerned, for no attempt was made to conceal these. Immediately upon her opportunist declaration of war, the press of England, especially that controlled by the notorious Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, "the foulest beast that ever bore an English title," as a writer in a recent issue of an independent London weekly gently describes him, broke forth into howls of "War on Germany's Trade!" That cry and its variant, "Business as Usual!" now stands resplendent upon Britannia's banner. It is even the title of a *revue* at the London Hippodrome—the management of which cut down the wages of its wretched stage-hands and chorus-girls to one-half the "usual" amount. Was ever the soul of a people laid more completely, more shamelessly, more unerringly bare—and that by a single phrase? "Business as Usual!" while the frontiers of the Continent went up in flame and the soil was fed fat with precious human blood.

For Alfred Harmsworth, to be sure, it was more that "business as usual," for the fever of his fanaticism spread like a contagion over the country and increased his profits by leaps and bounds. All London reeked with the effluvia of the Harmsworth sheets, until even the patriotic, moralizing, uninformed Englishman began to murmur against their endless

tissues of lies and torrents of blackguardism, and a few brave souls even denounced it as the "gutter press." That famous "Open Letter to Lord Northcliffe" by A. G. Gardiner, the editor of the *Daily News*, was in its way a masterpiece of trenchant satire and righteous indignation. But the *Daily News* had been corrupted by the identical poison of vilification, and he observed that this letter was not published until the Harmsworth pamphlet "Scare-mongers," had threatened the circulation, that is, the profits of its Liberal contemporary. The Northcliffe posters, white, yellow and red, are faunted abroad in the streets like so many banners of the Father of Lies, and day and night the incessant streams of mire and abuse roll from the press-vaults of Carmelite House and Printing House Square.

BOTTOMLEY OF "JOHN BULL."

On a hoarding erected on an empty building-space near Kingsway, a gigantic painting fronts the Strand—an advertisement for *John Bull*, the favourite weekly of the uneducated lower classes. This enormous work of art represents two English soldiers laughing over *John Bull* amidst the volcanic eruptions of "Jack Johnson" shells. A squad of their heroic comrades is shooting from the shelter of trenches at some defenceless and comic German soldiers in the open, and the inscription is taken from Kipling: "Absent-minded Beggars." Here we have true British business, patriotism, slander, humour and sentiment, all combined. *John Bull* has an immense circulation and is edited by Horatio Bottomley, an unscrupulous demagogue, ex-M. P., prize-fight promoter, periodical bankrupt and convicted libeller. This man has a certain blatant and breezy impudence and the trick of catering to the baser instincts of the mob, which he regales with spicy "revelations" of aristocratic corruption, sensations of sexual interest and outbursts of horror over "Why Girls go to Utah." Every fortnight or so the London Opera House in Kingsway, that magnificent structure erected by the German-American impresario Oscar Hammerstein, in his disastrous belief that the English were a music-loving people, blazes forth with placards announcing that Mr. Horatio Bottomley is to give a "free patriotic address." These addresses, like those of Mr. Lloyd George, usually consist of the crassest and vilest abuse of Germany and the Germans, of whom he knows as little as his ignorant auditors. And yet this ranting clown and his degraded sheet—they too "speak for the English people,"—in Oscar Hammerstein's noble and abandoned temple of the muses!

As one proof of the essential commerciality of the British soul—the same cheap methods for capturing a recruit are called into play as those used for capturing a customer. The Mansion House, the Nelson Monument, the Carlton and Savoy Hotels are overlaid with enormous inscriptions which in letters six feet high protest the noble unselfishness of the English cause. This nobility and this unselfishness require much and most conspicuous advertising. It is obvious, too that a certain system has been adopted in this campaign of educating and inflaming as indifferent and uninformed public. "A scrap of paper," a business contract, has no doubt, been signed with some advertising firm, for even before the war, the army was being advertised by "professionals." These public inscriptions, these recruiting posters therefore all smack of well-known commercial methods. One recognizes the same repellent cant, the same cheap and shabby terms. From the shop-windows of cheese-mongers and pork-butchers the cold, basilisk eye of a gaudily-lithographed Kitchener rivets itself upon the possible recruit and the outstretched finger of the British Minister of War is levelled at him like some revolver, with the words: "I want you." The idea is stolen from the advertisement of a 5 ct. American cigar. The printed silhouette of a bare, brawny arm salutes you as you mount a motor-bus: "Lend Your Country Your Strong, Right Arm." Shame is the sentiment it is desired to awaken, and when not shame, then fear or pride. Part of official Whitehall, the noblest thoroughfare in London, is plastered over with great red arrows pointing the way to the chief recruiting-office. The entire business of recruiting is saturated with sordidness and vulgarity, that inbred spirit of commercialism which all the folds of the Union Jack are not ample enough to hide.

ENGLISH HOOLIGANISM.

This innate vulgarity, this hooliganism of press and public, this antithesis of all that was once distinguished under the name of "English gentleman" and the term of "sporting-spirit," prove how completely the England of old, aristocratic traditions has been submerged by the mire of the mob—at once the prey of the all-powerful commercial classes and the ignorant, brutalized dupes of the jingoes and yellow journalists. In addition to this astounding outburst of blackguardism, a kind of Gallic grossness has been added, no doubt an importation from Paris—if some of the cheap, obscene articles sold along the Strand are any indication. Nor is the Iron Cross immune from insult, for crude imita-

tions of this badge of valour are hawked about, and it figures in all the witless work of the English cartoonists. *Punch*, that stodgy, respectable, academic comic weekly which supplied the clubs and country homes with dull, diluted humour, has been converted into a venom-spitting clown, and its "classic" editor, Mr. Owen Seaman, wields the bludgeon and the language of Bill Sykes.

CLUB STRATEGISTS.

An air of comfortable torpor prevails in the clubs. The arm-chair strategists immerse themselves in clouds of tobacco-smoke, discuss the war and abuse the censorship. "It treats the public like children," is their constant whine,—as if the English public had proved itself entitled to be treated as anything else. The arguments, the information, the point of view of these clubmen are all easily traceable to their sources—the muddy fountain-head of the press. Germany has become a remote myth, a legendary monster, a staggering phenomenon, something terrible yet intangible, bursting with something else called militarism. For the ten thousandth time the clubman mutters: "This here Kaiser of theirs,"—or he will hold forth upon the teachings of the infamous Bernhardt or the satanic Nietzsche—names he has heard and managed to remember only since the war. There is a kind of malicious joy he derives from the news of disasters to civilian Germany, and this makes easy his belief in the lies of his unspeakable press. "Some fifty people were killed in a bread riot at Duesseldorf yesterday," he will solemnly repeat. He has no arguments, but only excuses for his country's participation in the war, no historical facts but only journalistic phrases. Behind these one perceives the uneasy gnawing of the non-conformist conscience. The steam of his patriotism finds some vent in excluding members of German or Austro-Hungarian birth, even those that have been naturalized, from the use of his club. For even the naturalized ones, he thinks, might prove to be spies.

The clubs are full of lounging officers, newly-fledged, and swiftly promoted from Territorial ranks or the counting-house. Bits of disconcerting news escape the older officers now and then—glimpses of mismanagement and muddle. One officer recounts how his superior was forced to burn 2000 blankets which had been supplied his men from a work-house, because all were found to be infested with vermin. Another sneers at the military prowess of the French; whilst lauding that of the British: "But for us the beggars would have chucked their rifles and run away!" A white-haired colonel recounts gravely how several Tommies were shot for the assaults they had committed upon French women. "Bad business—this last Russian defeat," yawns a stout member, and rings the bell for the waiter.

THE WAGE—SLAVE REBELS.

"Business,"—the detested word meets one at every turn—even in the slang of this people. What wonder, then, that the British wage-slave has risen at last and begun his civil war? What to him is Belgium when the price of beef and bread soars higher every day—what those vague phrases about "our pledged honour" or the "sanctity of treaties?" Not tuppence worth of poisonous chemical beer.

"Fight for me country, is it?" cried a horny-fisted Cockney navy in a Battersea pub. "Me country—blow me eye! A preshus lot of it belongs to me, eh?—or me pals? Not a blasted square hinch of it! Wot's all this here rot in the pipers?" He struck the "ha'penny rag" with the flat of his fist, and read out one of those large recruiting advertisements intended to whip the flagging fervour of the Briton into flame: "Ave you a man guarding your game-preserved when 'e should be guarding your country?" There y'are! Your country—'is country! The bloke that shoots the partridges is to send us out to shoot the Germans—while 'e bloody well stays at 'ome! Well, mates, I'm going to stay at 'ome, too, and look arter the missus and the kids and put a bob on a hoss now and then—and Belgium can go to 'ell!"

Night comes and with it the cheerless semi-illumination of London. The traffic of the streets crawls slowly homeward through areas of solid gloom and feeble glow. The pedestrians pass like phantoms. The great searchlights near Charing Cross, the Monument and Hyde Park Corner at intervals rake the heavens with their long blades of livid light. But London, ostrich-like, hides its head beneath darkened or extinguished lights, and imagines itself safe. Truly, the darkening of the light has become England's favourite method of defense.

Thanks to the speculations of patriotic Britons and the wolfish gamblers of the Chicago wheat pit, the price of the poor man's loaf has climbed steadily higher. Therefore in the Stygian gloom and damp of the early morning hours, you may see strings of weakened slum-children and haggard women waiting with stoical patience for the opening of the bakeries and the sale of stale bread. These poor wretches of the abyss do not realize that they themselves

have been sold like so much human grist ground between the mill-stones of England's imperialism and England's industrialism.

MIDNIGHT OVER LONDON.

At midnight the darkling metropolis by the Thames, wrapped in sullen and uneasy dreams, lies as under a ban—a threat of impending doom. The stupendous sprawling octopus that draws its parasitic strength from the provinces, just as England draws it from the young blood of her colonies and the forces of her allies, lies there, a hideous wilderness of brick and stone under the black-bellied thunder-clouds of war. When the leaden dawn comes up over this city of shadows, the external life begins to run along its accustomed channels. But there is darkness and oppression in the souls of those who see deeper and further.

The mould'ring corpse of England's unholy cause has begun to spread its taint through the air, and not all the broad-sheets that rush foaming from the presses of Alfred Harmsworth and poison the minds of men, suffice to cover the black and putrifying mass. Hence, in addition to the outward anxiety of many Englishmen, has been added the inward pressure of a guilty conscience that can no longer shelter itself behind a self-righteous indignation or cant phrases like Mr. Asquith's infamous "infamous proposals." The thinking Englishman has begun to realize the consequences of his country's monstrous crime against a sister nation and against civilization. And for such the words recently spoken to Kier Hardie by Lord Morley—perhaps the last specimen of a fine and perished breed of English statesmen, have a prophetic and sinister significance:

"The results of this war will be terrible to us if we lose, but even more terrible if we win."

Therefore the shattering blare of bugles blown through the squalid and unresponsive slums of London ring today, not like the clarion blasts of the god of war, but rather like those dreadful echoes that went roaring up from the rams' horns against the walls of Jericho.

Germany and England.

A Lecture Before the Association of the Authors of Berlin at the Rheingold Hall.

Mr. Louis Vierendeck, who is the Berlin Correspondent of the New York paper *Fatherland* lectured recently at the Rheingold before a large gathering of the members of the Association of Authors of Berlin, taking, as his subject "Germany and England". In describing the historical development of the Declaration of Independence, the origin of the name "United States" and other matters of political interest, Mr. Vierendeck repeatedly pointed to England as the greatest enemy of the big Republic. He particularly referred to the British domination of the cables of the world, to her monopoly of the cable news and the ill uses to which she puts it. He spoke with much effect upon the subject of the large influence American citizens of German origin had built up in the United States, and as to how they were working in every manner possible to them, to help their country at the present critical time. He mentioned the fact how well those elements had been supported by the Irish and how they had together striven to obtain in America, the adoption of a strictly neutral attitude.

An Ariel Duel.

Exciting Contest Between a German Aeroplane and an Enemy's.

Geneva, April 27. A highly exciting air contest has taken place over Amiens, which city has of late been constantly visited by the German flyers. It was six o'clock in the morning, when the German aeroplane appeared. Immediately all the possible guns, specially constructed for such work, were trained upon the airman. But in spite of the cannonade, the occupant of the aeroplane coolly went on dropping bombs. At last a double decker aeroplane started out in pursuit, but was never able to approach, the German having, apparently a far more powerful motor. Having dropped all the bombs he had, he quietly sailed away.

Rights of Nations.

The "New York American" Puts the Case of the German People Regarding the Ammunition Question.

Admiral Tirpitz Speaks.

Thinks it is What is Called Splitting Straws. What Happened in the Spanish War.

New York, April 27. The *New York American* publishes the following:—Returning travellers from Germany, officials as well as private citizens, are outspoken concerning the growing hostility to the United States manifested in that country. It is not the hostility of the authorities or of the military class alone, they report, but of the people as a whole. Perhaps, however, this is but a new illustration of the rapidity with which in Germany the official opinion becomes the popular opinion.

This growing antagonism springs from the shipment of arms and munitions of war from the United States to the allies. That our shippers stand just as ready to ship to Germany, provided Germany will protect the shipments on the high seas, as England does, seems to the German mind quite beside the question. That international law for a century past has recognized the right of the neutral to sell arms and munitions to a belligerent, subject to the equal right of other belligerents to capture them in transit, the Germans ignore. Their position is thus expressed by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, as quoted by Senator Albert J. Beveridge:

Splitting Hairs.

"That argument is what you call splitting hairs, I believe. Here is a great and friendly nation, millions of whose people are your own citizens; and the greatest and most unnatural combination of enemies in the history of the world is trying to crush that nation. That nation is fighting for its life; yet neutral America, which prides itself on justice and despises technicalities, says that, although Germany's location and this wicked combination of enemies surrounding her prevents her from getting provisions and munitions of war, for which she has the gold to pay, still America will supply Germany's enemies with food and powder and guns, but not Germany—upon the technicality that it is not America's fault if American goods cannot reach Germany and can reach Germany's enemies. We Germans think that this position is morally unfair."

An Example.

The Admiral's position is, of course, frankly without respect to international law, but it expresses with great vigor public sentiment in Germany. Apropos of this sentiment German sympathizers are quoting a paragraph from Hon. Andrew D. White's "Chapters from My Diplomatic Life." It was during the Spanish-American war, and Dr. White was then our Ambassador to Berlin. He writes:

"The American Consul at Hamburg having notified me by telephone that a Spanish vessel, supposed to be loaded with arms for use against us in Cuba, was about to leave that port, I hastened to the Foreign Office and urged that vigorous steps be taken; with the result that the vessel, which, in the meantime, had left Hamburg, was overhauled and searched at the mouth of the Elbe. The German government might easily have replied, in answer to my request, that the American Government had generally shown itself opposed to any such interference with the shipments of small arms to belligerents and had contended that it was not obliged to search vessels to find such contraband of war, but that this duty was incumbent upon the belligerent nation concerned. This evidence of the fairness of Germany I took pains to make known."

German spokesmen urge, with justice, that this incident showed a desire on the part of the Kaiser's Government to ignore international law in an effort to serve the United States. But it may be noted, by way of comment, that no German Ambassador has as yet protested against our shipment of arms to the allies, and Ambassador White did so protest.

We ask

Our Post-Office Subscribers

if any of their papers are not at all or not punctually delivered, to **at once** apply to their respective postmen or to their own post office. Only if a satisfactory explanation can **not** be given it is necessary to apply direct to us.

Exhibition of the New Art in Berlin.

The work of Mrs. Sigrid Hjerten-Grüne-wald is as bold and revolutionary as that of her husband, though in a somewhat more delicate colour-orchestration. There is a hint of Gauguin's Polynesian colour in "In the Shadow" and of Spanish influence in

It is to be hoped that Americans will avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing the work of these Swedish revolutionaries. The permanent exhibition of other futuristic painters, many of great repute, is also open here for inspection by the public.

R. L. Orchelle.

It is probable that America may, after the war, have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Kühne in his fine and characteristic work since it is his intention of paying a visit to that land. Americans may then be able to obtain a glimpse into that great spiritual affluence which has acted and reacted with such tremendous effect upon the art and music and literature of this young and vital nation. For the same flaming yet human spirit that burns in the breast of the German soldier, burns on the lips of the German singer. "I care not who makes the laws of a nation so long as I might make its songs," some wise spirit once declared. That dictum holds good today, for the German song, like the German nation, has been forged to endure to the ends of time.

R. L. Orchelle.