the mass of the people are openly anti-German.

Business men are neutral!
And they are making money.

Among the officers—and I have been with them constantly this week—there is admiration mingled with fear of the German machine, and a conviction that, if Belgium remains German, Holland's turn will come next. * * *

Rotterdam, Holland, September, 1915.

NOTE.—We do not give the name of the writer of this letter, lest his further study of the war zones might be abruptly ended.—**THE EDITORS.

IV—INCIDENTS OF GERMAN RULE IN BELGIUM

The following correspondence is from a Belgian gentleman who has for many years been engaged in manufacturing enterprises in that country, but who is now in the United States, partly on account of his business interests and partly on account of the education of his children.—**THE EDITORS.

American newspapers have said little about the petty social and industrial hardships which necessarily perhaps, but none the less disagreeably, have been imposed upon the Belgian people by German rule. To-day, for example, if a resident of Ghent desires to go by railway to Brussels he must go through such formalities as these:

He has to go to the German commander in Ghent and get a permit for Brussels, for which he has to pay several marks. Without this permit he cannot enter the railway station. At the ticket office he has to show his permit again, and he is then allowed to purchase his ticket for Brussels. On arrival in Brussels he has to show his permit before being allowed to leave the station. Then his next step is to go to the commander in Brussels, show his permit, and state what his business in Brussels is and how long his stay in the city will be. The commander will then assign him to the hotel in which he is to stay during his visit. He may sometimes choose his own hotel; it, however, must be approved by the military authorities. But in most cases the hotel is designated by the German authorities.

No Belgian citizen under fifty years of age is permitted to leave Belgium under any circumstances, the inference being that the German authorities wish to prevent the possibility of any Belgian of fighting age taking his place in the ranks of the Allies. Various stratagems are devised to evade this last ruling. For example, a group of young Belgians of military age got permission of the German authorities to organize a bicycle race from some point in Belgium to Maestricht, which is practically on the Dutch frontier. They obtained this permission on condition that each must carry on his bicycle a small German flag. The race was held; but, instead of stopping at the finish line, all the contestants kept on at full speed over the boundary into Holland, and, as they had the German flag on their bicycles, they were not arrested by the sentries, and thus escaped.

I am sometimes asked as to the conditions of my own business and of my family connections in Belgium. I do not know myself. I have not heard from my office for some time. The only way in which I could receive communications would be by the smuggling of letters out of Belgium over the Dutch frontier. Only recently three men were shot who were caught by the Germans in this kind of letter smuggling. Until recently I was able to send letters by posting them to a given address in Holland, from which place, for a fixed fee, they were smuggled by personal couriers over the boundary and delivered to the person addressed. But the rigor of German supervision has at last stopped even this means of communication.

The following incident throws some light on German efficiency and skill in managing the publicity side of their administration in Belgium. Not long ago the German administration brought a fine military band and a large company of soldiers to the Place Rouppe in Brussels. There are now, of course, a very large number of German residents in Brussels, and the ladies belonging to these families were all invited to come and listen to the band. The Belgian citizens were allowed to come. They put a cordon of soldiers around the Place, with placards forbidding any Belgian to come nearer than the cordon. At a certain time the band started to play dances, and all the German soldiers engaged the ladies to dance with them. During this performance some moving pictures were taken. These were sent to Berlin afterwards to show the joy and gayety of the Belgians and to let the German public know how cordially the Belgian public has received the Germans!

On the Belgian national holiday, July 21,
the German General von Bissing ordered that no Belgian emblems be worn and no Belgian flags be displayed in the town. The Belgian men agreed among themselves to wear full evening dress the whole day. It was an odd sight to see Belgian citizens going about their ordinary business in dress coats and top hats, but it marked the day effectually, much to the chagrin of the German authorities, who nevertheless could do nothing about it. On that day all the gayety and celebrations at the restaurants had to stop at eight o'clock by military orders. The citizens went home at that time, but at five minutes past twelve, as it was not then the national holiday, they all came back and continued their celebration. Three Belgian women, one dressed in yellow, one in black, and one in red, which form the Belgian national colors, walked abreast down the street. For this they were arrested.

An amusing incident happened in the Quartier des Marolliens, or that part of the city where the street hawkers of vegetables and fruit and other peddlers live. There was so much disturbance among these gentry that the German authorities placed at each end of the chief street in this quarter two cannon to intimidate the inhabitants. Whereupon from every window in the street a few hours after was thrust a stovepipe. This joke at the expense of German dignity created such an uproar that soldiers were immediately sent to remove the imitations of artillery.

In the city of Ghent a Belgian woman kept a tobacco shop which was frequented by the German soldiers, among others a corporal who each day purchased a package of cigarettes. One day he ordered ten packages, whereupon the shopkeeper asked him why he took such a large supply. "We are going to Dixmude," was the reply. "Oh, yes," said the shopkeeper, "that is on the River Yser." "No," said the corporal, "it is Dixmude." "Well, Dixmude is on the Yser," insisted the shopkeeper. The corporal kept on denying it, and left the shop. Two days afterwards the shopkeeper was summoned to the German commander and was fined forty marks in gold for having given information to a soldier because, as she discovered later, the reverses at the River Yser had so terrified ordinary German soldiers that the German officers were trying to conceal from them the fact that when they were ordered to Dixmude they were going to the Yser.

Incidents of this kind help to keep up the spirits of the citizens of Brussels, who can hardly be blamed for hailing with delight every manifestation of what they regard as at least a lack of nimble wit on the part of the German invaders.

P. P. F.
October 7.

V—BENEATH THE BALKAN OUTBURST

Bouck White is a well-known American Socialist. He has just returned from a tour in Turkey and the Balkan Peninsula, whither he went as war correspondent for the Associated Sunday Magazines. He also visited the central Powers, as well as England, France, and Italy. Being a late comer from the Levant, he brings fresh tidings of a situation that needs to be reobserved and readjudged almost hourly, so swiftly does the kaleidoscope there fall into new and surprising patterns.—The Editors.

The gravitation of Bulgaria over onto the German side has struck something of gloom into sympathizers with the Entente. London's "Daily Mail" sheds tears over the "diplomatic defeat." And Clemenceau, of Paris, savagely derides the "dazed clumsiness" of the Quai Dorsay which has crowned its career of "a rare accumulation of errors." My tour of observation tells me that the blow to the Entente Powers is far less grave than would appear from a surface reading of the facts; yes, even more, that the Bulgarian move may turn out a very boomerang for the side to which she has flopped, and may have an important repercussion on internal events in Turkey, notably the Armenian horrors.

England needs a new gateway into Constantinople; and, if Armenia is to be saved, needs it quickly.

The Dardanelles gate is impossible as to any speedy forcing of it. The Gallipoli peninsula is one tangle of barbed wire, one maze of interlocking trenches, while the waterway is fringed with cannon and torpedo tubes that sentinel the straits at every point. If England is to get to the Bosphorus in time to exert any saving help on Armenia, she must find another route. Where can she seek it?

Besides Gallipoli, three other landing-places are thinkable: the Turkish coast to the south, in the general neighborhood of Smyrna; the Gulf of Saros, on the other side;