



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **The continental times. No. 1205. Vol. XXII. No. 63 November 26, 1915**

Berlin, Germany: C. White & Co., Ltd., November 26, 1915

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/QD4VJIIDSHSS78G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

**MERAN**  
SOUTH-TYROL  
PALACE-HOTEL  
Fine Situation in Large Park.

# The Continental Times

**Hotel Del Prado**  
Jackson Park  
Chicago, Illinois  
Best food. Luxurious beds.  
Select class of guests.  
Rates very reasonable. Write  
for terms to:  
H. H. McLean, Manager.

PRICE: 5 Cts., 25 centimes, 20 Pf. A JOURNAL FOR AMERICANS IN EUROPE PRICE: 5 Cts., 25 centimes, 20 Pf.

No. 1205. Vol. XXII. No. 63.

NEW YORK STOCKHOLM ROTTERDAM LUCERNE BERLIN VIENNA ZURICH

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1915.

**SPECIAL FEATURES  
IN THIS ISSUE.**

Lord Haldane's Warning . . . page 1  
Serbian Campaign ended . . . 1  
Montenegro Invaded . . . 1  
Goerz in Ruins . . . 1  
Serbian Government in Flight . . . 1  
Clemenceau to Save France? . . . 1  
America's New Vast Cruisers . . . 1  
To attack England . . . 1  
England to Retain Calais? . . . 2  
The Crime against Europe . . . 2  
Heroic Deeds of two Marines . . . 2  
Ireland and the War . . . 3  
Advertisements . . . 4

**LATEST NEWS.  
SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST  
FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**

**No Blockade.**  
London, Thursday. The Foreign office issues a statement to the effect that England has no desire to blockade Greece.

**Recruiting Poor.**  
London, Thursday. The labor leader Mr. Thomas in a public speech stated that during the past week the recruiting returns had been very bad.

**Japanese Ship Sunk.**  
Budapest, Thursday. A despatch from Salonica brings the news that a Japanese ship, the "Siasaku Maru" laden with war material has been sunk by a submarine.

**To Attack England.**  
London, Thursday. According to the *Morning Post*, Congressman Mann has announced that immediately the Chamber of Congress meets he will lead an attack upon the policy of England as regards American trade.

**The Balkan Fiasco.**  
Lugano, Thursday. The well known Correspondent Magrini telegraphs that the Serbian tragedy is nearing its end. The Serbian officers captured one and all, assert that further resistance is futile. The bitterness of the Servians against the Entente Powers is endless.

**Attitude of Greece.**  
Athens, Thursday. The representatives of the Quadruple Alliance have made a faint demand regarding the fate of the troops of the Allies seeking refuge in Greece. It is stated that the reply has been of a friendly character.

Another account tells that the Allies have put the question as to what Greece will do in the case of an advance of the German and Austro-Hungarian troops upon Salonica.

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

**The Persian Situation.**  
Ofen, Thursday. The Vienna Correspondent of the *Az Est* has interviewed the Persian Minister as regards the situation in his country. His Excellency Xan Miza Mustafa said that the reports concerning the flight of the Shah from Teheran and the occupation of the Persian capital by the Russians, were in the highest degree improbable.

**George Edwardes' will.**  
London, Thursday. Mr. George Edwardes, theatrical manager and producer of musical comedy, who died on October 4, aged sixty-three, has left a will of £49,780.

Mr. Edwardes leaves his estate at Ogbourne, Wilts, and his house, 11, Park square, Regent's Park, N.W., to his only son Captain D'Arcy Edwardes, who is at the front with his regiment. His other house in Park-square, No. 6, he leaves to Mrs. Edwardes, at Winkfield Lodge, near Ascot.

**Bride and widow in 3 Weeks.**  
London, Thursday. News has been received of the death of Captain Henry Chetwynd-Stapilton, R.F.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd-Stapilton, of Hilliers, Petworth, Sussex, who was killed in France on Sunday last. He was married only on October 25 at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to Miss Muriel Gosling, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Gosling.

**Rhalls interviewed.**  
London, Thursday. Mr. Rhalls has given an interview to the *Daily Mail*. He said that 24 hours after the Allies had left Salonica the Greek army would be demobilised. He spoke in angry tones of the conduct of the British Government and Press against Greece. He stated that Greece wanted peace and England had striven to drive the country into war.

**Vast Cruisers.**  
Washington, Thursday. The United States Government will build cruisers 800ft long, if plans under discussion by the Navy Department are carried out. The ships will have engines of 175,000 to 200,000 horse-power, to develop a speed of thirty-five knots. No definite details are yet obtainable as to the armament of the new cruisers, but some reports say they will carry 16inch guns. The extent of the increase in the size of war vessels is shown in a comparison with Dreadnoughts of the Queen Elizabeth and Warspite type, which do not exceed 650ft in length.

**LORD HALDANE'S  
WORDS OF WARNING.**

TELLS AUDIENCE WHAT HE DID. ATTEMPTING TO AVOID WAR. HE WARNED GOVERNMENT. CLAIMS TO HAVE SAVED COUNTRY.

London, Thursday. Once again, after a long period of unpopularity, Lord Haldane returns to the position which promises to make him before long the most popular man in England. He has just given a lecture at Hampstead Garden City upon the subject of National Education, but before proceeding to deal with his subject Lord Haldane referred to the many criticisms which had been passed upon him since the outbreak of the war based upon his supposed partiality to Germany and all things German.

**A Warning.**  
"I have come here to-night," he said, "to talk to you about the education of the nation, and to utter a warning about the crisis which will arise after the war, and which is almost as grave for us

"I feel it more necessary to be explicit, because I have been criticised, as some of you are aware, not having warned my countrymen, and warned the Government, about the war itself. I am not sure that my knowledge of what took place was as great as that of many of the wise people who talk now, but it was substantial—(laughter)—and what I have got to say about it is this, that while we have been doubtless all surprised by the enormous magnitude and duration of the struggle which has developed, still nobody has been so much surprised as the general staff of Germany, who expected to walk over the course in about three months.

**What He Found Out.**  
"Still, such information as I got—and I got a good deal—was carefully recorded and communicated without a moment's delay to the Government of which I was a member. More than that, not only did we immediately take counsel over what we ascertained, but we took immediate action on it, and if we had not taken action on it, you would not have commanded the seas to-day, and the Germans would have been in Paris and perhaps at Calais.

**SERVIANS FIGHTING THEIR LAST FIGHT  
GOVERNMENT IN FLIGHT.**

The whereabouts of the Serbian Government is wrapped in mystery. Pristina was the last of the many temporary capitals where Patschitch and his Council of Ministers had sought refuge. Now it is announced that the Serbian Cabinet is expected in Salonica.

The losses of the Servians are enormous. On Wednesday they had lost, in prisoners alone, over 101 thousand men and during the past 24 hours an additional 17,500 prisoners have been taken. It must be evident to all from such figures that the Serbian resistance is absolutely finished. The Servians are just making resistance in the easily defended passes which form a feature of the topography of their country. But undoubtedly all serious resistance is at an end.

Most interesting is the position of the Allies. It is precarious. There is no longer question of what the invading troops can do offensively, it has become more a matter of consideration as to whether they can make good a retreat from Salonica. That is the subject which occupies the French War Commission and the British military authorities. Both consider the situation of the troops landed in Salonica as exceedingly precarious.

**Fight to the Finish.**  
The latest news to hand is to the effect that the Bulgarian army having satisfactorily dealt with the Serbian enemy is now intent upon a "fight to the finish" with the forces of the Allies. The Austro-Hungarian and German forces are occupying the positions which the Bulgarians have captured in their lightning campaign, and the Bulgarian main army, thus relieved is intent upon trying conclusions with the Franco-Anglo troops. The result can be little doubtful and the unfortunate invaders would appear to have scarce a "fighting chance." They number altogether not 150,000 men all told, a long way from their base, cooped up for considerable periods aboard ship. Against them they have an army of well over 500,000 hard men in the best of training, tuned up to the highest pitch. The assured defeat of the Military Expedition, which M. Clemenceau so drastically condemns is perfectly assured. A catastrophe just as bad as that of the Dardanelles awaits the unfortunate French and English—cooped

"That did not prevent us doing all we could to try to get the ideas of an aggressive policy of war out of the heads of other nations on the Continent. I make no hesitation in saying that my most earnest desire was to keep peace, and I did everything in my power to keep it. (Hear, hear.)

"But I was painfully conscious that there was at least the chance of a terrible war, and I did all that in me lay, all that seemed to me to be possible, to bring home that information, not to where it would simply lead to mischief, but to the minds of my colleagues and to those with whom I was working, with the result that, as I say, at least we were not taken unawares, and we were able to mobilise, not only the Fleet, but the Army, in the first moment of the outbreak of war.

**"We Did Our Best"**  
"Let me add that I am far from making a claim that we knew everything, or knew as much as we might have known if we had been cleverer and greater people; but we did our best, and I repeat to you that there is no Government among the Powers that are at war to-day that has not been wholly surprised and taken aback by the way in which events have developed, and the magnitude and duration of the struggle. I make my critics a present of that admission.

"I do not want again to leave even a pretext for it to be said that warning has not been given. When the time comes, and the records are disclosed of warnings about the war, and of the steps that were taken, will become known to the people. They are all there, and I am not in the least afraid of the advent of the day of judgment. (Cheers)

Lord Haldane went on to take up the subject of his address, declaring that unless something more than mere British courage and pluck was put into the economic struggle—unless something was done to develop the British mind—then he would frankly warn them that he could not feel at ease about the future of the British Empire.

**CLEMENCEAU  
CONDEMNNS.**

FAMOUS FRENCH POLITICIAN TELLS THAT DE FREYCINET WARNED GOVERNMENT AGAINST BALKAN EXPEDITION WHICH HE REGARDS AS FOOLHARDY ADVENTURE.

Paris, Thursday. A grand polemical duel has arisen between M. Clemenceau and Gustave Hervé on the subject of the evacuation of Salonica. The political situation is complicated. Delcassé and Millerand were for the Salonica expedition, but under the conditions that Venizelos remained in power, Briand was for a strenuous support of Servia.

Whilst Gustave Hervé, in his *Querre Sociale* wrote about sending half a million troops to Salonica, Georges Clemenceau each day in his *Homme Enchainé* raised his voice higher and higher against the foolhardy Balkan expedition. He urged that the sooner the idea of the Balkan Campaign was given up, the better it would be and that the only sane policy was to trans-ship the troops from Salonica.

**He Is Emphatic.**  
Clemenceau has gained ever to his view of the situation, many influential Senators. The Senate War Commission, of which M. Clemenceau is president, has very plainly given the government to understand, that it disapproves of the sending of troops to Salonica and that they ought to be withdrawn without delay. On this subject M. Clemenceau is particularly emphatic and he is today the strongest man in France.

**Diametrically Opposed.**  
Gustave Hervé in his *Querre Sociale* under the heading of "Abandonner Salonique!" takes a diametrically opposite view. In that article he says: "The Allies have committed a most

every possible diplomatic and military blunder possible in the Balkans and there is but one remaining error that make, which would be the withdrawal of our troops from Salonica. It would appear that a number of serious Senators are in favor of such a course and are advising the Government to make that mistake. If we are unable to send reinforcements to Serrail, if the mighty fleet which is at the disposal of the Allies in the Mediterranean is frightened to come out of harbor for fear of the German submarines; if we are led by asses—good, let us run away from Macedonia, give up the Balkans to our enemies, and leave the Servians in the lurch. Then it will be clear to all that the situation is lost and with it our honor, and we can

be prepared to hear the cries of scorn and derision of the peoples of the Balkans and the entire world."

**As Disaster.**  
Hervé then goes into details concerning the extent of the disaster which would ensue should Clemenceau's project be carried out. He pictures the tragedy of the abandonment of the Servians, after France had promised her help and whereby the French would appear as idiots. It would, he considers, mean the abandonment of any idea of a Roumanian alliance, the giving up of the position held in Gallipoli to the enemy—whence the Allies would be hurled into the sea by the Germans, Turks and Bulgarians,—the occupation of Salonica by the Germans; after which, with their submarine boats, they could terrorise the entire Mediterranean.

"But," says Hervé, "I cannot believe that we have sunk so deep as it would appear from the alarm shown by the Senators, who too impulsively or too lightly have been led to second the opinions of the ever brilliant President of the Commission. Rather than give up Salonica, it would be better for our Government to evacuate Servia and instruct Sarraill and Munro to fortify themselves in Salonica and there, under the protection of the guns of our Mediterranean fleet, remain there, even if necessary over the bodies of the Greek soldiers!"

**An upsetting Genius.**  
"There is only one man in France," says Hervé, referring to Clemenceau, "who possesses such great genius for upsetting everybody and everything and who could pursue such a line of policy. He is a very great journalist, whose patriotism, republicanism and energy none can deny, but who of all politicians has the most disintegrating mind we have known in the past 44 years, and if it should come that in these stormy days we should place him at the helm, there would be but one thing for the Allies left and that is to make peace."

**Clemenceau's Views.**  
M. Clemenceau in his newspaper *L'Homme Enchainé* says: "Maybe people will now understand why some of us have striven to prevent the French Government from embarking upon this mad expedition to Servia, where we are not the most interested Power and for which we have not enough troops." And Clemenceau ends up by saying that M. de Freycinet had drawn out a note to M. Briand and Viviani, warning them of the danger of the expedition. That Note had, he said, been placed before the Commission of the Senate for Foreign Affairs, of which M. de Freycinet was the head before becoming Minister, and was unanimously approved.

**NEW AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN LOAN.  
TRADE WITH TURKEY.**

ENGLISH NEWSPAPER COMMENTS UPON THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE NEW ISSUE. TRADE WITH THE NEAR EAST.

London, Thursday. It is interesting to read in such a newspaper as the *Daily Telegraph*, the following concerning the new Austro-Hungarian War Loan:  
The subscription lists for the third Austro-Hungarian loan have just closed, and though no definite statement has yet been authoritatively issued, semi-official estimates place the amount subscribed at 4,000,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 kronen—say, between £165,000,000 and £200,000,000. The financial correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* places his estimate at the larger figure. The *Tag* says:

**Went Well From Start.**  
The reply of the public in all parts of Austria and Hungary to the Government's demand for money was good from the start, but when the period authorised for receiving subscription came to an end the amounts which were being sent in rapidly increased in number. It was not proposed to extend the time appointed for subscribing, as in the case of the first two loans, and in any case the time given was sufficiently long. One thing is certain: the financial strength of Austria-Hungary and the willingness of the people to subscribe have been greatly underrated by the enemy. The first two war loans brought into the Treasury the sum of about £300,000,000, and, though the result of the third is not yet known, it is reckoned that at least £165,000,000 has been secured in all, of which Austria has contributed about £135,000,000 and Hungary the balance. In other words, all three loans have produced approximately twelve milliards of kronen. Such a result, of course, cannot compare with the success of the German loans; but we now forget that the population and wealth of Austria-Hungary are not equal to ours,

nor has the financial prosperity of our ally increased in like proportion.

**Well Invested.**  
The *Telegraph* then goes on to quote the *Neue Freie Presse* in an article in which it said:—

**Trade with Turkey.**  
Still busy with prospects of trade the *Telegraph* takes into consideration the future of Trade with Turkey.

It says: The *Hamburger Nachrichten* gives an interesting extract from the *Arbeitsgeber-Zeitung* on the subject of foreign trade with Turkey. From this it appears that the value of the manufactured articles imported into Turkey in 1910 (the latest year, according to the journal quoted, for which figures are available) is as undernoted, compared with 1887:

Country of Origin	Pounds Sterling	Per Cent.	1887.	1910.	18.7.	1910.
England	6,200,000	8,800,000	60	35		
Germany	600,000	5,200,000	6	21		
Austria	1,300,000	5,300,000	13	21		
France	1,900,000	2,900,000	18	11.5		
Italy	300,000	2,900,000	3	11.5		

We may note from this (adds the *Arbeitsgeber-Zeitung*) that while in the year 1910, as in 1887, England still stood at the head of the list of exporting countries whose products were bought by the Turks, German trade with the Turkish Dominions has developed to the greatest extent; and France, who in 1887 stood second, has been far surpassed by Austria-Hungary. What prospects this means for us when the new irrigation works are established in Mesopotamia, and the whole Turkish Empire has been opened up by railway development! Here is a task waiting for us similar to that undertaken by the English in Egypt.

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

The Continental Times

Published Three Times a Week: Monday, Wednesday, Friday. An Independent Cosmopolitan Newspaper, Published in the interests of Americans, also as a Convenient Medium for Advertisers in America and Europe.

Address all Communications to: The Continental Times, Berlin W. 50, Augsburgstrasse 38. Telephone: Steinplatz 7860. Proprietors and Publishers, C. White & Co., Ltd. News Editor—Aubrey Stanhope. Printed by R. Salting & Co., Berlin SW. 68.

Subscription Rates. By mail postage paid per month. United States . . . 75 Cents Austria . . . 2 1/2 Kronen Holland . . . 2 Guilders Hungary . . . 2 1/2 Kronen Switzerland . . . 3 Francs Germany . . . 2 Marks

Advertising Tariff. Front page: 1 inch (2 1/2 centimetres) in single column 10.— Other Pages: 1 inch (2 1/2 centimetres) in single column 7.50 Small Advertisements: 75 Pfennigs per line. Whole Page Advertisement (not front page) . . . 500.— Half Page Advertisement (not front page) . . . 250.— Quarter Page Advertisement (not front page) . . . 125.—

On sale in all principal towns of Europe, New York and Chicago.—The Continental Times is delivered aboard all incoming and outgoing steamers to and from the United States . . .

THE CONTINENTAL TIMES may be seen at all Consulates and Embassies. The Editor, while always glad to consider suitable manuscripts, can under no circumstances assume responsibility for their return. All letters must be addressed to "The Editor."

"Nous y Sommes Nous y Resterons." The war that was begun to defend the neutrality of Belgium and on behalf of the small nationalities is taking on droll aspects, despite its horrors.

France, the Champion of the weaker peoples declares through the Figaro that having landed at Salonika, in defiance of the protest of the Greek Government, she means to stay there—"Nous y sommes nous y resterons."

England, who sprang into the fray with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks to support France against the "infamous" proposals of Germany, lands at Calais—and remains. The Times declares with superb insolence "We are at Calais—and the Germans will never put us out!"

J'y suis j'y reste. The Champion of the "very Cause of Civilization itself" will have a fine time exchanging texts with higher morality with Mons. Aristide Briand when the day of settlement brings the British Bible once more into action.

France may well tremble for her northern coastline where England abandons the gift of "high explosives" to her Allies to present them with the reckoning. Who will pay the Bill it is hard to say. Already we are told the "advances" amount to some £480,000,000 Sterling and we are inclined to think the liquidation will involve some very harsh terms.

When thieves fall out honest men come by their own.

Clemenceau as Critic.

There is no politician in France so much feared as M. Clemenceau, none more outspoken and daring. And now he has ranged himself in absolute hostility to the Government upon the much vexed question of the Balkan expedition. M. Clemenceau as usual does not mince his words and he describes the Balkan military venture as foolhardy. And not only that, but the Senator tells that the veteran and highly experienced statesman M. de Freycinet; who has many times been Minister of War and has made a close study of military matters; drew out a Note which he sent to M. Viviani and M. Briand, in which he warned them of the great risks incurred in the sending of troops to Salonika, and further that the same Note was placed before the Members of the Senate Commission for Foreign Affairs and unanimously approved by them. Such a charge at such a time, backed by a man of the reputation of M. de Freycinet, now a member of the Government, is exceedingly awkward for the French Cabinet to meet, and should M. Clemenceau's prophecies come true—as would appear to be so very likely—why it is almost certain that the Briand Government will have to resign and the likely man to become Premier would undoubtedly be the one who has thus accused the Government of having committed a most grave blunder.

Gustave Hervé, in his newspaper Guerre Sociale writes of the possibility of M. Clemenceau coming into power and taking the helm of the ship of state, and says that if such a thing should come to pass there will be nothing left for the Allies to do but to arrange for terms of peace.

It will be remembered that the English military experts have severely condemned the Balkan expedition and that the British Government has only sent comparatively few troops to Salonika. So it is quite evident that in English military circles there exists considerable doubts as to the wisdom of the Balkan campaign.

"The Crime against Europe."

Having had the greatest number of inquiries from our readers, as to where they could buy Sir Roger Casement's well known book "The Crime Against Europe," and having found it to have been "sold out," the Continental Times, ever desirous of satisfying its readers wishes, has taken the matter in hand and has issued a reprint of the work which is now ready. All desirous of purchasing a copy can be gratified by applying to the Continental Times, Augsburgstrasse 38. The price is 1 Mark.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

AUSTRIAN PRISONERS' CAMPS.

AMERICAN VISIT AND REPORT.

LYING STATEMENTS IN THE FOREIGN PRESS.

CRUELTY TO PRISONERS.

TWICE THROUGH A RIVER OF DEATH.

SOLDIERS' GRAVES ON A HISTORIC FIELD.

Attempts are being made to secure the freedom of the Member of Parliament for Lemberg, Herr Breiter, and the Member for Czernowitz, Herr Spenul, who were carried off by the Russians and interned, at the time these places fell into Russian hands. Where these unfortunate gentlemen are at present is still unknown. A number of other representatives from Galicia and Bukovina were carried off into Russia. It is hoped to secure also the release of Dr. Weisseberger, who was the Mayor of Czernowitz.

Interned in Austria.

When we turn from Russia to Austria, we turn from doubt and gloom to humanity and contentment. It is already well known that the regulations for the restraint of foreigners in Austria are the mildest possible. Foreigners are only constrained to remain in the same place which of their own choice had been their abode previous to the war. Except in the case of those of military age, or persons against whom there are grave grounds for suspicion, they are permitted to go about their business as usual.

A party of delegates from the American Embassy in Vienna recently paid a visit to the camps where the comparatively few civil prisoners and the prisoners of war are housed. They made a thorough inspection of the camps at Kirchberg, Wild, Grosse, Illman, Drosendorf, Karlstein, Markl, Raabs and Kautzen. They came to a unanimous conclusion that the conditions, the food and the sanitary arrangements were perfectly satisfactory in all these places, and that they could be regarded as thoroughly well-suited to their purpose. They found the officials humane and good-natured, and that the relations between them and the prisoners were of the best and could even be called friendly.

Most of the prisoners were housed in newly-erected barracks, which were not only well ventilated, large and with good heating arrangements, with iron bedsteads and well-fitted sleeping—and living-rooms, but also had large kitchens, modern bathrooms and facilities for washing, and were quite perfect as to hygiene and disinfection. The special facilities for treating the sick were of the most modern kind. One, sometimes two doctors were always on hand. The best proof of the excellence of the conditions is the extremely low sick-list, considerably below the average for large cities in time of peace. The appearance of the prisoners was altogether healthy and contented. They were allowed to speak without restraint with the delegates, not in the presence of an official, and notwithstanding this freedom of speech, no serious complaints were made.

The Satisfied Physicians.

Another striking piece of evidence for the good conditions at these camps is the case of the seven Russian physicians. On receiving permission to return to their own country, five of them begged to be allowed to remain confined in Kautzen, where they would be contented to live and work on the small sum of one hundred to one hundred and fifty Kronen per month.

Such facts as these, reported the delegates, effectually give the lie to certain statements made very frequently of late in the enemy press charging the Austrians with the bad conditions in their camps. These statements must have emanated either from the deepest ignorance or from deliberate malice. Another rumor designed to discredit Austria was that there had been a great many suicides in the camps. It has been established after a complete investigation that there has not been a single case of suicide in the camps, and the only attempt at self-murder was made by a crazy Russian woman, who has already been completely restored to health.

Heroic Deeds of Two Marines.

Not every heroic action in this stupendous war can receive that halo of glory to which it is rightfully entitled. Every day there are deeds worthy the golden letter in the graven stone, but too often in the next hour of flame and thunder the golden deed is quenched in a rain of blood. How much was endured in the first months of the war alone by the gallant officers and men of the Danube and Save fleets! Every crossing of the river has its tales of valor and romantic daring. Let us take a little story of the gallant seamen of Austria-Hungary as an example of hundreds of others, equally bold and equally thrilling.

South of Schabac, in the middle of August, 1915, the Save monitors were in the midst of fierce fighting. An opponent filled with fanatic hatred was overwhelming every conceivable object of attack with shrapnel and machine-gun fire. His Majesty's ship "Leitha" was deputed to take observations. Every movement of the ship, however, attracted like a magnet, the entire honest-swarm of enemy projectiles.

Steersman Josef Ingelhofer and second class able seaman, Anton Kusmanic volunteered

to take a small boat through the two-hundred metre broad death zone which separated the ship from the Servian shore of the river. The eyes of the whole ship's crew strained after the intrepid men in painful anxiety as they rowed through the devil's hail of shot and shell and landed untouched on the opposite shore. They made all the necessary observations and returned in safety, greeted with one may imagine what joyful and admiring outcry. They were to go off duty and recover from these tense moments.

But at the same moment on the shore they had just left, a badly-wounded Austrian infantry officer came into view. The unfortunate man could scarcely drag himself along. At once the heroes, without a second's hesitation, plunged into their little craft and once more guided it through the inferno of falling lead. Again they returned in safety with their precious burden, and the silver Medal for Bravery now rightly decorates the breasts of these two heroes in whom is embodied the spirit of the whole Austrian-Hungarian navy.

All Souls' Day on a Battlefield.

All Souls' Day was celebrated in a moving fashion on the bloodstained and historic battlefield of Gorlice, where the victorious armies of the allied troops drove the great army of the Russians before them in wild disorder. On the hill northward of the city of Gorlice and on the hill called Kote 402 by Tarnow, two large burial places for the fallen heroes have been erected. They are in a simple and noble style of architecture and look upon a beautiful landscape. Many touching speeches were made by prominent personages at the opening of the graveyards. German, Austrian-Hungarian and Russian heroes sleep peacefully together here, and a group of Russian prisoners of war were present at the field-mass which opened the ceremonies and at the music, choral singing, etc., which followed. The most wonderful scene, however was at the Tarnow hero-graveyard in the gathering dusk. On every grave, whether of friend or foe, a candle was burning. Stars shone in the clear sky.

The minister of Szczeparowice read verses in the monumental Gedächtnis Kapelle, and then followed the blessing of the graves. The day of remembrance for those fallen upon this historic height was indeed worthily celebrated.

TRAGEDY OF SERVIA.

An Army Dwindling Away Fighting to the last. Statement by M. Yovanowitch.

Paris, Nov. 25. The correspondent of the Petit Journal at Salonika, gives an account of Serbia's heroic resistance. He says:—

I called on the Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Yovanowitch, who, handing me a letter, said, "With this you will be able to go and see how Serbia will die." On the following day I was at Kragujevatz, at the headquarters of the old Voivode Putnik who is confined to bed with a racking cough. I see the Chief of Staff, Colonel Pavlovitch, and I read hesitation in his eyes as he gives orders for my mission to be facilitated. It is he who is best aware of Serbia's impending fate, and it is to witness this spectacle that I have come. The Colonel, I know, said later, "What a sorrow for a country to show its last throes to strange eyes!"

The correspondent was later present at various battles, in which he admired the heroic defence of the Servians.

The correspondent arrived at the village of Azania, the headquarters of the division. There I saw Colonel Terzitch, who said to me:—"Now you can realise what we are doing. I don't know what you think about it. We are doing our best."

I merely replied, "Yes, Colonel"; but he must have understood from my choking voice why I did not say more. Another time he said to me:—"The division I command, the Shumadia Division, the most illustrious in Serbia, has never fallen back during four years of war. But we are a small people, Sir; our men are falling. We are diminishing!"

MURDEROUS ESKIMOS.

Winnipeg, Nov. 25. Two Catholic missionaries and two prospectors have been murdered in the Far North by the same Eskimos who speared Messrs. Radford and Street, the American explorers.

The tribe lives 200 miles inland from Baker Lake, where Inspector Beytes, a sergeant-major, a corporal, and two constables, of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, have pitched their tent for a winter's work in investigating the case of these man-killing Eskimos.

A certain Tepaluc, who acted as Mr. Radford's guide, says that Mr. Street fought heroically for his life. He survived from noon till sundown, although his body was full of spearholes. An Eskimo woman finally cut his throat, and pushed his body over the cliff. Tepaluc saved his life by marrying one of the tribe, but later escaped and told his tale to the police.

Friendly shore-Eskimos declare that the man-killers thought the missionaries had come to make arrests in connection with the murder of Messrs. Radford and Street. They say the man-killers will kill anyone going inland. Inspector Beytes nevertheless declares that he will go inland, peacefully if possible, but see them he will, in spite of all threats.

The Open Tribune.

To Our Readers.

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

Hard to Please.

To the Editor: I suppose I am voicing the unexpressed hope of a number of people when I say that, judging from the usual versatility of the German nation, I anticipated that the inauguration of two meatless days in the week would result in a large crop of tasty vegetarian dishes in the restaurants. What was my disappointment to discover that in practically every menu meat had simply been replaced by fish.

There is certainly, considering the price of fish, no economic reason for this. Its result is that persons who seldom or never eat fish are obliged to forage for themselves on two days in the week.

But only consider the delicious dishes of macaroni, rice, cheese or potatoes that can be made, or the numerous vegetables, such as cauliflower, chicory, "Schwarz Wurzel", preserved asparagus, etc., whose flavor, if properly retained in the cooking, is actually damaged by the addition of meat! If the restaurants would only show as much enterprise as many private housekeepers in this respect, especially considering their much greater opportunities, the meatless days, instead of being endured, might be actually welcomed.

Berlin, Nov. 20. Cora Helen Remington.

Truth versus Lies.

To the Editor.

It is with great pleasure that I read the Continental Times. I have the greatest admiration for the principle and truthfulness you display. All this is a great contrast to the infamous lies, hypocrisy and cant of the English papers. I regret that the English Censor does not allow the circulation of the Continental Times they are afraid to let the truth be known, they only approve of the "hide the truth" papers, hence my friends in England, South Africa and the Colonies have not the opportunity of knowing facts but only read falsehoods and calumnies, which are published in the English papers.

The article which the "Votes for Women" publishes concerning Miss Cavell is so totally different to all those in the other English papers, that I venture to send it to you, as you might make use of it. It is a proof to me that there are still some English women who know what truth and justice mean and are not carried away with the vulgar crowd and the press. Miss Cavell was a spy, admitted her guilt and bore the penalty of her crime and therefore she was no martyr. Caroline de Fallon & Schurter.

Blerik near Venlo, Nov. 16.

(We published the very interesting and instructive article the writer sent in our last issue. Ed.)

A Good Definition.

To the Editor:

One does not wish to be facetious at this time but—

"What is the difference between Germany's finances and those of England?"

Germany's finances are well organized—those of England are badly organized! Münster. Till Eulenspiegel.

To Our German Friends.

We have discovered that the Continental Times is read with great interest by many German soldiers, who speak or have studied English, and are anxious not to neglect the language. We have received many excellent letters from the front testifying to this fact.

It is also read in many of the prisoner's camps, and though certain natural prejudices at first made themselves felt among the prisoners, these have in most cases passed away—since the reliability of the news furnished by the Continental Times has been proved.

Our Subscription Department has made specially low rates for the benefit of soldiers and prisoners of war, of which we trust advantage will be taken by those interested in these two classes of men. Time often hangs heavy upon the hands of both.

Subscription Dept. Continental Times, Ltd. Please forward the Continental Times for a period of \_\_\_\_\_ Months, to the following addresses: \_\_\_\_\_ for which I am sending \_\_\_\_\_ herewith by Money Order \_\_\_\_\_ Yours, etc. Remittances should be sent by Money Order. RATES: 1 Year's Subscription Ordinary: Mks. 24.—; Abroad: Mks. 36.—; for Prisoners of War Mks. 12.— 6 Months' " " " 12.—; " " " 18.—; " " " " " 6.— 3 " " " " 6.—; " " " " " 9.—; " " " " " 3.— 1 Month's " " " 2.50; " " " " " 1.—

Friederich Wilhelm Weil.

To the Editor.

I note that Friederich Wilhelm Weil, the German American, who figures under the Englishified name of Frederic William Wile, is still employed doing the dirty work for Northcliffe in London, just as for years he practised garbage journalism here in Berlin. Weil's mission nowadays in London is to read the German newspapers and translate enough of their contents to fill a column. In that column all the hatred and malice, with which Weil's vicious and distorted mind is filled, comes out and is reflected.

Weil, or as he calls himself Wile, is the most unscrupulous and unprincipled newspaper correspondent I have ever met. He simply revelled in carrying out the immoral order of Lord Northcliffe, "What I want is a thrill per day, never mind if the news be true or not, I will never go back upon you!" So he lied and lied for years, malicious, systematic lies wired or mailed from Berlin to London. He is now occupied in exactly the same job in London, piling up lies in order to make ill feeling between nations. "I am paid to do it!" says Weil calmly, when accused of lying. He glories in his mendacity.

As a being Weil is the most objectionable looking creature imaginable. Low of stature, very obese and podgy, a very short bull neck upon which is a head of abnormal size, the pasty face one mass of unhealthy looking fat, a large hooked nose and a shocking habit of rolling a tongue which is far too big for his mouth. He reminds one of the ineffable de Blowitz, who resembled a human toad. Manners he has none, talks at the top of his voice, laughs uproariously and inanely, eats in disgusting fashion, clearly showing his plebeian origin; bolts his food like a dog and bores people by constant newspaper talk. It was a grand day for the American Colony in Berlin when Weil left. His departure was ludicrous as he was terrified almost to death when the police came and turned him out of the Hall of the Adlon Hotel where he was engaged in anti-German talk with a number of Englishmen. Berlin, Nov. 24, 1915. American.

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

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

Chinese consider it impolite to wear spectacles in company.

A new floating crane of 270 tons capacity has arrived at Panama.

American women yearly buy more than \$10,000,000 worth of millinery supplies from France.

The ice cream consumption of the United States is estimated at five quarts per capita annually.

Two German wireless experts have succeeded in sending messages through the earth from mines 1,000 feet deep and a mile and a half apart.

Japan is trying to introduce silk raising into Korea, purchasing 1,000,000 cocoons in China and engaging the services of Chinese experts in sericulture.

A Norwegian scientist has advanced the theory that Saturn's rings are electrical phenomena, produced by the radiation of luminous particles from the planet, which constantly renews them.

Members of the Rothschild family are fighting in three armies, three in the British, three of the Frankfurt branch in the German, and two of the Austrian family with the Austrian army.

The camel is said to be the only animal that cannot swim. It is an extraordinary fact that the moment it loses its footing in a stream it turns over and makes no effort to save itself from drowning.

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

"Home Rule on the Statute Book."

The Charter of Irish Rights.

By "A Diplomat."

The following letter, written by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, has been published in the *Munster News* and widely reproduced in the Irish newspapers:

Sir,—The treatment which the poor Irish emigrants have received at Liverpool is enough to make any Irishman's blood boil with anger and indignation. What wrong have they done to deserve insults and outrage at the hands of a brutal English mob? They do not want to be forced into the English Army and sent to fight battles in some part of the world. Is not that within their right? They are supposed to be freemen, but they are made to feel that they are prisoners, who may be compelled to lay down their lives for a cause that is not worth "three rows of pins" to them. It is very probable that these poor Connemara peasants know little or nothing of the meaning of the war. Their blood is not stirred by the memories of Kosovo, and they have no burning desire to die for Serbia. They would much prefer to be allowed to till their own potato gardens in peace in Connemara. Small nationalities, and the wrongs of Belgium and Rheims Cathedral, and all the other cosmopolitan considerations that rouse the enthusiasm of the Irish Party, but do not get enough of recruits in England, are far too high-flying for uneducated peasants, and it seems a cruel wrong to attack them because they cannot rise to the level of the disinterested Imperialism of Mr. T. P. O'Connor and the rest of the New Brigade.

But in all the shame and humiliation of this disgraceful episode, what angers one most is that there is no one, not even one of their own countrymen, to stand up and defend them. Their crime is that they are not ready to die for England. Why should they? What have they or their forebears ever got from England that they should die for her? Mr. Redmond will say a Home Rule Act on the Statute Book. But any intelligent Irishman will say a simulacrum of Home Rule, with an express notice that it is never to come in operation. This war may be just or unjust, but any fair-minded man will admit that it is England's war, not Ireland's. When it is over, if England wins she will hold a dominant power in this world, and her manufactures and her commerce will increase by leaps and bounds. Win or lose, Ireland will go on, in her old round of misgovernment, intensified by a grinding poverty which will make life intolerable. The poor fellows who do not see the advantage of dying for such a cause are to be insulted as "shirkers" and "cowards," and the men whom they have raised to power and influence have not one word to say on their behalf. If there is to be conscription, let it be enforced all round; but it seems to be the very intensity of injustice to leave English shirkers by the millions go free, and coerce the small remnant of the Irish race into a war which they do not understand, and which, whether it is right or wrong, has but a secondary and indirect interest for them.—I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

Edward Thomas,  
Bishop of Limerick.

November 10, 1915.

This is the clearest pronouncement against the policy and morality of the English war on Germany yet delivered within the limits of British rule. It is fitting and right it should come from a Catholic Bishop and an Irishman.

The *Morning Post* comments on it as an "Extraordinary Letter." No honest Irishman

but will heartily thank the brave Bishop of Limerick for thus saying openly what humbler Irishmen dare not say in public without going to jail for it, or possibly being shot.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond will hesitate to apply the Defence of the Realm Act to Dr. O'Dwyer, or order his Lordship to "leave Ireland within twenty four hours" as they recently ordered several Volunteer leaders to do, for daring to act on the advice given by this brave Catholic Bishop.

Dr. O'Dwyer says in this letter to his countrymen what Sir Roger Casement said in his open Letter to the Irish Volunteers of 17th September last year, a letter that was published in the *Continental Times* in December last. It was in large measure for writing that letter, that the British Government offered so large a sum to Sir Roger's man for his "capture" when they became aware of his presence in Norway.

Will the same Government now offer privately a "reward" for the "removal" of the Bishop of Limerick from his See?

How many of the 650 young Irishmen who were thus lawlessly stranded at Liverpool owing to the refusal of the Cunard Company to fulfil its contract, the English recruiting sergeants ultimately got, we do not know.

The *Daily Mail* of 8th November said none were obtained, despite desperate exertions of recruiting agents who were let loose on the young Irishmen, jeered, taunted and gibed at by a typical English crowd of shirkers, loafers and other corner stones of the British Empire. This crowd was described as in "an angry mood" at the sight of six hundred "well-dressed big and lusty" Irish lads "just fit for the army" who thought it was an Englishman's duty to fight his battle himself. Instead of going to the front in Flanders to face the armed Germans, the English patriots prefer to jeer the unarmed Irish from the safe precincts of the Liverpool Landing Stage.

This flagrant violation of their public contract by the Cunard Company to the Irish passengers it had booked and whose money it had taken is not the first act of bad faith of that great English company to the same people. The Cunard Company has been made by Irish money. During the 65 years since 1850 it is safe to say the Cunard Company has got one hundred million pound sterling (£100,000,000) at the very lowest computation, out of Ireland, in the matter of passenger fares and freight. For many years of the last half century the Irish branch of its trade was far the most lucrative part of its entire business.

In return, the Cunard Company, two years ago, deliberately broke faith with the Irish people, broke its public contract with that country and abandoned Queenstown as the port of call for America. The British Government connived openly at the breach of public faith.

The reason for the abandonment of Queenstown is well known. It was on account of the swifter vessels being built in Germany that threatened Liverpool's claim to transatlantic leadership.

The loss of four or five hours at Queenstown meant that the blue ribbon of the American trade would be won by the Hamburg or Bremen ships and not by the Liverpool "Greyhound of the Atlantic." So the

greyhound turned and bit the hand that fed it; and Queenstown was declared to be "a dangerous port" into which no large ship could safely enter, and all Irishmen were ordered to come to Liverpool to embark for America.

This was in August 1913.

Now, in October 1915, Irishmen are refused embarkation at Liverpool, because in the meantime, England thought the best way of destroying the Bremen and Hamburg competition was not by open trade but by secret treaties and the hired swords of French and Russian aggressors.

Hence the war declared on Germany on 4th August 1914.

And, irony of ironies, Queenstown that was a "dangerous port" in August 1913, when the Cunard Company was afraid of the Hamburg Amerika and the Norddeutscher Lloyd lines, becomes again a "splendid natural harbour" when the Cunard Company is afraid in May 1915 of the German submarines! The port that "could not be entered in safety" in peace times by the large English liners becomes their chief haven of refuge, when German patrols stalk the seas.

It is to be hoped the Irish people will not forget the debt of gratitude they owe to the Cunard Company, when the war is over—to Messrs. Asquith, Redmond & Co. who have betrayed Ireland with a scrap of paper.

Home Rule that was to have been a kiss of peace, has been the signal for the infamous attempt to betray Ireland into the war.

A colleague of Mr. Redmond's, the despicable Maurice Healy, member of Parliament for a Cork Constituency, is engaged at present in trying to recruit a thousand young Irishmen for the slaughter pits in Flanders and Gallipoli at so much per head. He admits that he is doing it for a wage made in London and that, if he wins his thousand dead men, he wins money on the job. And this creature calls himself an Irishman! A patriot!

Another of the same brand, but not nearly so base, Pierce O'Mahony, some time called The O'Mahony, recently tried to do the same thing in another way.

He offered himself on 1st October in Mr. Redmond's name, to the Electors of the Harbour Division of Dublin City. He stood for the war for Ireland's part in the war; for Ireland's duty in the war; and declared he wanted no votes except of those who agreed with Mr. Redmond. He got 913 votes, and the successful candidate, Alderman Byrne, who opposed the war in all its aspects got 2298 votes while Alderman Farrell, also an opponent of the war and an "anti-Enlister" got 677 votes.

Thus one of the Dublin seats has pronounced an emphatic repudiation, by over 3 to 1 of Mr. Redmond's policy of betraying Ireland.

This is the severest blow yet delivered to the gang of recreants who have tried to sell Ireland to the butcher.

Ireland stands not for war and murder—Ireland stands for peace.

The duty of Irishmen is to their own land—not to invade another land.

The Bishop of Limerick says it to day—Sir Roger Casement said it, thus, last year:

"It was not Germany which destroyed the national liberties of the Irish people, and we cannot recover the national life struck down in our own land by carrying fire and sword into another land.

"The Cause of Ireland is greater than the Cause of any party; higher than

the worth of any man; richer in its poverty than all the riches of Empire. If we sell it now, we are unworthy of the name of Irishmen. If to-day we barter that cause in a sordid bargain, we shall prove ourselves a people unworthy of freedom—a dwindling race of cravens from whose veins the blood of manhood has been drained. If to now fight is our duty, then let us fight on that soil where so many generations of slain Irishmen lie in honour and fame. Let our graves be in that patriot grass whence alone the corpse of Irish nationality can spring to life. . . . Speaking in the name of those who helped to found the Irish volunteers, I say in their name that no Irishman fit to bear arms in the case of his country's freedom can join the allied millions now attacking Germany in a war that, at the best, concerns Ireland not at all and that can only add fresh burdens and establish a new drain, in the interest of another community, upon a people that has already been bled to the verge of Death."

Here speak true Irishmen. When the war is over, Ireland will have to repay not only the Cunard Company and the British Government.

She will have to deal with those false and coward Irishmen who have abandoned every ideal of nationality, who have sought to lead her soul astray, to plunge her sons in blood and leave their ancient motherland to abiding desolation.

The Bishop of Limerick deserves the thanks of the Irish race throughout the world. If other Irish Bishops will but follow his brave and Christian lead, Ireland may have the joy and the honour of being the first of the Combatants to open the door to peace.

TARTUFFE AND ANANIAS.

Cant, Calumny and Commercialism.

"I have received, since writing these articles to the *Times*, a large number of letters from Englishmen of standing living in this country thanking me for writing the truth."

—Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

"Ferdinand Behind Steel Doors. King who wears a coat of mail. Apartment a veritable fort, etc."

—Reuter.

"London is still swarming with Germans who move about freely, assail English ears with their execrable language and outrage English feelings by their abominable and characteristic insolence. Every one of them should be under lock and key or behind barbed wire."

—Chas. E. Cassal, Col. (retired.)

"The manner in which German designers stole the ideas of competitors in the international motor races has recently been fully exposed."

—Daily Express.

"If o'er the soul of Greece is spread A film of sloth or coward dread If sordid gain has buried right And thrust all honour far from sight, Oh! spirit of great ancient Greece, Breathe on thy sons; give quick release From servile fear; thy flame send out Burn up the dross and rot to rout Those enemies who bid you pause From striking hard for freedom's cause."

—Charles D. Clayton.

"Look here, old grouch," said I, "remember there are no shops in the trenches. You wanted Meloids for your throat this afternoon, and you bought 'em. Lots of chaps at the front want Meloids,—and they can't buy 'em. . . . Don't you sort of twig any way in which you can do your bit. Percy—what?"

—Boots, Chemists, Makers of Meloids.

"With the approach of Winter, the call of our men at the Front, on the Seas and in training camps is for more Oxo."

—Oxo, Limited.

"The Little Friend of the Allies. The German Empire is growing smaller day by day; the British Empire grows bigger. The Travelling Companion of the British Flag. More powerful in the long run than German guns. The Magazine the Allies love. The Magazine that Germany rejected. The Magazine that follows the Flag. Ask for 'My Magazine.' Publishers of 'My Magazine.'"

'Christ certainly believed in righteous anger and the punishment of the wrong-doer. I do not think he would stand calmly by while the women, children and old men of Belgium are murdered—and worse."

—Simplicimus in Westminster Gazette.

"Women's War Problem. Badges to wear with all gowns."

—Daily Mail.

"If there is any merit in nationality—your tyres should be Dunlops, the 'make' which is doing most for the nation."

—Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.

LITERATURE.

THE FUGITIVES.

Norbert Jacques on the Flight from Antwerp. Cartoons and Verses from "Lustige Blätter".

Reviewed by R. L. Orchelle.

Die Flüchtlinge, von einer Reise durch Holland, hinter die belgische Front. Von Norbert Jacques. S. Fischer Verlag, Berlin. 1 Mark.

This little book presents an intimate picture of that vast overflow of panic-stricken Belgians into Holland after the dramatic fall of Antwerp. It is by Norbert Jacques, whose "London and Paris in Time of War" aroused much attention. Jacques is a native of Luxemburg. His detailed descriptions, couched in a tense and sinewy style, have all the value of some painting by Teniers with a touch of the fantastic Breughel. The lowland mob, Walloon and Flaming, the excited crowds, the huddle of men and women lying side by side in churches and in stations, the suspension of the decencies of life in the universal panic, the coarseness, obscene oaths, the drunkenness, humor and pathos are all there.

Norbert Jacques proves that the English went whirling in motor cars through Belgian villages, terrifying the inhabitants, declaring that they would be slaughtered and ordering them to flee to Holland. They seized all the available steamers at Antwerp and Ostende, leaving the Belgians to shift for themselves.

The author also analyzes, at their very source and at boiling point, those atrocity stories which like a "Kotlawine" as he calls

it, an avalanche of mud, poured from the lips of thousands and thousands of frenzied and raving refugees, wretched unhappy folk impotent in all save the one faculty of painting the enemy in horrible colors.

This little book forms one of the most graphic and arresting pictures of that great historical exodus from Flanders. Behind the human deluge, the misery and the chaos, one feels the power of an elemental force which, being blindly resisted, flung all before it until the first German hussar galloped up to the edge of the sea and stared with shining eyes across the waters—towards England. One of the first results of the attempt to suppress a great and enlightened nation was that a small and misguided nation was suppressed.

The Mirror of Britain.

Briten Spiegel, published by Verlag Lustigen Blätter, Berlin SW. 68. Price M. 1.50.

"The Mirror of Britain" such is the title of a collection of striking cartoons and caricatures, and of excellent jokes and verses all dealing, as explained in the sub-title, with "England's shame". The cover is interesting a cadaverous and hollow-eyed, Sir Edward Grey, tied to a pillar surmounted by a British lion, couchant. Sir Edward is naked but for the Union Jack about his middle. Clustered in agonized groups about the base of the gigantic pillar are the masses he has misled and sacrificed upon the blood-stained altar of English imperialism. A city burns in the distance.

The book need not be put aside as one of the evidences of the "Gott strafe England" period. That cry of moral indignation which sprang spontaneously from the lips of many Germans at the gigantic per-

fidy of England's action was not one-tenth so universal as England herself would have had the world believe. I heard the phrase constantly in England—in German where I have been for almost a year, I have not heard it at all—and seen it only upon an Austrian post-card and upon an enamelled badge worn by a British subject—an Indian Nationalist.

There is indeed something finer than this pious-patriotic phrase to be found in this book: "Das Testament"—a striking poem by Rudolf Presber.

Many of these drawings and cartoons will be familiar to the public through their appearance in the pages of *Lustigen Blätter*. That brilliant humorous weekly of Berlin. Some of the English half-penny papers showed a morbid interest in these German cartoons and would on occasion give blurred reproductions of them—usually with a "doctored" text of their own, cunningly designed to distort the real significance of the drawing.

German caricature is a study in itself. It would be interesting to draw contrasts between it and the English or American idea. German art in this field is distinguished by forceful and stylistic draughtsmanship, by a vivid and often poetic imagination, by broad folk humor, biting irony or even tragic bitterness. English caricature is usually painfully obvious and commonplace lacking in imagination and depth, though frequently well drawn and feeling, the drawing wooden and hackneyed *Punch's* mixtures of slander and sentimentality in the present war for instance. French caricature though brilliant in style has degenerated to mere sadistic malignity—Willette's gloating over brutal-

visaged monsters of German soldiers for instance and "women and children" (those eternal women and children!) with bleeding stumps for hands. Our own American caricaturists seem to imagine that their one duty is to draw "something funny."

I may be pardoned a brief reference to English profanity in the interests of German humorous art. I would advise German caricaturists to avoid the use of "Goddam!" (one word) or "Dammed!" as English expletives. No English man ever uses them in this form. The first is a transitive verb and requires an object (usually "it"), the second in its popular form is usually confined to the present tense, or "I'll be—." And again, there is no reason why the picturesque garb of the Highlander should be used as a symbolic uniform for England's soldiers.

OFF TO THE WAR IN GERMANY.

The comrades who were to go immediately to face the enemy were all between the ages of 40 and 45 years and some of them had already been in the severest fighting in France from which they emerged wounded, and were found for the time being incapable of further service. On their recovery they were recalled and placed in a Landsturm regiment. The whole town was out in the streets to bid them farewell and a rain of flowers came down from the windows all along the route of march. At the station there was much handshaking, but no great words, the good-bys being exchanged in simple phrases. For a moment we who were left behind forgot the role of soldier and tears flowed freely as the cars rolled out of the station to our last salute, while the older comrades were

singing, "Who Knows if We Shall Meet Again on the Green Banks of the Spree?" As for myself, I was all atremble, and like one in an ecstasy followed with my eyes the last wave of the handkerchiefs of those who had gone to meet, perhaps, a death of glory on the Russian battlefield.

It was touching to see these men leaving their country without having an opportunity to bid their families farewell. They were going forth to an unknown destiny, and who, indeed, knows how many of them shall ever again see the "green banks of the Spree"? Behind the train which bore our comrades there followed a freight train loaded with lime. Whenever I see lime in a railroad station my imagination conjures up a corner of the battlefield where hundreds and hundreds of my comrades are being put into a *massengrab* and covered with lime to hasten the return of their poor mangled bodies to the earth from which they came. The commanding voice of the sergeant, however, called me back from my reverie to reality and as the band struck up the Hohenfriedberg march we started on our return to the *caserne*. Amid the enthusiastic and seemingly happy crowd I singled out a woman dressed all in black who, with a little boy, was standing in the door of one of the shops. The lad seemed to enjoy our *parade* very much and in his enthusiasm he cried out "they look like father," whereat his mother fell to weeping bitterly, and I knew that her husband had been killed on the field of glory and the sight of us and the exclamation of her son had reopened, the wound of her sorrow. Like this boy, the children are the most happy creatures in this time because they alone are able to ignore its horrors.

(Fritz Arno Wagner in Leslie's.)

THE LETTERS OF CLARENCE.

An Intercepted Correspondence.

XI

Paris, France.

Dear George:

We have not yet left Paris, but hope to soon. The waiter is to blame for the delay, and I am sure he must have been a German spy in disguise. He induced me to try a treacherous mixture called Absinthe, claiming it to be good to drink. It was, but he said nothing about the after-effects. The first one tasted like French politeness: the second cleared the military situation considerably. After the fourth, I was sure the Allies would win, and at the eighth, some one introduced me to Napoleon. We were having a nice chat together when he discovered that I was an Englishman, and claimed I was responsible for sending him to Elba. James rescued me, but I am afraid something must have happened after that which I do not remember, for I cannot imagine how I got ketchup on my clothes. James says I have been safely in bed ever since, but I am sure he must be mistaken, for I distinctly saw a German with a Krupp cannon in each hand, pointing them at my head every time I opened an eye. I do not seem able to find him now, so suppose we have won another victory.

War is really quite terrible, and I must put a stop to it. I must hurry to the front and tell them of it. You may get a letter through the War Office from me soon now. Look out for German spies, for they are everywhere.

Cordially yours, Clarence.

June 26th, 1915.

XII.

Paris, France

Dear George:

We have returned here after a most terrible time at the front. Our troops are in an awful state, and are not even supplied with warm water for shaving. Of course that only makes them all the more anxious to end the war as soon as possible in order to get back home, but the bally Germans have no consideration for the feelings of a gentleman, and instead of standing up to be shot at, they have dug ditches in the ground, and only show the tops of their heads. It is most awkward, and has compelled us to resort to the same tactics. Think of it; a British gentleman forced to use a spade! It spoils the smart uniforms so, too.

It is this being forced to advance by digging, which makes our progress so slow. If we could only use cavalry, as one sees in the pictures, I am sure we could advance faster. Under the present circumstances, it can hardly be done, for some of the ditches of the enemy are so broad that even the best hunter would have difficulty in surmounting them.

Our men are tired of digging, and have decided to stay where they now are by Ypres. I do not blame them, nor would you if you had been there. We did not need our German-speaking guide, for strange as it may seem, all the natives we saw spoke French fluently. One would not have known that we were in the heart of Germany, if one had not followed the accounts of our victories in *The Times* carefully.

Tomorrow, we start again for the Coast, for the work at the front is nothing for a man of my breeding. None of the officers wear their decorations in the trenches, and one does not know whom one may be speaking to. You will see me soon now, so cheer up.

Cordially yours, Clarence.

July 6th, 1915.

XIII.

Le Havre, France.

Dear George:

Your letters have been received, and I keenly appreciate your feelings regarding your country. My own experiences have left me somewhat in doubt as to whether it is best for us to mix in this war business or not. Even the most ordinary person can fight, but it requires years of evolution and at least three grandfathers, to make a gentleman. Do not decide anything definitely until I return.

We reached here safely, but are delayed some days on account of transports leaving for home. Many of our men are grievously wounded, and are being taken home to recover from their wounds. I really cannot travel on a Hospital ship with all its smells of carbolic and things, and so am waiting for an opportunity to get a suite on a Mail boat.

One sees many familiar faces here. There are many of the same men who were hurrying to the front when I went through last time. They now say there is no hurry, as the French are not yet tired of holding the Germans, and there seems no immediate prospect of our advancing. The real theatre of war is now on the Eastern front, and our Commanders must show proper consideration toward their Russian colleagues, and not divert the eyes of the world from what is taking place there. The Italians have

shown no such consideration, but as their attempts to advance have so far amounted to nothing, no harm has been done.]

You need not write me further, as we will soon meet. With best regards, I am Cordially yours, Clarence.

July 12th, 1915.

XIV.

The Duckworth Hotel, Portsmouth.

Dear George:

Your letter from the recruiting bureau, reached me before the boat sailed, and I am most thankful that it did not fall into wrong hands. Your account of that misled patriot Smith, who joined sixteen times, and claimed that in so doing, he was helping swell the recruiting figures, was most interesting, and it does you great credit that you spoiled his game. As you say, he might have joined thirty times before he was found out, with anyone else at your post. Cannot he be punished for bigamy, or whatever it is called?

We had no difficulty whatever returning from the Continent, so I judge our press work in America is having its proper effect and that that man Wilson is writing regularly to the Germans. Even a Yank may be useful if one only knows how to make him so.

Now with that man Smith attended to, I suppose you will have more free time on your hands, and hope you will be able to run up to the City. There are many important matters about which I must speak to you, and then there is that game of billiards, you know. What do you know about Parliament, and is it worth running for? Who are the Liberals, and what are they liberal with, and where do they get it? It strikes me that it will be more dignified for you and I to run things, than to dispute with the Germans over the possession of a trench or so. Write me what you think of it, to my City address.

Cordially yours, Clarence.

XV.

The Horses Head, Brighton.

Dear George:

Your letter sent to Portsmouth, has been forwarded to me here, and it is just as well, for as you see, I am journeying back to the City by easy stages. I have been letting my moustache grow, and do not wish to appear among friends until I have more proof of the fact to show them. A seaside resort like this is excellent for the purpose, for the sun browns the skin, and at the same time bleaches the hair, making it really quite apparent.

The reason you gave for not prosecuting that fellow Smith is really a good one. He will bother you no more, and if he does repeat his offense, he will be setting a good example in some other district. He has shown a willingness to sacrifice more than one life for his country. With a few dozen men such as he, Kitchener would soon be satisfied.

Your report of the miners' strike in South Wales, comes as rather a surprise to me. Those beggars complain when there is no work for them to do, and now they strike when we want them to work. If the Germans would only send their airships over that way, the miners would be glad to get under ground again. I never claimed to understand the working man, and the whole subject is distasteful to me.

You say that Lloyds, will not insure a member of Parliament nowadays, as they are considered a very doubtful risk! Churchill is a total loss, yet he still is in office. How is he quoted now? Let me know when you will be in Town. Don't forget.

July 20th 1915.

Clarence.

Fulfilling the Omens.

The French astronomer, Camille Flammarion, shows in an article which is briefly reviewed in *The Scientific American* that all celestial and terrestrial omens of war in which our forefathers so firmly believed duly ushered in the great conflict now raging.

These include (1) the total solar eclipse of August 21, 1914, visible in Europe and Asia; (2) Deavan's naked-eye comet, known as the 'war-comet,' discovered at the close of 1913 and destined to remain visible for the next five years (from which the superstitious might augur seven years of war); (3) the transit of Mercury on November 7, 1914; (4) the fall of a 35-pound meteorite in England last October; (5) the great Italian earthquake of January 13, 1915; (6) a "tricolored" star, of which M. Flammarion promises to furnish particulars later, only remarking for the present that it was an optical effect much exaggerated by the popular imagination; and lastly, all sorts of remarkable weather, including a wintry day in June of last year with a minimum temperature of 41 degrees F. in Paris.

It would be too bad to refute this accumulated evidence of the futility of modern science by seeking for previous periods of a year or so in which similar omens were manifested and no war followed.

AS Stock & Co. SPIRALBOHRER - WERKZEUG- u. MASCHINENFABRIK A.G. BERLIN - MARIENFELDE. Specialities: Twist Drills of Tool and High-speed Steel. Cutters, Taps, Reamers etc. Works: Berlin-Marienfelde.

ROBERT KIEHLE Leipzig 13 Machine-Factory. Every kind of Shoemakers Machines Saddlemakers Machines. Our own constructions. Our own patents. Our own successes. Prompt Delivery. Catalogue 47 sent free on application.

DRESDEN. Where to stay.

Hotel Pension Ilm (National). Sidonienstr. 5/7 - Dresden, Facing the main station. Largest 1st class boarding-house in the City, centrally situated near museums, galleries and all other sights. Established 25 years ago - excellent cooking. Highly recommended Family-Home for travellers and for longer stay. 75 quiet and comfortable rooms, suites, large sitting- and reading-rooms; lift, baths, coiffeur in the house. Moderate terms.

MUNICH. Where To Stay.

Pension Glocker, first-class, up to date, old established home. French Cooking. Electr. light, lift, Engl. and French spoken. Maximilian Strasse 5-6, II. Tel. 21 131. (0185-32)

Allgemeine Rundschau. Wochenschrift für Politik und Kultur. Begründer Dr. Armin Kausen. Quarterly subscription M 2.70. - Subscriptions are received by all Post Offices in Germany and in the neutral foreign countries, as well as by all bookstores, and also direct by the Publishing Office in Munich, Galleriestrasse 35a Gh. Most successful medium for advertising. Articles from the best informed authors on all questions of the day. Most excellent War-chronic. We send free of charge on application specimen copies of the Review with Press opinions. What is the opinion of the Neutral States? 'The Allgemeine Rundschau ranks among the best literary exponents of Politics and War Events by the serious, thorough, well-reasoned manner in which it deals with the many difficult and delicate questions which have arisen during the years of its existence. 'The Allgemeine Rundschau ought to be read particularly in all neutral countries, because its brilliantly written, and carefully reasoned articles and essays are always free of all bias. And although in the very nature of things it represents the German point of view, it does so with tact and in diplomatic language, and where truth and justice demand it, presents also the point of view of our opponents.' It has the largest number of permanent subscribers among the magazines of the same class.

BERLIN. Where to stay.

Pension Naumann, Nikolsberger Platz 6/7. Hot and cold running water in all rooms. Tel. Uhland 4704. (0185-39)

Family Home. Wachenstr. 4/5 at Tiergarten and in vicinity of Zoo. Tel. Steinkl. 4316. First-class Hotel Pension and Boarding-house. 190 rooms. Select and quiet position. Park view. Own magnificent gardens. Latest comfort. Only 1st-class clientele. (0184-37) Director Egler.

Vegetarian Restaurants. Freya, Vegetarian Restaurant Charlottenburg, Bismarckstrasse 8, close to Knie (0188-33)

Arthur Kämmerer's Kronen Strasse 4. Vegetarian Restaurant. First Floor. (0187-17)

Pharmacy. Apotheke am Olivaer Platz. Anglo-American chemist. Berlin W., Olivaer Platz 10. (0195-19)

Salm-Spiegel. Robes Manteaux Fourrures. BERLIN W. Lenné Strasse 5. DRESDEN Sidonien Strasse.

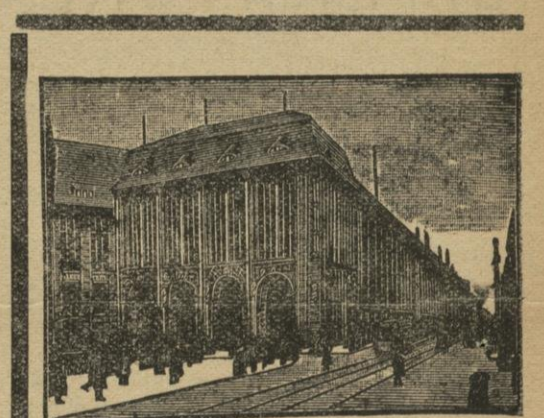
Eugen Marcus Jeweller by Royal Appointment. Gold and Silversmith. Berlin W. Unter den Linden, 31.

ISSUES AND EVENTS formerly known as The Vital Issue. A Weekly Devoted to Truth and Information. Ready to help all who fight for PRINCIPLES, IDEALS, HONOR and JUSTICE. Published weekly by THE VITAL ISSUE CO. 21 Park Row, New York City. Cable Address: Efdori. FRANCIS J. L. DORL, President and Editor. Subscription price, \$2.50 per year, \$1.25 for six months. Foreign Subscription price, \$3.00 per year. Payment to be made in currency, money or express order. If by check, add 10 exchange on New York.

German Diction - German lessons. Eva Wilcke. Teacher of Geraldine Farrar - George Hamlin Marcella Craft, I. Royal Opera Munich - Lucy Gates, I. Royal Opera Berlin and Kassel - Estelle Wentworth, I. Gr. Duc. Opera Dessau, Freiburg - George Heider, Royal Opera Stuttgart - Jane Osborn Hannah, Grand Opera Co. Boston - Emma Vilmar, I. Royal Opera Berlin and Deutsches Opernhaus Charlottenburg. American pupils accepted for instruction without pay until funds arrive. Berlin, Bamberger Strasse 27. 1-3. (0197-5)

Mrs. A. Kirsinger 75, Kurtfürstendamm BERLIN W. gives lessons in English, French, Spanish and Italian. Fee M. 2.50 per lesson of one hour at her house. For further details apply as above. (0202-003)

HOLLAND Amsterdam AMSTEL HOTEL



A. Wertheim Leipziger Strasse corner of Leipziger Platz. Every description of Fashionable Dress Goods and Articles for Practical Use and Luxury. Special Art Departments: Industrial, Modern and Graphic Arts Antiquities Complete modern Furnishings Picture Gallery (0198-12)

NEW YORK Great Northern Hotel 118, West 57th street and 109-121, West 56th street New York.

The Wolcott Hotel 4, West 31st street New York.

LEIPZIG. Where to stay. Pension Wogener, Bismarckstrasse 7, ground floor and first floor. Tel. No. 20408. Excellent board for shorts or longer periods. Central heating, electr. light (181-42)

Pension Wagner, Reichel Strasse 1a Home for young ladies (0182-42)

Pension Ebste, Prop. M. Hartung, Arndt Strasse 6/8 close to Albert-Park (019-35)

Court Trains, Afternoon and Visiting Gowns, Tailor Suits and Riding Habits. Furs of every description. Inspection of latest models cordially invited.