

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1998

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolorations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|-----|--|-----|--|-----|---|-----|--|-----|--|-----|--|
| | 10x | | 14x | | 18x | | 22x | | 26x | | 30x | |
| | | | | | | ✓ | | | | | | |
| | 12x | | 16x | | 20x | | 24x | | 28x | | 32x | |

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

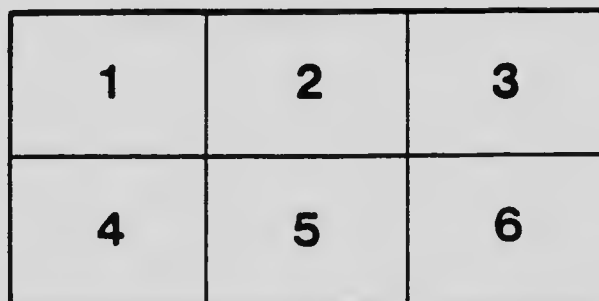
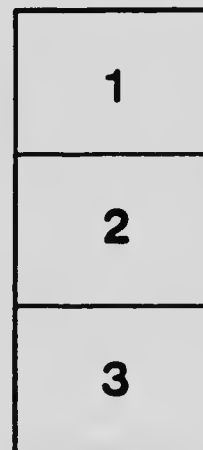
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shell contains the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

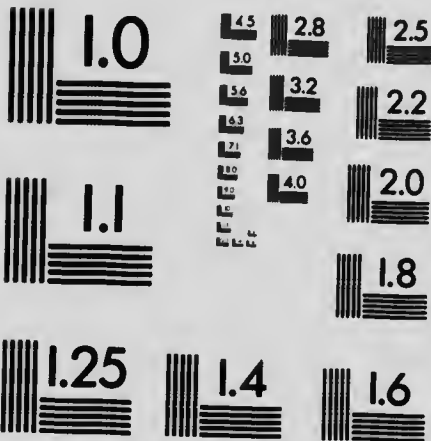
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "À SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

OXFORD PAMPHLETS
1914-1915

THE MAN OF
PEACE

BY
ROY NORTON

Price Twopence net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW
NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY



THE MAN OF PEACE¹

'Is Germany to blame for the great war?' I was asked on my return from the Continent but a few days ago, and in reply I asked of my questioner, 'Why do you value my opinion?'

'Because', explained this editor, 'you are an American, and therefore nationally neutral. You make your living by writing, and appreciate the responsibility and value of words. You have passed the greater part of ten years actually living in every country involved, you speak the languages of most of these countries, you have friends in all of them, and for the past year you have lived in Germany, presumably because you like it best. You ought to have drawn some conclusion that would be interesting at a time when people really want to know who did bring this condition about.'

Ordinarily, when one is asked to express an opinion, he can answer with readiness; but there are times when likings, friendships, associations, memories, all incline him to prejudice, also to reticence. And all of these, in my own case, were favourable to Germany; but I am compelled to admit, after some deliberation, that, as far as I have been able to observe, the evidence against Germany's intention, participation, and final action will necessitate some more convincing proof than she has yet offered to persuade the world of her guiltlessness.

¹ Published (in an abridged form) in the *Contemporary Review* for December 1914, and now reprinted by permission of the editor.

It is a sweeping question to ask, 'Is Germany to blame for the war?' because that might involve all who live in that splendid country, and as one must define himself before answering, I can do no better than to quote from an article I wrote at the time when the Zabern incident was occupying some public attention. It was relative to the sabring of a troublesome cobbler by a mere stripling of a German officer, indignation in France over the misfortunes of Alsace-Lorraine, protests from Zabern civil authorities, and a somewhat bold and flagrant upholding of military authority as opposed to civil authority by a no less august person than the Kaiser himself. This is what I wrote :

There is a vast difference in speaking of Germany, and the United States, England, or France, as the case might be ; for when we speak of Democratic nations we speak of the whole people, praise the whole people when we admire their achievements, or arraign the whole people when we condemn their misdeeds. Regardless of all protestations, claims to freedom of speech and action, pretence at popular government, and liberty of popular will, there is not, nor ever has been since Roman days, a more centralized and possibly autocratic government than that impressed upon and patiently endured by these same German people. Price Collier, that thoughtful and competent observer, did not exaggerate when he made it plain that, constitutionally and otherwise, the German government actually consists of and exists in the Kaiser. The common people merely play at politics for local wants, unimportant laws and the conduct of small affairs. In any great national policy neither they nor their leaders have any more influence than so many well-meaning, nicely-garbed, and well-regulated wooden men. The Kaiser can over-rule them all. Furthermore, he could literally cancel the government itself, if he so wished, by force of arms. It is not, therefore,

the common German people, that friendly, industrious, patient, obedient mass, who are to be blamed for upholding the sabring of a boisterous citizen who doubtless should have been admonished and perhaps fined the price of a pair of half-soles for disorderly conduct. It seems to me the veriest bosh, also, to lay any of the blame for stimulating militarism upon the so-called military clique, for it must be remembered that, right or wrong, William the Second is one of the strongest men that Germany has thus far produced. A man who could make that grim old giant, Bismarck, walk the plank is not likely to be swayed one way or the other in his judgements by his advisers, those around him, or the somewhat vociferous shouts of Socialists claiming to represent the majority of his people. It is his individual will alone that rules, and it is his individual decision alone that is responsible for whatever of good or misfortune that may happen. In this case he has effectively accomplished two objects—shown contempt for France and French opinion, and made the military authorities supreme.

It is useless to deny that in military circles there was a vast faith in German arms. That has always been so since I had any knowledge of the country and friendship with German officers. It was natural for them to be proud of their service. It is a poor officer, in any service, who does not have pride in his work. Sometimes that military pride caused one from other lands to ruffle a trifle, and then to think what could be the eventual outcome of such pride. A man cannot store his cellar with dynamite, adding to the supply year in and year out, without some day causing an explosion, and neither can a ruler, though he constantly proclaim his peaceful intentions, persistently instil into the minds of a great body of men that they can whip the earth without some day finding that they want to make the attempt.

More than a year ago, in a conversation with a friend

of mine, an officer in the army, he derided what he called 'slipshod' American methods.

'It is fortunate for you people', he said, 'that you have never come into conflict with a first-class Power; but when you do, you will learn what organization is capable of doing. For instance, do you Americans believe, for a minute even, that we shall submit to your Monroe doctrine when the time comes for an issue?'

'I can't see how you could help yourselves,' I replied good-naturedly.

He laughed, as at a joke.

'Our navy', he asserted, 'is already stronger than yours. Your army is not worth consideration. Ours is perfect. And what is more, we have the ships to transport it, and to land it on your coasts. We know where and how. We know where our men would camp each night, and where they would fight the campaign. You think this is a joke?'

I so assured him, but since then have learned enough to convince me that probably the German war bureau knows as much about our fortifications, harbours, mines, railways, public roads, vital interior points, topography, and actual fighting strength as we do ourselves. Also, since then I have learned, from conversations with numerous men of affairs, how tenaciously Germany would cling to commercial control of South America, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this might, almost by sheer accident, necessitate other dominion, and, consequently, a conflict with us over that time-honoured doctrine of President Monroe.

This is given as but one illustration of Germany's military confidence, a confidence which, coming from, instilled by, and believed in by the Kaiser, may have something to do with this present war. It was the confidence of the most

marvellously prepared war organization that the world has ever seen called into being, and that should be considered as a motive of this war.

As far back as 1908 Germany was expending four millions of dollars, annually, in its espionage system alone. There were, I was told by a French official, more than thirty thousand men in France alone, stationed as workmen, shop- and hotel-keepers, and realty agents, ready to act on signal. Among the duties of these men would be the destruction of bridges, to hamper French mobilization, and to blow up the main arsenal. This same official told me that, some five months ago, the French secret service discovered the key to these preparations and was appalled by its thoroughness. It held a consultation, and made a counter-move by setting a spy to watch each of the German spies, but permitted the latter to continue operations, on the principle that it was easier to observe a known enemy than to discover a new one. A week before war was declared, the Germans who were to perform destructive tasks were tapped on the shoulders at midnight, and arrested, and the mining beneath the great arsenal was removed and destroyed.

Antwerp, Brussels, and London have since discovered that Germany had nests of agents organized along the same lines. One German church in London has been found, since war broke out, to have been for a long time a considerable arsenal for German rifles. These are some of the points to be regarded when it is asserted that Germany confined herself only to measures for self-protection and desired only peace. Straws blown by the wind, some forgotten sage has said, indicate which way it blows; and here are some of the straws that I have personally observed flying, although, with remarkable

stupidity, I did not at the time observe their trend, until the violence of their flight would have shocked a blind man.

It was told me in March, of this year, by one who is almost as great a military editor as there is in the 'Fatherland', that the completion of the improved Kiel canal was the very last act that possibly could be effected in 'preparedness'.

'From now onward', declared this man, 'Germany needs nothing more than the natural increase in her navy, and maintenance of her efficiency in arms. At present we are probably armed better than any other nation in the world. We have adequate reasons for confidence that this is so. Our military railways are now perfected.'

It did not dawn on me at that time that usually, when a man's preparations to do something have been perfected, he finds a way to go ahead and do that thing of which he has dreamed and for which he has prepared. I did observe, however, that scattered over Germany were more of those wonderful 'switch' or 'shunting' yards, capable of entraining tens of thousands of soldiers in a few hours—yards where from ten to twenty passenger trains could be drawn up at one time, and oddly enough, some of these queer yards, all equipped with electric lighting plants, are out in places where there are not a dozen houses in sight. In some of these yards, located at central points for rural mobilization, one saw long trains of troop cars, dingy, empty, stodgily waiting for use in war, if one ever came. I was told of one test mobilization (in reply to my query as to why I had seen so many troops pass through a small place one evening), where twenty thousand men were assembled at ten o'clock one morning, made a camp complete, were reviewed, entrained, detrained, and just seven hours later

there was nothing save débris and trampled grass to show that the place had ever been disturbed.

The spring and summer of this year saw manœuvres and test mobilizations on an unprecedented scale. We who lived in Germany and were sufficiently familiar with it to note this increased activity, regarded it as nothing more than a natural desire on the part of the Kaiser and his war staff to see how efficiently his war units could all be welded together. The press, stoppered and controlled more or less, paid no more than ordinary attention to these movements ; but I was told by three different officers that for the first time it had been proved that the entire military force of Germany had at last reached as near to actual perfection as could ever be hoped for. And two of these men, at least, are thoughtful, conservative men, given to no boasting, and speaking merely as professional men proud of their work.

It will be remembered, also, that it was this summer which saw the perfection of the Kiel canal, presumably the perfection of the Heligoland fortifications, and the actual tests of the two largest steamships the world has ever known, the *Vaterland* and the *Imperator*, thus making German transportation facilities among the best equipped in existence. Hence, from the foregoing, it may be concluded that Germany considered herself at the acme of strength for offence or defence.

There were on every hand, this summer, signs of this super-excellence. At a mere 'Tank-station' below Kriesingen, on June 12, I saw probably seventy-five or a hundred locomotives (I had time to count more than seventy), most of which were of antiquated type—obsolete as far as the demands of up-to-date traffic are concerned—and of a kind that would have been 'scrapped' in either England or America. Yet these

were all being cared for and 'doctored up'. A few engineers and stokers worked round them, and I saw them run one down a long track and bring it back to another, whereupon hostlers at once began drawing its fires, and the engineer and stoker crossed over and climbed into another cab.

'What do you suppose they are doing that for?' I asked one of the train men with whom I had struck up an acquaintance.

'Why,' replied he with perfect frankness, 'those are war locomotives.'

Reading the look of bewilderment on my face, he added, 'You see, those engines are no longer good enough for heavy or fast traffic, so as soon as they become obsolete we send them to the reserve. They are all of them good enough to move troop trains, and therefore are never destroyed. They are all frequently fred-up and tested in regular turn. Those fellows out there do nothing else. That is their business, just keeping those engines in order and fit for troop duty. There are dozens of such dépôts over Germany.'

'But how on earth could you man them in case of war?—where would you get the engineers for so many extras?'

He smiled pityingly at my ignorance.

'The head-quarters know to the ton what each one of those can pull, how fast, where the troop cars are that it will pull; and every man that would ride behind one has the number of the car he would ride in, and for every so many men there is waiting somewhere a reserve engineer and stoker. The best locomotives would be the first out of the reserve, and so on down to the ones that can barely do fifteen kilometres per hour.'

Since that June day, Germany has proved how faith-

fully those thousands of reserve locomotives over her domain have been nursed and cared for, and how quickly those who were to man and ride behind them could respond.

At this point, almost as I write, I had something explained to me over which I have at times puzzled for months. On February 14 of this year I was in Cologne, and blundered; where I had no business, into what I learned was a military-stores yard. Among other curious things were tiny locomotives loaded on flats which could be run off those cars by an ingenious contrivance of metals, or, as we call them in America, rails. Also there were other flats loaded with sections of tracks fastened on cup ties (sleepers that can be laid on the surface of the earth) and sections of miniature bridges on other flats. I saw how it was possible to lay a line of temporary railway, including bridges, almost anywhere in an incredibly short space of time, if one had the men. At one period of my life I was actively interested in railway construction, but had never before seen anything like this. Before I could conclude my examination I discovered that I was on *verboden* ground, and had to leave; but the official who directed me out told me that what I had seen were construction outfits. The more I thought of those, afterwards, the more I was puzzled by the absence of dump cars, and that mass of smaller paraphernalia to which I had been accustomed in all the contracting work I had ever seen. Yet I had to remember with admiration the ingenuity of the outfit, and think of how quickly it could all be laid, transferred, re-shipped, or stored. Here before me, in a letter received from Holland but yesterday, which comes from a Hollander who was a refugee in Germany, and on August 30

reached home after trying experiences, is the following :

Never, I believe, did a country so thoroughly get ready for war. I saw the oddest spectacle, the building of a railway behind a battle-field. They had diminutive little engines and rails in sections, so they could be bolted together, and even bridges that could be put across ravines in a twinkling. Flat cars that could be carried by hand and dropped on the rails, great strings of them. Up to the nearest point of battle came, on the regular railway, this small one. At the point where we were, it came up against the soldiers. It seemed to me that hundreds of men had been trained for this task, for in but a few minutes that small portable train was buzzing backward and forward on its own small portable rails, distributing food and supplies. It was great work, I can tell you. I've an idea that in time of battle it would be possible for those sturdy little trains to shift troops to critical or endangered points at the rate of perhaps twenty miles an hour, keep ammunition, batteries, &c., moving at the same rate and, of course, be of inestimable use in clearing off the wounded. A portable railway for a battle-field struck me as coming about as close to making war by machinery as anything I have ever heard of. I did not have a chance, however, to see it working under fire, for, being practically a prisoner, I was hurried onward and away from the scene.

I know nothing more than this, coming from one whom I know to be truthful, that so adequately shows how even ingenious details had been worked out for military perfection. We shall doubtless hear, after this war is over, how well those field trains performed their work when it came to shifting troops in times of fierce pressure on a threatened point, and how it added to German efficacy.

The reader will perhaps ask by this time, 'What

has all this to do with responsibility for the war?' I answer, 'When the reader was a boy and by various efforts and privations saved money enough to buy a box of tools, did he lock them up in the garret, or bury them in the cellar? When he possessed a fine bright Billy Barlow pocket-knife, did he whittie with it?'

However, this is not an argumentative thesis, and a good witness confines himself to what he personally considers relative, and to personal events that may or may not be regarded as significant. I hold no brief one way or the other.

The evening of Sunday, June 28, in Berlin was warm, somnolent, and peaceful. With some friends I had been at Luna Park in Berlin, and we loitered slowly out of the gates and up the street before separating. Suddenly, as we approached the corner across the viaduct, we encountered small crowds collecting in front of the newspaper offices, and there saw bulletins announcing the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, in the streets of Sarajevo. We were shocked far more, I believe, than any of those stolid Germans who elbowed us to read the news. We Americans have, unfortunately, too much knowledge of what assassination in high places means. By the time I reached the hotel where I was living 'extras' were out, but the news was not received with any more interest by the people in the streets, loitering homeward from places of amusement, or seated in the splendid open-air cafés of Berlin, than would be given to the murder of any other distinguished foreigners. Here and there some of the more widely-read or travelled expressed sympathy for the aged Austrian emperor, who has so repeatedly suffered in a long and prominent life. I doubt not that extras in

New York announcing the same news would have had a far larger sale. Also, I am certain that the German people regarded it as none of their business, and passed it by. Days later came the news, in regular editions, that the Kaiser was hurrying homeward, and that regattas, and friendly sea visits, were being abandoned or brought to a close. It was publicly announced that the reason of the Kaiser's return was grief for a lost friend, and the stories, having a human note, aroused a sudden thrill of interest; but, strangely enough, he began a consultation with his war advisers. This latter was a generally accepted fact in Berlin, but the people may have regarded it as his natural way of manifesting grief, or, to be more kindly, habit or routine.

In the newspapers of the next few days the Austrian incident became subsidiary, and great stress was laid on the Ulster situation in Ireland, and editorial writers appeared to think that Great Britain was on the extreme brink of civil war. Then came the surprising news that Austria regarded the assassination of the heirs to the throne—in reality, as far as unbiased observers can see, the crime of a Bosnian schoolboy—as a great Servian plot. The world knows how Austria insisted on this, and how, of a sudden, she made demands that would have for ever ended Servia's independence as a nation. The world also is well aware that it would have been possible for the Kaiser, grief-stricken, surrounded by his military advisers, with direct means of communication with Austria, to have personally urged that abrupt and uncompromising Austrian ultimatum. There is not the slightest doubt that, whether he forced that ultimatum or not, he was in constant communication. The newspapers tacitly said so.

Immediately after this came what should have been

a plain warning that the Kaiser meant to go to war; for, of a sudden, and a most significant incident, too, the streets of apathetic, pleasure-seeking Berlin were flooded with extra newspapers from the notoriously Kaiser-controlled press, working up sympathy for Austria, vaguely hinting that it was Germany's business to support Austria in every way, and incidentally expressing grave fears that Russia might morally support Servia. If Berlin had not taken sufficient interest before, she was now being systematically aroused. These 'extras' were passed out gratis, in frequent series, by tens of thousands. Men drove along the kerbs in automobiles and passed them out. The streets were littered with them. I asked for one, tried to pay for it, and was told it was free. It astonished me, because it was the first time I had ever witnessed such prodigal generosity, it having been my experience that it costs money to issue enormous editions of extras, and also hitherto I had supposed that 'extras' were printed to be sold, not given away. I wonder who paid for them! If no one did, there are newspaper proprietors in Berlin who merit monuments for philanthropy, after they are dead and the bankruptcy proceedings are concluded.

In a steady, well-defined, and constant crescendo the journals made references to the duties of the Fatherland and to her naval and military strength, with now and then an adroit paragraph relative to the bounden duty of the German to cling closely to his Austrian brother, lest the latter be bruised and crushed beneath a threatening Slavic heel. From apathy the German awoke to keen interest. A nation that had been taking its afternoon nap awoke, yawned, stretched itself, sat up, got to its feet and became angry. Let us not be

unjust ! The great mass of German people have a sense of justice as well as of duty, and they are loyal to their friends. They were told that if Russia interfered, it was a rank injustice to the Austrians, and that the Austrians were friends, allies and partners. Likewise, their press educated them in a fortnight to regard Russia as a threatening, mongrel bully, who should be told to stand off. Furthermore, that the bully would stand off, because Russia at that moment was in the process of reorganizing her army, and dared do nothing more than bluff.

There can be not the slightest possible doubt that those 'extras', so benevolently passed out, kindled a war-flame in Berlin ; and non-partisan observers are convinced that their publication and distribution were directed from the palace. Nobody familiar with Austria, and having knowledge of that weary, peace-desiring old man, Franz-Josef, believes for one moment that Austria either sought, or would have gone to war with Servia on such a slight investigation of the assassinations, had not some one influenced, or perhaps forced her to such issue. The Austrians are not such fools. They knew too well that they must eventually show the world sufficient grounds for such action, and that mere lame assertions that they '*thought* the crimes were plotted in Servia' would not justify them in the minds of humanity. True, Austria desired to put a check on Servia and Servian aspirations, but this she could have accomplished in a dozen other and peaceful ways. But this is a digression in a witness, and must therefore be taken as nothing more than an opinion.

The fact is certain that war-talk had become common in Berlin when, on July 9, I went to Hamburg ; yet this was fourteen days prior to the Austrian ultimatum to

Servia. I was there for seven days, and the only expressions I heard were apprehensive and regretful. The people of Hamburg wanted no war. They are a fine people, those Hamburgers; industrious, sober, hospitable, and filled with civic pride. Unlike the Berliner, already lashed to emotional martialism, they had no wish to interfere; but in Hamburg again the newspapers were being filled with articles that could scarcely be regarded as pacifying. Whether 'influenced' or not, the truth of which we shall probably never know, already they too were strumming the harsh song of war in unison with all the press of Prussia.

On my return to Berlin, a man whose name I dare not mention, lest some time it cause him trouble, a very competent man, who is known even in America, told me he feared that 'we are on the verge of a very terrible war'. Pressed for explanation he said, 'My friend, I must not say a word more; but in a short time I am sure you will remember my prediction.'

I have not seen him since; for on the following day he was ordered away on a mission unknown to me, and I had nothing but a card so telling me, and ending with his gracious 'Good-bye'. Am I to account for his prediction by crediting him with the rare gift of 'second-sight', or is it more convincing to remember that he was one of the cogs in that enormous and powerful wheel revolving around the general war-staff of Germany?

On Saturday, July 18, suffering from an attack of hay-fever, I went to Swinemünde, a fortified point on the Baltic, and found it filled with restless, excited people who talked of nothing but a prospective big war. No one could give any convincing authority; but all seemed confident that in the event of war Russia would have to back down, because she was in the midst of reorganizing

her army, Great Britain dare not engage, lest she have civil war over Home Rule, and France was impotent. Thus, already were the masses of the people discussing possibilities that they would have been ignorant of had not the carefully-manipulated press-work been well done. That same night, July 18, the offing filled with torpedo boats and destroyers, ostensibly for a mimic attack on the fortifications, that had already been closed to the public, and all night long the flashlights played and the guns banged in rest-disturbing volume. Sunday, there was great activity at the wharves leading up the channel that is one of the water highways to Stettin. Sentries kept the over-curious from encroaching on the scene of activities, but I saw men working at the torpedo tubes. War aeroplanes appeared and made trial flights over the city and harbour. I sometimes carry with me a sketch-book, although I am no artist, and while merely drawing an old lighthouse on the end of one of the moles found a man looking over my shoulder, and, reading menace in his attitude, tore it up and walked away. I remembered, later, that he had sauntered after me to my hotel.

It seems, in writing an article like this, an extreme weakness to fail to give names of persons; but there must be loyalty preserved to those who give us friendly warnings, so again I am compelled to obscurity in what follows; for there is not a country in the world, not even excepting Russia, where a ruler's arm is so long and wrathful and his fist is so potent as is the Kaiser's. I doubt not that if I were to mention names in this article, those friends of mine would be punished as soon as His Majesty gets around to it, so I say 'a certain person' that night came to my hotel, in civilian garb, and said, 'Take my advice, but don't ask questions that I cannot answer. You go back to Berlin in the morning,

pack your grips, and get out of Germany while there is time.'

'Those sketches?' I laughed.

But he had heard nothing of my movements, and said, 'No, not on that account; but get away from Germany.'

'I think I'll go to France,' I said, convinced that there was more in his words than could be understood on the surface.

'Why not Switzerland?' he asked. 'It's a fine place for hay-fever.'

It is needless to say that I was in Berlin and packing on the following day, that immediately after I did go to Switzerland, and that still there was no open declaration of war on Germany's part. I stopped at Basle for a while, interested in that fine frontier station, and one day was amused by the extremely expressive swearing of a man who I found out was a 'switchman' in the yards. He was complaining of over-work.

'One might have an idea', he growled, 'that Germany was going to war, from the way the German railways are ordering all their empty trucks returned from everywhere. Nothing but empties going home, and if anybody makes a mistake or overlooks one, there's the devil to pay!'

I have since learned that this inflow of empty German carriages and trucks was so observable at other frontier stations, that two weeks before war was declared the German yards were swamped with this excess.

On Tuesday, July 28, the day when Austria declared war on Servia, German officers stopping at Swiss hotels received peremptory telegrams ordering them to cut their vacations then and there, and return home at once. From a hotel where I stopped in the Bernese Oberland, forty Germans left on July 29, the recall of the officers

being sufficient to warn the wise that war was momentarily expected ; and something like an orderly panic ensued. Here is another point that should be noted, which is, that had these officers been recalled from some other point—say Geneva, for instance—they would have been more careful to conceal their telegraphic orders ; but the Bernese part of Switzerland is almost as German as Germany, and no one thought of reticence. The current talk was frank, open, and discussion and prediction uncurbed. There was no attempt to conceal a great satisfaction. The French had not been drawn into war by the rank outrages in Zabern, where a smart young lieutenant had been boldly upheld by the Kaiser for sabring a poor cobbler, nor had the French given sufficient ground for offensive action when the Kaiser had somewhat arrogantly upheld the rule of the sword over the unfortunate Frenchmen in Alsace. At that time German officers had frankly and confessedly hoped that there would be an excuse for war with France, but had been disappointed. Now, in these latter days of July, hastening back in obedience to telegraphic orders, they exultantly declared that the time had come when Germany would show how easily she could march to Paris. They departed as men going to their holidays instead of having them cut short. They had no doubt, apparently, that a pretext for a war with France, that must of course be a war of conquest, was now forthcoming. The Russian situation alone warranted such conjecture they declared, although Russia had but begun precautionary mobilization ; but at Russia these officers snapped their fingers. They cared nothing for war with Russia, only so that it might afford a chance to mulct the French. Not one of them but scoffed at the idea that Great Britain would go to war. They partook of the views which their

Kaiser must have maintained, and on which he made his great plunge, that England had her hands full at home; that an ultimatum to Russia, who had only attempted to mediate for the Serbs, would bring something approaching a state of war with the Czar, and then, by the next adroit pressure, France could be forced into conflict. If any one still doubts the Kaiser's ability as a great chess-player, let him consider that Russia still tried to be friendly, that England was doing all she could for peace, that the French were remaining quiet, and doing all they could to remain so, and that the Kaiser was actually mobilizing. Also, it is a matter of record that he announced himself as peaceful. One must be just, and he did so, that he hoped for nothing so much as peace. The French reticence was disturbing. The German Chancellor was vastly worried by the fear that France, too, might mobilize, which would naturally be an unthinkable crime. So the Kaiser, to use an Americanism, asked France what she proposed to do about it, and, still receiving no reply that justified a declaration of war, went to war without one! If it is true, as the German Chancellor says, that the reason why the enormous German war machine, the most perfect, the most carefully created since time began, was set in motion and neutral Luxembourg and neutral Belgium flooded with German troops because Germany was afraid that Great Britain (unmobilized, and trying to mediate) and France (actually dreading war) were about to throw enormous numbers of men into Belgium, then the Kaiser will still go down to history as the Man of Peace. For it would admittedly have been a very unfair thing for Great Britain to throw into France millions of men—how, nobody knows—and France, not then mobilized, to add her millions so unexpectedly in that *coup de force*. But

if it was merely an unfounded panic on the part of Germany, Germany is to be pitied for her nervous malady.

What I personally know can be summarized as a number of events, insignificant when taken singly, but in the cumulative to me, at least, impressive.

First : That not until this very year were German military and naval preparations complete.

Second : that the Zabern ' incident ' was, in effect, and perhaps intentionally so, a challenge to France.

Third : That the establishment of ' Operatives ' in friendly foreign countries disproved any peaceful intention.

Fourth : That the Austrian-Servian imbroglio was not in itself sufficient cause for Germany to go to war, had she not been prepared and eager.

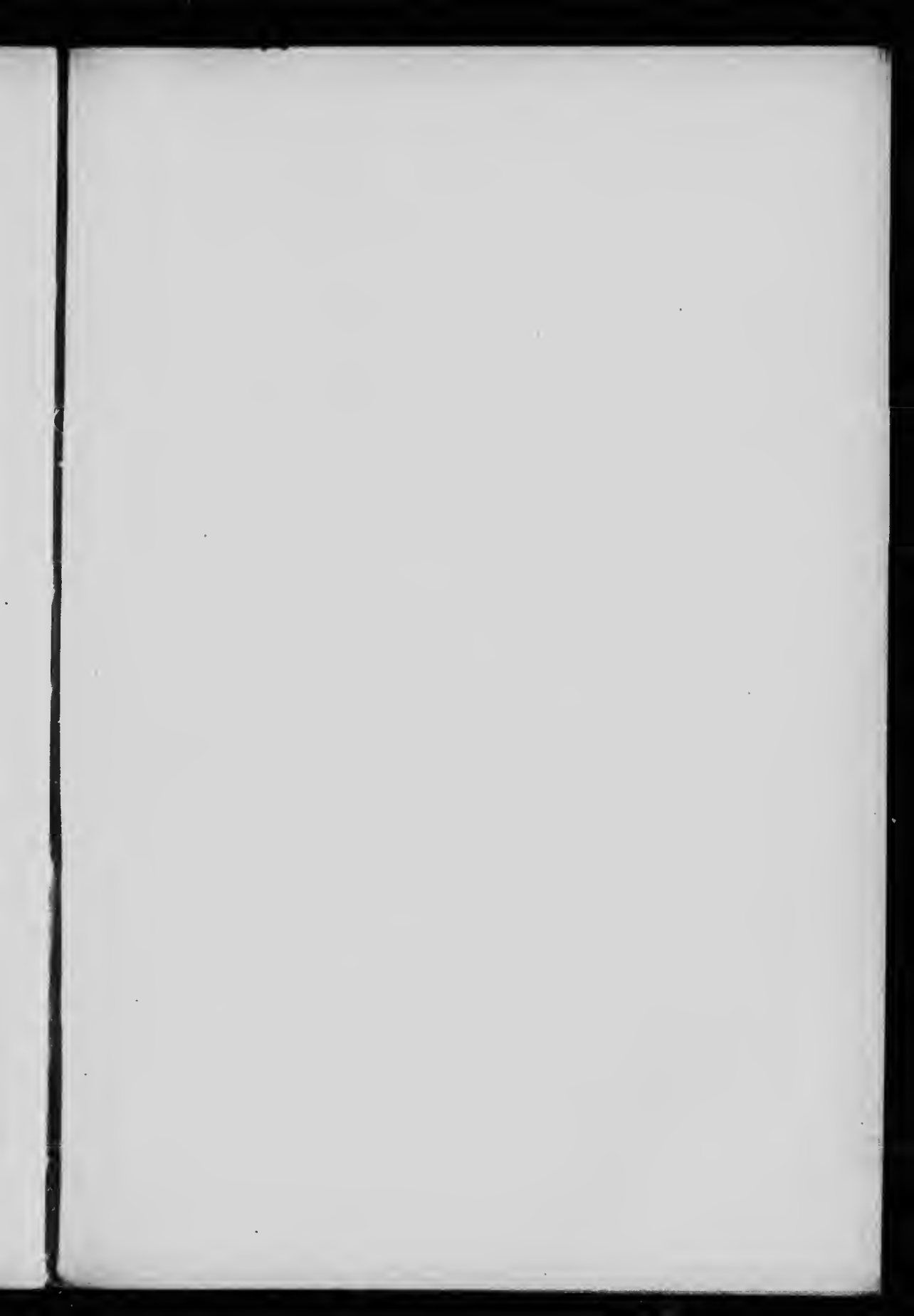
Fifth : That it was well known in inner and upper circles that the military clique hoped for war, and wanted nothing more than a pretext.

Sixth : That the war spirit was kindled and stimulated by *freely distributed* newspapers.

Seventh : That Germany was making ready for war days before the situation warranted the supposition that she was in any wise involved.

Eighth : That days before such situation arrived, many of her trusted officials had been quietly warned that war was coming.

I cannot personally conclude, therefore, after considering all these little corroborative happenings with what has since taken place, a review of the Kaiser's successive steps, with which the public is familiar, and his sudden descent on Belgium, that any other than the Kaiser himself could have been to blame.



WHY WE ARE AT WAR

GREAT BRITAIN'S CASE

BY MEMBERS OF THE OXFORD FACULTY
OF MODERN HISTORY

E. BARKER.

H. W. C. DAVIS.

C. R. L. FLETCHER.

ARTHUR HASSALL.

L. G. WICKHAM LEGG.

F. MORGAN.

With an Appendix of Original Documents
including the Authorized English Translation
of the White Book issued by the
German Government

THIRD EDITION REVISED (TENTH IMPRESSION)
CONTAINING THE RUSSIAN ORANGE BOOK AND
EXTRACTS FROM THE BELGIAN GREY BOOK

TRANSLATIONS INTO FRENCH ITALIAN SPANISH
GERMAN DANISH AND SWEDISH
ARE NOW READY

Paper Covers Two Shillings net (70 cents)
Cloth Two Shillings and Sixpence net (85 cents)

OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD
EDINBURGH GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO
MELBOURNE BOMBAY

(a)

