

our labor of civilization not only as a labor for the German nation but as a contribution to the development of mankind. Even in time of war we must remember that this labor will be the more fruitful, the livelier the exchange of material and spiritual things,—the same interchange which has carried human development to its present stage. An international interchange of culture is the chief essential even for flourishing national civilizations, as well as for the unimpeded progress of man.”

Similar sentiment is to be found in the fourth yearbook of the Schopenhauer Society, where Prof. Paul Deussen writes: “‘Not to my contemporaries,’ says Schopenhauer, ‘not to my countrymen, but to humanity do I commit my work which is now completed, in the confidence that it will not be without value to the race.’ Science, and more than every other science, philosophy, is international. . . . Foolish, very foolish, therefore is the conduct of certain German professors who have renounced their foreign honors and titles. And what shall we say of a member of our society who demanded that citizens of those states which are at war with us should be excluded from the Schopenhauer Society, and who, when it was pointed out that our foreign members certainly condemned this infamous war as much as we Germans, protested that she could not belong to an association in which Frenchmen, Englishmen and Russians took part, and announced her withdrawal from our society, indeed even published her brave resolution in the columns of a local paper in her provincial town. We shall not shed any tears for her having gone.”

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#### FIELD MARSHAL HINDENBURG.

*The Chicago Tribune* recently published a series of articles by James O'Donnell Bennett which give an excellent pen picture of Field Marshal Hindenburg, Germany's most popular hero. In the first of these Mr. Bennett describes the personal appearance of the German commander as follows:

“His gray-white hair is cropped close at the back and sides of the head and in a wide, flat pompadour on the top, and that emphasizes the squareness of his head. His forehead is low, his nose smallish, his complexion pale, and the skin like fine parchment.

“The notable feature of his face is the eyes. It is they and the big mustache and the strong jaws that give the man his leonine aspect. There are deep, heavy, sad lines under the eyes and at each side of the mouth. Even the large black mustache does not conceal the latter.

“The eyes, too, are sad—small, sad, searching eyes—small, not wonderful when the general's attention is not roused, but at once startling and commanding in their effect when he becomes alert. When he turns them on you, you know it—and the realization is accompanied almost by a gasp. One glance searches a man.

“There is power in the well poised head and in the erect shoulders, and that impression of power is increased because the man moves so little. For many minutes he seems to sit motionless, and when he does move it is with slow deliberation. His countenance is not stern, but melancholy and meditative: not gloomy, though, for there is a sweetness in it that none of the portraits can convey, for the painters are inclined to make him burly. It is the victor of the awful week at Tannenberg whom they paint and not the man of the long years of patient waiting.”