

ness, up-to-date elevators are found, and several were in course of construction when the war broke out. Braila has a new electric elevator, and at Constanza a third grain elevator was in course of construction. Here there is an opportunity for the investment of capital in this and similar directions, for a number of such elevators and warehouses which are needed. Petroleum refineries and pipe lines are awaiting development. A heavy demand may be anticipated for agricultural machinery of all kinds. The German ploughs might well be supplanted by British makes. Light-running reapers and binders are in demand; and petrol motors have an important market opening for them. There are many small articles which British firms might prepare to push into Roumania. For instance, cutlery, razors, china and earthenware, glassware, electric lamps and fittings, firearms, pens and soaps. Readymade boots and shoes are also increasingly popular; £50,000 worth of these being last year imported from the United States.

## GERMAN WOMEN

*Show their National Qualities in War Time, says American*

**D.** THOMAS CURTIN, writing in the Times about his observations as an American in Germany, claims that it must not be supposed that the life of feminine Germany is entirely a gloomy round of duty and suffering. Among the women of the poor things are as bad as they can be. They are getting higher wages than ever, but the food usury and the blockade rob them of the increase.

The middle and upper classes still devote a good deal of time to the feminine pursuits of shopping and dressing. The outbreak of war hit the fashions at a curious moment. Paris had just abandoned the tight skirt and a comical struggle took place between the Government and those women who desired to be correctly gowned.

The Government said, "In order to avoid waste of material, you must stick to the tight skirt," and the amount of cloth allowed was carefully prescribed. Women's desire to be in the mode was, however, too powerful for even Prussianism. Copies of French fashion magazines were smuggled in from Paris through Switzerland, passed from dressmaker to dressmaker, and house to house, and despite the military instruction and the leather shortage, wide skirts and high boots began to appear everywhere.

This feminine ebullition was followed by an appeal from the Government to abandon all enemy example and to institute new German fashions of their own making. Models were exhibited in shop windows of what were called the "old and elegant Viennese

conversation in the underground railway between two women, one of whom was talking about her hat. She told her friend that she found the picture of the hat in a smuggled fashion paper, and had it made at her milliners, and she was obviously very pleased with her taste.

The women in the munition factories, who number millions, wear a serviceable kind of uniform overall.

The venom of the German women in regard to the war is quite in contrast with the feeling expressed by English ladies. German women have read a great deal about English and American women and they cordially detest them. Their point of view is very difficult to explain. When I have told German women that in many States in my country women have votes, their reply is, "How vulgar!" Their attitude towards the whole question of women's franchise is that it is a form of American lack of culture and lack of authority. The freedom accorded to English and American girls is misunderstood. It is regarded as a form of laxity of morals. Many of the older-fashioned German folk forbid their daughters playing lawn tennis because they regard it as indecent.

A Dutch girl who, in the presence of some German ladies, expressed admiration for certain aspects of English feminine life, was fiercely and venomously attacked by that never-failing weapon, the German woman's tongue. The poor thing, who mildly expressed the view that hockey was a good game for girls, and the fine complexions and elegant walk of English women were due to outdoor sports, was reduced almost to tears.

The intolerance of German women is almost impossible to express. I know a case of one young girl, a German-American, whose parents returned to Hamburg, who declined to repeat the ridiculous German formula, "Gott strafe England," and stuck to her point, with the result that she was not invited to that circle again.

There is a notion here that the "Gott strafe England" cry has ceased in Germany. I found no sign of its lessening and to it has been added "Gott strafe Amerika," the latter being even more popular with the German women than the German men. The pastors, professors, and the Press have told the German women that their husbands and sons and lovers are being killed by American shells. A man who ought to know better, like Prince Rupert of Bavaria, made a public statement that half of the Allies' ammunition is American. At one not far distant moment the feeling against America on the part of German women became so intense that the American flag had to be withdrawn from the American hospital at Munich, although that hospital, supported by German-American funds, has done wonderful work for the German wounded.

My own position with regard to these discussions was one of great difficulty, and as far as possible I endeavoured to avoid them, opening my mouth as little as possible in railway and other restaurants, lest my accent betray me, although my rule was to enter into as many conversations as possible, but to do so with great care.

Arguments with German women about the war are absolutely futile. The Allies have just scored successes on the Western front and on the Carso. The German women, who, after their own method follow the war very closely, will blindly believe that these defeats are tactical rearrangements of positions, dictated by the wisdom of the General Staff, and so long as no Allied troops are upon German soil, so long will the German populace believe in the invincibility of its Army. I am speaking always of the middle and upper classes, who are on the whole, but with increasing exceptions, as intensely pro-war as the lower classes are anti-war.

The neglect, and in some case, refusal, to attend the English wounded by German nurses are a sign both of their own intensity of feeling in regard to the war and their entirely different mentality. Again and again I have heard German women say, "In the event of a successful German invasion of England the women will accompany the men, and teach the women of England that war is war." Their remarks in regard to the women of my own country are equally offensive. Indeed, States that Germany regard as neutral, and who are treated by the officially controlled German Press with a certain amount of respect, are loathed by German women. Their attitude is that all who are not on their side are their enemies. American women who are making shells for the British, French, and Russians are just as much the enemies of Germany as the Allied soldiers and sailors. One argument often used is that to be strictly neutral America should make no munitions at all, but it would not be so bad, say the Germans, if half the American ammunition went to Germany and half to the Allies.

I lost my temper once by saying to one elderly red-faced Frau, "Since you have beaten the English at sea, why don't you send your ships to fetch it?" "Our fleet," she said, "is too busy choking the English Fleet in its safe hiding places to afford time to go to America. You will see enough of our fleet one day, young man."

## UNCERTAIN STRAUSS

*Richard the Famous is both good and bad in his new work*

**I**N the Alpine Symphony, writes Lawrence Gilman, in the North American, Richard Strauss is, pre- vailingly, at his worst; only occasionally at his best. It is comfortably true that here, as in his other scores, his best is extremely fine and memorable. The Olympian Strauss speaks out of the mag-



HIS SECRET SORROW.

"I reckon this bloke must 'ave caught 'is face against some of them forts at Verdun!"

—Bairnsfather.



THE FIRST "ULTIMATUM."

Spain, on the whole friendly to Germany, is becoming exasperated owing to the sinking of Spanish vessels.

—From L'Esquella de la Torrafaxa, Barcelona.

fashions." These, however, were found to be great consumers of material, and the women still continued to imitate Paris.

The day before I left Berlin I heard an amusing

nificent sunset music near the close of the work; in the far-sweeping and rhapsodic song of the violins that soars above the majestic chanting, of trombones and trumpets and the sustained sonorities of the organ, there is not only a rendering for the imagination of a transported vision of the natural world—an unforgettable indication of the dying splendour of evening skies viewed from the heights—but there is music of superb strength and beauty, music that is nobly simple, music in the great style. Here, and elsewhere momentarily, there speaks out of this score the Strauss of unflagging pinions, the mighty Strauss of Ein Heldenleben, Zarathustra, Don Quixote, Elektra, Don Juan. But side by side with these few outstanding episodes are passages in which simplicity has become commonplace, plainness has become ignoble; where, instead of the lofty nudity of such classic conceptions as the Hero's theme in Ein Heldenleben, we get cheap and shameless salon-music—like the descending theme that the orchestra thunders forth with its full power to picture the Alpine dawn; or we get the hackneyed formulas of the "Flowery Meadows" section; or the stale and facile platitudes of the finale (in the section entitled Ausklang), which are doubly afflicting, since they come immediately after the imperial pages that reflect with so beautiful a dignity that noblest of tonal sunsets.

But it is useless to rail at Strauss. Mark Twain complained that people are always talking about the weather, "yet nothing is ever done." It is so with Strauss. In his case there is nothing that can be done. He has all of the arrogance and none of the humility of creative genius; and he is impervious and complacent. It has been remarked that it is a sorrowful destiny to set traps for birds of paradise and catch—well, let us say hens. That has often been the deplorable fortune of Richard Strauss; and the tragedy of the case is, of course, that he does not know they are hens. It is, however, a tragedy whose gloom is lightened by the circumstance that