

NEWS OF FOREIGN CAPITALS

Serious Crisis Is Pending In England At the Present Time

(By PHILLIP EVERETT)
 London, Sept. 9.—It is a very serious crisis England is passing through at present. The havoc wrought by the great strike of seafarers and firemen during the coronation is as nothing compared to the great cry for the workers. Out of this victory arose the present situation which threatens British shipping and industry in the most alarming manner.

The demand for high wages like an epidemic among the British workers, who, encouraged by the success of the strikes, with enthusiasm stop the industries in which they are employed and with evident joy attack policemen and oppose the troops.

With unceasing joy a certain part of the German press has watched recent events in England, a country which for years has been Germany's only dreaded rival and which only a few weeks ago prevented her from humiliating France. The strikes have revealed to the world the weakness of the British empire and never again the German eagle press announces in the German language to ally itself to be intimidated by the British lion.

But also in another less sensational part of the German press there rejoices. The papers in the great industrial centers of Germany are jubilant because the strikes are sapping the strength of British industry, which already had all it could do to hold its own in competition with the German.

During the last generation British industry has been gradually forced to the wall everywhere by the smart, energetic, frugal German, who has understood how to manufacture thousands of necessary articles a little more elegant and cheaper than the English. It will then be a very severe test for the British industry suddenly to have to shoulder heavier burdens not only of increased domestic freight rates. Many are the captains of industry in England, therefore, who hold that Great Britain stands face to face with a great catastrophe, that many factories and corporations will have to shut down, simply because they are unable to continue with profit under the new conditions.

In English industrial circles the Liberal government is being sharply criticized because it did not at once crush the strike tendencies with iron hand. Serious accusations are raised against the government because it, for party reasons dares not oppose the labor party.

It is a very great question, however, whether stern reprisals would have done any good or if they would rather have tended to increase the calamity. It is very easy to talk about "crushing" the workers by the use of police and troops, but the results that follow such "crushing" on the part of a government are very seldom gratifying.

Under the condition in England is very serious anybody must acknowledge but the question is whether the responsibility for the miseries must not be sought elsewhere but in the love of grubbing and cupidity of the workmen. The sins of the past must be forgiven and the future must be met on a new basis. The British people must be made to realize that the miseries of the present crisis, while all the rest of the world progressed, England alone remained stationary, especially industrially, and permitted herself to be left hopelessly far behind. In the modern race of industrial and commercial competition in which the Germans really got head and neck ahead of all other European nations, England felt too proud to take part but remained satisfied in living on her old traditions. Now the scales are falling from our eyes and we are suddenly beginning to realize that these, our old traditions are old fashioned and worn out, that, like China, we have been asleep on our little island and the result is that British industry, commerce and shipping are not strongly enough prepared to meet the demands of modern times in regard to higher wages.

This is the real crisis in English commercial life at present and it is a crisis which is of the utmost seriousness and importance.

has given purpose and direction to the efforts to render these amphibious craft even more devilish in their warlike qualities. Slowly a ship is being created, stage by stage, which will render destroyers of the old type obsolete.

The vessels of the "E" class mark the apotheosis of the submarine ship. They will have more torpedo tubes than the craft now in the service, and the torpedoes will be of far greater capacity—a higher speed and greater endurance allied with a far heavier explosive charge. The "E" craft will have deck somewhat resembling the decks of ordinary above-water vessels; on the decks serviceable guns will be mounted so as not to interfere with the facility of the vessel to travel beneath the surface. In the larger hull will be comparatively roomy quarters for the crews, with more ample provision of compressed air, so as to lengthen the maximum period of submergence; they will be equipped for wireless communication; and, above all, the new "E" vessel will be safe as no submarines have been before—safe from the danger of explosion, and with well-tried apparatus to enable officers and men to escape in case of collision.

The "E" class mark a great advance of any vessels hitherto constructed, but no one who has followed the course of development, since the first little ship was built to the design of the Holland Company, will doubt that the end of this chapter of naval evolution has not yet been reached. The displacement today is 800 tons, in a year's time it may, and probably will, be doubled, or trebled. We may in a comparatively short period see sizeable cruisers equipped so as to cruise submerged by day and on the surface by night.

A most remarkable change is taking place in the mental make up of the English people, at least so far as the higher classes are concerned. While the English gentleman and still more the English men of business was a somewhat stolid, very much matter-of-fact person, who went on his way looking neither right nor left, he has now become greatly affected by the general spirit of unrest which has swept across the world, has grown superstitious and seized with a mad desire to know what the future holds in store for him.

Most evident, of course, is the change in London society, whose strongest fad is now the cult of occultism.

Throughout the coronation season the palmists and fortune tellers of London reaped a golden harvest from society women of all ages who called to consult them about love and marriage. Many too, sought advice about contemplated journeys or as to whom they should include among their guests at a particular party or reception. Even the day and date of the function were often dictated by a disinterested seer. One woman came all the way from Devonshire to London in June to consult a crystal gazer regarding the approaching marriage of her daughter, but fortunately the seer approved of the prospective bridegroom, and the wedding was allowed to take place.

But the women are not alone in their enthusiastic belief in occult powers and divination. Men of prominence in many branches of life have taken up the fad with equal fervor. A certain managing director of powerful corporation employs a woman mystic at a regular salary yearly to advise him on all his business transactions, and he declares that he has never made a mistake or lost a shilling since he adopted this policy.

Another well-known financier was told by an "Egyptian" adept that the reason why certain ventures had turned out disastrously was the mystic number of his house-name gave out adverse vibrations. The matter of fact London county council would not permit him to change the name of his residence, so he sold it on the advice of the seer and bought a new home with the right kind of "vibration" in its name. Strangely enough, he claims that he has since been successful in all his business dealings.

A revival of spiritualism has also followed in the wake of the general recrudescence of occultism in London. Every few weeks the arrival of some new medium with abnormal powers is heralded among the elect, and every seance is crowded with believers and "seekers after the truth."

Most of these mediums come from the United States, and though they have been highly recommended very few of them have succeeded in producing anything beyond the familiar manifestation of table-tapping for the delivery of trance-given messages of an important and unconvincing character.

One of the few exceptions was Professor Bert Riese, an American-German-Jewish parentage. He came to London from New York with excellent credentials from prominent trans-Atlantic spiritualists as an occultist of wonderful gifts. He had not been long installed in luxurious apartments at one of the palatial hotels in Piccadilly when long lines of wealthy and aristocratic visitors began calling upon him daily, including many English women and one foreign princess. The professor was also in great demand at evening receptions in Mayfair and Belgrave. Rather short and stout, but impressive and magnetic, a fluent talker and a keen judge of character, he speedily became a vast popularity, especially with the fair sex, who declared his dark features and brilliant penetrating eyes to be ideally mystic.

Although Professor Riese did not court publicity at the time, he gave several private exhibitions of a rather startling character during his stay, and succeeded in getting many people to believe in his alleged powers as a medium.



ROYAL RAILWAY COMMISSION

The Royal Railway Commission which is investigating the conditions that led to the great English strike and the employers' agreement that ended it from left to right sitting—Sir Thomas Ratcliffe, Sir David Harrel, K. C. W. O. (chairman), and Arthur Henderson, M. P. Standing—Mr. John Burnett, Mr. J. J. Mills of the board or trade (Secretary), and Mr. C. G. Beale.

Morocco Question Is Occupying The Political Stage Now

By FREDERICK WELCHER.

Berlin, Sept. 9.—The eternal Morocco question still occupies the center of the political stage in Europe and helps the weary editor of many a French and German paper to fill his gaping editorial columns. What is to happen no one knows; the final outcome is still in the lap of the Gods, but as far as Germany is concerned it is plainly evident from the biting comments in the official and semi-official press or sensational articles in jingo papers, that the German government has no desire to be prodded on to fatal acts neither by the manufacturers of guns and armor plate nor by bloodthirsty retired army officers, who have turned yellow journalists.

No sensible person doubts any longer that Germany's demands in Morocco are merely commercial and as this is so the worst abstraction in the path of a peaceful arrangement is removed. When, in spite of this, it still proves difficult to find a suitable form of argument, the reason is to be looked for in the old time enmity between Germany and France, which makes both sides unnaturally suspicious of hidden traps and ambushes, and which makes it essential that the agreement is made in terms which do not permit more than one interpretation.

Another difficulty is this, that it is very hard to agree on what territorial concessions France must make to Germany in West Africa in return for being giving a free hand in Moroccan affairs. The German empire naturally desires to enlarge her Kamerun colony in two directions, the addition of a larger coast territory and by an extension of its boundaries to Congo in such a way that they would just touch the frontiers of Belgian Congo. France, on her side, is disinclined to isolate her coast line, but wants to keep intact a strip of land permitting her a direct line of communication with the French hinterland at Lake Tsad. To this content that France to a very large extent has surrendered her colonial rights in Gabon to private syndicates, whose rights and privileges must be safeguarded somehow if a change is made.

As I have said before, there is no reason to anticipate anything but a peaceful solution even if it is very slow in coming. The only danger is that both nations are becoming impatient and this impatience may at any time give birth to an unfortunate incident, which no diplomat in the world would be able to smooth over. The recent insults to the German colors in Aix-les-bains, in which it was fortunately found no French army officers took part, show how highly laden with electricity is the air.

In France statements are busy discussing in the papers the question: "What policy is Germany prepared to follow in Morocco in the event of an agreement being arrived at? and in what terms will she bind herself for the future to abstain from all political interference in that country?"

The Echo de Paris says: "We were informed yesterday from a particularly well-authorized source that Germany was disposed to make us in Morocco all the concessions desirable but that she wanted a generous 'pouboire.' It was added that it was not to our interest to haggle over strips of Equatorial territories when we were going to get what we wanted in Morocco." It is just this vague promise, this alleged beating about the bush, which is inexplicable to the logical French mind. It must not be

troubles enough over Crete and is now said to be anxious to give up her "sovereignty" over the island, but strange to say it dares not take any steps in this direction, for Turkish public opinion is almost unanimously opposed to the idea of surrendering the island. A prominent Turkish statesman interviewed about this said a few days ago:

"For friends of Young Turkey to demand would be for them to insist on the ruin of Young Turkey's hopes and risk the possibility of a return to Hamidianism. The enemies of Young Turkey will at once say, as they said in 1908, 'The Young Turks are worse than Abdul Hamid. They yielded to Bulgaria and to Austria; now they are yielding to the Grecian national ideal. The thing is impossible.'"

"And there would be a revolution," he added. "Young Turkey must preserve her territorial integrity if she is to prevent a wave of reaction, and to do this, military strength—and this especially in view of the military traditions of the Ottoman Empire—is essential. Our army, which has been thoroughly reorganized, is no menace to the peace of Europe, and our single Dreadnought will be no menace to any naval power in South eastern Europe. They are simply elements of our national consciousness and of our determination to preserve our traditional integrity."

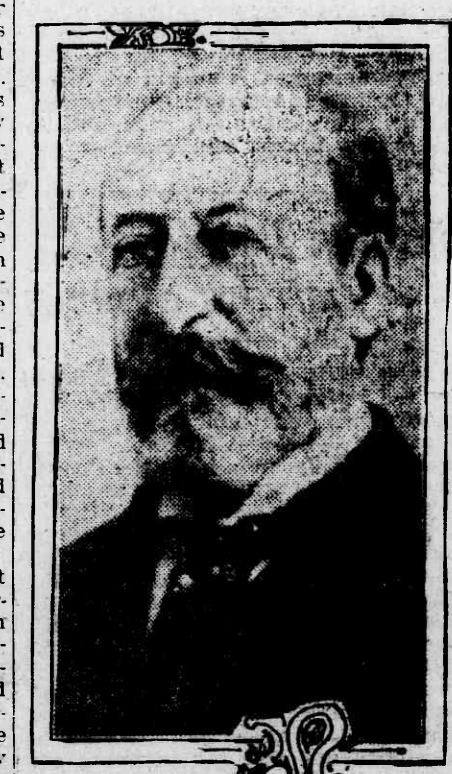
Paris, Sept. 9.—Foundations have just been laid at a great depth of a "radium palace" for Mme. Curie. All her laboratories will be installed there and she will carry on the researches which she began with her late husband and has never interrupted since his death. The radium palace will stand appropriately in the Rue Pierre Curie, in Southern Paris, beside the pavilion of the Oceanographical Institute, founded by the Prince of Monaco. The building will be lined throughout with a thick layer of lead, which is impenetrable to radium rays. Its weight will therefore be enormous, and exceptionally deep and massive foundations will be required.

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Foundations For Radium Palace

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M. SAINT SAENS

M. Saint Saens, the French composer and pianist, whose compositions are now in great favor in the Paris halls.

Frenchman To Copy American Papers For his Paris Sheet

By GEORGE DUFRESNE.

Paris, Sept. 9.—It has been noticed for some time that M. Clemenceau, the former minister, has been a regular buyer of all the American newspapers on sale in the kiosks for the boulevard and many were those who wondered why he had suddenly become so interested in American journalism. The riddle is solved now, for M. Clemenceau has told a few intimates that he intends to publish in this city the first real modern newspaper in France and that he has found many novel ideas in carefully studying New York and Chicago papers. M. Clemenceau's new paper, which is to appear at New Year's time, will be bright, newsy, literature and profusely illustrated.

The ever young ex-premier was asked what the views of his journal would be. "Oh, reactionary republican," he said, with a light smile.

It is quite possible that the famous politician's real opinions on current political matters are not always accurately conveyed by his public utterances. In any case, his book in democracy, which is to appear shortly will contain some startling theories from such a pen. A confidant of M. Clemenceau's tells me that one chapter deals with the English House of Lords, and he pictures an ideal assembly representing not only of the aristocracy of intellect and character, but of birth and tradition as well. To his senate he would include the nobles, but he would also include the trades' union officials and other elements of democratic weight.

A statement made by M. Meisimry, French minister of war, seems to confirm the rumor that the grand maneuver, several members of the general army staff proceeded to the district where the maneuvers were to be held and to see that all was in good order. The result of their inspection was a report to the effect that an epidemic of enteric fever was making considerable ravages in the department of the Aisne, the proposed center for the military operations. It would take too long to make arrangements elsewhere, and the minister, under the circumstances, proposes that each army corps should go through evolutions in its own district, should the continuance of the epidemic during the next weeks render the grand maneuvers inadvisable.

One has wondered why for the last six months the French banks scrape in all the gold they can get and give such high rates of exchange. Perhaps the figures just published of French imports and exports may explain it. During the first seven months of the current year foreign imports into France shows an increase of 945,891,000 francs on those during the corresponding period of 1910. That money had to be found in gold. French exports in the meanwhile were less by 75,322,000 francs. Curiously enough, the rise and fall is in the elementary products, which showed progression of 87,164,000 francs in imports and a diminution of 115,000,000 in exports. Economists should be able to put two and two together.

At one time the French writers exercised their satirical faculties on the English tourist and his "fraudulent" bag and his "fraud" has taken the target for the mordant shafts of the boulevard "chroniqueur." M. Jules Bertaut is very outspoken with regard to the Tauton, "with his apple-green costume, his Tyrolean hat, his hob-nailed boots, his alpenstock, his exclamations, his vulgarity and his sufficiency."

"When he is discovered far off, it is the signal for general stampede. 'Bonne nuit, le voll!' Englishmen and Americans give him wide berth, while the Frenchman 'tousjours bon garcon,' contents himself with laughing heartily at these 'grotesque Tartarians, who dress like explorers to take the steamer at Lucerne, and arm themselves with an impenetrated arguf to perambulate the Promenade des Anglais."

The tourists, according to M. Bertaut, are eternally ridiculous, and yet, however clownish they may be, each of them drag in his train someone more ugly than himself: Madame en spouse. The author appeals to all confirmation of his descriptions to those who, on the roads of Switzerland or the Tyrol, have encountered "these beings in short skirt, heavy padded boots and wearing smoky glasses, who painfully climb some hillsides, a haversack on their back and a cape of gray wool thrown over their shoulders. I personally am convinced that the German tourist and his wife are an invention of the divinity desirous of humbling human pride at the moment it is exalted to its highest degree in face of the garbious spectacles of nature, by inflicting on it the view of what is possible to poor humanity."

If the German tourist would content himself with simply being ugly, one might try to forget him by avoiding one's eyes, but, says M. Bertaut, "he is eyesombrant, noisy, familiar, insupportable. I have only been five minutes in my compartment, and the German seated beside me has already tried to get me into conversation three times. Then, in despair, he tries his neighbor on the left. He lights a cigar, closes the window, opens it, gives vent to exclamations, declares that it is hot, takes off his coat, rummages among his baggage, drinks beer at the stations, speaks loudly and loudly, jokes with the train attendant, hails the passers-by. Suddenly he recognizes some of his compatriots. They stop, shout at each other, and exchange dewdrops and cigarettes. The entire horde invades

the compartment. They throw their bags on my feet and put their valises on top of mine; they suspend their alpenstocks and capes over my head; they leave me hardly enough room to stretch my legs. I turn from them and look out at the scenery. But at that moment, alas they discover that this part of the route is marked by Baedeker with two sterisks, and the whole band rushes to the windows with "Hoche," "Ache," and "Kolossals," that startle the entire train. The German tourist is just as much despised by the hotel-keepers as he is by his traveling companions, for he is mean, superstitious and noisy. One would imagine that they really did all in their power to exasperate the public by their clumsiness."

"At the bottom," adds this French critic, "there conduct may be due to naivete; they shout, they eat and drink and amuse themselves like badly brought-up children. And if you lower your eyes at them and reprove their familiarity, they will retire into their corner and not say another word."

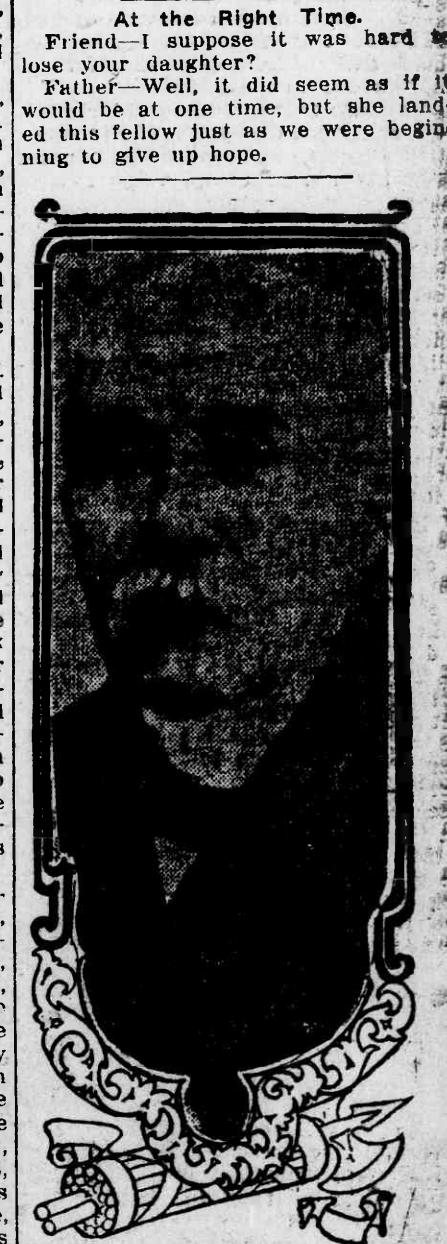
M. Bertaut concludes by saying that his dearest dream is that some day the French, like the English, will have hotels which display the warning: "No Germans."

What with the heat and the Moorish question, Parisians are almost becoming superstitious. Comparisons have been made between 1811 and 1911. The question is asked whether at the interval of a century, astronomical, atmospheric, and political events are not repeated. The summer of 1811, we are told, was exceptionally hot, but for all that the thermometer did not rise above 88 degrees. This year we have seen 92 degrees, in spite of our indignant protest, to 98 degrees. If the 88 degrees of 1811 were followed by the horrors of 1812 at Moscow, what would be the result of the 98 degrees of this year, if the Morocco question is not settled?

In 1811 there was much talk of the comet Kiss, the very comet that astronomers are again spying at the end of their telescopes this year. Why cannot this comet keep out of the way just when we are in the midst of Agadir and 98 degrees heat? But the vintage of 1811 was wonderful. For years after people talked of the "Vin de la comte." This year, therefore, is also to be noteworthy for its excellent wines to console us for Agadir, and the heat of a Babylonian furnace. We are to have a "Vin de comte" of which future generations will speak. Perhaps we might beat the heat and look forward to drinking this year's wine with greater gusto if the Moorish question were only settled. One of the scientific oracles tells us that we must wait for the autumnal equinox, and if that happens to be favorable, all the bad omens will vanish.

WEATHER INSPECTOR SENT TO CHARLESTON.
 By Associated Press.
 Charleston, S. C., Sept. 9.—Due to harsh criticism of the weather bureau because of the shortness of notice given of the approach of the hurricane on Sunday night of last week, an inspector reached here today. He was detailed by Chief W. L. Moore, thoroughly to investigate these charges. The general opinion prevails here that the local officials were not at fault, having to obey instructions from the central office.

At the Right Time.
 Friend—I suppose it was hard to lose your daughter?
 Father—Well, it did seem as if it would be at one time, but she landed this fellow just as we were beginning to give up hope.



M. CLEMENCEAU

M. Clemenceau, former premier of France, who is about to start a newspaper in Paris upon progressive American lines.