

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN ANSWER TO CRITICS.

In the current issue I have taken pleasure in publishing a number of articles which take the opposite ground to my own, but I do not feel like resuming the controversy and restating my arguments. In most cases my critics simply offer anti-German testimony from any source available, but their arguments do not carry conviction, and I have seen no reason for changing my position. The enemies of Germany harp continually on the same string. Over and over again they repeat the charge of atrocities, and Sir A. Conan Doyle speaks of this war as nothing but murder. I recommend, however, the perusal of the open letter by Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, the well-known American journalist, in answer to Sir Conan Doyle, which was published in the *Chicago Tribune* of January 17, 1915. In his letter Mr. Bennett expresses his astonishment that a man of Sir Conan Doyle's intelligence can lend his pen to the propagation of such untruths. Mr. Bennett is a man whose honesty is beyond question, and, although an eye-witness of German manœuvres in Belgium and France, he was nowhere able to discover a foundation for these stories. On the contrary, he has observed many highly humane features both among the German soldiers and among the civilians; and the wounded and prisoners from the enemy's ranks—English, French and Belgians—are the appreciative recipients of many kindnesses at their hands.

Another favorite theme resorted to by those bent on proving the injustice of the German cause is the German breach of Belgian neutrality; and this is reiterated again and again in spite of the well-known discovery in Brussels of documents proving that an arrangement had long before been concluded between England and Belgium for the purpose of invading Rhenish Germany. In these papers all the details are specified, the harbors at which the English troops should be landed, the provision of interpreters and also of capable spies for the German provinces. Such a contract cannot be interpreted as a mere provision for defense, and when a neutral country enters into such a compact it forfeits its protection under international treaties.

I might add that the contents of these Brussels documents have been published in convenient pamphlet form, with facsimiles of the original French and a rather precarious English translation, under the title "The Case of Belgium," and is procurable from *The International Monthly, Inc.*, of New York City, and also doubtless through German consulates. *The Continental Times* (Berlin W. 50, Augsburg Str., 38), in its issue of November 25, 1914, has likewise reprinted the substance of the documents and is no doubt procurable through German consulates. _____

THE OLDER GERMANY AND GERMAN GENIUS.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Apollonius of Tyana owed his greatness to the fact that he was not compelled to travel with a costly retinue; Diogenes would have been lost to us

had he lived on a Rockefeller pension in upper Fifth Avenue; there would have been no Ben Franklin had college education been forced upon our greatest of practical (if not pragmatic) sages. And so to me America was richest when our land was known to the world by our inventors, our painters, our poets, our historians and our unpaid but liberty-loving statesmen. Can any one for a moment prefer the age of Jay Gould and Vanderbilt to that which produced Prescott and Washington Irving? Will the Muse of History glory in the palaces of Astor and Carnegie more than in the cottages that gave light to Abraham Lincoln, Edgar Allen Poe and Hawthorne? Do the hordes of hollow-eyed factory children to-day make us feel great because they swell our ill-smelling census of big cities?

And so with my Germany! I think of Prussia in her sorest straits during the Napoleonic occupation—when the court spent less in a whole year than now in a day—when the Berlin University was founded at a time when all the world looked upon such a feat as impossible. During those days arose great men—as in New England at about the same time and largely for analogous reasons. The land was poor but the discipline severe. Those were the days of Arndt and Jahn; of Boyen and Blücher; of Humboldt and Grimm; of Hardenberg and Stein; of Körner and Uhland; of Beethoven, of Goethe, of Schiller. But why continue? It is the Germany of my youth and of my dreams—the Germany of *Kultur* and constructive statesmanship.

The poisonous doctrines of protectionism, territorial conquest, colonization, naval supremacy—all these are morbid symptoms of a miasmatic modernity that despises the lessons of age and experience but hurries feverishly toward new things that excite their cupidity. America has wasted and will continue to waste her millions in mad colonial experiments and meddlesome interference that will find a check only when a great power shall have challenged our so-called Monroe Doctrine and mopped up every safe deposit storehouse and cash-box between Boston and the Golden Gate. We shall be the better for such treatment as Prussia was the better for the Napoleonic doses between 1806 and 1813. Germany and America are rich in great thinkers to-day—but they need the wholesome spur of national necessity to make their forces tell.

To-day nearly all the avenues that lead to eminence in literature, science and art are obstructed by the salaried servants of great financial institutions who would stone to death any who ventured to preach a doctrine varying from that of their bank cashier. We have but to recall the tragic fate of Henry George and add to that a few less notable who have been quietly crucified by trustees of American colleges, orthodox medical societies or Roman Catholic monsignori—no American but can mention a few!

Pardon me, dear Doctor Carus, I am abusing your editorial generosity—for I merely started out to say that when Germany shall have been divested of all her superfluous baggage she will be no poorer than when she was richest in the mind of

Yours faithfully,

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE PARTHENON.

Our frontispiece represents the ruins of the Parthenon, the state sanctuary of the most representative city of Greek antiquity. It was built by Pericles who although not the nominal ruler of Athens controlled her destiny before the time of Socrates. The work of construction was completed in B. C. 483.