

Educated Belgians Resent Their Country's Sacrifice.

By Halliday Witherspoon.

(Boston Journal.)

Rotterdam, Nov. 4. "A somber sight is a battlefield. To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye..."

I landed in Rotterdam late on a Saturday night. Sunday being an off day and forty-eight hours more being necessary for the red tape...

Now Rotterdam offers little of entertainment to the stranger within her gates. There seem to be but two possibilities. One is to sit about drinking...

ENGLISH PAPERS SHOW ACUTE HYSTERIA

So, having no taste for feminine chininess, it happened that the little party of Americans from the Ryndam put in their time over the beer discussing the war possibilities and reading the English papers.

But I am more explicit. For a week of ten days the English papers published reports of the terrible conditions in Belgium, particularly in Brussels and Antwerp.

So then, though my instructions had been to proceed to Berlin, I was minded to slip down to Brussels and have a look at the conditions.

FREE IN ANTWERP AS IN NEW YORK

I went down to Antwerp on a train which carried at least 1200 Belgian refugees who were going home. Nearly every train carries as many.

My first impression of the German soldier was that they are the finest on the continent. At least, they are the best that I have seen.

GERMAN SOLDIER KNOWS HIS JOB

The German soldier is intelligent. He knows his job and is on it all the time. When I was battling around the north of France early in the mix-up, I found that half the sentries at the railroad stations couldn't read.

Antwerp at this writing is a dead town. Naturally, with the shipping stopped, it must be. Aside from the fact that there is no business, there is nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the town or the people.

EDUCATED BELGIANS RESENT SACRIFICE

Having observed the effect of the German artillery, one is forced to the conclusion that the evacuation of Antwerp was the only really wise move the Belgians have made except the surrender of Brussels.

York and the others in Brussels and Antwerp. He said: "Belgium has been made a fool of. We have sacrificed the greater part of our army, billions of property and possibly our national existence."

CALLS BELGIAN NEUTRALITY FICTION

"No," he said. "What I've just said is dictated by common sense and nothing else. As to Belgian neutrality, that has been a diplomatic fiction for years."

WAR SPIRIT NEAR SURFACE

With it all, the safety and apparently normal life of Brussels, the war spirit is not far below the surface. Around 12 o'clock one night I was going to my hotel when I witnessed a little episode that showed pretty conclusively that battle, murder and sudden death might easily take the place of peace, and at an instant notice.

SAYS THE INTELLIGENT SHARE VIEWS

"Do you think," I asked, "that your views are shared by the nation?" "Absolutely yes, the intelligent people. The peasantry—no, they know no more here than anywhere else. They simply do as they are told and ask no questions."

COUNTRYSIDE FAIRLY NORMAL

We proceeded bumpily and slowly, getting glimpses from the caboose windows of a fairly normal countryside and stopping at every station. At each place the German railroad officials and soldiers came to our car wanting after the comfort of the travelers and frequently apologizing for the poor service.

LOUVAIN AN IMPRESSIVE WRECK

About 9 o'clock a young officer who spoke perfect French and fair English invited me up to the top of the high embankment above the railroad for a view of the city. It had stopped raining for once and the moon was out. Louvain is certainly an impressive wreck, stark and gaunt and empty, gutted to total destruction.

BRUSSELS A CITY OF GAITY

Brussels is in or was on Nov. 1, nearly normal. Apart from the presence in the streets of a large number of German soldiers, the newly arrived observer would say that the life of the city is quite as usual. Business is a little dull, but not so stagnant as might be expected, for there has been an influx of wealthy people from the country.

BRUSSELS IN TIMES OF PEACE IS SAID TO BE A LITTLE MORE LIKE PARIS

Brussels in times of peace is said to be a little more like Paris than any other city in Europe. I can believe it, for in the grip of the hostile invaders the city still has much of gaiety. There is music. There are pretty and well-dressed women. The cafes, hotels and restaurants are well filled. To out-

The German-Americans

A Bird's-Eye View of Their Standing, Achievements and Influence in the United States.

By FREDERICK F. SONDRER.

In the Aberdeen Free Press, discussing in a column article "The German-Americans," we read this: "When it comes to an issue like the present, that of Germany against the rest of Europe, the American German is found to be either in the mass apathetic, or else possessed of too little influence, political or other, to give his opinions serious importance."

We are also told that the German-Americans "are not in general very keenly sympathetic with the Fatherland in the present struggle." "Not a single volunteer do we hear of, out of all these 16,000,000, going back to fight for the land of their fathers."

"The American German is simply this 'Michael' over again," and "has not achieved a great deal in the United States." "In one industry alone does he stand pre-eminent; that is brewing."

How strikingly this pen sketch of the German-American is like the distorted versions of events of the war cabled and mailed over to the American press by the same sort of correspondents as the writer of the above who signs himself "Scotia," may be left to any one with a grain of common sense and justice.

That he occupies a minor place when it comes to political leadership may as well be conceded without discussion, and the reason is that he is too loyal to the ideals of the American constitution to practice the political "particularism" for which the German is noted at home, and to idealistic to engage in the mud-slinging of ward politics, except in an individualistic state.

There is no such thing as "the German vote" in American politics save in a crisis where the sacred doctrines of personal liberty are at stake, and this attitude is sufficiently justified by those who know how to construe the meaning of Montesquieu when he declared that "all the free institutions of the world came out of the forests of Germany," and of Guizot when he said, in his "History of Civilization," that "it was the rude barbarians of Germany who introduced this sentiment of personal independence, this love of individual liberty, into European civilization; it was unknown among the Romans; it was unknown in nearly all the civilizations of antiquity."

It found its expression in the first protest against slavery and involuntary servitude, pronounced at a meeting of German Quakers, April 18, 1688, at Germantown, Pa.—a protest in the handwriting of F. D. Pastorius which occupies the place of honor among all declarations of a similar character as the first protest against slavery voiced on the American continent. It inspired John Greenleaf Whittier, the American poet, to compose his famous "Lines on Reading a Message of Governor Ritten of Pennsylvania, 1836," in part as follows: And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true, Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due; Whose fathers of old sang in concert with thine On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine— The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to brave The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave— They cater to tyrants? They rivet the chain, Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

The English Quakers were not, at that time, disposed to interfere with so delicate a problem, and the protest was "tabled" after many diplomatic shifts in opposition, as of too far-reaching a character. The streets of New York at the outbreak of the war, when thousands and thousands of German reserves in Amer-

Die Luftflotte der Alliierten.

ies gathered here and sang the songs of the Fatherland, bear witness to the belief that "not a single volunteer responded to the call of his country."

Two young German-Americans, Lt. Bruno Hollender and Louis Weber, won the Iron Cross by their daring. Time and time again we heard of the suicide of young Germans who preferred death to inaction, forced upon them by the blockade of New York harbor by English warships.

To what extent the German-American element has been aroused to enthusiasm for the cause of the Fatherland may be judged by the enormous sums contributed by them to the various relief funds, and even better by the reluctance to the administration in the November election, as shown in districts largely peopled by them, because of the unwarranted censorship of the German wireless stations and diplomatic discrimination against German interests in favor of the Allies.

Every German-American feels that he has a right, because of the influence exercised by his forbears on the development and history of the United States, to protest against the attempt to ignore him in defining the policy of the government on issues involving not only the fate of his race, but that of the whole civilization. And, surely, he has some claim to a voice in this country.

To say that the Germans have exercised a cultural mission here might be only a phrase if it were not susceptible of proof. What, then, has the German element done for the United States? It has been conspicuous in every direction in which our development has tended since 1883, since the establishment of the first paper mill on the American continent, at Germantown, in 1690, by Wilhelm Rittinghuyzen; since F. A. Muhlheim took his seat as the first Speaker of the House of Representatives in the American Congress; since his brother dropped his stole in the pulpit and won the days of Washington's generals; since the days of the great Indian fighters of the pre-Revolutionary period, where we meet the name of Lex Wetzel, one of the most famous; since Baron von Steuben became the drillmaster of Washington's army; since DeKalb met a hero's death in the cause of American independence; since Herkimer and his Mohawk Valley Germans won the fateful battle of Oriskany; since David Ziegler, the first mayor of Cincinnati, and for six weeks the commander-in-chief of the American army, saved St. Clair's routed forces from annihilation in the autumn of 1791 in command of the American rear guard; since Jacob Leisler as vice-governor of the province of New York paid the penalty of the first American rebel against England; since the first of Pennsylvania's line of German-American governors; since Martin Baum founded Port Laurence in 1817, now known as Toledo, Ohio.

To these men of action may be added the famous fighters of a later generation: Generals Custer, Rosecrans, Sigel, Schurz, Osterhaus, Admiral Schley and Col. Willich, the Pennsylvania and New York German troops in the Revolution, and the 189,999 German volunteers in the Union army.

Many Germans also served on the Southern side in the Civil War, notably Col. Heros von Borcke, a Prussian cavalry officer, and Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's first chief of staff, who was shot through the right lung. In May, 1889, at Charleston, S. C., a monument was erected to the German soldiers who fell in the Confederate service, with this inscription: In The Confederate Army the Soldiers Whom this Monument Commemorates Illustrated in Death as in Life the German's Devotion to Duty. But the greater number of German-Americans served on the Union side.

In his Fourth of July speech in Leipzig in 1889, Mr. Andrew D. White, American Ambassador to Germany, said: "We may well recognize in Germany another mother country, one with which our land should remain in warmest alliance. For, from the universities and institutions for advanced learning in Germany, far more than from those of any other land, have come, and are coming, the influences which have shaped and are shaping advanced education in the United States." We have recently had similar expressions from Prof. Sloane, Prof. Burgess, Prof. Sanborn, Prof. Wheeler, Prof. Hall, Prof. Schuyler, Dr. McNeill of the Richmond bar, and other distinguished native American scholars. "Men only now in middle age can well recall how a native German, Theodore Thomas, and his sixty musicians, carried the cult of higher music into the remotest parts of the West, followed later by Dr. Damrosch. The very first to arouse an interest in

Cyanflüge vertragen!

Manche hatten erwartet und prognostiziert, daß das Jahr 1914 das lässliche Jahr der Welterschöpfung des Cyans, nämlich des Weltalters, durch die Luft sein werde. Andere jedoch, darunter sehr geringere als Graf Zeppelin, erklärten diese Erwartung für verfrüht, wenigstens für eine solche Ergrübelung allgemein in bestimmte Aussicht stellen.

Kann, es läßt sich jetzt mit abfolgender Gewißheit sagen, daß dieses Jahr keinen Ocean - Flugveruch bringt, weder mit Luftschiff, noch mit Aeroplan. Doch im Sommer hatte es sich noch den Anschein, als ob ein solches Wagnis von Amerika aus unternommen werden würde. Aber der große Krieg brachte das ganze Problem in die Hintertasse, — wie noch mancherlei andere vielerprechenden Pläne. Das ist um um so mehr herberbedauernd, als gerade der Krieg sonst so starke Reklame für Luftfahrten an und für sich gemacht hat und noch immer macht. Doch Flüge über Wellenmeer waren eben auch militärisch noch nicht (praktisch). Wieweit die Sache geliehen ist, wenn etwa noch welche Weltflüge möglich sind, das steht dahin. Es gibt übrigens derzeit Amerikaner, welche das Gelingen von Ocean-Überfliegungen mit beiderhand weniger Befriedigung und Begeisterung ansehen würden, als noch vor einem halben Jahre, und zwar gerade wegen der militärischen Ausbeutung einer solchen Erfindung. Denn damit könnte man ja auch den Amerikanern auf's Dach steigen, vielleicht die diese mit der Sache auf dem Laufenden hätte!

Jedenfalls hat die ganze Idee einen Rückschlag erlitten, der wohl noch geraume Zeit nachwirken wird.

Szenen von Vanslerkamp.

Wir hörten in der letzten Zeit von den erbitterten Häuserkämpfen, die in der Gegend um Arras und anderwärts stattgefunden haben. Szenen von diesem heftigen Ringen von Haus zu Haus" schildert ein englischer Kriegsberichterstatter. Die deutsche Eigenart des Kampfes und ihre besondere Gefährlichkeit, die Eigenarten des Geländes für ihre Taktik zu benutzen, werden aufs deutlichste gekennzeichnet durch die Schilderung der letzten Tage, in der sich eine ganz unerwartete Art des Fechtens entwickelte. Die deutschen Truppen hatten sehr geschützte Stellungen in den steilen Bergwänden gefunden und außerdem noch besonderen Vorteil von der Art der Häuser in diesem Kollongebiet gezogen.

Die Dörfer östlich von Lens, die hauptsächlich von Bergleuten besetzt waren, bestanden nämlich aus langen Reihen gleichförmiger Häuser, die noch einem einseitigen Plan für die Arbeiter gebaut wurden. Diese Arbeiterhäuser wurden von den Deutschen in kleine Fort verwandelt; die Fenster wurden durch Matrözen und Säde gefüllt; in die Wägen wurden Löcher gedreht als Schießscharten für die Maschinengewehre. Da diese ganze Gegend bis Lille außerordentlich dicht besetzt ist, so boten sich ihnen überall solche Häuser dar, die sie lauchhaft unheimlich gestalten und aus denen sie große Vorteile im Kampf zogen. Auch das ganze Gelände ist von ihnen auf das geschickteste ausgenutzt worden, und so haben sie das Kollongebiet zu einer Stellung umgewandelt, die nicht viel weniger fest ist als die Steinbrüche von Soissons. Die gleiche Tätigkeit wurde bei der Befestigung von Arras gezeigt. Es regnete geradezu Granaten; von 8-11 Uhr morgens schlugen einmal 120 in die Stadt ein.

Frech. Millionär (zum Vetter): Waschen Sie schnell, daß Sie fortkommen!

Vetter: Na, na, nur nicht gar so stolz, mein Herr! Sie sind auch nicht viel mehr als ich! Der einzige Unterschied ist der, daß Sie auf die große Million hinarbeiten und ich auf die erste!

Nach der Ritzweib. Wieso ist denn gestern hier auf dem See schon wieder ein Boot umgefallen? Es war wohl zu bald!

Das Boot nicht, aber die Zuffallen!

Wegel'skittig. Das muß man sagen: Müller hat eben so schlan wie ich gehandelt.

Wie — ein Käuf war auch beliebt!

Kusttaggebend. — Freundin: Müßt du auch als Krankenpflegerin in den Krieg?

Junge Dame: Müßt noch nicht. Ich will erst mal ausprobieren, wie sich die Schmetterntracht kleidet!

Frommet Wunja. Student (als er seinen Schneider nachsieht): Wenn ich doch jetzt so'n Unterhosen hätte!

Hundreds of the great merchants and manufacturing establishments are in the hands of German-Americans.

The so-called coffee king of the world, Mr. Herman Sietcken, is a native of Germany. Hardly a sign along the lower part of Broadway where the great business houses are, but bears a German name. And as in business, art, science, and the army and navy, so in the popular sports German names are conspicuous in American life, names such as the late Peter Schaefer, "the wizard of the cue"; of Zimmerman, Kramer, Bald, Miller and others, bicyclists, swimmers, who have many a time and oft carried the American colors to victory in international contests.

A hurried sketch such as this is inadequate to do justice to the subject; but enough has been written to indicate the extraordinary share of the German-American element in the history of the United States, to refute the intimation that this element is a negligible quantity and to awaken the press as well as the powers that temporarily bear the responsibility which attaches to their duties as the spokesmen of a nation made up of varied national factors. The German-American element has always been devoted to the Constitution of the United States, and has freely shed its blood in two great wars against England to defend the institutions of their adopted country. (The Fatherland.)

