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BERLIN

VIENNA

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1915.

LATEST NEWS. SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Venizelos Resigns.

Athens, Oct. 5. The electrifying news has just been made public that the Premier Venizelos has resigned, owing to a quarrel with the King. This is likely to have an important influence upon the Balkan situation.

British Consul Killed.

Constantinople. The English Consul to Ispahan and his guard have all been killed by the members of the Holy War crusade.

New Italian Offensive.

London, Oct. 5. The English newspapers announce a new Italian offensive movement in the Isonzo district.

German American Friction.

Washington, Oct. 5. Friction has once more arisen concerning the Arabic case owing to Germany refusing to accept the responsibility for the sinking of the ship.

Heavy French Losses.

Geneva, Oct. 5. More than twenty trains full of wounded have arrived in the Iere and Chambery districts from the late Champagne battle fields.

Austrians in Serbia.

Vienna, Oct. 5. The Austrian Chief of Staff reports that flying squadrons have crossed the Drina in Serbia and captured prisoners.

British Parliament.

London, Oct. 5. Parliament will not reassemble until October 12, when Mr. McKenna will submit his financial propositions to the House.

Ships Held Up.

London, Oct. 5. No less than 29 ships containing cargoes of American meat, worth 12½ millions of dollars, intended for neutral countries are detained here. The authorities insist that they are destined for Germany.

Five Millions Subscribed.

It is a most remarkable financial fact, that on Saturday last five millions of the entire third German War Loan had been paid up in cash. It signified that many subscribers eagerly pay up at once in full.

Armed Aeroplane.

Paris, Oct. 5. The French General Staff has approved of a new armed aeroplane called *avions-cannons*. It not only carries machine guns but also a small Hotchkiss cannon.

To Winter in Russia.

Petersburg, Oct. 5. The Russians are quite surprised to note that the Germans are preparing to pass the winter in Russia and do not seem to have the smallest anxiety as to their ability to hold out.

The Iron Siegfried.

Königswinter, Oct. 5. An Iron Siegfried has been unveiled here. Princess Adolf zu Schaumburg Lippe and Princess Wied were present. Excellence von Mirbach hammered in a golden nail donated by the Empress. The monument stands in the Rhein Allee.

Italian "Black Sheep."

Lugano, Oct. 5. Just as in the French army, so in the Italian, the greatest number of Generals are being dismissed. Of the latest so retired have been Generals Rasilli, Nava, Reissoli, Mirome, Giova, Caputo, and Amadei. In all 83 Italian Generals have been retired.

A Strange Statement.

London, Oct. 5. The *Daily Chronicle* states that the American Ambassador in Constantinople has made a proposition to the Porte, that all the Armenians who have been expelled from their homes in Turkey should be transferred to America. Mr. Morgenthau, the Ambassador, announces that five million of dollars are at disposal for the purpose.

Why Joffre Failed.

Copenhagen, Oct. 5. The *Politiken* gives the explanation of why General Joffre failed. It says that the break through might have succeeded had the French had sufficient munitions and reserves, but they had not enough of either. The military correspondent of the Danish paper considers that the greater portion of the munitions that had been so laboriously gathered together have been exhausted.

King Constantine's Wisdom.

Vienna, Oct. 5. An Athens despatch states that the former Mayor of Athens' Mercury, has been received in audience by the King. It came to a point as regards the military situation. The King asked Mercury what the sentiments of the nation were. The ex-Mayor replied that they were largely pro-English. The King replied that the Greek people ought to be neither francophile, anglophile or germanophile but be purely Hellenic and feel so. That would be the right way.

THE ULTIMATUM.

Bulgaria Regards With Perfect Calm the Latest Political Action of the Entente Powers.

FRENCH TROOPS LANDED.
First Division of the Allied Forces at Salonica. The Greek Protest. Hastening to Aid Serbia.

Sofia, Oct. 5. The Russian Ultimatum has caused no surprise whatsoever here. It is taken as being delivered likewise in the name of the Entente Powers, as, the members of the Legations representing the Quadruple Alliance have, for the past week or so, been making preparations to leave, and the archives of the British Legation are already in Salonica. The Russian Minister Sawinski is down with appendicitis, so the ultimatum delivered was handed to M. Radoslawow by the Counsellor of the Legation.

The Bulgarians.

To know the Bulgarians, it must be understood that they are, as a race, exceedingly reserved and quiet and not easily moved by threats, but above all self-reliant. Their mobilisation has been perfect and a surprisingly large and well equipped army will be found ready to fight to the last man with the utmost enthusiasm when the critical moment arises.

The threats of Russia are not taken over seriously here, where the ways of the Muscovites are only too well known. The weakness of the Russians is fully discounted and there is no fear of them.

As regards Greece, all allowances are made for the exceedingly difficult position in which that country finds itself as regards the Quadruple Alliance Powers.

A Protest.

This evening there came the news that the Allies had decided to effect a landing at Salonica and that the Greek government had protested. Greece could not do less if that country wishes to maintain its reputation as an independent nation. It is true that the English have arbitrarily occupied many Greek islands and the Greeks had to submit, so they said, to *force majeure*. And it is thought that perhaps, for a cash payment, they may allow a similar arrangement to be made as regards Salonica. To that Bulgaria has no particular objections.

A Difficult Task.

The forces the Allies can bring—even if allowed by Greece—to Macedonia will be there under such difficulties, so exceedingly far from their base, that their position it not to be envied. The Bulgarians on the other hand are at home there, the people of Macedonia, to a man are with them, and they know every road and strategical lay of the land throughout the country. The Bulgarians therefore think, that if it should come to fighting that they, will stand in an enormously advantageous position.

Overwhelming Forces.

Even if Greece should, willingly or unwillingly, allow the soldiers of the Allies to land in Salonica, the incoming troops will find themselves opposed by an overwhelming force of Bulgarians just as in the north the Servians will find themselves out-numbered by the army of the Central Powers.

Opinion here is that the English and the French have quite under-estimated the difficulties of a Macedonian campaign, which, it is here reckoned, might easily come to be far more expensive in losses than even the Dardanelles expedition.

In an English paper, it is exultingly stated, that, from now out, the road to Constantinople has been made easy, that it lies through Salonica. The writer, it is estimated must have but a very vague appreciation of the almost insuperable difficulties of a march from Salonica to Constantinople. It is far more difficult that the forcing of the Dardanelles, which has hitherto, and will continue to prove, a futile effort.

English Cruiser Damaged.

Dover, Oct. 5. An English cruiser has been brought in here in a sinking condition.

English Losses.

The latest casualty list contains the names of 115 officers and 3620 men. The Honble. Agar Robartes, heir to Lord Clifden, is amongst the fallen.

Count Königsmarck Killed.

Hannover, Oct. 5. Count Walter Königsmarck has been killed owing to an aeroplane accident caused by fog which prevented his seeing the ground on landing.

England will Pay.

London, Oct. 5. The Bark mission was not altogether a failure. Arrangements were made that England will pay the coupon on the Russian National debt and enough Russian treasury certificates will be taken to maintain the agio on the rouble from falling too low.

NO REPLY TO RUSSIA.

As Was to be Expected Bulgaria Gives no Answer to the Ultimatum. Which is Now Time Expired.

Petersburg, Oct. 5. The time limit of the Ultimatum is over and Bulgaria makes no reply. The representatives of France, Italy and England, on Sunday informed the Bulgarian Government that their countries entirely identified themselves with the Russian Ultimatum. There being no reply to the Ultimatum the representatives of the Entente Powers announce that all offers made to Bulgaria of territory in Macedonia are withdrawn.

TROOPS ARRIVE.

The Landing of the Allies no Secret. Climate Suits Ian Hamilton. Two Army Corps Sent.

Salonica, Oct. 5. General Ian Hamilton, a smart-looking soldier of the Kitchener school, arrived here two days ago with a large staff of officers, and they proceeded to make themselves very much at home. They were particularly interested in the docks and the landing possibilities for troops, which are excellent. The Greek journalists asked Sir Ian what he was doing there and he replied that he came there because the climate suited him and he might make a prolonged stay.

They Arrive.

Sixteen French and English transport ships have arrived. Those aboard are white French and not colonial troops. It is stated that the English and French landing corps will be composed of 70,000 men. Already troops are being landed. General Sarraill is in command.

VENISELOS SPEAKS OUT.

Declaration as to What he Considers the Duty of Greece to Be.

Athens, Oct. 5. M. Venizelos has made a declaration to the effect that Greece is bound by treaty to make war against any country joining with Bulgaria against Serbia. This might appear to denote that Greece will drop its neutral attitude.

A FORLORN HOPE.

The High-sounding Orders of Generals Joffre and French Turned Into Empty Mockeries.

According to the wondrously naive Order of the Day issued by General Joffre to the army, on the eve of the famous offensive movement that has so lamentably failed, he assures his soldiers that all has been done to make victory assured and that all they have got to do is to advance, and, when they have thoroughly shaken the enemy up, they will find support galore to complete the task. That, of course, sounds admirable, and in reading General Joffre's communication to his soldiers it all appears so easy that one can scarce imagine failure possible. Everything was in favor of the Allies. They were rested and reinforced, the Germans were carrying on a great campaign against the combined armies of Russia, and as far as anything in this life is certain, the success of that offensive seemed assured.

To begin with there was a hail of metal sent against the enemy lines by the English and the French, a bombardment, just such as Lloyd George had predicted was needed to annihilate the enemy. The first trenches were shattered, so also the second, mines were sprung and a grand and general offensive, according to order, was made all along the 800 and more kilometres which form the fighting front from the North Sea to the Vosges.

Then came the surprise. So far the programme had worked out admirably. But to the astonishment of the troops of the Allies the further they pressed forward the worse the resistance was, till finally, on reaching the third line of trenches, they were cut down by the merciless machine guns like ripe corn before the mowing machine. Fainter and fainter grew the attacks, till finally the counter movement came about and it was discovered that the grand and deftly planned Great Offensive movement had proved a failure, and that vast losses had been the sole result.

The question now is, will the French and English think it wise to renew the attack when it has been several times shown to be futile? Can either nation for one moment imagine that the recovery of the French provinces and Belgium is possible by means of the forces they have at disposal? It sounds impossible! Then what is the use of further bloodshed?

Queen in Trenches.

Amsterdam, Oct. 5. The Queen of the Belgians has recently paid a visit to the first line of trenches in Flanders. Her Majesty visited six miles of trenches and was enthusiastically received by the soldiers.

A DEADLOCK.

Order of the Day Issued by General Joffre Tells That all Hopes Were Pinned on Success of Offensive Movement.

COMPLETE EXHAUSTION.
Vast Losses in Men and Huge Stocks of Ammunition Shot Away. Result Nil! What will England and France Do?

From two highly interesting documents, that have been found in possession of the English and French prisoners of war captured in Flanders and along the French lines, it has become evident what great vital importance was set upon the latest, grand offensive movement of the Allies.

These documents consist of a General Army order issued by the French Commander in Chief and a much briefer message sent by Lord Cavan to the British Guards division he commanded. It is more than evident that the message of Lord Cavan was the outcome of a General Order to the English troops issued by General French simultaneously with that of General Joffre, but which has not yet come to hand.

These messages to the troops show that the recent offensive movement, which began on Saturday the 25 of September, and which is still proceeding in spasmodic form, was intended to be the grand decisive movement which for long past, in the press and parliament, has been pointed out as forthcoming.

Naive Candor.

The Joffre General Order is remarkable in its well nigh naive candor. It tells, that it has become an immediate necessity to clear the Germans off French territory. That the spirit of the troops is of the best, the time propitious and the opportunity one not likely to re-occur. According to the French Commander's information, the German troops are away fighting the Russians, their reserves are very meagre. He says that everything that human forethought can imagine has been done to make this particular offensive a certain success. Enormous quantities of ammunition have been accumulated, the number of cannon have been doubled, there is new and heavier caliber artillery than heretofore, the English have landed vast numbers of new troops, and the French have brought up many fresh divisions which now stand at the front ready and eager for the great movement which is to save the country and drive the Germans back across the Rhine.

The Plan.

The offensive, the French Commander in Chief tells, is to be general all along the line. The English; Kitchener's arrangements being complete; will advance in great force supported by the gallant Belgians. Once the enemy is thoroughly shaken then certain reserves, which have hitherto remained quiescent, will be brought to the front and there will a general charge, for it is not only a question of taking the first and second trenches but of piercing right through into the open country behind. Every single cavalryman is to take part, all the artillery and infantry reserves will be brought up north of Arras, there to follow up the retreating enemy and thus thoroughly drive home the victory gained.

An Encouraging Picture.

Surely an encouraging picture which General Joffre drew, and he gave instructions that his General Order should be brought to the knowledge of every man in the army.

Lord Cavan to his Guards.

On the eve of the great contest, the 25 September, Lord Cavan, who is in command of a division of the Guards, wishes his men luck, and quite specially draws their attention to two points, the first, that on the issue of this great fight hangs the future of English generations. The second, that what is expected from the Guards, he as, having known them during thirty years of service, need not state.

Those two highly interesting communications leave no vestige of doubt as to what had been the intentions of the Allies and how little faith one can place in the statement that has been made, that the attack was merely a blind concealing some other strategical move.

What Next?

The natural question to ask now is! "What next?" Undoubtedly, as one knows from many quarters, the great offensive has utterly failed and in the ordinary nature of things cannot be renewed for a long while to come. As Joffre says of Kitchener, he had sent his last reserves. The Allies have, as far as can be ascertained up to the present time, lost some 200,000 men from all causes, and undoubtedly in that terrible hail of iron

which lasted days without intermission, must have exhausted their supplies of ammunition. Then they are evidently, in a far worse condition than before the 25th of September.

Ministerial Councils.

It must be presumed that there will now be a council of the Ministries, both in France and England, to decide upon what is to be done next. As General Joffre has said, the moment was extraordinarily propitious, the Germans were largely engaged in Russia, the Allies had rested for six months, had gathered together vast stores of munitions, had manufactured new artillery, had increased their resources of strength in all directions. And yet the result is failure and a loss not far short of four army corps.

The English prisoners taken speak out very frankly and tell many things about conditions at home which show quite clearly that the difficulties of recruiting in England are exceedingly great. To sum up their statements, is to say that most of them by one means or another were forced into the ranks, they were told that the forces of the enemy were exhausted by long fighting with the Russians, and that most of them, after what they have seen to the contrary, have had enough of the war.

All the military experts in England are unanimous in saying that the only hope left—an extremely forlorn one—is conscription. But apparently there is not a chance of conscription being brought into law in Great Britain.

THE COUNTER OFFENSIVE.

English Seek Once Again to Advance Upon Loos and are Beaten Back with Loss.

The opinion of the late offensive movement of the Allies, according to the Germans, is that the French in their attacks were both the most brilliant and aggressive and the British less so. The English however, were particularly successful in their use of poisonous gases and to that may be attributed the number of prisoners they took.

The Germans have taken the counter offensive and are harassing the English north of Loos. The English appear to place much reliance in hand grenades but their latest attack cost them many killed.

At Givenchy all the lost ground has been won back by the Germans. The English claim to have captured part of the Hohen-zollern defences.

RUINOUS INTEREST.

The New American Loan to England Works Out According to the "Manchester Guardian" at 7 per cent. The Question in Parliament.

London, Oct. 5. The terms of the American Loan are beginning to cause the utmost mistrust in financial circles here. It is reckoned out that the high rate of interest demanded by the American Bankers, together with the percentages demanded and the entire costs will work out somewhere about 7 per cent, and it is asked by the financiers, if England is paying such high rates for money, what is going to happen to gold edged securities. Already the old 2½ per cent government stock, owing to a forced rate, is unsaleable and, with the heavy income tax recently imposed, formerly well to do people see no outlook of being able to pay the new high tax.

Parliament must Ratify.

The *Manchester Guardian* voices the sentiments of some of the best financial heads when it says: "The American Loan needs the ratification of Parliament. Seldom has the English people had placed before it a financial transaction which so much calls for rectification."

The *Guardian* proceeds to show that the loan, which in France as in England is free of taxation, works out at nearly 7 per cent, where as the last War Loan was a 4½ per cent and issued at par. This new loan therefore reduces the credit of England from 4½ to 7 per cent and in consequence english securities must sink and the prospects of the next War Loan be very badly influenced and will have to be issued in price far below anything of the kind in Germany. That will be a severe blow to English reputation, and that on its most sensitive point, finance. It is sought to justify this kind of loan by stating that a joint anglo-franco loan necessarily reduces English credit. And naturally it has done so, which is just the reason why it should have been left alone. If it be that the Americans had made themselves of service to the Allies and claimed reward for that, it would have been far cheaper to have made them a present of 2 millions of pounds sterling, than to have embarked this loan which so diminishes English credit.

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The Offensive that Failed.

As details come to hand regarding the latest and biggest offensive movement of the allied forces on the western front, the more it becomes evident that it was one of the greatest slaughters of human beings the war has known, outside of the Russian catastrophes in the Masurian lake and marsh districts.

The German accounts given are meagre, but those coming from the English side tell of the extraordinary difficulties of the attack and the enormous sacrifices entailed. What one learns is, that it is possible, provided there be artillery enough, to shoot away all the impediments protecting the first and second line of trenches, thus making assault and capture possible. But the all important third line remains intact, and it is there where those taking the offensive meet with terrible losses as they reach the barbed wire entanglements—those most inhumane adjuncts of modern warfare.

According to the English accounts to hand, the losses of the British must have been stupendous. When the first regiments were mown down by the merciless machine gun, more and more regiments were brought forward, only to meet a similar fate.

Of the bravery displayed by the British soldiers there can be no manner of doubt, and, it is a curious feature of the English character, that there is nothing in public so proud of, as the knowledge that its soldiers took part in forlorn attempts. There is nothing the Englishmen feels quite so proud of in the military history of his country, as the fatal "Charge of the Six Hundred," in the Crimean war, where only a few men came out alive. It was a great mistake it is true, but that does no matter to the Englishman, it showed reckless valor. And so it is now. In other countries, when great losses occur and no results are achieved, inquiry is at once made as to who was the commander who could possibly have forced his regiments onto a forlorn hope. For, from the military point of view, success justifies any losses suffered, but heavy losses combined with non-success are severely censured.

The Political Tangle.

Truly remarkable is the wondrously complicated political tangle which has evolved itself out of this great war. If it be that the war is remarkable for its many fronts, so is the political situation marked by its multi-sided aspect. For a long period lately, the political hub of Europe was in Bucharest. Now it has been suddenly transferred to Sofia and upon what Bulgaria will do the fate of nations hangs.

Roumania whether through wisdom, force of circumstances, or treaty agreement, appears to have decided to remain absolutely quiet. And the Premier Bratianu has given an interview for publication, in which he tells those of his countrymen who are for belligerent measures that the moment has not yet come. In any case Roumania remains non mobilised. Moreover the country has received assurances from Tzar Ferdinand that Bulgaria has no designs against Roumania.

Greece's position is in the highest degree enigmatical. That country, so sorely in need of funds, goes to the great expense of mobilisation. Some say that the calling out of the Greek reserves is as a protest against the project of the Allies to occupy Salonica. For the incoming of Italy into the Quadruple Alliance, and the action of England as regard the Aegean Islands has estranged Greece from the Entente Powers and made of the Greeks a people who stand side by side King Constantin, filled with the belief that the interests of Hellas lie with the Central Powers.

According to the latest news from Athens, the treaty which at one time existed between Greece and Serbia, is considered as having lapsed and from now out may be considered as non-existent.

MAUDE FAY ON MRS. ATHERTON

The Famous Primadonna Replies to an Ignorant and Ignoble Attack.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the American novelist, who calls herself a friend of Miss Maude Fay, the Californian soprano now singing primadonna parts at the Royal Opera House in Munich, recently published in the *New York Times* a private letter from her friend without going to the trouble of first obtaining her friend's consent to this publication.

It is evident that Miss Fay scarcely would have consented to such publication since her letter, as published, contains many purely personal references to mutual friends, whose names are likewise published in Mrs. Atherton's indiscreet newspaper article.

Not content with publishing her friend's confidential communication, Mrs. Atherton in the *New York Times* prefaced Miss Fay's letter with an introductory article written in an insultingly patronizing tone, in which she apologizes for her friend's "electric" English, mockingly refers to "the procession of young men" alleged to be in love with Miss Fay ("all noblemen and officers, of course," says Mrs. Atherton in parenthesis), and with further mockery contrasts the singer's rich voice to her poor brain, until she finally expresses pity with her friend for being "cooped up in Germany with no sources of information save the delusions emanating from the German government."

Miss Fay has voiced her indignation at so gross a betrayal of confidence on the part of a professed friend in the following open letter:

"I have just received a number of copies enclosed in letters from American friends, of an article in the *New York Times* signed by Gertrude Atherton. The article contains a letter written by me to Mrs. Atherton of absolutely private character, and never intended for publication. One hardly expects a lady to publish a private letter, without first asking permission to do so. My surprise was therefore intense when I read it.

However, Mrs. Atherton's interpretation of it is so thoroughly foreign to my views, that I feel that must defend myself. It would be useless for me to go into details concerning my pro-German attitude in another letter to Mrs. Atherton, as we are both fully convinced that the other one is absolutely uninformed, or, what amounts to the same thing, has purely doctored information. According to Mrs. Atherton's article my brain is swathed in delusions. The reason she asserts for my present hypnotic state (Germany being the Sevngali in this instance) is, that I am "cooped up in Germany and have no sources of information, save from those emanating from the German Government." Which is absolutely incorrect.

As a matter of fact we have here in Munich all the important foreign newspapers from England, France, Italy, and America not tampered with by the German Government, but in their original wrappers. Also all the official military reports are printed in the Munich papers. So that eliminates any excuse for being pro-German on account of being cut off from outside information. Neither can I accept sympathy, on account of being "cooped up in Germany" as I have wandered out of Germany during the war and am just about to do so again. I am free to go and come when and where I please, and I discuss war and politics with persons of all nationalities including Englishmen and Frenchmen.

I must confess that Mrs. Atherton's whole line of reasoning surprises me, coming from one whom I have always regarded as possessing logic, even masculine in its force. In a world-crisis such as we are now facing, surely sentiment is out of place, is a pure luxury, even slushy, when one realizes that all these nations are sacrificing their best, all of whom must be regarded as heroes since a war so gigantic as the present one has never been known before. I am proud to confess that my sentiments are humanitarian. Living in Germany under these trying conditions, interferes in no way with my feelings, yet I know that mere jingoism or hatred for the enemy is foreign to the spirit of educated Germans. Were I to be influenced by mere sentiment, I should lean strongly toward England, where my happiest hours on this side of the Atlantic have been spent. Among my truest and dearest friends I place my English friends, most of whom fortunately are pro-German.

Pro-German as I am; not because it is Germany, but for her principles, high standards, sincerity, and truth, and because here is the first place in the culture that belongs to the advancement of the world. Perhaps since the war broke out I feel more American than ever—more Californian, to be accurate. The only touch in Mrs. Atherton's letter that saddens me is the evident belief that I should be capable of believing lies against my own country. This I must flatly contradict. During the recent trying crisis between Germany and America, I refused to believe all the dark news reports and always I was glad to assert my Americanism, first, last and all the time. Therefore I allow myself no judgment on the attitude of my own country, as I am too far away from the field.

My strongest reason for feeling with Germany is, that she is the nation that can help us, offer us most, and encourage our highest

and best ideals, in culture, science, organization, social conditions, and unity. These are the things that spell Germany for me and any nation claiming them all, as she may, is a nation that the world at large should uphold. I am not a believer that "might is right" as some misguided Germans scream forth with forty-two centimeter throats, thereby doing more harm than good to their country and her cause, but I hold that "right is might". Germany's right induced her tremendous might, not vice-versa.

Mrs. Atherton's article refers to the reports of Germany's overwhelming victories in the east as "firesome news reports." By this time, I dare say, the whole world realizes and recognizes these "firesome news stories" as positive facts,—facts which are playing an important role in present day history. Having witnessed the suffering, sorrow, sacrifices, of thirteen month's warfare, the worst the world has ever known, tends to smother any enthusiasm one might have had for warfare. Personally I have none and a people more peace-loving than the Germans, I cannot imagine. Germany was getting on famously, her present interior resources and self-sufficiency are the greatest proof of this, and she had nothing to gain through war. The French are looked upon by the Germans as their legitimate enemies, and as such are thoroughly respected. One hears nothing but stories of mutual gratitude, kindness, and praise from the men returning from the front, be they prisoners of war, wounded soldiers, or soldiers on leave. Hatred is not gnawing Germany's vitals away.

The "amusement" Mrs. Atherton wants me to enjoy when I become "informed," I fear I must forego, and I am wondering, if she were in Europe, not in Germany, but just near to actual conditions, and were herself correctly informed, what her judgment might be? I almost dare to say, I would more likely be the one who laughs last. However, in this terrifying, epoch-making crisis in which the future culture of the world, the maintaining of ideals, and the betterment of humanity are at stake, I know it will not be with a laugh, but with a heart full of thankfulness, that I shall give gratitude to God, when He has helped justice, truth, and sincerity to assert themselves and has dragged humanity out of the mire of materialism in which it was gradually becoming swamped, and for which even this merciless war, must be regarded as a blessing for the entire world.

Maude Fay.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Died 6th October, 1891.

Hush! Let no whisper of the cruel strife
Wherein he fell so bravely fighting, fall
Nigh these dead ears; faint would our
hearts recall
Nought but proud Memories of a noble
life;

Of unmatched skill to lead by pathways rife
With Treason and dark doubt, where Slander's
knife
Gleamed ever bare to wound, yet over all
He pressed triumphant on—lo, thus to fall!

Through and beyond the breach he living
made
Shall Erin pass to freedom, and to will
And shape her Fate: there where her
limbs are laid

No harsh reproach dare penetrate the
Shade;
Death's Angel guards the door, and o'er
the Sill

A mightier Voice than Death's speaks: Peace,
be still!
Roger Casement.

COL. EMERSON'S LECTURE.

This Friday evening Colonel Edwin Emerson, the well-known American war correspondent, will give another of his war lectures before a select audience at the Berlin Lyceum on Luetzow Platz. The subject of the lecture is the "War Censorship." It is understood that the lecturer means to devote his talk principally to the workings of the British censorship in this war, with some side glimpses at French and Russian censorship methods as experienced by him in this and former wars. Colonel Emerson will speak extemporaneously in German.

TO SLAUGHTER THE IRISH PEOPLE.

A man in Washington who has exceptional sources of information and is entirely reliable sends the following to a friend in New York:

Great Britain has placed large orders with the American manufacturers for "riot" shrapnel to be used in India, Ireland, and I am told some of it is for the Italian Government also, to be used in Southern Italy, where the Neapolitan is opposed to the war, and riots have already started.

"Riot" shrapnel is used only on civilians. Most of it is intended for India, England and Ireland. Some of it has already been delivered, and will be used if necessary when Conscriptio is enforced.

The meaning of this is plain and it comes home to every Irishman in America.

Gaelic American, Sept. 4.

VIRIBUS UNITIS.

NEWS OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Bulgaria's revenge on Russia.

The Czechish journal *Lidove Noyiny* in an able article from the pen of Deputy Dr. Stransky of Brünn, shows how and why Russia in this war has been forced by the mistakes made by the Russian diplomacy in the year 1913 to woo for the favor of Bulgaria. In that year Russia, in company with Roumania, took the side of Serbia. And Bulgaria under the provisions of the Peace of Bucharest had to give up to Serbia the whole part of Macedonia which Bulgaria had won by the sword. And likewise Bulgaria had to give up to Roumania a part of its own territories bordering on the Danube. The Bulgarians naturally never forgave either Russia or Roumania, the insult and injury inflicted on their national honor. Thus when the fortunes of war during the present great campaign definitely turned against Russia, the Bulgarians saw their chance to have their revenge.

Russia now tried to persuade Serbia to return to Bulgaria the Macedonian districts annexed by Serbia in 1913, but Serbia could not be induced to part with them again. Hence the gulf between Russia and Bulgaria on the one side, and Serbia and Bulgaria on the other side, grew ever wider, and finally ended in Bulgaria beginning to side openly with the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the allied German and Turkish Empires.

The Servian Press is Bluffing.

The Servian Press is doing its best in the present critical moment, to outdo in the art of bluffing its colleagues of the Anglo-French Entente, as regards the debacle awaiting Austria on the Isonzo and in Bosnia. In commenting on these Servian newspaper articles *Hlas* of Brünn says: The Servians will do well to put water in their wine, for formerly Austria had to reckon with Italy in Austria's back, and therefore we Austrians had our hands tied as regards our offensive movements against Serbia. But now Serbia's turn has come to have the Bulgarians in her back; and whatever the Entente may intend to do at Saloniki, or elsewhere on the Balkans, Serbia is now coming between two fires.

Satisfactory State of Affairs on the Isonzo.

Last week Baron Fries, Governor of the Trieste district, visited Gorizia, and particularly Podgora, situated on the western borders of the river Isonzo, which district of course forms part of the now much contested Austrian

frontier territories. Baron Fries made extensive personal enquiries among the inhabitants of this locality, which all had the one result, says the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*, namely to establish the fact that the situation in the district is highly satisfactory, and that the feeling prevailing among the inhabitants, is of the very best kind, in spite of the close proximity of the battle-field.

General Dankl Warns the Italians.

General Dankl, the Military Commander of Tirol, on returning from an inspection of the Austrian forces on the Austro-Italian frontier remarked to the war-correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt*: I am perfectly satisfied with the position of our troops on the frontier. We are of course on the defensive there and operations on a larger scale must not be expected there for the present. But nevertheless I hope that nobody will put his nose into our territory further than we shall permit him to do. All preparations on our side are now completed.

Harvesting Potatoes in the Centre of Vienna.

Last week the Viennese population had a novel experience in the ordinary course of their metropolitan daily life. Austrian soldiers from the Infantry Regiments stationed in the Rudolf-Barracks could be seen digging potatoes on the well-known Schlickplatz which thousands of Viennese people cross daily on their way going and coming from the Inner City to the IX District. Ever since, early this year, the Schlickplatz had been turned into a potatofield the inhabitants of the surrounding districts had been following the developments on the field with the greatest interest; and now when the time for the harvest had arrived, the actual digging of the potatoes was turned into a kind of local festivity. And the first potatoes grown in the very heart of the Austrian capital were finally carried by the soldiers into the Rudolf-Barracks amidst the Hurrah's of a multitude of accompanying children and adults, hailing from the surrounding districts of the Schlickplatz.

T. R. Willsson.

BERLIN MUSICAL NOTES.

Felix Weingartner, the eminent conductor and composer, is now in Berlin—to complete arrangements for a series of three concerts with the Philharmonic orchestra.—

Max von Schilling's new Opera "Mona Lisa" was produced for the first time at the Stuttgart Royal Opera House in the presence of Richard von Strauss, Professor Humperdinck, and other prominent musicians. The opera achieved a great success. John Forsell who sang the leading part of Francesco, was decorated by the King of Württemberg with the Great Golden Medal for art and science for the brilliant rendering of his part.

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.

Deutschland Ueber All (Yes).

To the Editor.

We know and love Germany. We regard your Emperor as the great master mind of the age, and that, not his crown and sceptre, wins our admiration and fealty. Compared with him, the other European sovereigns are mere pigmies.

It is impossible to get much of the truth and real condition from any paper, even the *Washington Post*, a good friend to Germany, being far too conservative for me.

The sentiment of the people is not against Germany. They have been made to think that it is "bad business" to speak for her, that is all. Few believe the stories of atrocities sent from the London forge. Most people of education and moderate means have been in Germany and know cruelty to children is not in the German heart or nature. But all have seen the extremes of heartlessness and brutality to children, helpless old people and dumb animals in the "lums" of London, Paris and all through Russia.

We safely claim to have made more friends and converts for Germany, than the more influential dailies here have made enemies for her. We have given facts in her history in treaties, and dealings with other nations that not even *Vital Issue* and *Fatherland* give. I deny the British any right to claim bravery or ability in even naval warfare, Nelson himself, being exactly as the English land and sea commanders are today.

Viewpoint is the only paper, published in English, in this part of the country openly for Germany, and many are needed. The papers here belong, evidently, to the "subsidized press," at any rate they are blindly and narrowly for the Allies, and make assertions that any school boy can confute.

Thanking you again most cordially for your paper, believe me, Faithfully

Your Friend and the Friend of Germany,
(Mrs.) Laura Fitzhugh Lance,

Dallas, August, 1st, 1915.

The Impartial View.

To the Editor.

I have been a regular subscriber to several of the leading Indian and English Dailies ever since my schoolboy days, and it is no exaggeration when I say that I have never in my life taken the trouble of reading from beginning to end every word printed in a newspaper as I do now with your *Continental Times*. In fact I digest the whole contents not even leaving out the advertisements. Your paper is one of the very few papers which present an impartial view of the present struggle. Any one in reading between the lines can certainly come to the conclusion that it has only the desire to uphold Truth and Justice.

A file of the issues of your journal from the commencement of the war to the conclusion of peace would be the only authentic record of impartial information to be resorted to by the future historians of any country in their compilation of an unbiased account of the present war.

Your journal has so much interested me that I should like to remain a Life-Subscriber to it.

Wishing you every success, I remain,

an ardent Admirer

Göttingen, Sept. 30, 1915. A. Raman Pillai.

Does Much good!

To the Editor.

Please send to the address given below, and with the least possible delay, the *Continental Times* for September 17, 20, 22 and 24th. I shall remit at once on receipt of papers.

There are some able articles in these numbers which I desire read to some who are in need of them. This does not mean that there are not fine articles in every number,—far from it. Your paper does much good, and is eagerly read by all its subscribers whom I know.

J. B. Watson.

Dresden, Sept 28th, 1915.

An Apper ciation.

To the Editor.

I am a regular and enthusiastic reader of your much appreciated paper.

I was in London when the war between the Allies and Turkey was declared. Being an Egyptian, heart and soul with the latter and a natural enemy of the former I left for Constantinople to help the beloved country.

There I saw your stimulating paper *The Continental Times* through which I made up my mind to complete my medical study in Germany and have the benefit of being in contact with the people whose organisation, science, art, literature and other developments have forced the universal admiration....

Mohamed Hamza Hassan.

Berlin, Sept 29th, 1915.

HARMSWORTH IN HELL.

By R. L. Orchelle.

Among those low and debased instruments of stupendous historical crimes, History will forever brand as infamous the name of Alfred Harmsworth, called Lord Northcliffe. Himself a product of England's lowest classes, he seems to make the debauching and empoisoning of these simple-minded multitudes the chief aim of his life. The blood which now flows in rivers upon the battlefields of Europe from the veins of brave Germans, Frenchmen and Englishmen, must break at last in red billows upon the threshold of this man's house.

Base and ignoble as he may personally be, Alfred Harmsworth nevertheless deserves to rank with the giant arch-criminals who drag their blood-stained feet across the annals of human history. For years this fell instrument of a criminal diplomacy, and his own debased tool, Frederic William Wile, have deliberately poisoned the English people against the German.

This felon of Fleet Street has been denounced as a poisoner of the people, as an agent of corruption, and as a fomenter of wars even in his own country. But his power is not yet broken—and he is still comparatively safe from the fury of the wretched English masses he helped to betray. When the scales finally fall from their eyes, it needs no prophet to foretell the doom and disaster that will befall him.

The "Continental Times" has already republished Mr. A. G. Gardiner's ringing denunciation of this national peril and obloquy embodied in Alfred Harmsworth. The following verses deal with the future of the yellow-striped miscreant and it is significant that they first appeared under my pseudonym in a brave and militant London publication aware of the terrible danger involved for England in the reign of Harmsworth.

Harmsworth was dead—England once more alive;

The public's cold indifference closed his span,
So that his presses fell to rust, his hive
Of liars died with venom of the man.
Like to a star of mud his spirit fled

A-splashing down the sheer descent to Pain,
But still his body plied his trade—it spread
Corruption till men feared him back again.

Arrived in Hell, the black amorphous mass
Rolled proudly towards the base of Minos' throne;

Back clanged the triple gates of heated brass,
And all Hell uttered one stupendous groan,
And all Hell trembled with an earthquake's roar,

A dull metallic rumbling underground,
And lakes of lava hissed along the shore;
The fiery groins shook with a well-known sound—

A cry, a shriek, a hoarse and raucous wail
That from a drove of crimson devils broke:
"Here ye are! Extry! News and Daily Mail!"
They screeched and fluttered cere-cloths in the smoke.

With cloven hoofs they galloped o'er the marl
And through the cinders by th' infernal throne;
The crags like foul-lipped gargoyles woke to snarl,

And voices issued from the glowing stone:
"Hail! Harmsworth! Lord of Murder and of Mire,
Prince of the Yellow Plague, Great Britain's Bane,
Poisoner of Souls! Incendiary! Liar!
Behold the millions that thy sheets have slain!"

"Let them appear!" cried Minos, "all the hordes
Who offered up their souls or flesh to swell
The prey for presses that made prey for swords
And reared a rival and terrestrial Hell
To match mine own."

Now fell a cataract
Of ghoully figures, livid white and blue;
Their eyes were frenzied and their bodies racked,

Their skins all leprous with a baneful hue:
"These are the millions who the venom drank
That, from the Den of Carmelites distilled,
Choked England with a sable flood and rank,
Rotted men's souls, and where it trickled,
killed."

By day and night his hideous engines worked
And foamed with endless streams of tribal hate,

Soaked in his sheets, strife and perfidion lurked,
Mass-poisoner he, the vilest tool of Fate:
A frightful fungus from his brain and blood
Spread o'er the nation; like a crab he lay
Full in its bosom, feeding it with mud,
With scrofula and garbage—that would pay.
The vats and vials of his poison seethed
Like witch-oils with a stinking, sullen fire.
Falsehood and rancour through the world he breathed,

The human tinder piling high and higher
Till came the holocaust. The inky streams
That from his presses flowed, turned into red.
Hearken how newsboys' shouts grew soldiers' screams,
Then number his innumerable dead!"

Ponderous portcullises of swarthy flint
Now thundered upward, a vermilion glare
Filled the grim vaults which trembled as by dint
Of subterranean tides that stumbled there.
And now, ten-deep, a flood of weltering forms,
Broken and bleached and bloody, onward rolled,
Or rather floundered, whipped by fiery storms,
Moving yet dead, sentient yet icy-cold.
Past Harmsworth's soul the tangled ranks defiled,

Teuton and Briton, Russian, Serb and Gaul,
Made brothers in their blood and reconciled
By the one common hatred that filled them all—
Hate of that Thing. From bleeding hands they shook

Curses upon him and with fish-like eyes
Seared him with maledictions, and they took
And brandished red, dismembered horrors.
Cries

And whimpers from their naked bodies came
And odours of the lazar-house—a stench
Of black corruption and poor human shame—
Not of the Northcliffe gutter, but the trench,
They tore the monstrous wounds which fire and steel

Had blasted in the goodly house of flesh,
And as they wallowed past him all a-reel

Each cicatrice began to bleed afresh.
Some howled from shattered jaws a curse obscene:
"Lead slew us—leaden type, a horrid hail,"
Some waved a blood-stained rag they held between

Their teeth—a fragment of the *Daily Mail*.
"We are the victims of the Crime of Crimes,"
Cried the contorted myriads, twisted dire,
"Te Morituri saluamus, Times!"
The human offal of your presses, Sire!"

But the great mass, like clustered grapes, all mute,
Spake not, but lifted up their tragic fronts
Trenched redly with the stigma of the brute,
And writhed their lips, lips that were gracious once.

This monstrous rope of waste humanity
Pressed onward while the hours grew to days,
Pressed like a jumbled glacier to its sea,
Twining in woe down the tartarean walls,
Before the soul of Harmsworth. Teuton, Gaul,
Russian and Briton cursed him as they tossed,
And endless women, women reft of all,
Screeched in his ears dear names of men they lost.

The hours grew to days, the days to years.
But still the glut of corpses crushed and swayed
And weltered on in blood and sweat and tears,
Whilst Minos glowered through the sulphurous shade.

And decades passed. At length the ghastly throng
Thinned. The last miserable wreckage swerves
After the vast procession stretched along
Hell's sterile waste in segments, loops and curves.

Then came a marvel. On the stone and sand
The writhen tracks of all that host burned bright
With slime and blood like to a fiery brand.
"Harmsworth!" the letters smoked unto the sight.

"Unto the sower," Minos cried, "the seed
Hath fallen and these regions long abhorred
Are Hell at last, yea, Hell is Hell indeed,
Signed with his name, the Right Infernal Lord.
Bulbous and black, here shall his spirit squat
Through ages everlasting taking toll
Of his vast circulation in this spot
Whilst in the crypts beneath his presses roll.
Man's pain was endless, endless be his pain.
Whose hand the world in blood and tears imbrued!"

The grisly pageant lumbered forth again
And the dread cycle was again renewed.

PROFESSOR EUCKEN ON RUSSIA
A Philosopher on Her Aggression.

Professor Rudolph Eucken of the Chair of Philosophy at Jena University, Germany, who was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1908, writes to Mr. Luis Jackson of Upper Montclair, N. J.: "The greatest danger to the freedom and civilization of mankind is Russia and through her the present world-war was brought on. Americans accuse us of militarism, but they forget that with an aggressive power like Russia on our frontier it is imperative for us to defend our freedom through the maintenance of a strong army, for without that army we would long since have passed into Russian bondage. If Americans would put themselves in our place they would feel more friendly towards us. We are fighting in this war with tremendous sacrifices, not alone for our own security and freedom, but for the freedom of mankind. Would that in the United States this were recognized. They who enlighten their fellow citizens as to the danger with which the welfare and civilization of mankind is confronted by Russia earn for themselves the knowledge that they are serving the interests of their fellow-men."

"DER KRIEG"
An Illustrated Chronicle of the War.

Twice a month appears a very excellent little magazine entitled "Der Krieg" and published by the Franckh'sche Verlagshandlung, Stuttgart, at 30 Pfennigs the copy. While lacking the very captivating personal note we find in "Ein Tagebuch" as edited by the brilliant Dr. Eduard Engel, this similar publication is nevertheless a valuable and reliable adjunct to that great and important literature of the war which is slowly paving a way through the world for the final triumph of the truth.

AMERICA'S ATTITUDE TO THE WAR.

HATRED OF THE PEOPLE FOR THE PRESS.

By Aleister Crowley.

(This article, written primarily for the information of the British public, is intensely interesting for Americans as giving the considered opinion of a shrewd and unprejudiced observer—E.C.)

The Press and the Public.

When the sun-beetle first began to roll up this ball, he never guessed that one day there would be on its surface a political unity so disunited, at least to the superficial observer, as the United States of America. Russia and England possess territories of superior size, but the power is concentrated in the same place as the wealth and intellect. The Englishman in India after fifty years still speaks of home, meaning firstly a certain ancient hall surrounded by a park, with a village whose church has a lychgate, and, secondly, the parish of St. James. The Russian of Tobolsk or Ekaterinow concentrates loyalty and affection on the Czar. But in America there is no center. New York is not even the capital of its own State. Washington is a city apart, utterly out of touch with the feeling in any one district. It is difficult to give the English mind any idea of the feeling involved, but it is rather as if the king resided, and Parliament met at Bishopstoke. Independent and historical as are England's greatest institutions, they all tend toward London. The metropolis has a string on them. Eton and Harrow must play cricket at Lord's; Cambridge and Oxford must row the Putney-Mortlake course, and no other. The detachment of the archbishops of Canterbury and York from the capital has been the essential weakness of the Church of England. With these exceptions of the clerical and medical, which has a very vital center at Edinburgh, all other professions must go to London, and the successful man manages to stay there, the others radiate thence. Even such centers as Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow and Edinburgh draw life from London. It is the financial center of the world. Washington is aloof, a colony in just the same way as Reno, Nevada. The inhabitants are on short lease, like consuls. Nobody really lives there in the same sense as he might live almost anywhere else, and this detachment from the real life of the country has insulated it. This circumstance, more than any other, heaps the responsibility for the utter indifference of the average American citizen of politics, and for the corruption of the latter.

France is a democracy, but the same centralization as in England is apparent on all the more important sides of life. The railway systems all converge on Paris. The Bourse, the university, the government, the art center, the social center, all are in Paris. Consequently when Paris speaks, France acquiesces. Probably France does not care very much what Paris says, but at least there is no independent and opposing current of thought.

It follows that in America the observer is placed at a great disadvantage. In London the expenditure of six pence would make him acquainted with the whole thought of the country. In America the press does not represent the people, or even any section of the people. It represents the pull of clique in most cases. It exercises no influence at all upon thought. People buy newspapers for amusement; but yellow journalism has achieved its great and glorious task of discrediting itself.

To take a recent example. The efforts of the New York daily press, with one definitely German paper as an exception, have been directed to secure sympathy for the allies. They have earned for them the sobriquet allies. They have stopped at nothing in the campaign of mendacity. They have given prominence to the most ridiculous inventions; they have suppressed the most potent facts. They have falsified truth with a shamelessness unequalled in history, and they have even discredited their own war correspondents. And the result has been a steady flow of the tide of public opinion towards Germany.

I must single out the New York Times as having published the most infamous leader ever written. It advocates the complete suppression of the right of free speech; any one who disagrees with the Times should be in jail. And this is neutrality! This is the land of the free! "My country, 'tis of thee!"

The editor is so blinded by rage that he does not even see that he is sawing off the branch he is sitting on. A newspaper against free speech! It is treason to its own first principle. If the government suppressed the *Fatherland* as suggested, why should not some other government suppress the Times?

I was on the platform at the meeting of the "Friends of Peace" at Madison Square Garden. There were many German societies officially represented, but the feeling was not particularly pro-German. It was chiefly pro-American, including a love of fair play. But when a speaker wanted to rouse the hundred thousand people present to an absolute fury, he had only to gasp "New York press", and they rose and roared. Such loathing and contempt I have never seen expressed so fiercely. And it must be remembered that these people were the public to whom that press appeals for pennies. The situation is intolerably rotten. I am first of all the friend

of Ireland in this war, and after that the friend of France; but the method of her sympathizers makes me vomit. I should like America to insist on the integrity of France—but these English flunkies are an abomination unto the Lord.

The Hyphenated American.

Of these there are three principal kinds: the Irish-American, the German-American, and the Anglo-American. Many other races are, of course, represented, but they have not come to the front in the same way, or kept their nationality. The shrewdness and courage of the Irishman have won him an unique position in politics and laws; the thrift, foresight and industry of the German have made him supreme in commerce and manufacture. The Anglo-American is not a genuine case of surviving nationality, for the real old English blood is not hyphenated at all. That is the old style American, whether in Boston or Richmond, and he hates England more than the Irish themselves (for the Irishman finds it hard to bear malice). But the real American is brought up on the Declaration of Independence. Few Englishmen have read that remarkable document. It is a standing insult to the ability of Burke, for it is the strongest possible indictment of a whole people! There are twenty-nine paragraphs, differing but slightly in the degree of their damnation. The rest of the Declaration of Independence is but exordium to and corollary of this rehearsal of British abominations. And, as with a branding-iron, all this is literally burnt into the blood of every American of old stock.

However, in the smart set generally, especially in New York, there is a violence of Anglophilia based on the stinging shame of the fact that English visitors do not consider them gentlemen. So the schools and colleges do all in their power to turn out "English gentlemen" from such recalcitrant material as is furnished by admixtures of various bloods, principally Portuguese. The result is very satisfactory. It is these good people who are more English than the English, and their comparative success is due to their extravagance of snobbery. Unfortunately, as a class, they are wealthy and idle, and the British aristocracy—as mirrored by the gutter press—is their constant model in all things. The plain Yankee is a damned good sort, of simple Republican manners, and one can respect and like him, for all his contempt of "effete Europe." The Southern gentleman is just a gentleman of as distinct yet recognizable a breed as the Indian, Chinese, or Montenegrin gentleman. He is himself, and is not trying to be anybody else. But the Anglo-American is always anxious to wear the same neckties as Lord Flip, and drink the same brands of champagne as the Earl of Flop. He wears evening dress whenever he can, and supports the Broadway chicken upon the Broadway lobster. It is the most vicious and corrupt class in the country, and it thinks itself the salt of the earth in its moments of intoxication. When sober, it climbs desperately after the estate which is the birthright of the poorest country gentleman in England. It is from this class that the noise proceeds, and the passport thereof is that it is bad form to be pro-German.

What America Thinks.

The attitude of the real American is very concise. He has a gift of epigram, often expressed in the most pungent slang ever invented in any country in the world. And this is the placard which hangs in thousands of business offices all over America:

"If you want to fight, go to Europe.

If you want to talk war, go to hell.

This place is neutral."

There was never so clear and so emphatic a definition of a mental attitude. The more you think it over the more you are annoyed at its perfect literary form. It says everything, and not a word is wasted.

What America Feels.

Since, however, all men must have some sympathy, however remote, with all actualities, there is undoubtedly a certain feeling even among the great silent masses of the people. Taciturn and self-centered, going on their own way with bitter earnestness, they are yet not without great human qualities. These are principally shrewd common-sense and a love of fair play. There is a certain hysterical class which reads the papers and is (at least subconsciously) influenced by them; but the members of this class are not in positions of responsibility. Men who have won their way in the world have done so by energy and courage, no doubt, but they have also, nearly always, possessed a great sense of actuality. Poverty, or struggle, has taught them to look at facts. Such men were never for an instant deceived by the lies of the press. Every one of them knew of his own knowledge what Germans were like; he did business with twenty of them every day. He saw them steady, sober, thrifty, honest, reliable and industrious, incapable of aggression, and progressing by dint of attention to business, and all the homely virtues of his own old stock. The attempt to represent

them as drunken fiends, lawless, savage and cowardly, was consequently ludicrous. When the Lusitania sank, he saw the German side of the case instantly. He couldn't see why the hell the durned fools couldn't keep out of the war zone. And the hysterical shrieks of papers notorious for lying headlines, and the most infamous traffic in indecent advertisements, only moved him to scorn. Go to war? Not he. He might sell munitions to the allies; that was business. The Germans might sink the ships; all the better; it meant a repeat order. Hard as nails, you bet your life!

This sentiment was so universal that Bryan, having carefully canvassed opinion all over the West and South, took a chance to resign on a "peace program." And the story goes that Wilson then checked him by beating the sword into a ploughshare, and soaring as gently as any sucking dove in that famous second note to Berlin. We read it with amazement; why on earth had Bryan resigned? It was as war-like as an invitation to dinner! (Well, we shall read the sequel of that story in 1916.) I personally have no doubt that Wilson knows the temper of the country as well as Bryan does, and has deliberately created delay upon delay, and encouraged Berlin in a similar course, in order to allow the few noisy folk who were screaming for revenge for the Lusitania to cool off. No; there is nothing to it.

If you want to fight, go to Europe.

If you want to talk war, go to hell.

This place is neutral.

BRITISH MURDER OFFICE.

Funds For Dark Purposes.

From Copenhagen have come details concerning the origin of a very peculiar organization which enjoys the protection of the British Government. It is called the "Publicity Bureau for Realizing Political Ends," and is said to have its headquarters at Southend.

The budget of the British Foreign Office contains an item of 5,000,000 pounds. There is no special account kept of this fund—it is designated as "Account E." The Foreign Office gives no information as to whether the money for this account goes. Services are paid for out of this account which have the best of reasons for fearing the light of day.

A change recently took place in the management of this office—whether casual or nobody knows. Major Susley who had hitherto been in charge of this department was recalled and Colonel Dun appointed to his place. Colonel Dun a year ago was a military attaché connected with the British Ministry at Bucharest, and had hitherto been compromised neither in a political or military way. Major Susley is supposed to have made himself quite impossible in his conduct of this office, which as we shall see, adopts very peculiar means to attain its ends.

Major Susley had blundered in two tasks he had undertaken—first the attempted assassination of Sir Roger Casement, and later the attack upon the King of Bulgaria. Another enterprise which he tried to carry out in Greece was likewise a failure. Worse than this, the methods he employed were so clumsy, that the threads which led from the scene of the crimes to the "Publicity Bureau for Realizing Political Ends," became painfully apparent.

This department has been in existence for some time. It was formally the main office for the English Spy Service, now it is devoted to a nobler purpose—political murder. It has been proved that Genadiev had met Major Susley in Paris, shortly before the attempted assassination in Sofia, and that Major Tancisic, the real murderer of the Austrian-Hungarian heir to the throne and his consort, had played the part of intermediary between Susley and Genadiev, and that the latter upon his return from Paris was accompanied by an English agent belonging to the Staff of this English agitation bureau. This agent has a rather unsavory record. Mr. Goorell was that very officious gentleman who sat in close proximity to Jaurès when the murderer's bullet laid him low. Mr. Goorell was on a business trip to Russia at the time Witte was murdered. Mr. Goorell was sojourning in Christiania when the famous offer was made to Adler Christensen to do away with Sir Roger Casement. Adler Christensen has deposed that an English agent carried on the transactions between himself and Minister Findlay.

He who finds pleasure in combinations and deductions may easily realize what clean and up-lifting ends are served by this British bureau for political agitation.

Fighting for Three Pence.

English soldiers in khaki are no doubt well paid as soldiers' pay goes, but after all it is doubtful if their earnings are equal to those who fought for Edward III. some six centuries ago. The 15,000 odd archers who received 3 d. a day at the siege of Calais were really well paid. This is apparent when you make due allowance for differences in the value of money and compare their wages with those earned by their contemporaries in other important occupations. Thus in 1348-9—just after the fall of Calais, when labor was extremely scarce owing to the Black Death—the wage even of a master freeman was only 4 d. a day. And the mason had to buy his food and clothes while the soldier got his for nothing.

THE CALIBRE OF ROOSEVELT.

By One Who Knows Him.

I am constantly asked to explain Theodore Roosevelt. Before the war he expressed nothing but good will for the German people and appreciation of German methods. Immediately the war broke out he joined the English-lead chorus of denunciation.

Roosevelt's light went out in Africa. He has never been the same man since he came back from association with the British in the "Dark Continent."

An Irish patriot who knew him before and after said that he knew from Roosevelt's first utterance about the behaviour of the English in Egypt that his mind had been poisoned. Roosevelt said of the following incident that the English were not half hard enough!

Some English sportsmen entered an Egyptian village and shot the sacred pigeons. Whereupon the outraged natives fell upon the intruders and beat them off, one Englishman was killed. The English returned with armed force, flogged almost to death and finally hanged four of the villagers, two were sent to penal servitude for life, one for 15 years, six to seven years' with hard labor, three to prison with hard labor for a year, and fifty were given 50 lashes!

And Mr. Roosevelt gives as his excuse for change of heart against the Germans, Belgian atrocities!

Mr. Roosevelt believed the stories and reports which the English gave out in the American Press. What kind of a man is Mr. Roosevelt if one is to believe what these same newspapers have said about him? Is he willing that readers of American newspapers during the last twenty-five years shall judge of him and his deeds as they have been recorded in the newspapers?

My assertion that Mr. Roosevelt's light went out in Africa is proved by the fact that he has been unable to accomplish his heart's desire since he came from Africa. His best friends have fallen away from him, he has lost everything he has tried to get in politics, he has lost in the estimation of his countrymen, lost his control of the American people.

If he knew that old friends felt ashamed that they had ever respected him and his "policies" he would pause, fast and pray and perhaps the English blindfold might fall from his eyes.

GERMAN SCHOOL SYSTEM SUPREME.

Morals and Body Trained as Well as the Mind, from Early Age Through University.

(By Frank Koester.)

The educational system of Germany takes the child at the age of six and carries it to the age of fourteen, in any event, in the Volksschule, before any other activity is permitted. Before the age of six, at the option of his parents, the child may have had a course in the kindergarten.

Between six and fourteen the usual and proper branches of study are undertaken, and in addition the child receives religious instruction, as Protestant, as Catholic, or as Jew, as the case may be; physical education, in the form of gymnastic exercises, as a relief to his studies and to keep him in proper physical condition, and recreational education—that is, instruction in play. His mind,

his character, his body and his recreational tendencies are thus carefully trained.

The first principle of German education is thus an all-round education rather than a one-sided one. The next principle is the utilization of education, the German pupil being taught those branches which will be of service to him in later life. The third great principle is thoroughness.

Workers Go to School, Too.

The first fork of the educational road comes at the age of nine years. Those who are to receive an extended education begin, at that age, to branch off from the curriculum of those who are to leave school at fourteen and become artisans. At fourteen those who are to be artisans leave school and begin work, but must still continue to attend at certain hours of the day or in the evening what are known as Fortbildungsschule, for three years. The Fortbildungsschule are practical trade and commercial schools and must be attended by all. Those who are destined for a higher degree of education, after the age of nine, go through the middle school until they reach the age of fifteen.

At fifteen a further differentiation of the curriculum is made. One branch leads to what is termed in America classical education, and the other to technical education. There is a third branch, not, however, directly connected, in which the pupil, after fifteen, may devote himself to higher commercial training. The artisan may also take up this branch. After fifteen the classical education is pursued in the Gymnasium, which corresponds to the American high school and preparatory schools, while the technical course is in the Real Schule and Ober Real Schule. These courses are continued up to nineteen and twenty, when the final examination is taken, which, when successfully passed, entitles the student to enter any of the classical or technical universities, as the case may be, although at least one year of practical experience must intervene in all the technical branches.

Students Change Places.

The university courses last from four to five years, in addition to which, if certain degrees are to be obtained, either a post-graduate course is necessary or a thesis must be prepared, embodying the result of original researches. The students are allowed to go from one university to another every six months (semester), attending the lectures of the most prominent professors in their particular branches, and they are thus enabled to come in contact with the very highest authorities.

From the kindergarten to the academy the whole educational system is under the direct control of the government, centering in the Ministry of Education at Berlin. There is thus no conflict of authority at any point and the whole system is worked out in the greatest and most effective detail from beginning to end.

The German educational system is undoubtedly the most successful and thorough system of education that has ever been evolved. It is to the perfection of the system that Germany owes so much of her present greatness. The system is one that does not give to a few a very high degree of education and turn the remainder adrift with but little learning, but gives all an opportunity to pursue their studies to the highest possible point. There are, proportionately, twenty times as many illiterates in Great Britain, eighty times as many in France, and one hundred and fifty-four times as many in the United States as in Germany.

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