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War News.

W.T.B. January 20th. Between the coast and Lys only artillery fighting. At Notre Dame de Lorette a trench of about 200 yards length was captured; 2 machine guns and several prisoners fell into German hands. Several trenches were taken from the French in the Argennes. For the last few days the German advance in these parts amounts to about 550 yards. Hirtstein, near Sennheim was conquered and 2 officers and 40 men made prisoners.

W. T. B. January 21st. The trench captured from the French at Notre Dame de Lorette yesterday was lost again. The enemy made repeated attacks along the road Arras-Lille, but was repulsed. Two French trenches were conquered at Berry-au-Bac. French attacks at St. Mihiel have been repulsed. At Pont-a-Mousson part of the positions, captured by the French three days ago were re-taken, 4 guns and several prisoners captured; fighting for the other positions continues, as also fighting in the Vosges.—An engagement at Lipno (Poland) was successful. Several hundreds of prisoners were made. The German advance northeast of Borzomiff is progressing satisfactorily. A Russian attack at Lopuzno was repulsed.

W. T. B. January 20th. During the night of January 19th to January 20th., German Naval Airships attacked several fortified places on the English East Coast. Several bombs were thrown successfully. The Airships were fired at, but returned undamaged.—This message is supplemented by reports from London to the effect, that the airships have bombarded Yarmouth, Sheringham, Cromer, Kings Lynn and the Royal Residence, Sandringham, the latter place only a few hours after the King and Queen had left for London. The damage amounts to several thousand pounds Sterling.

Vienna, January 20th. In Poland only artillery fighting. The Austro-Hungarian artillery at the Dunajec River bombarded parts of the Russian infantry entrenchments, successfully and compelled the enemy to evacuate a farm. An Austro-Hungarian detachment pressed forward to the river, inflicted strong losses on the enemy, and destroyed a bridge built by the Russians.

Constantinople, January 20th. By a night attack on the English positions at the Shat el Arab the enemy was completely taken by surprise, losing about 100 men killed and wounded. An English cavalry detachment tried to attack Turkish infantry at Cornia. The enemy, who was supported by a gunboat, was compelled to withdraw with severe losses.

Nicholas II for Peace.

For some time past, rumor has been busy with the subject of the peace desires of the Emperor of Russia. There is the best of reason for stating that the Autocrat of all the Russians, is inwardly convinced that peace is the best thing for his much tried and financially embarrassed country. Nicolai Alexandrovitch, the Emperor is of one opinion, but Nicolai Nicolavitch, the chief in command of all the Russian armies, takes a quite opposite view and he wishes at all risks to continue the war, as by so doing he has everything to gain and nothing to lose. If peace should now be made Nicolai Nicolavitch stands stultified in the eyes of the world. So he holds out fiercely, in the vague hope that he may snatch victory out of the fire. If—as is so exceedingly likely—he loses Warsaw, why he stands no worse off than he is at present. But if Warsaw falls, Nicolai Alexandrovitch foresees all the possibilities of the outbreak of a revolution which has long been simmering, the results of which none can foretell. It has become a battle of the little and big Nicolai. At present big Nicolai appears to have the upper hand, but may be little Nicolai's turn will come. Big Nicolai is reputed to be quite willing to sacrifice little Nicolai to his own ambitions, and with the army at his command, big Nicolai just now looks difficult to tackle.

Austro-Hungarian Heir-Apparent in Berlin.

Archduke Charles Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, has arrived in Berlin yesterday on his way to the German Army Headquarters, where he intends to pay a visit to the German Emperor. The Archduke and his suite have taken rooms at the Hotel Adlon. Shortly after his arrival His Imperial Highness called upon the German Empress and upon Prince August Wilhelm, who is at present staying here on account of his illness. The Archduke's visit has made a favourable impression in political circles as well as among the population of Berlin in general.

Russias Dilemma.

Emperor Nicholas is convinced that a conclusion of peace is the best policy for Russia.

Rasputin influence.

Nicolai Nicolavitch on the contrary wishes to risk all upon an effort to retrieve the misfortunes of his armies.

There is none I know of, who can talk in such an interesting way upon the subject of Russia as Dr. Paul Rohrbach editor of "Das Grosse Deutschland". The reason is that he in an out and out expert upon the subject of events in the Muscovite Empire and you can learn more from him in half an hour's talk about Russia than you might otherwise get to know in years, in the ordinary course of events.

Just now, there is no subject more discussed than the situation in Russia. And there is no rumor, which one hears more often repeated, than that which tells that Emperor Nicholas II; godfather of the Hague Conference; is in favour of the conclusion of peace.

An expert.

Therefore, it is particularly interesting at such a time as this; when all thinking politicians in this country are fully aware that the collapse of Russia would practically mean, the termination of the war; to hear what a man like Dr. Rohrbach; who has information, in spite of existing conditions, directly from Russia sources; has to say.

Well, in the first place, Dr. Paul Rohrbach has information to the effect that the Tzar of Tsars wishes for peace! That is news of the highest interest to the world at large.

And what is more Dr. Rohrbach, considers the Russians to be in a most parlous, yes, in a truly perilous state. And I will give you here the substance of what the Dr. has to say, every word of which remains vividly in my mind, although the interview was taken under ever changing conditions, a bit of it in an automobile, another part during a smart walk through traffic stormed streets and the end in the quiet of his bureau. It comes back to me about as follows.

Crops the factor.

To understand the immediate Russian situation, it is necessary to go back a few years. In the years 1909 and 1910 the grain crops in Russia were quite unusually good. As a result Russia gave out large orders abroad. It must be remembered that the mainstay of the Russian Empire is her grain riches and, so it comes, that grain, in a way is currency; that is to say its financial worth form the means of payment by Russia abroad, in return for those things which she cannot supply herself.

Again, in 1912, a splendid harvest, and once more, following on, large, over large Russian orders and commitments abroad. But 1913 came, and, with it a miserable harvest, imports enormous, exports small, consequently a rotten state of trade. Long faces in the commercial and financial world and great hopes 1914 would come up trumps and make up for the past bad year. But no such thing took place! On the contrary the spring of 1913 found Russia face to face with a far worse situation than any hitherto. Imports again exaggerated, exports sunk away down.

As everyone knows, for even the peace loving Emperor Nicholas in a fit of unusual expansiveness had alluded to it openly; Russia had proposed to be quite ready for a war, which would surely end in her supremacy over all Europe, in 1916. But, it was reasoned, by the Pan-Slav party of chauvinism, "if it keeps on like this, there will be no money to make war with!" Horrible dilemma!

A forced situation.

So the party of war headed by the tallest man in the Russian army, the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolavitch, Commander in Chief of the combined armies; backed by Iswolski, Sasonow, the late Nicolai de Hartwig the Russian Minister to Belgium; in understanding with M. Delcassé, who had not come to Petersburg as French Ambassador for nothing decided that, after all, the present moment was perhaps propitious for pushing on a war. It was true that the proposed strategic railroads through Poland had not been finished, but they would risk it.

It was calculated in Russian Pro-Slav circles, that Austro Hungary would be unable to mobilise on account of differences with her Slav populations. Also that Germany would have to send all her troops against the French and would therefore be unable to stop the Russian military masses, designed to make a victorious rush upon the German capital.

How seriously Russia was deceived in both her military calculations, is known to us all. But what is not generally known, and which Dr. Rohrbach pregnantly draws attention to forms another point, namely that

there was a third and all important calculation upon which the Russians had built their hopes, namely, that the war would be of short duration. Here again the colossus of the north has been doomed to bitter disappointment. She calculated at the utmost on a three to four months war and had pictured to herself, well before that time had come, that the triumphal entry into Berlin would have been made at the latest at Christmas.

Today, as everyone knows, Russia, as an invading force, has ceased to exist. Her losses in officers, men and material have been enormous and each day sees her beaten further and further back and the united armies are within sight of the walls of Warsaw. Each day of battle makes it worse for the Russians, better for her opponents, for Russia's shot her bolt and she has no recuperative power. She fails in everything needful for her armies and not only in material of war, but also in railroad connections.

Meanwhile, the Emperor, who as everyone knows, is anything but a descendent of Mars, after making several flying and exceedingly superficial visits to the seat of war, which he was told were necessary to restore the vanishing faith of the Russian people in himself, retired to Tsarskoe Selo, fully convinced that great dangers threaten, not only on account of the war, but of a revolutionary nature.

The Miracle worker.

Now the Emperor Nicholas, has all his life been superstitious, easily influenced by fortune tellers, persons professing mystic powers and the like. For some years past His Imperial Majesty had much faith in a Siberian peasant of the name of Rasputin, who claims to be able to accomplish wonderful feats of healing by hypnotism and is also a clairvoyant. He hypnotised the youthful and very capable heir to the throne, and is credited with having accomplished a cure thereby. In the Emperors so frequent times of indecision or trouble in late years, Rasputin has been called in and so now. Rasputin when consulted gave his decision firmly and strongly as against war, which he has assured his imperial client can bring but evil to the Empire. And so, Emperor Nicholas is against war.

He is for war.

But Nicolai Nicolavitch is for war! In spite of the multitudinous defeats of his armies, he with characteristic recklessness of the Russian, believes that he may still achieve victory. To him the losses of thousands upon thousands of Russians, have no weight. He considers that for such sacrifices the Russian Moujik is born.

He calculates that if the war were stopped now, his reputation would be badly damaged. But that if it continues, he might win a victory, and, if not, he would not be any the worse off than he is. So he plays *va banque*, in Russian fashion.

Meanwhile, the boasted Russian gold reserves are dwindling away, and the finances of the country are in a very bad way. But of that hereafter.

Interview with German Imperial Chancellor.

Mr. Conger, Berlin correspondent of the American Associated Press had an interview with Baron von Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Imperial Chancellor when the latter was in Berlin some time ago. In the course of the conversation the Chancellor touched upon several interesting subjects connected with the war, for instance the American Action for relief in Belgium, Belgium's neutrality, the battle of Tannenberg, England's cable censorship etc. The Chancellor also declared that Germany had a sufficient supply of copper, oil, rubber and similar raw materials in spite of England's blockade of German overseas traffic. We intend to publish this interview in full in another issue of the *Continental Times*.

When the War will begin.

Lord Kitchener's View.

Havas. It is stated that an English officer told the following story the other day at a French officers' mess:

A lady recently asked Earl Kitchener when the war was going to end.

"I don't know when it will end," replied the Secretary for War, "but I know when it will begin, and that is in the month of May."

America beware!

Great Britain's policy of crushing out her political and commercial rivals.

Germany today, U. S. tomorrow!

Britain's pact with Japan intended as a weapon to draw the United States into war.

To the Editor, Continental Times.

With great pleasure I have read your recent editorials on the present war and its political consequences, regarded from an American point of view. Allow me as an American citizen to give and recall two interesting conversations which I had with English commercial representative, about three years ago, in Central and South America.

At that time I served as a ship surgeon on one of the large German liners and became acquainted with officials, as well as consuls and merchants at the different ports we touched at. A particular English Consul, aboard our ship one day, to my astonished ears made the following statement, he taking me for a German.

"Well, I tell you, it is about time that England and Germany should get together and between them divide the commerce of the world."

My reply was, that such was easier said than done, and that it was for the United States to conquer the commerce of South America, as natural, she being the nearest to it.

To crush America.

To that the English Consul replied:—"To England it is a paramount issue to 'crumble' the United States commercially as well as to try and embarrass her politically. Therefore we have the pact with Japan, to keep the States down, and, upon the first occasion, draw her into war with Japan and England would then be in command."

When I asked him "what about the Anglo-Saxon friendship?" he replied "Rotten! There does not exist any such friendship, for England never would have true friendship with the United States". Then he went on to explain saying that that was a universal belief in his country, also that the difference of thought between an Englishman and an American is so great that there is no possibility of bridging it over. Besides, he claimed, the United States to be a nation of "know nothings" whilst England is a wonderful nation etc. etc. In conclusion he said that it would be a great idea if England and Japan got together and proceeded to wipe the U. S. off the political map.

Noting my surprise, he said: "We were very clever in getting hold of the Suez Canal and the same of Egypt, so that we are able to grow our own cotton so as to be independent of the United States. And, last but not least, we will get hold of the Panama Canal also, that is the Alpha and Omega of British politics."

"What about the so much talked of English American spiritual conformity of civilisation Consul?" I asked.

"All nonsense" he replied "for you know we always understood how to hide our true feelings".

Such were the main points the gentleman gave me on English politics. At the time being I regarded his utterances as perhaps merely those of a singular person. However about six months later I heard much of a similar story from an English engineer who was returning on our ship. But this latter know me to be an American. One day he said:—"Beings to sink into the sea to use a German boat. Those . . . Germans are now everywhere England and the United States ought to join hands to destroy Germany and her commerce. England's policy is to get other nations into war, stand aside and laugh and when the end comes take as much as possible".

A bad friend.

Since then I have made it my business to try and find out the political ideas of the English and all I have met have expressed much the same ideas as those quoted above. In the summer of 1913 I noticed in a Berlin morning paper an article upon American politics which I did not approve of, because it ridiculed certain American governmental ideas and talked of the Anglo-German friendship. I called the attention of the newspaper to the fact that Germany and the United States, were, by paramount and political reasons, forced to go hand in hand, as an all powerful England can never be good for the United States or Germany. For England never has and never will stand a powerful rival commercial or political. I warned the paper against the English expressions of friendship and advised it that it would be better to seek the natural friendship of the United States, I told the Editor that the time would come when Germany would be sorry

for having listened to the false declarations of friendship from England—but never expected that proof would come so soon!

Will embroil the U.S.

My idea in publishing the above facts; which I can verify at any time; is to show what the United States has to expect from the so called English friendship. I am quite sure that upon the first opportunity England will seek to embroil the United States in troubles. England's idea was in the first place to get rid of her powerful rival Germany and then strike with both hands at her other rival the United States.

Oh, how I do wish to warn our people not to trust England, and, if I cannot, history should do so. During 138 years of our history, England has continuously striven, in her own typical way, to get us into difficulties, invariably professing friendship, but really seeking to do us harm. That she has not thrown the gauntlet down to us, is merely because the time has not yet come. But should she succeed, with the aid of her present allies, in destroying Germany—which providence and the German army, may be, will prevent—her next step would be to get America out of her way.

It is impossible for me to understand how our citizens, over home, can give their sympathies to the allies. Besides I always thought that it ought to be against American ideas of fairness, that half a dozen foes should attack one. But I remember the words of the great American Lincoln:—"You can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time"

Berlin, Jan. 1915. Otto Plutschow M.D.

Galician Nobles' Homage.

A deputation of representatives of the Galician nobility has had an audience of Emperor Francis Joseph.

In a loyal address, Knight von Niezabitowsky, acting as spokesman, gave utterance to the faithful and loving sentiments of the Polish nobility living under the Emperor's sway. In the course of his speech the nobleman said:—"Our land (Galicia), which, being the scene of the war feels its cruelty most, fights with all its might under your Majesty's standards, conscious of thereby defending at the same time its faith and its centuries old culture. We shall never forget that under your Majesty's sceptre and through the kindness of your Majesty's fatherly heart we have obtained recognition of our national life and the possibility of its further development." Knight von Niezabitowsky wound up his speech with the pronunciation of the ancient loyal vow: "By thy side, most gracious liege, we stand and there we shall stand for ever."

The Emperor made a gracious reply expressing his warm sympathy with the ordeals undergone by Galicia, as well his ardent wish that a long period of honorably secured peace might recompense the Galician kingdom for its immeasurable sacrifice and devotion.

What an American Diplomat has seen in Germany.

Mr. Henry Dodge of Cleveland, who has been attached to the American Embassy, Paris during the war and also was at Berlin on a special mission to Ambassador Gerard, has now returned to Cleveland and has told interviewers about his experiences in Germany. "During my stay in Paris," Mr. Dodge said, "I only thought of the allies' victory as a question of time, but since I have been in Germany, I have changed my opinion. It looks as if Germany would give the world a surprise. Before I left France I was convinced that Germany could not stand the war longer than a year. Now I am sure, that she will stand it four years. In France I heard Germany was starving. I did not see anything of this sort. I was told Germany had not sufficient metals for the production of guns and ammunition. But she has everything she wants. I heard, she was in lack of gasoline, but I saw she had an inexhaustible supply from other oil districts. And I also saw the Germans do not hate the French; they are sorry to a certain extent that the French should have allowed themselves to be drawn into the fight. But they hate the English from the bottom of their hearts."

American Gift for Germany.

The Committee of the German Relief Fund in New York has collected 652500 Marks. Of this sum 200000 Marks are to go to the German Red Cross, 200000 Marks to the National Fund for fallen soldier's families and 250000 Marks to relieve the distress caused in East Prussia through the war. 2500 Marks are given to a private lazarett at Wiesbaden.

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Uncivilised Methods.

We print today a letter from a Merchant in Hong Kong, who tells of the disgraceful treatment to which inoffensive German civilians were subjected in the Concentration Camp established there. As he says, the English, who so glibly and so constantly make use of the words "humanity" and "civilisation", appear to know exceedingly little of the application or meaning of those terms. In the first place the British authorities in Hong Kong committed a breach of the law of nations, by not allowing civilians of an enemy state, the time to get away, as demanded by international right. Secondly they treated those civilians, so called prisoners of war, in a manner totally incompatible with the unwritten laws of humanity and civilisation. In the Boer war Lord Kitchener invented that most horrible form of detention known as "The Concentration Camp", and thus, for a long time, tarnished with shame the British name, in the minds of all humane folk. Once again, England applies the barbarous "Concentration Camp" system to civilised people. And yet, certain of England's statesmen, have professed an inability to understand German hatred for the British. Anyone who reads the letter from the Hong Kong Merchant will fully understand the existence of that bitter sentiment. And, the loathsomeness of "Concentration Camp", is but one of the many illegitimate methods of making war, adopted by the English, which arouse that disgust, in the German mind, out of which is born the relentless resentment of every Teuton against every Briton today.

To be, or not to be?

With a rapidity, which the world at large had scarce expected, Russia finds herself in the midst of immense difficulties, militarily and financially. Russia had counted upon a short war, upon Austro-Hungary being unable to mobilise and Germany being so occupied with the French forces that she would be unable to resist the invasion of the Russian hosts. All three calculations have missed fire. The Russian forces, badly beaten in all directions, are no longer in a position to invade Germany, but, on the contrary, are at their wits ends to know how to save themselves from utter and hopeless defeat. At such a juncture, according to the well known authority on Russian affairs, Dr. Rohrbach, Emperor Nicolai Alexandrovitch wishes for peace, whilst the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolavitch, is reckless, ready to risk all, and advocates a continuance of the war. We commend the article upon "Russia's Dilemma," on page 1, published today to all our readers, as being of quite special interest.

Facts versus Fiction.

Today, on page 1, we commence the publication of a statement, in the form of an open letter, from Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the well known writer of fiction. Sir Arthur unfortunately took upon himself to write, in the columns of the London Chronicle, the most scathing remarks concerning Germany and her methods of conducting the war. The author of Sherlock Holmes was evidently deceived. His accusations were based upon false reports supplied him, and, upon those, he let loose his world famous, imaginative talents. Mr. O'Donnell Bennett however has the advantage of Sir Arthur, for he was with the German troops, he made extensive trips through Belgium, he frequented with the people. As a practical American newspaper Correspondent, he supplies facts, and those simple realistic truths work terrible havoc with unsubstantiated reports upon which Sir A. Conan Doyle builds his charges. It is all in all, a matter of facts versus fiction.

Extension of Territorial Zone.

Rome, January 18th. *Tribuna* confirms the report that the United States have agreed to Italy's proposition the extend the zone of territorial waters during the war from 3 to 6 leagues.

Britains shame.

In Hong-Kong civilian Germans were treated in the same ignoble manner as at Newbury.

Never to be forgotten!

Each one who passed through the ordeal will bear rancour towards England his life long.

The following letter is from a German Merchant in Hong Kong:—

Shanghai, 13 Nov. 1914.—The government of Hong Kong did everything possible, to prevent the Germans being expelled, not that they particularly cared for us, but because it was well understood, that it was in the interests of the colony, that the Germans should continue in their businesses unmolested. It was generally known that Sir H. M. was disposed to be friendly to the Germans, and it was not his fault that it came to their being ousted. According to report, it was, that the military party in Hong Kong, had set its all, upon the expulsion of the Germans, giving as a reason that it is a fortified town, and, that thus, it was not in the interests of the British, that their stay should be further allowed.

Kept prisoners.

Immediately after the outbreak of hostilities we were informed, that those of us would be allowed to remain, who, on the 5th of August, were domiciled and doing business there. Only later, it was evident, that it was not a matter of permission in the true sense of the word, but an inhibition to leave the colony. For, immediately upon the outbreak of war, several well known gentlemen, acquaintances of mine, applied to be allowed to go away and in each case a refusal was the answer. But as it is usual, according to international law, that the subject of belligerent countries shall be given a certain time, in which to get away, a protest was signed by us all, sent through the medium of the American government in Washington to be forwarded to the British government; as that privilege had not been extended to us. Naturally that was of no effect, but the treatment meted out to us merited being known in broader circles. In any case the imprisoning of all persons between the ages of 20 and 45 years, is an outrage of the first order. The Provost Marshall, decided, after a scrutiny of our military papers, as to whether this or that one was entitled to military service or not, and as might have been expected of him. He had no clear knowledge of German military law, and thus he came to the very remarkable decisions. For instance R. and B. were not imprisoned although they belonged to the Landwehr at home, would be immediately called to the colors, because there was a clause in the passport, which was absolutely misunderstood. On the other hand all those who had not served (ungediente) in the first and second calls of the Landsturm were interned, and all requests to be set free were simply ignored. Neither did they take any notice as to whether, physically, they were fit to serve or not. Thus for example B, who had undergone four severe operations, and who could scarce even bend down, was arrested, likewise N., having but one eye, and D. A. Bk., in spite of his serious illness and so on.

Awful conditions.

I myself was also interned and was only released upon my wife going to the governor K. and thereby obtaining for me a special examination of my particular case. The condition of the camp in all respects beggars description. We were placed in sheds made of matting, without any proper protection against the weather and the damp earth. No wooden floorings. In my shed we were 17 people, so closely packed together, that not even a small trunk could be placed between the beds. Without exaggeration one may say, that the Chinese coolies lived in a highly sanitary state, compared to us in our huts. Also there was not the slightest comfort, one could not even place a nail anywhere, upon which to hang ones clothes. And with that, the terrible damp, which was made all the worse, during the few days I was there, as it rained in torrents. Young vigorous people might have held out under such conditions, but certainly not those whose constitutions had been undermined by long years of life in the tropics.

Miserable arrangements.

The washing facilities were of the most primitive. Six water taps, which had to suffice for 250 imprisoned Germans, not to speak of the open closets, of which if I remember right there were six; altogether made up unspeakable sanitary conditions. It was evident to the German doctors also there confined, that such conditions must surely, in the course of time develop all kinds of epidemic diseases. In truth such accommodation would not have been fitting even for Hottentots or other such uncivilized folk, and in any case represent a shame for a nation, which on every possible occasion make use of the words "humanity, civilisation" and so on, with boastful significance. Each one who has had to pass through it, will bear resentment to the English for the remainder of his life.

Wretched fare.

There were three meals during the day. Of a morning, at a quarter past seven, two ducks eggs, with a piece of sour bread and tea. At half past twelve, two ducks eggs and tea. In the evening stewed beef with peas or cabbage, nothing else. On that diet I lost five lbs in three days.

Each morning we had to work one hour and a half, digging, hauling and carrying earth away. That was, naturally, taken lightly: Each prisoner was given a number by which he was known, mine was 238. On arrival, each was given an eating outfit, which consisted of an earthenware mug, a knife and fork. The younger men of the office, were interned a few days earlier than the elder ones; and the ones admitted as being old were taken away at the same time as myself.

Each one, upon arrival, was deprived of any papers he might have, knife, money and so on. Of the money they had brought with them, not more than small amount was allowed with which to buy a few things at the canteen.

That it may be known.

I have told you in detail of these things in order that, at home, it may be known, in what a shameful manner, and means the English treat the, so-called, prisoners of war. The German cable service here, has told us during the past days, that in the course of a few months a large number of the prisoners in concentration camps have died owing to the unsanitary conditions in which they were condemned to live. I think that the Germans, even when their prisoners be Cossacks, treat them in a manner fitting of a civilised nation.

On Monday the 4th of the month, I was set free and as we were to start by the Manchuria in the afternoon, I could naturally only take away with me the most needful luggage.

Just as mean as their behaviour to the German prisoners of war, is the way and manner in which the German firms were treated. Concerning the liquidation in Hong-kong, I wrote you yesterday, and I only hope that the war may end favourably for us, in order that the situation may be reversed, and a part of our inevitable loss may be recovered.

Aircraft Peril and Gunfire.

Interesting aspects of aerial warfare are described in the letter of an English military aviator from which we print the following:

He says that if the aeroplane which is being fired at happens to be one of our own one naturally curses the "Boches", and longs for it to escape, but if it is a German machine being fired at by our own guns, well the pilot is a "Boche" and must be shot down, but at the same time he is a poor-aviator, and one always has a sickening feeling of hope that he will escape being hit.

He says that that morning he felt quite glad, in a French shell missed a German aviator by inches. Immediately afterwards he expresses his disgust at having to stay on the ground instead of being able to go up and chase the same machine.

The idea probably is that it is really sport chasing the enemy in the air, for he may give as good as he gets, but one does not like to see him brought down by a weapon against which he cannot very well reply, though, of course, if the aviator happens to carry bombs he might hit back.

When one of the Allies' machines goes out to chase the Germans away they promptly turn back, and when they are over their own lines they dive almost vertically with the intention of enticing the pursuing machine into following them. Their hope evidently is that they may thus bring down the other plane within range of the German machine-guns, for they are finding that machine gun fire is much more deadly than all their high-angle guns firing shrapnel.

This direct dive practised by the Germans has a secondary advantage for them, in that when a machine is standing vertically on its nose it offers a smaller area as a mark for the pursuer, and it also has the further effect that the oil in the tank apparently runs to the front of the engine and floods the forward cylinder, so that the engine throws out a dense cloud of smoke, which quite possibly serves to hide the body of the machine to some extent from the marksman in the aeroplane which is chasing it.

When an aeroplane is flying against the wind, it offers an almost stationary mark. The Germans, of course, know this as well as we do, and apparently hold their fire till they see the machine is flying against the wind, and as a result they are now getting very much closer to their targets than they did during the early part of the war, when the weather was practically calm for weeks at a time.

During the last month or two some of the old "pompoms" which were used so largely in the South African war have been tried as anti-aircraft guns. These are machine guns, like glorified Maxims, but they fire one-pound shells instead of ordinary bullets.

The only drawback to them is that unless they score a direct hit on something pretty hard, such as the engine of a hostile aeroplane, the shells do not explode, and, having once gone up into the air, they have to come down without bursting and flying into small pieces as shrapnel does. Consequently, unless the gunner operating one of these weapons is very

careful he is quite likely to drop a dozen shells or so among his own troops, which is liable to make him somewhat unpopular.

England and American Cotton.

By Professor Kuffler, Vienna.

When England was recently stated to have granted the United States a permit to send consignments of cotton freely to all European countries (which therefore included the countries at war) the question of the supply of cotton during the war seemed definitely settled. But the wording of the English answer to the American note has shown distinctly that it is no use reckoning with the bona fide interpretation on the part of England of the assurances given by her. The expression of the suspicion that cotton bales might be used to smuggle copper shows what expedients England reserves to herself to prevent the shipment of cotton, despite official declarations to the contrary. Whoever has once seen a bale of American cotton after the removal of the iron hoops knows that such kind of examination, especially where fresh pressing of the bales cannot take place, means the entire depreciation, if not the destruction, of the shipment. Even more unsatisfactory is the statement that "England, for the sake of her own national safety must stop all goods addressed to the enemy. Legally there may be an appreciable difference between capture and stoppage but for the purposes of commerce such difference is non-existent as it is not very tempting to buy goods in America, pay for them and then receive delivery after the war. The United States will do well to insist upon greater lucidity with regard to this point. The danger inherent to the shipment are sharply reflected in the prices. Although new sources of supply have become available cotton still costs in Europe nearly twice as much as in America, freights representing nearly 50% of the value of the goods.

10,000 Sightseers at Scarborough.

The North-Eastern Railway Company ran excursion trains from Leeds, York, and many other northern towns for Yorkshiremen to see the damage done. The excursionists overwhelmed the railway company, who had to enlarge trains hurriedly or run them in duplicate.

Nearly 10,000 excursionists came into the town during one day. Restaurant-keepers benefited, and taxicabs were constantly engaged. A cabdriver said it was the first day he had ever had in his life. Picture-postcard sellers took more money from the visitors.

Shells "All 'Ot."

The most curious trade, and also the one showing the finest percentage of profit, was that of the small boys who sold pieces of shell—big lumps two-pence, splinters a penny. Never before was such a market for old iron anywhere. One smart lad warmed up bits in a chestnut-baking outfit and sold them for shells "all 'ot." The visitors must have taken away a ton or more of metal.

Just over 200 houses have been damaged, and the best estimate so far obtainable places the loss at about £48,000. This includes damage to furniture as well as to buildings. In strict law the sufferers have no claim for compensation, but there is a general feeling that the losers should receive some consideration from the Government.

To Travellers in Italy.

Bologna, that quaint mediaeval city of Northern Italy harbours many attractions for lovers of nature and friends of art, well worth a short or prolonged visit. Americans in particular have always been gratified with their stay at Bologna and more particularly with the reception given to them in a spacious fifteenth century *palazzo* which on closer inspection turns out to be an hotel: the *Grand Hotel Brun*, famous all the world over for its fine hospitality extended to all comers — not without its monetary equivalent, of course. Mr. Frank, the proprietor, it may safely be said, is better known to people from all over the globe, than many a Cabinet Minister of a great Power. All those who have visited the *Grand Hotel Brun* will take with them a lasting memory of his genial personality.

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AN EPITOME OF THE WAR FOR AMERICANS
READY IN FEBRUARY.

**President Wilson,
as Viewed by "Fairplay."**

It would take the flavor from the following utterances of British conceit published in a recent issue of the "Fairplay" if we were to add anything, preferring to leave it to all impartial people to form their own judgment and idea as to the worthiness of the "Fairplay" to comment on the character of President Wilson.

"As a metaphysical doctrinaire, President Wilson is almost admirable; but when he tries, after the fashion of Gobbo, to compound with his conscience, his effort lacks the Shakespearean touch. It may please the pedagogue in him Kim-like to pretend to pose as the little friend of all the world; but even impartiality has a frontier beyond which it cannot with honour progress. Germany has deliberately, and solely for her own ends, sought to degrade the standard of international morality; she would substitute the conscienceless bravery of a Pedro the Cruel for the chivalry of a Black Prince; she would have the world forget that

"The valour from virtue that sunders
Is left of its nobler part;

And though Lancelot's arm may work wonders,
Yet braver is Galahad's heart."

Until the Twentieth-Century-Satan worshippers who corrupt Germany have been exterminated, no nation that values its self-respect can have soot or lot with the German people. It is unworthy of a President of the United States of America that he—above all, at this time—should try and emulate the subtlety of those professors who have done so much to set back the dial of civilisation. America can be either with us or she can be neutral; but she cannot at one and the same time be with us and our Allies, and with Germany, and her people cannot be, in the Presidents words, "the true friend of all nations, because they threaten none, covet the possessions of none, and desire the overthrow of none." The thing is unthinkable, and I cannot believe that Dr. Wilson, in speaking as he did, any more, voiced American thought than do those well-meaning, but most mischievous, sentimentalists who are advocating a truce on Christmas Day. Terriers don't make treaties with vermin; and until Essen and all it connotes has been wiped off the face of the globe why, in the name of all that's idiotic should we call off the dogs? And as for the mongrels who would have us do so, I have only one order for them; "Kennel up!"

WAR DIARY.

January 11th 1915.

The Russian general staff announced to the world a great victory, the storming of a village with the beautiful name of Brzozowo, near Mlawo, not far from the Prussian frontier, and destroying or capturing the German troops there. General von Hindenburg's headquarters has branded this report as a lie pure and simple. If Germany's enemies are already beginning to content themselves with paper victories, they are welcome to all victories they may win—on paper.

How sound the economical conditions in Germany are, is again clearly indicated by official figures just published. End of August, the first month of the war, trade unions reported to the central statistical office of the Empire on the average 22.4 percent of unemployed members, end of September 15.7, end of October 10.9 and end of November 8.3 percent only. It is beyond question that the figures for December will show a further reduction of the number of unemployed working men. How great the demand for labor, especially skilled labor is, may be judged by the numbers of advertisements in the daily press. Other figures published by the Imperial statistical office, will further illustrate conditions. On August 22nd 1914 only 4896 positions for work were reported as open, while 150 622 applications for work had been made; on December 12th there were 17 787 open positions while only 78 609 applications had arrived.

Even members of catholic orders are being dragged into taking part in the war. The head of the German province of the Societas Jesu, Rev. Hans Gross, publishes a protest against a book by Father Vaughan, containing his war speeches which are stigmatized by his German brethren as highly offensive and insulting for the German Emperor and the German people. So the poets, authors, playwrights and professors throwing missiles of oratory against each other have been joined by priests and ministers of the gospel. Who is next?

Seized German merchant vessels are being sold at public auction in London. The auctioneer is cracking his accustomed jokes and, between two sales, the audience sings the national hymn. A nice combination of business and patriotism. But business above patriotism. Quite English, you know.

James O'Donnell Bennett, until recently London correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune" and now in Berlin as special correspondent of his paper has just published an open letter addressed to Sir Arthur Doyle in London. Mr. Bennett made himself famous by getting into trouble with the London censor whom he convicted of distorting and falsifying his telegrams to America. The author of many a sensational detective novel had tried to be

Vienna Topics.

Notice to Americans.—How "la grande nation" treats her prisoners.—How Austria interprets the task.—Emancipating the fashions.—Not much doing in the Adria.—Exchange of Aero Club Greetings.

The American Embassy, 4th District, Wohllebengasse 9, is endeavouring to get into communication with the persons stated below. These persons are inquired after by their relatives in the United States and for a number of them money is held by the Embassy.

Tillie Aaregan, Dr. Alexandrowicz, Evelyn R. Baker, Cally Barer, Elisabeth Bauer, Rosie Benken-dorf, Nisha Berger, Salomon Berger, Nevena Berzensky, Slicia Bessler, Rebecca Bessner, Jenie Bieher, Telka Bonk, Hitzig Branchy, Rosi Brown, Sadie Chaja, Eva Cohen, Fanny Cohen, Mary Cudat, Freida Davidman, Sauchy Diaria, Sadie Eisenberg, Bertha Fieltel, Katherina Filipek, Helen Filipek, Julia Filipes, Dr. A. Frelich, Martha Gall, R. E. Gallagher, Elias Goldmann, Marie Gerstner, D. T. Gilman, Herbert Godwin, Eva Goldsmith, Anna Goldstein, Fanny Gottdank, Abe Gotthelmann, Hersch Gottlieb, Lena Graff, Lillie Gross Green, Lusie Grochli, Ella Gross, Lille Großgreen, Esther Harowitz, Frank A. Heitz, Paul v. Hosen-Schleyer, Sarah Kahn, Tillie Katz, Marie Katzenellenbogen, Louis Kinkelstein, Helen Filipek Klempa, Sussel Kohn, Aron Konig, Mary Kuziv, Jakob S. Kranthamer, Rosie Langson, Malie Langsum, Beckie Leifer, Isidore Leitner, Anna Leutz, Catherine Loda, Rose Mager, Anore Messer, Henri Nadler, Helen Najsarek, Cilly Neerer, Margaret Newman, Moses J. Ohringer, Gussie Owades, Frau Peps, Joseph Potocki, Moses Priesand, Jure Pusalovich, Simon Reszoe, Elsie T. Rippel, Ethel Rose, Louise Rosenbaum, Clara Rosenberg, Meschuler Rosenstrauch, Brantz Mayer Roszel, Jenny Roth, Charlotte Rosenzweig, Mollie Savonitz, Mollie Schneider, Mary Schutzman, Rose Selwich, Dr. Lawrence Shields, Annie Seliger, Le Roy Steminowicz, Anna Stinik, Dora Sperber, Cussie Spiter, Elaszoe Spitzer, J. Scherzer, Kanil Schindler, Maria F. Schluster, Dora Schwall, Leiser Schultz, Chaici Steckel, Ing. J. Sternberg, Sigmund Slicman, Wladyslaw Strzepek, Annie Sturdy, Mrs. Peps Tauster, James H. Thompson, Elisabeth Washington, Chrapko Wasyl, Andre R. Weingartner, Leah Weiss, Rose Willner, Anna Wohl, Aldanita Wolfskill, Rosalie Ziemba, Mary Zaklukowicz.

Horror is being caused in Austria by the multiplying evidence of the scandalous treatment meted out to Austrian and German civilian prisoners in France. The Parisian paper "Humanité" has published a letter of a young lady whose mother is a French-woman become German by marriage. The father has lived in France 53 years without interruption. Six passages of the letter have been crossed out by the censor, yet what remains affords awful reading. It appears from the writer's remarks that only very few of the letters sent out from, or addressed to the camp, reach their destination. Then comes the passage: "The American Ambassador alone would be able to do

something for us, but no one can write to him, not only because our correspondence is seen by the prefect, but because a letter posted by the local mail would surely be intercepted an account of the address." The lady and her 73 years old mother were sent to the concentration camp in a cattle truck and almost starved on the way. Ever since then they are fed on water soup and stale crusts and have to sleep on a bundle of straw. Part of their companions are unfortunates and thieves from the women's prison of St. Lazare. The medical arrangements are the poorest possible. All the children in the camp are suffering from whooping cough.—It is to be hoped that the American Ambassador or Consul has acted by now in the matter.

A letter from the Greek Orthodox field preacher Gorbazewitsch published by the Russian newspapers "Kijewlianin" and "Nowoje Wremja" goes to show that his captors are more conscious of their civilization than the French. This is what the letter says: "Up to now I am getting on well. I cannot complain; I am not threatened by the Austrians are courteous, attentive; I am paid 6 krones a day, but only spend half of that. The dinner and other food is excellent" etc.

An energetic movement is on foot to make Vienna fashions independent of French and English influences. Of course the present time is particularly favourable to these aspirations. A number of Viennese sartorial artists have been invited to submit designs for original Viennese spring fashions, and 400 designs in colours are already being exhibited.

In contradiction of assertions published by the foreign press the Commander of the Austro-Hungarian fleet reports the following: "Since the sinking of the "Zenta" on 16th August, not one of our ships, boats or aeroplanes has sustained the slightest damage by hostile, let alone our own gun fire, although plenty of munition was used against them; not one man in our fleet has been even wounded. On the other hand the French submarine "Curie" has been destroyed, and a battle ship of the "Courbet" type has been hit by two torpedoes and badly damaged, if nothing worse. Since the 3rd. November, apart from submarine craft, no enemy ship has been seen on our coast.

The Aero Club of America has addressed to the K. K. Oesterreichischen Aeroklub a letter deploring the loss to the "Fédération Aéronautique Internationale" of so many brave members, in consequence of the European wars. Their names will be inscribed in the Aero Club's roll of honour for heroic deeds

Russias's Awakening.

By John Waff.

At all times it has been a significant symptom to see the leading Russian newspapers go for each other in blind hatred. Even stronger evidence has been afforded of general dissatisfaction with the policy of the country whenever full agreement in vital points was shown in spite of these bickerings in the press.

Your money or — peace!

The "Russkoje Slowo" (a sheet which is officially inspired on frequent occasions) is calling upon England to come at once to the financial assistance of the Tsar's Empire, saying that Russia's own resources are entirely exhausted, so that, otherwise, a separate peace with Germany and Austria-Hungary would be compelled. Though it is quite true, the argument goes on, that Russia, France, England, Belgium and Serbia agreed with each other on the 4th September last not to conclude a separate peace, that arrangement implied the understanding that the costs should be borne collectively too.

Russia sows — England reaps.

In a controversy conducted in the Russian newspapers with regard to the future of Armenia Dschiweljekoff in the "Djery" ("Day") opposes Miljukoff's view that Cilicia need not form part of the autonomous Armenia to be created. He says: "The Armenians have always felt themselves drawn towards the Mediterranean. Russia's economic interests demand a railway connection between Persia and the Mediterranean, for once they are

masters of Cilicia, even the control of the Bagdad railway by England will no longer constitute a menace against Russia's economic interests."

The "Rjetch" in commenting upon these observations remarks that after all the constitution of an autonomous Armenia can only be effected with the co-operation of England, which country would only agree to a Russian protectorate over Armenia upon that condition, seeing that Armenia is traversed by a section of the Bagdad railway. For this reason a fine opportunity is given to everbody's economic interests—except Russia's, is the newspaper's lament.

Mexican Oil Wells.

Reuter, via Holland. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador conferred with Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, regarding the situation at Tampico, and afterwards telegraphed direct to General Carranza, pointing out the injurious results which would follow any interference with the oil supply from that district.

It is understood that this was done at the direct suggestion of Mr. Bryan, who also protested to General Carranza on behalf of the United States against his action in closing the oil wells controlled by British interests in the neighbourhood of Tampico.

(Later.) Mr. Bryan announced late in the day that the United States had warned General Carranza that serious consequences would follow if he threatened the confiscation of foreign oil wells in Tampico.

January 13th 1915.

Late editions of the evening papers bring a sensation: Count Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs has resigned and the Hungarian statesman Baron Burian has been appointed in his place. The short official communication accompanying this interesting piece of news only states that "purely personal reasons" have caused the resignation of the count. This lets the event appear in a still more mysterious light than the customary poor health which so often is discovered by ministers. A near future will clear up the mystery, at present it would be idle to indulge in mere suppositions except in so far that although Count Berchtold served his country well under exceptional circumstances he may have liked to entrust the rudder of state into stronger hands. The many changes which have taken place in the highest military positions, and now this change in the place of the leading statesman is not very encouraging. What did Abraham Lincoln say during the Civil war, in the presidential campaign of 1864? "You don't swap horses while crossing a stream." Well, they are crossing a big and dangerous stream just now.

President Wilson has held a speech in Indianapolis, Ind., where he according to London newspapers reports, praised America as the only great country where peace is reigning. "Only America," he is reported to say, "saves her strength for her own people, only America uses her resources for the benefit of peace and of her own people. Some day the world will say to America: you were fortunate and we were unfortunate. You kept your head cool and we lost it. Should we, therefore, not ask your advice? It is written in the future that we shall be called the blessed people among the nations." I only hope that President Wilson and the American people will be blessed in a very near future with a good dose of common sense and a strong feeling of fair play and justice towards all. It is certainly not very edifying for a close friend and admirer of the American people to hear every day from German friends the entirely justified complaint that it is a queer sort of neutrality to permit almost daily large quantities of heavy field and siege guns and rifles and ammunition of war going out in shiploads to England and France while England does everything in her power to throttle Germany by the most unfair and illegitimate means, even by preventing legitimate commerce of America with Germany and with neutral countries. If the President and secretary Bryan be blessed with a strong sense of international obligations they will not inform congress that the Hitchcock bill prohibiting the exportation of all material of war entirely will be retired, but to the contrary, that the bill has the full support of

the administration. Little Sweden has just given her big sister America an example, by prohibiting not only the exportation, but even the transportation of material of war through her territory.

Ambassador Gerard had a good laugh the other day. He was shown an item in the London "Times" to the effect that he had proposed to the German government to treat Australians among the English prisoners of war better than the rest. He thought it was the best joke he heard for a long time.

Many Americans, who for sheer sympathy with England have joined the chorus of men advocating the war of civilization against the German Huns and barbarians should read an article by the Dr. Arthur Levy, field rabbi of German troops in Poland, published as the result of investigations made by himself in Poland. He gives the following data without any comment whatever: In Radom the Russians hanged three innocent Jews without any court proceeding or sentence.

In Stachew they hanged eleven Jews on Jom Kippur day in the synagogue.

In Klodawa they hanged two of the most prominent Jews, just coming from divine service on a Friday evening, from the balcony of the house belonging to one of them after his wife had been compelled to secure the ropes. The bodies of the men bore a piece of paper with the words: "Hanged because they would not change a three rouble piece."

In Schiblowec Jewish girls drowned themselves in the Pilica lake after having been assaulted and ruined by Russian soldiers.

In Kleczew 150 Jewish citizens were arrested and taken to Warsaw as spies.

In Skiernewice the order to expel all Jews arrived on Friday evening just when they had lit the Sabbath candles. 10,000 Jews marched conducted by their rabbi out of the town into the cold dark night.

In Lowicz two young Jews were mutilated and hanged afterwards, as spies and a third one, the dealer in wheat and rye Moses Lipschütz, shared their fate. The names of the two young Jews are Sandberg and Fränkel. In Bezawa, gouvernement Ljublin, on one single day in October 78 Jews were hanged as suspected spies.

In Lodz 15000 small Jewish dealers were robbed of all they had and expelled. Jewish women of Lodz were forbidden to visit their wounded husbands in hospitals of Petersburg and Moscow because Jews were not allowed in these cities.

In Zdunska-Wola Russian soldiers assaulted and ruined all women and girls, even a woman having given birth to a child three days before, and girls of six and five years were not spared. One woman died from the treatment she had suffered. Her husband

even a little more sensational than formerly and penned an article entitled "A Policy of Murder.—How Prussia has degraded the Standard of modern Warfare." In his letter Mr. Bennet, in very modest, but so much more impressive language, puts Sir Arthur to sleep never to wake up again. The absurdity of the accusations, based wholly on hearsay, is shown so convincingly, so conclusively, that this open letter should be read by every American. It would do no harm to Englishmen to read it also, but so much impartiality is not to be expected from Englishmen that they take the trouble to read such things. I cannot resist the temptation to quote here one paragraph of Mr. Bennett's letter which might be of great interest for some of my personal friends in the near future. He writes, shortly before the close of his somewhat lengthy letter as follows: "Unscrupulous correspondents, too, have been a deplorable factor in this war. Of one of them—I regret to say a countryman of mine—who had written, and got printed in America, the most hideous charges against the Germans, the American minister to Belgium said to me, "The man is a rat and a disgrace to journalism." I violate no confidence when I add, that this diplomats sympathies, though he had not publicly expressed them, were believed to be with the Belgians. But he none-the-less hated lies about the enemies of Belgium. I mention the case of this correspondent because you (Sir Arthur) speak of the "consistent, systematic lying of the German press." This chartered liar, whom Minister Whitlock denounced and who was getting his lies printed in England and America, wrote things that for falseness and scurrility and bombast I have not seen even faintly approached in the least trustworthy sheet of Germany. So far Mr. Bennett who immediately before this sentence mentioned the London "Daily Liar." Should there be some connection between that paper and the correspondent mentioned in the letter?

January 12th 1915.

A whole fleet of German flyers has crossed the channel and appeared above the mouth of the Thames and Dover. Unfortunately the weather was so unfavorable, thick fog enveloping the whole landscape beyond all hope of distinguishing land and sea, that the flyers had to return without doing any damage. Let us hope that they appear again in the same region under more favorable conditions.

Again a large battery of dirt and calumny has been fired against the German army, this time by the French prime minister Viviani. But like the real French artillery, his ammunition is very poor. A long list of complaints and accusations, not a single one based upon real facts with names and dates, but only hearsay, gossip and clear lies. I cannot help

but think that the world is getting sick and tired of such warfare which is carried on, not with arms and men, but with mud. The German government is perfectly right and ad has hit the nail on the head when it declared that every charge is to be thoroughly investigated if any basis is given, but that it is below the dignity of the German army to occupy itself with mere calumnies. The Swedish paper "Aftonbladet" already protests against the flooding of the public press in neutral countries with such utterly unproven improbable charges against the German army.

English army transports are no more sent from Dover to Calais and Dieppe, but from Portsmouth to Le Havre and La Palice, for fear of German submarine boats. But still they chant that Britain rules the waves!

Mr. B. Derburg has made a speech at the "Republican Club" in New York, about the "freedom of the ocean", in which he gave as his opinion that the ocean should be freed by prohibiting warships to travel beyond the three mile limit from shore. If all countries and powers came to such an agreement, the throttling of neutral commerce by England or any other power would be impossible, big navies would become superfluous and only a few warships of an international character were needed to keep down piracy on high seas. It sounds very nice and provoked, no doubt, great applause in New York. But then why not apply the same principle to land conditions also? "If all powers agree", large standing armies could also be made obsolete. But what a big IF! I am afraid, the freedom of the ocean will have to be secured by German submarine boats, or by warships flying the stars and stripes, convoying American merchant vessels with neutral goods for all countries.

A big dead whale has been washed ashore on the coast of Holland and an investigation brought to light the interesting fact, that the animal had been killed by an English shell fired from a coast battery, which took the poor beast for a German submarine boat. And still they say that the English are devoid of humour!

General Joffre, the generalissimus of the French armies, is greatly admired by his countrymen, and rightly so. He has undoubtedly handled the large masses of troops very adroitly and is still giving the Germans many a hard nut to crack. Like all great men he is entitled to a byname. If his countrymen should be amiss to find a suitable one for him I could help them out of their predicament, by proposing to call him "Joffre the Hercules". For he has performed a real Herculean deed. He has cut off the official heads of not less than 77 fullfigged French generals who were entirely unfit for their positions secured only by political influence. This cleaning of the Augiasian stable alone would suffice to secure for general Joffre a prominent place in a French Hall of Fame!

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who had been in the field as a soldier, returned wounded a few days later and found his motherless child. He had fought and bled for the Zar.

These are the allies of England, fighting for civilisation against German Huns and barbarians.

January 14th 1915.

A splendid victory of German troops who fought in the presence of their Imperial chief the Emperor, is reported from the West. The third army corps (Brandenburg men under general von Lochow) has, in two days hard fighting, stormed the heights north of Soissons and taken over 3000 prisoners of war, a number of guns and war material.

German submarine boats have paid a nightly visit to Dover and terrified the British population again. Excellent news!

Dr. Hexamer, the president of the German-American National Alliance, has called upon the members of the alliance to call mass-meetings in all American towns and cities and pass resolutions protesting against the policy of President Wilson, permitting material of war to be shipped to the allies in open violation of neutrality laws. As I said a few days ago, the President is playing a dangerous game. He and his party will have to suffer for it at the next election. Everybody knows that the German and Irish voters combined can easily swing the election from one side to the other. Which way they are surely going to vote at the next general election, has been clearly shown by the result of the last election in November. Shall a democratic administration be again merely a four years interregnum between republican administrations? President Wilson should take warning and read the signs on the wall.

The passing, by the Senate, of a resolution introduced by Senator Lodge asking the secretary of war to lay before congress again a bill prepared by the general staff last year to provide for an army of 460000 men and the necessary material of war, is another sign of the times. The people of the United States of America seem to wake up to the cognisance of the fact that militarism is not so bad after all.

The Berlin office of the German-American Chamber of Commerce in New York calls the attention of German exporters and manufacturers to the fact that Anglo-American businessmen order large quantities of goods in Germany and sell them at war prices in America while they ask their German customers for their consent to postpone payment of the goods delivered to them on account of the depression of business caused by the war. German exporters are advised to inquire beforehand whether their patrons in America are of German, American or English origin. Berlin slang has a beautiful word for such men: "Gemüthsathleten."

January 15th 1915.

The papers are still commenting the change of ministers in Vienna without furnishing much elucidation. It seems to me that Count Berchtold did not consent to some concessions to be made to Italy for remaining neutral. If this is true, I cannot blame him. It is a strange ally to whom I have to make concessions for remaining neutral when I expected him to help me.

The victory of Soissons is still much greater than at first reported. The Germans have thrown the French army across the Aisne river, occupy the heights dominating the fortress of Soissons, have captured 5200 prisoners of war and taken 35 guns, large quantities of rifles, artillery and infantry ammunition, machine guns, quickfiring revolver guns etc. The Emperor who was present, decorated generals von Lochow and Wichura on the spot.

In a proclamation to his people the Emperor requests them not to send to him, by mail or telegraph, any congratulations on his impending birth-day, because it would unnecessarily disturb postal and telegraphic service between the front and the country. He adds that this year which had firmly united the entire German people with him, special expressions of loyalty were superfluous. If his people would pray for him and his country to God Almighty he would be grateful. This modest and simple appeal to his people will win the Emperor new friends. Before the war he has often provoked sharp criticism and opposition, justified and unjustified, but since the beginning of the war he enjoys general love and admiration by his people who appreciate his firmness and earnestness in the fulfilment of his onerous duty.

At the Berlin stock exchange which is not opened officially but doing much business privately, the last war loan was quoted today at above 100, the price at which it was sold by the government a few weeks ago having been about 97 1/2. The 3% Imperial bonds were quoted five points beyond ante war quotations. Nothing can speak louder of the extraordinary financial and economical strength developed by the German people during this crisis. The full success of a new war loan to be issued about the beginning of March is assured beyond doubt, while Russia is already at her wits end and compelled to beg her allies for a loan of a miserable 1 500 000 000 Francs. England will give her one billion and France half a billion Francs at very humiliating conditions, to pay the interest on her older loans. This loan means, therefore, nothing more than the protection of the interest of French and English holders of Russian bonds and postponement of the complete bankruptcy of the Russian Empire for a short time only. The financial catastrophe seems to be unavoidable,

according to reports from financiers in neutral countries, and might be accelerated by a military catastrophe. That France would be ruined financially at the same moment, while her economic position is rapidly being completed by the war, is beyond question. How long, then, will England be able to bear the financial burden of carrying on the war alone? Mr. Lloyd George's last million might be gone before he is aware of it.

German businessmen have been officially informed that several steamers flying the American flag and bringing cotton to Bremen and Rotterdam, will be available for shipping goods to America. Another good sign for returning prosperity.

January 16th 1915.

The American Luncheon Club assembled yesterday again around small tables in the hospitable Adlon hotel. The assemblage looked a little different from ordinary times, more military, quite in accordance with the requirements of the day. Six American officers in undress uniform distributed among the club members, gave the meeting a tinge of war life. They are in Berlin, waiting to get permission to go to the front and see something of a European war; probably three of them will go to the East and three to the West. In one of them, Lieutenant Colonel Shartle, formerly the American military attaché in Berlin, I had the pleasure to meet an old acquaintance. All these officers expressed, without hesitation or reluctance, their great admiration for everything they had seen here, and they have been visiting military institutions, barracks, drilling grounds, prisoners camps etc. for more than a week. It seemed to me that they were amazed at the multitude of German soldiers who are still ready to go to the front, at the almost inexhaustible resources, in men, material and money, of the country. One of them said to me that Germany seemed to make good the old song so often heard on the English vaudeville stage: "We've got the men, we've got the guns, we've got the money too." Another told me frankly he formerly did not believe the story that the German people were really united as had been described in reports from Berlin. Now he had convinced himself that it was no exaggeration but literally true. Only about one point they would not speak because their lips were evidently sealed officially. When they were asked which side would, in their opinion, win this war, their mouths were shut like clams. I came very near forgetting the guest of honor Mr. Kaempf, president of the Reichstag and of the "Elder Merchants" of Berlin. He made a short address defending the German standpoint and praising the President of the United States for defending the legitimate rights of neutral commerce against attempts to suppress it. It

seemed to me that Mr. Kaempf was distributing rather freely what Germans are used to call "Vorschusslobernen." If the American government, in the course of time, will have deserved the praise given them by the venerable president of the German Reichstag, well and good.

A change is to take place among the Imperial secretaries. The head of the treasury department Mr. Kühn has resigned and Dr. Karl Helfferich will be his successor. This change is significant in more than one respect. That Mr. Kühn retires now, is easily understood because he is not one of the youngest and has done his full duty in serving his country honorably. The time is favorable for a change because in the near future the chief of the treasury department will be called upon to guide the Empires financial and commercial policy under very different and trying circumstances. When peace is once restored, everything which has been smashed by the war, is to be built up anew, and upon an entirely different basis. Dr. Helfferich is a young man—he is only 42 years of age—and has already a very interesting career behind himself. He studied national economy under the best German professors, habilitated himself as teacher of his science at Berlin university, made himself acquainted with colonial affairs, entered the Imperial service in the colonial department, took part in many important negotiations about colonial and commercial questions and finally left the service to become one of the directors of the "Deutsche Bank". In this latter capacity he came into close contact with the leading statesmen and financiers of all countries and conducted the affairs of the Anatolian railroad in Minor Asia, for his bank. So he is well equipped in every respect to initiate the new financial era which is bound to come. The Imperial Chancellor has unquestionably hit on the right man when he proposed to his Imperial master to appoint Dr. Helfferich as secretary of the treasury.

Early in November, the English have attacked Tanga, one of the largest cities of German East Africa. They appeared with a number of transports and landed 8000 men of British, Hindoo and African troops. After a battle of two days they were severely beaten and compelled to seek shelter upon their ships in hasty retreat, losing heavily in men and material of war. The German forces numbered only 2000 men, but they will send them home again if they should dare to show up once more. Good!

January 17th 1915.

General army headquarters begins to be less reticent than heretofore and to enlighten the public on the general situation as well as on current events. This morning the papers contained two important reports written by

the general staff, one about the battle of Soissons, the other a brief sketch of what has happened in Poland and Galicia during the last three months. Both are highly interesting. The storming of the heights on the northern bank of the Aisne river, dominating the forts of Soissons, is to be considered as one of the finest achievements in ancient and modern warfare. The result is very pleasant and promising for the Germans who, in the long, tedious, enervating stay in trenches, have lost nothing of their vigor in attacking and storming. The description of developments in the East is written in very simple, modest language, without any attempt to become dramatic in tone or expressions, and impresses the reader so much more. It admits unhesitatingly that the Germans have been twice in a very precarious situation and that only the greatest skill of army leaders and the incomparable bravery of the troops have saved them from destruction. But one can read between the lines that evidently the main power of resistance of the Russians seems to be broken and that the struggle in the near future would be less hard for the Germans than in the past—a very promising prospect, too. Last night the general staff informed the public that the general offensive movement begun by the French generalissimo Joffre about four weeks ago, has not only broken down entirely, without embarrassing the Germans in the least, but has cost the French, at a very conservative estimate about 150 000 men in dead, wounded and prisoners, while the German losses reached hardly one quarter of this figure.

Since almost a week the daily papers bring fragments of the expected official reply by the British government to the American note, complaining of the restriction of American commerce by British warships. It seems to me that at first the British government replied only in a note containing glittering generalities, attempting to flatter American vanity, in the hope to end the matter thus. But the unfavorable reception of this note by the American press and public has prompted the English government to inform secretary Bryan that it was only the first half of a reply, the second, more specified half to follow soon. Mr. Bryan has replied that he will wait for the second half before he ventures an official opinion. We can also easily afford to wait for the other, let us hope, better half. It can be inferred from the comments in the American press that the English government is greatly mistaken if it surmises that it can appease the American people with mere words. What Americans want and must insist upon, is a strict consideration of international obligations by belligerents towards the lawful rights of neutral commerce—not less and not more. And the Americans will get it, too.

An Open Letter. A practical American newspaper correspondent James O'Donnell Bennett, refutes Sir Arikur Conan Doyle's charges. Facts versus Fiction.

The one man saw what happened, the other merely heard vague reports and was imposed upon. "I have seen!"

Metz, Germany, December 1914.
Twice I have read with strict attention, and with growing amazement an article of some 2,000 words contributed by you to the London Chronicle and entitled "A Policy of Murder. How Prussia has degraded the Standard of modern Warfare." To me that article seems a very terrible and a very terrifying document—terrible in its wrath, in its passionate sincerity and in its massing of statements; terrifying in its effect upon the minds of neutral peoples if its statements are accepted.

In making some reply to your accusations I shall not so much try to say things that will call in question the things you have said as try to say things that will to some extent give another point of view than yours on one of the greatest and most perplexing questions of the time—the question of how Germany makes war.

I venture to cast my statements into the form of a personal, but not a private, letter to you because I wish to be temperate and mannerly, and constantly to make myself realize that I am, in a sense, speaking face to face with one whom I regard as a good and gifted man, a man who is not only a proved patriot but whose work is one of the adornments of the literature of his country.

I would not come into your library and storm at you. Nor will I do that merely because leagues of land and sea separate us and because I am unknown to you. It is for these reasons of propriety, and not because I wish to connect a little name with a notable one, that thus personally I address you. I owe you too much gratitude for many an hour of relaxation to wish in these troubled, feverish times to be either rude or patronizing.

On the wings of your high fame your words will travel far, and they will convince many. I have no fame but I have some facts. The opportunities I have had for gathering them may be estimated from this brief chronology:

On August 12th I arrived in Brussels from London, where I had just taken up my work as London correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. During the next five or six days I made brief trips to the east and south of Brussels—as far east as Landen and as far south as Namur. On these journeys by train and on foot I heard no reports that I was able to confirm of wanton atrocities perpetrated by German troops against the Belgian civil population which had observed the laws of war, but I did hear of some instances of drastic punishment meted out to franc-tireurs. On August 20th I was in Brussels and watched for three days and a half the passing of thousands of German troops through the city. I was in many parts of Brussels for many hours of that strained and exciting time and I neither heard of nor saw an act of outrage or pillage. I did not see even an act of rudeness on the part of either the population or the invading soldiery. What I did see was friendly visiting between groups of civilians and soldiers at 7 o'clock in the evening.

That was four hours after the entry began.

On the following Saturday, August 23rd, I started on a trip that took me in the wake of German columns as far south as Beaumont. On Saturday I was far in the rear of the troops and in towns which the Germans had not yet garrisoned. At Nivelles the party of which I was a member visited for two hours with the townspeople and some peasants who had come in from the country-side. No outrages were reported. Half the next day we went on foot through a dozen Belgian villages and learned of no atrocities. The rest of the day our party marched alongside a German baggage train and saw Belgian women, apparently unterrified, giving cups of water to German soldiers. It is only fair to suppose, however, that they had been ordered to do that. In confectioners' shops we saw German soldiers civilly asking for chocolate and scrupulously paying, in marks and pennings, the price demanded.

On Tuesday we were compelled to rest all day at an inn in the Belgian town of Binche because our feet were badly blistered from unaccustomed marching. We moved freely among the population, making small purchases of equipment and larger ones of horse, dogcart, and bicycles. A German baggage train or two passed through the town but no German soldier hindered our movements. In fact we appeared to be identified by the Germans with the Belgian population, and they let us alone.

The next day we rode and marched by ourselves through many Belgian villages and towns. We heard stories of unprovoked atrocities when we visited with the inhabitants but always it was "in the next village, messieurs." Arriving at the next village we received the same assurance, and so on all day. Finally a Belgian burgomaster told us that he had been investigating the reports for two days and come to believe that they were

frantic inventions. Of the cruel signs of war we saw much and of the summary execution of franc-tireurs we heard something and we heard it from Belgians. That evening we caught up with a German column at Beaumont and we were placed under surveillance by German officers.

The next day surveillance became arrest, and on that day (Thursday) and on Friday and Saturday we had, of course, no opportunity to learn from Belgians how the had been treated or mistreated. But we did have ample opportunity to observe how the German soldiers behaved themselves. We found their conduct admirable. Even to five men whom they had gathered in as suspected spies they were considerate. They did not bully us but shared with us their food and drink.

On Friday night they put us on a train with scores of French prisoners of war bound for Cologne, depositing us at Aachen and seeming right glad to be rid of us. In Aachen we were under surveillance for three or four days by the civil police and then ceased to be objects of either suspicion or interest. The town being convenient to the Holland border where we could mail our letters to America, we made it our headquarters for nearly two months. During that period I made two trips to scenes of German military operations in France, each time under escort of German officers. On those trips I had scores of opportunities to observe the iron discipline of the German troops, their sobriety, their scrupulousness in paying for meals at the French inns and their good understanding with the civil population in France, and it is of these matters that I would make some statement in detail.

In the opening paragraph of your contribution to the Chronicle you say that "a time has now come when in cold blood, with every possible restraint, one is justified in saying that since the most barbarous campaigns of Alva in the Lowlands, or the excesses of the Thirty Years' War, there has been no such deliberate policy of murder as has been adopted in this struggle by the German forces. This is the more terrible since these forces are not like those of Alva, Parma, or Tilly, bands of turbulent and mercenary soldiers, but they are the nation itself, and their deeds are condoned and even applauded by the entire national press."

Haltingly, owing to a meager knowledge of the German language, but pretty faithfully for more than three months, I have followed the reputable Cologne and Aachen papers on the war, and I have neither read, nor heard read, any such condemnation or applause. Naturally what they do not concede that German troops have outraged the laws of civilized warfare.

You say in your next paragraph that "war may have a beautiful as well as a terrible side, and be full of touches of human sympathy and restraint which mitigate its unavoidable horrors," and you cite instances from the mediaeval wars between England and France, and from the campaign in the Peninsula, in proof of that assertion.

And then you ask: "Could one imagine Germans making war in such a spirit as this?" I cannot only imagine it but I have seen it.

I thought it a beautiful thing to see my friend Captain Franz von Kempis of the Königin-Augusta-Garde-Regiment No. 4, standing uncovered on a chill October afternoon before the grave of the French officer who today is known throughout the German armies in northern France as "the brave Alvares." That soldier was commander of the Fort des Ayvelles near Charleville and when the garrison refused to take up arms against the Germans which he felt his honor demanded he killed himself. The victors buried him with military honors in a lovely evergreen grove behind the fort, and over his grave they erected a beautiful cross fashioned with patient skill from wood. And that cross bears this inscription in German text:

Here rests the brave commandant. He was not able to live longer than the Fortress entrusted to him. By this simple cross of wood the German soldier honors in thee the hero of duty.
Second Landwehr Pioneers Company of the eighth Army Corps.
Sept. 1914.

Some day in happier times I hope to show you the photograph of this shrine-place under the evergreens. In late October the German Wachtmeister in charge of the little force guarding Ayvelles was keeping the grave green with fresh boughs.

It seemed to me a beautiful thing to see French soldiers kissing the hands of German doctors who ministered to them in the hospital at Laon, and I have seen few finer, sweeter deeds in my life than the action of a German doctor who placed an arm under the back of a suffering and distraught Frenchman, and, drawing him to his breast, said, "I give you my word

that you are not going to die, but you must help me to make you well by keeping yourself calm."

Two big tears rolled down the Frenchman's cheeks and there was a look of infinite gratitude in his eyes when the doctor gently lowered him to the pillow.

I thought it beautiful and touching to see two big German soldiers sitting in the front room of a house in the town of Betheneville, not many leagues from Reims, while a little French girl, perhaps 12 years old, gave them a lesson in French. It was they who seemed the children and she the adult, so awkward and simple and attentive were they and so monitor-like and strict with them was she.

The French children who were begging pennings with pathetic, pretty histrionism from the princes, generals, majors, captains and private soldiers who came and went through the railway square in the French town where great headquarters of the German armies were located seemed to me to afford decisive enough proof that these little ones were not much afraid of Mr. Kipling's "Huns." I noticed with pleasure that almost never did they meet with refusal.

And again, I could not convince myself that much personal rancor was existing between German invaders and Belgian noncombatants when a German officer, whose automobile was already well filled, stopped the car on a country road to ask a Belgian doctor whether he could not give him a lift to his destination.

And in desolated Dinant I both wondered and smiled when I saw Ober-Lieutenant Dr. Lehmann of Dresden busily helping the Belgian mistress of the inn to set the dinner table when a party of shivering officers and correspondents arrived unexpectedly one chill night in September. The eager officer was perhaps more of a bother than a help to the hostess but she took his activity in good part and there was much laughter and chaffing between them. He had made his quarters at the inn for many days, and every Belgian about the place seemed fond of him. A month later I was there again for a night and the first thing I did was to ask for the Ober-Lieutenant. "Oh! he is departed! He is gone these many days!" cried all the women folk in chorus and seemed genuinely sorry.

It was at Dinant, too, that I twice studied the method by which the German army is daily providing 600 destitute families of the town with bread, meat and coffee, charging them absolutely nothing, while families which can pay obtain food at cost. Meat is delivered to the local Butchers, and German sergeants stand by in the shops to see that the people are not overcharged. In Brussels I heard an assistant to the Belgian burgomaster ask the German commandant of the city, Major Bayer, for 10,000 sacks (that is 2,220,000 pounds) of flour for the poor. I heard the official stamp come crashing down on the typewritten request which the official also submitted, and I saw the paper returned to the Belgian functionary with a smile of acquiescence.

To go back to Dinant, I saw little human tokens like the words chalked in German on the door of a poor Belgian house. "Here lives a grandmother 98 years old. Keep out!", and on the door of another Belgian house the words, also in German, "Here is a new baby. Be quiet."

Within a stone's throw of the first of the forts which the Germans took in the fighting around Liege I saw in October the grave of a Belgian soldier. It was strewn with green boughs and above it was a wooden cross on which had been lettered in black paint, "Here lies a Belgian soldier." The humble, but as the times go, sufficient memorial was the work of German soldiers—now regarding the ruin of a fort around which was some of the hardest fighting of the war.

Such things, Sir, I have seen. In your article in the Chronicle you cite many instances of atrocities but in not one statement do you give the name of either the accuser or the accused.

In the citation of humane deeds I can be more explicit than that. I can give you the name of Mrs. Mannesmann who, struck to the heart by the agonies of French soldiers writhing and jerking with tetanus in German-superintended hospitals at Hirson and Laon, undertook a perilous and exhausting journey to Germany in order to purchase the serum for tetanus and convey it to France. She is the wife of one of the Brothers Mannesmann of the great German firm of Mannesmann-Mullag. That noble woman I have had the honor to meet and, since she speaks as good English as you or I can write, I was able to talk understandingly with her. During our talk she uttered not one rancorous word concerning the English or the French. Indeed, Sir, it is only within recent weeks of the war that I have heard opprobrious words fall from the lips of Germans when they spoke of the allies.

Let me also give you the name of Miss Bessie Sommerville, and English gover-

ness in the family of Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein of Aachen. That lady wrote a letter which was forwarded with letters written by English prisoners of war to their families in England and in it she said:

"I wish you would let the English papers know of the kindness and consideration we English receive at all times from the Germans. It makes me furious and at the same time sad to read the things that are being said of Germans in English papers. I mean how they treat their prisoners and so forth. They are vile lies. I have plenty of opportunity of knowing how Belgian, French and English prisoners are treated. I have heard only of kindness and courtesy, and all prisoners that have passed through Aix-la-Chapelle must say the same. I only hope the Germans will have the same to say when they return from England. I could write much more but space doesn't allow."

I hoped that Miss Sommerville's letter would be printed in the London papers because it seemed to me that it would bring comfort to many an anxious, aching heart. But I have been unable to find it in any of the numerous English journals which have come under my eye. I sent it to the paper which I serve and my editor gave it a conspicuous position.

Another little incident from Aix:

Baron Mumm asked Captain Lyster, an English officer who was prisoner in Aix, what could be done to make him comfortable. "Better than anything else," the Captain replied, "I would like a briar pipe and some tobacco,"—and he named his favorite mixture. Baron Mumm spent some time in seeking that brand and when he returned, the Captain asked, "How much do I owe you for this?"

"Nothing at all, my dear fellow," said the baron. "In happier times you and I will have a good dinner together at the Carlton and this will be pleasant to remember then."

May I give you another specific incident with names and places? An English woman of prominence who is a cousin of Sir Edward Grey and is a large landowner and president of the Red Cross in a northern country, was enabled through the good offices of Robert J. Thompson, American Consul at Aix, to fulfill a mission which took her to a military prison in Germany. She confessed that she came through Belgium with fear and loathing of the Germans in her heart. She returned over the Dutch frontier with tears of gratitude for what she described as "the unfailing courtesy and kindness of German officers," who she said, had not only allowed her to visit a captive English officer who was under suspicion of espionage, but also had given her opportunities to accomplish her mission in the fullest possible way. She viewed the prison and observed the treatment its occupants received and she remarked several times, "Why, it is just like a boys' school in England!" And she later told the consul how her countrymen had their playgrounds, their sports, their money, their servants and their newspapers. She was full of admiration for the perfection of the system and for the human, brotherly feeling which characterized the working of it.

The consul told me, he could never forget the tears and the deep, womanly feeling of this lady as she expressed herself in parting on the dark, stormy night when he took her over the German border into Holland. Her last words to him were renewed assurances of her gratitude to "the courtly German soldiers."

Here is another bit of testimony from an English subject whom slander of the German has sickened. He is Captain J. B. George of the Royal Fusiliers and he wrote from Mons in September:

"I had bad luck. I was knocked out in the first half hour. I was two days in a German hospital. They could not have treated me better had I been the crown prince, from the lowest orderly to the senior medical officer. I hope you will tell this to anyone who is running down the Germans."

And here is testimony from a French officer—Surgeon-Major Dr. Sauve, Rue Luxembourg, Paris:

"I have seen in the German hospitals at Sompigny and Aurore the French wounded receiving exactly the same treatment as the German. I may add that not only the French wounded but also the French prisoners whom I saw were very well looked after."

With the following letter I cannot give you names but I have no reason to believe that it is a forgery. It was first printed in newspapers published at Kiel and is said to have been given to the press of that town by relatives of the German captain mentioned in the letter. It was then copied by several other German papers, among them the extremely cautious Cologne Gazette, from the November 9th issue of which I translate it. A French baroness living in Lille writes

to a German captain who had been billeted at her house:

"Lille, October 20th.—My dear Sir, I must tell you that I pray God may guard you until you again see your mother, who surely has given you a tender and careful upbringing. I will care for your officers as if they were our own. Believe me, dear Sir, with deepest feeling, Baronne de B.—"

Toward the close of the second paragraph of your article you state that in the Peninsula campaign, to prevent the destruction of an ancient bridge, the British promised not to use it on condition that the French would forego its destruction, "an agreement," you add, "faithfully kept upon either side."

And then you ask: "Could one imagine Germans making war in such a spirit as this? Think of that old French bridge and then think of the University of Louvain and the Cathedral of Reims. What a gap between them,—the gap that separates civilization from the savage."

Now may I ask a question or two? Why not think of the exquisite Hotel de Ville at Louvain which was saved from destruction by fire solely through the heroism, energy and ingenuity of German officers, who though comrades of theirs had been shot in the back by civilians firing from attics and from cellar-windows, worked to save one of the most precious memorials of ancient times, and worked to such good purpose that today the superb structure stands unharmed? I have seen it.

Why not think of the choir-stalls, the paintings and the silver ornaments which German officers removed from the cathedral of St. Peter at Louvain and entrusted to the present burgomaster of Louvain, who, in turn, deposited them in the Hotel de Ville across the way?

Why not think of the great buildings of the University of Louvain which are not destroyed? You say they were, but on a Sunday in October I saw them standing. It was the library of the University which was destroyed.

"Think of that old French bridge," you say, "and then think of the Cathedral of Reims."

Why not think, in this connection, of the three parlementaires which the Germans sent to the French, requesting them not to use the tower of the Cathedral as a point for signalling to the French batteries the effect of their fire? One of these parlementaires never came back! As a final warning the Germans blew down a smokestack near the Cathedral, and when they finally opened on the towers, so as to drive away the men who were signalling, they used very thin shrapnel. Days later I saw the towers still standing, and the statement as to the parlementaires I had from German officers of high rank, in whose speech I found nothing to warrant me in calling them liars off hand.

Why not think of the art commission headed by a German privy councillor and head of an imperial museum in Berlin, which Germany sent through Belgium from Liege to Mons to tabulate works of art in churches and convents within the zone of danger and to remove them to places of safety,—not places of safety in Germany but places of safety in the Rue Royale in Brussels? And these treasures when delivered there were placed under the control not of German but of Belgian curators.

Why not think of the fact that, almost without exception, burgomasters, curators of museums, bishops and priests worked loyally and frankly in the cause of art with the German commission?

Why not think of the fact that one of the treasures they removed from possible peril was van Dyck's "St. Martin Dividing His Cloak," a masterpiece which, merely on the basest grounds, is calculated to make an appeal to the cupidity of an invader, for its money value, so experts say, is not less than Lst.50,000!

At the opening of the fourth paragraph of your article you ask this question:

"Can any possible term save a policy of murder be applied to the use of aircraft by the Germans?"

You are speaking more especially now of the dropping of bombs on unfortified cities by German airmen, and you say that "occasionally these men have been obliging enough to drop their cards as well as their bombs."

And you add: "I see no reason why these (cards) should not be used in evidence against them, or why they should not be hanged as murderers when they fall into the hands of the allies."

I am glad, Sir, that you are not a British general, for it is my conviction that, if you gave orders as you write articles, you would add fresh horrors to war. And also it seems strange to me that a publicist who so passionately extenuates the Belgian franc-tireurs' mad defiance of the laws of war should be so keen for reprisals

The American Correspondent O'Donnell Bennett Clearly Demonstrates the Fallacies of Conan Doyle.

against German airmen who have done only what English airmen have done. For, Sir, English airmen did drop bombs on the unfortified city of Düsseldorf in an attempt to destroy balloon sheds. That attempt was only partially successful, but the next morning the Cologne Gazette described the long flight and the dropping of the bombs as "a brilliant feat" and said that German airmen would hope soon or late to return the compliment of the visit to Düsseldorf. As a sporting proposition the incident made an impression which was not lost on the German mind, and hearty recognition of the fact was made.

The truth is that aircraft are, like automobiles, a phase of "the new war," and the world must accept them if the world is to continue warring. The principle of war is, as we all know, to strike terror, physical and spiritual, into your enemy. This the airmen do with superlative success. There is, too, an ancient saying that war is most merciful when it is quickest, and the operations of airmen certainly expedite disaster and destruction.

In your fifth paragraph you say: "As to the treatment of Belgium, what has it been but murder, murder all the way," and you add that "it is said that more civilians than soldiers have fallen in Belgium."

I should not be surprised if that second statement were true. There is a reason why it should be. It would not have been so, I am confident, had the population of Liege, of Louvain and of towns and villages lying between Liege and Louvain kept their obligations as civilians, or, donning uniforms, gone into the army as soldiers. My observations in September, and again in October, in Northern France, convinced me that the civil population of Belgium and not the Belgian army was the principal cause of Belgium's woes. For in France the German army encountered very few franc-tireurs, with the result that there were few instances of reprisal against citizens. Village after village I passed through in the track of the German army, and nothing at all was destroyed. In scores of inn parlors I have sat while German officers and privates ate. The landlady and her daughters would go busily and politely about the serving of food and at the end of the meal not only was the food scrupulously paid for, but the girls would receive really handsome tips. This I saw so often that I came to take it as a matter of course, as, in truth, it was.

And always when the officers left there were courteous adieus and wishes for a pleasant journey on the one hand and on the other laughing assurances from the soldiers that they hoped they might come back to so good an inn "in happier times."

In Belgium, too, I witnessed numerous unforced and genuinely obliging exchanges of civilities between the invaders and the invaded. Two incidents were typical and they were observed not only by me but by two other American correspondents and by the American consul stationed at Aachen.

In the Belgian town of Huy, where the bridges had been blown up by the Belgians in their retreat, not by the Germans, the can containing extra benzol for the car of the German officers with whom we were travelling began to leak as we were passing up the main street. A Belgian ran up to the car, told Captain Mannesmann, who was in uniform, what was happening, and offered assistance. The benzol had to be transferred from the un-sound can to a sound one and for that a funnel was required. A baker came out of his shop and offered the loan of one. A third Belgian gave advice and assistance when the cans were again lashed to the rear of the car.

When we moved on we were hailed and a Belgian, waving his hands and smiling, ran after us for 400 feet with a wrench that had dropped from the car. These friendly offices were not performed in a truckling or a cringing way, nor, apparently, in the expectation of a fee, but with simple good will to travellers. I may add, as indicating the kind of discipline the German authorities have laid on Belgium, that in Huy it is impossible for anybody—Belgian, German or neutral—to buy any heavy spirits. Only beer and mineral waters are to be had. The number of altercations that so wise a regulation prevents in a difficult situation you will comprehend. At Chimay, also in Belgium and the seat of the prince of that name, who, by the way, had fled to Paris, we talked with an innkeeper when no German officers were by. We asked him how affairs went in the town under the administration of its German commandant, von Schlemann. "They go well," he said, "for in all our difficulties we know we will get justice from the commandant."

In Maubeuge we heard a French woman who was going to the mairie to get from a German sergeant her slip of requisition for German flour, say she was glad her husband was a prisoner of the Germans for now she knew he was safe and getting enough to eat. In the same town another woman said she was glad the Germans had come because it meant that "the thieving, filthy Turcos," as she called the

black colonial troops of France, were out. Mr. Cobb and Mr. McCutcheon told me they heard the identical remark in other French towns. I tell these things to you not because I personally am glad that France is invaded but to give you the point of view of humble folk who seemed to feel that they had suffered from allies of France more than they would suffer from the avowed enemies of France.

No man, however, who has crossed the eastern and southern provinces of Belgium would be so absurd as to contend for one instant that the German operations in that kingdom have not been a bitter business for Belgium. Were the traveller to make such a contention, a score of desolated and deserted villages and towns would give him the lie. Nevertheless there has been exaggeration, almost as appalling as the desolation, in the statements concerning the extent of the damage done. The wife of a socialist member of the Belgian ministry, for example, lectured in Chicago a few days ago on behalf of the Belgian relief fund and after speaking of the "murderous Germans," and what they had done she was among many other sweeping remarks, the statement that "Louvain can be spoken of only in the past."

That is not true. A liberal estimate as to the part of Louvain that lies in ruins is one seventh. More conservative observers are of the opinion that one tenth of the entire city is destroyed. I am inclined to accept the larger estimate. So far from being "a city of the past," Louvain is coming out of the heavy bewilderment which its sorrows laid upon it, and, under German auspices and with German assistance, is making good progress in clearing away the wreckage. In the day-time the people move freely through the streets and do not seem terrorized. The street vendors, for example, drive a brisk and good-natured trade in picture postcards with German soldiers.

German officers and officials with whom I have talked have never spoken lightly of the sufferings of Belgium and they are sorry for Belgium. "You have been in Dinant," said the Secretary of the German Foreign Office, von Jagow, to me. "So have I," he added, "and it is terrible, but war is war and it is tenfold more dreadful when the civil population takes a hand in it."

And when it comes to the kind of resistance or reprisal—one cannot call it war—which the franc-tireur makes, Sir Arthur, know what the Walloons of eastern Belgium are. Turbulent, truculent, and unschooled, they fight—no, one cannot say fight—but fire from cellars, from attics and from behind hedges, using the while the protection civilian garb confers on veritable non-combatants but not accepting the honorable risks that go with the uniform of a veritable soldier. The adjectives which mankind has applied to the lower orders of this Walloon population, and the facts of their annals, are to be found in any guide-book or school history. Brave, in a lawless way, they certainly are but often devout and sometimes treacherous. You know the old proverb concerning the inhabitants of the ancient province of Hesbain, now a part of the province of Liege—"Qui passe dans le Hesbain est combattu le lendemain." And the fact was, and is, that the enemy who passed that way got his fighting in the back "on the morrow".

The Belgian government felt a lively apprehension of the suffering which the Walloons, and their compatriots further west, would bring upon the kingdom and throughout the week or ten days of the advance from Liege to Brussels many burgo-masters, and the minister of war, issued daily, and sometimes hourly, proclamations in which they pleaded with the people to observe the laws of war as bearing on the obligations of civilians and gave them the most explicit warning that the participation of civilians in the hostilities would bring the most terrible penalties on whole communities and on innocent women, children, and the aged. Copies of these proclamations, addressed "Aux Civils" I have by me. Their language is often passionate in its solicitude.

I asked an American gentleman who has lived for five years in Belgium and who loves the country, though he does not love the people (I refer to Mr. Lawrence Sterne Stevens, an artist), why these warnings had had so little effect upon the Walloon peasants, miners and metal workers. "Because," he replied, "the number of illiterates is so large in Belgium that thousands upon thousands of the people could not read the proclamations."

And so, impotent and fruitless, these placards stared the people in the face from hoardings and dead walls, and the firing from behind walls and hedgerows began. It was tragic but it was not war. And it was so utterly barren of permanent results, and it drew such severe reprisals, that I could quite understand the point of view of Major Bayer, German commandant of Brussels, when he said, "These Belgians do not know what war means."

The event proved how justified were the apprehensions of the Belgian government regarding the sense of their obligations as civilians which was entertained by the

humble folk of the countryside and of the mining villages. Hundreds of misguided persons were shot and thousands of dwellings were burned. And yet, widespread as is the ruin I have witnessed, I was amazed at the discrimination the enemy displayed in meting out punishment. In Dinant, for example, the second and the fifth house in a long terrace of, say, ten houses, would be destroyed. All the rest would be intact. Manifestly the houses from which franc-tireurs had been burned. The rest had been spared. When you consider that this discrimination was exercised during the terrible hours of street-fighting, you will realize that, though the Germans, God knows, had been severe, they had not been ruthless. My compatriots, Messrs. Thompson, McCutcheon and Cobb, observed time and again during our Belgian wanderings the proofs of this reasonably accurate justice dispensed under trying conditions.

In Brussels, forty days after the entry, I moved freely among the native population and made a sincere effort to learn whether the German garrison had subjected the Brusselsians to humiliations or hardships that were not inevitable in the administration of a captured city by invaders. I could learn of none that were scandalous. For two hours I talked with Mr. Louis Richards, the American proprietor of the Restaurant de la Monnaie, and I persistently sought from him specific instances of abuse which had come under his observation. He was in a very resentful state of mind, naturally, for not only is he fond of the land of his adoption but also the effect upon his business was deplorable. But when it came to the citing of instances of oppression, the most drastic example was given when he said, "Well, they take all our pigeons. They are very expensive birds used by the Belgians in their popular sport of flying matches. It seems a high-handed thing to do."

As the boom of the German guns around Antwerp could that instant be heard in Brussels, and as information from the outside world might have been invaluable to the forces defending the beleaguered city, it did not seem to me unreasonable that the Germans should have confiscated the carrier pigeons.

And, on the other hand, it seemed to me that much was to be said in explanation of the strict regulations as to lights, hours of closing and public assemblings which had been made for the better ordering of the city by officers like General von Jarowitzky and Major Bayer. For those officers, among hundreds of others, some of whom had not come off so luckily as they had, had been shot at from ambuscade, from cellar windows and from attics by civilians. As a consequence their attitude towards the Belgian population was not precisely trustful.

Nor would it have been surprising if German officers who had seen 60,000 dum-dum bullets taken out of the Maubeuge forts had not been in a very placable mood. But Major von Abercron, the commandant of Maubeuge, had been so scrupulous and tactful in his dealings with the unhappy and anxious population of the town that the mayor of Maubeuge said to Consul Thompson, when no German officer was by, "As to the conduct of the German soldiers we have nothing to complain of."

Of the 60,000 dum-dum bullets I do not speak from hearsay. I helped to open and helped to photograph several boxes of these diabolical missiles.

In your Chronicle article you make the question-rhetorical a potent instrument. Permit me one such. What then, Sir, of these 60,000 dum-dum bullets packed in reinforced boxes that were piled high in the mairie at Maubeuge?

And in view of the fact that the Germans had almost begged the French not to use the towers of the cathedral at Reims as points for signalling to their batteries I thought it rather a splendid thing that, in spite of refusal, the Germans did not demolish the towers.

That their guns were not trained on the towers I had proof in the late afternoon of September 29th, when I walked along the ramparts of Fort Brimont about five miles from Reims, and again on the glorious afternoon of Sunday, October 25th, when I stood on the heights at Fort Berru, about four miles from Reims and looked down on the ancient city. The truth is that in the protection and conservation of historic edifices not a nation in Europe is more systematic as to the method or more pious as to the spirit than Germany is. The owner of a shrine place is not permitted to demolish it and he can make alterations in it only by official sanction and under official supervision. He is, however, permitted to sell it to the government. As to the so-called vandalism, which has been one of the special charges made against the Germans in this war, one has only to refer to that sole remaining castle in the Rhineland which stands today as it stood in ancient times, and stands so only because it lay off the track of a successful French invasion. The path of war is, indeed, the path of destruction, and there is no nation, least of all Great Britain, which unnecessarily destroyed the capital of the young American Republic in 1813, that is

in a position to read Germany a lecture in these matters. Who that has wandered among the shrine places of England has not felt a pang at some of Cromwell's work, but what republican does not feel that England is freer today because of Cromwell? These burnings and bloodlettings are terrible but they seem sometimes to be part of the discipline of pain by which humanity finds its way to what is righteous and wise.

As to the minor matters of caretaking and the observance of decencies of everyday existence I can say that there was not a room in a single French chateau where they were quartered that the German officers with whom I travelled for hundreds of miles did not leave in as good order as they found it. And in several instances I know that they left the bathrooms more tidy than they found them. In the saloons of chateaus, notably the chateau of the Prince of Chimay at Chimay, which had been occupied for a month by a large staff of German officers, the most fragile ornaments were unharmed, though many of them stood uncovered on mantelpieces and marble tables.

At the stately staff dinners and in the barrack rooms I have found sobriety and decorum the rule among the German soldiers. In all my travels in German cities, and with German columns in Belgium and France, during the last four months, I have seen just three German soldiers who showed signs of too much drink. All were privates. One was surly and suspicious; the second was effusively good-natured. Both were in an inn at Beaumont. The third was in a melodic mood and was singing in the streets of Aachen. He was the only drunken soldier I have seen in a German city since the first of September and I have stopped in Metz, Trier, Coblenz, Bonn, Brühl, Köln and Aachen. The Germans are, as all the world knows, a drinking but not a drunken people. In war time this decent moderation is not abandoned. In all my travels I have observed the soldiers closely and I have found them neither profane nor drunken. On the contrary I have time and again—at Laon and at Charleville in France and at Metz and Aachen in Germany—seen them kneeling in prayer before the high altars of the cathedrals.

Of the womanly devotion of the German Kriegsschwester, and of the homage accorded them by officers of the highest rank, I will not speak in detail because I know that such devotion is not peculiar to the women of any one nation, nor is the homage vouchsafed to war-sisters withheld by any man worthy of the name of man.

The stately etiquette observed at the staff dinners which I have attended may be worth a word of mention because it will assist you to differentiate the German officers from Mr. Kipling's "Huns". That formality and courtliness I have noted at the table of the sterling von Zveel, which was laid in a grove on the firing line, of the venerable and benevolent von Heeringen, of the suave d'Elsa and of the unassuming and friendly von Gebattel.

At not one of these dinners, though the wine went round freely, have I ever heard an oath or an indecorous tale. Nay, I must modify that statement a little. An old captain who was riding with us one day did tell us a racy story, but it was not vile and it had a very funny point to extenuate its coarseness.

One other fact as to the moral of the army. Constantly the Young Men's Christian Association is following the troops, and no sooner is a Belgian or a French town garrisoned than the association establishes in that town reading and writing and dining and visiting rooms for the soldiers. These quarters, known as "Soldatenheime", are directed by both Evangelical and Catholic chaplains, and both Evangelical and Catholic Services are given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

There are three or four more points in your article which I should like to touch on briefly. They come in the massing of statements towards the close of your remarks.

Notably you say this: "Do you imagine that the thing has been exaggerated? Far from it, the volume of crime has not yet been appreciated." And you ask your readers to "peruse the horrible accounts taken by the Belgian Commission, which took evidence in the most careful and conscientious fashion."

Now my observation is that there has been the most frightful exaggeration. War, as everybody knows, is a breeder of lies. This one is no exception. Everybody believes what he wants to believe, and most persons seem to resent the truth if it fails to fit in with gossip and rumor already accepted. Partly, in the case of Belgium, this is so because the sympathies of the world have been passionately enlisted for Belgium, and partly because it is not in poor human nature to wish to change our opinion of persons of whom we have believed the worst and for whom we have expressed the deepest loathing.

Lies, lies, lies, have multiplied with the passing of the weary days of August, September, October, November and December, and not always have they sprung from

malevolence so much as from credulity. Anything was believed, from the preposterous statement that eggs were costing one mark each in Germany, to forged proclamations and edicts, purporting to be addressed by the German emperor to the empire and beginning, "It is our royal and imperial will". Every traveller who pays two marks in a German hotel for an early breakfast of three eggs, bread, butter, cheese, jam and coffee knows that eggs are not costing one mark each, and everybody who is at all familiar with the wording of imperial proclamations knows that when the German emperor addresses the empire he does not touch on the fact that he is also king of Prussia by speaking of his "royal will". Your own amazing ingenuity in deduction has long since taught you the worthlessness of evidence given by persons who testify in rancor or hearsay. Of that character, I firmly believe, have been the wicked stories told in turn about combats of every nationality engaged in this war. Many of them have been the stock slanders of every war, stories as old as the annals of the race. They were told during the Civil war in America. I heard them in Cuba during the Spanish-American war. And the wisest words I ever read on the whole matter were written by the good and valiant Lord Roberts only a few months before his death. They are these:

"May I give a word of caution to my countrymen against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies. Let us avoid what Kipling, during the Boer war described as killing a Kruger with your mouth When we read charges against German troops, let us remember that gross charges, absolutely untrue, were brought against our brave soldiers fighting in South Africa. But whether the charges are true or not, let us keep our own hands clean and let us fight against the Germans in such a way as to earn their liking as well as their respect."

There never was a truer saying than that a good soldier respects a good soldier. In my talks with German soldiers I have repeated proof of that. They did not curse or blackguard the French, the English, the Russians, the Belgians or the Indians. And General von Heeringen said to the party of which I was a member, "The English are good boys! They stand." Of the Scotch soldiers a German officer whose name I have forgotten, said, "There is only one thing to do with a Scotchman—capture him or kill him." The compliment was not softly worded but it was an honest soldier's honest tribute.

The Germans are no liars. They are so loyal to the truth, that their loyalty sometimes lapses into gross bluntness of speech. They call a spade a spade and their bluntness leads them to use the crude word when another would do as well. They consider a lie not clever but ignominious and their point of view was given with beautiful terseness one day by Captain Alfred Mannesmann, who was storming about some peculiarly hideous slander which had appeared in an English journal which the Germans call "The Daily Liar". "That statement," said the captain, "is not true. We Germans have explicitly denied it more than once and we are not liars. We hate lies. My father used to say to me and my brothers, 'You must be too proud to lie.' He brought us up on that saying—'You must be too proud to lie.'"

Unscrupulous correspondents, too have been a deplorable factor in this war. Of one of them—I regret to say a countryman of mine—who had written, and got printed in America, the most hideous charges against the Germans, the American Minister to Belgium said to me, "The man is a rat and a disgrace to journalism." I violate no confidence when I add that this diplomat's sympathies, though he had not publicly expressed them, were believed to be with the Belgians. But he none-the-less hated lies about the enemies of Belgium.

I mention the case of this correspondent because you speak of the "consistent, systematic lying of the German press". This chartered liar, whom Minister Whitlock denounced and who was getting his lies printed in England and America, wrote things that for falseness and scurrility and bombast I have not seen even faintly approached in the least trustworthy sheet in Germany.

Just one more point. In a document addressed a few days ago by British women living in Aachen "to His Britannic Majesty's Government" I find this sentence:

"The British women in Germany submit that up to the present they have been treated with the greatest forbearance and consideration by the German authorities, as befitted the representatives of this great nation."

That is testimony of your own people. My testimony is the testimony of an American who loves England and who has not a drop of German blood in his veins. What things I have seen I have here set down because I believe that what raises the man of my calling above the level of a scribbler is the telling of the truth.

James O'Donnell Bennett
Correspondent of The Chicago Tribune