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LATEST NEWS.

SHORT ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Russia and Bulgaria.

Petersburg, May 24. The Russian Minister to Belgrade, Prince Troubetzkoi, has been on a special mission to Sofia.

Aeroplanes Over Paris.

Paris, May 25. Several German aeroplanes have flown over Paris of late and have dropped bombs. Little damage was done.

Scarcity of Meat.

London, May 25. In Manchester, Liverpool and other large towns, the scarcity of meat is such that the butchers' shops only open three times a week.

Enormous Figures.

Vienna, May 24. It is announced from Head Staff Quarters, that no less than 194,000 Russian prisoners have been taken since the second day of May.

H. M. S. Triumph Sunk.

Constantinople, May 25. The British line of battle ship *Triumph*, 12,000 tons, 20 knots, built 1903, has been sunk in the Gulf of Saros. She was torpedoed off Ari Burnu, in the same manner as the *Goliath*.

Dont Want to Fight.

Zurich, May 24. According to the *Zurich Post* masses of Italians are coming over the frontier. They are deserters from the army, having no desire to fight. As they arrive they are interned.

A Naval Engagement.

Köln, May 22. According to a Stockholm despatch in the *Kölnische Zeitung* a heavy cannonading has been heard out at sea off the coast of Finland. The whole town of Helsingfors shook from the effects. A Russian warship is reported badly damaged.

Militarism in America.

Washington, May 24. The Secretary of War Garrison has made a speech in Congress in which he drew attention to the necessity of strengthening of the forces of the nation. He decried the idea of the pacifists, that a nation un-armed was less likely to be attacked.

Record Casualties.

London, May 25. Each day that comes shows heavier casualty lists. In one day losses are announced of 322 officers and 4,239 men. The Australian losses alone are 1584. At the same time the Admiralty published the list of 500 officers and men lost on the *Goliath*.

Roumania Remains Neutral.

Bucharest, May 25. In spite of the extraordinary pressure brought to bear by the Allies, the Roumanian government holds steadfastly to the policy of the strictest neutrality. At the same time she remains armed and ready for all emergencies.

The Awakening.

London, May 25. In a letter the *Times* war correspondent tells the readers of that paper that they had better drop all illusions to the effect that Germany is or has ever been short of munitions. Germany has wonderful machinery and unless England gets the same all the efforts of her soldiers are in vain.

Heavy English Losses.

Constantinople, May 25st. In the latest fighting in Gallipoli, the English lost in dead alone 4000 men. A big cruiser was heavily hit and had to be towed out of action. A Russian line of battleship was sunk by a Turkish submarine boat. She was an old ship of 18000 tons. The Australian leader General Birdwood has been severely wounded.

Not to be interned.

London, May 24. In the House of Commons Mr. Mc Kenna announced that, although Baron von Schröder had a son fighting in the German army, it was not though advisable to intern him. Baron von Schröder, on the outbreak of the war became a naturalised British citizen. But such is his power as a factor in the financial life of the City of London, that England cannot afford to do without him.

Deceived in Russia.

London, May 24. The military correspondent of the *Times* writes that the fruits of the Russian winter campaign appear to have been totally sacrificed. It is, he says, to be hoped that the calming reports sent out from Russia may be justified, but that it looks far more like as though matters would get worse before they get better. "We must express open surprise. It seem astonishing that no measures could be taken against an offensive of which knowledge had been obtained a month before."

ITALY DECLARES WAR.

Dignified and Paternally Toned Manifest to His People by Emperor Franz Josef. A Treacherous Foe.

BREACH OF GOOD FAITH.

Stigma of Deceit. Politicians and People Terrorised. Hostilities commence. Air Bombardment of Venice and Ancona.

Vienna, May 24. Italy has declared war upon Austro-Hungary, which is equivalent to declaring war simultaneously upon Germany and Turkey. Italy joins the Allies! From all accounts the whole thing is a mere business affair. Italy receives a very large sum of money, she is promised all kinds of territorial advantages in the future, should the Allies be able to win the great contest now being waged. The people, in the mass, throughout Italy, is against the war. All over the country there have been meetings held and protests made against the war. But that was as nothing in face of the tyranny of a noisy and threatening minority, which insisted upon war. All the most trustworthy politicians of country were against war, the large majority of both chambers were against war, but all have given way to the threats and violence of the minority, headed by a man of such unenviable reputation as the poet D'Annunzio. Common sense and good counsels has been thrown to the winds and Italy has gone to war, under the influence of what may be aptly termed a "black hand" political combination. In other words Italy has risked her all under the influence of the terrorism of a few men, whose reasons for desiring war can be traced plainly to base mercenary influences.

Italy has no substantial reason whatsoever to justify her going to war, no national sentiment exists to drive her to such a serious step. Her declaration of war is one of the most wanton and unjustifiable acts recorded in the history of the world. It is at the same time an act of political dishonesty and treachery which stands unequalled and for which surely Italy will suffer the fullest consequences of her mean and traitorous conduct.

The declaration of War which was handed to the Austro-Hungarian Government by the Duc d'Avarna on Sunday, reads as follows:—

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

Vienna, May 23, 1915. By order of His Majesty the King, as expressing the august wishes of the Sovereign, the undersigned, the Royal Italian Ambassador, has the honor to communicate to Your Excellency the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the following.

On the 4th of the present month, notice was given to the Imperial and Royal Government, of the very serious manner in which Italy considered that her rights as an ally had been offended, and declared from that time out that she would resume her entire freedom of action. Confident, with all the means she has at disposal, for the defence and protection of the Italian realm, its rights and interests, the Royal Government cannot renounce her duty towards the fulfillment of the demands of her National Aspirations and will take all measures necessary for the carrying out of those ideas. His Majesty the King declares, that, from tomorrow, he considers himself in a state of war against Austro-Hungary.

The undersigned has the honor to convey to the notice of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the Imperial and Royal Ambassador in Rome has been handed his passport and I would be thankful if Your Excellency would hand me mine.

(signed) Avarna.

Upon reception of the above the Emperor Franz Josef authorised the Premier Count Stürgkh to issue the following Imperial Manifest.

THE IMPERIAL MANIFEST.

To My People.

The King of Italy has declared war upon me. A breach of good faith, the like of which stands unrecorded in the annals of the world, has been committed by the Italian Kingdom upon its two allies.

After an alliance, which had lasted more than thirty years, during which time Italy has been enabled to increase her territorial possessions and largely develop herself, Italy has deserted us in the hour of need, and, with flying banners, has passed over into the camp of the enemy.

We have not threatened Italy, have not belittled her views, have not touched her honor or interests, we have been true to our duties as allies and given our protection when she went to war, we have done more: as Italy cast a hungry glance over our frontier, we were prepared, in order to maintain good relations as allies and to maintain peace, to make large and painful sacrifices,

sacrifices which came very dear to our fatherly heart.

But, Italy's greed considered the moment propitious for utilisation, and would not be satisfied, so fate must take its course.

The powerful enemy in the North has, during ten months, in conjunction with our so faithful brothers in arms, the army of our distinguished ally, been successfully held in check.

The new and treacherous foe in the south is for you no new opponent.

The great memories of Navara, Mortara, Custozza, and Lissa, which built up the pride of my youth, and the spirit of Radetzky, Archduke Albrecht and Tegethoff lives today in my land and my navy, and is guarantee to me, that the southern frontier of the Monarchy will be successfully defended.

I salute my warhardened and still victorious troops.

I have faith in them and their leaders.

I have faith in my people, whose unparalleled self sacrifices have made on me a deep impression and command my innermost paternal thanks.

I pray the Almighty that he may bless our standards and take our just cause under his gracious protection.

Franz Josef.

Stürgkh.

Bülow Leaves Rome.

Rome, May 24. Prince Bülow had remained at his post till the last moment, always hoping that he might yet be able to do something to stop what he thought would be a great misfortune for Italy, namely being dragged into the vortex of this terrible war. For Prince Bülow loved Italy almost as well as his own country, it was his second fatherland and he is married to a charming Italian wife to whom he is devotedly attached. He has now left the Italian Capital, in company with Baron Macchio, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador.

Hostilities Commenced.

Vienna, May 24. The declaration of war dated from midnight of Sunday. No time was lost by the Austrian navy in demonstrating its alertness. It was very active all Monday, between Venice and Barletta along the Italian east coast. Hydroplanes were busy at Chiavella, Barletta, Venice and Ancona, each of which towns have arsenals which were made the objects of special attention. Many bombs were dropped and conflagrations resulted. There was also some skirmishing along the frontier and Italian cavalry made reconnaissances, in the neighborhood of Straffoldo.

For the Dardanelles.

Athens, May 24. Italy it is stated will send 40,000 troops to the Dardanelles. Also a few warships. Submarine boats are to attack Pola. Italian troops will be sent to Montenegro.

German Press Opinion.

The *Vossische Zeitung* under the heading of "The Subsidised War", says "We are not taken unawares. We did not wish to believe such a thing possible, but we had reckoned with it. We are militarily prepared; only morally we feel that we have been surprised. Italy has chosen her road, it is for us to cause her to repent the action, but not to complain or finds words of abuse against her. Neither the country nor the people of Italy know any cause for war. The triple alliance of the past is dead, but a real triple alliance lives, that of Germany, Austro-Hungary and Turkey".

The *Rundschau* says:—"Severely as the treachery of Italy pains and angers us, much as we regret the prolongation of the war, the new enemy does not shake either our courage or our confidence. Germany must come out victorious, Germany must go forward, that is the will of the entire German people, today just the same as in the early days of August.

The *Post*, under the heading of "The Eighth Foe", writes:—"One enemy more! The eighth! That conveys to us nothing more beyond that we must prepare for still more strenuous fighting, that we must acquire renewed courage, more enthusiasm and inspiration of self sacrifice and an unshaken determination to be victorious. We will win against our eight enemies, against the last of the European great powers which has risen up against us".

The *Lokal Anzeiger* heads an article written by General von Blume, "The More Enemies, the More Honor!". After reviewing the exceedingly satisfactory state of the war for the armies of the central powers, he winds up as follows:—"The nation knows that it is fighting for its existence, it fights with a clean conscience, innocent of the misery which this war has brought to humanity, fortified above all by the thought of its own strong arm and the help of God!"

Germany Can Stand It.

Everywhere there appears to be a Sentiment of Confidence and Feeling that the Country can Meet the Emergency with Success.

In reading over the German newspapers, one is struck with the universal sentiment expressed of perfect quiet and confidence in the future. Also that there does not appear to be any animosity expressed against the Italians individually, it being recognised generally, that they are much to be pitied, as being yet another unfortunate people, likely to have their future ruined by the intrigues of the English. It is well-known here that, with threats on the one side and offers of large sums of money and extensive promises of future aggrandisement of territory on the other, by the Allies, Italy has been drawn into one of the most foolish reckless, improvident and uncalled-for wars ever undertaken by any country.

WILL NOT ALTER RESULT.

None in Germany admit, for one moment, that the coming of Italy into the fray will alter the ultimate result of the war; which all are quite sure will end in a triumph of German arms; but all admit with regret, that Italy's decision will uselessly prolong the war and add heavily to the already too long list of human sacrifices.

The military expert of the *B. Z. a. Mittag*, who writes so lucidly concerning the war, under the title of "v. S." has an article entitled "We can Stand it". After reviewing the enormously favourable outlook on all fronts for the arms of the Central Powers, he says: "If the Italian army should now appear in the war arena as a foe, we must not undervalue either her greatness or her ability. Much has been done during the past years for the betterment of the Italian army and it has been much improved. Italy has during the past months systematically mobilised. But in spite of all that, her appearance of a belligerent will not affect the general aspect of the campaign. The existing operations can be carried out, just the same as in the past, and there are sufficient forces to cope with the new enemy successfully. Undoubtedly the new extension of the conflict, and the enlargement of the war area, will demand greater efforts. We are however in a position to supply them, and will be fully able to carry on the war. The seriousness of the situation is not to be overlooked, but the outlook for a happy accomplishment and the winning of final victory are to hand, as was hitherto the case.

A False Victory.

Rome beflagged on Account of Announced Naval Victory which Proved Untrue. An Editor Arrested.

Chiasso, May 25 The *Corriere d'Italia*, in a great hurry to announce an Italian victory, issued a special edition proclaiming a great naval success at Ancona. The town of Rome was forthwith beflagged and there were general jubiliations and congratulations. A little later however an official denial was published and the editor of the newspaper was arrested for having published false news.

A second aeroplane appeared over Venice and threw down some darts on which were tags which read, "French invention, made in Germany". The military magazine of Venice has been damaged by a bomb. One of the Austrian airmen was shot down. Another escaped.

First Italian Bulletin.

Chiasso, May 25. The first Italian war bulletin is out. It is dated Kärntner Frontier, and states that the Italians have advanced everywhere upon the territory of the enemy. The opposition is weak. Carporeto and several heights have been occupied. The enemy is retiring in all directions, destroying bridges and burning houses. A destroyer fleet has opened fire on Portobuso and landed troops. Seventy Austrians have been taken prisoners and brought to Venice. Italian losses one dead and a few wounded.

No Cowes Regatta.

At the annual May meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, held at Claridge's Hotel the Marquis of Ormonde presiding, it was decided that there should be no regatta at Cowes three year.

Situation Serious.

London, May 25. The Lord Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne announces that he has been asked by Lord Kitchener to call together forthwith the heads of wholesale and retail houses in all trades with a view to immediate action to release for voluntary military service all men of recruitable age. It has been represented to the Lord Mayor that the gravity of the national situation demands nothing less than the mobilisation of our whole national resources, both of men and material.

Demand Apology.

British Workingmen Object Strongly to being Stigmatised as Slackers and Drunkards. **London, May 25.** It was quite to be expected that the publication of the White-paper revealing the gravity of the situation created in the centres where war material is made would arouse the ire of the trade unionists, who object to being stigmatised as slackers and drunkards. The Clyde men are very indignant. Mr. Thomson, secretary of the Blacksmiths and Ironworkers Society said yesterday:—"If this complaint from employers regarding drunken workmen is not stopped and something in the nature of an apology tendered, the War Munitions Committee is going to burst up."

Colored English Mutineers.

Singapore, May 23. As a result of the findings of the courtmartial on the men of the 25th Light Infantry (a Punjabi regiment) 22 of the mutineers have been shot, eight sentenced to transportation for life, and 15 to various terms of transportation.

The death sentence was passed on a group of the mutineers who escaped across the Straits to Johore, refused to surrender except under conditions, and prepared to resist one of his Majesty's ships. Twenty-seven loaded rifles out of 40 were found with this batch of men.

Submarine Work.

London, May 23. The trawler *Chrysolith* has been sunk by a torpedo off Kinnaird's Head. She hailed from Hull. The crew saved. The British trawler *Cornelian* has been sunk by a torpedo off the north coast of west Scotland.

The trawler *Crimond* has been a torpedoed, fifty miles to the South West of Fair Island. The crew has been saved.

Not Enough Ammunition.

How it was that the Much Talked of Offensive of the English Failed to Materialise. Discontent of the French with the British.

Paris, May 24. For a long while past there has been a great deal of discontent displayed in military circles over the failure of the English to make the progress in Flanders expected of them. The *Matin's* military Correspondent, Commandant de Einreux, publishes an article giving the reasons which confirm what General French has already stated, that the British offensive, which began on the ninth of May at the Armenti-rees Bethune fronts, failed on account of the lack of artillery ammunition. This made further operations impossible.

The *Echo de Paris* warns its readers not to place too great hopes upon the offensive movement to the north of Arras. The country must be prepared for a long siege war.

Strike! Germany.

by R. L. Orchele.

Thy sword, thy shield of golden fame;
O Germany! blaze brighter still
Now the foul wolf that knows no shame
Bares its black poisoned fangs to kill.
All Time stands sickened at the sight;
The towers of men's reason reel,
As the vile Roman broods of night
From out the Roman marshes steal.
Again, like reptiles of the Prime,
To tear the limbs of Truth in rage;
To drag in the Italian slime
The shining tablets of the age!
Accursed be the traitor land
That turns to rend its brother's breast—
Doomed and accursed! Whirl thy brand!—
'Tis the one answer—and the best!
Strike! Germany! No holier wrath
Ere lighted nation on its way.
Strike for the faith of men! the path
Of honor! and the Coming Day!
What matter if the hydra breed
Another head with fangs abhor'd?
This too, in its own dust shall bleed—
For thou shalt breed another sword.
Though girt about by coward foes,
Thou yet shalt break them, band by band.
May sheaves of lightnings urge thy blows,
Thou glorious and unconquered land!
High o'er dark hills of foemen prone,
Thou risest from thy broken bars,
Hewing thy Fate in deathless stone,
Building thy Fame against the stars.

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THAT SUBSIDISED WAR.

Italy has shown herself of bad faith, treacherous and double-faced as regards her Allies, but she has displayed exemplary punctuality in carrying out her subsidised obligations towards England and France. From now on and for all time Italy stands out the Judas amongst the nations. A meaner political action than hers would be impossible. The word was given, months ago, that the betrayal of her Allies should take place on the 24th of the present month and, to the minute, she complied. The sum paid for Italy's act of treachery, is stated to have been three milliards of Lire. For that sum, plus promised territorial advantages, Italy broke her word, and in all probability, signed the death warrant of her future as a great power. And thus, after over thirty years of prosperity and well-being, owing to the benefit of her alliance with Germany and Austro-Hungary, Italy, for a miserable cash offer and illusory promises, risks all on the vague possibility of a successful campaign. Surely no greater national folly could be conceived. Today the real and true friends of Italy, her tried and most representative politicians are hiding their heads in fear of violence, and the truculent men of the Salandra-Sonnino type are on the top of the tidal wave destined to crush Italy. But the time will come, when the Italian populace will turn round and curse and revile those now in power and will recall Giolitti and the honest patriots to try and save the country from utter destruction. Woe to the Salandras, the Sonninos, the D'Annunzios when that time comes. Already within twelve hours of the declaration of war Venice, Ancona, Barletta and many more places along the Italian coast were attacked and much damage done. The first Italian prisoners, those taken from a sunken destroyer, are in the hands of the Austrians, as a forecast of how the war will go. Austria and Germany are militarily fully prepared. They have plenty of troops to deal with the non-too-dangerous legions of King Victor Emmanuel. They have the valuable ally Turkey with them. There is not the smallest fear felt by the Central Powers as regards the issue of the contest, but there is a deep rooted sentiment of resentment at the treacherous and insane act which undoubtedly prolongs the war, leads to still greater sacrifices, calls for a quite wanton and useless increased shedding of blood. For the entry of Italy into the war arena will not alter the issue of the campaign, which must inevitably end in the triumph of the arms of the newly-formed Triple Alliance, Germany, Austro-Hungary and Turkey.

MOB LAW IN ENGLAND.

It is something to know, that, at least two English papers have the honesty and courage to state that the recent attacks upon helpless German citizens in Great Britain and South Africa, were a disgrace to the British nation. The *Daily News* has written that the recent examples of mob law in England and Africa, have done more to hurt British prestige than the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The *Standard* candidly admits that the spirit which instigated those mobs, was not the sentiment of revenge, but merely the low instinct of theft and robbery. And, to further add injustice to insult and injury, the weak and wavering government, over which Mr. Asquith presides, instead of punishing the thieves and robbers who took part in those so cowardly raids, imprisons the robbed and persecuted German civilians and separates them from their wives and families. Has the world ever witnessed such a miscarriage of justice, or found in any country a ministry so weak and impotent at a time of great national danger. Can a government which permits such things to occur and stands helplessly inactive by, by any possibility of conception, considered as one which is fitted to bring a national war to a successful conclusion? We print today an article dealing with the extraordinarily involved political situation existing in Great Britain, which gives all promise of endless disputes and complications in the near future. It is all muddle, muddle and more muddle. Organisation is lacking, public spirit concerning the war is so slack that the *Daily Mail* and other papers continuously publish harshly-worded editorials inveighing against the apathy of the youth who will not join the ranks and flaunt about in idleness. The English soldier comes home wounded or sick; having lived in the inferno of the fighting lines, and the first thing that strikes him is the absolute lack of interest people in England take in the war. No! they don't want to fight, but when it comes to pillage and robbery the mob is permeated with enthusiasm, the crowds enormous and fanatical. But, does all that denote courage or greatness?

ASQUITH IN DILEMMA.

Attacked by the Press of his own Party. Winston Churchill, the Professional Trouble Maker, Cannot be Silenced.

THE CABINET BUGBEAR.

If Men are Taken for the Army there are not Enough for the Factories. Kitchener as the Enemy of Munitions Committee.

London, May 23. Nothing could be more complicated than the political situation here. Mr. Asquith was ever a weak Premier and it looks just now as though he had completely lost his hold on his followers. Only a few days back the premier had stated that a coalition ministry was out of the question. And now, of a sudden, without consulting anyone of the rank and file of the Liberals, he, on the pretext of the Fisher-Churchill quarrel, suddenly decides that the country needs a coalition ministry.

The criticism of the press, not only of the Northcliffe section but likewise of the *Morning Post* and *Daily Telegraph* and others, had been such that the Premier thought he must act. And the existing extraordinary and inflated coalition ministry is the result. Immediately the *Daily News* and *Chronicle*, which had hitherto been the out and out supporters of the government; have begun a strenuous campaign against the new Ministry, attacking in a manner which is almost worse than that of the Unionist newspaper that caused Asquith such qualms. It is for the Premier a case of "Out of the frying pan into the fire."

A KNOTTY QUESTION.

There appears to be an idea that the coalition ministry will bring in compulsory military service. But there are at least four members of the new cabinet opposed to conscription, and the country at large is strongly against any such measure, of what in England is termed "militarism." It is little likely that any government in this country would dare to try and pass such a sweeping measure, one which is to alter in such radical manner the entire life of the Kingdom, without having first submitted the question to the electors. Conscription is a rock of far harder texture than that of the alcohol question, upon which the liberal ministry has already received such a rebuff. England simply won't stand for conscription. The Unionists when out of power, in view of the constant defeats of the British forces at the front, thought that conscription was a right good cry, but now that they are in power, they are likely to realise the great difficulties before them.

THE BUGBEAR.

In the new cabinet there are men who cannot bear the sight of one another. And above all there is the totally irresponsible, irrepressible and crass arch-egoist Winston Churchill. Anyone knowing that erratic and bumptious, so-called politician, will see at once that he is not going to take his disgrace in good part. He hates and is hated by such men as Balfour, Curzon, Lansdowne, Chamberlain, all of whom will sit around the same council table as himself in the new administrative body. It is little likely that a man of the aggressive temperament of Churchill is going to accept a passive position in the new government. That would be impossible. It is quite sure that he will insist upon asserting himself, as he has always done wherever he has been. And then the real troubles of the cabinet will begin.

In the meanwhile the great question of the moment is the supplying of ammunition. For that purpose Mr. Lloyd George, who is maybe the best business man in the cabinet, has, according to latest reports, been appointed to a new post as "Minister of Munitions". Kitchener openly avows that the calls upon him were more than any one man can bear. And he has, in reply to the urgent calls from General French, for more ammunition stated that the matter is beyond his powers to deal with.

MANY CAUSES.

Mr. Lloyd George asserts that he considers the failure of the factories to produce sufficient shot and shells is accounted for by the drunker habits of the artisans. This statement, as may be imagined, aroused indignation amongst the workmen. It was only the partial truth. The entire trouble really comes from many causes. First of all the old fashioned methods adopted in England. As an instance there is the report made to the government by Mr. Sam Buntton, member of the West of Scotland Armaments Committee. After referring to the various charges made against the British workman, of shirking and drinking and so forth, he gives quite a different opinion. He reports:—"In one case it was found that the men were working with the most antiquated tools and with nothing like a sufficiency of tools. The consequence was that one man had to wait till another was finished and this led to the allegations of shirking."

"Hundreds of men had joined the colors who would be better working at the lathe, or the bench. In the munition shops, where labor was required, preference should be given to tradesmen otherwise displaced, rather than to put in men of the clerk type who had never seen a machine before."

CRIPPLED TRADE.

It is evident from the report of Mr. Buntton, that there is chaos in the factories. And

the strange situation exists today namely, that Lord Kitchener is acting, and must necessarily continue to act against the munitions supply committee, in his constant calls for more men. He has already withdrawn 150,000 men from the coal workers and has thus crippled the vast colliery interests, and made further exports of coal impossible. And as Mr. Burton now says, the Minister of War has taken away hundreds upon hundreds of men to serve in the army who would have been much better employed in the factories. What that Member of the Armaments Committee says, is corroborated by the reports of many other experts who have been charged by the government to inquire into the labor conditions existing. It will be remembered that the *Daily Telegraph's* Newcastle correspondent recently visited the Armstrong works and found whole departments empty, just because the men who might usefully have occupied the benches, had been drawn away by the inducements of the recruiting agents.

In the meanwhile Lord Kitchener has called for 400,000 more men to build up a new army. Since the English forces in Flanders and at the Dardanelles have taken the offensive, the losses are enormous. In the very recent engagements around Ypres, according to the figures published here, the casualties amongst the officers alone amount to 2,100 dead and wounded. And it is remarked by such alert critics as "Eye Witness", that the gains made are in nowise proportionate to the losses incurred. In plain words, the English forces are being decimated more quickly than the recruiting committee can find men to replace the losses.

GREY TO RESIGN.

According to the latest reports Sir Edward Grey the Minister of Foreign Affairs will be replaced by Lord Lansdowne upon the pretext of bad health. It is evident that the Government is going to lose its Liberal hue and become almost entirely Unionist.

NORTHCLIFFE CONVICTED.

Public opinion has finally unmasked Lord Northcliffe and his methods of carrying on his newspapers. Today he and his yellow journalism organ the *Daily Mail* are reviled throughout the country. In the stock exchange there was a spontaneous anti-*Daily Mail* demonstration. Copies of that newspaper were gathered in a heap and publicly burnt, the incident being accompanied by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled brokers. The *Daily Mail*, as recorded in the *Continental Times*, for the purpose of carrying out Northcliffe's notorious policy of "a thrill per day" has, in order to stimulate the sale of his paper, attacked first one minister then another and finally vented its entire venom upon Lord Kitchener. Maybe the *Daily Mail* is correct in its statements regarding the incapacities of the Minister of War, but that in British public opinion, does not justify such attacks at such a moment as this. The *Daily Mail* is, in consequence, being boycotted on an extensive scale throughout the country and general opinion is expressed that the government should put a stop to its publication. The attacks of the *Daily Mail* have had the result of making Kitchener the most popular man in the Kingdom and Northcliffe the most hated. The article against Kitchener was of the bitterest kind, but ended up by saying that he had after all better remain as England had no one to replace him.

The Liberal papers refuse to accept Mr. Balfour as head of the Navy, to replace the discredited Churchill. And, it is likely that the position of First Lord of the Admiralty will be given into the hands of Mr. Mac Kenna, a man of small import.

The *Times* which is also controlled by Northcliffe, attacks Kitchener as incapable, but not in such fulminatory tones as the *Mail*.

The *Daily News* reminds the public of how it was Northcliffe who so urgently demanded the appointment of Kitchener in August last. At that time Kitchener was simply forced on to the Asquith government and now the Northcliffe press finds nothing better to do than to seek to hound Kitchener out of office.

A Futile Appeal.

London, May 25. It appears that Kitchener's latest appeal to the country for recruits has proved futile. The Minister of War had made a demand upon the country for 300,000 more men, up to the age of 45 and the physical test reduced so that the height of men required was lowered to 5 foot 2 inches. The appeal was opposed by the *Times* and *Daily Mail* which papers declared that they would not again publish the advertisement of the Ministry of War.

Churchill's Hypocrisy.

London, May 25. As an example of the hypocrisy of Winston Churchill we quote the following. At question time, in the House of Commons. Mr. Joynton-Hicks asked the First Lord of the Admiralty

whether Lord Fisher, in the course of the consultation regarding the March attack on the Dardanelles, expressed the view that it would be wiser to wait for the co-operation of a military force; and, if so, who overruled such advice.

Mr. Churchill: Sir, I am sure this House will not approve of this kind of question, which is calculated to be detrimental to public interests of serious importance. The unity and integrity of the Board of Admiralty ought not in time of war to be impugned by any members. (Cheers.)

Mr. Joynton-Hicks: Why did not the right hon. gentleman come to that decision last week before he answered a question of a similar character put by the hon. member for Bedford.

Mr. Churchill: There is no conflict between my answer on this occasion and the answer I then gave.

Commonsense about the Lusitania.

The good Conservative Berlin newspaper *Post*, publishes an interesting communication from someone whom it describes as a highly esteemed writer.

"In regard to the various opinions given," says the Correspondent, "as to the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, there is a point of view which I believe, up to the present has not been touched upon, but which merits attention. The *Lusitania* was an English auxiliary cruiser, richly subsidised and sailed as frequently before, heavily laden with valuable material of war from America to England; material of war, intended to destroy the lives of many of our brave soldiers. To sink such a ship, being so used for war purposes, was not only a right but an earnest duty."

A COMPLAISANCE.

"That the German Ambassador warned the United States government beforehand of what was to occur, was a piece of complaisance, such a probably no other country but Germany would have been capable of; for that announcement was calculated to make the task of our submarine exceedingly difficult. But, in spite of this open warning which was met with derision and laughter, citizens of a would-be neutral country like America travelled upon this armed ship, destined by the English army staff for the purposes of war.

That the English should use such a ship, simultaneously for the carrying of passengers and munitions of war, is a matter of taste, which we cannot discuss with that nation of shopkeepers. But we are not far wrong in thinking that in such a course the English were acting with a special purpose which can here be plainly indicated. The English reckoned that the Germans would not dare to torpedo a ship upon which there were citizens of the United States as passengers; they hoped to carry the cargo of valuable war materials safely through, or, on the other hand to bring about a war between the United States and Germany.

How cunningly thought out! But what light it throws upon the North American! That he should allow himself to be utilised for misused for such a purpose. "Misused" if so foolish as to allow himself to be used for the satirical purposes of the English if they had not thought of it; "utilised," if they had reflected upon the possibilities, and still held the Germans as too weak-hearted to act, and to allow themselves to be thus tricked. It was even permitted that the lives of children be risked in this horrible trick.

Astonished as we are by this hellish act of treachery on the part of the English, we must ask the American, how it was possible, to allow himself to be so duped and made a cats-paw of?

It may be stated here, that the *Lusitania* stands in the carefully and correctly edited "*Taschenbuch der Kriegsjournalistik*," high up on the list of England's naval auxiliary cruisers. Her war armaments are described as 12—15cm. If she had not those guns mounted on that trip, it is almost certain, that their not being visible was a part of the whole scheme of deception which ended in her loss.

That Second Explosion.

London, May 24. Captain Turner of the *Lusitania* has given evidence before the committee of inquiry which has been convoked, under the presidency of Lord Mersey. He affirmed that he had no cannon mounted, but states that after the explosion of the torpedo there was a second explosion. This last admission confirms the presence of ammunition, and proves that the *Lusitania* was sunk so swiftly through the terrible effect of the explosives she carried.

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The Open Tribune.

Letters from our readers.

To our Readers.

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

A Distant Reader.

To the Editor.

I have just read a copy of *The Continental Times*. It is very interesting reading in comparison with what is published elsewhere, and I request you to register my name as a subscriber for six months, commencing with the date of the receipt of this letter.

I remain, dear Sirs,

Yours faithfully,

Funchal, Madeira.

J. de F. M.

Our Prophecies.

To the Editor.

I have been looking up my carefully kept files of the *Continental Times*, and I note that somewhere about four months ago you prophesied, in an editorial, that the time would be when the English people would come to its senses, and that then such mischief makers as Northcliffe and Churchill would be assessed at their true value, namely as mischief-making, miserable representatives of Englishmen, men who had done everything to bring about war and when the war took place showed themselves to be the worst enemies of their country. My dear *Continental Times*, you are indeed a true prophet! See the position of Northcliffe today. Never that I can remember, in a long existence, have I known an example of a man so attacked and so vilified as that mushroom peer. His nefarious desire, with his parasite, the Nurnberg Hebrew Wile, systematically to stir up trouble between Germany and the Allies, is today fully recognised. And the ignominious Northcliffe has now been trapped and caught. Having first called aloud for Kitchener to steer the old fashioned British ship of war, the ex-Harmsworthian cur now "rounds" upon the man of his choice. And at this moment, when England is in a position of danger such as she has not known in the course of her existence; the creature Northcliffe abuses Kitchener in the vilest manner. Mind you, I am not at all sure that the *Daily Mail* is wrong in stating that Kitchener is no good. The Butcher of Omdurman has done almost nothing. But, in any case, it was not for that paper to make the attack. Anyhow, the whole system of journalism which Northcliffe endeavoured to introduce into England is now, once and for all, shown to be utterly wrong. And the name of Harmsworth will go down to posterity as that of a man who was the most unscrupulous and dishonest newspaper owner England, or indeed any country has ever known.
Hague, May 24. H. N. Meindon.

Robbery Not Revenge.

"The Standard" Follows in the Lead of the Daily News, and Condemns the Recent Attacks Upon Helpless Civilian Germans as Scandalous.

London, May 24. Recently the *Daily News* published an article in which it stated that the riots in Great Britain and Johannesburg, in the course of which German property was robbed and pillaged was more hurtful to the prestige of Great Britain in the eyes of foreign nations than even the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

Now the *Standard* says:—It was not the spirit of revenge which inspired the people, but the lust of theft and robbery. Instead of punishing the robbers it is the robbed that are imprisoned, and separated from their wives and children. The civilized man can but regret that such incidents did not occur in Beluchistan or Morocco instead of London. Naturally every gentleman in England will feel disgust at such barbarous proceedings.

Americans Warned Away from Britain.

U. S. Ambassador Advises Those There to Leave and Others Not to Come.

London, Ambassador Page recently followed the example of the State Department, and issued a warning to all Americans planning to visit England this summer to stay away, unless they have urgent business calling them here, and has also advised all Americans now here, who haven't any particular reason for being here, to go home at once.

The embassy received information from the Home Secretary that a large part of Scotland, with most of the islands off the Scottish coast, as well as considerable regions in England, are now restricted areas, and that any foreign tourists attempting to enter them without first registering themselves and obtaining permission are running considerable risk of imprisonment.

Most of the stores and other enterprises in London which usually depend in great measure on American patronage during the summer, have resigned themselves to a practically complete loss of their business this year.

Frederic Warren
Exponent of Jean de Reszke's method.
9 Prinzregenten Str. Tel. Uhland 1051

Herculean Achievements of Austro-Hungarian Army in Carpathians.

Sven Hedin's Description.

By Kurt, Baron v. Reden.

Sometimes chance furnishes as with a happy word, a condensed expression or a symbol for a great tormenting complex of conceptions, which one could not understand aright because it was so overpowering and yet so indistinct. That was my case in attempting with empty words to speak of the immeasurable difficulties of the Carpathian campaign.

I had returned from the mountains to Munkacs, tired and worn-out; the train was to leave at 4 o'clock in the morning. The gipsy music sounded horribly the falsely-played Vienna songs and waltzes grated atrociously on the ear of every one who had just come away from seeing the silent acts of heroism and the sufferings of those who were guarding the Empire.

A man entered the hall, rather short and thick-set, and yet not stout, a light gray fur cap above his sharp brown face, the strong immovable features of which seemed like a piece of wood carving.

Two hours I sat at the right of Sven Hedin, for it was he; on the other side of him was my dear old travelling companion, Hedin's fellow-countryman, Sture von Gadd; they also were coming back from the mountains, worn-out. We were silent for a long while; at last came the remark:

"Your people have accomplished more up there than I thought possible. Only troops can endure that when every single man knows that he is fighting for all that he holds dear. I admire your soldiers, I have spoken with them very often; they are good fellows, patient and brave."

This was all said very slowly and was the first thing of which Sven Hedin spoke. His eyes had suddenly gleamed with quite another aspect; warmth and love were in them. I afterwards learned casually, that that very day had come near being his last. A Russian shell had struck very near

him at Czerna Repa and covered him with earth.

No one in the great hall had noticed at first the quiet, plain tourist, who wore on his coat a small red ribbon with a glittering button, the great cross of the order of Francis Joseph, until at last some officers recognised the celebrated man from his pictures and requested an autograph.

Since daybreak Hedin had been on the way, and he had yet to do this evening task, about two hours work on his journal, which if it was not written daily might not be correct.

Sven Hedin is indeed the only one of all those non-combatants who had visited the Austro-Hungarian troops in the Carpathians, whose judgment is and must remain for the whole world the pure, indisputable truth.

Never was a mountain war of such gigantic extent and of such duration carried on, never even in the domain of theory was its conduct considered.

I shall seek to describe the actual situation, in order to do justice to those many thousands whom Sven Hedin, who himself understands something of hardships, admires.

We have a gigantic mountain curve of about 600 Kilometres in length and from 100 to 200 Kilometres in breadth; it would reach from Vienna to Innsbruck and Graz—such are the Carpathians with all their sub-designations. A good three-fourths of this length our troops had to hold alone when two of our armies were in Russian Poland for the protection of the German frontier; they still hold the half to-day, since we in the meantime have won back Bukowina and south east Galicia, and are posted there far north of the mountains. In this half of the entire length to be defended, our troops have kept their position without being retired since the end of September, seven full months!

Already in October we had in the mountains a sudden spell of bitter cold weather, with deep snow. Then came rain, which was yet worse, and then the cold again, followed by more rain, and in February came the severest part of the winter, which lasted into April. A few days ago spring at last arrived without any announcement and the water is running down from all the sunny heights, where the snow already up to 1000 metres has disappeared.

Roads over the passes often at a distance of 100 Kilometres from each other, cross the many high valleys, and between these, which had to be held in the fullest extent, run a few bad inferior ways, buried in winter in deep snow. The soil, which for the most part is of clay, is changed into a mire in rainy weather. To go over a single kilometre of such a road is more exhausting than a whole day's march under normal circumstances. Because of the great want of roads however, our troops were obliged for the most part to march directly over heights and valleys according to lines drawn anywhere on the maps.

How did our Carpathian troops fulfil their tasks? They were mostly men of the older age—classes, belonging to the "Landsturm". Men who had not had in their youth the great advantage, the effects of which last so long, of a hardening of their bodies, by a three years military service.

The occupations of these men had in many cases not been such as to train them for physical endurance and often they had lost much of their former strength through inactivity. Those deeply appreciative words which Sven Hedin lately spoke concerning his impressions at the front had reference to such men. He said he had felt it a solemn thing to be among them.

We must remember too that this Winter war was not carried on in cultivated mountain districts, inhabited by an intelligent and friendly population, but in regions where one can wander about for days without meeting a single person. If one comes at last upon an existing settlement, it is only the abode of poverty and dirt, perhaps of sickness and death. Our troops mostly

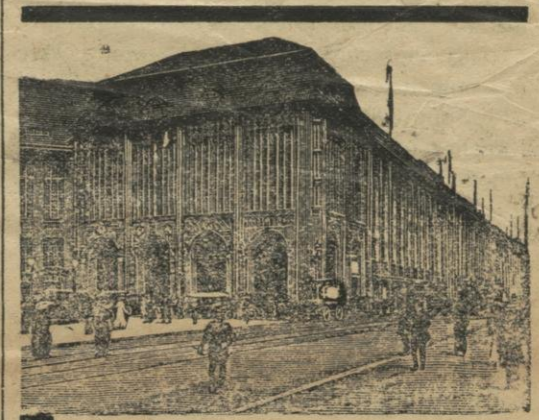
retrained from making use of such accommodations, and preferred to build for themselves, even when tired-out, large excavations in the snow, which they covered with branches of pine and fir trees, in order to get a little protection from the cold.

The hardships of the marches were beyond belief; many sank so deeply into the snow, if they happened to get out of the direct way, that they would have been lost, if they had not been dug out. Let us not forget that each man had to carry constantly a weight of almost 30 kilograms; it was not possible to be relieved of this by delivering it to the baggage train, for this itself could not advance. Add to all this that they found themselves continually in the neighborhood of the enemy. Let us take a slight example: A German company tried to ascend a slope, and in the attempt sank up to their breasts in snow and were unable to stir. At this moment the Russians appeared above, and would have shot them all, if one of our ski companies had not chanced to notice the danger and hurriedly advancing, themselves attacked the Russians. After these latter had been driven off, a company of sappers and miners appeared on the scene and shovelled the Germans out.

Under such circumstances, to advance three or four kilometres a day was often a signal achievement. The employment of waggons, even of the light farmers carts common to the district, was of course impossible; only beasts of burden could be used to convey supplies, and their loads could but little exceed fifty kilograms, and in this had to be included their own fodder, since in the mountains none was to be had.

It was consequently one of the most brilliant accomplishments, and one that filled the Russians with astonishment that we succeeded in bringing artillery up to the heights. It required indeed not the usual six horses, but twenty—often oxen were used to draw a gun, and these had to be relieved by relays of fresh animals, which had been brought to different stages along the route, after whole companies of men had somewhat trodden down the way in advance. Often the guns were dragged along by the soldiers tugging at long ropes.

And all was successfully accomplished, because every man staked his utmost of strength and determination upon the fulfilling of tasks which exceeded those of the first Napoleon when he crossed the Alps and the hardships connected with which were greater than those of the Grand Army in Russia. Our Carpathian war has given new conceptions of human endurance and set new standards of heroism.



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WAR DIARY.

May 17th 1915.

The text of the American note to the German government in the Lusitania case has been published, curiously enough by the French Havas agency. I am really at a loss to say what I think of it. It certainly is a rather stiff note, couched in friendly and courteous terms, but in parts directly threatening with strong measures if the German practice of sinking passenger ships without warning and previous investigation of cargo and papers be not stopped. This is about the whole business in a nutshell. Naturally, the note has disquieted public opinion in Germany to a great extent and would do still more, public attention was not diverted by the sudden turn developments in Italy have taken. It might be considered as an assured fact that Italy will soon join the Triple Entente and go to war against her former allies. As this is of a more immediate, of a more pressing importance, so to speak, it attracts public attention more closely than the American note. Germans think of the possibility of a war between America and Germany rather lightly in so far as they have learned, during this war, to regard only immediate consequences of any events which might happen. If one broaches the subject in conversation one usually hears that at present America would not harm Germany much more than she already does by providing Germany's enemies with enormous quantities of war material. Some cynics even go so far to say that America's joining the procession of Germany's enemies would perhaps be a blessing in disguise because then perhaps the American output of war material would have to be reserved by the government for purposes of its own instead of being exported. The American navy could do nothing but join the British fleet and lay idle in the Irish Sea or elsewhere in hiding. While all this is quite true, the consequences of such a lamentable event would be far worse for the future than for the time being. German feeling has already been so bitter against America on account of President Wilson's conception of American neutrality that it can hardly be aggravated. But it might calm down and conciliation be brought about by the many friends of Germany in the United States. If however, relations between the two countries should become more strained and if they should even go to extremes, nobody can know what the future may bring. And the fearful conflict which would weigh down the many millions of German-American citizens! There can be no doubt that they would to their duty as loyal American citizens as they have sworn when they took the oath of allegiance. They are no Italians who can be bought or bribed with money. But many a heart would break in deep despair at the idea that its country of choice should take up arms against its country of birth! And all this, because the American government is stubbornly clinging to a purely academic conception of the duties of a neutral country instead of acting according

to the real spirit of neutrality which should prevent any favoring of any belligerent party. For there can be no doubt that the "Lusitania" would not have been torpedoed, if she had not carried an immense amount of munition and other war material. The attitude of the American government—there is no use to try to deny that—has not been in accordance with the spirit of true neutrality. They should not forget that the American people is not yet a nation in the same sense of the word as is the German or French or English people but that its component parts still preserve to some extent their original nationality and, therefore, deserve careful consideration of their feelings in times like these.

How little the American government is able to grasp the situation can be taken from the fact that it speaks, in the note, of the "Lusitania" as a harmless "packetboat." Meanwhile the President as well as Secretary Bryan ought to have heard something of the character of the "Lusitania." Even if she was not armed, it is an established fact that she carried a large load of guns, rifles and munitions of war. The captain of the vessel, at the inquest in Kinsale, admitted himself that the second explosion which followed quickly after the first one caused by the torpedo, "might have been an indirect one," as he expressed himself, meaning by that the ammunition was hit and exploded which really sunk the ship and caused the appalling loss of so many lives. Is such a ship still a harmless "packetboat?" It seems to me that such remarks were to be considered as rather "harmless" — if they were not made by the government of the United States. And further, the note states very sharply and in no unmistakable terms that submarines were practically unfit to attack the enemy's commerce without disregard to all rules of loyalty, reason, justice and humanity because those on board could not be taken over, etc. Did the American government make these same charges when it protested in the very mildest terms against England's announcement that a large part of the North Sea was territory of war and strewn with submarine mines? The protest was couched so meekly that the British government did not even deem it worthy of an answer but continued to pursue their unlawful course.

In my opinion, the German government will take the matter rather coolly and wait a while till the troubled waters in America calm down. Its reply will then be just as calm and friendly in terms as firm in tone. That it should recede from its standpoint and meekly declare that it would give up the use of submarines is not to be expected.

The news from Rome is very bad. Giolitti has not been able to stem the tide, a new cabinet has not been formed and the king has decided not to accept the resignation of the Salandra cabinet which simply means that the war party has carried the day and will plunge Italy head over heels into a war with the two powers which for more than 30 years have been her allies. It is said that moral laws do not count in politics. Italy certainly deserves the first prize for political immorality.

May 22nd 1915.

Late last night I returned from a four days business trip to Holland to find that war had not yet been declared between Italy and her former allies. This short stay in Holland was quite interesting for me in a political way. One thing is clear: the shameful attitude of Italy is indirectly making friends for Germany where she had none before. Time and again did I hear Hollanders remark that they did not like or even that they disliked the Germans, but that they wished the Italian "macaroni-eaters" as one of them called the Italians, would get a sound thrashing. All Amsterdam and Rotterdam papers printed in full the speech which the Imperial Chancellor made in the Reichstag, and commented on the concessions offered by Austria to her former ally in all but flattering terms for Italy. Even the Amsterdam *Telegraaf* which is radically anti-German and assails the Emperor and the German people almost daily, could not refrain from expressing its disgust at such treachery. It was openly said that the leading Italian politicians and agitators, Sonnino and d'Annunzio at their head, had simply been bribed by the allies. It was stated that d'Annunzio had pocketed half a million before he left Paris for Italy and that he would pocket another half million as soon as war was declared. Similar sums were mentioned in connection with Sonnino and other men. On the way back, in the railroad train, a very interesting conversation took place. Besides myself, who did not take part, the compartment contained two Danes, one Dutchman, one German and one Roumanian, — certainly a most international company. The German traveller was very reticent and contented himself with an occasional confirmation or correction of facts brought out by the debate. The Roumanian was so hotly pro-German that several times I expected the conversation would get lively. But the two Danes simply expressed the fear that Germany and Austria would on the run not be strong enough to hold out while they readily and admiringly admitted that both countries, especially Germany, had exhibited undreamed of strength, energy and endurance. The Dutchman was the most amusing of the whole crowd. He admitted that he was a mere matter of fact man and nothing else. Taxes were to be paid, anyhow, and perhaps it would be better for Holland if she came under English or German rule. Asked what he would prefer, he coolly replied: "If under English rule I earn 10 000 florins against 8000 under German rule, I am for England, and if I earn 10 000 florins under German against 8000 under English rule, I am for Germany." This naive confession was greeted by everybody with a hearty shout of laughter and peace was restored.

One thing I especially noticed in Amsterdam and Rotterdam, is worth mentioning. In the show windows of book and stationary stores and the like, any number of postal cards and pictures relative to the war are to be seen. From mere sentimental post cards showing Tommy Atkins taking leave of his girl with the legend: "It's a long way to Tipperary", and the French Pioupiou kissing goodbye at least half a dozen girls,

down to the worst rot of illustrations of so-called German atrocities in Belgium, from battle scenes where the French or English mostly in peace uniforms, storm positions only meekly defended by the Germans, old style cavalry charges and batteries drawn up and firing in open field where they would be annihilated in less than no time, down to the most vulgar, indescribably low and mean caricatures of the Emperor and the German people, one can take his choice. Portraits of Generals Joffre, French, Kitchener etc., of the King of Belgium and his family are exhibited everywhere. But in vain did I look for postals [showing German soldiers in action, of battle scenes in favor of the Germans, for pictures of Hindenburg and other German generals. I noticed many bookstores whose show windows were full of German books of authors like Gustav Frenssen, Wolzogen, Zobeltitz, Paul Oskar Höcker, in both German and Dutch, but even there only postals and war pictures favorable to the allies were exhibited. It seems to me that the German trade is making a great mistake in this direction. Those who are able to sell German literature in stores evidently catering only for the best patronage, should also be able to exhibit and place for sale war pictures, portraits and postals giving and agitating the German side. Unquestionably French sympathies are prevailing in Holland. But there are strong German sympathies at least in some circles and they should be supported by exhibiting German war literature and postcards. I am sure cheap and good pictures of the German and Austrian Emperors, of Russian atrocities in East Prussia and Galicia, of German victories in East and West would soon attract public attention and teach the Hollanders a wholesome lesson. I for one am at a loss to understand why the Germans are so slow in this respect.

May 23th 1915.

A whole week has passed since the resignation of the Italian cabinet had been declined by the king which meant that Italy would go to war against her former allies, and still war has not yet been declared. The Italian parliament had been summoned for Thursday, May 20th, and it was expected that on this day parliament would ratify the decision taken by the king and cabinet under the pressure of the war party and the mob ruling public life in Rome. The chamber of deputies, indeed, passed a bill empowering king and cabinet with special authority in case of war, but the senate postponed the vote on this bill till Friday. After the senate had acted, the way was free for the Italian cabinet to declare war, and there was hardly a single man or woman in Germany and Austria, who did not expect that the declaration of war would follow on Friday night. Nothing of the kind happened. Saturday passed and still no formal declaration of war was announced. What is the matter? asked the man in the street who was almost disappointed that the daily expected event would not come forthwith. Neither has anything happened all

Sunday. It being Whitsuntide, Berliners profited by the most beautiful spring weather and made excursions to the innumerable pretty spots in which the surroundings of Berlin are so abundant. Trains leaving Berlin in all directions were crowded to the utmost capacity. A paternal government took care that the jolly crowds should not be disturbed by political and war news, except something extraordinary should turn up, and had forbidden the appearance of newspapers. So while something was in the air, nothing happened. It is really remarkable how coolly the German people accept the situation. They read in the morning papers accounts of rioting in many districts in Italy, of the reign of terror in the Italian parliament to which the king, in fear of a revolution, meekly submitted, preferring a war whose outcome might be doubtful, for him at least, to a revolution which would end his royal grandeur on the spot; they shrug the shoulder in disgust and contempt at the rubbish of high oratory with which the Italian politicians and newspapers try to veil the greatest deed of treachery the world has ever heard of, and they go about their business and their holiday pleasures as if the whole thing did not concern them a bit. One little incident has happened which is highly characteristic for the German way of thinking. The Italian Ambassador Signor Bollati, when leaving the Embassy to call at the Foreign Office, was insulted by a schoolboy, who tore the Ambassador's hat off his head. The crowd did not get excited a bit, only the father of the boy gave his son a sound trashing on the spot, and the incident was closed. Later, as soon as it became known, the Imperial Chancellor and the Secretary of Foreign Affairs expressed their official regret to the Ambassador and since then a policeman sees to it that the Embassy's peace be not disturbed as long as it remains in Berlin. That is all! Meanwhile Prince Bilow in Rome is abused by the papers in the worst possible manner, his palace is being protected against the mob by police and troops, his carriage has been stoned and it is feared that the excited mob might commit some act of violence if no precautionary measures be taken.

But there seems to be no doubt that sentiment in Italy is strongly divided, which bodes ill for a country at the brink of war. The best element, the educated and well-to-do people, disapprove of the war for moral and other reasons, but they submit to mob rule like the king. The working classes disapprove of the war just as strongly and have the courage to say so. The socialist newspaper *Avanti* in Milan reports protest meetings held by the socialists in many places in spite of attempts by the government to suppress them, and rioting, fighting and bloodshed has been the result. Should these evidently very serious conditions be at the bottom of the reluctance of the Italian government to take the last decisive step? In a few days we shall know.

AN OPEN LETTER

Col. George Harvey, Editor of *The North American Review*

(Conclusion.)

You refer, sneeringly, to Dr. Dernburg. Were the majority of our newspapers not so utterly contemptible they would have seen that the "attempts to educate public opinion," by such eminent men as Dr. Dernburg were not only necessary in the intricate problems of European politics as an off set against the British usurpation of our intellectual freedom, but that they were a distinct compliment to us. It is an easy matter for little minds to repeat the cheap sneers of British editors or British correspondents in New York and call the German propaganda "clumsy,"—by which,—so little do you understand your own hypocrisy,—you mean honest. Clumsy, perhaps, in this sense it was when compared to the British avalanche of lies appealing to our rooted prejudices and black ignorance—already fostered by the English press bureau long years in advance. Clumsy? No. But perhaps ineffective—for the Germans made the mistake of appealing to our intelligence, our fairness and our alleged reverence for facts.

Your dull, excruciating efforts to convince the satyr-faced Harnsworth of how very faithful you and America were to his Lordship and Britain, culminate in what is without doubt the most revolting exhibition ever given by any toady grovelling in the mud of Fleet Street, Whitehall or Park Lane. America, to our ignominy, has seen the day when, beneath the eclipse of all true Americanism in the black shadow of Anglo-Saxon dominance, it has become necessary for German-Americans to vindicate the real principles and reassert the true ideals of the American citizen!

There is in that Washington platform you quote, not one single clause that would not, should not, to a sane understanding, have received the stout-hearted support of every real American—if Americans were still real and still stout-hearted. There is not one proposal whose acceptance and enforcement would not redound to the honour and advantage of our country. And yet this manly declaration, this brave attempt to snatch self-respect from the ruins to which our Anglo-Saxon subservience has reduced not only our dignity but our interests, you have the face to characterize as "an exhibition of intolerable insolence!" And to bolster up this unutterable rankness of soul and mind, you quote the words of the degraded journalists whose worthless opinions seem to confirm your own. Do words still possess a meaning? Or are they mere sounds that you emit as you perform your worm-like, peristaltic movements before the mud-stained, blood-stained boots of Alfred Harnsworth?

Surely you not only do not understand Europeans, but you do not understand human nature. For what man whose intellect possesses the activity of a jelly-fish, would have the crass presumption to imagine that 25,000,000 American citizens of German birth or extraction would sit calmly and silently with folded hands whilst the cowardly curs of our foul-mouthed press heaped insult after insult upon them, aspersed the proud and noble heritage of their German blood, and persistently black-guarded the most valiant people that ever out of their spiritual strength and unity performed wonders in the most righteous of all wars? To clean American minds their very indignation and rebellion were proof of their real American spirit. Had they not protested they would have been less than American for they would have been less than men. Their organization politically was the most legitimate and parliamentary protest that peaceful citizens could make. It speaks volumes for the high qualities of the German that their just anger should not have assumed more violent forms, or imitated the obscene insults of our slavish Saxon sheets. Yet they, the German-Americans, who demanded nothing more than true neutrality in speech and act—a little of that splendid quality of *Sittlichkeit* which Lord Haldane recommended to his countrymen just before the war—they in the very face of an orgy of anti-German ruffianism, were accused of disloyalty and partisanship!

You proceed: "German efforts have made it dangerous for a public man to speak a word in favor of their cause—and none of importance, to my knowledge has done so."

I wonder whether you realize the profoundness of baseness these words disclose—as a revelation, nay, an exposé of your character and such who think as you do? I agree with shame that no public man of importance has had the courage to stand against the gravitation of the lie-besotted multitude—but then we have no public men of real importance. Democracies such as ours cannot produce individualities in our day. Had we statesmen instead of weak and sterile pedants, shallow mountebanks and vociferous platitudinous demagogues, had we even journalists and clear thinkers like Bernard Shaw and Maximilian Harden instead of a mob of stunted mediocrities,—or leaders of thought other than the senile

President of Harvard University, there might have been found Americans who would not have feared to speak the truth even though it might perchance prove "dangerous." But you make us baser than we are. For I rejoice that, after all, there were certain Americans of this quality, and their importance is indeed in proportion to their courage.

You quote the *Spectator*: to the effect that—when we feebly protested our right to sell food-stuffs to Germany: "America seems to reckon it up in cold dollars and cents rather than in terms of flesh and blood and human suffering." But the editor of that canting weekly is mistaken in the temperature of our cash. Those cold dollars and cents are now warm with the life-blood of brave German men and the tears of noble German women.

I do not know whether it be mental blindness, moral obliquity or that ultimate perversion of the human soul that is without name, which saturates such a sentence as this:

"It is not, I beg of you, to believe, my dear Northcliffe, either because of our desire to lend aid and comfort to the enemies of civilization, or of our craving for material gains that we should like to send food to Germany as we are sending it in great quantities to Belgium and Holland without money or price: it is because we would, if we could, save from starvation the poor German people whom, too, we love. Is there anything reprehensible in that?"

What the great and proud and well-fed German people may think of the purling creature who offers them the nauseous dish of his uncalculated-for pity with one hand while befouling them with the other, I leave your readers to conjecture. And I shall leave to some expert in moral decay the task of fathoming the following hideous mixture of the infantile with the fiendish:

"I wonder, moreover, if your people, common with your government, and of course, yourself, are fully aware that their allied forces are drawing their rifles, their cartridges and other munitions of war from our factories, and that, but for the supply thus obtained, they could hardly ever hope to triumph!" (italics mine). As you doubtless know a determined effort made in Congress "under pressure of the German vote"—to stop the sale of implements of destruction to combatants got not so much as a hearing."

Yes, that immortal infamy went as unchallenged in public as did America's right to help commit murder upon a friendly nation went unchallenged in Congress. But even here the sycophant, in order to ingratiate himself with the titled proprietor of the *Times*, overleaps or rather oversprawls himself, and splashes his own people with more mire than they deserve.

I might add many such stones to the monument you have erected upon the grave of all true Americanism in the name of the most ruthless power that ever oppressed the world, subjugated weak nations, exterminated little peoples, incited Europe to mutual slaughter of nation against nation,—the icy, calculating power whose hands are still crimson with the blood of the Boer republics, of slaughtered and dismembered Persia and now with the blood-guilt of a seduced and betrayed Belgium not to mention our own victims which she induced to travel as passengers on an auxiliary cruiser! Yet you and other Yanko-Picts are too blind to see the immemorial fangs disclosed to us in the very grin the monsters wears to gull the Harveys and the Eliots.

"Yes, we wish to sell our cotton to Germany and Austria, though Britain can easily prevent our doing so and without evoking protest from us if she should consider such action necessary or desirable."

Here even italics lose their illuminating force. Let the American, when next he sputters about his independence, digest that sentence.

Your entire open letter is indeed, nothing less than an open sore. "Why then, are we for you and your Allies? For no other reason in the world," you remark in one ungrammatical phrase and two out-worn platitudes, "except that you are continuing the great battle for government of, for and by the people which we began when at Lexington we fired the shot that was heard round the world."

The idea that the Allies,—commercial England, corrupt and revengeful France, knourished, mediaeval Russia and Servia the assassin,—are continuing "the great battle for government of, for and by the people," is so grotesque and horrible that one is forced to marvel how it could find lodgment in a mind still presumably sane.

It is with characteristic charlatanry that you, the James L. Becks, and other provincial sophists close your eyes to the brute fact of semi-Asiatic Russia against whose black advance upon Europe the enlightened hosts of Germany stand arrayed for the only defence of human liberty and civilization of which an honorable historian of this war has a right to speak.

It is, of course, a villager's fallacy to imagine that the battle for popular government began at Lexington. But you seem to forget against whom that famous shot was fired—and why. And you still further proclaim your ignorance of history if you believe that the traditional, official England of intrigue, aggression and perfidiousness has in any way amended its nature.

"As I have remarked already,"—thus do you comically and rather ungrammatically proceed, "and as none better than you well knows we are no longer in the kindergarten, etc." This quaint protestation with its air of mock-dignity and injured pride, must likewise have evoked sardonic English grins. I assure you that nothing would more thoroughly convince the British that we still are in the Kindergarten stage than the Open Letter of Col. George Harvey, editor of *The North American Review*. Yet it is better for a nation that its mind be in a German Kindergarten, than its morals in an English concentration camp.

My dear sir, I have seen the well educated German soldiers, mere privates, laughing over *The Daily Mail*, *The Times*, and *Le Matin* which they read in German cafes—for enlightened Germany does not think it necessary to suppress the enemy's newspapers. Perhaps when I next go to the library, to which they seem as devoted as the English Tommy to his "pub," I may have the pleasure of seeing them laugh over the *North American Review*.

One word as to that brave and much-maligned scape-goat, General von Bernhardt, at whom, of course, you too, must have your fling. Surely a shame-faced Lincoln, were he alive today, would revise his saying about fooling all the people all the time. The case of Bernhardt is but another proof of the contention I have already made—namely, that Americans will not believe even the evidence of their own eyes when in a state of journalistic hypnosis. We are loath to think or form an independent judgment even when all the material is set before us. The trash written and spoken by us about Bernhardt is but an ignorant echo of the ignorant yet crazy hue-and-cry raised by the myrmidons of Fleet Street in obedience to official orders. Bernhardt, a blunt, honest patriot, with few readers and certainly no following in Germany, simply wrote what every soldier of capacity and every statesman of insight had not only always firmly believed, but always invariably acted upon, however much political ends in other lands may be disguised in falsehood and sham morality. It is for this reason that German truth and candour ring with an evil and Machiavellian quality in the ears of the Pharisee and the sentimentalist unured to both. Nor was it to be expected that you would perceive the innate nobility and inspiration of the passage you quote from that great and impassioned seer Treitschke—unto whom even an Englishman, the late Professor Cramb, did royal honour.

It may be futile to hold up to ridicule the soapy vanity of the author which, like the fish-soul of the hypocrite, flounders helplessly in the attempt to conceal itself under the tattered cloak of a pretended modesty and a sham generosity of mind. Yet I cannot refrain from quoting your delicious and naive conclusion—nor from laughter at its unconscious irony:

"Meanwhile I beg of you, my dear Northcliffe, to maintain unceasingly the patient and wise consideration which you have breathed into your great journals, while I transmit to Mr. Strachey a small volume whose sole merit is its title: *The Power of Tolerance*."

As one more deeply interested in the war of ideas than the war of interests, as one who holds that the white light of the true international, or citizen of a united world is a nobler thing than the murky red fire of the patriot—even of the United States,—I would say but this: If our country is to reap any moral or intellectual wealth from this war, any profit more permanent than the blood-money pocketed from the enemies of the great and heroic people it has helped not only to slaughter but to traduce, let it tear or if need be, blast the heavy husks from its eyes and soul. Let it strive to grasp the true significance of that great phenomenon among the nations of the world—modern Germany.

The glory of this wonderful people will survive all calumny, as its strength will survive all attack. It is a strength, a faith rooted, not in the brute force of superior numbers, in wealth nor in dumb matter,—elements that are all in favour of its enemies,—but in intellect, in disciplined moral qualities, in the lustre of its science and the young, red blood of its virility. In the midst of its stupendous resistance to a world of enemies, it has reaped not only victories of arms on land and sea and air, but many huge victories within its own realm—economic, financial, social, political and spiritual. In the very midst of the destruction of war it has been creative and brought about a new, better and more efficient order in the very territories it

has occupied. It has even given of its inexhaustible strength to that nation whose life-blood England had sapped for forty years, and today "The Sick Man of Europe" stands forth splendidly revitalized in a valiant struggle for his liberty.

Germany was feared because she was strong from within; she was hated and plotted against because she was successful; she was overwhelmed with calumny because her cause was just and her faith in the justice of men too strong. He who has lived in that bright, harmonious and beautiful mansion that is the Germany of today, may be able to realize the inspiration that burns in this proud and noble people. When he has understood its civilization, the grandeur of which no puerile cry of "barbarism," can ever dim, he will understand why it is entitled to occupy the highest, the foremost rank.

Germany's ideal it is to bring harmony into a chaotic world through the peaceful conquest of her ideas and the voluntary acceptance of her methods. Even her greedy, blinded and revengeful foes have attempted to imitate her in these things. But the dazzling yet mystic secret of her hidden and inexhaustible strength and superiority they cannot imitate. In Germany a new spirit of classicism has arisen, and the war she wages against overwhelming odds is in its true essence a war for the liberation of the modern spirit, as much as for the right of a vital and highly-cultured nation to persist. Of late years her splendid art, her architecture, her manufactures and technical triumphs—all of them true fruits and blossoms growing out of a potent and fertile national life,—the entire magnificent fabric she is building up to house her soul, have glowed and throbbled with a spirit found only in the England of Elizabeth and the Italy of the Renaissance. These treasures have enriched and shall still further enrich the world as greatly as her music and her philosophy. The pulse of future civilization is felt nowhere so strongly as in modern Germany—no nation gives us such glimpses towards that perfection which is the goal of all the world. No nation has so thoroughly mastered the brute substance of the outer world by the coordination of her inner forces.

These words may well sound strange to Americans who have seen Germany and the Germans only through the mists of traditional misconception, or through the befouled and splintered spectacles of her enemies. But that American who is wise enough to steep himself in the electric streams that vivify the head and heart of these modern Greeks, will be repaid by contact with truth so rich and dynamic as to partake of revelation. Much does the American owe to Germany, but now, more than ever before, he owes it to himself to increase this debt by looking upon her real face and listening to the music of her gigantic heart.

When the war is over, Colonel Harvey, or even before, and you have the courage to leave some of the darkling intellectual provinces wherein you have dwelt, and the wisdom to discover this great land for yourself, you will find that not least among German virtues is a noble magnanimity towards even the most virulent enemy—so long as his enmity is due to his misconceptions. For the German is not inspired by the lust to become the master of the world so much as by the passion to remain its school-master.

Rockefeller's Dollars.

Mr John D. Rockefeller has sent thirty-five million francs (£1,400,000) to Prince Alexis of Serbia. Prince Alexis married last year an American lady, Mrs. Hugo Pratt, whose father lent years ago £2,000 to Mr. Rockefeller when the Oil King started in business.

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Process of Disillusion

"The Standard" Considers that a Defeat of the Russians Just Now would be a Heavy Blow.

London, May 25th. One of the few newspapers here which seem to realise the great dangers England is running in this war is the *Standard*, which is probably accounted for by the fact that its Editor is a man who has a considerable knowledge of Germany and conditions in Europe. Slowly the inner rottenness of England, like that of France and Russia, is being bared by the scalpel of war. Touching the faith still placed in the Russians wearing down the Austro-German armies. To all but British derision it is apparent that the Russians themselves are being worn down far more quickly than their antagonists. But England, gross and material, still stakes her faith on numbers and on mass.

In an editorial the *Standard* says:—"Admiration for Russian generalship and the prowess of Russian troops should not blind us to the very great difficulties of our gallant ally—difficulties which few in this country have taken the trouble to appraise. Confidence in the ultimate result is fully justified; expectations of a speedy or easy victory are less warranted when we remember how long and doubtfully the war has been waged along a front of nearly a thousand miles. In Russia they have no light optimists. The nation is convinced that victory will remain with its brave armies, but is under no illusions as to the magnitude of the effort required, or of the length of time necessary to wear down the strength of two vast military Empires, commanding a united population of 120 000 000."

News of a Russian reverse at this time would complete the process of disillusionment which has been going on in this country during the last few weeks. The majority of people have been far too much inclined to that foolish kind of optimism which ignores facts. The "Drunken" White-paper, to which reference was made yesterday, suggests one of two things. Either the masses in this country do not understand the situation, or a section of the workers are guilty of a baseness hard to describe in moderate terms.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

Wages are so high that unambitious men can earn all they need by working three or four days a week, and they have no way of spending their money but in drinking it. It is appalling to read of men soaking at public houses while vital repairs are either left or scamped. It is depressing to think that men on whom the fate of an Empire depends can fuddle themselves on "half a gill of whisky quickly followed by a schooner of beer" before they begin work. Even worse is the spectacle of firemen delaying transports for hours, and finally going on board so drunk that steam cannot be got up. After every allowance is made, this White-paper is the most painful official document published for many years. It is an offence against the self-respect of the nation.

Lusitania Mail Bag Saved.

A letter has been delivered to a Sister in St. Mary's Convent, Bishops Stortford, which was contained in a mail bag conveyed on the Lusitania. The envelope is endorsed by the postal authorities so that effect.

The American Embassy states.—The Consul at Queenstown informs the American Embassy that fishing craft report having sighted floating bodies, and as search becomes more thorough he anticipates that many bodies will be recovered. The Consul desires, therefore, that descriptions of missing persons may be filed at the Consulate in Queenstown.

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