

"FEARS OF MOB" BRING GERMAN WHINE TO MERCIER

"Very Urgent That Steps Be Taken to Protect Officer Prisoners," Von Bissing Complains, but Fails to Give Details When Requested

Explanatory Comment

"I WAS within my rights."
"I waive all claims."

These two statements concerning a single subject in a single brief letter strikingly reveal the embarrassment of Governor General von Bissing following an epistolary brush with the acute and patriotic Cardinal.

The German masters of Belgium had a mania for extracting pledges. In their vanity they doubtless prided themselves upon their extreme "subtlety."

Their aim, however, was almost childishly transparent. Treason was the broad count upon which the occupying power sought to register its cases against King Albert's people. The very essence of treason was the violation of pledged word, given to a government.

Death, imprisonment, deportation were the outcomes of broken promises. The more oaths compelled by force from helpless victims, the more court sentences on the exultantly awaited days of reckoning.

From the outset the Cardinal was under no delusions about the whole nefarious plan. When all other arguments failed he protested in terms of the most virile patriotism. Where, however, it was not possible to draw upon his armory of logic, erudition and statesmanship he adopted other methods and with conspicuous success.

An early victory and one brilliantly complete was won on the question of the payment by the German Government of the salaries to the clergy. Von Bissing plotted characteristically to render the disbursements of the funds dependent upon a declaration that the priests would not disturb public order.

With prompt and specific reference to historical justification the Cardinal explained that the members of the clergy were not public functionaries of the Belgian state. Their salaries were paid on the ground of indemnity as compensation for the confiscation of ecclesiastical property at the time the modern kingdom of Belgium was formed.

He vigorously denied Von Bissing's right to alter the status of the priests by requiring oaths of good behavior with regard to the occupying power. The Governor General was utterly outmaneuvered. If he was, as he said, within his rights "in subordinating the payment of the salaries to the signing of the proposed declaration," his position is almost ludicrously weakened by the waiver of the claim. His unconvincing excuse was that the Cardinal had disclaimed "any intention of disturbing order."

What the Cardinal actually wrote was that "the Belgian bishops have no designs against the public order." Von Bissing was thus forced to regard this general statement as a definite pledge with which his Eminence bound all the members of the clergy.

It was, of course, a simple observation, not an oath. That the discomfited Governor General speciously contrived it otherwise was a plain confession of defeat.



CARDINAL MERCIER AND CARDINAL GIBBONS

highest esteem and I have the honor to be your most devoted servant.
(Signed) FREIHERR VON BISSING, Generaloberst.

CHAPTER IV

Von Bissing Complains to the Cardinal About the Manner in Which the French Treat German Officer Prisoners

Office of the Governor General of Belgium, Brussels, December 31st, 1913.

TO His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

I have the honor in reply to the esteemed letter addressed to my predecessor on November 29th* to make to your Eminence the following communication:

It has often happened that German doctors who have been made prisoners by the French have reported on their return from captivity the ignominious treatment which had been inflicted on German officer prisoners. These reports have been communicated to all the Belgian and French officer prisoners in Germany in order that they may take up the matter with the proper authorities in their respective countries with a view to ameliorating the conditions of the German officers and thus to avoid eventual reprisals on the part of the German Government. These reports have been read at the same time to the Belgian ecclesiastics who are in the camp at Celle. No measures of reprisals have as far been taken.

I inclose with my letter a copy of one of these reports which have arrived here, with the observation that the bad treatment which is mentioned therein must have been meanly mitigated in consequence of diplomatic representations.

The Governor General, (Signed) VON BISSING, Cavalry General.

*Note—This letter has never been found.

"Infamous Treatment," Germans Cry

The following note accompanied the Governor's letter:

The head doctor, Ter Peek, who was a prisoner for some time in the camp at Fougères and who, since his release, has been doing duty as head doctor with the regiment of the Landwehr, No. 74, reports as follows about the installations in that camp and the manner in which German officer prisoners are treated there:

During their removal from the camp they were exposed to the insults of the mob, measures for their protection were altogether inadequate. Their military equipment has been taken from them—their caps, gaiters, etc.—and instead of these they have been given nightcaps and very shabby civilian clothes.

Again, in the camp they were exposed to the jeers of the mob; the commandant at the camp is unable to protect them. The accommodation leaves much to be desired. The rooms cannot be warmed and the officers have to clean them out themselves. For beds they have only sacks of straw to lie on without any bedclothes. There are no sanitary arrangements. Their food is insufficient and of inferior quality and yet the officers only receive eighty centimes of their pay on the plea that the rest is kept for their maintenance.

These reports show that it is very urgent that steps should be taken to put a stop to this infamous treatment.

In reply to this letter, the Cardinal asked for details which were never forthcoming.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Cardinal Mercier's Story

Including his correspondence with the German authorities in Belgium during the war, 1914 to 1918, edited by Professor Fernand Mayence of Louvain University and translated by the Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, England.

Archbishop of Malines, February 9th, 1915.

TO His Excellency Baron von Bissing, Governor General, Brussels.

Sir—Since I have the opportunity,* may I remind your Excellency of my letter of January 27th relative to the salaries of the clergy? My colleagues in the episcopate, whose ideas as well as my own I gave expression to, are as anxious as myself to find a solution. When I say my colleagues, I must make a reservation in the case of the Bishop of Tournay, who finds it materially impossible to communicate his views to us.

Believe me, your Excellency, I feel sure it is superfluous for me to make this declaration that the Belgian bishops have no designs against public order. If ever a member of the clergy forgot his duty on this point, or if the German authorities were to consider him as having done so, we only make one request, viz., that the case be brought to the notice of

the bishop of the diocese to which such a one may happen to belong.

Receive, my dear Governor General, the assurance of my very high esteem.

(Signed) D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Mechlin.

*Note—His Eminence at the same time was writing to the Governor General to intercede on behalf of the cure of Forrières. (See below.)

Waives Claims to Declarations

Governor General of Belgium's Office, Brussels, February 17th, 1915.

TO His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Mechlin.

I have the honor to acknowledge your Eminence's esteemed letters of January 28th and February 9th.

I cannot entertain the views which your Eminence puts forward in your first letter. It is a question of a measure arising out of the war. This measure in no wise affects the position of the clergy in regard to the State as laid down by the Belgian Constitution and Legislature. Moreover, it in no wise constitutes a precedent. On the conclusion of the war it loses all its force.

To prove that I was within my rights in subordinating the payment of salaries to the signing of the proposed declaration, I might adduce the fact that already a number of the clergy, among them a bishop with all his chapter, have professed themselves in agreement with my way of thinking.

In your very esteemed letter of the 9th instant, your Eminence has declared that the Belgian hierarchy disclaims any intention of disturbing public

order. The maintenance of public order constitutes my duty. Since, in view of the position of the episcopate in the Catholic Church, I am enabled to look upon the declaration of your Eminence as binding the whole clergy, I have great pleasure in informing you that I waive all claims to a personal declaration from each member of the clergy.

I offer to your Eminence the expression of my highest esteem, and I have the honor to be your Eminence's most devoted servant.

(Signed) FREIHERR VON BISSING, Governor General.

Archbishop's House, Malines, February 19th, 1915.

TO His Excellency Baron von Bissing, Governor General, Brussels.

I have received the letter with which your Excellency honored me on February 17th in answer to my communications of January 28th and February 9th.

Yesterday I had the opportunity of meeting my revered colleagues of the Belgian hierarchy at Tournay. They have begged me to become their spokesman with your Excellency and to express to your lively satisfaction and our heartfelt gratitude.

Kindly accept the expression of my very high esteem.

(Signed) D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines.

Archbishop's House, Malines, March 1st, 1915.

TO His Excellency Baron von Bissing, Governor General, Brussels.

It has come to my knowledge that your Excel-

lency has not received the letter which I had the honor to address to you on February 19th. It was, however, sent to you by registered post as is proved by the inclosed receipt.

The following is the text of what I then wrote.

(Here follows text of the preceding letter.)

I present again to your Excellency the expression of my very high esteem.

(Signed) D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER, Archbishop of Malines.

The Governor General of Belgium, Brussels, March 3rd, 1915.

TO His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

In reply to the esteemed letter of your Eminence dated the 1st of this month, I have the honor to inform you that your letter of February 19th reached me in a regular manner through the post.

If I have delayed answering, it is because I desired to add to the thanks which I owe your Eminence for your last letter the announcement that the payment of ecclesiastical salaries is secure. I had given orders to the head of the administration to advise me of it. It is only today that he has informed me that it is an accomplished fact.

I rejoice to be able to make this communication to your Eminence; at the same time I beg you to accept my warm thanks for your kind letters of February 10th and March 1st, as well as my regret for the delay I have taken in answering.

I offer to your Eminence the expression of my

GARBED LIKE FRIARS OF OLD, FATHER PAUL INVADES CITY

Head of a Modern Order of Franciscans Known for His Pious Work at Graymoor, N. Y., House for Poor to Conduct Retreat Here

Looking as though he had stepped from the doors of a sixteenth century monastery, Father Paul, the head of a modern order of Franciscans, is visiting the city.

He wears the flowing robes, the cowl and crucifix of the friars of old. Like his brothers who have gone before in the dim past of the church, he has given his life to the poor and needy along the highways of life.

In his eyes shine the same kindly humor and the same unselfishness of purpose. Like them his only reward in life is "the hope of the City of God at the end of the road."

Father Paul has come to the city to conduct a retreat—a series of religious services—at the Cathedral this week. He will conduct special services morning and evening.

The story of Father Paul's work at the monastery and lodging house for the poor at Graymoor, near Garrison, N. Y., is like a page out of old church history. Through it breathes the same gentle and consecrated spirit that moved the Franciscans of medieval Europe to minister to the poor and distressed, to feed them and preach to them.

Welcome at St. Christopher's Inn.

As he talks of the monastery and St. Christopher's Inn, where all men are welcome, he calls up something of the world, of calm-eyed monks walking in meditation beneath old trees, and through the quiet air the clear tolling of some high bronze bell.

St. Christopher's Inn, where Father Paul has lived for the last ten years in the main road between New York city and the west. Along this highway pass all manner of wanderers, strange outcast people, the poor and the great army of tramps. On their way to and from the city's Bowery, they find and share the hospitality of the Franciscans. They are ministered to kindly and bountifully before they pass on their way to the dark cities or the far places of the world.

To some of them the friars minister in more than body. Many are turned to a new road, the uphill road back to decent living. By their simplicity and kindness the friars of Graymoor have worked many miracles of today among their "down and out" guests.

The story of the founding of the inn and the "Union That Nothing Might Be Lost," a branch of the Society of the Atonement, which operates the inn along the Hudson, might have been the material for a legend, had it happened several centuries ago.

Among the many "brothers Christopher" who stopped from time to time at the monastery was an old man of eighty years, friendly and threadbare. During one of his visits, the question of a place to train young men for the priesthood was brought up. He listened with interest and went his way, as he had many times before.

In a few days there came to the monastery checks for \$5000 and \$200—

THE DAILY NOVELETTE SOLVING THE PROBLEM

By JULIA A. ROBINSON

NANETTE trudged wearily home after her day's work—that is, she went to her small room in a lodging house. She was tired and a little discouraged, for the day had been a hard one. She stopped on the first floor to pay the rent for the following week, for she might oversleep in the morning and not have time to see the landlady before going to work; then she would run the risk of losing her room. She handed out the bills tremblingly. She always cringed when she paid out those precious dollars; it took so long to earn them and so much hard work. Then it was that the great blow came.

"From now on it'll be fifty cents more a week," announced the landlady blandly, not noticing the shock to the girl. "Everything's gone up," she went on. "Coal's high. I don't know how I'm going to get enough for this winter. I've got to raise on the rent."

Nanette gasped, but dared not say a word. How often she had heard that same story. "Everything's gone up," she dreaded the result. Now it had come, and what was she to do? Had not things gone up for her as well? Who was to help her on her expenses? She had no one to fall back upon and demand more money of them to meet the high prices for everything she must buy. It was the way they all did, and she dared not protest.

Warily the girl paid the extra half dollar and mounted the stairs to her lodgings. Somehow, the little room that she had tried to make beautiful with her own simple bric-a-brac had lost its attraction for her. It no longer looked homelike. She sank into a chair and burst into tears. Everything looked

dark before her. "I don't know what I'm going to do," she wailed. "I saw the limit before. I shall have to go without clothes."

How could she pay the rent and have enough to eat to keep her health on her small salary? They would turn her off if she complained. The world was very cruel. What was the use of living, anyway?

An hour later John came. He had not called for a long time and Nanette was afraid he had forgotten. She brightened up, brushed the tears from her face, and went down to meet him. Perhaps he would take her to the movies; that would help her to forget.

But John was not thinking of the movies. They walked out to the river bank. Moonlight streamed across the river. Passers-by chattered gaily, but John was grim and silent, not at all like himself.

"No, I'm not going to the movies," he growled, when Nanette demurred. "Couldn't stand 'em to-night."

"Why not? What ails you, John? I thought you liked the movies."

"How can you expect a hungry man to enjoy the movies or anything else?" he growled.

He had grown enthusiastic, but Nanette was silent. She had never imagined being wooed in quite that way. It seemed very practical and homely, just to be thinking of eating. She wanted love and romance—but then, John was hungry and she nipped him. Yet she would not yield at once. Her woman's coquetry came to her aid.

"Oh, you want me just for your food, do you?" she retorted. "Can't you give some other cue for a cool, John?"

He saw the fun twinkling in her eyes and began to understand. "There, I'm a brute," he cried. "I confess this does not sound much like love-making, but it is, and I mean it. Leaving the eating and the practical part out of the question, I want you, Nanette. I love you. I've loved you for a long time, but I thought I must wait till I had a tale of money before I told you so. I thought we ought to have enough to begin in style before we got married, but couldn't see how on just a little, dear?"

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"Hungry? Why, John, you're not hungry, really?"

"Yes, I am."

"But didn't you have your supper? What's the matter with you?"

"Matter enough, I should say!" he stormed. "When a man can't get a decent meal anywhere in the city! You say all mention and don't get what I'm fit to eat, and not half enough of it. I'm tired of it."

"Oh, John, it's too bad!" she sympathized. "I was down in the dumps, and began to understand. 'There, I'm a brute,' he cried. 'I confess this does not sound much like love-making, but it is, and I mean it. Leaving the eating and the practical part out of the question, I want you, Nanette. I love you. I've loved you for a long time, but I thought I must wait till I had a tale of money before I told you so. I thought we ought to have enough to begin in style before we got married, but couldn't see how on just a little, dear?"

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We'd be so much more comfortable— and so happy!" Her eyes twinkled. "And have plenty to eat, John?"

Then he caught her in his arms and kissed her, and the romance which meant so much to both began.

The next complete novelette—A Party for Jim.

TUG SINKS. CREW SAVED

Men Stand on Pilothouse for Hour Before Being Rescued

Standing in three feet of water above the pilot house of the tug Delaware, which sank suddenly in the Schuylkill river near Girard Point yesterday afternoon, its crew of seven men faced the wind and rain for more than an hour before help arrived.

The tug sank from a leak which

was rescued by comrades. Two of the men clung to the funnel and others hung to them to prevent being swept away by the current. They were finally rescued by the tug Diamond P.

TO GET SCHOOL SHIP HERE

Gunboat Annapolis Assigned for Training Young Seaman

Once more Philadelphia will have a naval school ship. The gunboat Annapolis, now at Mare Island navy yard, has been assigned to this port for that purpose, according to word received yesterday by the commissioners of navigation from George T. Sproule, its secretary.

Mr. Sproule telegraphed that the ship had been assigned through the efforts of Congressman Darroch. It will be delivered here within a few weeks.

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