All Germany Thrills Over Deeds of Her Young Heroes

Special Correspondence.

BERLIN, Germany, August 10, 1916.

GERMANY has always been a land of hero-worship, and everything has been done to encourage it, especially in this war. Many books and pamphlets have been written about each hero since the outbreak of the war, and the book store windows display post cards and plaster paris casts of them. The list of German heroes has been a long one; and then, too, there are the thousands of others who have died unknown and unsung.

Lieut. Immelmann, the aviator, was very young. When his death became known a great wave of sorrow swept over all Germany, flags went down at half mast and people who did not even know him wept. In Leipsic, where he had lived, and in Dresden, where he was born, the sorrow was doubled.

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Immelmann had always expected such a death. He knew that eventually he, too, would fall as he had seen so many others fall. It was part of the game, he said. The last aeroplane he shot down was his sixteenth, and it fell into a ruined village near Verdun. A little story is told of this day. One of the French aviators was killed and the other was taken prisoner. Immelmann offered the captured man his hand, but the Frenchman refused, and he went over and knelt down by the newly made grave of his comrade. Immelmann promptly knelt with him, and together they said a prayer for the dead man.

Since the days of Carl Theodore Korner, no young hero has been so popular in Germany as has Otto Weddigen; his memory, like Korner's, will be forever young. He was born in Westfalialand, so rich in stories and legends of the Roman days. As a child, Otto sat big-eyed on his grandfather's knee, and listened to the tales of the Teutonburg forest—stories of gladiators, knights and deeds of daring in the Charlemagne days. But best of all he loved the sea stories of the Norsemen, and his greatest hero was Olaf Traeteje, the Norse sea pirate, whose expeditions were equaled only by that famous English outlaw, Robin Hood.

Weddigen's father was a merchant of Herford, and as Otto was the youngest and not strong, he was the pet of the whole family. Even as a little child his whole love was bound up in the German marine. He studied pictures of boats and he never forgot his first impression of the sea.

CAPT. VON MUCKE.

CAPT. BOLKE.

CAPT.-LIEUT. OTTO WEDDIGEN.

COUNT DOHNA SCHLODIEN.

LIEUT. IMMELMANN.

LIEUT. VON DER LINDE.

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As soon as he was old enough he entered the German marine, where his elder brother was already an officer. His marine career was a meteorlike one, and in 1904, advancing over 100 comrades, he became a lieutenant; in 1906 an overlieutenant and a little later a captain. The deeds of his U boat in the present war rang through the world, the U-9 sending down the English cruisers Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy, and the large cruiser Hawke. He was then put in charge of the U-29 and given the order of the Pour le Merite. The U-29 sank four British, two French merchant vessels and many smaller boats, which, from the German point of view, were achievements.

The English themselves wrote of Weddigen's kindness and courtesy to the unfortunate crews who came under his fire. The Daily Graphic said: "Capt. Weddigen, who spoke English perfectly, was always courteous, and, in the case of a merchant vessel which he had sunk, he saw to the safety of the crew. On board the U-29 he offered cigars and wine to the officers of the British ships he had sent to the bottom. When the officers of the French ship left the submarine, Commander Weddigen's parting remark was, 'Give my compliments to Mr. Churchill.' The captain of one British ship begged that his ship might be spared, but Weddigen replied, 'War is war. I must sink your ship, although I am very sorry to have to do it.' One seaman of the Aldenwen either fell or jumped overboard, and Weddigen ordered a dry suit of clothes to be thrown into one of the boats which went to his rescue. He towed the boats containing the survivors until they fell in with a Norwegian ship."

In 1914 Weddigen married Fraulein Irma Prencke of Hamburg, and after a short wedding journey he was again on duty. Irma Weddigen was very proud of her hero knight of the Pour le Merite. But it was not easy for her, because there were long weeks without any news. In April, 1915, she received a letter from Ostend, and then came terrible days of waiting, and, finally, the hopeless news that the U-29 was sunk and that Otto Weddigen was no more. The name of Otto Weddigen will go down in history. The English call him the most famous German sea pirate, but the Germans call him the Siegfried of the deep.

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The tales of von Muecke read like the stories of "Sindbad the Sailor," and have ended like all good fairy tales end—in a wedding. When von Muecke was married, a few months ago, to a very pretty and a very rich young lady from Hamburg, Muecke invited all the crew of the Ayesha to the wedding, and never was a commander more popular with his men than this handsome, big giant, who stands over six feet in his stockings.

The daring deeds of the Emden and the Ayesha are well known. The Emden went out under the command of Capt. von Muller, chasing merchant vessels in the Sea of Bengal, where she spread terror. The English called her the "Flying Dutchman," and gave chase. Near the Kneeling Islands the Emden succumbed after a heroic resistance, and a detachment disembarked on the islands under the command of Lieut. von Muecke. They took with them the small boat, the Ayesha. After many exciting adventures they succeeded in reaching the Arabian coast. Here they had many encounters with the Arabian tribes, but they made their way to the Hedjas railway and thence to Constantinople, and then back to Germany. Capt. von Muller was taken prisoner by the English.

The Moewe, so well known in America, became the successor of these two boats, and her commander, Dohna-Schlodien, is famous. When Dohna came back to Germany with his Moewe his greatest pleasure was the feast the peasants from his own village gave him. To him it was more than the bigger things that were done for him.

Since the death of Immelmann, Capt. Bolke, the flyer, has been the most popular of all the now active young German heroes. He has brought down his eighteenth aeroplane, and several months ago was given the order of the "Pour le Merite." Nine of the aeroplanes were brought down in the Champagne and the other nine around Verdun. In the diary of a German soldier was found a description of a visit he paid to Bolke a few weeks ago at his headquarters near Verdun. He writes:

"When I entered Bolke's room he was sitting before a mountain of letters. He asked me to take a seat, and to excuse him until he had finished hs post. Near his table stood a large cartridge box, and it was still half full of letters. Bolke remarked: 'I was in Germany for a few days, and I have not had time to finish the post that has accumulated. I have a writer to help me, but some I must answer myself.'

"The letters flew from right to left, some with a remark and others without. I could not imagine what all the letters could be about, but he told me that most of them were only asking for an autograph for an album of heroes. One schoolboy had sent a whole tablet, asking Bolke to fill it in with his signature, telling him frankly that later he was going to sell the autographs, and would Bolke please help him to make some money. Other letters were invitations to him to become an honorary member of various sport clubs and unions, and there were many offers of marriage.

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"'Are you married?' I asked him. He was amused at my question, and then broke into a laugh. 'Thank goodness, no!' was his answer. Then he showed me a letter he had received that morning from a little girl asking him to wait for her until she grew up. It was signed with a kiss.

"In spite of all the attention that is heaped upon young Bolke he is quite unassuming. We sat down to some chocolate, and Bolke told me of a fight he had had the day before. 'Yesterday I arose over the Bourrus forest, going after a French flyer, and it came to a fight; but I did not get him. I followed him over 900 meters high and was quite near to him, perhaps only forty or fifty meters away. I fired 500 shots, but I couldn't bring him down. I think his assistant was hurt, probably killed. He sat there all sunken down, and did not move. I could see only his helmet over the top of the machine. The motor, too, was touched, but the guider held the apparatus firmly in his hands and landed.

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"Bolke grew very earnest in telling his story and seemed to be talking more to himself than to me. I asked him which he found to be the stronger opponent, the French or the English flyer, and he answered, 'The English. They are finer in a hand-to-hand combat and they can endure more. An Englishman prides himself on his firmness and fearlessness.'

"Bolke has a beautiful flying place, an inclosed meadow near Verdun. There is a little house on the place, with a table and a bench before the door, and a spring where he can bathe. Here he is as exclusive as a king."

There are many more young heroes of whom one does not hear so much about. There is Capt. Hersing of the U-21, who, it is claimed, sank the English cruiser Pathfinder last September, and later the battleships Majestic and Invincible. He, too, has a "Pour le Merite." Then there is Capt. Firle, who commands the Turkish torpedo boats and guided the first German submarine safely from Germany to Constantinople, passing through the French and English lines.

And one must not forget the first young hero of the war. It was at Namur that Lieut. von der Linde burst into fame. Some of the forts around Namur had already been taken, and Linde asked permission to try to take the one at Malone. It was granted, and with only three men he started out. It is all like a fairy tale. With the butt of his gun he banged at the door of the fortress and demanded admission, crying in a loud, hoarse voice, "The whole German army stands back of me!"

The doors of the fort opened, he was admitted and given the keys. He had no German flag with him, so he made one out of a pair of black trousers, a white shirt and a red scarf. He flew it at the top of the fort, and when the Germans saw it they came rushing. He was given a "Pour le Merite." He was just twenty-one years old then.

Reviews of Books of Midsummer.

SEVEN MILES TO ARDEN. By Ruth Sawyer, author of "The Primrose Ring." New York: Harper & Bros.

MISS PATRICIA O'CONNELL, late of the National Irish Players and later of the women's free ward of the city hospital, is the altogether alluring heroine of this captivating story. For the purposes of this novel Miss Patricia is in one of the interludes of her playing career. Now with Patsy O'Connell footloose and free unexpected happenings swarm about her as thick as bees around the bloom. These fluttering and flying surprises circle around Patsy's outburst of friendship for a misunderstood young man, and the quest for this unknown person set up by the enviably friendly Irish girl. To be sure, it is all a nonsensical break with conventions. And equally to be sure, it is a madcap adventure that is a constant delight, for, you see, it is an escape into Arden, into that magical forest land of freedom, and beauty, and lovely thoughts, and no-ill-toward-anybody. According to the story, Patsy O'Connell is always being told that she is yet "seven miles from Arden," the place where she expects to open up her largess of friendship. The truth is that she creates Arden around herself and makes an idyl of her jaunt through the countryside with the ragged tinker man into whose company she falls. The tinker man turns out to be—well, no matter, you will want to find out for yourself about him, as well as about the hundred other joys of the adventuring of Patsy O'Connell. The story is like the sweetest and freshest thing one knows—the break of day, the cool of the woods, the friendliness of running streams, the laughter of life.

THE BYWONNER. By F. E. Mills Young, author of "Valley of a Thousand Hills," etc. New York: John Lane Company.

"The Bywonner" is a gray story of farm life in South Africa. The little group depicted here is made up of a prosperous English farmer, a family of well-to-do Dutch and the "bywonner"—an overseer and laborer on a Boer farm—with his boy and girl. It is around the bywonner and his children that the action of the narrative centers. It is from them, too, in the main, that it takes on its somber tone. For the man is a failure, an educated Englishman, gone off in drink, and reduced to service, clearly held as menial by the Dutch farmer who employs him and his children. The stodgy, self-satisfied Dutchman, Oom Conradie, with his wife and children, add also to the slow movement and heavy atmosphere of this South African chronicle. By an abundance of internal evidence one is convinced that this is a realistic picture of life in the locality with which it deals. It develops harmoniously in atmosphere, personalities, occupations and corresponding outlook on the affairs of life. The tragedy of Adela, beautiful daughter of the bywonner, and the dog's devotion of Zirk, Oom Conradie's dull inarticulate son, to Adela are the poignant and appealing touches in this bit of South African realism.

IN ANOTHER GIRL'S SHOES. By Berta Ruck, author of "His Official Fiancee," etc. Illustrations by E. C. Caswell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This should have been a play instead of a story. The setting and business of the stage, the personality of the actors, the good nature of the audience, the lights, the music, all conspire to carry off the most glaring of improbabilities with something that answers for conviction and appeal. Print, however, is cold, persistent, obtrusive in its disclosure of flaws of every sort. Print is not kind to this story. The details of development are worked out with good effect, but the absurdity of the plot constantly nudges one most irritatingly. For these shoes into which the other girl stepped led her directly to a husband and a couple of in-laws, none of whom she had ever seen and before whom she was to make shift of natural behavior. The incidental features of this novel, the life in Wales, the journey to Paris, the fascinations of that city, the touch of war, all these are worked out with this writer's accustomed skill. The action itself, however, should have a stage medium to cover its weakness.

FORKED LIGHTNINGS: A Comedy. By Keble Howard, author of "Merry Andrew," etc. New York: John Lane Company.

One thinks that this story should have stayed where it originated—with the stage. All that is not dialogue and action here impresses one as a description of stage business. The comedy hinges upon the persecution of one woman by another one and the ultimate rebound upon the pursuer of most of the missiles intended for the pursued. A young woman here walks right through the tenth commandment in pursuit of another woman's husband. It is this that sets in motion the succession of acts that wind in and out and roundabout in many laughable and some serious situations, all of which, finally, contribute to establishing the really good intent of the young woman, despite the shady appearance of her conduct. One is expected, by implication, to turn his sympathy over to the girl. Ninety-nine women out of the hundred, however, declare for the wife, covering her meannesses with their warm and ample fellow-feeling. This very natural diversion of sympathy from the channel in which the story manifestly expects it to flow, results in a cross-current effect on the reader's mind that is distinctly upsetting.

THE DIPLOMACY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Arthur Bullard, author of "A Man's World," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Upon the surface this is a sketch map of forty years of European politics. In effect, it is both map and moving picture. Mr. Bullard's general purpose here is to give the average reader the basis for an intelligent grasp of the international agreements and compromises that will follow upon the close of the great war. For such an understanding of the momentous events of that approaching period, he develops this map of European diplomacy for the immediate past. The first black dot on this map is Berlin. It is 1878. Around the green table sit the diplomats of Europe. Bismarck, at its head, pounds the table, scolds, bluffs, bulldozes. He doles out this and that, conceding one point here and gathering in a hundred there. The congress of Berlin is over. Bismarck is at high tide. Germany is the lord of Europe, "Das Deutchtum" is the bright vision of German world culture. Now France comes into the map. France pulsing with good red blood, having just paid a monstrous war indemnity that was calculated to "bleed her white." Then England appears, cooling off toward Germany, warming up toward France. The two new friends, England and France, dicker over Egypt and Morocco, and the little Spanish town of Algeciras comes into the map. The Balkans swing into the growing circle, fighting their wars, one and two. Then dawn the feverish years of competitive armament and then the fateful summer of 1914. This is the outline map which Mr. Bullard passes over to readers for them to use in placing the further events of European internationalism at the liquidation of the war. But the author takes pains to remind us that things have changed since the congress of Berlin, and that by reason of this change the map will not grow in the old lines, so we must watch out to place the dots and boundary lines, the rivers and mountains rightly. The congress of Berlin was a purely kingly affair. Since then the world has developed a public opinion of force and efficiency. The rights of nations and the common right of all nations have taken on meaning and definition. Business has become the major element in diplomacy, with colonization interests as its chief factor. All this must be considered in any future study of international politics, and particularly in the immediate concerns of a new peace between the European countries. In addition to this outline map, which Mr. Bullard constructs in such vivid and dramatic detail, there is an outlook upon the United States in its relations to Europe. In this the writer discusses our traditional policy, the problems that the war is imposing upon us, the condition of our national defense and our policy toward a general peace. One of the best of the many discussions on the all-important subject of European diplomacy and political history.

THE SELF-DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA. By Prof. J. Y. Simpson, author of "Sidelights on Siberia," etc. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The war, with its many other revelations, has served to discover Russia to the rest of the world. During this event the average reader has found himself, time and again, engaged in the business of unloading himself of a worthless litter of misinformation concerning the essential and significant facts of Russian life and character. To this dawning new conception of the Slavic empire Dr. Simpson adds substantially by means of the volume in hand. From a personal tour of investigation the writer describes certain outstanding measures and works calculated to illustrate the Russian spirit under the stress of war. The most marked, and the most important of these, is their unexcelled powers of co-operation. An example of this gift of working together is the empire-wide relief organization for the care of refugees, of the sick and the wounded. The towns and the county councils have united and joined this prodigious union of theirs to the Red Cross organization for every manner of help and relief. This the writer follows in enough of concrete detail to show the strength and flexibility of Russian co-operation. Again, he tells of the carrying out of the czar's prohibition edict, showing how it has operated in the towns, in the factories and among the peasants of the rural regions of the empire. In a general way Dr. Simpson points to the most urgent of the economic problems of Russia, arguing in this connection the justice of Russia's claim for a Mediterranean port. In this admirable first-hand study, the writer, in numberless ways, emphasizes the warm personal love of the Russian for his country, his patience, the accommodating habit that underlies the union of mind, the co-operation in effort for which the Slav is so conspicuous, and upon which Russia will rely mainly for the great new life opening before her. One feels in personal debt for this uncommonly broad and understanding study of Russia's self-discovery.

NATIONALISM, WAR AND SOCIETY. By Edward Krehbiel, Ph. D. Introduction by Norman Angell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Krehbiel is a pacifist. He makes it quite clear, however, that pacifism is not a repudiation of all force. Rather is it a repudiation of martial force, with a corresponding expansion and exaltation of police force. War power is the bulwark of nationalism. Police power is the instrument of internationalism. This study is therefore, in effect, on the one hand, an indictment of the sovereign state as the source and support of war. On the other hand, it is an advocacy of a world state of reciprocal interests, supervised and regulated by an adequate development of the police power. As a matter of fact, the nation exists, according to this writer, by virtue of military power. Its essence is competition and a vicious rivalry with other nations. Its life warrant is an equilibrium of opposed elements, known as the balance of power. War is the concomitant of this situation. It is the inevitable issue of nationalism. On the other side of this shield Dr. Krehbiel outlines internationalism, the great co-operative society of the world, an orderly progress of civilization, wherein all the multiform parts accommodate themselves to their respective places in the single great scheme of human advance. It is plausible. Why should it not be possible? To be sure, the common saying is that as long as men are men there will be war. As long as man is brute there will be war, certainly, but when he passes into the realm of all-man, the reasonableness portrayed in this study of pacifism will supersede the unreason of war. A fine study of existing facts and conditions, and a convincing forecast of what will, without doubt, be an accepted stage of man's advance toward that which he has it within him to achieve.

THE OCEAN AND ITS MYSTERIES. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Co.

The ocean—as nature made it, rather than as harnessed by man—is herein considered by an author whose knowledge is given with a narrative charm which must appeal alike to the student and to his multitudinous brother, the general reader, who cares less for science than for a rattling good tale of the sea. In the impressionable days of his youth, Mr. Verrill spent many summers at various stations of the United States fish commission or on ships engaged in deep-sea explorations and research work in the north Atlantic. He recalls one memorable experience at a lighthouse service station with a boy companion whose father commanded the Anemone. This trip not only acquainted him "with the thousand and one details of guarding lives and ships," but gives the reader a glimpse of a "stern-faced commander," who, under his ship's awnings with the two boys beside him, "told true stories of adventure on the seven seas. No book of fiction, no Clark Russell sea tale was ever half so thrilling as those stories of shipwreck, of naval battles, of Malay pirates and hairbreadth escapes in which the narrator had taken part." It is a boy's fine tribute to a hero who won immortality for himself in a later sea fight—Admiral Schley.

Life in the great depths of the sea is told in a chapter which carries a thrill in every page, and another of equal interest describes "The Story the Sea Has Told." It is a story "far more enduring than any book ever written by man, for it is engraved in solid rock and is as lasting as the world itself, and while its first chapters were written countless millions of years ago, yet Old Ocean has not yet finished its book, but day in and out is adding new pages to its history." To the interest of the text is added a dozen photographic illustrations, maps and charts, and a frontispiece depicts a diver exploring an old wreck in "The Depths of the Sea."

STRAIGHT AMERICA: A Call to National Service. By Frances A. Kellor. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"What is the matter with America?" is the query that opens this discussion and determines its treatment. Obviously, the physician's first business here is to point out the symptoms indicating some flaw in the well being of this country. Summed from a wide range of concrete cases, these symptoms express themselves in some form of that excess of individualism that constitutes the great centrifugal, disintegrating force of this country. The malady of disunion, fostered in an atmosphere of indeterminate and fickle policies, of artificial and obstructive programs, of uninspired and uninspiring leaders, appears to this writer to be the great present menace to America. The bulk of this discussion points to our haphazard treatment of the immigrant, to our lack of anything like a constructive practical plan for Americanizing our alien citizens. Our first and best lesson in preparedness, according to this writer, is to set up an ideal of Americanism in the little Italys and Hungarys, the little Germanys and Irelands of the United States. The book is a serious and able consideration of a most important element of our national life. One feels that the author is perhaps inclined to hold the present to a too strict accounting for what have, in fact, been the mistakes and weaknesses of the past as well as of the present. In a word, a tone of partisanship takes away from the force of this otherwise strong discussion.

Any American Business Man Can Make A Deal With the King of Spain

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, August 14, 1916.

"YOU think of the King of Spain as a boy; but he is not. He is an active business man, who acts as though Spain were a property which has been left him to develop. Cabinet ministers come and go, but the king stays. Any American business man can make a deal with him, big or little."

So speaks our latest type of diplomat. He is C. William A. Veditz of Philadelphia and Washington, commercial attache of the American embassy in Paris, back from his second business trip to Spain—he speaks the language.

Do you know we have commercial attaches? We have four, up to present—in London, Paris, Petrograd and Berlin. They are the latest—diplomats of trade.

Their business is to get business for business men.

All the countries are appointing these specialists. It is the new way to keep your country from falling behind in world trade. They are all busy, intriguing, traveling, buzzing ministers, capitalists, kings and railroad presidents. And if you want to make a deal with the King of Spain, apply to Veditz, or his home, bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, at Washington.

"The King of Spain has the American bug," says Veditz. "In my first interview he said that there would be no strikes at Almeria if Americans should set up blast furnaces in that flowery port and undeveloped iron district beyond Malaga, where magnetic and all kinds of ore are so rich. Almeria is one of his hobbies."

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The king won't rest until he gets Americans at Almeria. No difficulty, he says, to obtain the right kind of labor at Almeria. It is a farming and fruit country, where laborers get 1 peseta (20 cents) per day. If an American enterprise, with American capital, equipments and superintendents, should start there, it would have the pick of the population for decent wages. Give them 3 or 4 pesetas per day and they would become the aristocrats of the country—too afraid to lose their wonderful jobs with the Americans to ever be tempted to strike!

"It is a grand place," says the king, "not only to send all kinds of products for Spain, but for all Mediterranean countries."

And he hints that a "free zone" might be established, as at Cadiz.

Now the king has given Cadiz to Americans.

"There is now being organized a big Spanish company which wants American capital (it has not enough of its own)," says Veditz, "to build enormous warehouses at Cadiz, which is a free port and zone since 1914. Some American capital has already come to it, and it is called the American Warehousing Company. It has land enough to rent out factories for finishing American products and assembling goods shipped in parts. It will not manufacture, but open facilities for others to do so, renting them shops, sheds, shelters, anything, for working up half-manufactured American goods with cheap Spanish labor, free of duty."

Every day we hear about these coming European "free zones."

The king has won at Cadiz.

In spite of certain big manufacturers of the interior of Spain, his government has actually put it over at Cadiz, while Marseille and Genoa are still talking about "free zones" to attract American trade.

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The king wants to attract all kinds of foreign business to Spain, particularly American business with all Europe, with the levant and the orient; all kinds of business to and from America, even if it stops only in part in Spain, for Spanish use, the remainder going on, after a stop in the Cadiz "free zone," mixed or unmixed with Spanish material and labor.

The king wants Cadiz to become our stopping place, our "little corner of America" on the great American route round the world, via Panama and Suez. New Orleans or Galveston, it is foreseen, will be a similar stopping place for world trade, and America herself will some day start up "free zones."

You know how they operate, by this time? No duty is paid either on raw material, manufactured or partly manufactured goods, as long as they stay in the "free zone." While in it you can transform the stuff as you please, mixing it with Spanish labor and material, or just holding it in stock, without change, and always duty free. Whatever product finally quits the zone, it must pay the Spanish duty on that product, if it goes for final sale to Spain, or goes out free, if destined to some other country—paying only the duty of that other country when it enters.

"A simple example," says Veditz. "The Spanish tariff on automobiles has two rates of duties—a higher rate for autos weighing over a ton and a lower rate for lighter vehicles. But in computing the weight the weight of packing is included in the dutiable mass. Now, if we can import American autos into such a free zone and there unpack them, put them together and place them on flat cars, they can enter Spain at the lower rate. Ford has an unloading station at this moment at Gibraltar, because it is English and free trade."

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Barcelona also wants to be a "free zone." So the American Warehousing Company of Cadiz is going slow, to bring Barcelona into the combination. The king has brought a number of big American concerns to Barcelona, where the United States Steel Products Company (affiliated with the Steel Corporation) is furnishing rails, railway equipment, iron and steel products and even steel ingots. On his first visit our commercial attache suggested establishing an American chamber of commerce at Barcelona. It was a new idea, but he found that our consul general there, Carl Bailey Hurst, had also thought of it, and it is now established.

E. A. BRAND
Of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KING OF SPAIN, TAKEN IN PRESENT YEAR.
"We think of the king as a boy; but he is not. He is an active business man, who acts as though Spain were a property which had been left him to develop."

C. WILLIAM A. VEDITZ,
Commercial attache of the American embassy in Paris.

But how does the king bring these Americans?

Don't they come of their own accord?

Tut, tut, it is more complicated than that!

"The American International Corporation was formed in New York about eight months ago, with a capital of $50,000,000, to invest in foreign enterprises," explains Veditz. "At first they declared themselves to be interested only in South America, Russia and China, but through the reports of the American Department of Commerce their interest has been aroused in Spain. I will say no more."

In the same way the National City Bank of New York has sent representatives to Spain, and, in spite of certain half-contradictions, the belief persists that they have taken over the Bank of Barcelona. The Irving National Bank of New York has, also, its men on the spot.

And now to be more explicit. (When one interviews a government official one must not be too explicit.)

"Two groups of American financiers are said to be interested in a project greatly favored by the king to build a direct electrical railroad line, with European gauge, from Madrid to the French frontier, reducing the trip from Paris to Madrid from thirty-three hours to twenty hours."

Now, the striking thing here is that our Americans, backed by the king, are not afraid to attack a Rothschild interest. The Norte railroad, which actually wastes 124 miles by meanderings from the direct route of 266 miles, was built years ago by the Rothschilds.

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"When I had my first interview with the king," says Veditz, "he said to me: 'You know that the Spanish government guarantees 5 per cent interest on capital invested in approved new railroads.' I replied that in coming from Irun one might imagine that the Norte line had enjoyed a kilometric subvention, by the way it meanders. The king laughed and said no, it had been good business years ago to unite all the important towns of the regions traversed by twisting and winding, but now the time has come for something better. As a fact, just two months before the war, in June, 1914, the king and the president of the French republic agreed to do everything in their power to secure direct fast railroad service between Paris and Madrid."

Another American hobby which the king has brought off is the New York-Vigo steamship line.

"All Spain," says Veditz, "is talking about a Spanish-American transatlantic company, which is to run three passenger and mail boats per month, carrying fast freight between New York and Vigo. Its operations are being delayed, (1) pending settlement of the subsidy which the Spanish government is to grant, and (2) pending the indispensable development of railroad facilities from Vigo inland. These have finally been taken up by the rich city of Valladolid and other industrial centers of north Spain. Barcelona does not like it. Cadiz is frightened. But what will you? These matters are decided by industrial advantages and freight economies."

From New York to Vigo, Spain (and Vigo has a magnificent harbor) is 2,900 miles, whereas the distance from New York to Havre, by the winter route, is 3,130 miles, and by the more southerly route 3,300 miles. This means a full day saved by transatlantic steamers.

The king has all this on his mind.

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Spain has an opportunity to fairly buzz with business.

Last year they sold $11,000,000 more goods than they bought, and this favorable trade balance has brought up the peseta—which used to be called the "sick peseta" because it was always under par—to a point where pesetas are actually worth slightly more, even, than American dollars.

The war brought this prosperity, and is bound to continue it after hostilities; but this same war threatens to draw away a lot of European capital (the belligerent nations will need all their money and enterprise) at the very moment when Spain requires more and more capital to work her boom and cinch her prosperity.

So the king cultivates the American ambassador.

"If you want anything of the king," they say down there, "ask the American ambassador."

He is Joseph E. Willard of Virginia. His eldest daughter married Kermit Roosevelt, and the wedding, which, it will be remembered, came off in Spain, was attended by both the king and the colonel.

When the war broke out the king and the ambassador resumed their discussions.

"Spain must have coal," the king explained, "or else our railroad trains must stop and our cities go unlighted."

"Abolish that transport tax on American coal," said Ambassador Willard, "and we will send you all you want."

"I'll go you," said the king. He got the tax abolished. In a few months following we shipped 100,000 tons of American coal to Spain, and in 1916 our sales will reach 400,000 tons—more coal than we ever shipped to Spain before in all the years. In his annual report Secretary Redfield says that three weeks after the news of abolition of the transport tax had come by cable several American firms had landed big orders.

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And the king continued talking. "By rights," he said, "Spain ought not to import coal. Our subsoil is rich in coal, as in every other useful mining product, from aluminum and antimony to wolfram and tungsten. But it's those railroads! A ton of coal can be carried from Cardiff to Barcelona by sea, in normal times, cheaper than from Asturias by rail, though only 40 miles. Can't some American railroad and mining capital come to Spain?"

"Why, sure," said the ambassador. "Reform your mining laws and tariff duties, and I'll write to the department at Washington."

How many Americans know about our Department of Commerce?

It has a special bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, which is doing very nice[illegible] the fact that thousands of manufacturers and jobbers in the United States—especially the smaller ones—are not yet wise to the news that Uncle Sam, through this bureau, is literally at their service to get export business for them. Yet every day new testimonials come in. Now it is a small manufacturer in Illinois, who admits that the bureau brought him a fifteen-hundred-dollar order at a cost of 10 cents. Now it is a concern in Ohio, which "began two years ago following up the trade opportunities tipped off by the bureau," and it has brought them in "orders for $800,000 worth of goods from one foreign firm alone. Four other 'moderate' American firms secured orders for a million apiece, because they decided to give Uncle Sam a 'good, square try-out in securing foreign trade.'"

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So, when Ambassador Willard wrote the department and the bureau sent its Paris commercial attache post haste to Spain, conversations like the following took place:

"Where has Spain been buying her sulphate of copper to kill the phylloxera insect, which damages the vineyards?" inquired Veditz.

"In England, mostly, before the war," replied his majesty. "But now it worries us where shall we get it."

"Oh, I think that American firms can do it for you," our commercial attache suggested mildly.

The result was a four-million-peseta order, picked up by two New York state firms, delivered, paid for and the order repeated for 1916. It tickles the bureau to start up "little" deals like these. It is more proud of them than of "big" deals of American financiers—to whom often a single paragraph in an annual report means undertaking a foreign campaign.

For instance, the king said to Veditz:

"Large deposits of potash recently discovered around Barcelona, but still unexploited because of the war, are capable of overthrowing the potash monopoly hitherto enjoyed by Germany."

Now, I am not going to tell—because nobody told me—how (or whether) the potash inducement was used by his majesty to cinch this or that big American investment of which all Spain is whispering.

I do know, however, that the Spanish mining laws are undergoing thorough revision, in answer to certain American objections, and that the new Spanish tariff law goes into effect in 1917. (Every five years they revise the groups, according to changing values.)

E. A. Brand, first assistant chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, came running from Washington. Only yesterday he held a meeting of business men in Paris. It is the new way. Now he is down in Spain, on the job.

"Get us American capitalists," says the king.

"Let down the Spanish tariff for American commerce," replies the ambassador backed by his specialists.

"B[illegible] the king, "I'll go [illegible]

STERLING HEILIG.