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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1915.

LATEST NEWS. SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

English Losses.

The latest casualty list is a large one and gives the names of 181 officers and 2547 men.

Russia withdrawing Troops.

Lugano, Aug. 10. By way of augmenting her troops in the west Russia is withdrawing all possible regiment from the Far East.

War on Turkey.

Copenhagen, Aug. 10. It is reported that the question of Italy declaring war on Turkey is merely a matter of short time.

Minister's Daughter a Suicide.

Bucharest, Aug. 10. The *Az Est* states that the daughter of the Roumanian Minister in Paris, Lahovary has committed suicide.

Congratulations to the Pope.

Hague, Aug. 10. The Queen has sent her congratulations to the Pope on account of the peace message of His Holiness.

Russian Loot.

Stockholm, Aug. 10. A statue of Bismarck has arrived in Petersburg. It is stated to have been taken from the Imperial residence in East Prussia.

To be Expelled.

Petersburg, Aug. 10. According to a *Novoe Vremia* Kiev despatch all Germans residing in the provinces of Kiev and Radomysk have to leave. They number 5000 souls.

Jap Troops Not Coming.

Petersburg, Aug. 10. According to the Tokio correspondent of the *Rjetsch* the promised military assistance, which had been expected from Japan will not be forthcoming owing to the Ministerial Crisis.

Italy and Servia.

Milan, Aug. 10. It is stated that Italy will very shortly send a note to Servia in reference to Albania. This is a matter upon which agreement will be very difficult.

Marconi in England.

London, Aug. 10. Cavalieri Marconi has been freed from service and is expected here upon an important mission. It is stated that the visit is connected with a new wireless telephone the Cavalieri has invented.

To Assassinate Sasonow.

Milan, Aug. 10. A man armed with a hatchet has made an attempt in the Russian Capital to murder the Minister of Foreign Affairs M. Sasonow. The man, a former employe of the Foreign Office, is supposed to be demented.

Goremykin Worse.

Petersburg, Aug. 10. The condition of the Premier is worse. He has had a very severe nervous attack. Being 76 years of age, it is not supposed that he will be able to retain his position as head of the Government in these trying times.

Protest from Washington.

Ambassador Gerard has been instructed to protest against the German view of the torpedoing of the Indian Prince. Judge Gerard is also to make inquiries concerning the detention of the Petrol Steamer *Jama Wico*.

Huerta Arrested.

New York, Aug. 10. The former Mexican president Huerta has been arrested by the American officials, under the charge of a breach of neutrality. He was on his way with several followers to El Paso and has been taken to Fort Bliss.

To Coerce Greece.

Athens, Aug. 10. The representatives of the Allied Powers are stated to have presented a note, the contents of which are not pleasing to Greece. They suggest modifications of the London Agreement to the benefit of Bulgaria. This Greece absolutely refuses.

Interned Aeroplanists.

Geneva, Aug. 10. A Nancy aeroplane with Messrs. Martin and Pary as pilots has been forced to land near Pfirt, in Switzerland. They had to get away in haste from Saarbruck, in order to avoid the heavy fire of the German aviators. Then their compasses failed to work.

To Women and Children.

Kansas City, Aug. 10. Major Thompson of Chicago on his way through here made a speech. He said that talking in the name of the women and children of Europe, he appealed to the women and children to see that in the future no widows and orphans were made in Europe by American munitions.

A Sop to Italy.

Lugano, Aug. 10. In response to the bitter outcry in the Italian press concerning the apathy of England, the British Ambassador announces that 20 automobile ambulances will be sent as a present to the Italian government. England further promises to pay the costs of maintenance.

WHAT IS RUSSIA FIGHTING FOR?

Diplomatic Opinion that the Muscovites Cannot Renew the Fight. Complete Disorganisation.

STUPENDOUS LOSSES.

One Hundred Thousand Officers Lost. Short of Ammunition and Artillery. Cut off From Outer World.

By Aubrey Stanhope.

A diplomat, representing one of the Balkan States, whose name cannot be given, says, "It does not appear at all clear why the Russians continue fighting. Those speeches in the Duma, in which the president of the Chamber, the Premier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs sought to make the world believe that all goes well and that there is hope for Russia, are pure humbug. All goes ill, there is no hope! In Russia, those people who are in a position to know what is going on, are fully aware that all is lost. The renewal of the offensive on the part of the Russians is, to those understanding the existing conditions, an impossibility. Russia is making desperate efforts to obtain the assistance of Italy in the Dardanelles. Even should Russia pay the high price asked for that service by Italy, in return for her assistance, and, if then it should be possible to actually force the Dardanelles—two very unlikely contingencies—the work of decomposition that has set in within the Russian realm could not be arrested. The opportune moment, when the situation for Russia might have been saved, is irrevocably past. Russia today is far too weakened, and above all far too disorganised to achieve any real benefit from an eventual forcing of the Dardanelles. For, all forthcoming efforts of her allies on behalf of Russia, now and in the future, must surely be met with the same sad words 'too late!'"

How True.

To all who know Russia, her lack of resources, her peculiar financial position at the present, her multitudinous internal troubles, her terrible state of poverty, the existence of a deep seated revolutionary movement throughout the country, the shortage of the crops, of this and past seasons, the utter collapse of trade through the closing of the Black and Baltic seas, and above all the terrifying losses she has suffered in men and material of war; it is evident how exceedingly true are the words above quoted, from the mouth of a "diplomat." She has lost close upon 100,000 officers alone, she is very short of artillery and munitions.

Russia, first and foremost; as has been told by such experts as Dr. Paul Rohrbach and others; was only prepared for a short war and the whole plan of her campaign was built up upon the assumption of a rapid march with overwhelming forces upon Berlin and Budapest. She had secretly mobilised months and months before the war began and the Russians, failing to appreciate the rapidity with which Germany could mobilise, and entirely underrating the strength of the Austro-Hungarian enemy, imagined that one big rush with vast forces would be sufficient.

Russia Must be Understood.

To appreciate how hopeless the condition of Russia is, one must know the country well. One must realise to the full, what the famous statesman Witte told me once, "We Russians have no organising talents!" And indeed there are very few countries who have strongly developed organising talent. I was talking to an American Military expert up that very subject a couple of days ago, and he summed it up, that for military organisation, in the highest sense of the term, there existed but Germany and Japan. To which I suggested, that of late Austro-Hungary had developed a high grade of military organising initiative. And he agreed.

But above all things as Witte said, the Russians are not a people who have any talent for organisation. They are easy going, they have the strong oriental characteristic of letting things go along just anyhow. "The national term 'Nitchivo!', which signifies, 'It does not matter!', represents the entire country. When the sleigh which bore Bismarck turned over on the Nanaberjnia in Petersburg, and the future Chancellor rolled in the snow, the people cried out "Nitchivo!". When, in the war with Japan, the Russians received the news that battle after battle had been lost, there always came the same reply, "Nitchivo!", it doesn't matter! In fact, nothing matters in Russia.

What does Matter.

But what does matter for the world at large, as regards Russia, is, that that country is, as the above mentioned diplomat states,

in such a state of disorganisation, that she cannot possibly raise her head again for the purpose of a military offensive for a long while to come. Nor do those, who like the writer, know Russia well, imagine for one moment that the military authorities of the Emperor Nicholas will, for at least six months, be capable of doing any effective work in the way of influencing the results of the great campaign.

The National Bluff.

The Russian, as is well-known by all who have lived in his country, is a born bluffer. It is his greatest pleasure in life to deceive the foreigner, to tell him the most astounding untruths concerning his country, just for the sheer sake of deceiving. It is with the Russian a mania. So now he is trying to bluff the world into the foolish idea that the long series of military reverses he has met with of late; the loss of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory, the abandonment of military positions of the utmost importance as basis of action, the losses of some ten army corps or more, within a month; all from part of a grand and exceedingly cunning plan, which is given out, to those credulous enough to believe, as a "strategic retreat." None are deceived! The American press, which cannot be called pro-German, considers the fall of Warsaw as serious as would be that of Calais. The leading English and French writers refuse entirely to swallow the bluff of the "strategic retreat." For they know that even now thousands upon thousands of Russian soldiers are being captured and made prisoners daily, and that a large garrison enclosed within the fortress of Nowo Georgiewsk will from have to surrender.

In truth, as the Balkan diplomat says:—"It is not at all clear why the Russians continue fighting!"

THE WAR.

Closing in of the Military Ring. Lomza Taken by Boy Storm. Novo Georgiewsk and Kowno Besieged.

The great closing in movement, which is to end the days of Russia in Poland, continues its course, each hour the ring of advancing forces of the Central Powers becoming smaller and smaller.

Lomza has been taken by storm by the troops under General von Scholtz. It formed the principal protective work on the Narew.

Novo Georgiewsk the strongest fortress of the entire chain of protective works linked on Warsaw, and it is guarded by eleven outer forts, is resisting but completely surrounded. As soon as the siege guns are in position a regular bombardment will commence. It is important as being the point where the Narew, the Vistula and a smaller river the Wkra, meet.

After the Enemy.

The veteran Prince Leopold of Bavaria, after taking Warsaw lost no time. Having captured Praga, where the Russians had settled down and were bombarding Warsaw, the Prince has started off in pursuit of the fleeing enemy and will undoubtedly try and join hands with the Narew army.

In the South the armies of General Mackensen, Archduke Ferdinand and General Worych are driving a Stubborn enemy northwards. From the 7th till the 10th of the month they had taken 10,000 prisoners. The Wierp has been crossed.

Kowno Surrounded.

General v. Below is busy around Kowno, which citadel has been completely surrounded and its fall may be expected at any moment.

The German fleet has appeared off Riga. The Russians state that the enemy battle-ships were there in force and repulsed; the Germans say that it was merely a reconnoitering flotilla.

Colonel Repington the able *Times* military expert sees great danger to Russia in the many cavalry divisions which General v. Below has at command, as a great danger to the Russian plans of retreat. The English and French press has given up all hope of a further successful resistance by the Russians, finding what consolation it can in the hope that a large portion of the Grand Duke's army may be able to escape.

English Success.

In the west the English have been successful and have re-taken the much disputed village of Hooge, at what cost it is not stated. They have gained a front of 1,200 metres, captured two officers and 134 men.

In Gallipoli the Allies have shown renewed activity and have made a fresh landing at the Gulf of Saros. The Turks say that the enemy has been repulsed with heavy losses.

The Italians have been relatively quiet. The *Az Est* states that the Duke d'Aosta's army alone has lost 1,050 officers.

The Italians have thrice attacked in the West, at Doberdo and Zagora and have in each case been repulsed.

ATTACKING THE GOVERNMENT.

Fierce Assault by Lovat Fraser Published in the "Daily Mail". Haldane and Kitchener.

OUR WEAK POLITICIANS.

Defects of the Minister of War. Only Lloyd George has Displayed Energy.

London, Aug. 10. The following remarkable article by Mr. Lovat Fraser is given the utmost prominence in the *Daily Mail*.

A Review.

The first twelve months of the war have added nothing to the reputation of British statesmanships, which has lacked initiative, proved devoid of the qualities of leadership, and been singularly deficient in executive capacity.

Within nine months the strongest British Government of modern times had completely collapsed. Only through the fortitude and forbearance of the nation had it lasted so long. The patience of the British people is almost inexhaustible.

The leading members of the Ministry in power in August last have since publicly admitted that they were well aware of the German danger and had known of it for years. They disregarded all warnings and made no preparation to meet the peril. They squandered the national resources upon muddled schemes of social reform, raised our peace taxation to an unexampled height, and at a time when Germany was known to be arming they wantonly sought to provoke civil war in Ireland. To these faithless custodians of the national safety the conduct of the war was committed, with deplorable results which will hang like a millstone round the neck of generations still unborn.

It Wavered.

Neither of the great parties in the State can look back to the last week before the war with any satisfaction. The Ministry wavered from day to day as France and Russia had poignant reason to know. Sir Edward Grey strove honourably but timorously to preserve peace, though one clear word to Europe from a stronger man might have arrested the disaster. Perhaps it was as well that the word was never spoken, but the light of after knowledge cannot condone the original irresolution of our foreign policy.

When flames were visible all over Europe the leaders of the Opposition scuttled out of town. Mr. Balfour alone seems to have realised what was coming and remained in London. The eventual enforced return of leading Unionists on the Saturday night and the letter addressed to the Prime Minister on the Sunday, cannot excuse their previous ignominious flight.

Kitchener Appears.

When the die was cast, Lord Haldane was entrenched at the War Office, on the plea that no one else understood the working of the mobilisation scheme. He was replaced by Lord Kitchener, largely as the result of a public agitation. Lord Kitchener was originally invented by Lord Cromer, but he had done a good deal of genuine solid work in Egypt, South Africa, and India.

His secret was that he had always got good men to serve under him, and he knew how to inspire them with devotion. He had not served in England for forty years, and to the general public he was a dim figure who had seemed to loom gigantic through the Himalayan mists. His great asset at this juncture was that his name inspired confidence, whereas Lord Haldane did not.

His defects were that he was unfamiliar with English conditions, did not understand the psychology of his countrymen, and was invariably eager to draw power unto himself instead of delegating authority. He raised great armies, and that will be his lasting title to honour in this war. His mistakes, which had grievous consequences, were probably due more than anything else to his lack of knowledge of industrial conditions in this country, and to his imperviousness to advice, coupled with unduly secretive methods. Yet except in certain specific matters, probably no other man entering the War Office last August would have done any better during the first nine months.

The Ministry began with many factors in its favour. The public was docile, and a little breathless and bewildered, though full of vague enthusiasm. The Opposition completely effaced itself, the fallacious reason assigned being that as it was not prepared to replace the Ministry criticism was out of place. The result was that the Government, being never called upon to face fire, steadily deteriorated.

Curious Conceptions.

Ministers thought that the right way to conduct the greatest war in history was to run their own offices in watertight compart-

ments and leave everything else to Lord Kitchener, who had enough work for half a dozen Ministers. The country was kept almost entirely in the dark about the progress of the war, but was buoyed up throughout the dreary winter by mysterious promises that the Germans would be driven across the Rhine in the spring.

The stability of the Ministry and the confidence of the country were first shaken by Mr. Winston Churchill. In mobilising the Fleet he had originally saved the Empire, but he did nothing well afterwards. He had a long run, largely owing to the policy of pretentious secrecy upon which the Government insisted. He survived the Antwerp fiasco. He survived for many weeks the mistake of trying to force the Dardanelles without military aid, and episode for which it would be most unfair to saddle him with sole responsibility. When the crash came it was his own colleagues, and not the Opposition, who were his chief assailants."

ATTACK ON ENGLAND.

Airships Make Successful Raid Bombs Thrown into Shipping at London Docks. Also at Harwich and the Humber.

The Admiralty Staff announces that, on the 9th and 10th of August marine airships made a raid upon fortified places and harbors of the east coast of England. In spite of strong opposition British Warships in the Thames were attacked, likewise the London Docks and the Torpedo Boat head quarters in the Humber. Bombs were dropped. Good results were clearly visible. The airships have returned from their successful expedition.

Five Zeppelins have been seen in the North Sea. They were accompanied by a torpedo boat.

U BOAT BOOTY.

Turkish Warship, English Auxiliary Cruiser, Also a Submarine Sunk.

A foreign Submarine has been sunk by bombs dropped from a waterplane. It took place off Bulair in Gallipoli waters.

A Constantinople despatch announces that an English Submarine has sunk one of the few units composing the modest Turkish fleet. The ship is the *Barbarossa Haireddin*, 10,060 tons, a ship 24 years old, 17 knots, and of a small value as a fighting power. She was an old German warship, formerly known as the *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm*. Most of the crew are reported saved.

The English Auxiliary Cruiser *India*, 8000 tons, has been torpedoed by a German submarine as she was entering the Bestford. The Swedish steamer *Gösta*land took some of the crew aboard and conveyed them to Narvik. A further 72 were landed at Helligvark.

The *La Campine* on arriving in New York landed the passengers of the Steamer *Costello* torpedoed on her way from Liverpool to Genoa, off the Scilly Isles. The Dutch Steamer *Dirksland* has landed at Stockholm the crew of the trawler *Christmas Rose* of Lowestoft, which ship had been torpedoed.

Lloyds announces that the Belfast Steamer *Robbel* has been sunk.

The Norwegian barque *Norman*, laden with timber, has been sunk on her way to the Tyne.

The Danish Steamer *Lynn* has landed at Nyborg 7 men and 1 woman of the *Gotenburger Steamer Mai*. That ship was going from Sweden to England, laden with contraband timber, when she was sunk.

THE GERMAN POSITION.

Mr. Hannis Taylor, Lawyer, Diplomat, Professor of International Jurisprudence Defines the Duty of America.

In the *New York American* of July 11, Mr. Hannis Taylor, Professor of International Law and former Ambassador to Spain, writes:—"We may not and will not nurse any illusions. Germany stands with her back to the wall and fights for existence. Germany cannot possibly be expected to accept what we ask as regards her submarine policy. Let us therefore force England—and we can do it—to stop her blockade which is against international law, and so modify it that it will be possible to come to an agreement.

"Who is so blind as not to see that such a course is our sole road towards a peaceful solution.

"We cannot hope to arrive at a friendly agreement with Germany, until we have first brought England to terms, and that can only be done by a step worked through Congress.

"Never in the history of our affairs has there been a moment when the calling together of the grand council of the nation was more imperative.

"The time rapidly approaches, when we will have to establish a state of war, or pocket a justified rebuff administered by Germany."

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The Big Russian Bluff.

The entire life of the true Russian is one grand bluff. His whole instinct, his special hobby and amusement is to bluff; his national game of cards is called "Wind" and, as a game of bluff, it throws the greatest of American bluffing games "Poker" into the shade. The Russians bluffed the French into parting with their milliards, in order that Russia might spend the same upon military preparations, and a large portion of what ought to have been spent in munitions of war went into the pockets of corrupt officials. Russia's latest bluff was aimed at England and succeeded admirably, for it brought England into a war which is ruining that country, whereas, after all, Russia remains forever about the same whatever comes, so poverty stricken and mis-ruled that she cannot be any worse than she was before.

Russia bluffed England into the belief that her armies were invincible and England, with her overwhelming fleet, thought the idea of joining in with Russia to crush Germany and Austro-Hungary was perfect. But now Russia's hand has been "called" by the Central Powers and, as was expected, she has been caught bluffing again.

But that is nothing to the Russians. Undaunted they continue the grand bluff and after having been thrashed as often as they were in their their unfortunate war against Japan, they try and bluff the world that it is nothing, that Nikolai Nikolaievitch is the cleverest man in existence and that, although it be true that he loses thousands and thousands of square miles of territory, sacrifices Warsaw—the third largest town in the Empire—and other cities too numerous to quote, that behind all that and his enormous losses in officers and men, there stands a cleverly conceived military strategical plan whereby the victorious enemy is eventually to be inveigled into a stupendous net in which he will be lost and done for.

In there anyone so naive as to believe the latest Russian bluff? No! The truth is that the Muscovite nation is internally in the most deplorable condition. There is the utmost danger of a revolution in the Empire. Thousands of people, supposedly revolutionaries, are being daily arbitrarily arrested and sent to Siberia; the harvest has failed, the fugitives from the many threatened and captured towns are rushing to the capital in such numbers that it is impossible to house or feed them. As for the army, it cannot in spite of all the bluff about a "strategical retreat", be taken as other than a demoralised, disheartened, disgusted and severely trounced lot of semi decimated regiments. That is apparent to all who have taken the trouble to study the existing situation as regards Russia.

To Avoid When Mr. Lloyd George first Service. began mobilising labor, badges were given out indiscriminately to all applicants for work under the new system. As the Munitions Minister stated, in the House of Commons, hundreds of thousands of such badges were distributed to workmen throughout the country. But only a quarter of the number of applicants were found competent. The rest are using the badges, which they display conspicuously, in order to avoid the importunities of the recruiting sergeant.

The Analogy. The parallel which the Russians of 1812, and others are, just now, seeking to draw between the invasion of their country, by the Germans in 1915 and that of Napoleon in 1812, is based upon entirely false premises. In those times when Napoleon invaded Russia, there were no railroads; and his base was 1,500 miles distant—in France. His commissariat depended for its replenishment upon a hostile population. The Germans on the other hand are merely linking up Russian territory which their own as they advance; their base follows their army; and they have a perfect system of railways behind them. Thus it will be seen that there

is no analogy whatever between the two events; and the fall of Warsaw to the East is as great a disaster to the Allies as if Calais were lost in the West.

Duty of Mr. Hannis Taylor, ex-Ambassador America. to Spain, is one of the best known and most respected citizens of the United States. He is a professor of international law, a practical lawyer of large experience. At this juncture Mr. Taylor comes out, in the strongest manner, as regards the duty of the American government in the dispute concerning the submarine policy of Germany. He says that without doubt it is the duty of the executive to call Congress together and enact a brief law whereby the export of munitions to belligerents shall be prohibited. It is quite evident, that if America's President were to adopt such a course he would receive the approval of all thinking, christian, and humane minded Americans, because such action would mean a prompt end to the, so terrible, existing war. It would signify the saving of the lives of thousands of men and fathers of families, whose existences will be wantonly sacrificed should America continue her present policy. It would put an end to the awful carnage, which we read of daily with horror—useless bloodshed, because it will certainly not alter the ultimate issue.

NO DESIRE TO FIGHT.

How Young Britons Shirk Enlistment. Able-bodied Men Who Don't Like Soldiering.

The London Correspondent of *Leslie's* Mr. James Hare writes as follows:—The slogan over here "business as usual" would read "pleasure as usual" if some of the "slackers" had their way, to judge by the number of young, able-bodied men to be seen on the streets with little or nothing to trouble them apparently—and it is a foregone conclusion that compulsory military service in some form will have to be resorted to before they will be induced to join the colors. It is certainly a most remarkable situation; either the danger of a German invasion has been greatly exaggerated and the arms of the Allies are meeting with greater success than we are allowed to believe, or else these men are the most callous, unconcerned, human beings it is possible to conceive of.

Recently Hampstead Heath was the Mecca of an enormous holiday crowd, and I went to look it over.

On Hampstead Heath.

Open spaces like Hampstead Heath are splendid breathing places and easily accessible, a perfect boon for families who can enjoy the invigorating air and romp up-and-down the little hills and vales. But it seems almost incomprehensible, when the country is engaged in a war for its very existence, that there should be found young men making themselves look ridiculous with paper feathers in their hats, dancing and jiggling to the tune of a mouth organ or barrel organ. The Recruiting Office had erected two booths for speakers who tried their hardest to induce suitable men to enlist. Various methods were employed from cajolery to browbeating. One speaker, so hoarse from talking that he could hardly articulate, his face as red as a beet with exertion and excitement, implored them with tears in his eyes.

Difficult Recruiting.

Another speaker would single out individuals and ask why they had not enlisted. One young man replied that he had his father and mother to care for, and amid derisive shouts of the crowd, would be told what would be likely to happen to his parents if the enemy won. Others replied that they would not enlist voluntarily, as, if they left their jobs other young men were awaiting the opportunity to walk into their shoes, but if it was compulsory they were ready to go—in fact, anxious to do so. The speaker could always obtain applause from the many women in the crowd by stating that if it were women he was recruiting, he would want to turn them away so many would want to join.

LLOYD GEORGE'S FAILURE.

Scheme to Obtain workmen to Supply Munitions Proved Failure.

London, Aug. 10. It is now realised that the Lloyd George propaganda for workmen to be utilised in the making of munitions, has proved a failure. According to the result of investigations made, no less than 115,000 skilled mechanics have been drawn into the army. Had the factory owners been left to themselves they might have been able to largely augment the numbers of workmen, but the heavy handed Board of Trade stepped in with fatal results.

The recruiting of volunteer munition workers was a great mistake: a hundred thousand of such workmen standing on paper only. It transpires that what with extensive advertising and other expenses the cost of each man amounts to about ten pounds sterling and six important weeks have been lost. The recruiting centre of the Minister of Munitions was a complete failure. Factories and machinery are to hand but skilled workmen are lacking.

The Trades Unions refuse to acknowledge the rights of the Government to prohibit strikes.

It would appear that the system of "Bread Cards" were first invented in Italy of the Renaissance at a time of shortage of crops.

VIRIBUS UNITIS. NEWS FROM AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

New Prussian Field-Marshal.

Archduke Frederick of Austria Receives the Staff From the Hands of the Emperor William. Radoslavoff on Bulgaria.

Vienna, Aug. 10. In honor of the happy liberation of Lemberg, the Commander in Chief of the Austro-Hungarian Army, Field-marshal Archduke Friederich, has been appointed a Prussian Fieldmarshal.

Kaiser Wilhelm, desirous of giving the utmost importance to the installation, himself visited the Archduke Frederick at his head quarters, in order himself to hand H. I. H., the emblem highest military dignity.

The German Emperor arrived with several members of his military staff in the small town, where the Archduke was in temporary quarters. Although the news of the visit had only become known in the afternoon, the houses were all richly bedecked with flags. There was a heavy and continuous downfall of rain, but that did not interfere with the enthusiasm of the people, which was immense.

Archduke Frederick, who for the first time, wore the field uniform of a Prussian Fieldmarshal, respectfully greeted the Kaiser in front of his quarters where H. I. M. presented him with the richly decorated staff, at the same time made a touching, heartfelt speech.

The Archduke, very much touched, replied in a few words. A mid-day meal followed, at which the Archduke made a fine speech in which, in words full of sentiment, he declared the Marshall's staff would be to all of them as the emblem of unity, that unity to which such great success was already due and which would surely lead to ultimate victory and an honorable peace. In hearty words he ended and called for three cheers for the Emperor which were given the greatest enthusiasm by all present.

Evidently much affected, Emperor William replied in a characteristic manner. He spoke in warm words of his august friend and ally, Emperor and King Franz Joseph I and called for three cheers for the Austro-Hungarian army, and its supreme war Lord. For some time afterwards Kaiser Wilhelm was the animated central figure of a circle of high military personages and finally, after a three hour's stay, took leave and drove away in his automobile to his own Headquarters.

Radoslavoff on Bulgaria.

The famous Hungarian daily *Az Est* reports from Sofia that the *Narodni Prava* the organ of Radoslavoff, declares in a leading article that Bulgaria, which had hitherto taken part in the war only in a diplomatic way, would if necessary, resort to-day to force of arms. "The government was well aware that Bulgaria would in no way take part in the war in favor of Serbia, since there is an unbridgeable gulf between Bulgaria and Serbia. All other reasons must give way to this. We shall never open our ears to the cries of help of those who in 1913 tore out the heart of Bulgaria and flung it bleeding in the dust."

Franz Ferdinand's Triumphant Troops.

The victorious Austrian-Hungarian armies, in conjunction with their German allies, continue their tremendous pursuit of the Russians.

The enemy is being forced out of the entire district of the Vistula by the irresistible onslaught of the troops under General von Koevess. They are evacuating the region southeast of Zelechow. The troops of the Achduke Ferdinand joined up with their comrades here. The angle of the Wierp has also been crossed at Kock and various other places.

More and more land, more and more prisoners, more and more guns and material fall into the hands of the valiant troops and brilliant generals of the Dual Monarchy.

NEGOTIATIONS THAT FAILED.

None of the Balkan States Want to Accept the Terms of the Allies.

Essen-Rühr, Aug. 10. The *Rheinische Westf. Zeitung* publishes a Rome telegram to the effect that bad news has been received at the Quirinal as regards the negotiations with the Balkan States. Greece will have nothing to do with the proposals made by the Entente, and Veniselos is at one with Gunaris on that matter. They will make no concessions to Bulgaria. Nor does there appear to be any possibility of a bridge of understanding between Sofia and Belgrade. Hope still appears to be held that Roumania will be on over.

The *Journal de Genève* asserts that Roumania will join in the war on the 25th of this month and all hopes of the Central Powers in her neutrality will thus be extinguished.

Increasing American Navy.

New York, Aug. 10. The Navy department is working upon a plan whereby the United States navy will be increased by four Super Dreadnoughts and two large armoured cruisers.

The Philippines have been given twice as many schools by the Americans as Egypt altogether possesses.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

Declaration of Independence and War in New York.

Ten Irish patriots, led by the well-known poet, Aelester Crowley, read a Declaration of the Independence of Ireland from England at the base of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor at dawn on July 4th—the historic date of our own freedom's birth. A long and eloquent address was made and then the Secret Revolutionary Committee concluded the ceremony with this Declaration.

1. That we put our trust and confidence in the Judge of the whole world, appealing to Him to witness the righteousness of our intent;

2. That, declaring England the enemy of civilization, justice, equity, and freedom, and therefore of the human race, we do hereby lawfully establish the Republic of the Men and Women of the Irish People, free and independent by right human and divine, having full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliance, establish commerce, and to do all other things which independent States may of right do.

3. That we do hereby dissolve all political connection between that republic and the usurper, absolving of their allegiance to England (a) all free people of good will that are of Irish blood, (b) all free people of good will born in Ireland, (c) all free people of good will who may hereafter desire to partake of the benefits of the Irish Republic, and effectually acquire these rights by the forms provided.

4. That we do hereby declare war upon England until such time as our demands being granted, our rights recognized, and our power firmly established in our own country, from which we are now exiled, we may see fit to restore to her the blessings of peace, and to extend to her the privileges of friendship.

And for the support of this declaration, with a firm and hearty reliance upon the protection of God, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

Long live the Irish Republic.

The official copy of this declaration of independence is "signed by order and on behalf of the committee" by "Aelester Crowley, 418," and "attested" by "L. Bathurst, 77."

On the way back the Irish patriots and the Green Banner were cheered by the sailors upon the interned German liners.

ITALY'S FAILURE.

The Much Talked-of Million Army has Done Nothing. In the Same Position as on the First Day of the War.

Christiania, Aug. 10. The military correspondent of the *Aftenposten* devotes an article to the Italian war. He says that the opinion that the entry of the Million Italian army into the field would mean the turning of the scale of the war, has been demonstrated an absolute fallacy. On the contrary, the Central Powers, during the two and a half months since the Italians have entered the war arena, have won a number of brilliant victories in the East, which may be counted as the greatest successes of the war. The Italians stand, to all intents and purposes, in exactly the same position as they were at the commencement of the war. Thus the results of the appearance of Italy upon the scene have been a great disillusion for the Allies. Above all, the strategical position of the Italians is not in the least favourable. Their principal forces are centered at the Isonzo frontier, without their flanks and rear being properly protected from the Austrian forts. Just at the moment when the Central Powers can afford to send a large number of troops to take the offensive against the Italians, the Italians are forced to form a new grouping of their forces, a matter which is ever fraught with great difficulties.

ATTACKED FROM HOME.

Rome, Aug. 4. The *Messaggero* has a leading article in which it criticises the efficiency of the Italian fleet and points out the carelessness which rendered the sinking of the *Amalfi* and the *Garibaldi* possible.

A Modest Hero.

Count Karolyi, on returning to his castle in Hungary, met, according to the *Vossische Zeitung*, one of his old servants who had just been sent back wounded from the war. "My good man, I hear you fought valiantly at the front," said the Count. "I should like to give you some reward. What shall it be?" The old servant replied: "Well, if you insist upon it, sir, just give me enough kronen to reach from one ear to the other."

"That seems to be a very small reward," replied the Count, smiling at the odd request. "It's enough for me, sir," answered the servant modestly.

As the Count was about to comply with the strange request he noticed that the servant had only one ear, and remarked upon the fact.

"Yes, sir, I left the other ear on the battlefield at Shabatz!" answered the modest man.

STATISTICS.

A passenger arriving in New York by the American Liner *St. Paul* is given as authority for the statement that two million British soldiers are absolutely unequipped for warfare. It is also recorded that 50 per cent. of the Canadian forces engaged in fighting around Ypres has been killed.

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.

To the Editor.

A Young Turk on England.

It is quite astonishing to a man who came recently from the Turkish battlefield, and who saw with his own eyes the good relations between the German and the Turkish officers, to read in the English papers that disputes are taking place between the two allies defending the Dardanelles.

I was, myself in the Turkish army till the end of June, and was in contact with both German and Turkish officers and have seen friendship and brotherhood, in the full meaning of the word, prevail between them.

I, therefore, assure the German public that the English people, whose policy is always based on fishing in troubled waters, will never succeed in their mean intrigues, for not only the Turks, but 300 millions of Mohammedans pray to God five times a day to grant aid and victory to Germany and her faithful allies.

But, if we take into consideration that public opinion in England is growing nervous, especially in this critical moment, then we can judge and understand why the English press publish such lies in the last few days.

The English papers have already published such follies, concerning great differences to be taking place between the Germans and the Austrians in Galicia, but as the plan of the English intriguers failed to produce the least effect among the Germans and their Austrian allies, so again, the new English intrigues will find no fertile soil either in Turkey nor in Germany.

We distinguish quite well between our friends and our enemies, and after many experiences, we came to the conclusion, that England is the worst enemy of Turkey, the worst enemy of Islam and the worst enemy of humanity and civilisation.

Our sultan and Caliph has declared a Holy War, not against Christianity, as was the case in the Dark Ages, but against the enemies of Islam, namely England, France and Russia.

While criminal England and her misled allies justify their persecution and oppression in Moslim countries, such as Egypt, India, Algeria, Tunis, Turkistan and Morocco, England does not hesitate to wage a war against Germany, under the pretext of protecting weak nations.

Now, the aim of the new Triple Alliance, must be one and for all, the destruction of the hypocrite English nation, for as long as this perfidious race is living on the surface of the earth, public peace will be threatened and the world's prosperity will always be in grave danger.

Yours Respectfully,
A Young Turk.

ENGLAND.

Thy God is Trade. The ties of race And faith to thee are less than nought. The smirk of cant is on thy face, And with deceit thy heart is fraught.

Thou hast struck hands with sly Japan Across the subjugated seas, Promoting thus thy private plan To bring the world upon its knees.

Protectress of small peoples?—thou? Was ever such preposterous claim, Since Torquemada took the vow, And saved poor heretics by flame?

Thy victims lie about the world, Where'er thy tyrant fleets have sailed, Where'er thy flag has been unfurled, Where'er thy goods have been unbaled.

Egypt and India know full well The gold-lust in thine eyes agleam. And China, to the gates of hell Conducted in an opium dream.

The Dane has felt thy ruthless hand, The Dutchman, too, could not escape, Whether at home in his low-land Or on that far and misnamed Cape.

The Frenchman, Spaniard and ourselves— Yet why pursue the ghastly roll? The histories are on our shelves; The memories in each honest soul.

But nay! One name leads all the rest, Upon the roster of thy shame— Thy hapless neighbour to the west, On whom through thee destruction came.

So long as men shall love and hate, So long as words have power to bear Their message to the times that wait, So long as God the world shall spare,

The memory of Ireland's wrongs, By thee inflicted in thy greed, Shall make, as with a whip of thongs Even thy reputation bleed.

And some day, near or else afar, Across thy island lair shall sound The bellowing of the dogs of war Set on thee by the nations round.

Humanitas

An American staying in Berlin remarked that the German capital reminded him of San Francisco on account of its many flowers

MOLOCH AND MR. KIPLING.

BY R. L. ORCHELLE.

Day after day I meet Germans of all degrees, from the simple workman to the highest official, diplomat or professor, and always am I amazed at the almost super-human tolerance, magnanimity and understanding these marvellous people display towards their enemies, French, Russian, English. There appears to be almost no animosity against the two former, and even against England the resentment shown is comparatively mild. It is often a mixture of sadness, surprise, perhaps horror and pain, rather than hate. The "Hymn of Hate" made famous by England, is deprecated, and apart from a few postcards, I have scarcely seen, much less heard, that phrase which, as English scribes would persuade the world, splutters from every German's lips:—"Gott Strafe England!" Chauvinistic writers are frowned upon; in everything the real and the kindest interpretation is sought. Never has the profundity of the German soul nor the exaltation of the German character been seen to greater advantage. The philosophic calm, the essential mildness of the Teutonic nature, which is one of its greatest virtues as well as one of its greatest dangers, seems to have triumphed over all the unholy passions aroused by the great Crime and Conspiracy. Italy calls forth a contempt that lies at too cold and low a level to rise to the dignity of hate—England's meaner acts evoke disdain rather than rage.

Impossible is the picture of the Germans which the English have created for themselves. It is one with the monstrous imaginations of malformed and murky brains that flare up with hate a moment, then are choked with inky fumes the next. On reading the English papers one asks oneself, half in horror, half in a sort of stunned amusement, whether it be possible that human beings could accept as real the ghastly caricatures and incredible monsters they have made of other human beings? The belief of the Bushman in his grotesque chimera is as nothing compared to the belief of the Britisher in his Monster German. In the days of Napoleon the ignorant Britisher firmly believed that "Boney" ate women and children; in our day the educated Britisher believes as firmly that the Germans slaughter them. In the same way we must measure the profound debasement of a man capable of uttering such low and revolting words as those recently spoken by Rudyard Kipling—"there are but two futures in the world to-day—human beings and Germans" (cheers)—by what they disclose of the speaker and not by what they preposterously declare.

"Therefore we and our Allies must continue to press through fire to Moloch till Moloch perishes" (cheers).

Moloch! How came this incredible German to take root in the British brain? How was it possible to make sane men accept as real the crimson devil which the slanderous British press painted in such horrid hues upon the firmament? From what wicked sorcery and poisonous fumes did this hideous flamboyant genie arise in the dull imaginations of an easy-going and no longer heroic race? That is a psychological puzzle for those whose minds can probe national morbidity. But its mere existence is damning not only for the English—but for that *petite nation* of virulent and fanatic gamins, the French.

The pendulum swings constantly from one extreme of madness to another—from shrill jeers of contempt at the weakness and despair of Germany to frenzied screams of terror at her power and cold-bloodedness. As I have more than once pointed out, the mud-cemented, rotten-timbered House of Lies which the Allies reared to shelter their so-called "Cause", cracks, totters and melts away under the slow but elemental attack of Truth. Hence desperate, furious, embeccle attempts to prop it with further struts and lashings of lies—like the Bryce Report of German atrocities. The falsehoods men believe accumulate to a mountain within their sight. And this mountain in the imagination of the real barbarian, becomes in time a mythical monster. That monster is Germany as seen by the feverish, war-maddened eyes of her western enemies.

There is to be sure, one deep-lying psychological reason for this. The achievements, the victories, the colossal physical power and moral strength of Germany are by a peculiar process of perverted thought re-translated into evil attributes by the obsession in the brains of her enemies. In other words white is deliberately transformed into black because one sees nothing but red. The inevitable results of modern war waged in the most scientific and energetic and intelligent way in the enemy's country, are converted into black "atrocities" by her foes—who have not a single positive achievement to show. The conviction of this truth,—which must at times steal over such reason as is left in the lands of the Allies, produces in turn that ill-balanced, impotent fury that finds no outlet save in coarse abuse, or brutality against the helpless, or in torrents of indiscriminate slander that bespeak the illness or the nausea at a nation's soul.

When the inky pall that hangs before the eyes of these nations shall be lifted and the clean cool wind of a sweet reasonableness blow once more over the hissing lava of

their bewildered minds—the true character of the Germans, that grandest of all modern nations, will emerge stainless, serene and strong. White will be white again, and black black. The atrocious attempt to hold up the most cultivated, peaceful, kindly, industrious and law-abiding people in the world as Molochs and monsters merely because the same superior intelligence they display in the pursuits of peace, guides them in the conduct of war, will collapse like a rank, uprooted weed.

Shall I declare to you why, in the world of the Allies, white is now black and black white? The Germans kept the peace of Europe for 44 years—so they were accused of lust and plotting for war.

They are the kindest, most humanitarian folk in existence—so they were described as blood-thirsty demons.

Their love of home and children is historical—so they were called destroyers of the one and murderers of the other.

There is no land that displays a deeper, more sentimental love for antiquity, art and literature—so they were accused of destroying cathedrals and libraries.

Germany was the only land that had never waged war upon small nations for the purposes of aggression—so she was charged with a desire to dominate the world.

Germany has shown herself to be our great inspired, living intellectual organism—she is therefore invariably described as a blind and ruthless "machine."

Germany furnishes to the world a model of justice, order, clean government and democratic efficiency—she is therefore represented as a harsh autocracy.

To-day she stands unshaken upon the granite plinth of her righteous cause, calm, noble-browed, magnanimous, in the face of her delirious enemies—she is therefore denounced as "The Mad Dog of Europe."

But quite apart from conventional morality, there is an immortal tenacity in Truth. And because it is immortal it is terrible. This iron law is the everlasting Nemesis that hangs above the paper tents and naked tongues of the armies of falsehood and hypocrisy.

Can they bind the cluster of the Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?

Perhaps this quotation may come home with a peculiar light to the soul of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with its *flair* for the Biblical? Perhaps he will recall the sentiments of his "Recessional" and give us a new definition of hypocrisy? Perhaps he will not refrain from claiming a gift for true prophetic analysis when re-reading the warnings of his "Islanders?" Perhaps he has not forgotten those days when he lay ill in America with a fever from which he seems never to have entirely recovered, and Moloch inquired after his condition in hourly telegrams?

One of the fatal signs of the darkness that has overtaken a press-poisoned people is the peculiar blight that seems to gnaw at the minds of England's foremost thinkers and gifted men. Their tongues are wryed and what they utter is as sand and gravel. Their brains ring as hollow as the vibrant leather of the recruiting drum. For all this is the fatal, dreadful and inevitable result of the attempts to defend a cause begotten in iniquity, delivered in darkness and nursed upon lies. It has slain genius and numbed the sinews of logic.

I am sitting here in the clear German sunlight, amidst the rustling of the German lindens and the song and laughter of healthy, beautiful German children playing in one of the splendid, flower-decked parks of this bright and peaceful Barbarian capital. All about me I feel, as though it were an electric current, the gigantic throbbing of the heroic German heart, the masterly, deep, harmonious rhythm of this people's soul. A thousand evidences of their innate kindness blossom up before my eyes—the kindness to children, to dogs, to the aged, yes, to their very enemies, as I saw yesterday at Doberitz with my own eyes. This deep solicitude for the poor or helpless is but a spark from that wonderful and imperishable fire that towers to heaven in Love of Fatherland. Here are soldiers that fought in Belgium now playing with the children, or lost in sentimental rhapsodies with their sweethearts. And he who says these magnificent men were guilty of the horrible cruelties begotten in Belgian brains and sown broadcast by the Franco-British press, lies in his heart of hearts.

I have three newspapers in my hand—a German, a French and an English. The German like nearly all German newspapers, is quiet, restrained, seemly in its tone, a reflection of the true values of the gentleman which this war has proved as residing more deeply in the German nation than in all others.

The second is *Le Matin*. It reads as though written by maniacs and men possessed of devils, the revelation of a people gone raving mad with the red lunacy of war. Its muddy print swarms with the mouth-missiles of the French—hysterical shrieks of "les Boches"—ridiculous, impotent yells of "les Barbares!"

But the darkest depths of brutality and malignity are reached with the English paper. Here, black upon white, in the pure sunlight pouring from these blue heavens, I read these words in the London *Times* of June 19th. They occur in an article entitled "A Tour Through the Trenches." "Yesterday one of

our brave soldiers captured a German and plunged his bayonet into his body with the words: "This is for the Lusitania!" Then, after a short pause, he transfixed him for the second time; "And that's for myself." No love is left between us and the enemy. Not long ago a German came toward us shouting: "I am a Christian." The answer was: "Are you really a Christian! All right, we'll make an angel of you." A bullet ended the life of a German scoundrel."

Without shame, without one sign of recognizing the enormity of its words, the leading English newspaper lays bare something that men have hitherto striven to hide in the deepest depths of their souls.

You are right, you proud and honorable Germans: there is no need to lie about your enemies. The inexorable law of things has brought it about that even out of their own mouths they must inevitably reveal the truth about themselves.

POINCARÉ.

There are two writers for the German press in whose work I take a particular delight. Their style, while not departing from the laws of the best journalism, contains in it all that is best in literature. There are doubtless others still undiscovered by me, with pens as powerful, trenchant and picturesque as those of Bernhard Kellermann and Victor Hahn. The work of the latter gives the *8 Uhr Abendblatt*, the brilliancy of an evening star in the skies of journalism. From a recent issue of that little paper I quote part of a splendid, in some ways tragic, article upon President Poincaré.

Poincaré and his pathetic position remind Herr Hahn of the chief character in Bjornson's play, "A Bankruptcy,"—the wretched little Consul Tälde who for years has been trembling with horror-stricken heart on the verge of ruin, bankruptcy and disgrace.

Herr Hahn heads his article with a quotation from a speech by Poincaré.

"The present generations are the accountants of France in regard to our posterity. They will never profane the patrimony, nor permit it to grow less, that patrimony which our forefathers have entrusted to their transient guardianship."

From the *Message of President Poincaré to the French Chamber*.

To-day there is much sorrow in this world of ours. Mothers, wives and children weep. In thousands of hospitals the shattered youth of this our planet twist and writhe through endless nights of pain. From hundreds and hundreds of prisoners' camps millions of hot, heart-broken longings go whirling towards the beloved and threatened homes. And yet each and every one of these poor and sorely-trying mortals may consider himself rich and enviable when he thinks of the unhappy man in the Elysée who vainly with hollow phrases seeks to ban the shadow of collapse that threatens his pathetic fatherland. Perhaps in these times Monsieur Poincaré with bleeding heart and with secret tears yearns for the return of those peaceful days when he was still the obscure little *avocat* of Bar-le-Duc and had as yet had no epistolary, telegraphic nor personal intercourse with Kaisers and with Kings. Surely there, can be few human creatures upon this earth who bear so great a burden of unhappiness as he, so great a burden of guilt and hopelessness—and who yet follow the advice of Mortimer with the same brazen brow—to gull the world with impudence and show. Though we ought not to forget Monsieur Delcassé in Paris, nor Messrs. Grey and Churchill in London, Sasanoff in Petersburg, Salandra and Sonnino in Rome and Pasitch in Nish. They are all bankrupts, each and everyone of them, and all the figures in their great book of debts are written in blood. Dante would be forced to descend from his pedestal at Triente, in order that the blood-guilt of these dread conspirators against the peace of humanity might be properly portrayed for the generations to come.

The crimes of all great murderers, from that Pharaoh who ordered the slaughter of the new-born babes of Israel, to Herod; from Nero to the Marquis de Sade, vanish into nothingness when compared with the gigantic crimes of which these statesmen have made themselves guilty in the eyes of history and their countrymen—statesmen who have become the curse of our generation.

But terrible will be the accounting before the thrones of divine and human justice. France the Great Creditor would, despite England, have been strong enough to compel its debtor Russia to remain at peace. But its lust for revenge was greater than its wisdom. Belgium came as the first disillusion, and to-day, on the anniversary of the fall of Liege, and in the face of Hindenburg's triumphal procession in the East, the dreadful spectre of bankruptcy is also staring this country in the face. No, Monsieur Poincaré was indeed rash in mentioning that patrimony entrusted to his care. For he has not only profaned this patrimony—he has embezzled it.

"France will do what her interests dictate," was the insolent reply given by that country to the German request as to whether it preferred the horrors of war or the blessings of peace. It was indeed a clumsy venture, and an irresponsible guess. To-day, despite all Gallic rhetoric, the world may see, if France do not, how her interests have been served—by suicide. R. L. O.

THE AMERICAN AMERICANS.

By FRANK PUTNAM, New York.

The following pertinent facts may be of interest just now to those strenuous champions of war resident in this country. Thus:

1. It is a fact that there is in the United States a minority of inhabitants more concerned, by ties of race or interest, in the triumph of England than in the continuing welfare of the United States or the vindication of justice.

2. It is a fact that there is in the United States a minority of inhabitants more concerned, by ties of race or interest, in the triumph of the Teutonic Allies than in the continuing welfare of the United States or the vindication of justice.

3. It is a fact that there is in the United States a majority of inhabitants more concerned, by ties of race or interest or both, in the continuing welfare of the United States than in the triumph of either England or Germany, and who, alone among Americans, are capable, being made acquainted with all of the testimony, of determining without partiality, though with imperfect wisdom, the degree to which justice sustains the contentions of either party to the quarrel. We may describe the members of this majority as the American Americans, to distinguish them from the minorities made up of Anglo-Americans and of German-Americans. These American Americans are conscious of no ties either of race or of interest linking them to any other land or nation but the United States of America. It is they who made and unmake, when necessary, the local, State and National Government in the United States. It is their collective will which finally determines both domestic and foreign policies for this Republic.

For eight months these American Americans have been sitting as a jury to which the champions of the war factions have appealed for a verdict. I wish your reader in Europe to know—and it is a fact which the passage of time will infallibly attest—that this jury of the American Americans has made up its verdict. This verdict it will render at the ballot boxes in November, 1916. By the verdict then to be rendered, the majority of American Americans will declare:

1. Their emphatic disapproval of their National Government's weak submission to England's decree excluding Americans from trade in non-contraband with the Teutonic Allies, and from trade in all articles of exchange with countries which, like the United States, are non-participants in the conflict.

2. Their stern condemnation of the effort made with false representations by the powerful Anglo-American section of our daily press to deceive Americans concerning the merits of the conflict in Europe, and to deceive Europeans concerning the attitude of the American majority toward this war.

3. Their determination, once and for all, and at any cost, to establish this country's complete independence of English control—an undertaking which, they now perceive, was begun but was not finished in 1776 and 1812.

4. Their shame and sorrow caused by their National Government's failure to prohibit the sale of war munitions to any of the belligerents; a failure which makes the

American people, through their chosen Government, accessories before the fact to the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of persons with whom they had and have no quarrel, and for whom, so far as they have thought of those persons at all, they have entertained none but friendly thoughts.

5. Their detestation of this infamous traffic—conducted by men of the type of those who mercilessly exploit American labor, corrupt American governments and courts, flaunt their vulgar, ill-gotten wealth in the faces of the people, debase American ideals, and gag free speech in American universities with gifts of portions of their loot.

6. Their fierce resentment of the English Government's vile assumption that American honor can sustain no hurt which British gold may not appease.

7. Their solemn purpose hereafter to cause their Government to prohibit the sale of deadly weapons to either party in any conflict between peoples with whom we are ourselves at peace.

8. Their utter weariness of weak and empty words, from White House and from State Department, when strong and noble deeds were vitally required to maintain American neutrality and American honor unsullied before the world.

This verdict will not be, as some commentators will deem it, a verdict for the Dual Alliance, nor a verdict against the Triple Entente. It will be a verdict of condemnation and dismissal passed upon the American Government for its failure to enforce true neutrality, and to protect the rights of Americans, with ironclads if need be, against outrageous invasion upon the high seas by any power whatsoever. Above all, it will be a verdict condemning the American Government for permitting American powder, shot and cannon factories to be enlisted, for blood-stained profits taken by their private owners, in the service of one group of peoples, our friends, to slay the peoples of another group no less our friends.

The American Americans need not and do not consult international law to ascertain the grossly unneutral, the villainously iniquitous character of this traffic in arms. They need and do but consult their own conscience, their own man-to-man codes of conduct. They put aside the labored arguments of Anglo-American journals trying to prove this traffic is not unneutral; they know better. They know that the man who sells to one neighbor a deadly weapon with which to slay another is himself a murderer; their laws declare it, their juries affirm it, their common sense, their very instincts, reject any contrary argument. They answer the plea that "weapons are sold only to the Allies because the Germans can't come after them," by declaring that it would be no less wrongful to sell deadly weapons to both our neighbors than to sell to either. Their hatred of the traffic—unlike, perhaps, that of many German-Americans—is not due to its one-sidedness, but to its violation of a rule of private action which is as deeply imbedded in the American statute laws as it is in the moral laws which, far more than any statute laws, govern the conduct of mankind.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

NONSENSE AND HYPOCRISY ABOUT GERMAN GAS BOMBS. THE CANT OF FRENCH VERSUS FRENCH FRANKNESS.

General French's Virtuous Horror.

Field Marshal Sir John French in a review of the operations of the British expeditionary forces in April and May, the story of which has been told in the accounts by the British official "eyewitness" and by special correspondents, makes caustic reference to the use by the Germans of asphyxiating gas.

"I much regret," says Field Marshal French, "that during the period under report the fighting has been characterized on the enemy's side by cynical and barbarous disregard of the well-known usages of civilized war and by flagrant disregard of the Hague convention."

"All the scientific resources of Germany apparently have been brought into play to produce a gas so virulent and poisonous in nature that any human being brought in contact with it is first paralyzed and then meets with a lingering and agonizing death."

"The brain power and thought which evidently have been at work before this unworthy method of making war reached the pitch of efficiency which has been demonstrated in its practice shows that the Germans must have harbored these designs for a long time."

"As a soldier, I cannot help expressing the deepest regret, and some surprise, that an army which has hitherto claimed to be the chief exponent of the chivalry of war should have stooped to employ such devices against brave and gallant foes."

Thus General French, fuming and gassing in deadly intonation.

KITCHENER'S MILLIONS.

"Strong indignation was expressed at a meeting of the Nottingham Education Committee yesterday evening. Out of nearly two hundred teachers of military age employed by the committee only fifteen have so far joined the colors."

A Confession from French Headquarters.

In view of the clamour of the French and British press regarding the use of suffocating gases by the German army, the following regimental order of the 112th French Infantry is particularly illuminating:

"The asphyxiating gas-bombs which the Germans employed in their attack of the 20th of July were filled with a suffocating substance, which seemed to be composed of a bromide-like, strong-smelling carbonic gas. This has a very powerful smell. Its effect is very active, producing tears and coughing. The poisonous effects are comparatively weak. They represent a substance which produces difficulty in breathing, but which cannot in the right sense of the term be said to suffocate. All in all, it is very unpleasant to breathe it, but not very dangerous."

Thus, even in this matter the French made an unjust charge against the Germans. In spite of the fact that they were the first to use poisonous gases, they dare to trumpet forth to the world that Germany uses lethal gases—although they knew from their own army authorities that these were "very unpleasant to breathe, but not very dangerous."

The real poisonous gases, one is constrained to say, appear to be those generated in the hearts of the Entente journalists. As for the painful effects in comparison with mutilation by shells or transfixing by bayonets, it has been suggested that these may be easily avoided by a "masterly retreat"—such as that at Mons.

Strong indignation, indeed! To think that the employees are not rushing to join Kitchener's armies! Aux arms, citoyens, aux arms, if you do not want to be dismissed! Volunteers, you know, volunteers.

"Daily Mail" quoted by "Vital Issue," N. Y.

British Prisoners in German Camps.

EXCLUSIVE AND OFFICIAL LISTS. (No. 15)

Gefangenenlager Munsterlager.

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Hughes, William, Priv., "
Hugton, Samuel, Priv., "
Huff, William, Priv., "
Hulenc, John, Priv., "
Hughes, Frank, Priv., "
Hunce, Albert, Priv., "
Hurley, Walter, Priv., "
Hurst, Edward, Priv., "
Hutton, William, Priv., "
Irwin, Henry, Serg., "
Jackson, Arthur, Priv., "
Johnson, Walter, Priv., "
Johnson, William, Priv., "
Jones, Albert, Priv., "
Jones, Ernest, Priv., "
Healey, George, Priv., "
Hemmingway, Albert, Priv., "
Henyon, John, Priv., "
Herriman, Albert, Priv., "
Higgins, John, Priv., "
Higgins, John, Priv., "
Higgins, John, Priv., "
High, Thomas, Priv., "
Hirslake, William, Priv., "
Hillel, Thomas, Priv., "
Holloway, Non-com., "
Holland, George, Priv., "
Holman, Robert, Priv., "
Holman, Robert, Priv., "
Holyoak, Daniel, Priv., "
Howarth, Alfred, Priv., "
Honor, Frank, Priv., "
Hosse, John, Priv., "
Hackney, Arthur, Priv., "
Hadfield, John, Priv., "
Hammersly, Fred., Lance-Corp., "
Hampton, Harry, Priv., "
Hanceck, John, Priv., "
Hargreavers, Edmund, Priv., "
Harp, John, Priv., "
Harper, James, Priv., "
Harrison, Arthur, Priv., "
Harrison, James, Priv., "
Harvy, John, Priv., "
Harwood, Henry, Priv., "
Haskel, Ernest, Priv., "
Hassell, George, Priv., "
Hassell, William, Lance-Corp., "
Haynes, Samuel, Priv., "
Hawley, John, Priv., "
Ford, James, Priv., "
Fowler, Ernest, Priv., "
Ganner, John, Priv., "
Gibson, Charles, Priv., "
Graham, Charles, Priv., "
Gloave, Frederik, Priv., "
Greatbanks, George, Priv., "
Greatbanks, Robert, Priv., "
Green, Albert, Priv., "
Greenhaugh, Thomas, Priv., "
Gregson, Walter, Priv., "
Greston, Henry, Priv., "
Grey, Alfred, Priv., "
Grimes, Charles, Priv., "
Grove, George, Priv., "
Grover, George, Non-com., "
Duddy, John, Priv., "
Dummer, William, Priv., "
Dum, Charles, Priv., "
Dunn, John, Priv., "
Eden, Henry, Priv., "
Edmundson, Priv., "
Edwards, Robert, Priv., "
Ellison, William, Priv., "
Emmerson, Thomas, Priv., "
Fairlaugh, Richard, Priv., "
Fannon, Edward, Priv., "
Farmer, Frank, Priv., "
Farrow, Richard, Priv., "
Fish, Frederik, Priv., "
Foden, William, Priv., "
Forcett, John, Priv., "
Daniel, Arthur, Priv., "
Darlington, George, Priv., "
Daubney, William, Priv., "
Davies, George, Priv., "
Davies, Samuel, Priv., "
Davies, Samuel, Priv., "
Davies, Walter, Priv., "
Davy, William, Priv., "
Dawson, John, Priv., "
Dean, Henry, Priv., "
Dewar, Th., Priv., Lance-Corp., "
Dodd, Alfred, Priv., "
Dolan, Daniel, Priv., "
Douglas, George, Priv., "
Doyle, John, Priv., "
Cassidy, John, Priv., "
Christian, Thomas, Priv., "

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Christmas, James, Priv., "
Clemons, Frederik, Priv., "
Clefford, Michael, Priv., "
Collier, Albert, Priv., "
Collier, Arthur, Priv., "
Coltman, William, Priv., "
Cooke, Henry, Priv., "
Cooper, Charles, Priv., "
Costen, Frederik, Priv., "
Crisp, William, Non-com., "
Cropper, Albert, Priv., "
Cunliffe, John, Priv., "
Curley, John, Priv., "
Darbyshire, Albert, Priv., "
Bradley, Edward, Priv., "
Brennan, Patrick, Priv., "
Bridges, Frederik, Priv., "
Bridges, Samuel, Priv., "
Brocklehurst, John, Priv., "
Brookfield, Ernest, Priv., "
Buckley, John, Priv., "
Bullock, Frederik, Priv., "
Burion, Arthur, Priv., "
Bushell, Alfred, Priv., "
Butler, John, Priv., "
Byron, Thomas, Priv., "
Cain, Albert, Priv., "
Caley, John, Priv., "
Cameron, Donald, Lance-Corp., "
Carter, James, Priv., "
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Baker, Henry, Priv., "
Baker, Henry, Priv., "
Barber, Albert, Priv., "
Barrow, Ernest, Priv., "
Barrow, William, Priv., "
Baskerville, William, Priv., "
Beard, James, Priv., "
Bell, Ernest, Priv., "
Bird, Albert, Priv., "
Bishop, William, Priv., "
Blackwell, Henry, Priv., "
Blaine, John, Priv., "
Blake, Norman, Priv., "
Blooman, James, Priv., "
Bottomly, James, Priv., "
Bowers, William, Priv., "
Spender, Thomas, Priv., 2. South Lincs.
Stanton, Edwin, Priv., "
Stocken, Frank, Priv., "
Thatcher, Leonard, Priv., "
Wells, Albert, Priv., "
Weston, Alfred, Priv., "
Wyton, Frederik, Priv., "
Farrell, Thomas, Priv., "
Ainocoe, Frederik, Priv., 22. Cheshire Reg.
Allen, Peter, Priv., "
Andrews, Frederik, Priv., "
Aulers, Frederik, Priv., "
Ashton, George, Priv., "
Aston, George, Priv., "
Ashwell, Arthur, Priv., "
Bailey, Frederik, Priv., "

- Gefangenenlager: Hameln.
Wild, William, Priv., Sherw. 18. B. 6. D.
Ward, Joseph, Priv., "
Weston, Charles, Priv., "
Whishington, Charles, Priv., "
Wilson, Thomas, Priv., D. W. J. 18. B.
Wilks, Andrew, Serg., "
Waldon, James, Serg., Sherw. 18. D. 6. B.
Wardle, Charles, Serg., Sherw. 18. D. 6. B.
Watson, Charles, Serg., "
Wright, Walter, Priv., "
Wide, Stanley, Priv., 1. R. Dragons 6. C. 3. B.
Wells, Herbert, Priv., Sherw. F. 18. B. 6. D.
Wilks, William, Corp., Sherw. 18. B. 6. D.
William, Hazard, Priv., "
Withers, Allan, Priv., "
Wright, John, Priv., "
Whitworth, George H., Priv., "
West, Arthur, Priv., 18. Hussard 2. B.
Ward, Thomas, Priv., D. C. L. J. 14. B. 5. D.
Wobb, Fred, Priv., Lancers 7. B. 3. D.
Williams, Harold, Priv., "
Williams, Thomas, Priv., "
Wooding, John, Priv., "
Walker, Charles, Priv., 2. Sherw. 18. B. 6. D.
Watts, William, Priv., "
Winfield, William, Priv., "
White, Charles, Gem., Dorset 5. D. 15. B. 2. C.
White, Charles, Gem., "
West, Wilfred, Gem., 7. R. 9. B.
White, Charles, Gem., Dorset 5. B. 15. D. 2. C.
Wright, Victor, Corp., Dublin Fus. 10. B. 4. D.
Heyman, John, Soldat, Welsch 3. B. 4. D.
Woodley, James, Soldat, Queens 3. B. 1. D.
Webb, James, Soldat, "
Wheatley, Charles, Corp., 2. R. 3. D. 8. B.
Whelan, Michael, Priv., 18. R. 8. C.
Warne, Arthur, Priv., "
Weste, Emanuel, Priv., 82. R. 7. Corps.

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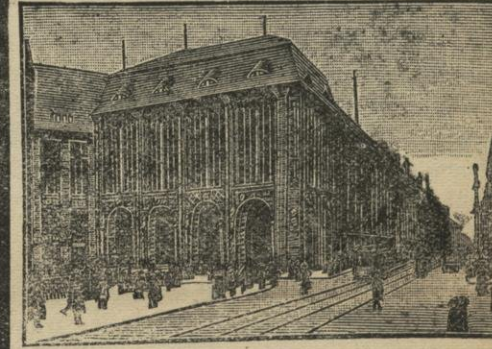
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