

President Wilson's Mediation Sought

AIM OF MÜNSTERBERG, PROFESSOR, WROTE GERMAN CHANCELLOR THAT UNITED STATES PRESIDENT WOULD BE "INTOXICATED WITH JOY" BY THE IDEA—THE LETTER WAS ONLY RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

For months past the German Government has been "by proxy" conducting a peace propaganda in the United States, the end in view being to interest President Wilson in its peace plans to the point where he, the President, will officially try to bring the fighting in Europe to an end by mediation. That such a situation exists, and that the highest officials of the German Government are anxious for the President to intervene with the object of bringing the war to an early end, is indicated in a report made to Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor of the German Empire, by Dr. Hugo Münsterberg, head of the Department of Psychology in Harvard University.

AUTHORSHIP DISCLOSED.
The report, in the form of a letter to the Chancellor, was intercepted in the mails by the British authorities, and the letter was made public, in part, several weeks ago, but the fact that it was written by Dr. Münsterberg, and that it was addressed to the man who, next to the Kaiser, is the most powerful in the German Government, was not disclosed until a few days ago.

Prof. Münsterberg, referring to President Wilson, assured the Chancellor that once the President "works himself into the idea of being the arbitrator of the world, he will be so intoxicated by the joy of playing a historic part that he will give himself up to it with his whole soul and without rest."

The part of the letter made public by the British Government is as follows:—

In the country at large, however, the conciliatory and yet sure German policy toward Washington, above all, worked excellently. How far the ultimate goal of this great movement, European peace, has thereby been immediately affected and brought nearer cannot yet be estimated even in the most intimate circle. On this point

I have confidential information from the best informed circles, which is, however, partly contradictory. I have the impression that Wilson's desire to play the part of mediator was at first overestimated in German official circles here; he saw clearly how much he might harm himself with many of the most influential people by such efforts. He knew that he could only ignore these persons if he could be certain of success in Europe.

PUSH HIM INTO IT.

Yes, quite apart from mediation, his closest advisers were even continuously uncertain whether Wilson's position for the election would be stronger if he appeared before the country as preserver of peace or as indifferent to it; as, however, in the last fortnight, as a result of Mexico, Ireland and the submarine settlement, the pacifists everywhere have come forward more strongly, and even threatened the formation of a third and not altogether impossible new party around Bryan, Ford and MacClellan, Wilson is certainly for the moment more favorably disposed toward the preservation of peace, and from this position he can be more easily pushed into the post of mediator. It is a fortunate circumstance that Root in particular does not wish to concede him this fame; such opposition strengthens Wilson as soon as he sets before himself the ambitious goal.

NOT TOO PRO-BRITISH.

The widespread fear that he would be too pro-British as mediator I consider to be unfounded, from my personal knowledge of the man. Hitherto he was wholly a party man; but if he once works himself into the idea of being the arbitrator of the world he will be so intoxicated by the joy of playing a historic part that he will give himself up to it with his whole soul and without rest. He will remain strictly neutral, less out of

moral conscientiousness than from an aesthetic pleasure in his unique role.

Roosevelt once told me that he was brought up in hatred for England, but that on the day he entered the White House he made a vow to himself to overcome this feeling. Wilson will in the same way vow to himself to lay aside his anti-German feeling only when he succeeds in rising above himself will he feel the full joy of the act.

For all these reasons I hold it now to be my chief task here to encourage the pacifist sentiment now abroad, and so my main work consists in continuously writing new essays and articles in favor of the preservation of peace and of Wilson's reputation as a mediator; all this peace material naturally appears without my name.

Your Excellency's most obedient servant, HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, (Dated "Cambridge, May 12, 1916.")

U.S. Germany's Enemy

"Vampire Who Sucks the Blood from Europe's Arteries."

London, Oct. 24.—Anti-British propaganda is now raging in the German press as never before, and, also for purposes of propaganda, the Prussians are issuing at Amsterdam, a Deutsche Wochenzeitung, in the latest issue of which there is an article full of fierce invective against the United States.

Were it not for the fact that America is behind the Somme armies of the allies, they allege, they would never be able to beat the Prussians. The Deutsche Wochenzeitung says: "Who, at bottom, is waging the war? If you ask the mourning mother, 'What has robbed you of your son, your pride and your hope?' he reply is, 'The lust for profit of the American millionaires.' There is a country whose war aim is quite clear—America with her object of becoming the sole world banker by delivering immense war supplies.

"Behind the Somme front stands an enemy whom we cannot reach. Her war is a one-side war against which we are unable to retaliate. She is the vampire who sucks the blood from Europe's arteries because she is able to suck in at the same time Europe's gold."

Napoleonic Maxims

Apply as Strikingly To-day as in Great Commander's Time.

In a little volume, "Napoleon in His Own Words," just translated from the French, one comes upon many military and political maxims which apply as strikingly to-day as they did in the great commander's own time. A few of them may be worth quoting:—

"Inevitable wars are always just," opined Napoleon. In the field, "An army which cannot be reinforced is already defeated." What is this but the theory of attrition of the present war, on a scale undreamt of by the Corsican? "Never march by flank in front of an army in position. This principle is absolute." Von Kluk disregarded it. "Generals who hold fresh troops for the morrow of the battle are enary always beaten." As for the responsibilities of the supreme commander: "Dealing constantly with even the most violent facts involves less wear on the heart than dealing with abstractions."

Grim, but true, is the observation that "he who cannot look over a battlefield with a dry eye causes the death of many men uselessly." And again: "There are some cases where the expenditure of men is an economy of blood."

"The most derisible quality of a soldier is constancy in the support of fatigue; valor is only secondary. An army is a nation which obeys. When conscription is no longer looked upon as a burden, but only as a point of honor, of which each is jealous, then only is a nation great, glorious, strong. It is then alone that it is in a position to brave reverses, invasions—time itself."

"Whoever possesses Constantinople ought to rule the world. Europe is a molehill. It has never had any great empires like those of the Orient, numbering six hundred million souls."

And one last word: "I have shown France what she is capable of. Let her achieve it."

In a new rear signal for automobiles, pressing a button on the steering wheel lights a red light and lifts a semaphore, which is dropped and the light changed to green, when the button is pressed a second time.

GOLD BOUND

A STORY OF ALASKAN GOLD COUNTRY

(Continued from last week)

With dignity, Young might have used the "bird-in-hand" argument, holding it as advisable to land Duane in jail at Nome before proceeding farther. Thus he could have delayed until the weather moderated, as it surely would do before Christmas, organized a new posse, and made the capture with safety and comfort.

That procedure, however, would have meant divided glory, and none of the reputation luster that would come from the single-handed capture which he had undertaken to achieve. But his vanity, inordinate as it was, did not warm his lean frame as he trudged over the white-blanketed hills essaying a short cut to Paint Creek.

Before he had travelled two miles he realized that he had underestimated the cold. There had been no thermometer at the shack, nor any other way of measuring the degree of frost. The nip of the weather at first had not worried him. When one left shelter and a fire for the open, the first half hour was always the coldest. He would warm up, he thought, after he got under way. He drew his fur parka closer around him, and struck his swiftest trail stride.

One cheering axiom of the North recurred to him: "He travels fastest who travels alone." He'd make short work of that mush to Paint Creek. After all it wasn't so far when one could make his own hair-line trail across country. The sparsely wooded foothills of the Sawtooth were already beginning to look neighborly.

As he speeded on, his fur boots finding good footing on the snow crust, he was chewing tobacco. It was after an expectoration resulting from this habit that he was really startled. The spittle crackled when it struck the snow! He knew what that meant. The frost had dropped to at least forty degrees below zero.

Another axiom of the land of Northern Lights came urgently to his mind. This one was disturbing: "No

wise man travels alone at forty or more below."

But he had gone too far now to turn back. It would be a confession of weakness quite humiliating after the confident front he had donned before leaving the shack. Timmons would have the laugh on him, and he'd spread the story the length of the Nome beach. He'd been out in the cold before. The footing was dry. He'd be all right, as long as he kept moving, and what was there to halt him? His muscles were of steel, his circulation excellent; he was fully rested and amply fed.

Yet it certainly was cold, colder than he ever remembered! Despite his best efforts, he was conscious of a growing numbness in fingers and toes. For a time he ran, bringing as much weight as possible upon his toes and slapping his arms about his body until his fingers tingled. The effort was exhausting. It winded him, and he cast out his chew of tobacco.

It certainly was cold! The thought kept hammering at his brain until his temples throbbed. In its repetition it became an obsession. He tried to keep from thinking of it, to hold his mind on something less depressing. He planned what he would do when he confronted Keating and Jensen. He recited what Nome would probably say when he brought in his prisoners, the capture of the year. But the temperature was not to be denied. He gave up the effort to forget about it, striding on in spite of it.

While he had lost sense of time, he had not lost sense of direction, and it was with a thrill of momentary relief that he recognized a landmark which told him that Paint Creek was wriggling away under its covering of ice and snow. He descended the low bank of the gulch into the bed of the little stream. The going was better there, and the bank gave some protection from the wind. He was surely all right now, and he was glad he had not

(Continued in next issue.)

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