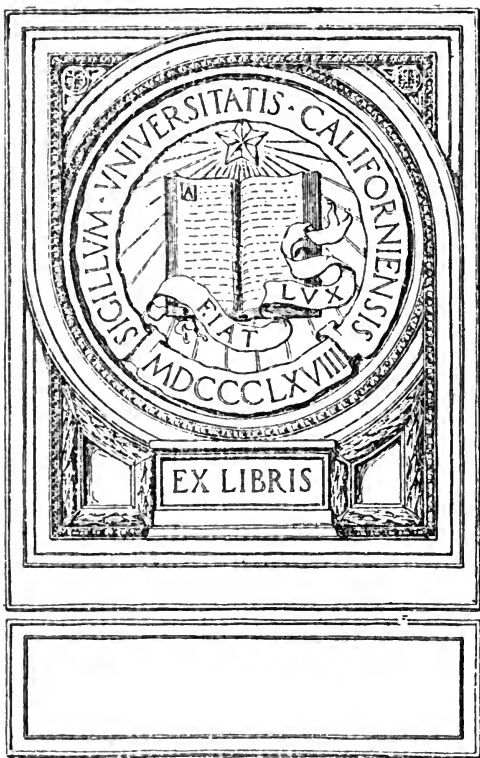


Germany After The Armistice

Maurice Berger



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Germany After the Armistice

A Report, Based on the Personal Testimony
of Representative Germans, Concerning
the Conditions Existing in 1919

By

Maurice Berger

Lieutenant in the Army of Belgium

With a Preface by

Baron Beyens

Former Belgian Minister in Berlin

Translated, with an Introduction, by

William L. McPherson

Author of "The Strategy of the Great War," "A Short History
of the Great War"

G. P. Putnam's Sons
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TO VINDICATE
ABORTION

TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION

LIEUTENANT BERGER's volume will rank high among post-war documents. It is not a treatise, not a philippic, not a plea for or against the order which has arisen in Germany since the Revolution. It is a report on conditions in Germany, moral and physical, such as the author found them during the armistice period—a report which bears all the earmarks of fidelity and open-mindedness.

It is, moreover, characterized by a vivid sense of values and a penetrating understanding of German psychology.

The New Germany or the New Prussia (for the author didn't carry his inquiry beyond the borders of Prussia) is described not as a hostile Entente critic might see it, but as the Germans, or Prussians, themselves see it.

It was a happy idea to go among these people in the early period of the revolutionary reorganization and to let them say for themselves what was their attitude toward the new order, and what were their mental reactions to their war crimes and to the peace of justice (to them a peace of violence) which the Allies were about to impose on them.

Lieutenant Berger doesn't write like a soldier, or from the point of view of a soldier. The remarkable thing about his work is its lightness of touch. It is clear, sparkling, and incisive. The chapter devoted to Rosa Luxemburg exhibits a high degree of literary sensitiveness and imaginative sympathy.

To American readers the chapters dealing with the Independent Socialists and the leaders in the abortive Sparticide revolt will be of especial interest. The American public knows something about the men of the Empire, who have now passed from the stage. It has a slight acquaintance with Brockdorff-Rantzau, Lichnowsky, Helfferich, Rathenau, Reventlow, Harden, and Theodor Wolff. It has heard something of Scheidemann and Erzberger. But Haase, Bernstein, Kautsky, Liebknecht, and Rosa Luxemburg are hardly more than names. The part they played in the Revolution has been obscured by the Republican as well as the Imperial censorship. Lieutenant Berger makes them all distinct and intelligible figures. The revelations he offers in the case of Rosa Luxemburg—"Red Rosa"—are piquant and dramatic. They help to give this interesting book the character of an original and creative study of the New Germany in the making.

The author takes credit merely for having pro-

duced a veracious stenographer's report. He has done more. He has offered us a picture of the Germany of to-day, skillfully drawn and of permanent historical value.

The title of Lieutenant Berger's book is "The New Germany," and this title is retained in the body of the translation. It is changed to "Germany After the Armistice" on the title page, to avoid confusion with another book recently published in this country.

WILLIAM L. MCPHERSON.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1920.

PREFACE

It is not enough merely to impose a peace on Germany. We ought to know with whom we are dealing, what figures hide behind those pacific masks, what sort of people are the men of the old order who have rallied so promptly to the support of the Republic; what sort are the Socialist Republicans, who were only yesterday the servitors of the Empire. It is good to know what they think of their country and of their conquerors—those captains of German industry who were bent on subduing the world, those military chieftains who, instead of letting others go their own way, were bent on having a brutal and rapacious victory. It is worth while to penetrate the minds of the savants, the literary men and the artists—the intellectual élite of Germany—who dishonored themselves by closing their eyes and signing the manifesto of the Ninety-Three.

A young lieutenant of the Belgian Army, M. Maurice Berger, undertook this investigation in the first days of the armistice, and performed his task with remarkable boldness and rare good fortune.

He wasn't satisfied to exhibit "his glorious uniform" on the sidewalks of Unter den Linden; and we know to-day, through the assassination of a French soldier, that such an exhibition involved some peril. He knocked at the doors of the most conspicuous leaders in Berlin and courageously questioned them on the burning issues of the day. He noted down their answers quickly and faithfully, avoiding irritating controversies and futile discussions. He allowed them to disclose their rancors, to develop their pleadings and their falsehoods, and, sometimes, though rarely, to make their confessions. While listening to them he examined them with the eye of an artist, and amused himself by reproducing their most striking physical characteristics. I can guarantee that in the cases of some of them, whom I met before the war, the sketches were exceedingly lifelike.

M. Maurice Berger now offers the public a volume containing the interviews which delighted the readers of *Le Matin*, *L'Excelsior*, and *Le Soir*. It is a happy thought, and I have no doubt that this book, written in the interval between the armistice and the Treaty of Versailles, will constitute a valuable document, which people will consult for the purpose of discovering the reflections which absorbed our enemies in the first shock of failure, the hopes which they still cherished on the subject

of peace, and the insinuations which they wished to spread among us in order to lighten the burdens of defeat.

If we had any illusions as to the state of mind of the Germans of Berlin, M. Maurice Berger has destroyed them by repeating what those Germans had to say to him. In their eyes the old army remained unbeaten, and the Kaiser and his advisers were not responsible for the war. It is still a fact that the generals who have known victory and defeat deny the second and remember only the first. We need not be astonished that the spirit of revenge still inflames the Prussian officers' corps. But it is disquieting to discover that a Liebermann and a Sudermann, the artist and the man of letters, refuse to believe in the crime of William II and in the premeditation of his policy, which launched a war willed by his Grand General Staff. I still hear Graf Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Minister at Berlin, telling me in the reception room of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, on the morning of August 3, 1914: "They are crushing us with taxes in order to increase the army; France and Russia are not ready; the moment is favorable; let us profit by it."

The question of responsibility, once definitely decided against Germany, will entail her condemnation before the civilized world and before history.

The more it becomes accursed, the more will this nation of 65,000,000 beings look with horror on the Government which precipitated it into so frightful a catastrophe, and on the ruling castes which were the Government's accomplices. A war of defense, a war for national safety, a war made necessary to break the encirclement through which the Entente wanted to strangle the German Fatherland—these falsehoods, which the men of 1914 originated, will be repeated untiringly, in spite of the proofs to the contrary with which the Germans are being overwhelmed.

It is the same case with the destructions so coldly carried out in Belgium, and the massacres ordered by the generals and savagely executed by the soldiery. Among those interviewed by M. Maurice Berger very few have the courage to admit these atrocities. The others, their minds barred by an invincible obstinacy, either deny them or refuse to believe them.

But the blockade, which caused so many deaths in Germany! Ah! that blockade, the work of the English—how they try to draw some profit from it in order to justify the submarine campaign and the cruelties which dishonored war itself! They forget one detail, which we have not sufficiently recalled to them. In February, 1915, the Germans had decreed, acting on their own account, a block-

ade of England, had put the British Isles under the ban, and had forbidden neutral shipping to approach them, under the penalty of being sunk by German U-boats. They hoped to starve out their adversaries, and to force them to submit by subjecting them to the tortures of famine. The weapon which they imprudently brandished, the English, threatened with death, turned against them. It was only after having been challenged that the English struck back at Germany.

The great financiers, questioned by M. Maurice Berger, invoke, in order to soften us, the impoverishment of their country. In order to remove our fear of German economic rivalry tomorrow, they describe the industrial stagnation of to-day. In order to turn us away from a policy of pitiless hostility, they bring forward the specter of Bolshevism.

We have all become as poor as the Germans are—and by their fault. What would not have been our distress, if Germany had been victorious! Into what abyss of misery should we not have been plunged by the exploitation she would have made of her victory!

The cessation of her industry, the demands of her working classes—to what extent ought we to believe in them? If the immense halls of the Essen workshops are half empty, that is not

the case with the factories of the Rhine. There the chimneys smoke, products are accumulating on the docks, industrial life seems never to have been more active. It would be dangerous to lull ourselves with the idea that the German people, exhausted by the conflict, depressed by defeat, has lost the discipline of work, as the army lost its military discipline, or has slackened its productive energy, as the soldiers slackened the energy of their resistance.

As to Bolshevism, that is another matter. The Germans are alarmed by the monster which they helped to bring into the world in Russia. They beg us not to imitate them by imposing on them a new peace of Brest-Litovsk. I believe, in fact, that the anti-social peril which is called Bolshevism, Communism, or Sparticism, is more threatening and more imminent than people think. The intoxication of victory ought not to blind us to the progress of this scourge, to its insidious and uninterrupted infiltration. Our victory and even our social peace would be practically assured if we only decided on the vigorous effort necessary to extinguish the conflagration which flames in Russia, casting its sparks over the European Continent.

It is astonishing, perhaps, not to find in the interviews with the military leaders a single word

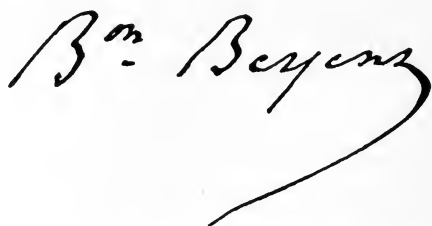
about Verdun. Evidently these gentlemen didn't care to recall an enterprise in which their élite troops were sacrificed for the greater glory of the Crown Prince.

There is no allusion in the remarks of the financiers or the industrials, or in those of Maximilian Harden, the sincerest of the German publicists, to the maintenance of German unity. Do they put that beyond all doubt? But on this question, which for us is invested with so much importance, the men of Berlin are not the ones who ought to be interrogated. We should seek the views of their confrères of the Rhine Provinces and South Germany.

M. Maurice Berger apologizes in his first chapter for giving us only hastily revised notes and for not having produced a literary work. On the contrary, let us thank him for not having retouched his original materials. If he had done so, the book would have lost that savor, that note of sincerity, that sense of verisimilitude which distinguish it from so many other volumes written about Germany. He preserves the very language of the personages he talked with. He reproduces with the sharpness of an instantaneous photograph not only their silhouettes, but also the expression and play of their faces. A literary work? Why? It is the truth which we need. Moreover doesn't

genuine art consist in coming closest to the truth and in creating the illusion of actual life?

That is why I feel both gratified and honored at having been chosen by this young compatriot to write a preface to his work, which is as true as it is vital.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Baron Beyens". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

*Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of H. M. the King of the Belgians,
Former Minister in Berlin, Minister of State.*

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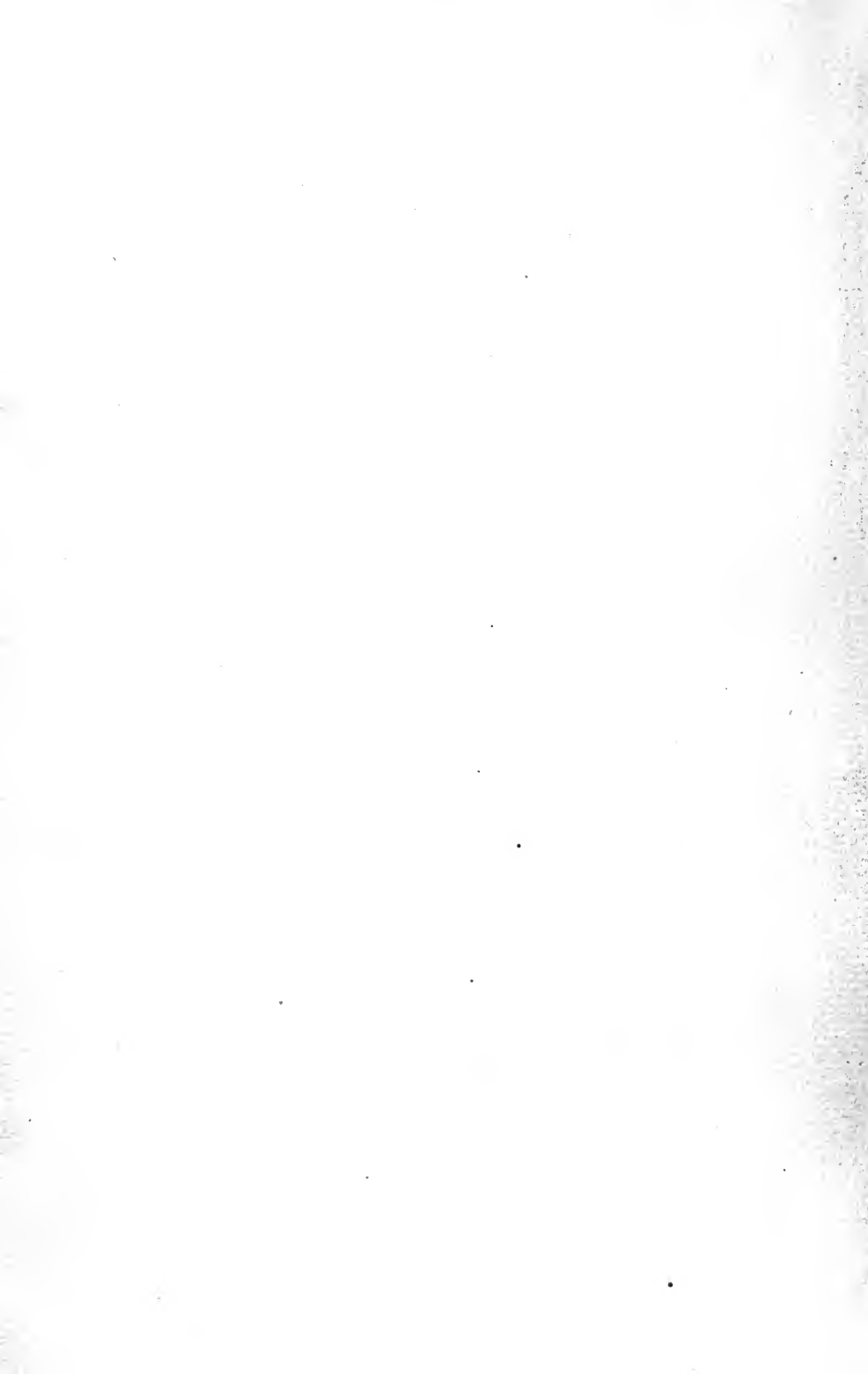
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Germany After the Armistice

CHAPTER I

MY INVESTIGATION IN GERMANY

SOME weeks after the conclusion of the armistice I was sent by the Belgian High Command on a mission to Berlin.

The world was still so little accustomed to the idea of victory and of a suspension of hostilities that the announcement of this mission caused a stir. To the average man it seemed impossible that an Allied officer could show himself in uniform on the banks of the Spree and not become immediately the target for a hundred rifles.

But those who understood the German mind knew that in proportion as our enemies were arrogant and cruel in victory, they would exhibit humility and docility in defeat. So I am obliged to admit that my travels in Germany involved no element of peril or daring. I was received everywhere with perfect consideration.

The New Germany

Moreover, if there was a certain satisfaction in knowing that an Allied officer in uniform could go about unhindered in Berlin, such freedom of movement would also yield an excellent opportunity to resolve numerous doubts.

After more than four years, during which we had nothing to guide us but the reports of our secret service and the propagandist news transmitted through neutral countries, Germany had become as mysterious to us as the Forbidden Kingdom of Thibet.

What faith could be given, for instance, to that Revolution which pretended to have uncrowned all the divinities of yesterday?

We were still in a state of war. The armistice might be denounced at any time. Hostilities might be resumed.

I shall, therefore, cause no surprise by saying that in addition to the official mission for which the German Minister of War had been obliged to deliver me a passport in due form, I was charged unofficially with making as complete an investigation as possible of the military, economic, and political situation in Germany.

.

When I reached the Potsdamer Bahnhof, which had just been recaptured from the Spartacides,

the Revolution was in its last stage. It was a strange revolution, in the midst of which, in a neglected and shabby city, the street cars and the underground trains still ran and the public services continued to function by mere force of habit.

I was ready to believe at first that the Revolution was simply surface melodrama. But as days and weeks passed, I recognized that the trouble went much deeper. The shattering of German military power was manifest on every hand: in the idle officers, shorn of the insignia of their grades and of their side arms; in the Republican soldiers, with motley uniforms, standing at the corners of the streets, with pipes in their mouths and both hands in their pockets—the Guard of the new régime.

Conversations with the officers at the Ministry of War and a visit to Spandau—the vast arsenal of the German army, now looking like a graveyard—confirmed my conviction. Germany was at that moment in no condition to offer military resistance.

.

I had next to investigate that other branch of Germany's war power—her industry. In a battle to the death the moment arrives when one of the two combatants, thrown to the ground and van-

quished, abandons the struggle, and hopes only for mercy from the victor. That is what also happens between peoples, and Germany, crushed and conquered, has undoubtedly reached the point at which she only asks to exhibit her wounds in order to excite our pity.

When I made known my wish to feel the pulse of German industry the Minister of War readily put me in touch with a Berlin industrial, Herr Henrich, director of the Siemens-Schuckert factories. After the conversation I had with him Herr Henrich volunteered to introduce me to Herr Hugo Stinnes, one of the greatest industrial magnates of the Rhineland.

Walter Rathenau, director of the Allgemeine Electricische Gesellschaft and one of the most esteemed economists of his country, wound up the series of interviews which I wanted to have with the German industrial leaders.

Meanwhile I had had leisure to study the strikes, which had become endemic, and the strikers, who filled the streets.

German industry was passing through a grave crisis, no doubt. But this crisis seemed to me to be temporary in character, provided that the Bolshevik peril could be laid—a peril of which, for the first time, everybody now began to talk.

.

The Revolution and the Reichstag elections, both of which I witnessed; the polemics in the newspapers and the conversations I heard on every side sufficed to form an opinion on the political situation.

I thought it would be interesting to hear the situation analyzed by a German who was not specially aligned with any party. Therefore I addressed myself to Maximilian Harden, whose often cynical frankness and *enfant terrible* independence made me hope for a judgment which would be strikingly original.

The celebrated polemist gave me a long interview. He alone, of all those whom I saw in Germany, talked the language of repentance, and the interview with him, I confess, still profoundly impresses me.

The editor of *Die Zukunft* exhorted me to see Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau, and himself arranged a long audience for me with the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

My official mission was now ended. My unofficial investigation also seemed finished. I took the express put at the disposal of the Armistice Commission and returned to Belgium, at the end of January, 1919.

At Brussels I submitted to my chiefs the results of my journey. The views which I had collected

seemed to them sufficiently interesting to be transmitted through me to our plenipotentiaries at the Peace Conference.

Ought these interviews also to be published? Advice was sought. The censorship settled the question. Five articles appeared in *Le Matin*, of Paris.

I reproduced in them very scrupulously the conversations I had had. It was the first time that a Paris journal spoke of our enemies without abuse. I believed that I ought not to encumber—and enfeeble—these declarations with the little amenities which might belong in a polemic, but which had had no place in the original interviews. I was not writing a polemic. I limited myself to producing documents.

Many journals reprinted the articles, challenged the statements which they contained, and exhibited very ably their inconsistency with previous declarations by Brockdorff-Rantzau, Harden, and Rathenau.

Some journalists, however, held that we needn't concern ourselves about what our enemies thought and that by feigning to ignore this people of seventy millions we should resolve all questions—and all dangers—resulting from the existence of a neighbor still capable of becoming troublesome.

I learned afterwards that these interviews had

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caused an equal amount of ink-spilling in Germany, where the too categorical admissions of Harden and the too insolent cynicism of Hugo Stinnes started some very violent controversies.

Some weeks later I was sent back to Berlin. My chiefs instructed me to try to see other representative men in Germany, who could give us a completer idea of what our enemies were thinking and hoping for.

The stir made by my first articles, their moderate tone, and the fidelity with which I had reported the statements made to me facilitated my task. I was able, after a proposal through my interpreter or even as the result of a simple telephone call, to secure interviews with Theodor Wolff, Graf Reventlow, Prince Lichnowsky, Karl Helfferich, Arthur Gwinner, General Kluck, Oberbürgermeister Wermuth, and Minister Reinhardt.

On my way home I stopped in Cologne and saw Cardinal Hartmann. Shortly afterwards I made a trip in Westphalia, where I was the first Allied officer to visit the Krupp works at Essen.

In April and May I was once more in Berlin, where I had interviews with Bernstein, Kautsky, Haase, Wassermann, Richard Strauss, Liebermann, Sudermann, Dr. Alice Salomon, Colonel Klewitz,

Generals Lettow-Vorbeck and Boehn, some of the leading Sparticides, and members of the anti-Bolshevist league, known as "Osthilfs."

The manager of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, who asked me to submit in advance the questions I wished to ask him, found them indiscreet. Prince Eitel expressed his regret at not being able to receive me. The excessive vigilance of the subordinates of Ebert, Scheidemann, and Noske prevented me from getting access to the German triumvirate.

But in spite of these small rebuffs I succeeded in gathering a sheaf of statements sufficient, in my judgment, to constitute a first study of the New Germany.

.

Several of the later interviews have appeared in *Le Matin* or *L'Excelsior*, of Paris, and in *Le Soir*, of Brussels. Various newspapers have reproduced them. I reserved some which contained unusually able special pleadings. It would have been dangerous to give them to the public at large, without refuting them by elaborate comment.

That embarrassment doesn't exist in the case of a book, which is addressed to a narrower circle of better informed readers.

I publish them all now because there are in the

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denials and disavowals contradictions which will escape nobody and because there has never yet been an examination (will there ever be one?) in which so many eligible witnesses testify as to the origins of the war and the responsibility for it.

It is an exaggeration to denounce as lies all that the Germans tell us. But it isn't necessary, either, to take all their affirmations literally. Undoubtedly most of my interlocutors didn't expose to me the whole of their thought. It is more logical to suppose that many of them said only what they wanted us to believe they think.

But this is also of importance. For if we know what an adversary wishes us to believe he thinks, we are not far from knowing what he really thinks.

Obviously, the fears, the hates, and the hopes which they avow can give us only a confused idea of the New Germany. But that is the only idea which it is possible for us to have to-day of this republic, still so full of contradictions and falsehoods, which talks of liberty while still governed by the atavistic instincts of slavery and which we see extending olive branches in hands dripping with blood.

.

In conclusion, I shall ask my readers not to take the German special pleadings contained in this

book for discussions in which counter-arguments and rebuttals might easily have been presented.

I didn't argue with my interlocutors. My object was not, like a new Peter the Hermit, to make converts and to lead men to beat their breasts. If that had been my aim I should never have got any further than my first question. And since no one is deafer than he who will not hear, I should, in spite of everything, have had to recognize the futility of my efforts.

I listened in silence to the explanations which were given to me, and if it happened that some too paradoxical argument drew from me a smile or an exclamation, I have reported that fact only in so far as such a detail contributes to the clearness or the vivacity of the story.

I wanted this book to be, as far as possible, the book of Helfferich, Theodor Wolff, Harden, and the others, and, as little as possible, my own.

I have retained details which at first sight may appear to have only a contemporaneous interest, as, for example, the hopes which during the negotiations the Germans based upon a treaty whose provisions we all know to-day.

The reason is that in a drama as vast as that in which Germany has been thrust from power I feel that no detail is superfluous or out of date.

These pages were written hurriedly, in hotel

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rooms, under the first impression of the interviews which I had just had.

I confess that I was tempted subsequently to retouch them. But I feared that doing so would detract from their veracity.

I am submitting documents, not a literary work.



Part I

Diplomacy

Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau—Prince Lichnowsky

CHAPTER II

GRAF BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU

AT the hour set for the audience an attendant ushered me into the office of His Excellency, Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Graf Rantzau is a man of about fifty, tall, and with an imposing breadth of shoulders. In appearance, manners, and conversation he is a *grand seigneur* from top to toe—without arrogance and exhibiting, on the contrary, a simplicity which is very charming.

“Drop the title of Excellency,” he said: “it is under the ban here. Let us talk freely, if you please, as man to man. You want to get an idea of the domestic situation in Germany and you go directly to official sources. I appreciate the frankness of that method.”

We took chairs about a center table and while the cigarettes were being brought and lighted I had ample time to examine the scene in which for five years so many plots had been hatched. It is a large, bright room, with furniture in the Empire

style, with some Venetian tapestries, and, on the wall, portraits of Frederick-William and William I.

“The hatred against our people is, unhappily, very intense,” the Minister continued. “And it can never be extinguished by indulging in insults.”

“Do you hope for reconciliation among the nations?”

“That is, at least, the chief idea which influenced me to accept this post, at the most trying moment in our history. But I also ask—I demand—that Germany be not treated as a pariah.

“They have claimed that they were making war on the Hohenzollens and the military caste. Now that the Hohenzollens have been overthrown and the military caste no longer exists, they talk about the culpability of the people. They want to track down the responsible authors of the war. So be it! That is a question which ought to preoccupy all minds. But we ought not to be content to track down some of the guilty. An inquiry with that purpose alone would be futile. What is needed is to instruct ourselves as to the errors which have been committed and to correct the faults of the past.

“The German Government has proposed to institute a neutral commission which should open the secret archives of all the nations. Thus we could disengage the causes which have brought about

the death of millions of men. The task of all statesmen should be to eliminate those causes and not to seek to annihilate us, as the latest speeches of M. Clemenceau and M. Poincaré would lead one to believe.

“The German nation, which fought sincerely and with courage, has not deserved such treatment. They want to humiliate us. They want to bring us to our knees. I don’t address myself to America to beg for food. They will give us food if they think we ought to survive. If not, we prefer to perish with dignity.”

“Mr. Minister,” I said, “you have invited me to speak frankly. Will you allow me to remind you that I have the honor to belong to the nation which has suffered more unjustly than any other through this war.”

Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau made a gesture which seemed to say: “Go on!”

“Has the German nation,” I continued, “a consciousness of the responsibility which rests on its shoulders?”

“My dear Lieutenant, there is a German proverb which says: ‘*Einer allein kann sich nicht streiten*’ (‘It takes two to make a quarrel’).”

“Does that mean, in your opinion, that the blame should be distributed?”

“I believe that France’s desire for revenge and

the Russian policy were among the factors which brought on the war."

"But didn't the conduct of France show her profound attachment to peace? Didn't the Agadir adventure, the Emperor's speeches, and all the other provocations fail to elicit a response in kind?"

"I was not identified with all the acts of the preceding governments," Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau interrupted, somewhat impulsively. "My adversaries sometimes reproach me with having been part and parcel of the ancient régime. But I am not embarrassed, because each time the occasion called for it I left nobody in ignorance of my views.

"They knew where I stood then and they know where I stand now. That doesn't matter. France has always cherished the hope of recovering Alsace-Lorraine."

"Alsace-Lorraine was a wound in the heart of France. But France would have preferred to suffer to eternity rather than assume before History the responsibility of starting a war which could not avoid having the most terrible results. If, however, Mr. Minister, we admit your argument, don't you consider the annexation of these two provinces in 1871 a frightful mistake on Germany's part?"

Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau reflected for a time.

"Alsace-Lorraine was German," he said.

"I believe," I replied, "that in 1870 she was French, thoroughly French. The unanimous protest of her delegates, the exodus of so many Alsations and Lorrainers, and to-day, after fifty years, the acclamations which have greeted the French troops prove that those provinces have remained profoundly French."

"A plebiscite would be interesting."

"Do you believe in a durable peace, which no secret thought of revenge is likely to interrupt?"

"Peace will depend on the terms which are offered to us. Germany seeks a peace of justice. At this moment she has no idea of revenge—or, if such an idea exists, it exists only in the minds of a very small minority. But if the Entente—and particularly France—pursues the policy to which it is committing itself more and more, the idea of revenge will be born again and will never die.

"There is an impression," the Minister continued, "that the armistice negotiations tend, so far as France is concerned, to create a situation establishing rights which must be recognized in the treaty of peace. Poland also practices a policy of encroachment, which we are obliged to meet with armed force.

"Nevertheless," said M. Brockdorff-Rantzau, with a sigh, "isn't it a duty for those whom we are still compelled to call our enemies to aid us to forget what has happened and to make others forget it, and not to erect, between them and us, an impassable wall?"

"Mr. Minister, it is not a question of erecting that wall. It exists, and Germany erected it with her own hands. You deplored just now the speeches of President Poincaré and M. Clemenceau. Don't you see that they reflect exactly the public opinion of the Allied nations? We know that the German people have changed their government. We doubt whether they have changed their point of view. Not a word of repentance has come spontaneously from German hearts."

"Repentance, too often reiterated, becomes humiliation."

"It should have been expressed at least once. I have established this fact myself. The German people persist in their error. They remain convinced, for instance, that the violation of Belgium's neutrality was imposed on them by circumstances."

"Have you found anyone who defends that view?"

"Certainly. Without going any further, the lieutenant who serves us as interpreter."

There was a long silence.

The interview had lasted more than an hour. An usher entered and reminded the Minister that he had a committee meeting to attend. Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau rose to go.

"I am obliged to you," he said, "for the visit which you have made me. But I didn't foresee an interview of this importance. You have asked me many questions. May I beg you to submit to me, before your departure, the text of the statements which I have made?"

"Will your Excellency permit me to ask him for an autograph, which will be a souvenir of our conversation and will also authenticate it, in case of need?"

The foregoing is the text of the interview as Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau revised it. Below is the phrase which he wrote and which I reproduce.

Ich zeichne mir gerne
 die Freundschaft des Volkes,
 meine wie Kugelschreiber
 zu schreiben, — oder

The New Germany

mit mir unter dieser

Bewandlung.

Bismarck

Berlin, 27. 11. 79.

“ I believe in a reconciliation of the nations, if a peace of justice is entered into—but only under those circumstances.”

CHAPTER III

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, former Ambassador in London, disclosed himself, from the first day, as an opponent of the war. All marks of disfavor and all affronts put upon him have never shaken his constancy in that ungrateful but meritorious rôle. That measure of justice must be done him. His compatriots, having on one occasion sought to impute to the mediocrity of his diplomacy a part of the responsibility for England's entry into the war, he recalled, in a ringing memorandum, all the efforts he had made to indicate the danger of English intervention to those who were in charge of Germany's fortunes. This manifesto, reproduced in all the newspapers of the world, exasperated the hatred of which its author was already the object. It caused that persecution of which the Entente might properly take notice, if an occasion should arise.

Awakened from her monstrous dream, Germany is inclined to-day to treat Prince Lichnowsky

indulgently. Hasn't *Die Zukunft* launched his candidacy for the presidency of the Republic? The Prince still has, however, many inveterate enemies.

His is a personality which would ask for nothing better than to be permitted to smile, to feel free from the bitternesses which have enveloped him. One realizes that this man has a weight on his heart and that the justification of his prophecies of evil does not console him for the ruin which has overtaken his country because it despised his sage advice.

The Prince speaks French, with amusing intonations. He hesitates, talks with volubility, becomes excited, then restrains himself and, as a word escapes him, bursts into a laugh. For the rest, he shows much naturalness and companionability.

"What is the use," he said, "of discussing over and over again the origins of the war? They go back to the Congress of Berlin, in 1878. That is the date when Russo-German relations began to grow cool. All our misfortunes came from an absurd identification of German interests with Austrian interests in the Balkans. The status of marriage in which we lived with Austria-Hungary was certain, sooner or later, to imperil our external situation. Concubinage—that is the true formula in foreign politics. Never speak to me of marriages.

“This lamentable war was the fatal consequence of a vicious policy—of a false orientation—if you permit me to make a pun, of an oriental orientation. This policy was due to the mediocrity of our statesmen, to their lack of perspicacity, to their idolatry of a Bismarckian tradition which they misunderstood and misinterpreted.

“All our grand ideas of world domination originated with incompetents. We attributed vast thoughts to people who were incapable of having them.

“The Emperor is the last man who wished for war. Up to the end of July nobody had understood the gravity of the situation. I warned our government. It believed that everything would blow over, as it did in the Bosnian crisis of 1909. Our government was confirmed in that opinion by our ‘illustrious’ representative at St. Petersburg.

“When the Russian mobilization came, all the leaders here lost their heads. The military party, which had long worked for a ‘preventive war,’ got it by pleading that we must not let ourselves be surprised. The people, who weren’t in favor of war, believed that they were being attacked. It is that belief which furnished the necessary moral *élan*.

“We must lament the folly of our former leaders. We are the victims now, and not the French, who

have at last that revenge for which they hoped for nearly fifty years.

"Oh, I know very well that France didn't want war. All the same, it is the impression here that nationalism and militarism are now triumphant with her, as they were formerly triumphant in Germany, and that she wishes to finish us once for all. We are more and more inclined to think that it is the intransigence of France which is imposing on us such humiliating and ruinous terms. That is natural enough on her part; for the France which has fought the war has suffered more than any other nation. But it is none the less regrettable from the point of view of the future.

"Germany is conquered. She is not annihilated, and if democracy is discredited here by terrible reverses, no one can tell what the future has in store for us. It is enough to consult the history of nations. One can see that the ground would then be already laid for a military dictatorship."

"Do you see any possibility of a war of revenge?"

"I hope we shall succeed in making war impossible or, at least, extremely rare. I have faith in that Society of Nations which is to be presided over by England and America, whose hegemony will have been established by the greatest war of all times.

"Germany has no interest to fight again, unless

she is deprived of the possibility of existing and of developing in a peaceful way. I mean if they take away from her, for instance, the territory necessary to her reconstruction—that is to say, the Eastern provinces.

“For us the Polish question is one of the greatest importance. All questions cannot be settled according to a fixed principle. Life is a perpetual compromise. It isn't ethnography alone which counts. There are also geography and economics.

“Belgium, for example, for which I wish all the free play which she deserves, is not constructed on a principle of nationality. If she were, she ought to demand the north of France, which is also Flemish.

“Posen, which owes everything to German labor and organization, is indispensable to Germany. It is an agrarian province. It feeds Berlin. Take a map. If you snip off this province, Poland will reach a point only two hours from Berlin and will separate Pomerania from Silesia.

“All Polish commerce flows toward Russia. A frontier would ruin it. Poland will never be a state capable of political and economical existence, if she doesn't try to enter the Russian Federation. For I believe it is desirable that Russia, where there is no national unity, but where economic

unity is indispensable, should be reorganized on a democratic and federal basis, after the manner of the United States of America.

“I am from Upper Silesia, and I assure you that we are very much disturbed over the question of detaching us from Germany. The population there is Polish in part; but all the cities, all the estates, and all the intellectuals are German. We have been separated from Poland since 1163, and we would be ruined if we should now be cut off from the German market.

“I have proposed a compromise—that the Allies renounce the Pan-Polish program and that we abandon the Pan-German program. There are no political, economic, or geographical reasons which would justify our union with German Austria. We have no need of aggrandizement. I was against annexations during war; I am still more against them now.

“And then,” Prince Lichnowsky added, “Poland is more infested with Bolshevism than we are. She ought not to be allowed to carry her ailment into the very heart of Germany.

“In France they suspect us of playing with Bolshevism in order to obtain better conditions of peace. Now, this is self-evident: Bolshevism is not a German question, but a universal question; if we are overrun by this social pestilence, our

frontiers cannot protect the world against it, and the more we are weakened, the less effectively will our organism be able to react in the common interest.

"Let us try, then, first, to solve this question. Then, let us attempt to renew international relations and arrive at a rapprochement of nations on a pacific and democratic basis.

"A solidly established democracy will always be the best safeguard of peace. Let us look forward, then, to setting up democracy everywhere. It is the one thing which will make the return of war impossible. Enough of war cries; enough of hatred! Let us not fall back into the old ways.

"Let the watchword of the future be: 'The Society of Nations.'"

cc A. L. J. 19
 BUCHENSTR. 2
 DREIFLINGSTR.
 TEL. LITZOW 6806.

Cher Monsieur Jäger

*Voici ma vieille
 jugare. — Veuillez vous
 révérencer à faire com.*

J'adresse à vos lecteurs
 que la modération
 est la plus grande
 des sagesse et la
 base d'un équilibre
 durable. Bien à vous,
 Lichnowsky

"DEAR MONSIEUR BERGER,

"Here is my photograph. May you succeed in
 making your readers understand that moderation
 is the greatest wisdom and the basis of enlightened
 self-interest.

"Yours,

"LICHNOWSKY."

Part II

Army

Colonel Reinhardt—General Kluck—General
Boehn—Colonel Klewitz—General
Lettow-Vorbeck

CHAPTER IV

COLONEL REINHARDT

ADJOINING the massive and squatty Ministry of War, the special offices of the Minister are the most luxurious and palatial that I have seen since I came to Berlin. Here are perspectives of vast salons, of pictures, rugs, and hangings; alignments of portraits and busts: Frederick II., William I., William II., the Crown Prince. I could not help thinking that this Republican ministry has kept the old imperial gait.

Colonel Reinhardt, of the General Staff, Minister of War of the Imperial Republic, has nothing of the haughtiness of the German officers of the ancient régime. Small, dapper, smiling, with ebony black hair and a stiffly brushed moustache, he carries with sprightliness his forty odd years. A voice pleasantly resonant accentuates singularly his Italian type.

The Minister wears the uniform of a soldier, with a large band of blue cloth on each side of his coat collar—the only distinctive sign of an officer's

rank permitted by the Republic. He wears also a single decoration, the Cross "Pour le Mérite," used in place of a necktie. He indulged in this one mark of official decorum: an ordnance officer stood erect at the Minister's side throughout the interview.

"The demobilization which began at the conclusion of the armistice," he said, "is pursuing a normal course, and all the troops are now discharged, up to the class of 1899. We retain only the sick and the wounded, to the number of about 200,000. These cannot be discharged until after their recovery.

"An exception is made in the case of the troops in the east and south-east who must guard our frontiers against the Polish army and against the army of Soviet Russia.

"Our old army, which was so good, has disappeared. But among a people which has given millions of soldiers and everything else which the Fatherland expected of it, there will always be elements which, in the face of imminent peril, would form a respectable mass of warriors. It is thus that we have been able to maintain under arms some thousands of men from the districts which are directly menaced."

"May I ask if the recruitment of volunteers responds to your hopes?"

“Open the newspapers,” said the Minister, “and you will see our appeal reprinted there every day. This insistence is a proof of the indifference which we encounter. The people are exhausted by the long struggle; the future is uncertain, everyone is anxious to find a situation and is afraid of arriving too late. The young men say to themselves that if they enlist all the places will be taken when they return.”

“Nevertheless I see the streets and the public buildings crowded with soldiers.”

“That fact may give a false idea to the uninitiated. Most of the men whom you see in uniform are no longer soldiers. The haste with which demobilization is being effected and the shortage in ordinary clothing have compelled us to give demobilized men uniforms in place of civilian costumes. Moreover, we grant them, in order to let them find employment, a period of grace of four months, in which they may continue to take their meals in the barracks and sleep there.”

“Is the present number of your divisions a military secret?”

“It is a secret for all of us; for the men go out as they find employment and our effectives fluctuate daily. In fact, the army is now reduced to a strength much below the contingent in peace time.”

“Do you believe a restoration of discipline is possible?”

“In the old army, no! In the future formations, yes!”

“Can you tell me something in detail about your plans?”

“The question of the new territorial defense is now being considered in the Constituent Assembly. It will be solved very shortly. The project for this new public force takes the form of a territorial army, composed of volunteers. Under the most favorable circumstances, it will reach the maximum of a third of the peace strength of the old army. This figure, in view of the multiplicity of the problems which confront us, may be considered as an indispensable minimum.

“We must first end the troubles which plague the country. At this very moment our communications by rail with the Government are cut, and I was obliged to return this morning from Weimar by airplane.

“We have also to protect our frontiers against the new attacks of the Poles, and we must discourage an invasion by the Russian Soviet army.

“This is all that we know of the present and the future. The latter is still extremely vague, for we have not complete liberty to make decisions which it is desirable to make.”

The colonel got up.

"I do not understand the fear which we continue to inspire in the minds of the Entente powers," he said.

"There are now in Berlin Allied missions for the repatriation of your prisoners. They ought to give you exact information about our domestic situation. The prisoners, when they go home, can tell you what is going on here.

"Moreover, the armistice took away from us almost all our war material, which, in case of need, you could turn against us. Your military superiority is crushing—moral superiority, superiority in effectives, superiority in material. If there is any feeling of fear, it ought to be on our side. It is not even necessary, in order to convince yourselves, to come here and make investigations. It is sufficient to reflect and to assume good faith.

"Germany has been formidable; she is so no longer.

"I believe that it is necessary to enlighten our enemies in every way possible. I believe it is necessary to make them understand that every inquietude on their part is unjustified, and that there is no reason for maintaining this blockade which continues to torture and decimate our population.

The New Germany

"That is why I was pleased to give you an interview," the Minister concluded. "Come back if you want to ask any further questions. Germany has no longer anything to conceal."

26/2 *Prinz*

CHAPTER V

GENERAL KLUCK

"YOU wish to see Kluck?" said an important personage to me at the end of an interview I had with him. "You wish to see Kluck?" he repeated, as though the project seemed to him absurd.

"Try, instead, to see Ludendorff; he is the only intelligent general in the German army."

But I had scarcely any choice. At the present moment German generals do not run about the streets. They are in retirement abroad or hidden in some quiet spot in the country. I had to content myself with Kluck.

The former commander of the First Army, which was going to make a single swallow of Paris and which was overcome with indigestion before it had even taken a bite, lives with his daughter at Grunewald, in a modest apartment decorated with trophies of the chase. It was the first time, undoubtedly, that this out-of-date thunderbolt of war had received an enemy visitor. He thought that he ought to make a good appearance on this occasion, and I owe him thanks for having exhumed

in my honor his grand battle regalia, his long red ribbons, his gold epaulets, and his crosses. I was about to say what this old-fashioned military attire made me think of—but the firemen of Nanterre would never forgive me.

General Kluck's explanation of the origin of the war is marked by a robust and profound simplicity.

"Our neighbors feared us. Germany was too strong. Out of apprehension and jealousy they hurled themselves at her."

"What were, in your opinion," I asked, "the military events which had the most decisive influence on the outcome of the four-year campaign?"

Kluck reflected and cited various facts. He took up a book and showed me a page on which the order of battle of the Belgian army was accurately reproduced.

"Belgium's resistance caused you considerable embarrassment, didn't it?"

"Considerable. It was, to say the least, very vigorous and had an effect which it is impossible to deny."

The General spread out some maps. He examined them slowly with a magnifying glass. "Liège is here. A Belgian division was there. The battle would have been more sanguinary and our check would have been more decisive, if the entire Belgian army had been concentrated before Liège."

"Do you think that, with a free passage across Belgium, your army would have entered Paris?"

"Our march on it would certainly have been facilitated."

"But in view of the resistance made by Belgium?"

The General deliberated. His recollections seemed to be a little confused. He picked up another book.

"Do you know this work of Major Bircher, of the Swiss General Staff?"

The volume he handed me contained a long dedication. The author apparently professed an unbounded admiration for General Kluck.

"What is your opinion of the French army?"

"Oh, excellent."

"Of the English army?"

"Very good."

"Of the Belgian army?"

"Very brave."

"Of the Russian army?"

"The Russian soldier has courage, but lacks mobility."

"What do you think of the principal Entente chiefs?"

"I studied Joffre's maneuvers in 1913. He is a very good general. Galliéni and Sarrail were very

good generals. Foch is an excellent general. Moreover, he had a good deal of luck.

"I was often in France when I was a young officer," my host continued. "I went to the Châlons camp and to the maneuver field at Vincennes. What a beautiful country and what amiable people!

"I also know Belgium. I had my headquarters near Aerschot, at Hal, and at Mons during the war. What good folk!"

"Those good folk could hardly have felicitated themselves on the treatment they received from the German army."

The General looked at me in silence. Visibly, honestly, he didn't catch my meaning.

I insisted:

"I refer to the methods of terrorism applied by the invading armies—by your Excellency's army in particular."

"Oh," said the General, with a candid smile, "there were no terroristic methods. Nothing would ever have happened in Belgium, if the Belgians hadn't been francs-tireurs. Soldiers fight against one another, according to rules, as 'comrades.' But there is no power in the world which can restrain a soldier when he is attacked by a civilian. If the inhabitants take up their rifles, they are killed and their houses are burned, aren't

they? That is the custom. It has always been that way."

"Did you see, with your own eyes, civilians fire on your soldiers?"

"Yes. Near Louvain I saw, along the roadside, the corpse of a woman, with a rifle in her hand."

"It is easy to put a rifle in the arms of a corpse, to try to cover up a crime."

"Near Mons, my bodyguard was fired on. They arrested a peasant who was carrying a gun. Naturally the peasant was killed and his house was burned.

"One day, in a hospital, I met a priest. 'How strange!' I said to him; 'nowadays women handle rifles.' The priest shrugged his shoulders and answered: 'Excellency, that is war.'

"Moreover," the General concluded, "the Belgian Government published appeals to the people, enjoining them to take up arms and to fight against the German army."

"Pardon me. Those appeals urged young men to enroll in the army. As to the civil population, the communal administrations had orders to collect all the arms whenever the German troops approached."

"The peasants kept their arms," the General objected.

I wasn't much concerned about convincing him and continued to peel off my questions.

"Do you think a reconstitution of German military power is possible?"

"For the moment, no. But think of the Prussian army after Jena. It was remade."

Here is, in fact, a lesson in history which it is opportune to recall to the Allies. The General appeared to have sensed his break. He corrected himself.

"But the situation in Germany makes a new war impossible for a long time to come."

You might have thought that His Excellency regretted that war, "fresh and joyous," in which the Germans lodged with good folk, whose burgundy and champagne they doubtless drank, and then burned their houses. But he added: "Interests are so confused at present that one can only wish for a peace of very long duration."

They are all pacifists—now.

The conversation had been long and laborious, the General indulging in numerous parentheses which had no connection with the questions under discussion.

Now he wanted to tell me about his hunting exploits. But I got up. And I had the feeling, on leaving this relic of glory on half-pay, that I

had added a chapter to the "Dialogues with the Dead."

*Die geachtete Frl. Kluck hat die
 mich sehr freundlich empfangen, mich
 herzlich
 Berlin. Gausmannfeldstr. 25. Februar 1919
 von Kluck.*

"A peace of justice can last until the end of this century, and may extend even beyond that."

CHAPTER VI

GENERAL BOEHN

GENERAL BOEHN commanded in 1914 the Ninth Reserve Corps; in 1917, the Seventh Army; in 1918, the group of armies of the Somme. He is a great Boche general. He has to his credit the destruction of Termonde and Louvain.

I thought, on climbing the four flights of stairs which were to bring me into the presence of this bandit, of all our vanished antiquities, our dear, crucified memorials, our chimes, which sing no more because this brute has stifled their voices. I don't know whether or not the physician sometimes feels disgust, the lawyer animosity, the priest horror. As for me, I felt all these when I found myself with Boehn, and it was a real relief not to touch his hand, which he didn't offer me.

This "Excellency" is a tall, white old man, with an unbalanced figure, a skin rough and viscous, thick lips, and small eyes hidden under heavy eyelids. Now and then he lifts the lids and darts a bleary glance at his interlocutor.

Boehn is sinister to look at. So he felt that he ought to begin by saying something amiable.

"We never wanted to make war on Belgium. The Emperor asked your King to let us pass through. Entry into Belgium was a necessity; for it is clear that France and England were preparing to invade you. We had to have Liège at any cost."

"What, then, were the menaces, so disturbing, which weighed upon the German mind?"

"France, England, and Russia—Russia, especially. Her mobilization dated back to the beginning of 1914. I don't know what her object was in attacking us."

"What were, in your opinion, the events which exercised the greatest influence on the course of the war?"

"The battle of the Marne, which we won tactically and lost strategically; Italy's entry into the war, the downfall of Russia. The battle of the Marne was the most important event."

Boehn is not unintelligent. His thought is even facile. He speaks rapidly, but with a certain uniformity in speed. He delivers his answer without a break, like a machine which has been wound up. Then he sits silent and whistles between his teeth, which are all gold crowned.

"How do you explain your sudden check in the

spring of 1918, and the uninterrupted retreat which succeeded your march on Paris?"

"We had gone as far as the fighting power of our troops permitted us to go. Then we had to pass from the offensive to the defensive. We made a great effort because we believed that our success would compel the Entente to conclude peace. It wasn't our intention to take Paris. The battle of the Marne had buried that project."

"How was the discipline in your regiments at that period?"

"In the armies at the front it remained unimpaired. It wasn't the discipline of 1914, but the men were always under the control of their chiefs. The retreat was irreproachable. There were disorders only among the base and supply troops. Except for the Revolution the army could have maintained itself on the Meuse."

"For a long time?"

"For a very long time; certainly. Our line would have been shortened and would have been strengthened not only by serious natural obstacles but by important military works."

"And peace?"

"I believe that it would finally have been concluded on the Meuse. The Entente nations were as weary as we were. Your pursuit was feeble and I think you would not have risked general

attacks on our new positions. An armistice had already been offered at the beginning of October. That offer impressed your peoples. The hour of peace had sounded."

We were seated about a table. My interpreter was opposite me, the General, dressed in civilian clothes, was between us, his hands on his knees.

This interview by questions and answers, notes of which I took down on paper, and the interpreter's brief interventions would have made one think that we were interrogating a prisoner.

"You have fought against many different armies," I said. "I am curious to know what you think of each of them."

"I have fought against the Belgians, the French, and the English. In general, I have the impression that our troops were better, especially our infantry. Our soldiers, though worn out and badly provisioned, were always equal to those of the Entente. We have had mediocre regiments. All armies have them. I don't want to make any distinctions, while peace is still in the balance. I will simply say that Frenchmen, Belgians, and Englishmen all fought bravely."

"You have had an opportunity to judge their chiefs, haven't you?"

"Joffre, Pétain, and Foch are good generals."

We were about to approach a delicate subject. I said:

"You played an important rôle in Belgium. Was the resistance of the Belgians a considerable embarrassment to Germany?"

"Considerable?" said the General, pursing his lips. "Perhaps not considerable, no. Yet Belgium's rôle was important. At the beginning it was she who held us back. She gave the Fourth Army much trouble. Afterwards she formed the left wing of the French army—a tenacious wing, on which the Entente could count."

"On September 9, 1914," I said, "our second sortie from Antwerp held back for two days your Ninth Reserve Corps, which was to be transferred to the south, where your armies, then retreating, were in great need of reinforcements."

"No, not two days. Only twelve hours."

"Pardon me. Two days."

Boehn arose, picked up a notebook from his writing desk, and ran through the pages.

"You are right," he said finally. "I arrived in Belgium on August 25th."

I caught the ball on the bound. "Exactly, and you were quartered at Louvain. That night the city was destroyed."

Boehn lifted his eyelid and unmasked a terribly wicked little eye.

"I explained all that," he said, "in a report to the Minister of War."

"The question interests the Entente nations. Could you summarize your explanation?"

"I arrived at Louvain," the General began, "on August 25th, in the afternoon. I went to Buken, to visit the Eighteenth Division. When I returned trouble had broken out in the city. Seven officers of my staff, twenty-three men, and ninety-three horses were killed or wounded. My auto was riddled like a milk skimmer and I don't know to-day how I got out of that affair alive.

"At that moment the Belgians were making their first sortie from Antwerp. The next day the battle of Malines was fought. These riots were linked up with military operations. Their object was to destroy our transport, massacre our soldiers, and hold back our regiments."

"Did you take part in combats between our civilians and your soldiers?"

"In combats between civic guards and soldiers."

"Then you treated the civic guards as francs-tireurs?"

"They all wore civilian clothes."

"How did you know that they were civic guards?"

"We found their uniforms later. We shot only those who were taken with arms in their hands.

The others were killed in the course of the fighting. On my orders only those houses were burned from which we had been fired on, in the quarter surrounding the railroad station."

"Ten hundred and fifty houses!"

"I don't think so. The next day I left Louvain. I know nothing more about what happened there."

"Have you any explanations to make about the sacking of Termonde?"

"Termonde was occupied by the Belgians. We attacked it. You can't take a city without firing on it."

"I am speaking about the *sacking* of Termonde."

"It is possible that excesses were committed in the fighting in the streets. But I know nothing about that. I don't know whether or not houses were burned at Termonde or civilians were mistreated."

"Those are details," I said, "which it will be easy to establish when Belgium demands from the Entente a trial of the culprits."

I dropped these words slowly, emphasizing each one.

Boehn gave a start. Both his eyes opened at once. We looked fixedly at each other. The executioner of our cities said between two pauses:

"I have no fear."

I turned to other things.

"What do you think of Germany's future?"

"*Mein Gott!*"

"Do you believe there is any desire for revenge?"

"For the present order must be restored at home. Later on we will deal with external questions."

"Do you think there will be another war?"

"We can't talk about that now."

Boehn appeared preoccupied. Evidently on this topic I wasn't going to get anything of importance out of him.

He himself returned to the subject which filled his thoughts.

"There were only three battalions in the affair at Louvain. My men were good-hearted, but during the fighting they were greatly excited. The only disturbances with which I had anything to do were those of the night of August 25th-26th. The fighting continued after my departure. I know nothing more."

The General reflected again for some minutes.

"Would you like to see Colonel Klewitz? He was at Louvain and he can tell you everything that happened."

"I shall go to see Colonel Klewitz."

I asked the General for his photograph. He gave

it to me, and wrote his signature on it. I had the impression at that minute that if I had asked him to let me handcuff him he would have held out his wrists.

H. R. ...
Guantanamo.
15. V. 19

CHAPTER VII

COLONEL KLEWITZ

COLONEL KLEWITZ, well-set up in his close-fitting coat, a monocle stuck in his eye, preserves in his civilian attire the typical appearance of a German officer. He has dark hair and an aggressive jaw, and is as arrogant in defeat as he would have been in victory.

His manner of speaking is curt, trenchant, incisive. Sometimes he grates his teeth and the words come out whistling like the snaps of a whip-lash in the air.

In the course of our interview he frequently got up out of his chair, nervously chewed his cigarette, paced the room, stopped and looked at me fixedly. He must have had a longing more than once to throw me out of the window.

In his richly Teutonic living quarters there is little place for works of art. Trophies of the chase abound, portraits and busts of William II, Napoleon I, and Frederick the Great. I doubt whether this "hero of Louvain" lays any great store by a beautiful glass window, an ivy growing on an old

wall, or a festooned façade. I can well hear him, in presence of our glorious communal treasures, snapping out the order: "Make a clean sweep!"

"His Excellency General Boehn wished Colonel Klewitz to tell me the story of Louvain's death. It is almost a command, coming from him."

The Colonel collected himself, made a visible effort to refresh his recollections, and began his deposition.

"Between the beginning and the end of the war I fought on all the fronts. I was in Belgium, in Russia, in Hungary, in the Somme and the Champagne offensives. My memory would be put to the severest test if it had to recall the smallest details of the first operations in Belgium.

"We arrived at Louvain on August 25th, in the afternoon. I was attached to General Boehn's staff. The Ninth Reserve Corps detrained at the station intending to march on Antwerp. After spending some minutes installing ourselves at the Hotel Métropole, we set out for our headquarters offices, which, as I recall, were on the Grand Place.

"The city was tranquil. The attitude of the civilian population was such, however, as to counsel certain precautions.

"We were hardly in our staff quarters when an officer arrived in an auto, bringing the news that the Belgian army was attacking south of Antwerp.

We had two divisions. The Belgians attacked, I believe, with five divisions."

"I beg your pardon. Hardly two divisions took part in the attack."

"We went to the Hotel Métropole to warn General Boehn, and started off immediately with him, in an auto, for the field of battle. The engagement was less serious than we had expected. Our troops continued to advance toward Malines and the battle ended at dusk. We took the road back to Louvain. Near the city some infantry battalions told us that there had been fighting in the streets. We got out of the auto and continued on foot toward our offices. The street lamps were extinguished. The streets were pitch dark. An officer reported to us that the General's staff had been attacked in the Grand Place."

"By civilians?"

"The officer didn't say that. Shots were fired from the houses surrounding the Grand Place. Colonel Esmarch, who was delivering orders on horseback, was made a special target. He received seven wounds. Seven officers and twenty-three men were wounded. Eighty-three horses were killed, wounded, or drowned in the canal, while running away. Among them were three of my own horses."

"And all this happened in the darkness?"

“It might have been about seven o’clock. Night was falling. We traversed the city. The streets were quiet.”

“And houses were on fire?”

“When we arrived, about nine o’clock, there had been some fires, here and there, where there had been fighting. At ten o’clock the city was burning in several spots—for example, in front of the Hotel Métropole and behind it.

“In order to avoid fresh combats in the streets General Boehn assembled the troops about the railroad station. Only some patrols remained in the city itself.”

Only some patrols in a city in which there had been such furious fighting! I couldn’t help thinking that that was very imprudent.

“Two thousand soldiers,” the Colonel resumed, “were thus bivouacked for half an hour, their muskets stacked, when a fusillade broke out from the surrounding houses. The firing lasted about two minutes. Our men seized their arms and entered the houses from which the firing had come. Quiet was then restored.”

“Whom did they find in the houses?”

“I saw nothing myself; but they told me that most of the people had fled through the gardens.”

“Were civilians captured with arms in their hands?”

"I don't know. The troops continued to bivouac before the station. We slept—the General and his staff—inside the station. The next morning at five o'clock we went away in autos."

"Was the quarter about the railroad station burned?"

"I don't know. I slept soundly. General Wagner, whose division had not yet arrived, was in command during the night."

"Weren't you able to see for yourself the next morning, before starting, whether the quarter had been burned or not?"

"I have no definite knowledge. I was in a closed auto. I can't tell you any more."

"May I ask what you think personally of this whole affair?"

Colonel Klewitz shrugged his shoulders, perplexed and mute. My interpreter, who is a reserve officer, interjected a hint:

"His Excellency, General Boehn, said yesterday that it was an attack made by civic guards."

The Colonel took the hint.

"Evidently it was that! Evidently!" he said.

And he clung to that idea: the pretended attack by civic guards was to become a formal battle, an able piece of tactics, a victory for the Belgians.

"I may say," he continued, "that the battle of Louvain was an absolutely logical development.

At the moment when six Belgian divisions attacked us south of Antwerp, it was natural to employ the civic guards of Louvain to prevent the detainment of reserves which were arriving from Germany.

“The Belgians, and especially the civic guard, who are recruited from the upper ranks of society, are very patriotic. They did their duty. It would have been a dereliction on their part not to attack us. Thus they halted three regiments, which were missing the following day at the battle of Malines.”

“Did you make prisoners of many civic guards?”

“I don't know; I was on the staff.”

“The staffs generally interrogate the prisoners.”

“I don't recollect, after five years.”

“Admitting that there was this attack by civic guards, why were they treated as francs-tireurs?”

“They were all in civilian costume.”

The Colonel, who no longer recollected, “after five years,” whether or not prisoners were taken, remembered, at least, that they were all dressed as civilians.

“We found the uniforms later,” he insisted, “in the country, in the suburbs of the city.”

“I have every reason to believe,” I said, “that General Bissing had formed the conviction that at Louvain two German regiments fired on each

other, and that that *contretemps* was the signal for the sacking of the city."

"It is absolutely false. Not a man was drunk; the troops were orderly."

"That is a point which it will be easy to clear up when Belgium demands the trial of those whom she holds guilty of the crime of Louvain."

The Colonel smiled at me as if he would murder me.

"As you please," he said; "as you please."

Thereafter he abounded in politenesses and paradoxes.

"Belgium's resistance never had any influence on our operations," he began.

"Nevertheless, our second sortie from Antwerp immobilized your 9th Corps, which arrived too late at the Marne."

"It is false! We had a short hold-up, but we requisitioned a large number of vehicles, put the soldiers' packs in them, and, by forced marches, through Valenciennes, St. Quentin, and Noyon, we made up lost time. The 9th Corps was not under orders to take part in the battle of the Marne. It had no other objective in view but to march to St. Quentin in order to protect our right flank towards Amiens.

"Belgium's resistance was of no account," he continued. "But the battle of Louvain had an

influence on the battle south of Antwerp. If General Wagner's division had not been delayed at Louvain and had been able to take part in the battle of Malines, it is probable that we should have succeeded in cutting off the Belgian army from Antwerp; for Wagner was to advance on the right of the road from Louvain to Malines and attack your left."

The Colonel held fast to this idea and exerted himself to drive it home, as if he were driving a nail into my head.

"Without the battle of Louvain the result would have been much more favorable to us."

"Since you have fought on so many fronts, you ought to have been able to form an opinion on the different Entente armies?"

"The bravest soldiers were the Americans; the next best were the Russians, when they were well led."

"And the French?"

"Get the opinion of the English."

"And the Belgians?"

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders and said mildly:

"The Belgians are great patriots."

He looked at me compassionately and added:

"Their patriotism made up for their lack of preparation."

Then, as if he were throwing me a last sop:

"I am still surprised that they were able to sustain such a war to the very end."

"And our generals, what do you think of them?"

The Colonel shook his head, with a knowing air:

"I have my opinion, but I do not wish to make it public just now. History will judge them."

"What is your opinion about your own leaders and your own army?"

"One's country is always right. I do not speak of the Germans. Everyone has seen their work. The Hungarians were the best among our allies."

"What were, in your judgment, the principal faults committed?"

"Let us wait for the history of the war. It is already being written."

The Colonel arose, took a manuscript from his desk, and showed it to me as if he were brandishing a revolver under my nose.

"They will have it sooner than they wish," he said.

"How do you explain the decline of discipline in your army?"

"The people were dying of hunger. When a

soldier went home and witnessed the sufferings of his wife and children his morale was profoundly affected."

"What would the situation have been without the Revolution?"

"We should have had no difficulty in holding on."

"Nevertheless, it seems to me that your retreat——"

"It was not a retreat. It was a military operation to deceive the enemy and regain freedom of movement. For that matter, the enemy allowed himself to be misled. The French and the English stopped their offensive. Only the Americans continued to attack."

"And you counted on coming to a halt?"

"I don't know where. We could have held the line of the Meuse, but we might have stopped even before reaching it."

"And the issue would then have been favorable to Germany?" I asked, without raising an eyebrow.

"It would have been a draw."

"It was the egoism of our enemies, Belgium and America excepted," he said, "which forced us into the war. It was envy, and not fear, which hurled them against us. Count the effectives, and you will see on which side there should have been fear.

A French book, *La Guerre sans Chance*, clearly establishes that under the most favorable conditions we could get nothing better than a deadlock. In spite of that conviction, we fought to the end.

"The Entente did not appreciate our valor. It threatens to occupy a part of our territory for fifteen years. France has subjected us to the insult of guarding with black troops the people which produced Kant, Schopenhauer, Goethe, and Beethoven. The treatment given us is odious.

"Retaining our prisoners—the bravest of our men, those who were first in the attack and last in the defense—is a crime against humanity."

"We have followed the lesson you gave us at Brest-Litovsk."

"We kept the Russian prisoners because we could not furnish railroad transportation for them."

"That was not in the terms of the treaty. Moreover, you signed a peace, while we are still in a state of war. We have concluded a simple armistice which may be denounced from one day to another."

"This armistice violates all the laws of humanity. The German officers will never forget that and our 800,000 prisoners will bring back with them the idea of revenge."

"You believe, then, in revenge?"

"Whether that hope is in the heart of the people, or not, I don't know. It's all the same to me. But I expect that the idea of revenge will be cherished by every patriot, if our enemies do not show more quickly the consideration which is due us."

"You wish to have Germany treated as a Great Power?"

"Not 'as' a Great Power. She is a Great Power."

"Was a Great Power."

"Is!"

The Colonel fired this word at me as if from a cannon; the four walls shook.

"All this is much more serious," he resumed, "than that affair at Louvain; for you will not deny that civilians fired on our soldiers, not only at Louvain, but elsewhere. At Louvain Colonel Hairnier was wounded with shot fired from a hunting piece. At Aerschot a German general was assassinated at his headquarters. He was seated at the dinner table. The son of the house appeared and was introduced to him. He grasped the General's hand and plunged a knife into the latter's breast. You could multiply cases of that sort indefinitely.

"Louvain! Louvain! the Belgians have only

that one word on their tongues. But what should we say; we, of our Eastern provinces, ravaged by the Russians; and what should the French say about Cambrai, destroyed by the English? Isn't it unworthy of Belgium, which has taken so high a place in the world, to hark back, after so long a period, to an affair, perpetual harping on which can only postpone reconciliation? What do you want? Louvain—that is war, nothing else."

After this plea Colonel Klewitz must have said to himself that a little show of courtesy would complete my conquest. He spoke to me about Antwerp, of which he was Governor in 1917, and about the dignity and patriotism of the population. He rummaged through his souvenirs and exhibited some to me.

"The events of the war have left my ideal intact," he said. "If a true peace is concluded, I am going to retire to the country. Meanwhile I remain at my post. The Society of Nations is well enough; but, as Moltke said, such a dream is very far from reality."

I thought on leaving this officer, who has not yielded anything of his "ideal" and who would to-morrow start a new war if he had the power to do so, that the "German Republic" will remain under suspicion so long as it doesn't break with the

Klewitzes, whose tendencies and whose dreams for the future we should be very wrong to lose sight of.

Der Gedanke, dass wir
 Kriegsgefangene ist uns
 Marbrufen aus der Menschlichkeit.
 16.4.
 19.
 Max. Klewitz
 Oberstleutnant.

“The retention of our prisoners of war is a crime against humanity.”

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL LETTOW-VORBECK

THE German generals whose swords have not been stained by crimes against common right are so rare that one may concede to Lettow-Vorbeck a place apart.

Isolated in East Africa, almost without news from Europe, he fought bravely to the end. His long resistance is an heroic page in history.

In their country Lettow-Vorbeck and Hindenburg are about the only two figures in the Old Army whose prestige the Revolution has respected. Berlin gave the former a triumphal reception.

Now the Government has charged him with organizing at Wannsee a division of volunteers, the "Division Lettow-Vorbeck." His headquarters are in the agreeable villa of Baroness Siemens on the borders of Lake Havel—a charming site. It is there that the General received me.

A delegation from the University of Berlin had just come to confer on him the title of Doctor of Philosophy, "Honoris Causa"; and from the salon into which they guided me I heard the whole cere-

mony. The address recalled in Latin the Odyssey of that army of his, driven hither and thither, cut off from all communications, holding the brush for four years, and equal to extraordinary offensive reactions against the English, the Belgians, and the Portuguese.

The General is a man of fifty years, who looks you straight in the eye and has no arrogance. He answered simply, and in a gentle voice, the questions I put to him.

"This is my second interview with a Belgian officer," he said. "The first took place at Kigoma, after the armistice. The Governor General of the Congo State had delegated, to receive me, one of his own staff officers, the son of the former Belgian Minister at Berlin. All my Europeans were treated most generously. I learned also from Captain Wintgens, who directed the operations in the West, that the Belgians had shown extreme bravery. I have not yet had an opportunity to thank these chivalrous adversaries. I beg you to be my interpreter to them."

I recalled to the General the unanimity with which the Allies had recognized his gallantry, and I asked him how he had succeeded in solving, even up to the end, his problem of supply.

"During the first year our fighting forces maintained their supply lines to the interior. After we

had cleared the Rowuma, which marks the frontier between the German and the Portuguese possessions, we were compelled to live on the country. We had to content ourselves with plants, fruits, and the spoils of the chase; and, naturally, there were periods when our menu was limited. In 1918 we made important captures in Rhodesia and in the Portuguese colony; but we couldn't utilize all the booty, for it was necessary for us to keep always on the march and to burn whatever exceeded our means of transport."

"About what distance did you cover?"

The General opened an atlas, measured, calculated, made some additions.

"Six to seven thousand kilometers," he said. "And the whole of the first year was spent in position warfare."

"Can you give me the figures of your effectives and losses?"

"In 1914 our army was composed of two hundred whites and 2400 Askaris. These totals were raised, by recruitment and by the addition of the reserves and the police, to 3000 Europeans and 13,000 natives. That was the largest force I ever had at my disposal.

"At the time of the armistice 150 whites and 1200 Askaris were left. The difference represents our total losses—killed, wounded, and died of

disease. We suffered from malaria and dysentery. But our medical service was very good and was able to function up to the end. Six nurses stayed with us through 1916. Two remained at the hospital at Dar-Es-Saalam well into 1917."

"Did you receive supplies by sea?"

"Two little vessels succeeded in running the blockade. They were called, I believe, the *Rubens* and the *Marie*. That was the only relief we had from the outside. The stories about Portuguese contraband and German destroyers are pure inventions."

"What artillery had you?"

"At the beginning some small caliber pieces and old cannon which used black powder. When the cruiser *Koenigsberg* was about to be destroyed, we removed her 105s. The two ships which re-victualled us brought four howitzers, two mountain guns, and some small caliber pieces. Finally, in certain engagements, we captured Portuguese and English artillery."

"But you kept up your stock of munitions?"

"We had started out with a pretty large supply. We received some more by the *Rubens* and the *Marie*. And we were able in every battle to increase our stock at the expense of the enemy—rifles, cartridges, and even artillery ammunition."

"Your reappearance, when all the world thought

you were lost, and your return to Tabora were a great surprise."

The General smiled:

"That march on Tabora was never anything but a feint."

"How did your different columns preserve contact, and how did you inform yourself of the enemy's movements?"

"We had some telephone lines. But our material was old and generally failed to work. At the beginning Moanza and Bukola communicated by wireless, but the English intercepted our messages and deciphered them. The wireless outfit from the *Koenigsberg* was also able to send a certain number of messages. In fact, we were ordinarily without means of communication, and each of us was reduced to his own personal initiative, operating according to such general instructions as could be outlined in advance."

"Did you know what was happening in Europe?"

"We spent many long months without the least fragment of news. Our only sources of information were white prisoners and letters which we found on the dead bodies of Europeans."

"How did you learn about the armistice?"

"Through a motor-cyclist, who had set out from the Rhodesian frontier to carry orders to the English. He lost his way and wandered, on No-

vember 13th, within our lines. We took him prisoner and read his dispatches. One of them was the order suspending hostilities."

"There has been talk," I said, "of cruelties inflicted on your carriers, and it has been intimated that your long forced marches were accomplished only at the cost of a terrible hecatomb?"

"Speaking generally, our carriers were handled humanely. I know that the English press has accused us of cruelty to prisoners. On the contrary, all the Europeans whom we captured were treated with generosity. We sent back to the enemy all soldiers who were seriously wounded, and we freed all the whites who would take an oath not to bear arms, during the rest of the war, against Germany or her allies.

"Naturally severities occurred now and then. It is the same with all armies—especially with Colonial armies.

"For example, a German officer, made prisoner by the English, was put in chains on the unsupported word of a native, who accused him of having burned a wounded Englishman. This officer was transferred on board a ship and lay bound for three days in the bottom of the hold. He was then detained for fifteen days in the prison at Dar-Es-Saalam. Finally he was tried and his innocence was established."

“How did your native soldiers behave?”

“The Askaris were brave and loyal. I have never had occasion not to be proud of them. A wounded British officer, whom we made a prisoner, said to me with astonishment: ‘But your Askaris behave like gentlemen.’

“During the whole of the last year we were without money. It was impossible to pay our men. Nevertheless, the Askaris and the carriers remained faithful.”

“General, may I ask your opinion on the respective merits of the armies with which you fought?”

“I never thought much of the tactics of the Portuguese. The English maneuvered better. It must be remembered always that the English higher command was exercised by South African officers, who were not professional soldiers, but large-scale farmers, or even lawyers. Their movements, from the point of view of a professional officer, were open to criticism. Tactically, the Belgians were better. Their army, weak at first, was rapidly reinforced. The Belgians were a great help to the English.

“I have heard it said that, after capturing Tabora, your troops pillaged the town. But I have not been able to verify that fact myself, and I know that one is easily tempted to describe as pillage excesses committed by the natives.”

“Have you still hopes of a colonial future for Germany in Africa?”

“A colony is absolutely indispensable to Germany—for raw materials and for her emigration. Great Britain has plenty of colonies, and doesn't need to acquire new ones. I am aware that if she should take a plebiscite among the natives, so long as she holds power in the country, all would pronounce in her favor. But anyone who knows the negro knows that a plebiscite taken under such conditions would have no significance.

“The negroes already say: ‘The Germans had harsh words, but a good heart; the English have soft words, but a hard heart.’

“During the war many Askari prisoners refused to enter the English service. After the armistice natives made long journeys in order to see us again. The truth is that these people remember their former masters and regret parting with them.”

For a few moments General Lettow-Vorbeck remained plunged in reverie. Of what was this soldier thinking—after five years of valiant struggle and of sufferings courageously supported? And what must be his bitterness as he returns to find his own country a prey to ruin, famine, and disorder, its army destroyed, the people torn by civil war, and Germany a culprit at the bar of the universe!

Part III

Industry

Otto Henrich—Hugo Stinnes—
Walter Rathenau

CHAPTER IX

OTTO HENRICH

HERR HENRICH is director of the Siemens Schuckert Association. At forty, he has charge of 80,000 workers. He is one of the youngest of the German captains of industry. As I entered the door of his apartment on the Kurfürstendam the strains of the *Marseillaise*, played vigorously, rose from the street below. And our introductions occurred to the notes of the French national hymn. I herewith return my thanks for this very apropos fanfare, coming from a procession of laborers making propaganda for the Landtag elections.

"It is an error to believe that German industry had an influence on the foreign policy of the Empire," said Herr Henrich. "Contrary to what is thought abroad, we have in this country no industrial party. Industry is hardly represented at all in the Reichstag. It works hard and bothers little with politics. We knew nothing of the approach of war. In the spring of 1914, a German industrial, Doctor Berliner, returned from Japan by the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and passed nu-

merous trains filled with soldiers. He predicted that war would break very soon. We smiled at his predictions. It was only toward the middle of July that, for the first time, some members of the Government made incidental allusions to the possibility of a conflict. It developed at the conference held then that the financial resources of Germany seemed hardly equal to carrying through a successful war.

“The military leaders had scarcely any more influence than we had on German policy. They were forbidden to occupy themselves with politics, and they respected that prohibition. That is why no precautions had been taken when hostilities broke out.

“I had personally proof of this on our Eastern frontier. I was there after the second day of mobilization, as an officer on the Russian border, and I learned from a frontier guard that the wives and children of the Russian frontier guards had been sent into the interior several weeks before—when no one in Germany was making preparations.

“If you ask me what were the causes of the war, I reply that I see them in the hatred with which Germany was ringed about, in the spirit of revenge, due to the Alsace-Lorraine obsession, with which the French were inoculated from the cradle up; and, especially, in the encirclement

policy of Edward VII and the machinations of England, which absolutely willed this conflagration. That is why our hatred against England is immense. Coldly calculated tactics brought about the terrible catastrophe. The German people made a defensive war; they rose to defend their frontiers. Their unanimity and enthusiasm from the very beginning—take, for example, even the Socialists, who had always been opposed to war—are eloquent proofs of German good faith.”

I let Herr Henrich run on. We approached the economic problem.

“The German industrial situation is harrowing,” he assured me. “The Allies have taken away our means of transport, which were absolutely necessary to our re-provisioning and the rehabilitation of our machinery. Each prolongation of the armistice has increased the Entente’s demands, without lifting the blockade, which has already killed more than 800,000 men, women, and children.

“At this moment, in Berlin, 400,000 workmen are out of employment. In a month there will be perhaps twice as many. Famine and idleness are preparing the soil for Bolshevism. The Entente doesn’t see this peril. It is committing the same errors which we committed in Russia. It will repent them. The peace of Brest-Litovsk was a grievous blunder. That treaty of violence didn’t

reconcile the two nations. It served the purposes of Lenine. Marshal Foch does not seem to have profited by that historical lesson.

“Lenine’s plan is the coalition of the Russian and German proletariats against the imperialism and capitalism of the Entente. France flatters herself—as we flattered ourselves—that she will escape the conflagration. We created a zone of neutral countries between ourselves and Russia. She wishes to create autonomous states on the German border. Neither these autonomous states nor any military forces will be able to circumscribe the Bolshevist peril. You can’t localize Bolshevism. You must stamp it out in the spot where it rages.”

“If this peril is eliminated, would you look for a rapid recovery by German industry?”

“There would remain the question of wages; and I believe that this question must also be faced in all the Entente. The German workman has seen in the Revolution an opportunity to increase his wages, to obtain more comforts, and to reduce the hours of labor. The masses, badly led, allow themselves to be involved in strikes which threaten us with ruin. Wages obtained by force are incompatible with the sound development of industry.

“It is necessary that the workmen and the

employers come to an understanding at the earliest moment. Otherwise we cannot measure the depth of the abyss into which we are plunging. We created, before the Revolution, the 'Arbeitsgesellschaft,' composed of workmen and manufacturers. Its purpose is to bring into harmony the financial needs of the workers and the economic possibilities of industry. It is a first step towards the industrial parliament which we desire, in which the employees and the employers would be represented equally, and which would occupy itself exclusively with economic and social problems affecting industry. In addition to this, the workers are planning a European Entente. There will then be needed only a European Entente of manufacturers. I hope that this will be established without delay."

"Apart from Bolshevism and the problem of wages, don't you fear other difficulties for German industry? And even putting aside economic war, aren't you afraid of a boycott which would close many markets to you?"

"On that point I am more optimistic. If we should escape the first two dangers and if we should find raw materials, industry could be revived in two or three decades. We have lost customers, but we shall recover them. I believe this because, during the war, the products which the world was unable to procure in Germany were not procured

elsewhere. We know that the perfection of our workmanship and of our technical methods permits us to deliver goods at a low price. The price and the quality will reopen for us the markets of the world."

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Heinrich". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial 'H' and a long vertical stroke extending downwards from the end of the word.

CHAPTER X

HUGO STINNES

HUGO STINNES, President of the "Deutsch-luxemburgische Bukwerk und Metallactien Gesellschaft" of Bochum, President of the Rhenish-Westphalian Electrical Works at Essen, Director of the German Coal Syndicate of Essen, Director of the Steel Syndicate of Düsseldorf, Director of the Hamburg-America Steamship Line, is a man of fifty years, of pronounced Semitic type, with hard features, and stiff black hair. In peace time he had under him more than 100,000 workmen.

"So you believe that German industry wished the war?" he asked me with a smile which indicated a certain amount of pity. "But German industry, sir, was the most flourishing in the world, and the German budget, for several years, had shown a respectable surplus. The economic history of nations offers no example of a prosperity more rapidly attained. Why should we have sought this war?"

"Nevertheless," I said, "you have in this country two great powers—the army and industry.

Why should it be thought that one of these two would have dared to commit itself absolutely, without being certain of the adhesion of the other?"

"The war took the army as well as industry by surprise. The Government had not consulted them, since it knew that it could count upon both from the moment when the country was in danger."

This phrase was uttered with every appearance of unshakable conviction.

"My opinion," Herr Stinnes continued, "is that all the peoples were against war. The responsibility for it rests, first, with the circles in control in France, and, secondly, with the ruling circles in Russia. In addition—and there can be no doubt about this—German diplomacy was also at the bottom of it."

"And England?"

"I can't reproach England. I know that my opinion on this point is not generally accepted in Germany. Nevertheless, it was, to go no further, the opinion of Ballin, who knew perfectly the state of mind of the British nation. For my part, I had connections which extended into the highest English circles. I was over there three weeks before the war, concluding business agreements to which that country's adhesion would have been an absurdity, if it had had any faith in the imminence of a war in which it would be personally involved.

By tradition England always ranges herself on the side which she thinks the feebler. So this time she was closely associated with France."

"And the Kaiser?"

"It is difficult for me to defend our Emperor. Yet I refuse to heap blame on a man whom France has always attacked solely on the ground that he was a German. I have worked in a great number of countries. Nowhere else, as in France, in the banking and industrial world, have I met such aggressive antagonism to all Germans. The French children were taught to hate Germany and grew up with the fixed idea of revenge for Alsace-Lorraine. Now, understand me, those provinces are German and always have been German. If, in 1870, the French had hazarded a referendum, 80 per cent. of the population would have pronounced in favor of Germany."

"Nevertheless, isn't there on record the solemn protestation at Bordeaux in 1871?"

"Those who drew it up had voted in the French Parliament for war. They did not wish to reverse themselves."

"And the exodus of so many Alsatians and Lorrainers? And the explosion of enthusiasm which, after fifty years of your régime, welcomed the return of the French troops?"

"Those people had been for more than four years

in a war base zone. That situation brings multiplied vexations, and it is altogether natural that there were manifestations of joy when that status was ended. Moreover, I do not deny our great fault—that of not having given Alsace-Lorraine the position which she ought to have occupied in the Empire—a position which would have permitted her to develop and would have opened wide to her the avenues to prosperity.”

Hugo Stinnes is an astonishing man. He is always capable of astonishing you further.

“That which is really odious, you see, is the treatment which France is now inflicting on the Germans who remain in Alsace-Lorraine. At no period of the war did we resort to such methods with the inhabitants of any occupied region.”

“Sir,” I said, “won’t you permit the Belgians not to share that opinion?”

“Belgium was no longer neutral when the war began,” Herr Stinnes replied, emphatically. “I mean in the sense in which she had been under King Leopold, and in the sense in which Switzerland and Holland still are neutral. These countries would defend their territory against anybody, no matter whom. Belgium closed her frontiers to the Germans; she opened them to the French and the English. I have traveled much in Belgium and I felt, more and more, as the war approached, a marked hostility

on the part of her citizens. We had brought to the country, nevertheless, a large part of its prosperity. Antwerp was kept alive only by us."

"That argument," I objected, "does not justify the martyrdom which the Belgian people have had to endure—the massacre of civilians. . . ."

"They were civilians who were massacring our soldiers."

". . . of women. . . ."

"If a woman appears before you with a revolver in her hand, would you hesitate to defend yourself?"

". . . of little children. . . ."

"There never was a single little child massacred in Belgium."

All discussion on this point would be hopeless. Physicians love to call certain horrible symptoms "a beautiful case." Herr Stinnes is "a beautiful case," and I felt as if I were, in a way, a surgeon, curious as to what he should find under this skull still more surprising than what had already been discovered.

"I understand," I said, "the necessities of war and the destruction which a battle involves. But how do you explain the fact that entire cities in which there was no fighting were razed—Louvain, for example?"

"Louvain was not razed. I even think," this

pure German asserted, with a smile of the most perfect innocence, "that, properly speaking, not more than fifteen per cent. of the city was demolished. I will not conceal from you the fact that this affair at Louvain was taken greatly to heart by Marshal Goltz and that, on his request, I went to make an examination on the spot. Such inquiries are always rather delicate. Nevertheless, I brought back from my visit to Louvain the certitude that there was fighting around the railroad station. I am inclined to believe that, confused by the darkness of the night, two of our regiments fired upon each other. In short, Louvain was, beyond contradiction, a regrettable misfortune."

"Regrettable!" The word is charming!

"And the systematic destruction of all industry in the invaded regions—what do you think of that, sir?"

"It was the consequence of a war of fifty months, and didn't come in the least from a deliberate intention to ruin Belgium and Northern France. The machinery and equipment of the factories in the zone of combat were merely removed to places of safety, because of the danger of destruction to which they were exposed. We appropriated them, to some extent, without doubt—but only for our war plants. I may add that certain fatal errors

were made by military leaders, who authorized excessive requisitions. Industrials would have shown more competency. Would you believe it? I have seen machines worth many thousands of francs broken up in order to furnish a few dozen kilos of copper!"

"And the deportation of civilians?"

"I favored the deportation of the unemployed. Under normal conditions they are a danger to society. They are a still more serious danger to an army of occupation, quartered in enemy territory. Everybody in Germany wasn't of that opinion. I discussed the matter several times with General Bissing, and it was my view which prevailed."

My interlocutor, as he said this, permitted himself a laugh of modest triumph. Then he admitted:

"Take note that I didn't approve the fashion in which these deportations were broadened. They sent away students, and even physicians."

After this digression on the martial conceptions of the German General Staff we returned to the industrial question.

"The future of our industry," said Herr Stinnes, "depends on the peace conditions. It depends also on Bolshevism. With a suitable peace we shall recover soon enough. A few decades will suffice. It will be necessary, first, to feed our

people and then to make them work, suppressing unemployment allowances whenever it is possible for the workman not to remain unemployed.

"The question of wages also raises grave problems. It isn't possible to satisfy the demands of the workers. We shall have to treat as quickly as possible with the more intelligent elements in their unions and try to get them to listen to reason.

"Some markets will be closed, undoubtedly. But Germany, Austria, and the Balkans lack everything and demand complete reëquipment. Here is a task which will last for many years. We can, perhaps, also seek new openings in South America.

"As to Bolshevism German industry is in the same box with industry in all the countries of Europe. If Bolshevism spreads, it means world-wide ruin."



Handwritten signature or name, possibly 'Friedrich...' followed by a date '26/1/19'.

*Zur Erinnerung an unsere
Konversation vom 26. 1. 19
meine Autorschaft.*

Friedrich...

Baden 26. 1. 19

"In memory of our conversation of 26/1/1919, my signature."

CHAPTER XI

WALTER RATHENAU

DR. WALTER RATHENAU received us in his office at the headquarters of the Allgemeine Electriche Gesellschaft—a vast building on the bank of the Spree, decorated with beautiful colonnades and statues of celebrated men.

Dr. Rathenau is fifty years old. Imposing in stature, with an astonishingly deep and piercing glance, he wears an air of saddened gravity which cannot help making a certain impression. Man of science, economist, director of one of the most powerful corporations in the world, he is one of the Germans best known abroad and one of those whose opinion carries greatest weight in his own country.

“Germany’s situation is terrible,” said Dr. Rathenau, who speaks perfectly correct French. “Everywhere we see famine and exhaustion, a complete cessation of application, insupportable debts, finances impossible to regulate. Alas! All this would have been avoided, if they had listened to us.

“The question of responsibility for the war,” he continued, “is very vast and difficult to determine. A cataclysm like this cannot be provoked by one individual, or by several individuals. It is the result of a series of events and situations, which have succeeded one another through a period of years.

“Perhaps this other question could be answered more easily: ‘Could we have prevented the war?’ But there were only a dozen of us opposing it; and in a nation of seventy millions what can be accomplished by a dozen voices, which the others are bent on stifling? And, after our country found itself involved, we had to support it.

“We disapproved the Government, but we could not take a position against it. We have suffered, and we shall continue to suffer, even more than the others. Ballin was not able to endure that suffering.”

Doctor Rathenau was silent for a moment.

“Germany’s situation,” he resumed, “is a European situation; and I am afraid that the Congress, whose mission it is to assure the peace of the world, will not sufficiently comprehend that fact. I am afraid that to new dangers they will oppose only ancient methods and that the Peace Congress will resemble the Congress of Vienna of 1815.

“They are going to seek a European equilibrium,

modernized by the Society of Nations. They will treat the emissaries of Germany very harshly. They will believe that such is a duty which they owe to their self-respect. There will be grand and pathetic gestures of justice and chastisement.

“That will not be enough.

“In a very few years they will have to recognize that political questions are no longer those of the highest importance, and that in the midst of perpetual strikes and of class hatreds, more and more ferocious, they have forgotten the principal question—that of a necessary solidarity in the face of the peril which menaces us. That peril, which comes from the North, the only real peril,” Doctor Rathenau insisted, “is Bolshevism.

“I do not maintain that, in its ideal, Bolshevism is without any genuine basis. It is self-understood that in a society in which too many injustices still persist, the mass tends to level down the classes. But the means employed and the results obtained are terrible.

“Whoever has witnessed the moving spectacle of that people, the most oppressed in the world, of that army, the most disciplined in the world, abolishing in two days both bourgeois society and the army, to substitute for them decomposition and chaos, asks himself with terror what will happen when this plague reaches countries more

susceptible than we are to political passions and more habituated to revolutions which seem to us impossible.

“All questions—that of the East, of Poland, of the Czechs, of the Balkans—ought to be considered with a full consciousness of that problem.

“The Allies believe in a possible diking off of Bolshevism by Poland and by a weakened Germany. That is a grave mistake.

“Moreover, imagine a Germany in suffering, where famine stalks, a country morally and physically enfeebled—that country would be a center of infection for Europe.

“When you clean up a city you don't isolate the unhealthy quarters. You give them light, water, and the necessaries of life.

“Yes, I understand that large gesture of expiation. But it is not necessary that it should dominate all the discussions of the Peace Congress, and risk compromising the future.

“First feed, restore order, resume work, recreate the feeling of European solidarity—these are the serious problems which ought to occupy all superior minds.”

Doctor Rathenau is a talker to whom one listens without interruptions.

“The solidarity of nations—of all the nations—” I hazarded, “is it not a dream unrealizable for a

long time, and has the German nation any consciousness of the huge mass of hatreds which its methods of making war have accumulated against it?"

We were touching on a delicate point. My interlocutor himself had raised it.

"I condemn those methods," he said, with emphasis. "I was engaged in making requisitions in Belgium. I did it as a duty to my country. People have said that I operated in accordance with a premeditated plan—the Rathenau plan—to ruin Belgium. It is a mistake. Before the war I had never approached the military authorities. I had never had occasion to develop any plan. I thought that everything had been pre-arranged and I was astonished to learn that everything remained to be done.

"I requisitioned the raw materials accumulated in the docks and warehouses. But I demanded that a commission be instituted in Berlin to establish the absolutely legitimate claims for damage due to Belgian owners.

"My work lasted through the first eight months of the war. Then I withdrew from it.

"When I learned of the destruction of factories in Belgium and in Northern France, I protested strongly to the authorities.

"I was opposed, from the very first, to sub-

marine warfare. Ballin went to discuss the matter with the Emperor. I drew the attention of the Government to the enmity of America which would result. I demonstrated scientifically that the Government's calculations were erroneous. I pleaded the humanitarian point of view. Twice I renewed the same arguments to the Minister of Marine. I went the last time, less than a year ago, when they hoped for a victorious solution in the month of July. I showed that England's reserves permitted her to support her losses, and that the capacity of the shipyards of America exceeded all the tonnage which our submarines could sink.

"All this was in vain.

"I openly condemned the deportation of civilians. But what is the voice of a single man against a whole nation, which believes that it is in the right and that it is fighting for its life?"

Cigarettes were brought and a blue cloud arose about us. The interview was over.

"Talking with you has been something of a strain on my feelings," Dr. Rathenau concluded. "Will you permit me to give you a souvenir of this first interview which I have had with an enemy?"

He put a portrait on his desk, dated it, signed it, remained for a moment deep in thought, and then, making an effort, as if he wished, in spite of

everything, to have faith in a dream, he wrote in a firm hand this single word: "Solidarité!" ("Joint responsibility").

Solidarité!

27.1.19

Rathenau

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Part IV

Finances

Karl Helfferich—Arthur Gwinner—Wermuth

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CHAPTER XII

KARL HELFFERICH

THE Thiergarten, Berlin's pretty Bois de Boulogne, where Karl Helfferich, the Minister of State, lives, never seemed to me prettier than under the caress of this first ray of warm sunshine.

Helfferich, former Director of the Anatolian railroads, former Director of the Deutsche Bank, former Minister of Finance, former Vice-Chancellor, former Food Dictator, former Ambassador at Moscow, who seemed at certain moments of the war as though he were going to be the saviour of Germany, would certainly have reached the highest post in the Empire, if the war and the Revolution had not made of this man, still young, a man of the old order.

"You were formerly the treasurer of Germany," I said to him. "Will you please give me some information about the country's financial situation?"

"I know only one word for it. We used to make sport of Russia's bankruptcy and the emission of one hundred million of roubles a day in bank notes. Our present situation is not much better. German

finances are on the point of becoming Bolshevik finances."

"What will happen, in your opinion, if the Allies demand an indemnity?"

"I don't know whether they will venture to commit such a crime, to which one could apply the famous saying: 'It is more than a crime; it is a blunder.' In any case you wouldn't get very much. A contribution which limits itself to a transfer of values and which does not contemplate the enslavement of the German people could be paid only by the mobile wealth which exists, as was the case with France in 1871. But where to-day is our mobile wealth?"

"Nevertheless your well-known book, entitled *The National Wealth . . . ?*"

"I do not repudiate my before-the-war calculations," the Minister interrupted. "But it is necessary to consider these two points. The forty milliards at which I estimated our annual national income, constitute a gross income, and, unless they wish to make us live on air in the interval, one may not conclude, from the showing in question, that we are capable of paying the hundreds of milliards of which there is talk now in the Entente countries.

"Our net income, in the best years, touched eight milliards. But all our productive forces

have suffered terribly from the war and from the Revolution. Our man power has been reduced by all the dead whom we have left on the battle fields and by all the mutilated whose capacity for work has been diminished. Our stock of materials is low and has been decreased by what we have been obliged to cede to the Entente. Our reserves are exhausted. You may be assured that, for more than ten years, our gross income will suffer a diminution much greater than the figure of our net income. It will be necessary for our people to stint themselves enormously in order merely to live. Where, then, can be found the indemnity of which the Entente dreams?

“During the four years of the war, in spite of the terrible blockade, we bought goods from Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland to the extent of milliards and milliards. A part of our gold and almost the whole of our mobilized wealth vanished through these operations.

“There remain perhaps two milliards of gold in the Reichsbank. They are indispensable to our economic life; and what are these two milliards compared to the enormous figures of which the Entente talks!

“How would you have us pay, then? In paper? Our paper has no value for us except for the purchase of German goods. In goods? We have no

The New Germany

more; our storehouses and shops are empty. The only other way is to pay in labor. That requires the enslavement of Germany for perhaps a century. The enslavement of a people of seventy millions, in the center of Europe,—that means Bolshevism, not only German Bolshevism, but European and universal Bolshevism.

“Bolshevist Russia cannot feed her people. Bolshevist Germany, with a much greater density ratio, would be still less able to feed hers. A people perishing of famine is capable of any madness.

“I was ambassador at Moscow in August, 1918, and what I saw there made a profound impression on me. That great overturn is not to be compared with any revolution. It recalls, instead, the migration of the peoples. Bolshevism is a brother to the Boxer movement in China, which also was essentially Socialistic. The malady is spreading. It is no longer the idea, or rather the madness, that spreads. The peoples also are on the march. Millions of Russians, driven by famine, have uprooted themselves, have begun to migrate and already make their pressure felt on our Eastern frontiers. Germany is the natural dike against such a current. To destroy Germany is to tear down the only buttress which protects you against the Oriental peril.”

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"Do you consider Bolshevism an outcome of the war, or do you believe its roots go deeper?"

"I think, at least, that the moral resistance which would otherwise have been offered to this movement, has been shattered by the war. Bolshevism would have come, perhaps, but under the guise of a slow evolution; whereas at present respect for property and human life has been clouded by this five-year struggle. You will feel that reaction in France, England, and Belgium after the demobilization of your armies."

"Do you believe in the efficacy of Allied intervention in Russia?"

"Intervention there is very difficult, and also very dangerous. We tried the experiment. Our troops which served in Ukrainia, in Poland and in the Baltic Provinces, are those which demoralized the whole German army. All Europe is jointly answerable for this peril. The only chance of salvation is joint responsibility for common action.

"I have always worked for a rapprochement between France and Germany. When I was in Turkey, as director of the Anatolian railroads, my best efforts were directed toward that end. But I have had it borne in on me more than once that the past—not only that of 1870, but all the past—separates us. I am a native of the Palatinate and I grew up in the midst of souvenirs of the

campaigns of Louis XIV—sad witnesses to the age-long conflict between peoples who ought to understand each other and live in harmony. The attitude of France in the present negotiations offers little hope that they will understand each other this time and become friends.

“I have read some of the statements made to you by leading Germans regarding the origins of the war. I do not agree with them. Neither the people, nor the Government, nor the Emperor at any moment willed this war.

“I saw the Emperor at Coblenz and in Luxemburg, at the end of August and the beginning of September, 1914. Our successes had led us to believe in a short and victorious war. The Emperor was at the apogee of his glory. Nevertheless he wanted to tell me all that he had done to avoid the conflict.

“He was on an excursion to Norway when he received the text of the Austrian ultimatum. He saw the gravity of the situation and, without awaiting dispatches from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, returned at once to Germany, in order to employ all his influence with the Czar, the Emperor Francis-Joseph, and the King of England to bring about a peaceful solution.”

“Will not the world find some difficulty, sir, in admitting that Austria dared to engage herself so unconditionally, without Germany’s consent?”

“The Slav agitation, manifested in the outbreak at Serajevo, touched the very foundations of Austria’s existence. We were in accord with our ally to the extent that she should put an end to the propaganda subsidized by Serbia. But neither the Emperor, nor the Chancellor, nor the Foreign Office had any knowledge of the text of the ultimatum.

“Moreover, in the Entente countries they ignore the subsequent intervention of the Emperor and the Chancellor at Vienna. As a consequence of that intervention, Count Berchtold, Minister of Foreign Affairs, resumed, on July 30th, his conversations with M. Schebeko, the Russian Ambassador, and ordered the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg to announce to M. Sasonoff that his Government was ready to discuss the Serbian note with the Russian Government, without any reservations whatsoever. M. Schebeko reported his conversation to the French Ambassador, who telegraphed to his Government that ‘all chance of localizing the conflict has not disappeared.’

“Russia’s answer was a general mobilization. During the night of July 30th–31st the Czar telephoned his chief-of-staff, General Januschkewitch to recall the mobilization decree. Januschkewitch didn’t execute the order and next day, in a ten-minute conversation, in which the Minister of War,

Soukhomlinoff, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sasonoff, took part, he persuaded his sovereign that mobilization was necessary.

“Januschkewitch and Soukhomlinoff are the two criminals who deliberately frustrated the last hope of peace, created by our Emperor and our Chancellor.”

“You are, then, of the opinion that Russia was chiefly to blame?”

“Others than Russia had their share of responsibility. France, for instance, which had been awaiting her revenge since 1871 and was resolved to participate in any war against Germany, provided the coalition was strong enough. Then there was England, which simply followed her traditional policy: namely, never to start a European war and to tolerate it only in order to take part in it at her own time and to finish the power which had given her umbrage.”

“Then, in your view, Germany was the only nation free from responsibility?”

But what was the use of such discussion? My purpose was not to effect an impossible conversion, but to uncover a state of mind. I listened without the lifting of an eyebrow to the elaboration of Germany's defence.

“We committed errors in our foreign policy,” the Minister continued. “But with us there wasn't a single responsible man who wished to make war.”

“Nevertheless, wasn't there the perpetual menace of your militarism?”

“Before the war there was a man who spoke of our ‘militarism’ with much good sense. That was Lloyd George. In an interview which *The Daily Telegraph* published on January 1, 1914, Lloyd George, a sincere pacifist, declared: ‘You must consider Germany’s situation. She has as neighbors France and Russia and, notwithstanding, she has never set up for her army the standard which we set for our fleet—a two-power standard. Her army is smaller than the Russian army and hardly any larger than the French army.’”

“In an army,” I said, “there are other factors besides man power, and Germany must have been well informed about the real value of the Russian army.”

“French money kept improving it. French money built strategic railroads, barracks, and fortifications along our frontier. We had some knowledge of the conversations in April, 1914, taken part in by M. Doumergue, M. Iswolsky, and Sir Edward Grey, after the visit of King George V to Paris. As a result of those conversations England concluded a naval agreement with Russia, directed exclusively at Germany, and analagous to the conventions which existed between Russia and France. In the face of this formidable coalition we had only

one ally—Austria. For we knew (Bismarck had always predicted it) that we couldn't count on Italy in a war in which England should be on the other side. All this was the basis of what has been called 'German militarism.'"

"Do you believe now that an end will be put to these formidable armaments which impoverish the world?"

"Yes, I believe that this war marks the end of the military systems which we have known, just as I believe that it established an Anglo-Saxon hegemony."

"May I ask you what were Germany's aims when she was at the peak of her military successes?"

"To live! At the moment of our greatest triumphs we would have signed a peace which simply assured our *status quo ante bellum*. But though the Allies were willing to make a separate peace with Austria, they were never willing to make one with Germany."

"Nevertheless, there were German groups which were violently annexationist."

"They never represented a majority. The Diet formulated in July, 1917, a proposal for peace without annexations or indemnities."

"You never declared yourselves as to Belgium."

"We said that we had no political or territo-

rial designs on Belgium, and that we hoped to come to an understanding with her on economic questions.

“Our enemies don’t show the same moderation. France is going to annex Alsace-Lorraine. I don’t believe that that separation will be final. A French Alsace, with ninety-five per cent. of its population not understanding French, is nonsense. If there were frictions in Alsace-Lorraine under a German régime which lacked adroitness (address is not a German virtue), I think that the same troubles will occur before long under a French régime.

“If the French were reasonable—a thing they have never been in all their history—solutions could be found which will not now be found.

“The spirit of Clemenceau is the spirit of the past. It is the spirit of a thousand years ago, the spirit which will kill Europe. France will bear the responsibility for the conditions of a peace which will not be a peace. And France will be the first to feel the effects of the errors which she is now about to commit.”

“Why France? Aren’t her conditions those of the Entente?”

“It seems sometimes that it is the French spirit of revenge which predominates—that it is she who wishes to crush Germany. Now it

bility seem to me. But war was at our gates and we couldn't avoid it.

"Hindenburg's first victory, at Tannenberg, was won in August, 1914, over the Second and Third Siberian Corps. It must have taken months to bring these two units from the Far East. Russia, then, mobilized in the month of April."

My interlocutor handed me some pamphlets.

"Here are the Belgian diplomatic reports. All agree in recognizing that a policy was being pursued in France, England, and Russia which was to lead the world inevitably to a catastrophe. Here is an article by Bernard Shaw. The English writer admits that 'the old British lion had only been waiting for years for the propitious moment to leap upon its rival.'

"When our branch office in London was seized the English figured that, warned of the intentions of the German General Staff, we must have removed our assets. The English experts were able to demonstrate that we were caught napping, if anyone was.

"They keep on saying that Germany threatened the peace of the world. (Herr Gwinner smiled confidently at this point.) Read the history of the last forty years. France conquered Tunis, Tonquin, Madagascar, and Morocco. England conquered Egypt, Beluchistan, the Transvaal, the Soudan, etc. Italy conquered Eritrea, Tripoli, and

the Dodecanese Islands. America took Porto Rico and the Philippines. Russia overran immense areas in Asia. What war did Germany wage in all that time?

“In the past, always, we were the country attacked—by Louis XIV, by Napoleon I, by Napoleon III—and our soil still shows many traces of the ruins with which the French have strewn it.

1870? “There is much talk of our ‘atrocities.’ That some bandits should be found in an army of six million men is held to be a fatal indictment against us! Undoubtedly there were some highly reprehensible excesses. But I visited Belgium in 1915, and again after four years of occupation. I saw East Prussia after the passage of the Russians. Compared with Russia, Belgium is untouched.

“Listen,” said Herr Gwinner, with a conciliatory air. “We so seldom have the opportunity of talking to one of our enemies that I want to ask you some questions. Have you noticed any destruction outside the zone of combat? Do you believe that your industries have suffered any other damage than the devastation inherent in a state of war and the requisition of machinery and raw materials which were indispensable to us and which we were always ready to replace?”

“I have seen,” I answered, “cities in which there was no fighting almost wiped out of existence. As

to industry, here is a German report which tells at great length”

I handed the director of the Deutsche Bank “Die Industrie im besetzen Frankreich,” the famous document which was transmitted by M. Klotz to the Supreme War Council.

Herr Gwinner read a little, reflected, and shook his head.

“All this,” he said, “can only be a fantasy, elaborated out of one of those eye-witness accounts, such as we have read in all the newspapers in all the belligerent countries. You were the first to say that our General Staff wanted to annex Belgium and a part of the occupied French territory. Was it, then, to our interest to begin by devastating it?”

“I believe,” I answered, “that conquerors often do foolish things and have little concern about the ruin they leave behind them. Isn’t terrorism a method of conquest? Didn’t your famous professor Tannenberg announce that it is necessary ‘to leave a vanquished people only their eyes to weep with’? And what,” I said, drawing another document from my pocket, “do you think of this account of the treatment to which Belgium was to be subjected, after a German victory?”

Herr Gwinner read it and threw up his hands.

“It is so monstrous,” he replied, “that it must be false, absolutely false. I was in Brussels. I

saw the treatment accorded to the Belgians. There was nothing oppressive in it. It is true that we tried to divide Belgium for administrative purposes. But that division was demanded by the Flemings themselves."

"By a handful of vagabonds, whom you bought at bargain-counter prices and who were disavowed by the whole Flemish people. That disavowal cost several leaders of the Flemish movement their liberty.

"May I ask you, Herr Director," I continued, 'for some information about Germany's financial condition?'"

"Our financial situation is miserable. We have exhausted our last reserves. We lack everything. Billiards are needed to restock us. Excepting coal we haven't a single raw material with which to start our industries."

"Nevertheless, hasn't the blockade, by obliging Germany to live off herself, prevented the outflow of her capital?"

"That is a mistake. We sold abroad all the securities we were able to mobilize, in order to buy what we were short of. At the beginning we obtained a good deal from Italy. Afterwards we depended on the neutral countries. To-day we still owe milliards to Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, and Sweden."

"Will not your future budgets be lightened to

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"Will not your future budgets be lightened to

the extent of the millions which your army and navy cost you?"

"Germany spent for her army eight hundred and forty millions—less than for her social welfare work—and four hundred millions for her fleet. What are these sums alongside the colossal charges which crush us to-day? As for the small mercenary army of to-morrow, it will cost us as much as did the great national army of yesterday.

"We must find a way to practice economies and to live like poor people. We are all poor now. Yet we must live. Our country is over-populated. We are compelled to import food for more than a sixteenth of our inhabitants. Purchases abroad are as much a necessity for us as ever. We are subject to a fixed law of economics. As Chancellor Caprivi said, we must export either merchandise or men. All this is very tragical. And I see practically no solution. It means ruin for a generation—perhaps for ever."

"Aren't you afraid that the situation will be aggravated still further by the account due the Allies?"

"It is possible that the Entente will levy on us. But it is impossible for us to pay. You are five or six, standing over a man in agony; you kick him and say to him: 'Get up and pay.' What can he do? If you want him to get up and pay, begin by saving his life before you put him to work.

"Hostilities ended months ago and you maintain the blockade. What an absurdity it is to believe that one can enrich himself, by starving a neighbor!"

"If the blockade is lifted, do you hope for a prompt resumption of business?"

"I don't know, since . . ."

Herr Gwinner squeezed his throat with his two hands and gave an imitation of being strangled.

"Moreover, we are afflicted with the plague of Bolshevism," he added. "We contracted it while overthrowing Russia. Russia sent us back 300,000 prisoners, the greater part of whom had become Bolsheviks. They infected the army of industry.

"This evil will slay civilization and the world, if the civilized world doesn't unite to restore order."

The Director of the Deutsche Bank got up and opened an atlas.

"I should like to say a word about Alsace-Lorraine. Those provinces are to be returned to France. So be it! We are the vanquished. *Væ Victis*. Nevertheless, I can't help saying that Alsace and a large part of Lorraine are German. Read the names of the cities and villages. Without doubt we aren't very good at winning sympathy. That is a French talent. Yet it is true that the material interests of those provinces draw them to the German market. A big industrial in Mulhouse said to

me during the war: 'My sympathies are French, my interests are German.' That is the case to some extent with many Alsatians and Lorrainers.

"Autonomy for those provinces would have the immense advantage of erecting a neutral country—a clock, so to speak, on either side of which the two faïence dogs, if they continued to show their teeth at each other, would at least do so with less practical inconvenience."

It was hard for me not to smile at this ingenious simile. To leave a clock within reach of seventy millions of Germans! What a tragic imprudence!

"Observe," Herr Gwinner continued, "that two nations have never been better fitted to serve as complements to each other. France, with her genius, her talent, her taste; Germany, with her laborious and methodical temperament. France, which has iron; Germany, which has coal. But," he sighed, "France will not have it."

Arthur v. Gwinner
22/2/19.

*cessons de nous haïr!
Il y a assez de haine dans
monde*

"Let us stop hating each other. There has been enough hatred in the world."

CHAPTER XIV

WERMUTH

THE big man who came toward me on short and floppy legs, like a turtle walking on its hind feet, was none other than His Excellency, Herr Wermuth, Oberbürgermeister of the city of Berlin.

Mr. Mayor, you wear, perhaps, on gala days a beautiful embroidered costume, like that of the Lord Mayor of London or the burgomaster of Brussels; but for simple receptions your coat is very shiny.

We seated ourselves about a table in the main hall of this "Rathaus" in red brick, which resembles only distantly the Hôtel de Ville in Paris and even more distantly the Hôtel de Ville in Brussels.

I asked His Excellency to describe the situation for me in a few concise sentences.

"Ach!" he said, "the city elections passed off quietly."

Herr Wermuth's short, thin hands undoubtedly never reach very far and his horizons must be **limited**.

"Do you think the present calm will be interrupted again by Sparticide riots?"

"I don't know," he answered.

"Nevertheless, it is in Berlin, the heart and brain of Germany, that the convulsions which sweep the country must be most acutely felt."

"Ach!" said His Excellency once more.

The physiological importance which I had attached to his city seemed to please him superlatively. He assumed a serious air, stroked his heavy mustache, and chuckled with vanity.

"The majority of the population," he said, "has every confidence in the government which is going to be set up here in the next few months. Berlin has rallied to the Republic. The situation has greatly improved since Christmas and if the Sparticide movement blazes up again, I believe we can rely on the loyalty of the troops in the capital."

"Do you notice any considerable relaxation of public morals?"

"I have no jurisdiction over robberies or other crimes. That is the province of the prefect of police. But I don't believe that the war has had any material effect on the morals of the people. A certain unrest prevails because millions of men are returning home, stripped of everything and unsettled in thought and habits of life. There are

200,000 unemployed. The demands of the workmen are excessive. We have had strikes for several weeks. We shall have more. But all this only creates a complication. It doesn't constitute a peril."

"What do you think of the entrance of women into politics?"

"I have always been a feminist. In the city council, of a hundred and forty seats twenty are now held by women. The women are not reactionary—not so in the big cities, at least. The majority of our councilmen in skirts belong to the Independent Socialist party."

"What is your view of the future?"

"I am not a prophet," said Herr Wermuth, with an optimistic laugh, which shook his ample stomach. "There is little food. Potatoes will run short in a few weeks. Coal is scarce. Maintaining the blockade is a piece of cruelty on the part of the Allies. It is monstrous that after five years of famine, of unheard-of suffering and a frightful mortality rate, they still refuse to re-provision us.

"Something to eat! Something to eat! Something to eat!" he exclaimed, in conclusion.

I shall publish this triple appeal.

The Oberbürgermeister arose and gave me a triple salute.

"Something to eat!" he repeated. "That is an injunction of humanity.

"Something to eat! That is the only thing a man can say who for five years has seen four millions of men, women, and children suffer."

And from behind the closed door I hear the voice of His Excellency, like a muffled echo, repeating: "Something to eat! Something to eat! Something to eat!"

*Freunds in Geist und
 geistiges Verständnis und
 gegenseitiges
 Wohlwollen
 26. 2. 19.
 K. Bismarck
 Reichskanzler,
 von Berlin*

"A peace in the spirit of understanding and mutual good will."

Part V
Politics

Hugo Haase—Eduard Bernstein—Karl Kautsky

CHAPTER XV

HUGO HAASE

HUGO HAASE, one of the principal architects of the Revolution (they say that it was he who received from the hands of Ambassador Joffe the famous fund sent from Bolshevik Russia), Minister in the first Provisional Government, is a little, alert man, who seems lost in a suit of clothes much too large for him. He has a keen and quick mind. His answer is ready as soon as a question is put him. With him conversation gallops, as if it had taken the bit in its teeth.

"The causes of the Revolution," Haase said to me, "were the war and its prolongation, which exhausted our physical, moral, and financial strength. The people threw off the military yoke. The collapse at the front produced a state of revolution in the army."

"Didn't the Revolution hasten the military débâcle?"

"The Revolution in the interior had its repercussions at the front. But the military breakdown was inevitable. The numerical superiority

of the enemy—a superiority in material, in cannon, in aircraft, and especially in tanks—caused demoralization in our ranks.”

“Would a victory for your armies and a peace of compromise have staved off the Revolution?”

“Undoubtedly the soldiers would have offered a little greater moral resistance. The Revolution would perhaps have been less sudden. But it was on its way. It could only have been retarded.”

“How did you prepare the Revolution?”

“My own speeches and those of my friends were circulated secretly. Little by little millions of people learned the truth. The sufferings endured by all and the example of Russia did the rest.”

“It is unfortunate that at the time of the declaration of war the Socialist party unitedly sustained the Kaiser and his accomplices.”

“In reality there was no such unanimity. The Socialist party parliamentary group held two meetings—on August 3 and 4, 1914—to determine the attitude it would take in the Reichstag. Fourteen members voted against supporting the Government, ninety-six voted the other way. The latter believed that we were being attacked by Russia.

“The Socialist party at that time was a model of unity. Its discipline was exemplary. This had the effect of rallying the minority behind the

majority and committing our whole parliamentary group to a vote in favor of war credits.”

“Your silence with regard to the atrocities committed by your General Staff seems even less excusable.”

“In 1916 twenty Socialists—among them Bernstein, Liebknecht, Ledebour, and myself—broke away from those who preserved silence and founded the Independent Socialist group. From that day on we never ceased to protest from the tribune of the Reichstag against the bombardment of unfortified cities, against the submarine war, against deportations, against all the crimes which finally arrayed the universe against us.”

“May I ask why you withdrew from the Provisional Government last December?”

“We differed on all essential questions. Dittmann, Barth, and I demanded the elimination of the last traces of militarism. We favored an immediate socialization of industry. We insisted on a more conciliatory attitude toward all other peoples, notably toward the Poles who live in Germany.

“Ebert and Scheidemann created regiments of volunteers. They obstructed the socialization of industry, manifesting an inertia which couldn't but help to precipitate Bolshevik ideas still in suspense. Events have clearly proved this. They made war against Poland.”

"Do you consider the volunteer regiments a residuum of the militarist system?"

"Their present organization retains evidences of that detestable spirit. While I was in office a law was passed creating a volunteer army with an altogether different organization. The soldiers elected the subaltern officers. The higher officers alone were appointed by the Government. At the end of their enlistment terms all officers were to be treated as civilians, retaining no right to carry arms. The honors, the glittering uniforms, all the outward show which might turn the heads of our youth, were abolished. This law still exists, but little attention is paid to it."

"Do you think that discipline would have been satisfactory in such an army?"

"It would have been sufficient to maintain domestic order. I am convinced of that."

"How strong an army ought you to have?"

"So long as Germany is in the throes of revolution, it would be hard to make an estimate. The higher officers who are members of the Independent Socialist party and of whom we asked this question couldn't answer it. But when quiet is restored I believe that 200,000 men will be sufficient."

"At present, then, you don't think that militarism has passed away?"

"Not literally. But it will never regain the

favor it enjoyed before the war, and we count on really making an end of it.”

“Isn't the present generation almost cured of this folly, and isn't it rather the education of the next generation which will have to be carefully looked after?”

“That is a question which our party hasn't yet gone into. My personal opinion is that we should raise our youth without any sort of military instruction—no uniforms, no military teachers, only a little gymnastics for the sake of health and physical vigor. We should put our education on an entirely new basis. We should revise our school books—especially the histories, whose spirit is clearly poisonous. Have the teachers under the old régime progressed so far that we can count on them to adopt the desired point-of-view? The question is an important one. If my party comes into power, we shall not hesitate to purge the teaching corps of all the elements which obstruct the march of progress.”

“Do you think that Germany is likely to go over to Bolshevism?”

“We should first have to agree on a definition of that word, which has been greatly abused. If you mean by it Russian terrorism, I don't believe that Germany will contribute to the flowering of such a system. But if you mean by it simply socialism or

communism (the distinction between the two is vague), then I hold that that kind of Bolshevism will be triumphant not only in Germany, but in all the other countries of the world, assuming this form or that in accordance with the temperaments of different nations.

"If the masses are not exasperated too much, I don't think we need to expect serious troubles in this country. But agitation will continue. Many of the workers are now striking solely for political reasons. These strikes are demonstrations against a Government which they want to see ejected because it uses force, because it shows favoritism to former militarists, and because it doesn't really stand for the socialization of industry."

"What is the political outlook at present?"

"It may be that the Government will hold on for several months. In that case one of two things will happen. Either there will be a Conservative dictatorship or there will be a union of the Independent and Majority Socialists and a coalition Socialist Government, excluding the Scheidemanns, the Noskes, the Landsbergs, and the Heines. Ebert alone would be retained, but in a subordinate position."

"Wouldn't a Conservative dictatorship involve the resurrection of militarism?"

"No. Such a government would be only a pass-

ing episode. The future belongs irretrievably to Socialism."

"You are an optimist, then?"

Haase nodded.

"Yes. But we aren't through yet with our difficulties."

"What are Germany's feelings toward the Allies?"

"If the idea of a revenge exists, it is only among the Junkers. But it will spread among the bourgeoisie if the Allies take away from us territory which is really German and is peopled by Germans. Otherwise our people cherish no hatreds. My own ardent desire, and that of my friends, is for the speedy advent of fraternity among the nations. We recognize no other external enemy than the sort of Chauvinist government which might take it into its head to destroy our people."

"What is your judgment, finally, on the question of responsibility for the war?"

"We hold responsible all the leaders of the old order—civilian as well as military. We cannot determine the degree of guilt until after the production of the official documents which we have been urging the Government to publish. We shall then demand that the guilty be put on trial, not out of hatred or with a desire for vengeance, but in the interest of justice. If the Kaiser, for

example, is found guilty, it will not interest us very much whether he is sent to prison or is executed. We ask only that he shall be banished from Germany and be pilloried before the universe. We are Socialists and not terrorists."

Haase is a man who walks straight ahead, without hesitations, his eyes fixed on the future, as others walk with their eyes fixed on the stars. Such men are not always the ablest. They don't always see things as they are. They sometimes deceive themselves. But they have at least a frankness which protects those who follow them from misjudgments and disillusionment.

Haase will, perhaps, play a conspicuous rôle in the New Germany.¹

¹ He was assassinated in 1919.—TRANSLATOR.

CHAPTER XVI

EDUARD BERNSTEIN

IN their modest apartment in Schönberg Herr and Frau Bernstein present the picture of a family which has made a life-long fight for a cause and which attacks and malice have only united more closely.

They were both seated at a little desk in a room without any decorative furnishings except books—hundreds of books—and one guessed that they had worked thus for many, many years—he laboriously using his pen and she alert to be his vigilant companion and modest collaboratrix.

Bernstein was one of the first members of the Reichstag to protest against the war. I was interested to ask him why he had not taken that stand at the very beginning.

“We believed,” he said, “that Russia was the aggressor. We knew that France would side with her Ally, but our hatred of Czarism had the greater weight.”

“Would a resolute opposition on the part of the Socialists have prevented the war?”

"I don't think so. We all held the view—and it was also the judgment of Bebel at the Congress of Stuttgart in 1907 and at the Congress of Copenhagen in 1910—that our party lacked the strength to prevent a war.

"After what has happened we must admit that our attitude was a great moral blunder. The Government would undoubtedly have taken more time to reflect, if it had thought that there would be determined opposition on the part of the Socialists. I have reason to suppose that that was Jaurès's idea."

"But if the Socialists renounced opposition because they thought it would be a failure, shouldn't the Socialist deputies at least have agreed on a protest?"

"Protests were made within our party, in all the meetings held to decide upon our attitude in the Reichstag. But the majority believed that the country was in danger and, as a matter of discipline, the minority yielded.

"Moreover, the Imperial Government staged things so cleverly that, even to-day, eighty per cent. of our people still believe that Germany was attacked.

"From the beginning the press was muzzled. On August 2d the newspapers announced that for the purpose of safeguarding our communications

we had occupied the railroad station in Luxemburg, when, in fact, Luxemburg had been invaded. On August 4th Bethmann-Hollweg declared in the Reichstag that, according to trustworthy information, the French armies were on the point of entering Belgium and that we would perhaps be forced to violate Belgium's neutrality. Now he knew that the Belgian frontier had already been crossed by our troops that very morning.

"Finally, on August 6th, the Emperor issued his famous proclamation, saying that we had been attacked while we were still at peace.

"My eyes were soon opened to this sinister comedy. When Antwerp fell and everybody put out flags, I said to my wife: 'We are an enslaved people. We ought to hoist the black flag.' From October, 1914, on I saw clearly. I understood who were the criminals."

"On whom, then, in your view, did responsibility for the war rest?"

"There was a general responsibility. It rested on the war parties in all the belligerent countries. There was an immediate responsibility—that of starting the cataclysm. It rested on William II and his civil and military advisers.

"I know France well. There was a Chauvinist party there, eager for revenge. But there was also a strong current setting toward reconciliation.

It was enough to read Jaurès and Hervé and to take note of the pamphlets which appeared and the committees which were formed. I said this in the Reichstag in May, 1914, in a speech which Jaurès read a few weeks later, at the Franco-German Conference at Basle.

“German imperialism committed the crime of checking this movement toward reconciliation. People wanted to free themselves from the military yoke. Militarism scented the danger. It wanted to justify its own existence. It incited war.

“An Alsatian poet, Rémi Schickele, illustrated that spirit in a comedy, ‘Hans im Schnackennoch.’ A young lieutenant is beside himself with joy over the declaration of war. ‘At last,’ he says, ‘we shall be able to show that we are good for something.’ That lieutenant might have been labelled ‘the Crown Prince’!”

“From what period did your opposition in the Reichstag date?”

“It was in December, 1915, that a group, composed of Haase, Ledebour and others, decided to submit no longer to party discipline and to vote against war credits.”

“Did you protest against the methods of the German General Staff?”

“There were more or less violent protests in all the grand committees in which the budget was

discussed behind closed doors. But we were imperfectly informed about the atrocities and the Government made an able defence, pleading, with crocodile tears, the harsh necessities of war."

"It was possible to go and get information on the spot, as Liebknecht did in Belgium."

"That journey of Liebknecht was hidden in mystery. Our comrade made no report on it. And without being a misanthrope, he was a man whom it was very hard to question. I didn't want to make a semi-official visit and I knew that the Government would not have permitted me to see everything. Nevertheless, we made speeches which led to our being branded as 'traitors to the Fatherland.'"

"Could you tell me why you quit the Independents and went back to the Majority party?"

"I believed that in order to put the Republic on a solid democratic basis, we ought to begin by unifying the party. I wanted to be a member of both the Independent and Majority factions, with the idea of bringing about a rapprochement. When the Independents called on me to leave one group or the other, I separated from them. I am in accord with their foreign policy, but I don't approve of their strike methods, which, at this moment, are ruinous to the country. I also think

that their relationship with the Sparticides is an error in domestic policy."

"You are hostile to the Sparticides, then, are you?"

"I condemn their proposals, which would carry us back to a primitive Socialism, taking no account of the necessities of national life. The Sparticides have adopted Bolshevik theories and want to apply them to Germany. That procedure is more dangerous here than it is in Russia, for Russia is an agrarian country, while Germany is an industrial country.

"Bolshevism is a madness which has seized many minds. It is one of the consequences of this terrible war, which has arrested the evolution of Socialism, created hatreds among the nations, and dug chasms between classes. The danger takes different forms in different countries. But it exists everywhere and affects the entire world."

"Aside from this peril, don't you think that the demands of the workers threaten your economic life?"

"The situation is, in fact, pretty critical. The agitation is conducted principally by very young men, without experience or responsibility, whom we can't control. But I hope that when peace comes, bringing food and ample employment, there will be a quieting down and the common sense of the workers will quash this agitation."

“Your name has been mentioned,” I said, “in connection with the selection of delegates to the Peace Conference. What do you hope for from it?”

“I hope that the conditions of the treaty of Versailles will not drive our people to despair. As between enslavement and death, we prefer death. The idea of a war of desperation might then seize all minds. I speak of this because I observe a dangerous tendency which might be greatly stimulated. It isn't necessary to kindle national hatred.

“For instance, I am in favor of the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France. But it was a blunder not to have provided for a plebiscite. The people of Alsace-Lorraine have shown their desire to be reunited to France. Our people don't realize that fact. A vote would have proved it and at the same time would have quieted all minds.

“A just and reasonable peace ought to leave us free to pursue our work of political education, while a peace of force and conquest will bring our efforts to naught. Our people have been deceived, abused, misled. The hour has struck for telling them the truth about everything. Ebert and Scheidemann still hesitate. They still feel bound by their earlier policies. But they will have to come to a decision. It is indispensable to reconciliation.”

"Immediate reconciliation?"

"Yes, immediate! I have just returned from the Congress of Berne, where I was impressed with the facility and the confidence with which the delegates from the two camps renewed relations. Already in 1915, in the midst of the war, I said to our Majority members: 'Don't forget that it is only the fact of war which separates us from the Thomases, the Guesdes, the Vanderveldes, and the Brouckères, whilst there is an abyss of ideas which separates us from the imperialists.'"

Bernstein meditated for a moment.

"Yes," he said in conclusion, "I believe in a reconciliation and that reconciliation will be the salvation of Europe."

*Unhaltloses Bekenntnis der Wahrheit,
das ist heute eine der ersten Vor-
bedingungen der Aussöhnung der
Völker. Karl Schönerer, April 1919*

Ed. Bernstein

"The recognition of the truth, without reservations, is one of the first conditions of a reconciliation of the nations."

CHAPTER XVII

KARL KAUTSKY

Do you know those little bearded and woolly-haired devils who jump out of a box to the terror and joy of little children? Then you know Kautsky.

But he isn't a wicked devil. If I can believe Frau Kautsky, he is so timid even that the simple thought of appearing in public makes him ill.

They installed me in the best chair in the house—Herr Kautsky on the right and Frau Kautsky on the left. In fact, in this peaceful household I could scarcely believe myself among enemies.

The November Revolution brought Kautsky into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Dr. Solf, the Minister, was too much of a "bourgeois." The Provisional Government thought it prudent to attach to his office an Independent Socialist, as a representative of the people. After Solf's dismissal Kautsky remained with Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau, until the secession of Haase, whom he accompanied into retirement, following the De-

ember uprising. But he retained possession of the diplomatic documents which he had found in the Foreign Office and was commissioned to make an inquiry to determine who were responsible for the war.

"You are going to give me some startling revelations, aren't you?" I said.

Kautsky assumed an air of embarrassment and began to make excuses.

"But I am bound by my oath. I had to promise not to divulge anything before the Government decides to allow the documents to be published. The book is almost ready—four hundred pages, which will start violent polemics."

"Did your investigation enable you to fix responsibility precisely?"

"The documents which I found cover only the period between the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and the declaration of war. They disclose new facts only in so far as the Kaiser's state of mind is concerned. I ought to have had also the archives of the Ministry of War, in order to show the part played by the General Staff, which at that juncture was considerable, and to reproduce the final conversations with Moltke and Tirpitz, who, it is said, were in favor of war and must have exerted a powerful influence on the Emperor."

"Would your documents, then, furnish overwhelming proof against the Kaiser?"

"I haven't the right to say so, before the book appears. Moreover, it is possible that in all this drama there were more stupid actors than there were guilty ones."

"Do you expect the Emperor to be tried?"

"A trial in which the prosecution and the defense can both be heard will be interesting and will serve the cause of truth. As to the penalty to be inflicted, that is of little consequence. The Kaiser and his son can't be any more damaged or punished than they already are. That is the essential thing!"

"What effect do you think your book will have on the German people?"

"I hope that the rupture with the old régime will be made more complete and definite."

"Why, then, has the Government delayed publication?"

"Perhaps its present difficulties absorb its entire attention. Perhaps it fears that harm will be done in Germany at the moment when peace is being made."

"Perhaps it also fears that it will be reproached with complicity in crime?"

"Yet it may be said that the members of the present Government didn't know about the machi-

nations now revealed, and believed, at that time, that Russia was the aggressor. The Imperial Government did everything to mislead us. The story about French aviators dropping bombs on Nuremberg, the story about French physicians going to Metz to poison the wells with cholera bacilli, the story of the *Lusitania* carrying munitions and cannon were credited by everybody in Germany."

"The Entente thinks that the German people have changed their government without changing their views."

"There is, in fact, too much of the old spirit in high quarters under the Republic. But, on the other hand, it might be said that the people's views have changed to a greater extent than the Government's have.

"The concessions made by Ebert and Scheidemann to former officers and bureaucrats are insupportable. The Government fears that it cannot govern without the aid of these functionaries. But it cannot any more succeed in governing without the people. Ebert and Scheidemann have no confidence in themselves. They lack the revolutionary impulse."

"On the contrary, isn't there reason to fear that among the Independents there is too much of the 'revolutionary impulse?' Aren't the lat-

ter to be reproached for their dealings with the Sparticides?"

"That reproach is deserved in part. But in our group there are various tendencies. I belong to the right wing. I am a 'Reactionary Independent,'" Kautsky added, with a laugh.

"Isn't it to be feared that the Sparticides will seize power in Germany, as the Bolsheviks have done in Russia and in Hungary?"

"I think not. The Russian peasant and the Hungarian peasant are revolutionaries, while the German peasant is a reactionary.

"There will be more serious troubles, perhaps. The days ahead are black. But we must have faith in the future. At present hunger makes men desperate and helps the Bolshevik propaganda. Food will quiet our stomachs and our minds.

"The demands of the workers are due to the high cost of living. When prices fall the jacking up of wages will stop.

"The German army is now a danger only to the German people. If the peace is supportable, the spectre of war will be definitely laid.

"Yes," Kautsky concluded, "I have faith in the future, in the Socialist Republic, in the gradual socialization of industries, and in the

good sense and wisdom of the people—of all the peoples.”

*Je vous prie d'être content avec
ma signature*

*Je vous prie de mes
meilleures salutations.*

Karl Kautsky

“I beg you to be content with my signature. I offer you my most cordial salutations.”

Part VI

Publicists

Theodor Wolff—Graf Reventlow—Maximilian
Harden

CHAPTER XVIII

THEODOR WOLFF

THEODOR WOLFF is the editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. He has been mentioned as prospective ambassador to Paris. He is fifty years old and has a black moustache and white hair. An ardent and often clear-sighted polemist, he is one of the most valued, most discussed, and most criticized leaders in Germany.

The skeleton at the Pan-German feast, his newspaper was suspended four times during the war—once for four months in succession. He is the target to-day of all the thunderbolts of the Conservatives, since, with some of his friends, he founded on November 16, 1918, the German Democratic party, which brought to the support of the Republic the Progressives and the Democrats of the Left, and thus ruined all hope of a bourgeois, anti-Socialist coalition.

“The Entente newspapers pretend that there has been no change in Germany,” said Herr Wolff. “What, then, do they want?”

“When Prince Max of Baden was Chancellor

they refused to believe that things had changed in the least, so long as the kings remained on their thrones. All our kings have been banished.

“Now the Republic is being reproached for having retained a part of the old official personnel. I, too, am anxious to see displaced a large number of those who still occupy important posts. But how can all this personnel be renewed overnight? The French ought to recall the beginnings of their own Republic. A large section of the French diplomatic corps long remained Bonapartist and Royalist, and M. de Gontaut Biron, for instance, the first Ambassador of the French Republic to Berlin, had not rallied to the support of the Republic very promptly.

“They also say that public spirit here continues to be what it was under the Empire. All the same, the change is obvious and startling. The great majority of the people understand very well that this nation has been deceived; that we are not, as dangerous flatterers tried to make us believe, the incarnation of all the virtues, but that, on the contrary, Germany has very grievous faults to confess. Certain details are still withheld. But you may be sure that everything will be revealed to the nation one day or another.

“This conversion would be still more manifest, were it not for the policy of the Entente. For by

threatening our people with destruction the Allies make much more difficult the task of those of us who desire an open discussion of the errors which have been committed. Facing an uplifted fist, the people, naturally enough, assume a rôle of silence. Seeing the militaristic spirit now arrayed against them, they make comparisons and say to themselves that, after all, the theory that might makes right rules everywhere.

“We all desire to have the origins of the war cleared up. But we also believe that the Entente cannot be at the same time a judge and an interested party, and we ask for an international tribunal, absolutely free from prejudice.

“I do not mean in any way to absolve the German Government or German militarism. But I am convinced that in France, in England, and in Russia there were, equally, behind pacific ministries, war parties, which, after having fixed matters so that Germany would assume before the world all the responsibility for the conflict, after having settled up their accounts and received the assurance that neither Italy nor Roumania would support Germany, said to themselves that so favorable an opportunity would never present itself again and that advantage must be taken of it.

“The truth was crystallized in a remark made by a former Italian statesman to one of the best

known of our own statesmen: 'German diplomacy has been much less culpable than people believe, and has been much more stupid than anybody thinks!' And if, in 1914, there were, besides some maladroit actors, also some partisans of a 'preventive war,' certainly we ought to condemn the latter, because the theory of a 'preventive war' is abject and criminal. But modern justice owes it to itself, in any event, to examine into all the motives behind the war. The accused have the right to say why they thought and acted as they did. And that makes inevitable a discussion of the political situation before the war and of the public spirit which then ruled in Europe."

"How about Germany's war methods?"

"The German nation doesn't know yet, as I have just told you, all the charges which have been brought against it on account of those methods. The censorship was in operation up to November. Life since then has been greatly upset and the Sparticide peril has absorbed all minds. Now the Entente's policy of annihilation, which becomes more manifest with each renewal of the armistice, creates an atmosphere very unfavorable for searchings of conscience or acts of penitence. But it is a duty to instruct the nation and to tell it the whole truth; and, for my part, I never lose an occasion to do this."

While he spoke Herr Wolff spread out the last number of his newspaper. It reproduced on the first page a portion of the document communicated by M. Klotz to the Supreme War Council.

"All these charges," he said, "ought to be investigated. If there have been crimes, the criminals ought to be punished. Such a clean-up is necessary. But a justice which, guided by prejudice, should take it into its head to investigate only the faults committed by the Germans, would not be justice. If the representatives of Germany also bring forward charges, they should enjoy the same rights as the other side does and should receive an equitable hearing."

"After the nation has comprehended its faults, will it also see the necessity of repairing them?"

"That which is reparable must be repaired. Germany ought to pay for the damage which she has done; but she contests the right of the Allies to an indemnity.

"We have subscribed to the Fourteen Points of the Wilson Peace. They can force us to yield still more. For example, they can take away from us German territory. But in that case the peace will not be a Peace of Reconciliation. It will be left to the Entente to try to keep in chains a nation of 70,000,000 people."

"Do you consider Alsace-Lorraine as 'German territory'?"

"The Wilson Peace proclaimed the 'rights of nations.' I believe that those rights apply in the case of Alsace-Lorraine. I have no illusions as to the sentiment of the population there, which the military bureaucracy completely detached from us. I don't make any pronouncement as to the form of the plebiscite which should determine the fate of the Alsatians and Lorrainers, nor as to those who should be allowed to take part in it. Such details could easily be arranged by the diplomats. But I say that if the question is settled by force, the German Nationalists will find in that solution the leaven of perpetual agitation. The new German democracy cannot wish to see created in this country a spirit of revenge which could work only to the profit of the reactionaries. France, too, has no interest, so far as we know, in seeing such a spirit developed among us. History doesn't end in 1919. And I beg you to recall, with Victor Hugo, that 'the future belongs to no one!'"

"Is that a threat?"

"No!"

"The Entente declares that we are threatening it with a new war whenever we speak frankly. If we remain silent, it accuses us of being cowards and of lacking dignity.

"We don't want to threaten anybody. But we cannot conceal the truth; and the truth is that the peace leaves Europe in an extremely precarious situation.

"We want to destroy the old spirit of Germany. But I repeat: to those who are not willfully blind it is obvious that a policy of violence toward us benefits the Nationalist and Militarist parties and hinders the work of the pacific democracy.

"This work, you will take notice, is already singularly embarrassed by domestic difficulties. Persistent strikes are leading to the complete ruin of commerce and industry. These include the political strikes in the Ruhr District, which aim at a socialization of large-scale industries, and the economic strikes in the big cities, where the workers wish to take advantage of the Revolution in order to increase their wages and to catch up with the high cost of living.

"The workmen's and soldiers' councils want to exercise a sort of government outside the National Assembly. The new constitution cannot suppress the workmen's councils. But it ought to take away from them all political power and leave them only an economic rôle. The soldiers' councils ought also to be maintained, but deprived of any influence over the command, having nothing to do with the choice or the removal of officers and limit-

ing their activities to the inspection of rations and barracks and to receiving and transmitting complaints made by their comrades. The majority of the councils are highly irritated by this restriction on their powers. Now they have behind them the unemployed masses, the people who do not want to work or who are too weakened by hunger to perform regular work, and also those soldiers, demoralized by this atrocious war, who, having lost all sense of discipline, allow themselves to be led astray by anyone who knows how to talk to them."

"You don't believe, then, that all danger of revolution is past?"

"It is necessary, in order to stamp out Sparticism, which is only a synonym of Bolshevism, to be able to give the people bread and work.

"On January 5th Germany was on the edge of a precipice.

"The Sparticides seized the newspapers, the railroad stations, and some of the public utilities. The *Berliner Tageblatt* building, which was presently to be the scene of a violent combat, was strongly held by them. During the first night of their occupation I succeeded in getting in here with four sailors, who had agreed to aid me. I had a long interview with two Sparticides who were installed as commanders in our editorial offices. Their plan was in all points similar to that fol-

lowed at Petrograd. It was evident that it was a Bolshevist plan, brought here by Radek.

"The next morning I was at the Chancellor's palace. The Government's headquarters were guarded by only a handful of soldiers. But it had taken during the night the two decisions which were to save the situation. It had designated Noske as the military commander of Berlin and proclaimed a general strike.

"Noske, who was extremely popular with the sailors and soldiers, set out at once in search of loyal troops. The Sparticides had already proclaimed a general strike. Their partisans were in the streets. By proclaiming a general strike of its own the Government was able to make use of its workmen's militia.

"All through that day Ebert and Scheidemann took turns making speeches from the balcony of the chancellery. Thus they maintained about themselves a rampart of several thousands of breasts, which made the Sparticides hesitate. Arms were distributed to all the partisans of the Government. At three o'clock Noske brought back in automobile camions several hundred loyal troops.

"The Sparticides hadn't dared to attack. They had let slip the most favorable opportunity. They still held possession of the railroad stations and certain public buildings. For a week there was a

little fighting everywhere, notably around the Brandenburger Thor and the stations. The *Tageblatt* building, an important strategic point, was defended with fury, although attacked by machine guns from all the neighboring roofs and even from the towers of the Church of Jerusalem. But by this time the Sparticides had lost their fight.

“Nevertheless the peril persists. All Germany is like an agitated sea, covered with wrecks—the wrecks of the militarist régime. These floating masses emerge on every side. They fill the streets and the public places. There are too many concealed rifles and there is too little to eat. The Government gives the unemployed eight or nine marks a day—married men even more. And it doesn't dare to reduce that allowance.

“I have never liked much all those appeals addressed to the Entente—‘Give us a morsel of bread!’ But it cannot be denied that Bolshevism will become more and more powerful, if they don't furnish us with the means to feed and to employ these millions of men, idle and worn with misery. Many things which have happened in Germany are explicable by the fact that, for three years past, most people in Berlin, in the other big cities of the North, and in certain industrial regions have gone hungry or had to content themselves with poor and absolutely insufficient food.

"No clear-sighted German could wish to see Bolshevism triumph in the Entente countries; for then we should never get rid of it. Germany, surrounded by epidemic foci, would be lost.

"But no one who sees the effects of the malady here can comprehend the Entente's policy. German militarism aided the Bolshevik movement in Russia by sending Lenine there. To-day the Entente governments are aiding the Bolshevik movement in Germany by maintaining the blockade.

"The Reactionary danger! The Entente newspapers play that up for a purpose and M. Romain Rolland was not well informed when he said the new German Republic was very reactionary. In spite of the abominable assassination of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, and in spite of all that has been done by the fanatics of the old régime, the peril of reaction, the possibility of a counter movement which would overthrow the Republic—or lead to its forestalling by militarism—doesn't exist.

"We aren't reactionary if we try to reestablish order and protect life and property against armed bands. The waves of the Revolution would quickly swallow up the frigate of reaction. There is only one circumstance which could give birth again to the militaristic spirit and make it gather

vigor, slowly, from year to year. I have already mentioned it to you, although I know that, after having passed in Germany as a 'poor patriot,' almost an 'agent of France,' I may now run the risk of being considered in France as a 'Pan-Germanist.'"

CHEF-REDAKTION
DES
BERLINER TAGEBLATT

BERLIN SW.,
Journaldruck StraÙe 46-48

23/2.1911

Ihre geehrte Herr Lieutenant,

*Was ich Ihnen bei Ihrem Besuche
sagen konnte, mag Ihnen nichtern
klingen, aber ich glaube, dass zu den
größten Feinden der Menschheit die
schöne Phrase gehört. Ihr sehr ergebener
Theodor Wolff.*

"DEAR LIEUTENANT:

"What I was able to say to you during your visit may sound somewhat dull. But I believe that the beautiful phrase is one of the greatest enemies of humanity."

CHAPTER XIX

GRAF REVENTLOW

It was not without a lively curiosity that I passed the threshold of the sumptuous hotel in the Steinplatz, near the Academy of Fine Arts, where lives Graf Reventlow, at present political editor of the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. I felt also that impulse of bravado which sometimes accompanies fear, when one ought to be very much afraid and yet is about to see just to what extent there was any real ground for apprehension.

Graf Reventlow, as a matter of act, used to be president of that Pan-German League whose roarings defied both heaven and earth. It is pleasant to approach the cage in which the lion languishes and whines and to engage in conversation with him from the safe side of the bars.

Influenced by that idea, doubtless, I had imagined my interlocutor as shaggy and red, with a ferocious mustache and a glassy eye.

I was received in an office, decorated with religious pictures and statues, by a tall, quiet, polite,

and almost timid man, his face smooth, his mouth ecclesiastical, his speech monotonous; his features were passive and his gestures rare and circumspect. Graf Reventlow seemed made to wear the priestly cloth.

"I agree fairly well," he said, "with the ideas which are cherished by the Pan-German League. But I am not a Pan-German personally, and I haven't belonged to the league for some years past.

"I even deny that there has ever been in Germany such a thing as Pan-Germanism in the sense in which you understand it. Pan-Germanism in your sense is an invention of English propaganda, which dates back twenty years and which had for its object to cast suspicions on German policy.

"Great Britain has always regarded as an enemy, to be destroyed at any cost, every European nation which has become her serious competitor in commerce, industry, or navigation. She has created pretexts and occasions for a war of destruction. In Germany's case the pretext was that we wanted to disturb the peace and then conquer the world. Russian imperialism and France's desire for revenge gave her her opening. Undoubtedly war was not the exclusive aim of British policy. It contemplated, in general, the enfeeblement of Germany; it became sharply aggressive after 1903.

"The Germans who are called Pan-Germans

had perceived the danger and demanded a firm and wide-awake counter policy. But not a single serious-minded man in Germany ever desired war. Personally, I always believed that each year of peace meant an enormous gain for us and was equivalent to a great victory."

"What, then, is the meaning of your famous '*Deutschland über alles*'?"

"Those words have been twisted out of their true sense. The only proper translation of them, in the celebrated song, is that for the German soldier the safety of his country ought to be above everything else. Doesn't the French, Belgian, or English soldier profess the same idea, without being accused of wanting to swallow the world?"

"Austria's attitude was, nevertheless, that of a country which willed war because it felt that it would be backed up."

"The Austrian ultimatum was a grave error from the point of view of German interests. German policy and diplomacy were generally unskillful and feeble, especially with regard to Austria. It is commonly believed that the Ballplatz echoed Wilhelmstrasse. Unfortunately for Germany, the contrary was often true. And in questions of vital importance our government followed the lead of the Foreign Office.

"The Austrian diplomats were abler than ours

were. Bethmann-Hollweg and his associates, obsessed by the fear of losing an ally, had taken the wrong tack of yielding to all the latter's demands."

"If Germany had been so deeply attached to peace, it seems to me that at the critical moment she would have joined her efforts with those of France and Great Britain in the hope of avoiding the catastrophe."

"I have never had any confidence in the good faith of either French or English policy. I have believed that those last hour maneuvers were simply intended to allow the Russians to continue their mobilization and thus subject the Central Powers to a terrible menace, which would have served to divide them and to make the Entente sure of Turkey and the Balkan states."

"And your militarism? And your Emperor?"

"I deny that militarism which is only one more propaganda fiction invented by England for use against Germany. We had simply the army which we needed in order to hold in check the covetousness which our prosperity excited and to permit us to develop freely.

"As to the Emperor, he was a weak, peace-loving man. He was fond of high-sounding words. Great phrase-makers are never very dangerous."

"Germany had annexationist longings which she

gave rein to each time a military success made victory seem probable."

"There were exaggerations. There are always enthusiasts in every country. As for Belgium, for example, it is my judgment that if we had been victorious, we ought to have retained simply a control over her foreign policy, in order to protect her from the seductions of Great Britain and France. Belgium was always a mortal danger to Germany, and the prestige which Great Britain and France enjoyed with the Belgians was one of the dominating causes of the war. If Great Britain had not been certain of being able to count on Belgian assistance to France she would never have ventured to commit herself with the latter; and since Germany wished peace, a conflict would thus have been avoided."

"Were there not Germans who favored confiscating the British fleet and the British colonial empire? What would you say if the same rule is now applied to Germany?"

"We no longer have a war fleet. As to our merchant marine, it would be against all right to rob us of what remains. I hope that the arrangements made at Spa will be lived up to.

"As to our colonies, they are the recognized and unquestioned property of Germany. If they take away our colonies, they steal our property, they

violate President Wilson's principles, and make a mockery of the League of Nations, which ought to have as its foundation stone an equality of right among the nations."

"Do you think it possible for Germany to become a military power once more?"

"The country and the people are exhausted. The monarchy is abolished. The army and the military system have been scrapped. Under these conditions it doesn't seem possible that the military spirit will revive.

"In addition, Germany will be for a long time under the guardianship of the other powers, which have now, and will continue to have, the power to destroy her or to let her live."

"What if the Germans of Austria should unite with you to constitute a Greater Germany?"

"The power of a nation is not measured solely by the number of its inhabitants. If this reunion increased our population, there might also be the risk of its enfeebling our national unity."

"Do you believe that the monarchy has been definitely uprooted in Germany?"

"Personally, I should be in favor of an empire similar to the English monarchy. But the monarchical system which we used to have has certainly passed away.

"The Kaiser's abdication caused many sincere

regrets. Under the system of which he was the last representative Germany was great, united, and prosperous. That system was a thousand times preferable to the chaos of to-day. But William II will never come back. Circumstances at home and abroad would prevent that, and I know that the Emperor has definitely renounced the crown."

"Do you believe in a lasting peace?"

"As to the future, I am no prophet. I will limit myself to hoping that the peace terms will not kindle a desire for revenge.

"In any case, the United States and England will hereafter dominate the world to such an extent that no war will be made against them, or even without their authorization."

"What is your opinion about Germany's war methods?"

"The Hague conventions couldn't be observed in a modern war, and especially in a war of this sort. We deplored certain severities, and we protested whenever we thought they were not absolutely indispensable. But in our situation, which was from the beginning nearly desperate, we had to sacrifice to the safety of the Fatherland every other consideration, no matter what it was.

"I approved of the violation of Belgian neutrality. You can discuss that matter from the

point of view of military or political expediency, but so far as the principle is concerned, I admit it, as I explained in my book, *Politische Vorgeschichte des Grossen Krieges*.

"The submarine war was a retaliation for England's illegal blockade, which delivered all the non-combatants in Germany to famine.

"The deportation of civilians was a political error.

"The destruction of industry in the invaded regions was another error. But I am convinced that France would have done even worse, if she had succeeded in penetrating into Germany and maintaining her armies there.

"In every war blunders are committed, now by the chiefs and now by subordinates; and if our enemies didn't employ all our methods of war, it was solely because they were not in a condition to do so.

"We cannot, in all conscience, admit ourselves to be guilty or express repentance.

"And the anathema which our enemies hurl at us is only one hypocrisy the more, permitting the Entente to pursue its anti-German propaganda."

E. Renoult

CHAPTER XX

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN lives in Grunewald, about three miles from Berlin. It is a little country place which ought to be very charming in summer, but which, in the grayness of a winter afternoon, seemed to wear something of the melancholy air of a cemetery.

The ruthless polemist received me in a little salon, red, comfortable, intimate.

"For three years," he said, "I have feared to be confronted with an Ally, and the first Ally who presents himself to me is a Belgian!"

Harden spoke in French, with an extreme suavity. His manner has a certain weariness; his look is strangely youthful; his general attitude suggests profound sorrow. It seems that this German has charged himself with all the crimes of his country.

The conversation turned first to the events of the present.

"Germany," said Harden, "was evolving slowly

toward a more constitutional régime. Now, it has suddenly been turned upside down. That is the result of the war. Except for the war I don't think that we should ever have arrived at the Republic. Nevertheless, the test has shown how little depth the roots of the monarchy had."

"Don't you think that an unavowed regret still exists in many hearts, and that a chance of restoration remains?"

"Such a thing is not impossible. The old régime must have retained some loyal followers. None the less, I think that there would have to be very grave disorders to make a restoration possible. I am unfamiliar with sentiment in the country districts, for nowadays we do not travel. But in the army and in the cities the Kaiser, after his flight abroad, was definitely out of the game."

"What will be the feeling in Germany when the Allies demand the extradition of the Emperor and his appearance before a tribunal?"

"I believe that the Allies will make a blunder, if they do that. The Kaiser's present punishment is as cruel as his worst enemies could wish it to be. There is no necessity of making a martyr of him.

"Moreover, in a matter such as that of responsibility for the war, it is very difficult to establish facts sufficiently precise to justify a conviction.

All the thirty years of William II's reign are responsible for the conflict. Education poisoned the youth; the militaristic spirit was inculcated in the people. As a result the Kaiser was himself carried away by the current, even perhaps against his will. He was not warlike; he was not even courageous. And I know that it was necessary to overcome a great resistance on his part in order to get him to sign the order of mobilization.

"But once in the fight, it was he who stirred up national hate. It was he who authorized the methods of war for which the world will never pardon us. You may believe that it is infinitely disagreeable for me to make that admission," said Harden, lowering his voice.

"No protest was ever raised in Germany, however, against those methods."

"Poor people!" sighed Harden. "They never knew and they don't know yet! They believe honestly that they were in the right. Except for that they would never have fought and suffered as they did.

"They accepted the suggestion that there was a coalition formed to destroy Germany, and that it was a case of now or never, if that combination was to be broken up. They didn't understand that England, France, and Russia had no aggressive designs, and that their coalition had the single aim

of protecting themselves against the Kaiser's adventurous whims.

"They do not realize that the violation of Belgium's neutrality was a crime which turned the whole universe against us. They are still convinced that if we had not invaded Belgium, France and England were ready to march across it.

"But I believe that France never thought of such a thing; and if she had thought of it England would never have permitted it. But the invasion was an old idea of the Kaiser's. A long time before, during a visit from Leopold II, he had said, in one of those bursts of extravagance to which he was only too much inclined: 'If there is a war, I will go across Belgium, and if she resists, Belgium will cease to exist.'

"This statement made a manifest impression on the old King. Accordingly, while accompanying him to the railroad station, Chancellor Bülow was obliged to represent it as one of those empty boasts which were so customary with the Emperor.

"I have spoken to our ambassadors and they have all told me that Belgium's conduct was irreproachable."

I said again:

"And not a protest was made in Germany."

"The tyrannical repression here was terrible! The people were poisoned with lies. It was im-

possible to make them hear the voice of reason. I stood alone in protesting against the circular letter of the Intellectuals. My review was suspended."

"That may be! But now that liberty has come, why doesn't the truth, so long suppressed, come to light?"

"Yes, that is a great misfortune! Now that we have overthrown the old order, not to have the courage to admit its mistakes and confess its errors! Many people have lost a son, a brother, a husband. They are in great distress. They want always to believe that what they suffer they suffer in a just cause. They would think that they were defiling their mourning weeds, if they admitted that the German cause was tainted with criminality.

"All the newspapers supported the war, and a newspaper will never confess error except in the last extremity.

"The whole present Government is also implicated, since at the most critical moment—the moment for making its actions accord to its theories—it preferred to repudiate its past and sustain the Kaiser.

"Scheidemann and his friends think that they would commit an imprudence by exposing the facts regarding the origin of the war and the abominations which characterized it. In order to occupy their following they push economic

questions to the front. As if there were not already enough economic questions for us to face! We are all poor. Our economic life is only a form of economic death.

“Our enemies demand, not without reason, that we confess our wrongs. Such a confession is indispensable. It is necessary, besides, that we evince an evident purpose to make reparation, so far as reparation is possible. By postponing the opening of Germany’s eyes the Government does the country the greatest injury. Party quarrels absorb us exclusively, although they are of no consequence alongside the questions of life and death which now confront our people. These politicians don’t look far enough, nor high enough. The international proletariat is, in their view, the universal panacea which must save Germany and the world.

“Erzberger was a bad choice for member of the Armistice Commission. He has a lively intelligence, but at a time when a man has been sowing corruption in all other countries, he ceases to be a desirable article of export. Scheidemann would be no better as a German delegate to the Peace Conference.”

“Who is, in your view, the best man for President of the Republic?”

“No name stands out. There are some who favor Gen. Groener, Ludendorff’s successor on

Hindenburg's staff, who enjoys a good deal of credit nowadays with the Reichstag. There is some talk also of the Württemberger, Pays, who was Vice-Chancellor under Hertling. Prince Max of Baden would do very well, if he were not a prince. Herr Ebert, who has a Socialist majority behind him, may aspire to this post. Herr Ebert is an honest working man.

"My candidate would be Prince Lichnowsky. He, too, is a prince; but he doesn't belong to a ruling house. A Democrat from the first hour, he has proved his courage and is without a stain."

Outside the snow had begun to fall. A perfect calm reigned in this comfortable and impeccably furnished interior, so different from the surroundings in which my imagination had installed the ferocious editor of *Die Zukunft*.

Die Zukunft; the Future!

"Our future," said Harden, "is filled with fears. Our fall has been so great that I don't yet see the end of it. We are walking towards an economic cataclysm. I hope that France will content herself with Alsace-Lorraine, without seeking to tear from us territories which are German and whose products are indispensable to our industry. I have confidence in the spirit of justice which will inspire the plenipotentiaries. I know Mr. Wilson, and I have no fear of M. Clemenceau.

"I hope that the conditions which will be imposed will not be excessive. Our people are ignorant of their crimes and would not understand an extreme punishment. We have no longer any hatred against the Allies, even against England. We do not cherish any idea of revenge. But national wrath should not again be kindled."

Harden's confession was ended. For it was a confession, which he made to me, as if he had willingly unburdened his heart. In fact, he suggested to me the monk of long ago, who, without having been always the greatest sinner in his community, took on himself publicly the sum of the sins committed by his brethren. Comedian? Tragedian? It is possible. But it is also only just to note that Harden is one of those who are fighting now, with the greatest courage and perseverance, to open the eyes of the German people to their own faults.

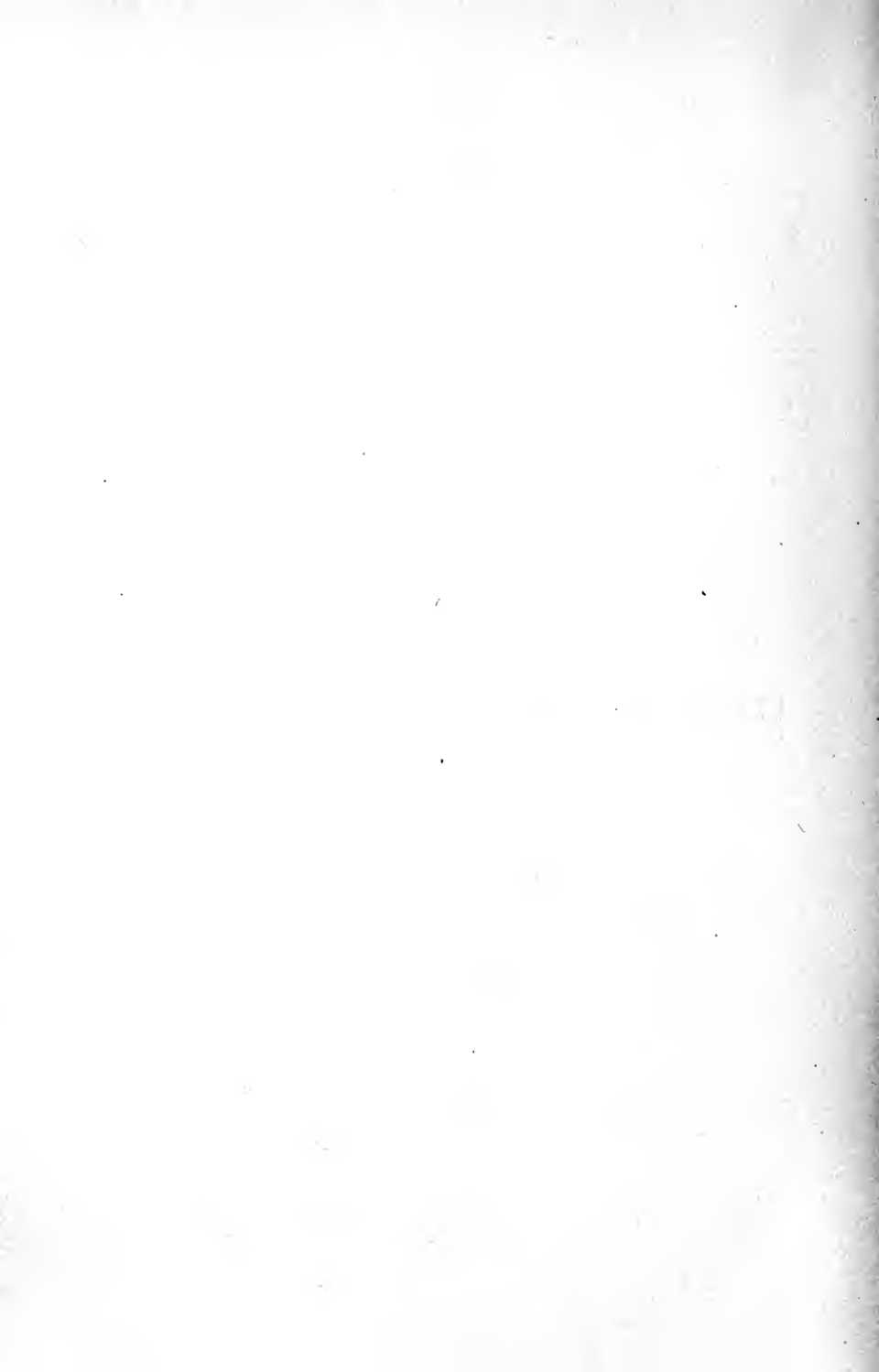
Moreover, comedian or not, he knows how to create the impression of sincere repentance and sincere suffering. And his unrestrained confession is, without doubt, the best plea which can be made for Germany.

Maximilian Harden
24.1.1919 *Greenwich - Berlin*

Part VII

Arts

**Max Liebermann—Richard Strauss—Hermann
Sudermann**



CHAPTER XXI

MAX LIEBERMANN

THE great painter Liebermann, is one of the glories of Germany, and one of the stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of art. He is more than seventy years old, and age has bent his shoulders slightly. But his thought is quick, his voice is firm, and his gestures are energetic.

He received me in his apartment on the Pariser-Platz—the Place Vendôme of Berlin—where one has before his eyes the beautiful perspective of Unter den Linden. The room in which we were, with its pictures by master painters, its magnificent jades, its Chinese vases in warm colors, its antique furniture, which one feels has been there forever—all make one think of some provincial museum, watched over by a devoted and enlightened director.

“I worked seven years in Paris,” Liebermann told me. “I put a very high store on French art.

“Here is a Corot, a Degas, a Courbet,” he said, pointing to the canvases. “This is a Manet: the

thoughtful young man in the boat there is Rochefort, in Caledonia after the Commune. Moreover, I had very friendly relations with the greatest French and Belgian artists. Alas, the war has now ended all that!

“I have never mixed in politics. That is an art, which, like any other art, deserves serious study. Dilettantism exists in politics as well as in art, and I detest tap-room politicians. But since the war no one has any longer the right to be a simple amateur. Everybody must take some part in public affairs.

“I can't believe that it was we who brought on the war. There were, perhaps, faults in the reign of William II (who in art had ideas entirely contrary to mine) which permitted our enemies to launch the war; and I would not know how to decide which was the most to blame—England, which wished to eliminate a rival; France, which had never ceased since 1870 to think of revenge; or Russia, for which a war was to resolve heroically her internal difficulties.

“I think that Bethmann-Hollweg was right when he said that the violation of Belgian neutrality was regrettable, but necessary. Moreover, was that violation contrary to law? A Berlin jurist, Prof. Kohler, has explicitly denied it.

“Also it wasn't for us to enter into discussions of

that sort. War was declared. We were Germans; we had to be for the war. It was a question of sentiment, and sentiment is stronger than reason.

"Undoubtedly we deeply deplored this great misfortune. The artist, who devotes his life to creating beautiful things, could not see such a cortège of miseries and horrors file before him without being affected.

"I tried to ignore, as far as possible, the frightful things which happened. I was absorbed in my work; I wished that I could put on blinders such as they put on horses."

"Why," I asked, "didn't the artists protest against the destruction of works of art: the cathedral of Rheims, the Library of Louvain, Ypres, and so many other of the jewels of Flanders?"

"What would you have had us do? Shells destroy and burn; it is terrible, but inevitable."

"But there was a systematic destruction, pursued as a matter of policy by the German General Staff."

"How so? Do you believe that," said Liebermann, with a skeptical smile. "I shall never believe it. On the contrary, I am convinced that any persons guilty of such crimes would have been condemned to death. Everything is exaggerated. The psychosis of war, by which we were all more or less affected, disturbed our brains to the point

of making us accept as probable the most absurd stories.

“One of my friends, who commanded at the Battle of Charleroi in 1914, told me that the fury of the Belgian civil population surpassed all imagination. It is possible that a soldier, greatly excited, may have committed some excess here or there. But we ought not therefore to blame the whole German army and the whole German nation.

“As to your art galleries I make free to say that not a single picture was taken from them. Now, isn't it you who are talking to-day of removing our most beautiful art works, to transport them to Belgium and France?

“We must submit to our conquerors. But we cannot agree that they shall despoil us of our artistic patrimony. That would be a crime against our children. It is just that you should be compensated for the losses you have suffered. But art cannot be used to pay you. Art is not a form of money. I hope that they will understand this in the Entente countries, and that our protest will at least touch those who were formerly our colleagues.”

“What influence will the war have on art?”

“A whole generation of artists has been decimated. The most original of our men of talent are

dead: Weissgerder, Marc, Roessler, and so many others. But on art itself I do not think that the war will have any deep effect. Events take no hold on the inner force of genius; and it is that force which shows the way in the arts.

“The war has not interrupted the production of our artists. The same thing happened in France after 1870, when we saw a marvelous flowering of art. It was at that epoch that impressionism developed with such surprising vigor.

“An interruption of international relations would manifestly be more serious. There is not a single German artist who has not been to Paris to work and to perfect himself under the inspiration of the great masters. It would be annoying if that source of inspiration should be closed to us.

“Goethe said: ‘Art belongs to the world.’ That phrase will perhaps not be true to-morrow, and, international as it was, art will have a tendency to become more national.”

“You believe, then, in a lasting rupture?”

“Reconciliation will be very difficult.

“The French and English artists who belonged to our Academy sent in their resignations. As for me I was expelled from the French Institute and from the Belgian Academy. That sort of thing wounds and ulcerates the heart.”

“But how about the circular letter of the In-

tellectuals? France and Belgium, attacked and murdered—how could they tolerate in their learned and artistic societies those German Intellectuals who applauded the torture?”

“Yes, I signed that circular. I don't deny it. Perhaps now I would make some inquiry before lending my name; but at the beginning of the war we didn't reason and we all had to accept joint responsibility with our country.

“I know that the Socialists have a different conception—that for them men are not Germans, Frenchmen, or Belgians, but simply men. I have never been a Socialist and one doesn't become a Socialist at my age. I have received all my education here. I have spent my whole life in this house, in which my parents lived. The German fatherland lives deep in my heart, intangible and immortal.

“And nevertheless,” the old master added, with an air of melancholy, “I cannot help loving French art and admiring the artists who make it inspirational. Sometime ago I wrote a book on Degas, who was the most spiritual man in the world. Here are the works of Daumier, almost complete. Here are his drawings, the collection from ‘Charivari.’ Here are books illustrated by that celebrated caricaturist. He was great among the great, and I give him all the admiration of which I am capable.”

"Do you know," I asked, "the Dutchman, Raemaekers, whom the war has brought to the front?"

"Oh! that fellow!" said Liebermann, grating his teeth and clenching his fists. "That fellow!"

We climbed the stairs which led to the master's studio. It contained some small unfinished canvases, a portrait of Liebermann by himself, a bit of his house in the country, and some other sketches.

"I look back with regret," he said, "to the good times before the war and to my old friends in France and Belgium. I am too far on in life to see the relations of other days renewed. Undoubtedly I shall not witness the end of this troubled period, in which one no longer is even free to live in his own way.

"I have lost hope for myself. But I keep all my faith for my country. Germany has already suffered so much! She was ruined after the Thirty Years' War, miserable in the time of Goethe and Schiller, broken after Jena.

"So I repeat these pretty verses of Heinrich Heine:

"Deutschland hat ewigen Bestand;
Es ist ein kerngesundes Land.
Das Vaterland wird nie verderben.
Je doch die alte Frau kann sterben.

"Yes, all our institutions may die: Germany will never perish.

"But alas," the old master sighed, "I shall not see her renaissance. . . ."

*L'art est de tout temps
et de tout pays
Berlin 11/15 Max Liebermann*

"Art is for all time and for all countries."

CHAPTER XXII

RICHARD STRAUSS

I BELIEVE that the prospect of a tête-à-tête with a citizen of an Entente nation was supremely disagreeable to Richard Strauss.

Within the limits of politeness he did everything he could to avoid it. He forgot a promise made me on the telephone to arrange an appointment. He sent me a telegram announcing a hurried trip away from Berlin. He wrote me a letter informing me that he had been suddenly taken sick.

But we were in the same hotel, almost next-door neighbors; and the composer of *Salome* had to realize finally that he couldn't escape me.

Still convalescent, he ended by receiving me in his bedchamber, in a dressing gown. His self-consciousness and his somewhat awkward manner gave him the air of a big boy whose feelings had been hurt and who was inclined to pout a little.

"After all the insults which we have had to swallow," he said, "I believe that it would be best for me to say nothing. We are the vanquished.

It would be more becoming for us to hold our peace and allow the conquerors to determine our fate."

"Nevertheless, an opinion on the war, from one of the masters most appreciated in the Entente countries, would not be without interest to us."

"We have considered this war as an inevitable calamity. It broke out because we were too hard at work, because we were becoming too strong, because we had too large a place in the world. That is my personal opinion. I may deceive myself; but I am sincere. I am convinced, in any case, that Germany did not will this conflagration—the Kaiser no more than the people.

"Perhaps it was Russia which threatened us most definitely; but the whole Entente was leagued against us. It was a war of defense which we made."

Strauss gave a little shrug of his shoulders which signified apparently: "What do I know, after all! I am a musician; I am not versed in politics."

But he returned to his idea:

"We have always been very courteous toward French art. France, so far as we are concerned, would hardly have the right to say as much. Why carry detestation of one's enemies even into the sphere of art?"

"Do you think that the war will have a repercussion on music?"

"Certainly not. I have continued to work in the same vein. I have written an opera which will be played in Vienna this winter.

"I don't know whether German works will continue to be performed in France and in Belgium. But during the war we kept up our French repertory. Only the works of French musicians still living were prescribed. And still," the director of the Berlin Opera added, "that exception was contrary to my personal views. Art ought to remain above our political conflicts, however grave they may be."

"Will music be honored under the new régime?"

"The German people are very musical. They are the most musical people in the world. But everything depends on our democratic development, on Bolshevism, and perhaps on a mass of other things.

"The Royal orchestras have been disbanded. Everything has to be built afresh. Everything is in ferment. One can make no predictions."

"Did the Emperor exercise any influence on music?"

"The Emperor patronized the arts. He maintained the tradition of subventions. But he tried to make his influence too pronounced and it had no

real value. At present our field is freer. That is perhaps a mark of progress."

"What is the truth about the musical talent which was attributed to William II? And what about the opera which he was supposed to have written in collaboration with Leoncavallo?"

Strauss smiled.

"The Emperor had no talent. He was interested in a sketch which poor Leoncavallo made into a bad opera."

"And the future?"

The Master made a wearied gesture.

"One can't go to the bottom of things," he said. "They will never be able to kill Germany. I have faith in the future of the country of Goethe and Kant. We are a peaceful nation. What we did we did only in self-defense.

"For the moment let us maintain our reserve. When one reads, as I have done in a French newspaper: 'M. Strauss is a talented musician, but a dirty Boche,' one withdraws into his tower of ivory and has no more inclination to leave it.

"We have never indulged in such insults. The relations between musicians are broken and will remain broken for a long time. Yet that is not our fault.

"France has no need of our Kultur, while French influence is, up to a certain point, necessary to our

temperament. German influence has never been good for France. Witness Wagner's influence; it has been more or less fatal to French music. On this point I agree entirely with M. Debussy.

"That is all," he sighed.

Strauss shook my hand. He said by way of farewell: "You see: we are without bitterness."

This phrase summed up a complete historic doctrine. Germany didn't will the war; it was the policy of the Entente which unloosed it. Stories of atrocities are false or greatly exaggerated. We, too, have lost our sons and our brothers; we, too, suffered bitterly, because of the blockade; we, too, had our Eastern provinces ravaged by the Russians. We are quits!

In refusing the hand stretched forward, in maintaining the blockade after the armistice, in keeping the German prisoners so long, the Entente has played the rôle of a "poor sport."

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Richard Strauss". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the page.

17. April 1919

CHAPTER XXIII

HERMANN SUDERMANN

I KNEW Grunewald, having seen it in the gray of February, and I revisited it amid the first smiles of April. It is decidedly an agreeable spot, well suited to work and reflection.

Hermann Sudermann's villa is not in the famous German style, modern and heavy. The author who lives in it has a great affection for old things which are yet not antiques. His home is correct and modest and would make—adding a crucifix here and there—an ideal setting for a French abbé, who was rich and also a collector.

Sudermann is a still handsome man, turning gray, who speaks composedly, in a well-modulated voice.

“I can give you only my personal opinion about the war,” he said to me. “But I am convinced that it is also the opinion of the literary group and of practically every other group in Germany. This war was for us a war of defense. That is why it was accepted with enthusiasm.”

“Do you deny any culpability on Germany’s part?”

“There may have been some mistakes committed. I admit that I thought certain of the Emperor’s speeches uncalled for. But no one here ever wanted this terrible war.”

“Did you approve the manner in which it was conducted?”

“We had confidence in the goodheartedness of our soldiers; and we have accepted merely as exaggerations all the stories of atrocities published by the Entente. We fell into the same ditch when the Russians invaded our Eastern provinces. We told terrible stories of murder, pillage, and destruction, which, on investigation, were found to have little or no basis in fact.”

“Germany seems, nevertheless, to have recovered from the worship of which she used to make her soldiers the object, and which turned an officer into a demigod!”

“It is true that the officer occupied a privileged place in society before the war. But he was generally a young man of high standing, and the honors which were accorded to him, were, as a rule, merely an offset to the meager salary which the State allowed him. As to the worship of which you speak, it was confined to young girls in ballrooms.”

“Don't you attribute a part of the responsibility for the war to those writers who, without ever having made war, represented it as a brilliant adventure—‘fresh and joyous’—with the evident purpose of exciting and tempting young men brought up in the religion of force?”

“There may have been a literature of that sort in the Entente countries. With us it doesn't exist. Walter Bloem is almost the only one of our authors who has written military romances. But he has always been very careful not to glorify war and he has not hesitated to depict it in all its horrors. The reputation which has been fastened in France and England on Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi—that of having incited us to desire war—is only a fable. General Bernhardi is the only one who spoke of war as near at hand. In England they made a great noise about him, and his writings were reproduced to the extent of hundreds of thousands of copies. In Germany his name is almost unknown. I asked once, in a conversation which I had at the Foreign Office: ‘But who is this Bernhardi?’ Nobody knew exactly who he was.”

“Will the war have an effect on your literature?”

“A great shock, such as we have endured, must have its influence on the manner in which a people thinks and on the expression which it gives to its thoughts. It is my idea that this war brings to

an end a period in our literature. I believe in a new orientation in letters. But in what direction? Prophecy is difficult. We are entering a new path. I could not say where it leads."

"Did France exercise an influence on German literature?"

"You might say that French literature dominated ours up to 1889, especially in the theater. Our repertory was for the most part only imitation and translation. That influence has diminished little by little and has disappeared almost completely in the last dozen years. Up to the time of the war, nevertheless, we retained a great sympathy for your literature and all cultivated minds in Germany were familiar with your principal writers."

"Did the war cause a stoppage in your literary production?"

"On the contrary, production has never been more abundant. Some have gone along in the old way. Others have expressed in dramas, novels, and poetry the feelings aroused by this great and terrible crisis. But there has been no outstanding work. I mean none of the importance of Barbusse's *Sous Feu*, for instance."

"Do you think the democratic régime will be a favorable one for letters?"

"We haven't had experience enough to reach a definite opinion. The German people have a

great zeal for study. To what extent are they qualified for artistic production? I believe that in that respect they stand on the same footing with the peoples of the Entente States."

"Do you hope for a reconciliation?"

"France was the enemy of Germany. But the Germans have never been enemies of the French. We came out of this long struggle without bitterness. But if the Entente wishes to exploit its victory to the limit, if France snatches from us territory which is German, she will engender the idea of revenge and that idea will persist for centuries."

"If France cherished rancor against Germany don't you think it was because you committed, in 1870, precisely the fault which you now advise us not to commit?"

"In the minds of all Germans, before 1870, Alsace and a large part of Lorraine were German.

"A famous song said: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt!' I was born in East Prussia, near the Russian frontier, and I remember singing that song in my childhood. But that question no longer threatens war in Europe. To-day we consider Alsace-Lorraine lost, because we weren't able, in fifty years, to enlist the sympathies of the inhabitants.

"Let France be satisfied, then. Let there be a

peace of justice, based on the Fourteen Points of President Wilson, and I shall confidently await a reconciliation in the near future.

"I have always thought that the war between France and Germany was a tragic misunderstanding. France was suspicious of Germany and we were suspicious of France.

"But if the French had known how peaceful were our feelings toward them, they would never have feared war with us and wouldn't have forged about us that circle of alliances which we couldn't break without an enormous and terrible effort.

"Let us both turn away from our fatal errors; and provided that they make a place for Germany and accord her equal rights with the other powers, I shall gladly believe that the Society of Nations has left the domain of Utopia to enter that of reality."

Der Herrschaft gediffere Herrschaft nicht
 Diefelbent mehr nicht der Mittel die
 Macht vor mir aufgabst das alles Dinge
 zu beifrage. Mündel für Diefelbent den
 Weg begü nicht finden können. Mündel
 nicht die Herrschaft Herrschaft nicht
 Diefelbent die Macht vor dem Zeit
 gabst es Herrschaft, der Weg. Weg.
 Diefelbent Herrschaft nicht.

Hermann Sudermann
 Berlin, den 17.4.19

“An alliance between France and Germany would, perhaps, have been the means of preserving the world from the most terrible of all wars. In the past Germany did not succeed in realizing that project. Once more an alliance between France and Germany could save the world; now it is France which wishes to destroy the possibility of it.”

Part VIII

Science

August Wassermann

CHAPTER XXIV

AUGUST WASSERMANN

OUGHT a German scientist who devotes his years to labor and who by his discoveries, put to use in all countries, decreases suffering and contributes to the saving of lives, to be accounted an enemy and included in the reprobation which we visit on the whole German nation?

That was the question which I asked myself in Wassermann's salon, while waiting for the celebrated bacteriologist, one of the eighty Intellectuals who signed the famous document denying the murder of civilians, the burning of cities, the sacking of Termonde and Louvain and all the tortures endured by my country.

Wassermann is not of the ordinary savant type. He is distinguished in appearance, and still in the prime of life—a man who strikes you as being at the height of his activities and productiveness.

We talked of various questions relating to my investigation of the present condition of Germany.

"There is one," I said, "which I haven't so far had an opportunity to discuss. That is the effect of the war on the human machine."

"The blockade," Wassermann replied, "will have considerable physiological and moral consequences for our people. The two effects are inseparable. The Romans recognized it: '*Mens sana in corpore sano.*'"

"The food furnished the people contained hardly half of the calories necessary to existence.

"In 1916 a professor of hygiene at the University of Bonn, Herr Neumann, made the experiment of limiting himself to the food ration legally allowed to the average person. After six months he lost a third of his weight and his capacity for work was almost completely destroyed. Herr Neumann described the results of his experiment in a scientific work. The censorship suppressed it.

"We didn't have the courage to tell the people a truth which pointed incontestably to the necessity of making peace.

"The eternal appeal—'*Durchhalten*' ('Hold out until victory comes')—couldn't be anything but a crime against nature or an incitation to robbery.

"People faced the alternative of awaiting death, while confining themselves to the legal ration, or of violating the law. The poor stole food; the rich

procured it fraudulently at usurious prices. Everybody conceived it to be his duty either to evade the law or to trample on it, feeling that he was merely resisting a process of assassination.

"Cotton and wool ran short. We began to suffer from cold, and in the hospitals it was necessary to use the same dressings two or three times.

"Presently all the necessaries of life had to be rationed—leather, metals, chemical products.

"People ended by stealing everything. The poor robbed at first from need and then for profit, in order to re-sell at fabulous prices, to the rich, who thus became accomplices in larceny.

"Respect for law was destroyed under this régime. The necessity of regulating and rationing everything, from collars and handkerchiefs to the weight of meat and bread, implanted in the minds of the people a craving for absolute equality which made all authority and all superiority odious.

"Thus the blockade paved the way for Bolshevism.

"These are the moral results. As for the physical consequences, they are very grave and will be felt long after the return of peace.

"If one could know the gross weight of the German people before the war, and had any means of determining it now, I am convinced that it would be found to have decreased more than a third.

“Vitality has deteriorated. The most robust organisms have been materially weakened. The others can no longer resist.

“There have been in Germany more than 800,000 victims of the blockade. At the present moment it is killing 800 persons a day.

“The anxiety to hide away food, storing it in obscure places, where it is hoarded under improper sanitary conditions, has made everybody forget the rules of hygiene. Supplies are contaminated. Dysentery has spread among us. It made in 1917 more than 16,000 victims.

“Exanthematic typhus, which we hadn't known for fifty years, and which the older physicians called 'hunger typhus,' has reappeared. Its microbe is transmitted by fleas. The suffering and uncleanness which come from the lack of soap are the principal factors in the development of this epidemic.

“Tuberculosis is also extending its ravages. The total of deaths in the first half of 1918 was greater than the total for the entire year 1913. The proportion of the tuberculous is now the same as it was twenty-five years ago. All our efforts to combat this scourge have been neutralized, and it will be necessary to make a new battle of a quarter of a century in order to restore the excellent sanitary status existing before the war.

“The total of births during the four years of the war is 4,000,000 less than that for the four last years of peace; and our infant mortality is frightful. In six years half of the school seats will be empty. In sixteen years the effects of this depopulation will begin to affect national industry.”

“Are you afraid, then, that Germany will long show the scars of the war?”

“I am looking at things from the scientific point of view. Human labor is a phenomenon of combustion. The more we eat, the more work we can do. But the human machine is not purely mechanical; we are also under the influence of the nervous system. When an organism gets out of gear, the will is impaired, and in order to restore normal conditions, it is necessary not only to reconstitute the organism but also to reestablish the will. We must not expect, therefore, that the replenishment of Germany's food supply will bring about an immediate resumption of activity.

“Moreover, many organisms which have been too grievously affected have been irremediably scrapped. As for the others, the needs of those which remain healthy and suffer merely from underfeeding will not be satisfied by a return to our former food ratio, and, for at least a year, they will have to be overfed. Now, will the condition of our finances permit us to buy the fats, the hydrates,

the starches, and so many other precious materials which a régime of overfeeding requires?

"Epidemics will also be prolonged and difficult to combat. People have acquired the habit of concealment. Life in the big cities has become a sort of mystery, and the poorer quarters at present hide centers of epidemics uncovered with great difficulty either by the health officers or by the police."

"You think, then, that the future is very somber?"

"I don't believe that the sun can soon dispel such heavy clouds. I see only now to what extent we were duped. But from the very beginning I felt a deep repugnance to this frightful war.

"All my efforts have been devoted to relieving suffering and saving life. For me there are no Germans, no Frenchmen, no Belgians, no Englishmen; there are only men who suffer and must be helped. I have the same pity for a French, Belgian, or English mother who has lost a son or who has seen one come back from the war mutilated, as I have for a German mother under similar circumstances. And if my labors have contributed to save some of my 'enemies,' I feel the same satisfaction as I would feel if they had been Germans."

This singularly lofty and beautiful confession of

faith was in such flagrant conflict with the circular of the Intellectuals that I could not refrain from remarking that fact.

"I realized," said Wassermann, "on re-reading that circular, that in associating myself with it I had committed the most humiliating blunder of my life.

"Since then I have been the object of passionate attacks in all the Entente countries. But I understand that, because I knew France and Belgium better than most others, and consequently I ought to have been the last person to sign such a document without making searching inquiry beforehand into what had happened."

Herr Wassermann told me the story of that too famous manifesto. I regret that he did not authorize me to publish that part of our conversation.

"When one has committed a fault," he said, "there is no use trying to explain it away.

"Now, they hurl anathemas, they expel, they excommunicate. The French medical societies have decided to break off all relations with the German medical societies.

"What does this mean? If a French scientist discovers a serum, will he refuse to communicate the secret to Germany? Or will they stop tomorrow profiting in the Entente hospitals by scientific discoveries made beyond the Rhine?

The New Germany

"As for me, I am a realist. Let us forget this flood of words and go to work!"

I had the feeling, on leaving Wassermann, that in his Institute of Bacteriology and Serology, in the enthusiasm and the seduction of his researches, the great scientist, perhaps, cherishes the thought that he is now working for a reconciliation of the nations.

*Es gibt nur ein einziges Heilmittel für
die gegenwärtig erkrankte Welt, die durch
intensivierte Thätigkeit jeder Einzelnen.*

Berlin 15. April 1919

A. A. Hoffmann

"There is but one cure for the world's present sickness. That is intensified activity on everybody's part."

Part IX

Miscellaneous

**Alice Salomon—Cardinal Hartmann—Karl
Liebknecht—Rosa Luxemburg
My Visit to Krupp's
Germany and Bolshevism**

CHAPTER XXV

ALICE SALOMON

THE valor of women in the greatest of all wars will be celebrated by the historians of future ages as equal to the courage of the Carthaginian women in the Third Punic War.

After all the men had gone to the front the belligerent nations turned to the women and they responded to the appeal. In the factory and in the office, on the field of battle or in the wheat field, they displayed qualities of intelligence and endurance which had seemed up to that time to be the exclusive appanage of the stronger sex. After having played such a part in the war, it is natural that woman should look forward to playing a conspicuous part in peace.

The German Revolution has already opened to her the door to politics. The French and American parliaments have just given her the right to vote. The suffragettes in England seem to be on the verge of victory. It is a movement which traverses the world and which will affect all the Western countries.

Doctor Alice Salomon is the directress of the Women's Social School in Berlin, Vice-President of the Association of German Women, Secretary of the Women's International Union, and is without doubt the feminist in Germany best qualified to judge the new situation there without any narrow partisan bias. She is slender, with an intelligent brow and clear eyes. One would readily take her for an Englishwoman.

"The war has demonstrated," she said to me, "that a world ruled by man alone is, alas! only a vale of tears—and of blood—in which life is not worth living.

"I believe that woman is necessary to the coming of the new world toward which our poor humanity is striving with all its forces and aspirations.

"Woman has built the home; man, the State. The State is too much preoccupied with materialism and production, and not sufficiently with moralism and humanitarianism. It is for us to enter now into the State in order to introduce into it a little of the well-being and sweetness of the home."

While she talked I glanced about me. The room in which we were seemed intended to illustrate her words. It is a vast office, with books and furniture like those in all offices. But there rules in it an atmosphere of brightness, of comfort, of fragrance,

which ought to make work seem easy and agreeable.

"I don't wish to say that woman is better than man," Doctor Salomon added. "She simply has different interests and aims.

"We were made to create life; that is our mission on earth. Let our mission also be hereafter to brighten, ease, and embellish life."

"To expel war from the world?"

"Let us say as little as we can about this atrocious war. I can't believe that we alone were responsible for it. I have the privilege of maintaining many associations with other countries and I could not fail, certainly, to be impressed by all that I read nowadays in the foreign newspapers and reviews. But even if our former rulers must bear the responsibility of all the crimes with which they are charged, I assure you that our people, at least, were always sincere.

"No nation which was not sustained by the idea that it was in the right could have fought and suffered with the unanimity and endurance which the German people have shown.

"But I don't wish to take advantage of our conversation to try to make a plea in behalf of my unfortunate country.

"This great slaughter has been the work of men.

"As for us, we had to bear, from the beginning,

all its burdens. Alone, without the exaltation of battle, knowing continually that our sons and husbands were in danger, we have suffered the full sweep of this calamity.

"I know that in all countries the war rôle of women has been of high importance. Let me say to you simply that the German women behaved admirably. In the home, on the farm, in the factory, every woman worked beyond her strength. For three years she was hungry. For three years she went, without a murmur, after her super-human labors, to take her place in line for hours, in the street, in the rain, in the cold, in order to receive the little food and fuel allotted to her.

"She was one of the forces of our nation and one of the factors in its resistance."

"What have been the effects of that struggle on her mental outlook?"

"Working as she did, she acquired a greater confidence in herself. Hearing her virtues celebrated, she has conceived a greater idea of her capacity.

"The war procured us positions which we should never have claimed in time of peace. I don't think that there are any reasons for banishing us now from employments which we have engaged in successfully through a most trying period."

"Among these employments have you discovered

that there are some more suitable for women than others?"

"As for the liberal professions, let woman choose the career to which her aptitudes incline her. Let her become a physician, a lawyer, an engineer, according to her preferences. As to other professions, I believe that she ought to select those which require the most kindness, patience, and gentleness—caring for children, for the poor, for the sick, 'home cares' in the larger social sense.

"Couldn't even certain public services be better conducted by women than by men—food distribution, hygiene, charities, orphan asylums, hospitals, to which a woman would bring the devotion which is natural to her and the experience she has acquired in the home?

"The ideal of the German woman will always be to cling to her own hearthstone, to occupy herself with her household and to rear her children. It is somewhat difficult to do work outside and be at the same time a good mother. But all women don't marry. It isn't necessary to limit the field of activity for those who wish to work or who must work. Germany is too poor to lose any available labor.

"Moreover, ought the fact of earning the money for the support of a family to imply, necessarily, any superiority? Don't the duties of the home

count for as much as work outside? Ought the woman, who devotes herself to her tasks as a wife and mother, to be considered inferior to her husband, because his efforts have a more direct money value? Look at the families in which one of the two heads disappears. If it is the wife, the husband continues to earn money, but is incapable of bringing up the children. If it is the husband who dies, the wife goes to work, supplies the needs of the home and yet succeeds in rearing the children."

"Your sudden entry into politics must have been one of the surprises of the Revolution."

"We had never dared to hope, indeed, that we should obtain the suffrage ahead of the women of democratic nations like France, England, and the United States, where the feminist campaign had been more ardent and aggressive than ours."

"Mustn't the grant of suffrage have been the crowning stroke of your emancipation? And wasn't it somewhat dangerous to place that weapon in unexperienced hands?"

"We believed that we might begin by being municipal electors. Clubs had been organized to prepare us for that. The right to vote for national officials came as a surprise to everybody. And it must be acknowledged that, apart from the feminists and some Socialists, German women had had no political education.

"But the Revolution said to itself that woman could exercise no disturbing influence. Either she would vote with her husband and then her intervention would make no difference, or she would contribute new force, new initiative, and new ideas, which couldn't help being useful in the tasks of reconstruction. In a situation as difficult as ours, some risks had to be taken.

"Moreover," Dr. Salomon added, not without a touch of sarcasm, "in the fifty years in which men have been voters in Germany they have shown so little political capacity that the women can't be very long in catching up with them."

"How has this reform been received?"

"With great satisfaction by all classes of society. Women at once interested themselves in politics, from which they had been systematically excluded. They realized that it was their duty to inform themselves, and they have prepared for the suffrage as believers prepare for a sacrament.

"We organized lectures in which we discussed German policy in an objective way. The lectures were simple and were given to packed houses. I happened to be a speaker and I heard each of my sentences repeated outside, by a volunteer orator, to an audience which couldn't get into the hall.

"We also published millions of tracts for the different classes of voters. Some were for servants,

some for working women, some for clerical employees, etc.”

“Have you been able to draw any moral from the first elections in which women took part?”

“It has been shown, in general, that the votes cast by women were double in number the votes cast by men, with a slight tendency toward the extreme parties—the Conservatives and the Socialists. In the higher bourgeoisie the woman, being less preoccupied than the man with questions of self-interest and less engaged in the fight against the working classes, showed herself more democratic than he was.

“In France and Belgium, where the ascendancy of the priests over women is still very great, undoubtedly a reinforcement of the conservative parties would be disclosed.”

“Don’t you fear that politics, which causes so many quarrels among men, may be a source of dissension in families?”

“On the contrary, I hope that politics will be an element in a rapprochement between man and wife. Formerly the husband thought that he couldn’t talk politics at home, and went to the bierstube to indulge that penchant. Now that he can discuss with his wife his ideas, his aspirations, and his ideals, the home will have one more attraction for him.

“With our collaboration political meetings will become more interesting. Our presence will be at the same time a moderating and a stimulating influence.”

“Ought woman, in your opinion, to enjoy a liberty equal to man’s?”

“That condition already exists in the Anglo-Saxon countries. In Germany, also, the young girl enjoys a great deal of liberty—greater than in France or in Belgium.

“In the Social School of which I am Director courses are taken by a hundred young girls from the country. They live alone in Berlin and have absolute freedom.

“When a woman marries it is natural that she should exercise her liberty only in so far as her activities are not displeasing to her husband. Isn’t conjugal happiness based on concessions? If the household is not a happy one, no marital authority is of any consequence.”

“Nevertheless, oughtn’t the husband’s authority to prevail in certain cases? For example, in disputes, which are so frequent, over the education of the children?”

“The German feminist movement has always claimed for the wife an influence equal to the husband’s. The disputes to which you refer do not happen with us, where there is no confessional

school to contest for the child with the public school. In those countries where such a situation exists a tribunal could be created, to which parents would submit their differences. The mere institution of such a tribunal would quickly bring them into accord."

"If woman is allowed to face the difficulties of life and is treated by man as an absolute equal, will she not end by regretting the time when her weakness and her grace constituted a part of her charm, when she submitted more to man's influence but also enjoyed his protection?"

"Certainly more than one German woman will look back with regret to the indolent existence of her grandmother. But the perfectionment of character, of the race, of humanity, is bound up with that of woman; and progress in this direction is worth many sacrifices."

"Haven't the war, the long separations and the emancipation of woman had their effect on the sentimental relations between man and wife? We shall always prefer, I confess, the lullaby of a mother bending over a cradle to the most beautiful discourse of the most eloquent of women. We cannot help being somewhat disquieted. Do you think that the woman politician, or even the woman scientist, is destined to be a good wife and a good mother?"

“Twenty years ago, when women began to frequent the universities, it was a popular idea that they were renouncing love and the family. But it was demonstrated that the proportion of educated women who married was greater than that of ordinary young girls. ‘If a young girl can’t find a mate,’ they say nowadays, ‘let her go to college.’ The fact is that one faculty can’t be developed without developing others, and that the development of the mind stimulates the development of the feelings.

“The war will cause a recrudescence of motherhood.

“I know well that we haven’t the chic or the charm of the French woman. But the German woman is a good wife and a good mother. Poor as we are, and as we shall be for a long time, we shall live more at home. When one is deprived of pleasure, of joy, of luxury, there is a reawakening of sentiment. The only things which they can’t take away from us are friendship, affection, love. I believe that from now on our existence will be centred more in love.

“The war and the Revolution, suffering and death, have brought us closer to the eternal sources of life.”

A while ago I spoke of the attractiveness of Alice Salomon’s environment and of the brightness of

her expression and manner. But what these notes cannot convey was the accent of conviction and sincerity in her answers.

She speaks French with a sing-song softness, in which there is no German intonation whatever. I listened to her as one listens to a confession of faith and hope, and I carried away from this conversation the conviction that the German woman, wife and mother, will give more children than ever to Germany, and that she will be one of the principal factors in that country's restoration.

Die Frauen müssen vor allem helfen, eine Friedensatmosphäre zu schaffen. Sie müssen das Recht zu politischer Betätigung nutzen, um den Gedanken der Gerechtigkeit im Innern wie auch in den Beziehungen der Völker zum Siege zu verhelfen. Das muss der Sinn ihres Eintretens in das politische Leben sein.

Alice Salomon
14. IV 1919.

"Women ought to aid before everything in creating an atmosphere of peace. They ought to accept the right of political activity in order to help along the triumph of the idea of justice both at home and in international relations. This ought to be the meaning of their entry into political life."

CHAPTER XXVI

CARDINAL HARTMANN

"His Eminence wishes to know what questions you are going to put to him," said Monsignor Vogt, the Vicar General, with whom I had been invited to discuss the interview which I had requested of the Archbishop of Cologne. I had dictated to the Vicar General these four questions:

"The Emperor, the army, and the German people proclaimed that God was with them in the fight: '*Gott mit uns.*' Now, that she has lost the war, does Germany admit that she was mistaken, that God was not with her because the right was not on her side?

"Why didn't the atrocities of this war arouse a protest on the part of German Christendom? Why, in particular, did the German episcopate not answer the letter of the Belgian bishops, proposing an investigation of the abominations perpetrated in Belgium?

"What influence has the war had on religion in Germany?

"Do the German Catholics hope for a speedy renewal of relations with the Catholics of the Entente countries?"

At noon a telephone call fixed the hour for my interview.

The bishop's residence is a big, commonplace house in the Geneonstrasse. A servant, whose appearance had nothing canonical about it, ushered me into a waiting room, where various oil portraits chronicled the history of the Archbishops of Cologne, even back to the first holders of the see, prancing upon fiery steeds. There a young priest, exuberant and friendly in manner, came to meet me. It was Herr Berghaus, the Cardinal's chaplain and private secretary.

"His Eminence doesn't speak French," he said, "and, moreover, is somewhat indisposed. He will give you his photograph with an autographed phrase. We will then go into my office and discuss the points which interest you."

We entered a reception room, richly, if not luxuriously furnished. Monsignor Hartmann appeared. His eye is hard and defiant; his attitude, under the purple, is that of a country curé.

"You will pardon me for not knowing your language," he said in French, as if he had learned that single sentence by heart.

"Do you speak Italian?" he added, in Italian.

"No, Signor. Do you speak English?"

The Cardinal made a gesture of negation.

"Your Eminence knows the object of my visit?"

I said.

The chaplain intervened.

"I have the answers to the last three questions which you put," he remarked.

The Cardinal handed me an envelope. It contained his photograph, with the phrase which he had written. Then he pointed to his secretary, as if to say: "He is the depository of my thoughts; he will talk to you; I prefer to say nothing."

The Cardinal remained standing a minute longer, silent, with an embarrassed air. Then he saluted me and disappeared, his haste showing how glad he was to escape me.

The interview had not lasted five minutes. I could hardly repress a smile, and the chaplain's eyes betrayed, for a second, the same discreet amusement.

The office of the Cardinal's private secretary resembles a student's room, with a fine disorder and a profusion of bric-à-brac, among which the Emperor's portrait occupied the place of honour.

"We were not able to answer your first question," he said. "That would oblige us to speak of the causes of this terrible war and of the responsibility for it. It is too delicate a subject to deal

with. But here are our answers to your other three questions."

He gave me a note, of which the following is a translation:

"The letter of the Belgian bishops came into the hands of the Archbishop of Cologne, only on January 7, 1916, after having been already published, in part or in whole, in many newspapers on both sides of the ocean. An answer was composed. It was not sent because the Holy Father instructed the German bishops to avoid controversial discussions. Moreover, the arbitration tribunal proposed by the Belgian bishops was impossible in law and absolutely unrealizable in fact.

"It is beyond question that the World War has done great injury to religion and morals.

"The German Catholics, and especially the German bishops, hope that friendly relations will soon be renewed among the nations which have fought one another. The head of the Catholic Church, whose authority extends all over the world, can aid most effectually in accomplishing this—and he will do so! The Catholic International Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith (Lyons), the International Congregation of the Holy Infancy (Paris), etc., offer broad fields in which noble spirits can meet. In its proclamations during the war the German episcopate most care-

fully avoided everything which could wound any other people or the episcopate of any other country."

Meanwhile we had engaged in conversation.

"Cardinal Hartmann's attitude during the war was severely criticised in the Entente countries," I said.

"Nevertheless, His Eminence did everything for the Belgians and for the French," the chaplain answered.

"In 1914, at the conclave in Rome for the election of Benedict XV, Monsignor Sevin, Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons, asked His Eminence to intercede with the Kaiser to the end that French priests who were prisoners should be considered as officers and treated as such. The Cardinal made this proposal and the Kaiser informed him by telegraph that the request had been granted.

"It is owing to Cardinal Hartmann that, since 1915, processions of the Holy Eucharist were permitted in Belgium; that priests in the base and supply zones were treated with deference; that Monsignor Mercier was able to go about freely within the jurisdiction of the Government of Occupation.

"Cardinal Hartmann wrote to the Governor General of Namur asking that the churches be no longer used for Protestant worship. That form of

worship thereafter had to be conducted in the barracks," Herr Berghaus added, with an expression of disdain.

"It is due to the Cardinal also that the church bells were left in Belgium."

"But how about the systematic destruction of the churches?"

"At the request of the Holy Father, His Eminence made two visits to the Kaiser to try to save the Cathedral of Rheims. The first trip was that of May 21, 1915. It was necessary to make a twenty-hour journey to Pless, where the Grand Headquarters were then established because of the offensive against Russia. The Kaiser decided that the cathedral should not be bombarded again without previous instructions from him. The second trip—to Potsdam—was made on November 29, 1916. On that day the Cardinal obtained a respite, in order that the roof, which had burned in 1915, might be repaired."

"Cardinal Hartmann," I said, "had asked for and received a promise that we would spare Cologne on Good Friday. As an acknowledgment of that generous concession the German long-range gun which was bombarding Paris massacred sixty of the faithful while at prayer in the Church of St.-Gervais."

"That is a mistake," replied the chaplain. "In

1918, a truce was asked for the feast of Corpus Christi. This is celebrated in Germany on the 30th of May. His Eminence laid the matter before Field Marshal Hindenburg, and on June 2d, the day on which Corpus Christi is celebrated in France, Paris was not bombarded."

"That may be. But outside the ecclesiastical domain, and apart from matters of worship, there were abominations which ought to have aroused the Cardinal's indignation and inspired him to protest—the murder of Miss Cavell——"

"We didn't know of the Miss Cavell case until after that unfortunate woman had been shot."

"The execution of so many civilians, the deportations.—"

"At the Holy Father's suggestion His Eminence wrote several letters and telegrams to the Kaiser or to General Bissing, asking pardons for persons condemned to death. These requests were sometimes granted. A dozen unfortunates thus escaped the firing squad. The Cardinal often intervened with the Government, with the Ministry of War, and with all the other authorities to have an end put to deportations and to secure the repatriation of civilians."

While he spoke the chaplain ran over various documents and showed me the briefs of letters and

telegrams, carefully classified. It seemed that a complete defense has been prepared.

“What do the German Catholics think of their country’s future?”

The scope of this question seemed to startle my interlocutor, for he answered with a vague gesture:

“The situation is not over-bad in this part of Germany.”

“What do you think of the Separatist movement of which there is some talk in the Rhine Provinces?”

“The mentality of the Prussian of Berlin differs sensibly from ours. That consideration, added to the hope of escaping, in part, from the consequences of the war, leads certain people to favor the constitution of our provinces into an autonomous state within the Germanic confederation.

“But no one, believe me, desires union with either France or Belgium.”

“Does the monarchy still have any deep roots in the Catholic world?”

“I think that there are many German monarchists. But the higher interest of the Fatherland requires us to rally behind the Republic. So I consider the Kaiser’s return an impossibility.”

“Have you no fears that the Socialist Government will denounce the concordat?”

“It certainly had that intention (it was even on the Sparticide program), but such resistance to it

was foreseen in Silesia and in the Rhine Provinces, which are profoundly Catholic, that the Government seems to have dropped the idea."

The conversation continued further. We took up many questions. The chaplain answered them all. But presently he checked himself and stopped me.

"Don't say that, please; don't say that."

It seemed, in fact, as if his country's misfortunes had not overmuch affected the chaplain's morale. There was no show of sterile regrets, of sentimentality, of pessimism. His whole person, on the contrary, radiated health, good humor, and animation.

I thought of the equestrian portraits of the first archbishops of Cologne. This young priest, too, would look well on horseback, but in a more modern garb—in the uniform, for instance, of a uhlan or a hussar.

*Hoch dem unsterblichen Heilbringer, der uns durch seinen Heiligenschein
 all' das Leid dieses Krieges abzuwenden und unser Leben wieder Gesundheit zu geben.
 manifestieren. Der Kaiserliche Hofkaplan und Bischof aller Bischöfe,
 auch in seiner Kraft. Julius Kard. v. Sauer, aus,
 Köln den 16. Februar 1919. Bischof von Köln*

"After this horrible World War my most ardent hope is to see the nations reunited in love and concord. The Catholic Church will do all it can to that end."

CHAPTER XXVII

KARL LIEBKNECHT

THE Sparticide chiefs had been hunted down like wild beasts. Radek was in prison. Eichorn, a Deputy in the Reichstag, had been arrested in Brunswick, in spite of his parliamentary immunity. The others were in hiding.

So I had some difficulty in getting in touch with them.

Liebknecht, alone among them all, had protested against the war. I wanted to pay his memory the tribute of establishing the truth about his final activities and his death.

Here is the information which was given me—in the form in which it was given to me—on a night when I went alone to a rendezvous, of which I promised to say nothing and which made me feel somewhat as if I were living a chapter in a detective romance.

Karl Liebknecht, the second son of Wilhelm Liebknecht, the latter also a member of the Reichstag and the only member of it besides Bebel to protest

against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, was born in Leipsic in 1874. He took his law degree at the University of Berlin and thereafter devoted himself entirely to politics. Anti-militarism was an apostleship in his eyes. One can say to-day that he gave up his life to it.

Liebknecht considered universal suffrage in Prussia a European question. The electoral system for the Prussian Diet—of which body he was elected, in 1908, as the first Socialist member—permitted none but reactionaries to hold power. It was they who supported militarism and threatened the world.

In 1904, at the famous trial in Koenigsberg, he defended the Socialists who were charged with the crime of lèse-majesté against the Czar. He took advantage of the opportunity to uncover the corruption and the conspiracies of the German police and secured an acquittal for his clients.

In 1907 he was himself accused of the crime of high treason, because of his pamphlet, *Militarism and Anti-Militarism*. The Emperor and the Minister of Justice intervened surreptitiously in the case, and the Supreme Court at Leipzig sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment in a fortress, which term he spent in the Fortress of Glatz, in Silesia.

This record had already given him a unique posi-

tion when he was elected to the Reichstag, in 1912, from the Potsdam district, which, up to that time, had been noted for its reactionary tendencies.

In the same year in which he was elected he denounced from the parliamentary tribune the propaganda which the big war material factories were conducting in order to stimulate the production of arms and armament. He incorporated in his speech a telegram sent by Krupp to one of the Krupp agents in Paris, instructing the latter to have published in a prominent morning newspaper an article attacking Germany. That article was to serve as the pretext for a campaign for new orders of war materials.

THE WAR

One might have expected, after all this, that at the supreme moment Liebknecht—even if he had to stand alone—would pronounce against war. Unfortunately, on August 4, 1914, he voted for the war credits, as all the others did. That was the great mistake of his life. His friends admit it and try to explain it.

As they say, everybody had come back suddenly after the Reichstag recess; all minds were confused. The Social-Democratic party, which up to that time had been thoroughly united, held a meeting

on August 3d. Liebknecht and thirteen other deputies were against the credits; eighty-six favored them. The grave question of party discipline was raised. Liebknecht believed that the united party was destined, after a brief period, to oppose the war. In order not to destroy its unity and to create eventually a unanimous opposition, for once in his life he did violence to his past and to his strongest convictions, and yielded to the bad judgment of the majority.

But by December 2, 1914, he had recovered his balance, and on that day, single-handed, he opposed additional war credits. When he tried to explain his vote the chamber howled him down. He accordingly prepared a long note, which appeared in the records of the Reichstag and which constitutes a magnificent indictment of the war and of those who launched it.

Between August 4th and December 2d Liebknecht had gone to Belgium. It has been asked what influence that trip had in his conversion. His friends told me that it had none at all; that his opinion was formed from the very first day of the war; that he merely changed his tactics, not his opinion.

Liebknecht did not go to Belgium to make an investigation there. The Government would not have permitted him to do that. He went to hunt

for his brother-in-law, a Russian student at the University of Liége, who had enlisted as a volunteer in the Belgian Army, and who had not been heard from since the fall of Antwerp. This brother-in-law was killed a year later before Ypres. Moreover, instructions had been sent from Berlin, and all the staffs in Belgium were on the alert to take care of him and to keep track of him, so that he wouldn't have a chance to see or hear anything damaging.

After December 2d Liebknecht's public opposition made him obnoxious to the Government. He had to be muzzled. In January, 1915, he was mobilized.

Put in the ranks, at Kustrin, as a private soldier in a pioneer company, he refused to carry a rifle. He was then transferred to a company of laborers, with all the suspects—the "franco-philes"—and sent first into Lorraine, and afterwards into Russia.

Liebknecht dug trenches, built barbed wire obstructions, and broke stone in the roads.

He was authorized to take part in the sessions of the Reichstag. But the hostility of his colleagues prevented him from speaking. He was reduced to interruptions, quickly drowned by clamor, or to brief questions, which stung the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, like the blows of a lash.

They prevented him from speaking. What did that matter? He decided to cry out.

With Rosa Luxemburg, Mehring, and Clara Zetkin, he wrote letters which were passed from hand to hand and which bore the signature of the Roman slave, Spartacus.

On May 1, 1916, the first public demonstration against the war took place in the Potsdamer Platz, in Berlin, although the city was in a state of siege. Liebknecht, who was at that moment in the capital, put on his civilian clothes and took part in it. But his cries: "Down with the war! Down with the Government!" attracted attention. He was recognized by the police and arrested. His imprisonment dated from that day.

Accused of treason before a military tribunal, he was convicted behind closed doors and sentenced to two years and a half of confinement at hard labor. But this penalty was, apparently, insufficient. The verdict of the court was reversed and the penalty was extended to four years at hard labour and ten years' loss of citizenship rights. The tribune was thus debarred from the practice of his profession and could not be re-elected to the Reichstag for fourteen years.

Liebknecht was sent to Luckau Prison, in Brandenburg. He worked there ten hours a day as a shoemaker. His exercise was limited to the prison

courtyard. His family was allowed to visit him for an hour, once every three months. Half of his sentence had been served when the gathering revolution obliged Prince Max of Baden to liberate all the political prisoners.

The news of his return spread like a train of powder. When Liebknecht, thinking that he was returning unnoticed, got off the train in Berlin, at the Anhalt Station, an enormous crowd was waiting to give a triumphal welcome to the man whom it considered the incarnation of its martyrdom and its aspirations.

THE REVOLUTION

The course of events quickened. On November 9th, a mutiny broke out at Kiel and Hamburg. Sailors arrived by auto in Berlin. A general strike was proclaimed. The regiments refused to fire on the people. The Kaiser abdicated and the Republic was installed. It was suggested to Liebknecht that he should enter the Government. But he repudiated all compromises with the Majority Socialists, who had approved the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk and had supported the war up to the end. In the course of a big meeting he founded, with Rosa Luxemburg, *Die Rothe Fahne* (*The Red Flag*), which was to be the organ of the Sparticides.

Ebert, Scheidemann, and their friends were accused of deceiving Germany and the world and of wishing to save militarism instead of throttling it.

Disturbances occurred at the beginning of December. Some Government regiments massacred unarmed manifestants, parading through the streets.

The counter-revolutionary movement became more acute. The Government wished to get rid of the sailors and the Republican guards. They created regiments of volunteers, commanded by officers drawn, for the most part, from the nobility. The Sparticides, about the end of December, held a congress, in the course of which, in order to distinguish themselves from the Independent Socialists who had made common cause with the Majority Socialists, they organized the Communist Party. It was on that occasion that Radek arrived in Berlin as the representative of the Republic of the Russian Soviets.

Radek didn't bring any money, Liebknecht's friends assured me. "It is true," they said, "that Russian funds aided us in preparing the Revolution. But they were brought in during the war, after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, by Joffe, the Bolshevist Ambassador to Berlin. The Sparticide troops didn't draw pay, as has been pretended. They were proletarians who were fighting for an

ideal. That is why they were able to hold in check for many days the mercenaries of the Government, abundantly provided with the materials of modern warfare."

We come now to the Revolution of January. Who prepared it? At whose command was it unleashed? Who directed it?

The Sparticides say that the impulse to it came from *agents provocateurs*. The Government needed riots in order to get rid of Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Eichorn, Ledebour, and all the others who were embarrassing it.

Ebert and Scheidemann demanded the dismissal of Eichorn. This move was made to provoke the working people, who all wanted to have him kept in office as Prefect of Police.

Big demonstrations took place on Sunday, January 5th. The general strike was proclaimed the following day. The manifestations continued. Most of those taking part in them were former soldiers who had retained their arms.

The bourgeois newspapers, accused of misleading public opinion in order to sustain the Majority Government, or even the ancient régime, had exasperated the people. Suddenly their wrath was turned against these newspapers. The offices of the latter were seized and barricaded. It was decided that they should hereafter appear under

the auspices of the people. It was hoped that no blood would flow. Large placards bore the words: "Brothers, don't fire!"

But the *agents provocateurs* interfered. Shots were heard; men fell.

The situation remained confused during the first half of the week. But Noske entered the Government. Troops flowed in. Machine guns, mine throwers, and cannon were put in position.

On Sunday, the 12th, the Sparticides realized that further resistance was hopeless. Those of them in the *Vorwaerts* building sent six unarmed envoys to treat with the besiegers. These envoys were assassinated and the massacres continued.

Liebknecht was always opposed to brute force. But once carried away by the crowd, he had resolved to make one supreme effort to disarm German militarism. That militarism strangled the popular uprising.

Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg then took refuge in a friendly house in Wilmersdorf, in the western section of Berlin. They continued to see some loyal friends there and to publish *Die Rothe Fahne*. On the 15th, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the house was surrounded by the bourgeois guard of Wilmersdorf and the two revolutionaries were arrested.

Liebknecht was taken to a school-house in the

suburb, whence his captors asked for instructions from the Hotel Eden. This hotel was the headquarters of the Cavalry Corps of the Guard, which had taken a very prominent part in suppressing the Sparticide revolt.

At nine o'clock some officers of the bourgeois guard of Wilmersdorf took Liebknecht in an auto to the Hotel Eden. Rosa Luxemburg followed him half an hour later. The two famous revolutionaries were never to see each other again.

THE ASSASSINATION

What is the truth about the drama which was unrolled that night between nine and eleven o'clock? The following morning the newspapers published in their latest news summaries: "It is rumored that Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were arrested."

Vorwaerts alone was positive. It said: "Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg have been arrested."

At noon the *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag* announced, in streamer type: "Liebknecht was shot while trying to escape. Rosa Luxemburg was lynched by a mob."

All the later afternoon editions published a story of the tragedy. It was an official report from the staff of one of the cavalry regiments of the Guard.

Here, in substance, is the most essential passage in that document:

“An enormous crowd was massed in front of the Hotel Eden and wanted to lynch the two Sparticides. In order to protect them from the fury of the populace, it was decided to transport them separately to the Moabit Prison. Liebknecht was taken first. As he seated himself in the auto a man struck him with a stick, wounding him in the head.

“The auto set out at a rapid pace and made a detour through the Thiergarten in order to throw off the mob. The machine broke down. It was necessary to continue on foot to the nearest cab station. As soon as he got out of the auto Liebknecht tried to flee. His guardians fired several shots at him and he fell mortally wounded.”

A note from the police added:

“Last night the body of an unknown man, killed by rifle fire, was brought to the hospital in the Zoölogical Garden. The body was taken to the morgue and was then recognized as that of Karl Liebknecht.”

The elder brother of the revolutionary rushed immediately to the hospital in the Zoölogical Garden, which is situated almost opposite the Hotel Eden, and noticed on the register this entry: “At 11:20 P.M. the body of an unknown man was delivered in a military auto by Lieutenant Lippmann.”

Why were Liebknecht's guardians not more careful in disposing of his body after they had killed him? What about this Lieutenant Lippmann and this military auto? Why this intervention on the part of the staff of the Cavalry Corps of the Guard—a staff composed of Reactionaries—who had nothing at all to do with the examination of the prisoners, which was the affair either of the police, or of the courts, or of the Government? What a strange accident was that break-down in the loneliest part of the Thiergarten, so easily remedied after Liebknecht had been killed? How, finally, could anybody believe in an alleged attempt to escape on the part of a man, alone, wounded, unarmed, who knew that he was surrounded by his worst enemies, their fingers on the triggers of their revolvers, ready to slay him if he should try to get away?

The improbabilities of the official story were patent to everybody. *Die Rothe Fahne*, *Die Freiheit*, *Die Ruhr Zeitung*, and *Die Republik* all denounced what they called a political assassination. Liebknecht's family and the Independent Socialists demanded an extraordinary tribunal to clear up the mystery. They wanted to avoid, at all costs, a hearing before a military tribunal.

But the Government had tied itself up with the staff of the Cavalry Division of the Guard, which

had saved it by crushing the counter-revolution. It resisted as far as it could. The increasing pressure of public opinion finally constrained it to begin an investigation, which was confided to a military tribunal. This inquiry quickly revealed the falsehoods of the official version. The howling mob, on which the whole story was built, never existed. The streets leading to the Hotel Eden were closed and no civilian could get near it.

The wound in Liebknecht's head was not made by the blow of a stick. General Hoffmann, the Commander of the Division, and Captain Petri, his Chief of Staff, were at the Hotel Eden and said when the revolutionary was being taken to the auto: "Is that pig still alive?"

It was then that a soldier struck Liebknecht on the head with the butt of his musket. This brute, whose name was Runge, was to do the same thing to Rosa Luxemburg not many minutes later.

The auto which took Liebknecht to the Thiergarten was driven by a soldier. Six officers of the Cavalry Division of the Guard accompanied him.

After two months of investigation and of cross examination, made under the pressure of public opinion, three of those officers were arrested. They were First Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant Pflug-Hartung, two brothers, and the Lieutenant Lippmann who brought the body of an "unknown"

man to the hospital at the Zoölogical Garden. Captain Vogel, convicted of having incited the soldiers to lynch Rosa Luxemburg, was soon to join them in the Lehrter Street prison.

Now the truth about the whole tragedy is almost too simple to need re-telling.

Liebknecht, the most irascible enemy of militarism, was handed over to the staff of the Cavalry Division of the Guard, to be taken into the Thiergarten and murdered there.

When Lieutenant Lippmann brought the body to the hospital at the Zoölogical Garden, if he didn't make known its identity, that was only in order to gain time in which to embody in an official report, before the newspapers could announce the tribune's death, the gross misrepresentations which have already been noted.

At that hour Rosa Luxemburg had also been murdered by the soldiery.

With Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg disposed of, Ledebour under arrest, and Eichorn in flight, the Ebert-Scheidemann-Noske Government could say to itself that Sparticism had been extinguished.

Nevertheless, ten days later, 100,000 men defiled in sullen silence before the machine guns of the troops. These people were conducting Liebknecht and thirty other revolutionaries to the cemetery

at Friedrichfelde. One coffin was empty—that of Rosa Luxemburg, whose body had not been found.

Was Liebknecht enticed to open revolt through outbreaks fomented by *agents provocateurs*—as his friends say—or was he one of the principal organizers of the counter-revolution, as I am inclined to believe?

One fact, at least, is established. It is that he wanted to set up a Sparticide dictatorship, when the experience of Bolshevist Russia had demonstrated, even to minds most grounded in democracy, all the dangers of that detestable régime.

But ought that error make us forget the nobility of his whole life?

Liebknecht deceived himself; but he at least deceived himself honestly. He believed that the counter-revolution and a proletariat dictatorship were the only means by which to break completely with the past, to snatch forever its arms from the hands of militarism, to throttle absolutely the old order.

His life as a tribune of the people and as a lawyer for the poor contradicts any imputation of vain or self-interested motive.

And in spite of his blunder of August 4, 1914, and of his final blunder, the Entente will cherish the memory of the courageous efforts of the son of

Wilhelm Liebknecht, and of the persecutions which he endured in order to maintain the tradition of his father and to battle against the abominable powers which launched the most horrible of all wars.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ROSA LUXEMBURG

(The Recollections of Luise Kautsky.)

WE know Rosa Luxemburg only as the German newspapers have represented her—or misrepresented her.

For us she is the woman who fought all her life against Prussian imperialism and militarism. But, a fomentor of disorder, she is also the Sparticide whom the mob lynched after the bloody counter-revolution of January. Her final error clouded her whole life. Such is the view of Rosa Luxemburg entertained in the Entente countries.

Luise Kautsky spoke to me of her and there were in her words so much affection, grief, and admiration that I asked myself whether the image of "Red Rosa" had not been distorted?

"Rosa was my best friend," she said to me. "Her fatal error cannot tarnish her memory. She was a noble nature and her life remains an admirable story."

"Are you willing, Madam, to help me write it out?"

My interlocutor hesitated. But her worship of her friend overcame her doubts. So here are the recollections which I noted down one May evening in the salon of Luise Kautsky, who opened her heart to me.

THE LIFE OF AN APOSTLE

At sixteen years Rosa Luxemburg was obliged to flee from her native country, Russian Poland. This child was accused of having participated in a conspiracy against the Czar.

Poor and without friends, she found a refuge in Switzerland. With a will power, which can never be denied her, she determined to forge intellectual weapons which she would put at the service of the people.

Her intellectual ascendancy was manifested even in her school days, when her fellow students spoke of her with the greatest pride. If a problem arose they used to say: "Rosa will solve it." If a philosophical question came up they repeated: "Rosa will know all about it."

Within a few years she took the double degree of Doctor of Law and Doctor of Philosophy.

The Congress of Zurich, in 1893, revealed her

name and made her at one stroke a celebrated personage in the International Socialist world.

She asked to be allowed to speak. The members of the Congress lifted her on a table, so that she could be seen. With her first sentences they realized that the mind of a giant dwelt within that little infirm body. Rosa had had an accident which made her limp noticeably.

This young Polish girl couldn't hope to fight to advantage in Russia. That would have condemned her in advance to life imprisonment. On the other hand, to make her fight in Germany meant exposing herself to being conducted to the frontier and expelled.

She resolved this difficulty by marrying the son of her best friend, a young man by the name of Luebeck. At the door of the Mayor's office the young couple separated; for the marriage had been only a formality for the sake of assuring Rosa Luxemburg German citizenship and the right to work freely in the country of Karl Marx and of Bebel.

Thereafter one met her at all the workingmen's congresses, in which her authority became more and more recognized.

She was exuberant in her activity, and shone both as a debater and as a journalist. But her temperament rebelled against the monotony of regular occupation. Work which was varied and

interrupted and was carried on according to her own mood and fancy, suited her better. She loved to repeat with the poet: "I sing freely, as the birds sing in the trees."

She published books which are considered among the very best examples of Marxian literature: *The Industrial Development of Poland*, *The Mass Strike*, *Social Reform and the Revolution*, *The Accumulation of Capital*.

Rosa was nominated a professor in the Socialist School of Berlin. She gave herself passionately to this priesthood. She, the most irregular, became the most punctual. One might even say that this work of popular education was the greatest enthusiasm of her life. All those who sat at her feet and drank in her words, retain a most vivid and touching memory of that experience. There were some lectures which rose to the sublime. She had, her pupils say, cheeks inflamed, a sybilline look, the inspiration of a poet, and the certitude of a prophet. A mysterious force sustained and transfigured her. At those times she appeared immense and magnificent. She commented on the great masters of socialism and knew how, with an infinitely delicate art, to bring them within the comprehension of the most humble. She led us in their train and carried us along breathless into the Promised Land of the society of the future.

A single lecture by her would inspire will for action and courage for sacrifice.

THE WAR

The war put a brutal end to this work. Rosa took the news deeply to heart.

"On August 4th," she said, "I wanted to take my life; my friends prevented me."

And all those who knew her knew that this was not an empty bit of phrase-making.

A great many of the proletarians whom she had educated so patiently and so passionately and who carried within them her hopes and her ideals, abandoned her, carried away—they too—by the madness of war.

She uttered the first cry of despair and accusation which rang through Germany at a time when the regiments were departing to the sound of fifes and drums, for the conquest of the world, and when fanfares of joy celebrated the first German victories.

"A frightful clamor arose throughout the world," she wrote in 1914, "when Belgium, that precious little jewel of European culture, and the most venerable monuments of the North of France fell in ruins under the assault of a blind destructive power."

But it was her Socialist's heart, especially, which

bled; and with its blood her hopes faded and disappeared.

“It is our strength, our hope which is perishing down there on the battle front—daily, incessantly, like the grass before the scythe. They are the best and the most intelligent, the most highly educated forces of international socialism, the inheritors of our holiest traditions and our most inflexible heroism, the first-line troops of the whole world proletariat.”

“*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*” she cried with ironic rage. “Long live democracy, long live the Czar and the Slavic race, ten thousand tons of rails, twenty thousand bags of coffee, one hundred thousand kilos of bacon, deliverable immediately. Dividends mount, and proletarians fall!”

The pamphlet from which these extracts were taken made a sensation. Rosa Luxemburg, who had previously received several sentences for her attacks on German militarism, was arrested and—in the words of the General Staff—was “placed in security.”

IN PRISON

In her cell this courageous woman checked her despair, recovered her balance and resumed her apostolate.

With Liebknecht, who was also going to be imprisoned; with Mehring, who was dying, and with Clara Zetkin, who was almost blind, she formed that entity, "Spartacus," whose letters were passed around secretly and sowed the first seeds of revolt in the minds of the populace. Moreover, she didn't limit her activity to political work. She translated from the Russian her favorite poet, Korolanko, and the introduction which she wrote to this book, recently published, is counted among the best essays on Russian literature.

For Rosa was not alone an ardent revolutionary, with flaming impulses. She was also an artist of exquisite sensibility; and this less familiar aspect of her character was perhaps the most engaging one.

"Here are the last letters which she sent me from the prisons in Breslau and in Posen," Luise Kautsky said, giving me some sheets covered with a handwriting as fine as if a caress had been traced there. Oh! those beautiful letters—tender, gay, strong, and touching. I wish I could reproduce them all. Here are two taken at hazard:

"MY VERY DEAR ONE,

"Now I should like to be free, to be with you and to have a little talk with you. What are you doing now and how can you live without

The New Germany

your boys? How quiet and empty it must be in your house! My very dear one, don't lose confidence! Don't live like a little frog which has been trodden on! Look about you; we have now—at least it is so here—superb and tender spring days. The nights with the silvered moon are so beautiful! I enjoy them intensely, at dusk in the courtyard of the prison. I walk there in the evening, so as not to see the walls around me. I look at the sky and I thus give myself the illusion of liberty.

“Read something beautiful. Have you something good to read? Write me, please, what you are reading. Perhaps I can send you a beautiful book, or, in any case, can recommend one to you. That will do you good.

“I am up to my ears in geology, which attracts me, enthuses me and makes me happy. I am frightened when I think how short is the span of life ahead of me. There is still so much to learn.

“Very dear one, be calm and strong, be cheerful in spite of everything, and write me soon. I send you kisses.

“Your Rosa.”

And this page of July, 1918, which it is impossible to read without emotion:

“VERY DEAR ONE,

“I got up to-day at half past four. I watched for a long time the little gray clouds of the morning drifting in the deep blue heaven. I watched also the courtyard of the prison, still asleep and tranquil. Then I busied myself with my plants. I gave them fresh water. I arranged in a different way the vases and the glasses, which are continually filled with flowers from the fields.

“And that is how I find myself at six o'clock in the morning, at my table writing a letter to you.

“Ah! my nerves, my poor nerves! I couldn't sleep any longer. I have courage enough to bear everything which concerns me personally, but I lack the courage and the strength to bear the sufferings of others. This state of mind is aggravated when one is a long time in prison.

“But, very dear one, to the devil with such ideas! You must not be saddened by taking me for a woman of little faith. Let us have courage! Let us endure life to the end no matter what comes! Have confidence in me; we shall discuss things together and we shall enjoy, with thankfulness, even the little bit of beauty and the little bit of goodness which remain.

“I send a little flower from a big bouquet which I received recently. I was delighted

with the jasmine flowers in your last letter and I have treasured them. Farewell, very dear one; be good and cheerful. I send you fervent kisses.

“Your Rosa.”

All the correspondence is in the same tone.

“We shall enjoy even the little bit of beauty and the little bit of goodness which remain.” What surprising language in the mouth of a woman whom our imagination has pictured as a wild and bloody terrorist!

THE REVOLUTION

The Revolution, which freed the political prisoners, forgot its most ardent and most courageous apostle. Rosa Luxemburg was not to recover her freedom until fifteen days after Karl Liebknecht had been liberated.

She returned to life after three years and a half in a sepulcher. What upsets! Lenine ruled in Russia; the German people, conquered, had overthrown the old order. Rosa could well believe that the hour for the social revolution had struck.

Was she in favor of terroristic methods? It is permissible to doubt this, since Rosa never declared herself a Bolshevik. Doubtless she ad-

mired Lenine's energy, but she had never approved of all his ideas. Lenine had been a friend of hers for many years. People recall that each of their interviews had given rise to warm discussions, often lasting the entire night.

But the success of the Revolution signified in her eyes the complete abolition of militarism and capitalism. That was the triumph to which she had looked forward all her life.

"The moment for action has arrived," she cried. "We must profit by the opportunity. Better a little rigor in action, even if we make mistakes, than no action at all!"

She founded, with Liebknecht, *Die Rothe Fahne*, which was to lead the revolt of the Sparticide troops against the Government.

At that decisive hour all faces were turned to the future. But Rosa turned hers toward the past, to remember the most abandoned among her companions in misery. Her first article in *Die Rothe Fahne* was an appeal in behalf of her former comrades in the penitentiary.

Here are some lines, weakened by translation, which may give a measure of Rosa Luxemburg's talent.

"We did not wish for amnesty, nor for pardon, in the case of the political prisoners, who

had been the prey of the old order. We demanded the right to liberty, to agitation, to revolution for the hundreds of brave and loyal men who groaned in the jails and in the fortresses because, under the former dictatorship of Imperialist criminals, they had fought for the people, for peace, and for socialism.

“They are all free now.

“We find ourselves again in the ranks, ready for the battle.

“It was not the clique of Scheidemann and his bourgeois allies, with Prince Max of Baden at their head, which liberated us. It was the Proletarian Revolution which made the doors of our casemates spring open.

“But another class of the unfortunate dwellers in those gloomy mansions has been completely forgotten. No one, at present, thinks of the pale and morbid figures which sigh behind prison walls because of offenses against ordinary law.

“Nevertheless these are also the unfortunate victims of the infamous social order against which the Revolution is directed—victims of the Imperialistic war which pushed distress and misery to the very limit of intolerable torture, victims of that frightful butchery of men which let loose all the vilest instincts.

“The justice of the bourgeois classes had again

been like a net, which allowed the voracious mullets to escape, while the little smelts were caught. The forestallers who have realized millions during the war have been acquitted or let off with ridiculous penalties. The little robbers, men and women, have been punished with sentences of Draconian severity.

“Worn out by hunger and cold, in cells which are hardly heated, these derelicts of society await mercy and pity.

“They have waited in vain, for in his preoccupation of making the nations cut one another’s throats and of distributing crowns, the last of the Hohenzollerns forgot these miserable people, and since the Conquest of Liège there has been no amnesty, not even on the official fête day of German slaves, the Kaiser’s birthday.

“The Proletarian Revolution ought now, by a little ray of kindness, to illuminate the gloomy life of the prisons, shorten Draconian sentences, abolish barbarous punishments—the use of manacles and whippings—improve, as far as possible, the medical attention, the food allowance, and the conditions of labor. That is a duty of honor!

“The existing disciplinary system, which is impregnated with brutal class spirit and with capitalistic barbarism, should be radically altered.

“But a complete reform, in harmony with the

spirit of socialism, can be based only on a new economic and social order; for both crime and punishment have, in the last analysis, their roots deep in the organization of society. One radical measure, however, can be taken without any elaborate legal process. Capital punishment, the greatest shame of the ultra-reactionary German code, ought to be done away with at once. Why are there any hesitations on the part of this Government of workmen and soldiers? The noble Beccaria, two hundred years ago, denounced the ignominy of the death penalty. Doesn't its ignominy exist for you, Ledebour, Barth, Daeumig?

"You have no time, you have a thousand cares, a thousand difficulties, a thousand tasks before you? That is true. But mark, watch in hand, how much time would be needed to say: 'Capital punishment is abolished!' Would you argue that on this question also long discussions followed by votes, are necessary? Would you thus lose yourselves in the complications of formalism, in considerations of jurisdiction, in questions of departmental red tape?

"Ah! How German this German Revolution is! How argumentative and pedantic it is! How inelastic, inexpansive, lacking in grandeur!

"The forgotten death penalty is only one little isolated detail. But how precisely the inner spirit,

which governs the Revolution, betrays itself in these little details!

“Let one take up any ordinary history of the Great French Revolution. Let one take up the dry Mignet, for instance.

“Can one read this book except with a beating heart and a burning brow? Can one, after having opened it, at no matter what page, put it aside before one has heard, with bated breath, the last accord of that formidable tragedy? It is like a symphony of Beethoven carried to the gigantic and the grotesque, a tempest thundering on the organ of time, great and superb in its errors as well as in its achievement, in victory as well as in defeat, in the first cry of naïve joyfulness as well as in the final breath.

“And now how is it with us in Germany?

“Everywhere, in the small as in the great, one feels that these are still and always the old and sober citizens of the defunct Social-Democracy, those for whom the badge of membership is everything and the man and the spirit are nothing.

“Let us not forget this, however. The history of the world is not made without grandeur of spirit, without lofty morale, without noble gestures.

“Liebknecht and I, on leaving the hospitable halls which we recently inhabited—he, among his

pale companions in the penitentiary, I with my dear, poor thieves and women of the streets, with whom I have passed, under the same roof, three years and a half of my life—we took this oath as they followed us with their sad eyes: ‘We shall not forget you!’

“We demand of the executive committee of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers an immediate amelioration of the lot of all the prisoners in the German jails!

“We demand the excision of capital punishment from the German penal code!

“During the four years of this slaughter of the peoples blood has flowed in torrents. To-day, each drop of that precious fluid ought to be preserved devotedly in crystal urns.

“Revolutionary activity and profound humanitarianism—they alone are the true breath of socialism.

“A world must be turned upside down. But each tear which flows, when it could have been spared, is an accusation, and he commits a crime who with brutal inadvertency crushes a poor earthworm.”

Can anybody, even apart from any investigation, simply having read this page, in which one feels the pulsation of so great a heart, not ask himself if

a mob could be found blind enough and irritated enough to stone the woman who wrote it?

THE ASSASSINATION

Rosa Luxemburg's fate was thereafter to be linked with that of Karl Liebknecht.

The two revolutionaries lived together during the bloody days of January. When the Revolution failed, they took refuge in the same friendly house in Wilmersdorf. They were both arrested and were conducted, one a half hour later than the other, to the Hotel Eden, where General Hoffmann was established, surrounded by the staff of the Cavalry Corps of the Guard. This Hotel Eden was to be a tomb for both of them. Rosa Luxemburg's end was more tragic, and has remained more of a mystery than Liebknecht's.

The investigation which the Government was obliged to undertake, under the pressure of public opinion, and which had its epilogue before a military tribunal in Berlin, demolished the official report, according to which Rosa was lynched by a mob while being transferred to the Moabit Prison.

The new official version held that after her interrogation, at the moment when the officers were about to put her into an auto, the hussar, Otto Runge—the same who had just assaulted

Liebknecht—struck her a blow with the butt of his musket and fractured her skull. The body was then carried away by officers and thrown into the canal. The military tribunal, which condemned Otto Runge to two years' imprisonment for this double crime, showed itself very parsimonious as to details.

But it has been possible for Rosa Luxemburg's friends to pick up some of the threads of the secret of the Hotel Eden. This is the drama which is supposed to have been enacted there.

The interview between the revolutionary leader and the officers of the Cavalry Division of the Guard was extremely sensational. Rosa assumed the rôle of an accuser. Her answers to their questions were like a prosecutor's address to a court and her terrible charges had the effect of driving these men to uncontrollable fury. Captain Vogel—sentenced afterwards to two years in prison—was particularly beside himself.

What phrases made them see red and hurl themselves on that frail creature?

They struck her with their fists, and dragged her, like a yelping pack of hounds, across the lobby of the hotel. Rosa wore little slippers. One of them was picked up the next day by a soldier and exhibited as a trophy. Otto Runge intervened, with his musket butt raised. Twice the butt fell.

The approaches to the Hotel Eden were barred by troops, from the first days of the Revolution. The street outside was deserted. An auto was standing before the door. Rosa, now unconscious, was thrown into it. An officer put the muzzle of his revolver to her temple and fired. The auto started off at a rapid pace.

Was the body then delivered, at the Zoölogical Garden, to a group of soldiers who were charged with making away with it? Was it burned in the furnace of a central heating plant, as some have said? Was it thrown into the canal, as was testified at the trial?

On January 15th, 100,000 men conducted the bodies of Liebknecht and thirty other revolutionaries to the cemetery at Friedrichfelde. One of the coffins was empty—Rosa Luxemburg's. But in that coffin the people interred something of their hearts and their hopes.

It was only five months later that a woman's body, taken from the Landwehr canal, was identified as that of Rosa Luxemburg.

The workmen of Berlin suspended work, the day of the funeral, to follow the woman who had loved them so much and given her life for them, to the spot of earth where she now reposes, beside the man who was her companion in revolt, misery, and misfortune.

Rosa Luxemburg deceived herself. She realized—even at the Communist Congress in December—that she had underestimated the ripeness of the German democracy. She launched the populace prematurely into the struggle for final victory. But she paid for that blunder with her life; and when victory eluded her she fell bravely, proudly, as a vanquished general ought to fall.

“RED ROSA”

The letters which I have reproduced reveal an unsuspected side of the character of the woman whom they call “Red Rosa.”

For Rosa Luxemburg was not merely an idea, an impulse, a will. She was also an artist and a woman—a simple, suffering, passionate woman. The legend which says that she died a virgin is only a legend.

She had a childlike naïveté; she delighted to laugh and play; she was fond of the theater; she went into the country and led there the life of a student on vacation. She sang prettily and loved music, especially Mozart and Beethoven—never Wagner.

Her conversation was full of charm, for Rosa combined with a vast erudition a lively sense of humor and she poured out lavishly the treasures of her mind.

She had many friends. She listened attentively to their grievances and sympathized with them in their misfortunes. Whoever made her a confidant, came away with a sense of inner warmth and comfort, for she knew how to detect and to revive the fire which slumbers in the depths of every human being, even the most despairing.

She admired the German Socialist organization, but she was never German at heart. Her affection turned loyally to her brethren in Poland. Her sympathies went out to the French. She had spent two years in Paris, as a poor student, and she loved to recall those years.

Her pen and her lectures were her only means of support. She worked always for the Cause, never for money. But she understood how to practice in person the communism which she taught to others. The little which she possessed belonged to her friends. She found it also perfectly natural to go and knock at their doors for what she needed, but didn't have.

Some aided her discreetly. She even came into a modest competency, for one of her disciples willed her a small estate.

Rosa had long lived in family boarding houses. Afterwards, she took an apartment, which her intimate friends furnished for her. She loved beautiful furniture, which she arranged with the

most scrupulous taste. She was surrounded with souvenirs. She had many engravings and a bust of Voltaire.

She employed a maid, who was tall and strong. "If I am nothing but a mouse," she said, "I want to have about me a big fine girl."

Her marriage was only a formality. But her friends knew that she had a real romance, of which it is allowable to speak, now that the man who inspired it has gone to rejoin her—he, too, murdered, in a German jail.

This man, who had a great influence over Rosa, was a Polish revolutionary, hunted down in his own country and deported to the penal settlements of Siberia. Having escaped to Germany, he was caught there, taken to the frontier and expelled. People never knew him by any other name than "Leo." His whole life was spent in the shadow. But those who came in contact with him spoke of him with admiration.

For several years he published clandestinely a Polish review. It was he who edited, from the background, *Die Rothe Fahne*. And for a time it was he, also, who held in his hands all the threads of the revolutionary organization.

When Rosa was murdered he became indifferent to life and no longer kept in hiding.

Early in April he was arrested and taken to the

Moabit prison. A Berlin lawyer, Kurt Rosenfeld, saw him there and talked with him for a few minutes.

Two hours later "Leo" was no longer alive. Kollwitz, the painter, who made a striking portrait of Liebknecht after his assassination, went to the prison to sketch Leo's beautiful, Christlike head. He found only a horrible visage, swollen and bleeding. The Moabit prison, under the German Republic, has kept the secret of this tragedy, as the Russian prisons under the Czarist terrorism used to keep their secrets.

Such were the life and the romance of "Red Rosa."

The revolutionary who succeeds is a liberator. The revolutionary who fails is a disturber of public order.

Rosa Luxemburg was a loser in the game. The calumnies of her enemies—which we adopted—have done the rest. But the future will undoubtedly rehabilitate her and the proletariat will recognize in her one of the finest and sincerest figures of the German Revolution.

Rosa Luxemburg

CHAPTER XXIX

MY VISIT TO KRUPP'S

ESSEN, the infernal city which forged the arms of the Empire; Essen, the cave of the Titans, whence issued the 420s which pulverized our forts and the "Berthas" which bombarded Paris—Essen has ceased its work of destruction and death. It now awaits the word of the Allies to begin a work of reparation, to try to give back to the world what it needs for reconstruction and life.

From my window in Barmen, where I was to take the workmen's early morning train, I patiently searched the skies, looking for the red breath from the tall chimneys. And the skies told me that the inferno was extinct.

I visited the Krupp works. For two long days I traversed immense halls in which a silence of death reigned. I saw innumerable machines which had stopped as if at the waving of a magic wand, which might have been a marshal's bâton.

Even where work continued it seemed to me that the hammers were weary and that the great

machinery turned at slackened speed, as though a sense of inertness had fallen on men and things.

No more cannon; no more shells. A single war shop was open. It, too, was engaged in a work of peace. Some cannon were being put in condition for delivery to the Entente. I think that I never realized better than I did here the full extent of our victory.

In the gloomy days of the war, when we had to withstand the weight of a heavy artillery and of large-range batteries to which we had nothing to oppose, our imagination often carried us to Essen, and we tried to estimate the army of workers which was necessary to assure the combatant army so formidable an armament.

To-day these questions have ceased to trouble us. They belong, rather, to History. But here are some of the answers I was able to obtain.

On August 1, 1914, Krupp's employed 42,000 workmen. During the war 70,000 workers were added, men and women. To-day the personnel is what it was before the war.

The proportion of woman workers was about 30 per cent.

The plant turned out, during the fifty-two months of the war, more than 40,000 cannon of all calibers—from the 77s to the 420s. This was an average of a cannon an hour.

No exact count of the shells made is available. The rate of production increased constantly and finally reached 2,500,000 projectiles a month.

"Our people worked ten hours a day, with a zeal and patriotism which have never been challenged," said Herr Wittfeld, the director general of the establishment. "A general strike was called in Germany, at the beginning of 1917. Our personnel refused to take part in the movement. In an army of more than 110,000 workers we had only four hundred strikers. And they were out only one day."

These statements were confirmed by Dr. Luther, the young Oberbürgermeister of Essen.

"We are in the center of the greatest industrial region in Germany," he explained. "Labor disturbances are frequent in this section.

"Now, all the newspaper correspondents live here and send their telegrams from here. A strike can't occur at Bochum, Dortmund, Remscheid, or Duisburg without its passing in the outside world as having occurred at Essen.

"In fact, a distinction should be drawn between mining labor (there are twenty mines in this neighborhood), which is turbulent, strikes often, and makes extreme demands, and factory labor, which is tranquil, hard working, and satisfied with its lot.

"The miners, who have an eight-hour day, have

just held a congress, in the course of which they passed a resolution demanding a seven-hour day, from May 1st, next, and a six-hour day, from January 1st, 1920.

"The factory workers now have the eight-hour day, too. The average of their wages, which was thirteen marks during the war, has risen to eighteen marks. But these changes came in the train of the Revolution. The workers here did nothing to bring them about. For Essen—a city of 500,000 inhabitants—had no part in the Revolution," my interlocutor added, with a note of pride in his voice.

It is true that the welfare of the workers has always been the great preoccupation of the Krupp management. That much justice must be done it.

Social welfare works abound—homes for the superannuated, attractive, well-built houses for the workers, general stores, lying-in hospitals, children's playgrounds, schools, ordinary hospitals.

During the war the greatest sacrifices were made to keep the workers well fed, and to-day the Krupp general stores are perhaps the best stocked in Germany.

This foresight explains the indifference and tranquillity of Essen in the midst of the revolutionary flare-up.

Nevertheless, if the patriotism of the employees was so strong and so unquestioned, why did the

Emperor think it necessary to visit the plant on September 9 and 10, 1918, and to make a long speech to the workers on that occasion?

The question seemed a natural one to ask. This was Herr Wittfeld's answer:

"At that time the first symptoms of demoralization were appearing. The war was too prolonged: privations were too great. Weakened organisms couldn't perform the work demanded of them.

"The Emperor realized the gravity of the situation and the need of speaking to Germany's working army. He chose our plant to make his speech in because he considered it the most suitable tribune from which to address the laboring masses."

"Krupp's, the fabricator of war materials, is thought to have incited the war. The statements to that effect made by Dr. Mühlön, one of your former directors, are very explicit."

"Dr. Mühlön was a pacifist," Herr Wittfeld objected. "Pacifists see realities only as they are colored by their generous-minded dreams.

"Moreover, it is error to think that our establishment is a war materials plant. Before the war the manufacture of arms was scarcely seven per cent. of our total production, which comprised wheels, axles, gears, rails, etc."

"Wasn't the war the most critical period through which your establishment ever passed?"

"Here are our balances," said the director. "For the three years preceding the war our dividends were seven, ten, and fourteen per cent. During the war they were ten and twelve per cent. and then fell away to nothing."

"But wouldn't it be right to add that the establishment has been materially enlarged and that the earnings have amortized a great deal of new construction?"

"That is correct. But the enlargement of the plant was due to the requirements of war work, and we now have immense shops which must remain empty."

I went through those shops and I measured with a glance the one in which battleship turrets were constructed. It seemed to me the most colossal hall in the world.

Everywhere I looked for cannon. I found some in only one shop, and they were old guns which were being repaired for delivery to the Allies. With that exception, work was being done only on locomotives and cars.

I noticed no traces of the effects of aerial bombardments.

"We had only two serious bombardments," they told me. "And even they did us no particular

damage. Now and then an aviator ventured alone over the city. A bomb hit one of the buildings, without injuring it to any great extent."

Essen was defended by ten anti-aircraft batteries. The working force maintained a strict attack discipline. The concrete floors furnished excellent shelter.

"How about the cannon which bombarded Paris?"

The director laughed, as if he were astonished that I had delayed so long asking that question.

"The idea of that cannon," he said, "grew out of our desire to fire on London, if our armies succeeded in taking Calais. The problem was complex. Many technicians worked on it, without knowing exactly the purpose of the investigations we charged them with. It was the artillery engineer Rosenberger who deserves the greatest share of the credit for a successful solution."

"I should like to see Herr Rosenberger," I said.

"That will be difficult."

Herr Wittfeld turned to his telephone and transmitted my request to the engineer officer.

"It's impossible," he said, finally. "Herr Rosenberger refuses to see anybody. He doesn't want to talk to anyone about his cannon. Besides, he is going to leave our establishment."

It is perfectly true that this long-range gun

had no military value. It merely murdered women and children. Did Herr Rosenberger feel remorse? Were his nights troubled with phantoms?

"This cannon didn't involve any new theory of construction," said Herr Wittfeld. "It is a cannon, like all the others—simply longer and with greater powers of resistance. Its caliber was twenty-one centimeters. Its length was about twenty-one meters. The projectile started with an initial velocity of about 1500 meters. The success of the experiment was due to good planning, good construction, and good materials."

I wasn't able to obtain details as to the number of pieces turned out or as to the future which they thought a gun of this sort would have.

"We made only a few," they told me. "These pieces were expected to produce only a moral effect. They couldn't discharge many projectiles. The barrel had to be taken off very soon and sent back to Essen. That is why the caliber was changed several times in the course of the bombardment of Paris."

It is worth noting that the secret of the enterprise was so well kept that some of the directors were ignorant of the existence of those famous guns up to the day when they discharged their first shells.

At Krupp's the belief in victory must have been stronger than anywhere else in Germany.

This establishment took pride in its power. It was in the secrets of the gods. It prepared the war.

Its dream of hegemony has been shattered.

Now the orders come in no longer and the pay roll entails enormous deficits.

The chief furnaces are at Rheinhausen, on the left bank of the Rhine, in territory occupied by the Belgians.

Permission to operate them must be asked of General Michel. So a general of the martyred nation whose industry Germany destroyed is to decide whether the machinery of the greatest plant in Germany may continue to turn or must cease turning.

Is there such a thing as Justice in this world?

The future of the plant is very uncertain. The Allies control the output of the establishment. It must submit, although sulkily.

What will become of all those machines which were used to make shells or to bore cannon?

"Part of them can be transformed," says Krupp's, which seems to hide its face before the redoubtable problems of to-morrow.

When he assumed the functions of Oberbürgermeister, in July, 1918, Dr. Luther said: "I hope that Essen will soon cease its war work to undertake, with all its productive power, the labors of peace."

That wish, which a victory for the central empires would never have brought to realization, is to be realized through the victory of our armies.

Whatever Herr Wittfeld may say, Krupp's, the war plant, has ended its monstrous work.

The time is close at hand when its streams of steel will not presage other streams of blood and when the multiplied din of its hammers will be only a mighty hymn of labor and peace.

CHAPTER XXX

GERMANY AND BOLSHEVISM

THE Germans made use of Bolshevism from the first day of the armistice. They have exhibited, with a suspicious complacence, all the disorders of their social life, as a victim of some repulsive disease would exhibit the pustules which cover his body.

“Look at the ravages of this scourge from the East,” they said. “Give us, O Allied nations, some saving remedy or we shall succumb to it.”

Being skeptical, the Allied nations merely shrugged their shoulders.

Didn't Germany begin by aiding Bolshevism, when she wanted to hasten the Russian débâcle and thus serve her own military ends? If she suffers now, she suffers from her own sin. There is no reason why we should be greatly moved by her present plight.

Moreover, what, speaking exactly, is this Bolshevism? Russia is far away and the information which comes to us is confused and contradictory.

Isn't it simply a scarecrow, employed by the German Republic in the hope of breaking into the Society of Nations?

Perhaps, for the Germans Bolshevism is only a means to an end. But if Ebert, Scheidemann and Company have utilized it with great ability, I believe, nevertheless, that everybody who has traveled in Russia, Germany, or Austria and everybody whose mind is awake and who hears and sees what is going on in our own countries, must have realized the existence of a genuine menace.

We cannot ignore this situation. We shall commit a grave error in under-valuing the danger. We may allow ourselves to be caught napping and the consequences of our blunder would then be incalculable.

OSTHILFS

Resistance to Bolshevism is slow in organizing in a country as much upset as Germany.

Only private initiative can be depended upon. The Government had already too much on its hands to give more than a moral approval.

An association was founded—Osthilfs—which collected funds, recruited volunteers to fight the Red Guards, and conducted propaganda through newspapers, pamphlets, and posters. Berlin and

the principal cities of the East were plastered over with the most imaginative placards.

The committee of the Osthilfs association met to receive me and furnish me with the information I wanted to obtain. On it were Doctor Vollbehr, the president; Herr Dulong, the vice-president; Herr Joffe, the secretary and treasurer, and Herr Schmidt-Ernsthausen, an honorary consul, who had just arrived from Buda-Pest.

All these Germans had traveled a good deal. All of them had lived in Entente countries. I owe it to truth to say that their mental outlook appeared to be much broader, clearer, and more dispassionate than that of certain Pan-Germans whom I encountered.

"I am a German," said Herr Vollbehr, "and am deeply attached to my country. I deplore the misfortunes which have overwhelmed it and the causes which led to those misfortunes.

"But let us put aside the war. We have each his own point of view, and those points of view are undoubtedly different. Let us avoid the issues which separate us and deal, as internationalists, with the question of Bolshevism."

"I should like to begin," I said, "by reaching some exact definition of Bolshevism. Many people are talking about Bolshevism, but few know what it means."

That was, in fact, the question which faced us at the opening of our conference. The term Bolshevism has come to be used in a very elastic sense. It has ended by embracing about everything that we dislike. It means socialism to some, communism to others, anarchy to all.

Nevertheless, Bolshevism has its doctrine and its method; and perhaps the secret of its success lies, in part, in our very ignorance of it.

A long discussion ensued. Germans are extremely prolix. The first Congress of all the Soviet councils in Russia couldn't have had more trouble in drawing up a charter of Bolshevism than the committee of the Osthilfs association had in answering my question.

WHAT IS BOLSHEVISM?

If I can depend on what they told me, Bolshevism is characterized by its negative conception of the world. Bolshevism says "no" to everything the human mind has evolved. It is, in brief, the Adversary. It is the anti-Homo. Whatever is above the mass excites its horror.

Lenine defined it thus: "The party of the proletarians who know nothing and of the peasants who own nothing."

The Bolshevik is the enemy of the State and of

all the forms through which the State operates. It is anti-monarchical and anti-parliamentarian. The old-fashioned parliament is, in its view, only a futile debating society. The Soviet or the government of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils has replaced it. The executive and legislative powers have been reunited. The Councils are the representatives of the working people.

Article 64 of the constitution provides that the right to vote shall belong to "all men and women of eighteen years or over, who make a living by labor which is productive or of common utility, including also the soldiers of the Red Army and those persons who have renounced actual productive labor in order to serve the Republic."

Article 65 enumerates those who may neither vote nor be elected to office: heads of enterprises, persons with incomes derived from investments, merchants, ecclesiastics, domestic servants, former police agents, members of the former dynasty, the insane and ordinary criminals.

The State, the Bolsheviks say, is an institution, supported by force, whose aim is the oppression of one class by another. Its weapons are the army and the bureaucracy.

At present the bourgeoisie controls by force in the Western countries.

The proletariat ought to destroy the bourgeoisie.

Its method will be to oppose force to force, to disarm the army and arm the people, to reduce the bureaucracy, so far as that is possible, to an organism dependent on the proletariat.

During the Revolutionary era the means employed must be those of civil war. And for the same reason that Bolshevism seizes the arms and munitions of the enemy, it is also imperative to suppress bourgeois newspapers and assemblages. Since the bourgeoisie will not surrender its rights without a fight, civil war is inevitable.

Bolshevism even considers war a necessary incident to life. The wars of the past arrayed nation against nation. Those of the future will array class against class.

A Red Army must be created for the purpose of defending the proletariat against the bourgeoisie.

The Bolshevik constitution provides for obligatory military service. "The honorable right of protecting the Revolution, arms in hand," it says, "belongs exclusively to the working class. But the non-laboring elements must fulfill other military obligations. The officers' corps is to be composed of former 'specialists' and of new proletarian officers."

Last December Bucharin declared: "The future will be a long period of revolutionary wars between the imperialistic and the proletarian elements. If

we have five millions under arms, instead of one million, we shall begin an offensive war next spring."

To sum up, Bolshevism may be described in these terms: "A proletariat dictatorship established and maintained by working class terrorism."

THE COMMON PERIL

Must Bolshevism be likened to the Yellow Peril? The presence of Chinese in the Red Guard might suggest such a comparison. "We don't believe there is any direct participation by China or Japan in this movement," the Osthilfs committee told me. "The only information we have bearing on that point is that Lenine and Trotzky are surrounded by a Guard Corps, composed of Chinese and Koreans. These two men have no confidence in their own soldiers. They want people about them who don't understand the Russian language and who can't get into communication with the people."

"How about the Sparticides?"

"Sparticism is only another name for Bolshevism. Its practitioners didn't want to accept the Bolshevik label, because it is in bad odor here.

"But Lenine directed the movement in Ger-

many, just as he pulled the strings for the insurrection in Buda-Pest.

“After Brest-Litovsk millions of roubles were brought in here by Joffe, the Bolshevik Ambassador to Berlin. Haase and Cohen were commissioned to distribute the money to those who were preparing the Revolution of November.

“After the troubles in January more than two hundred millions were disbursed in Silesia and in the Eastern provinces. But the German Government issued a decree forbidding the circulation of Russian money and was able to seize large quantities of paper notes, which were burned.

“Now the Bolsheviks are compelled to obtain marks in neutral countries, to be used in Germany to buy up followers and support agitation.

“Moreover, their campaign of aggression isn't confined to our country. Russian gold is being scattered lavishly everywhere. Lenine has established in Moscow a school for the propagandists whom he sends throughout the world to preach the new crusade.

“An intense propaganda is being conducted at this moment in Egypt and in India, because the peoples there are oppressed, and discontented peoples offer the best soil for the cultivation of Bolshevism.

“Poland was energetically exploited and was

already gravely infected when the country's resurrection re-awakened national sentiment, which silenced all Bolshevist appeals.

“Of the Entente nations Italy, Belgium, and France are the most directly menaced. The danger is less in England, for England is an island and the Englishman is before everything else an Englishman. Lenine says to the workers: ‘Be first Bolshevists and after that Germans, Frenchmen, or Belgians.’

“Your peoples have to-day the satisfied feeling which comes with victory. But when they see that the peace hasn't brought them the advantages which they hoped for, and that the vanquished are unable, even if they submit to perpetual enslavement, to restore to the victors the prosperity which the latter enjoyed before the war, then the workers of the Entente countries will soon forget that they are Belgian, Frenchmen, or Italians. They will likewise turn against capitalism and destroy every existing form of government.

“There is a common danger, and the appeal which William II made some years ago when he warned us against the Yellow Peril: ‘Nations of Europe, guard your sacred possessions!’ applies with increased emphasis, to the Bolshevist peril.

“It isn't necessary to be a prophet. One has merely to open his eyes. Russia is in ashes.

Hungary is aflame. The conflagration is spreading in Bavaria. Break down the German fire wall, and to-morrow Europe will be on fire."

COUNTER-ACTION

"Will you," I said to the Osthilfs committee, "outline your plan of action against Bolshevism?"

"We have a triple aim: the publication of the truth, counter-action, and joint responsibility. We wish first to open all minds to the danger of Bolshevism. With this aim we publish a weekly journal, *Welt-Echo*, which sets forth the terrible situation in the regions which are a prey to this scourge. We also publish pamphlets and put up posters which are designed to impress the masses, even the most ignorant—precisely those to whom Lenine's emissaries address themselves.

"We recruit volunteers and send them to the points on our frontier which are the most threatened. On certain days our appeals occupy the fourth pages of all the Berlin newspapers. That means an outlay each time of 50,000 marks. Recruits come in slowly. We have been able so far to enroll only 40,000 men. We ought to have ten times that many.

"However, we do not despair of making all the civilized nations understand the necessity of joint

responsibility, for the purpose of reaching the only solution which can save us all: common action against a common peril."

"What form do you think this common action should take?"

"The war has exhausted Germany. The peace is bleeding us white. We no longer have the physical and moral resiliency which is needed to conduct a victorious campaign.

"The Allies ought now themselves to strengthen the German rampart, which is being worn away, is cracking, and is ready to crumble. It is necessary to put an end to the famine in East Prussia, in Upper Silesia, in the industrial centers and in the great cities like Berlin, Frankfort, and Munich; for it is more difficult to excite to revolt a people which is well-fed than a people which is starving.

"Clothing should be sent into East Prussia, where there is a total lack of it.

"Raw materials should be delivered to us, so as to allow us to give work to the unemployed.

"Finally, it is necessary that we should ask the Allies for the financial aid which, up to now, we have sought only from our compatriots."

Doctor Vollbehr handed me an appeal from the Osthilfs association, countersigned by Noske, the Minister of War, and by Hirsch, the President of the Landtag. It said, in substance: "He who

cannot offer his personal services to save the country ought to contribute money for the volunteer troops in the East, in order to facilitate their difficult task and keep them satisfied."

"I have said," my interlocutor added, "that it would be necessary to oppose four or five thousand men to the fifteen hundred thousand Red Guards of Lenine's Government. I hope that German patriotism is still strong enough to enable us to recruit that number."

"On condition that the Allies permit it," I couldn't help objecting. The idea of getting the Entente to raise and support a German army of half a million men seemed to me singularly paradoxical.

"Yes, that seems paradoxical because you say to yourselves that this army may be turned against you. As if we hadn't discarded forever our militarism, so far as the Entente is concerned!" cried Dr. Vollbehr. "As if any power inside Germany were still capable of mobilizing our working people for a war; as if all the Socialists, all the Democrats, all the people wouldn't rise *en masse*, to protest against so foolish and criminal an enterprise!"

"But putting aside any aggressive intention on your part, I am astonished that you should propose a solution which would impose on yourselves alone the raising of so many men. Wouldn't it be sim-

pler and more logical to plan for the intervention of an international army, thus converting into a reality, what you have described as 'a common effort against a common danger'?"

"That would be, in fact, the simplest solution for us. But it would also be the most dangerous for all, since your regiments would not long escape contamination. That is what has just happened in the case of an American regiment, which had to be hurriedly withdrawn from Russia."

"But wouldn't the Bolshevist contagion also menace your troops, if it would menace ours?"

"The danger is less, since our troops are composed of volunteers, who have enlisted from patriotic motives and who are more conscious than the soldiers of the Entente are of the imminent peril which threatens their homes.

"In fact," the President of the Osthilfs association concluded, "your age-long suspicion of Germany hypnotizes you. You want to keep your eyes only on the illusory peril of German power, which has been stricken down. You don't see the true and the only danger which confronts you. That is Bolshevism."

LET US DEFEND OURSELVES!

I have tried to report faithfully my interview with those who are conducting the German fight

against Bolshevism. I don't believe that the Allies will accept all of Doctor Vollbehr's suggestions. But we should commit an error which might be fatal to us, if we disregarded much longer the peril of which he has given us notice.

If a man tries to set fire to his neighbor's house, or even if the neighbor wishes to set fire to it himself, we would intervene, were it only in self-interest, because the fire might spread to our own house.

That is about what is happening in Europe—only nobody intervenes.

Undoubtedly the information we get from Russia is confused, and is, perhaps, tainted, in part, with propaganda. But it is undeniable that the régime which has been established there is a detestable régime; that in six months the country has been stripped of seventy million inhabitants, and that it is dying slowly from disorder and idleness. It is also undeniable that the evil is contagious, and that after the terrible blood-letting which it has suffered the great social body is an enfeebled organism, lacking its former power to resist destructive microbes.

The Society of Nations, an Entente diplomat said recently, will be a bourgeois Holy Alliance against Bolshevism.

But this bourgeois Holy Alliance would soon see

arrayed against it a working class Holy Alliance; and we have not come out of the war of nations in order to drop back again into the war of classes with which Bucharin has threatened us.

So it will be necessary to discover some other formula of international solidarity against tyranny and disorder.

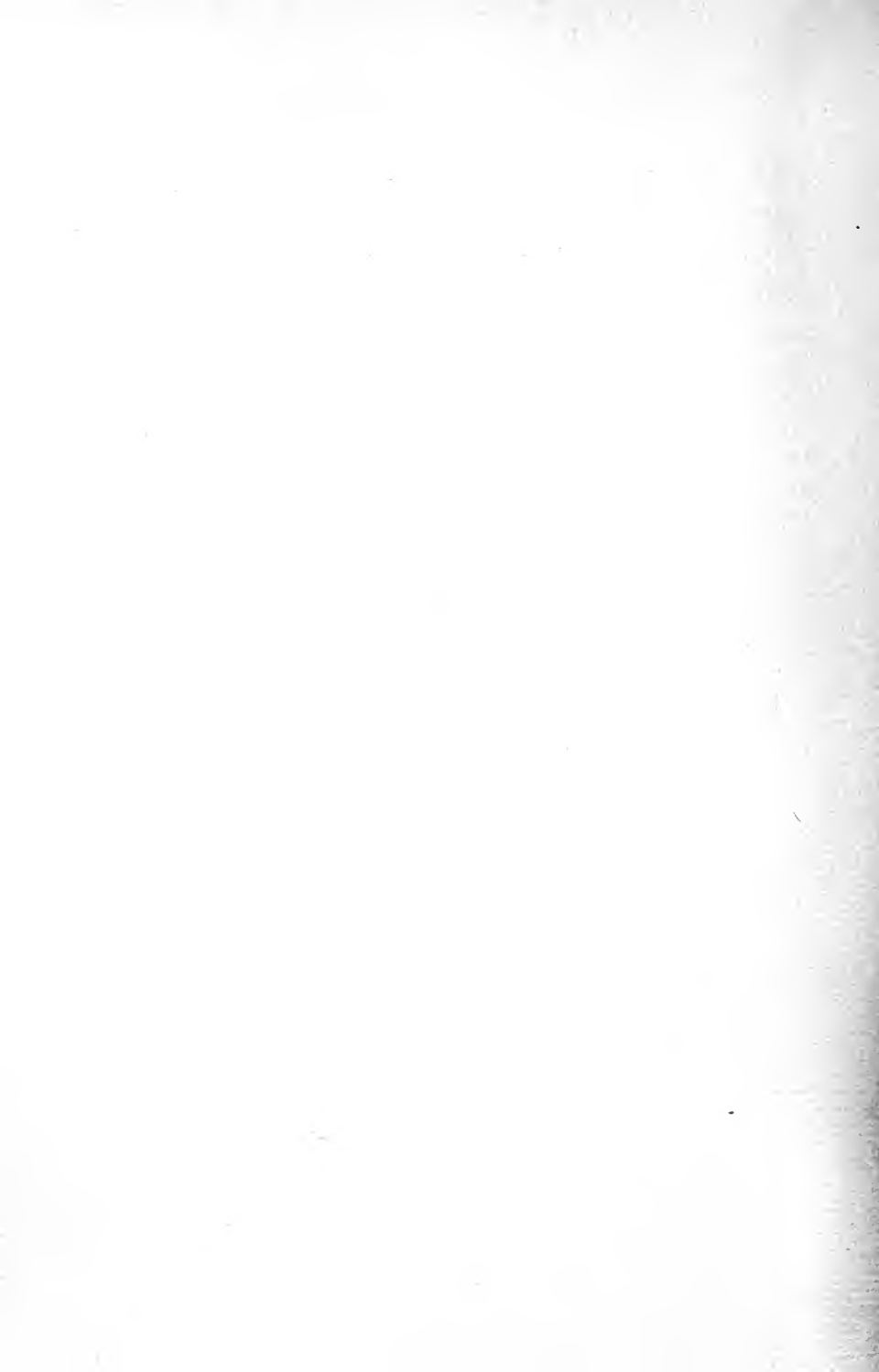
If we don't want to go and stamp out the fire which is devouring Russia, whose flames have already started other fires and whose smoke covers and darkens all countries; if we believe that the fire will extinguish itself, after everything is burned up, it is necessary, none the less, that we isolate the conflagration, seeing to it that it doesn't spread, and maintaining Germany as a protection between it and us.

*Völker Europas, mehret
Eure heiligsten Güter!
Vernunftsfrieden,
kein Gemaltsfrieden!
sonst stürzt ganz Europa
ins Chaos-!!*

*Berlin
18/IV 19.* *Karl H. F. Vollenbr.*

“Nations of Europe, guard your most sacred possessions.

“A peace of reason: no peace of violence. Otherwise all Europe will plunge into chaos.”



Conclusions



CHAPTER XXXI

GERMANY AND THE WAR

It is very difficult to disengage from the mass of testimony which I collected Germany's sincere opinion about the war.

Excepting Bernstein, Haase, Kautsky, and Harden, who speak the language of reason, most of the witnesses, even some of the actors in the great drama, persist in throwing the responsibility on France, on England, and on Russia.

According to them, France pursued a policy of revenge. England only awaited the opportunity to strike down a rival. As to Russia, it was she who was the aggressor. They don't know why—perhaps, as Liebermann said, it was to find a heroic solution of her domestic difficulties.

Hugo Stinnes, alone (and by inference, perhaps, Ballin) exonerates Albion from all culpability.

In general, these Germans are willing to concede that Germany's record was not absolutely spotless. But she, in their view, committed no other faults than those of having had a boastful Emperor and

a maladroit diplomacy—peccadillos really too insignificant to be counted among the determining causes of the war.

Finally, by way of paradox, there are the ancient champions of Pan-Germanism and Militarism—the Helfferichs, the Reventlows, the Klucks, and the Klewitzes—who entirely exonerate Germany and proclaim her as innocent as a new-born lamb.

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I ought now, in making a summary of my investigation, to refer also to conversations which I had with Germans who are neither diplomats, nor ministers, nor great industrials, nor great financiers, but simply ordinary people, city people and country people.

With them, at least, it was possible to get somewhere near the bottom of their thoughts; for the simpler the individual is, the less able he is to dissimulate.

Here is the factory workman, whom the ultimatum of 1914 drew from his anvil or his bench to put him behind a machine gun or a cannon. And here is the peasant, whom the war took from the fields to send him into the trenches.

We have known these combat soldiers, who were animated by a curious mixture of material longings and vague idealism.

For *Deutschland über alles*, once war was de-

clared, was very much in their minds, whatever Graf Reventlow may say—that is, the destruction of the Empire's enemies, the world reign of *Unser Kaiser*, overlordship over a subject Europe.

Then we see the placid clerk, already middle-aged, a landsturm man, who felt irresistibly developing in him the soul of a torturer; or the merchant, a good paterfamilias, who became a pillager and a vandal. Both have returned from the war disillusioned, with a sense of gloom and weariness, which darkens their lives.

I found them all thus—those from the front and those from the rear—dumbfounded, as if they had just come out of a nightmare, without remorse, astonished at the hatred which the world feels toward them.

The German people have cursed their former masters. But we mustn't be deceived by that. It is a malediction without grandeur—not for the crime itself, but for the sufferings which the crime brought in its train.

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In the view of this nation of 70,000,000 souls, the truth is very simple: Germany fought a war of defence. She had become too powerful and too rich. England's envy and France's rancor conspired to bring about her downfall. And these people continue to believe, with an unshakable

conviction, in all the cynical window-dressing at the beginning of the war: French aviators bombarded Nuremberg on August 1, 1914; French physicians were caught poisoning the wells of Metz with cholera bacilli; the "red legs" invaded Luxemburg.

They are beginning to-day, it is true, to see through the grosser deceptions and to adopt the argument of a "preventive war": the Allies had forged about Germany a fatal circle and it was a case of now or never, if that circle was to be broken by force of arms. But even this argument is advanced only by a minority.

So one must admit, in the end, that this great, thick-headed people, so inexperienced in politics, trained to obedience, capable of accepting beliefs on order, continues to be deceived, as it alone could be deceived.

The Revolution dethroned the Emperor and abolished the "goose step." It couldn't suddenly cure Germany of her defects and give her a critical spirit.

Scheidemann, Bauer and Company haven't the courage to confess a crime in which they were also involved. They remain, as Bernstein said, the prisoners of their earlier votes.

The governments of the Republic repeat the falsehoods of the governments of the Empire. The great mass is still duped by those falsehoods.

The Entente acts as a judge confronting a criminal. The criminal believes that he is innocent and that he is being punished by a criminal.

This tragic misunderstanding explains Germany's actions and attitude. So long as it persists, it will preclude the possibility of a sincere reconciliation.

CHAPTER XXXII

GERMANY AND THE ATROCITIES

ONE will search vainly in these pages for the words of disavowal and repentance which ought to be spoken with regard to the barbarous methods inaugurated by the German General Staff—the use of poison gas, the bombardment of open cities, the murders and deportations of civilians, the inhuman treatment of prisoners, the submarine war.

The Independent Socialists are almost alone in recognizing these crimes, which, for that matter, justified the anti-militaristic theories which cost them so much persecution before the war.

For one Harden, who to-day bows his head, or one Rathenau, whom we find on the road to Damascus, we hear ten or twenty voices raised to deny—or what is worse—to attempt to justify those abominable crimes.

And I am not speaking of the bloody authors of those atrocities—the Boehns, the Klucks, the Klewitzes, who, educated, or miseducated, in the worship of the Might-makes-Right doctrine, have

renounced all humanitarianism to become only pathological phenomena, and who don't even to-day comprehend the charges which are brought against them.

The answer of Liebermann, who put his hand on my shoulder and asked me with paternal indulgence: "What? Do you believe that? I shall never believe it," or the skepticism of Sudermann, taxing our accounts with exaggeration and adding, "We, too, fell into the same ditch when the Russians invaded our Eastern provinces"—they sum up the sentiment of an immense majority of Germans, even of Germans who are sincere and enlightened.

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The people didn't know about the crimes committed by the army because the General Staff didn't want them to know about them.

Undoubtedly the censorship wasn't able to clamp the lid down completely on the massacres and the incendiarism perpetrated by the invading forces. But such doctored accounts as appeared were always followed by "White Books," which established by forced testimony and "official" documents that the soldiers were attacked by francs-tireurs and—supreme horror—that Belgian women were caught plucking out the eyes of wounded German soldiers. Such abominations would, naturally, justify reprisals.

If one gives credit to all the General Staff's publications, which the people accepted as gospel, the Zeppelin and airplane bombardments of open cities were always in retaliation for bombardments of German cities.

The submarine was justified by the implacable blockade which "condemned all the non-combatants in Germany to famine." Moreover, that warfare was conducted with discrimination, and if the *Lusitania* had to be sunk, it was because she was loaded with munitions and cannon.

All the other brutalities—the violation of Belgian neutrality, the use of asphyxiating gases, the deportation of civilians—may have been political blunders, but do not require the least repentance.

"It was impossible to observe the Hague conventions in modern war, especially in such a war," said Graf Reventlow, who added, later on: "In our situation, which was nearly desperate from the beginning, we had to sacrifice to the safety of the Fatherland every other consideration, no matter what." That was the gospel of the Germany of yesterday: The end justifies the means.

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To-day the German soldier has degraded his officers. He sports a red cockade. He proclaims universal fraternity. Don't let us suspect his sincerity. This ancient slave has really accom-

plished a work of liberation, which, as M. Clemenceau said to Graf Brockdorff-Rantzau, "represents a great hope of peace and a new order for the future of Europe."

But we mustn't count too much on that fact. Atavism is tenacious, and if to-morrow we should have to face the German in a new war, we should doubtless meet again the uhlan whose carbine shot down the children of Tamines, or the "supply troops swine" who befouled the bed of the poor old peasant woman, obliged to furnish him with lodgings.

Let us assume a waiting attitude until the German people has recognized its responsibilities and its crimes and shows that it honestly repents them. Let us wait, as M. Clemenceau wrote, until it "demonstrates by its acts its intention to live up to the conditions of the peace, its renunciation forever of the aggressive policy which alienated it from the rest of the world, and its transformation into a people with whom one can live on good neighborly terms."

Then, and then only, may we believe in its redemption and coöperate with it in the great work of rapprochement looked forward to by those superior minds which are preoccupied with the future and with progress, rather than with rancor and hate.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE KAISER—MILITARISM—BOLSHEVISM

Is the democratic régime definitely established in the New Germany? Ought the alternative of a restoration to be ignored? I believe that, at the least, the Republic expresses the will of a majority. And although those who have had to sacrifice to the new régime their situations and their privileges—first among these the officers of the old army—may look back with regret to the theatrical splendors of the Empire, it is to be presumed the Kaiser's partisans are very few in number.

The people parted with William II without concern and without anger. His flight into Holland ruined his prestige. His trial will undoubtedly reawaken a certain sympathy for him among his former subjects. But pity for the imperial prisoner at the bar will not go beyond the protests and manifestations which a minority in Germany is already trying to instigate.

And one can hardly fail to be astonished, as Harden was, on discovering to what little depth

the roots of the monarchy penetrated in a nation which seemed to show so fanatical a loyalty to the monarchical idea.

A question which properly occupies opinion in the Entente countries is that of German militarism.

What has become of all those legions, which, on the 4th of August, 1914, swooped down on the world, and of the terrible spirit of conquest which animated them?

“Our old army, which was so good, has disappeared,” said Col. Reinhardt, the Minister of War. He told the truth, in part.

The Revolution of November had marked the end of the old Prussian discipline, which was replaced by a sort of discipline freely consented to and administered by the Soldiers' Councils.

Now, the experiment made by Kerensky with these Soldiers' Councils and with this discipline freely consented to, and the experiences of the Revolutions of December and January had shown that such a force was just as dangerous for those who commanded it as it was for those whom it was asked to fight.

The Ebert-Scheidemann-Noske Government resolved to eliminate this undependable army; and to-day a new army of volunteers is in process of organization. This army is limited in strength,

but is well equipped. It knows no longer the Soldiers' Council and gives the impression of being composed of well-disciplined regiments.

However, one doesn't need to see in that an immediate attempt at a restoration of the militarism of the past.

In the first place, the conditions of the treaty of peace give us means of control which seem sufficient to put the brakes on such an organization. In the next place, if there are still in Germany people who are troubled with insatiate dreams, or even with revengeful desires, there are also millions of men who remember their years in the barracks, their sufferings in the field, the brutality of their officers, and the repugnance which these millions would feel for any new militaristic enterprise is, perhaps, at present our best safeguard.

Besides, the treatment meted out to the officers by way of retaliation is very harsh. No more honors are paid to these fallen divinities; they have no other insignia of rank than the woolen ribbons on the shoulder facings of the uniform. And the worst snub of all is the suppression of the "casinos"—which reduces the poorest officers to the rations allotted to the troops.

Under this régime most of the officers are leaving the army. The richest are resigning; the oldest are asking to be retired. All the others are seeking

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civilian employments. The backbone of militarism is being broken.

But if this is the situation for the present generation, future generations do not offer the same guarantees.

Some years hence the youth of the country will undoubtedly see in militarism only the magnificent cavalcades which defiled to the sound of fifes, and its romantic soul will be lulled by stories of war, invented especially to tempt and seduce it.

One cannot help being astonished that the New Germany has retained in the schools the teachers and the manuals which, in the Old Germany, distilled the poison of that "Kultur," of whose capacity for crime we have had, alas! to take the full measure.

Germany is sorely wounded and her young men are broken and tamed. But the future doesn't stop with a single generation.

While, at this moment, after the terrible blood-letting of the war, there is a pacifist majority, let us hope that it will realize without delay all those reforms in the educational system of which Hugo Haase spoke.

As we await developments, let us remember the lesson of Jena, which Kluck so opportunely recalled. And let us listen to this warning of Helfferich, which sounds like a threat: "France will

always have Germany for a neighbor. We must always be taken into account."

All the conversations which I have reported put Bolshevism first among the preoccupations of the hour.

I have dealt with this topic in a special chapter; I shall not return to it. But it is important to repeat that the whole future depends, in a way, on the manner in which this grave menace is met.

Germany, "a country morally and physically enfeebled," a prey to famine and despair, torn between innovators who are too rash and rulers who are too timorous, is, alongside the Russian furnace, like a storehouse filled with straw and powder. We should commit the very worst imprudence, if we allowed the flame to reach it.

If we don't intervene in Russia to quench the fire at its source, let us, at least, keep an eye on Germany, as the fireman from the background observes the stage on which a drama is being played. And in case of need, let us intervene without hesitation; for Helfferich was, perhaps, right when he said that German Bolshevism would be "a European and even a universal danger."

CHAPTER XXXIV

PUBLIC SPIRIT—THE GOVERNMENT

“ALL Germany is like an agitated sea, covered with wrecks,” said Theodor Wolff, using a figure of speech which is not without truth.

Perhaps, on the other hand, the picture which Rathenau drew for me was made too somber for the sake of emphasis. But it is incontestable that “a loss of application to labor” has enervated the working class and that a madness in the way of extravagant demands has seized upon it, leaving it indifferent to financial possibilities or to the economic future of the nation.

Strikes are endemic: political strikes, to seize power from a Government which is reproached for being Socialist only in label, and, more particularly, economic strikes, to extort material concessions which are far from justifiable.

Wages have reached fantastic figures: four hundred marks a month to a woman ticket collector in the Metro; a thousand marks and more to a competent workman.

“It is necessary that the workmen and the em-

ployers come to an understanding as quickly as possible," said Henrich. "Otherwise we cannot measure the depth of the abyss toward which we are hastening."

That understanding doesn't seem likely to be reached very soon. Men accustomed to the disorderly life of the trenches take readily to prolonged idleness, and their four years of pillage and murder very naturally lead them to support their demands by violence in the streets.

The Revolutions of November, of December, of January, and of March were bloody. That of March cost a thousand lives.

Apart from these storms Berlin offered the curious spectacle of a city whose population was seeking to live up to the dignity with which the Revolution had invested it, and which, at the same time, was indulging in the worst depredations. One could not rely on appearances. The façade is standing; the ruins are behind.

In the most tragic hours of the Sparticide revolt the street cars circulated, the Metro operated, the letter carrier distributed his letters according to schedule.

The cafés were crowded; there were many "balls."

In the restaurant the waiter, whom they now call "Herr Ober"—"Mr. Head Waiter"—refused

the tip which was offered him, but brought a cup without a saucer, because the patrons had carried away all the saucers.

On the street corner a newsboy was shouting an extra, carrying this line in streamer type: "Massacre of twenty thousand men." The passers-by rushed up, bought the extra, and discovered that it told about a massacre perpetrated by Tamerlane, in the year of grace 1382. They went away resignedly, without taking any steps against the impostor, who tranquilly continued to sell his papers. The police have almost completely disappeared from sight.

In this chaos the Scheidemann Government and the Bauer Government has each given the impression of a skiff buffeted by the waves.

"Party strifes absorb the Government. These people," said Harden, "do not look high enough nor far enough."

The people, which reproached it for forgetting the promises of November, 1918, for its repressive fight against the councils of workmen and soldiers, for its excessive concessions to the bureaucrats and the militarists, drifted away from it to side with the Independent Socialists.

The existing Socialist Government leans on the conservative elements, which, too feeble to assume

power themselves, sustain it, as the cord sustains the pendulum.

Clear-sighted minds like Theodor Wolff pretend that at the hour when the famished populace was a mob of slaves intoxicated with liberty, Ebert-Scheidemann, supported by the machine guns of Noske, were the saviours of the German Republic.

Perhaps the Sparticides, who, according to Rosa Luxemburg, had deceived themselves as to the ripeness of the German democracy, were in fact going to hurl the country into the abyss. But after having saved it from this domestic peril, the Scheidemanns, the Erzbergers, the Bauers, and the Müllers don't know how to adapt themselves to the new régime and persist in the lying policy of the Empire.

After the peace, the German people, misled by them, remains in its heart of hearts our enemy, as fiercely our enemy as it was in the midst of the war. And if some day the truth is, in spite of everything, brought home to it, it will understand that this Government was the principal obstacle to the reconciliation which would have resulted from an act of sincere contrition on its part.

CHAPTER XXXV

GERMANY AND THE SOCIETY OF NATIONS

WHAT is the feeling of the Germans toward the Entente nations?

During the war all their hate was concentrated on England—"Gott strafe England." They recognized, on the other hand, the heroic efforts and the grievous sacrifices made by France. They professed a contemptuous pity for Belgium; for Italy contempt, but no pity.

I saw a last reflection of that state of mind on my first trip to Berlin. Hatred of England had already greatly abated. The armistice had produced a general relaxation. The Germans were expecting a suspension of the blockade and a termination of their privations and miseries.

The German people didn't accept the idea of defeat. "The army at the front," Ebert said, when the Berlin garrison returned, "was never conquered. It held out against the entire world."

That sentiment safeguarded national self-respect.

Sudermann said to me: "We have come out of

this long struggle without bitternesses." Richard Strauss added: "Without rancor."

Such statements cease to seem cynical or ridiculous when we admit that the great majority of these people have believed, and continued to believe, in their own innocence and our guilt.

At the time of my second visit to Berlin the armistice had been renewed, with harder conditions. A suspension of the blockade was refused. The reprovisionment which had been hoped for wasn't realized.

It was Marshal Foch who was now held responsible for these "useless cruelties." It was Clemenceau who was accused of wanting to destroy Germany. The old hatred of England was forgotten. All wrath was now directed against France.

When I was there the third time the only subjects of conversation in the German capital were France's imperialism and her ferocious spirit of revenge.

However, the hatred of our enemies was going to turn in still another direction.

One can note in the statements which I brought back the stupor caused in Germany by the peace terms.

That nation, which doesn't yet see the truth, which considers itself neither guilty nor vanquished, believed that it would only have to make

Germany and the Society of Nations 325

certain sacrifices to obtain peace. Those sacrifices didn't run beyond the cession of Alsace-Lorraine and the payment of an indemnity of not more than sixty billion marks. A limitation on Germany's army, the surrender of a part of the war fleet, and any other measures which would have convinced the Allies of the pacific intentions of the New Germany, would undoubtedly have excited little or no opposition. But the loss of the colonies, the extradition and trial by the Allies of Germans held responsible for the war and its atrocities, and a refusal to accept Germany into the Society of Nations, had never been dreamed of.

All Germans, including those who had approved of the Peace of Brest-Litovsk and the Peace of Bucharest, howled about a peace of violence. And because President Wilson had at first been received as a prophet descended from some Mount Sinai, it was he who next drew on his head all the hatred born of despair and revulsion.

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The German people has undergone a swift and far-reaching change. Kautsky could even say of it that "it had changed in mentality more than in government."

But, let us repeat, it is a people without political experience. It has neither the cold skepticism of

the Anglo-Saxon nor the critical spirit of the Latin. It is the failing of the race to think only through its newspapers and to follow its leaders blindly.

Now, for one Harden or one Theodor Wolff, whose efforts we shouldn't undervalue, how many newspapers persist obstinately in the old lie! For one Haase and one Bernstein, whom we feel already close to us in sentiment, how many Scheidemanns or Erzbergers are there who are as far away from us as Ludendorff or Bethmann-Hollweg!

The Germans have signed the Peace of Versailles. They haven't accepted it. And the New Germany will remain as much our enemy as the Old Germany was, so long as its leaders fail to understand the necessity of no longer covering up the crimes of the past; of not postponing the publication of Kautsky's documents, because they are damaging to the Kaiser; of boldly speaking the language of truth and of bringing the nation, as a whole, to that conception, which now exists only among the Independent Socialists, of Germany's culpability and our justice.

Till then, if we really wish to establish a Society of Nations, based on the respect and confidence felt by each member for all the other members, I think it would be a mistake to admit Germany as an associate.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE NEW GERMANY

THE Great War, which may perhaps some day be called the War for the Rights of Nations, as the Great Revolution was a War for the Rights of Man, will, more than any other world struggle, have consequences, which, without being alluded to in the stipulations of any treaty, are certain to control events and to exercise a determining influence on the future.

Some of these consequences are the Anglo-Saxon hegemony, the moral authority of France, the emancipation of women, the end of monarchies, the strengthening of Socialistic ideas.

From the special point of view which occupies us, if we admit that there will be a speedy cure for the epidemic from which the whole world now suffers, and which has received the generic name of Bolshevism, we must believe that Germany's virtues of order and laboriousness, the perfection of her machinery and her technical processes, the advantages which the change in her conditions will offer to her customers, the imperious needs of the

world, which, in business, soon forgets sentimental considerations to concern itself with questions of interest—all these will enable Germany to triumph over her present difficulties. In spite of the chaos and distress of the moment, she will not need more than a quarter of a century to reestablish her economic position.

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I was obliged, when listening to our enemies, to disembarass myself of that hatred for everything German which a Belgian has more right to cherish than a citizen of any other nation.

Such an effort is necessary, if we wish to judge and understand the New Germany.

I am inclined, then, to admit that the German people are less culpable than is generally supposed, because they were odiously deceived and because they were sincere in their error.

But the greatest of all criminals against humanity are those of the old order, who, after having prepared everything for the grand slaughter, staged that mendacious melodrama which has recently been exposed. Criminals, too, of the same sort are those leaders under the Republic, who, though wearing the masks of revolutionaries, persist in the old lie.

The people are still ignorant of the extent and

the horror of the atrocities with which they are reproached and which, skillfully camouflaged, have been represented to them as necessary reprisals.

The German soldier was only a docile brute in the hands of his chiefs. They found no difficulty in awakening the atavistic barbarity which slumbers in the depths of the German soul and which the school and the barracks had carefully cultivated.

The Peace of Versailles, despite its severities, would have been accepted as a peace of justice by a people conscious of the terrible responsibility which weighed upon them.

It cannot be anything but an act of violence and hate to a people who believe themselves innocent.

It is, then, the duplicity of the successors of Bethmann-Hollweg and Tirpitz which prevents the work of appeasement from being accomplished.

The New Germany thus finds herself at a cross-roads. On the one hand is the path of hatred, at the end of which is, inevitably, a war of revenge. On the other hand is the path of truth and repentance, which leads to reconciliation.

It seems, alas! that the evil shepherds who keep watch on her want to push her into the first path.

Must we then renounce the hope of peace which humanity believed it had so dearly purchased?

"There will always be elements, which, in the face of an imminent peril, would form a respectable mass of fighters," said Col. Reinhardt, the Minister of War.

In the generation which has lived through the war, decimated as it is, that "respectable mass" could hardly be a menace.

But in this prolific nation the future generations, if they are educated in the idea of revenge, would soon become a growing danger. I have already told about my apprehensions on this score.

Fortunately, it is too soon to despair of the future. Germany is still in the travail of revolution. Perhaps her spirit will succeed in breaking through the husks of the past. That is why, if prudent counsels are followed, it is permissible to end this book with a word of hope.

There are, in spite of all, among our enemies courageous and clear-sighted minds, which are making the voice of reason heard.

Take, for example, what the *Münchener Post* wrote on the morrow of the conclusion of the Peace:

"It is necessary that we say now to the people: We have lost Alsace because we were not able to win its affection. We shall lose a part of East Prussia and Silesia because we wanted to induce the Polish people to sacrifice their soul for material

advantages, while we stopped only a little short of ruthlessly strangling their distinctive characteristics as a people. You can't govern peoples with a whip. Loyalty never flourishes under a régime of brutal violence.

"If we have to sacrifice the Saar Basin, we shall owe that serious loss of territory to the unholy devastations permitted, outside the zone of combat, in the French coal mines. In September, and in October, 1918, the Allies warned us insistently and in a tone almost of supplication. We cynically disavowed all sense of responsibility, and destroyed everything. After us the deluge—or the punishment!

"The stipulations of the treaty which provide for the restoration of the North of France are infinitely harsh. But we voluntarily indulged in inhuman ravages. 'By superior order' we took everything from the poor—even from the poorest. We scorned their lamentations and their miseries."

After admitting that thousands of German officers and soldiers were ashamed of the part they took in those horrors, the *Münchener Post* added:

"When the nation knows all this, it will understand at last why the conquerors are so harsh and pitiless. It will silence all those who express indignation at the rigor of the peace terms. It will impose on them a more modest tone, and this

return of moral sensitiveness will assure the purification which will bring the nation back again into the path of good feeling, of tolerance and of labor—into the path which it followed honorably before the reign, now broken, of the policy of violence. The civilized world will then freely aid us in our distress and in our efforts to modify, in the interest of justice and humanity, the hard terms of the victors, to which we must now submit through necessity and through moral duty.”

Certainly, outside the ranks of the Independent Socialists, such courageous language is still the exception. But the truth carries within itself a power which assures its own triumph.

To speak to-day of “reconciliation” would be an insult to our mutilated and our dead.

But let us allow the years to pass over our wounds and our griefs, and let us allow time to exercise its softening influence on our hatreds.

Let us avoid admitting Germany prematurely into the Society of Nations. But let us also guard against remaining insensible to a repentance which may some day be sincere.

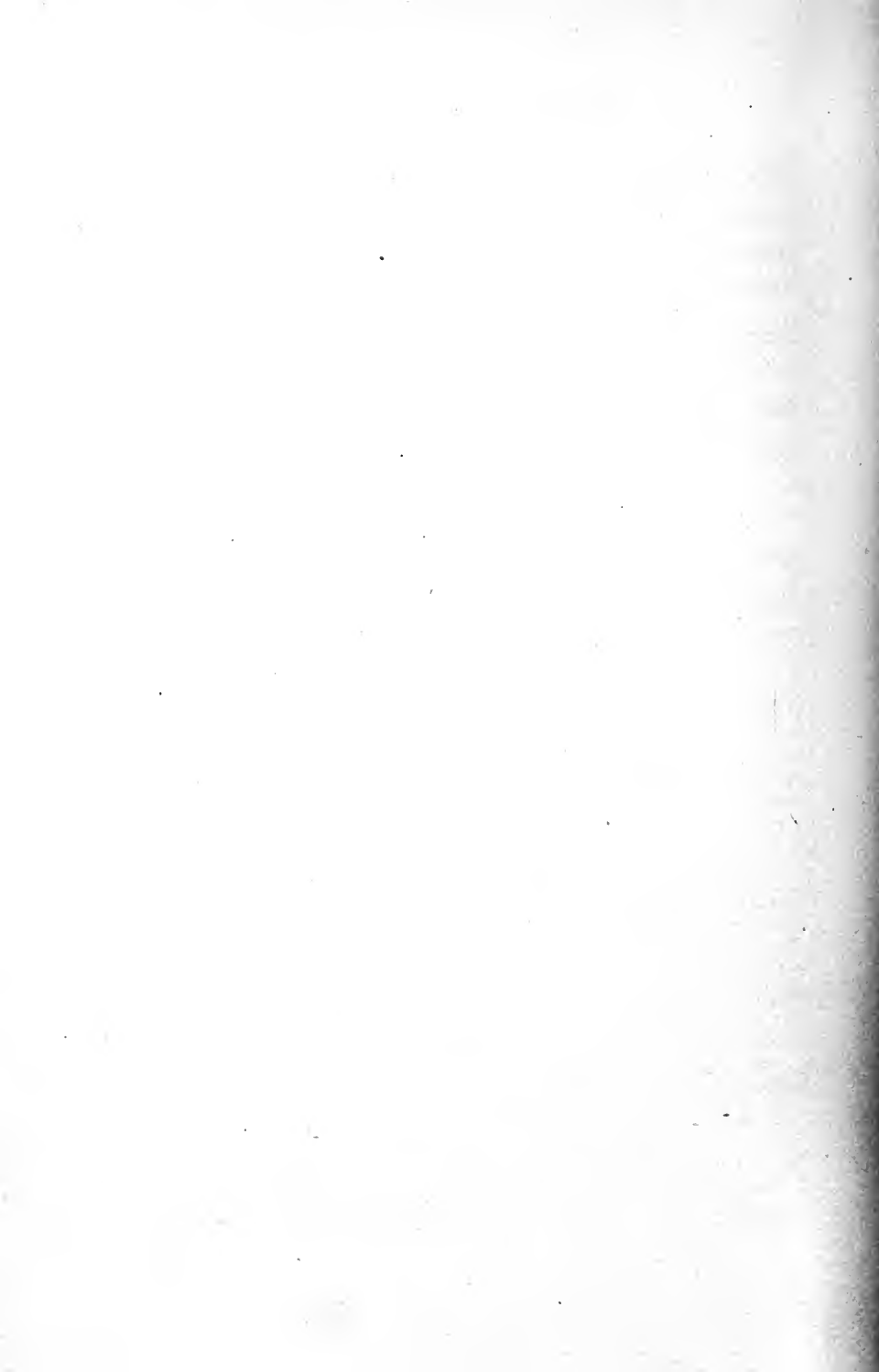
The New Germany will perhaps in the end understand, in spite of all, that the soldier of the Yser and the Marne, of Verdun and the Somme, fought and died in a measure for her liberation.

Then, and not till then, will the hour strike in

which our enemies of yesterday will be able to stretch forth their hands above the immortal trenches.

Then the seven millions of men who sleep on our battle fields will not have died in vain.

Then the line of fire, of carnage, and of devastation will become the triumphal path of Concord and Peace.



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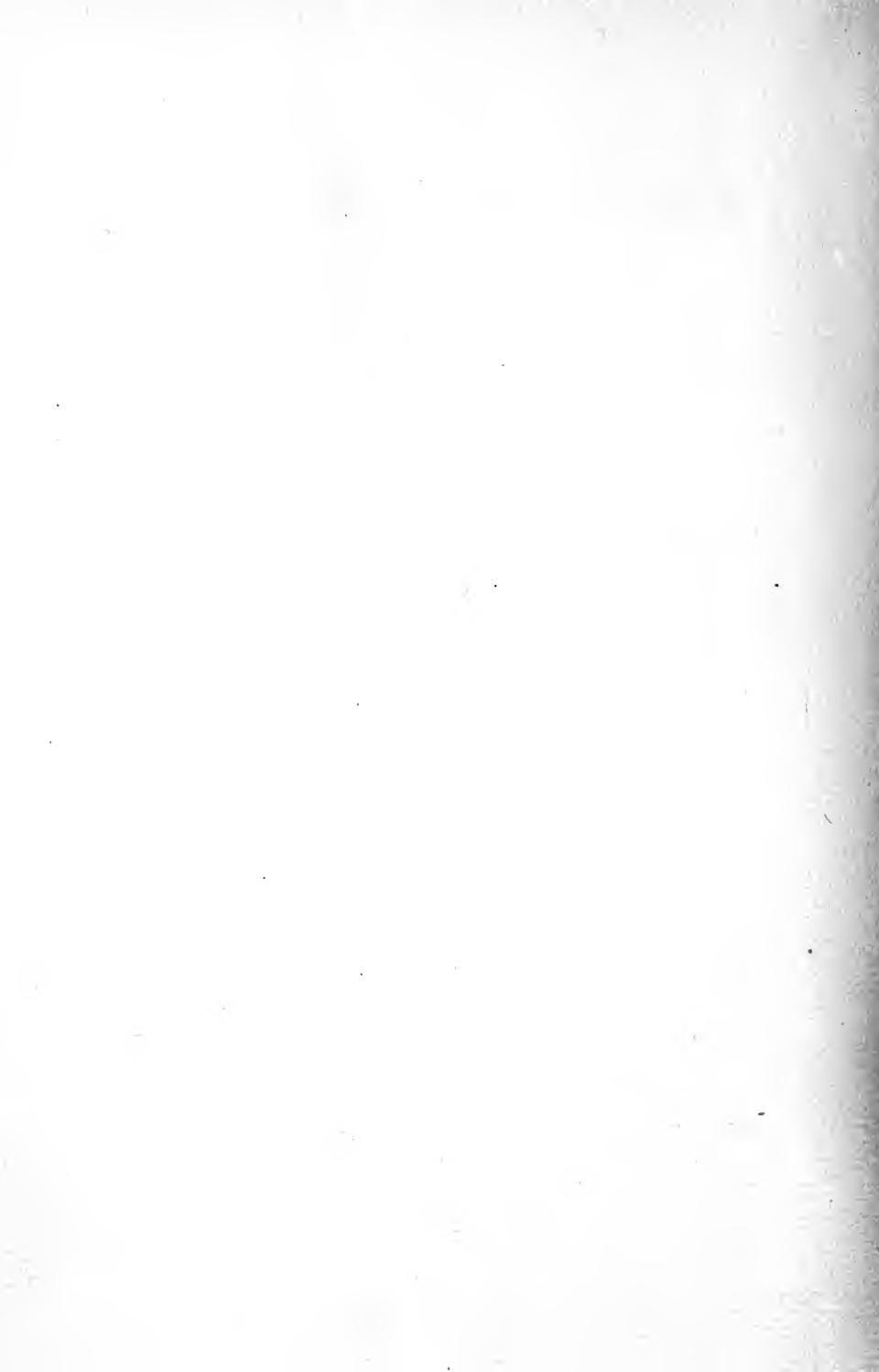
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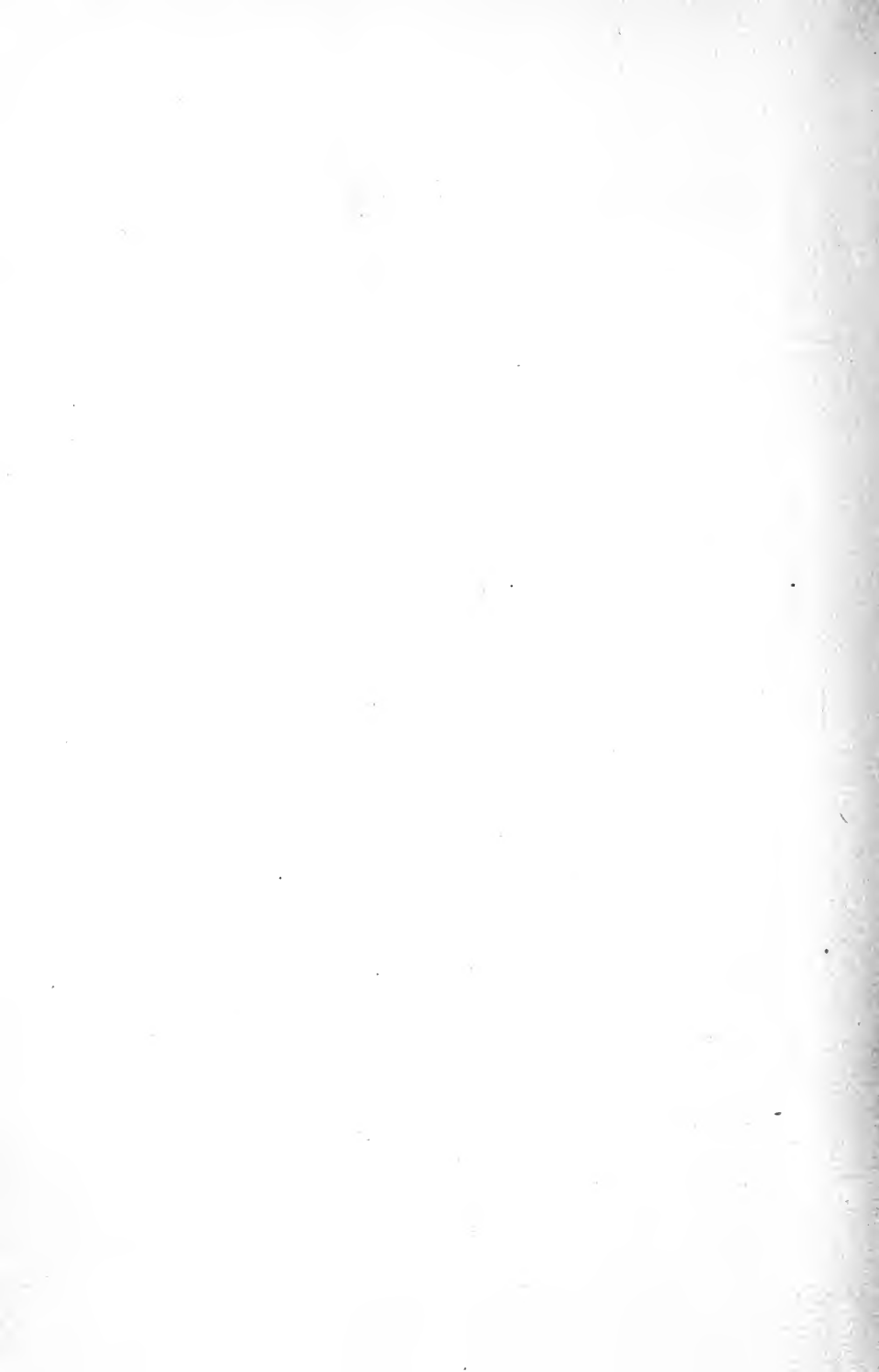
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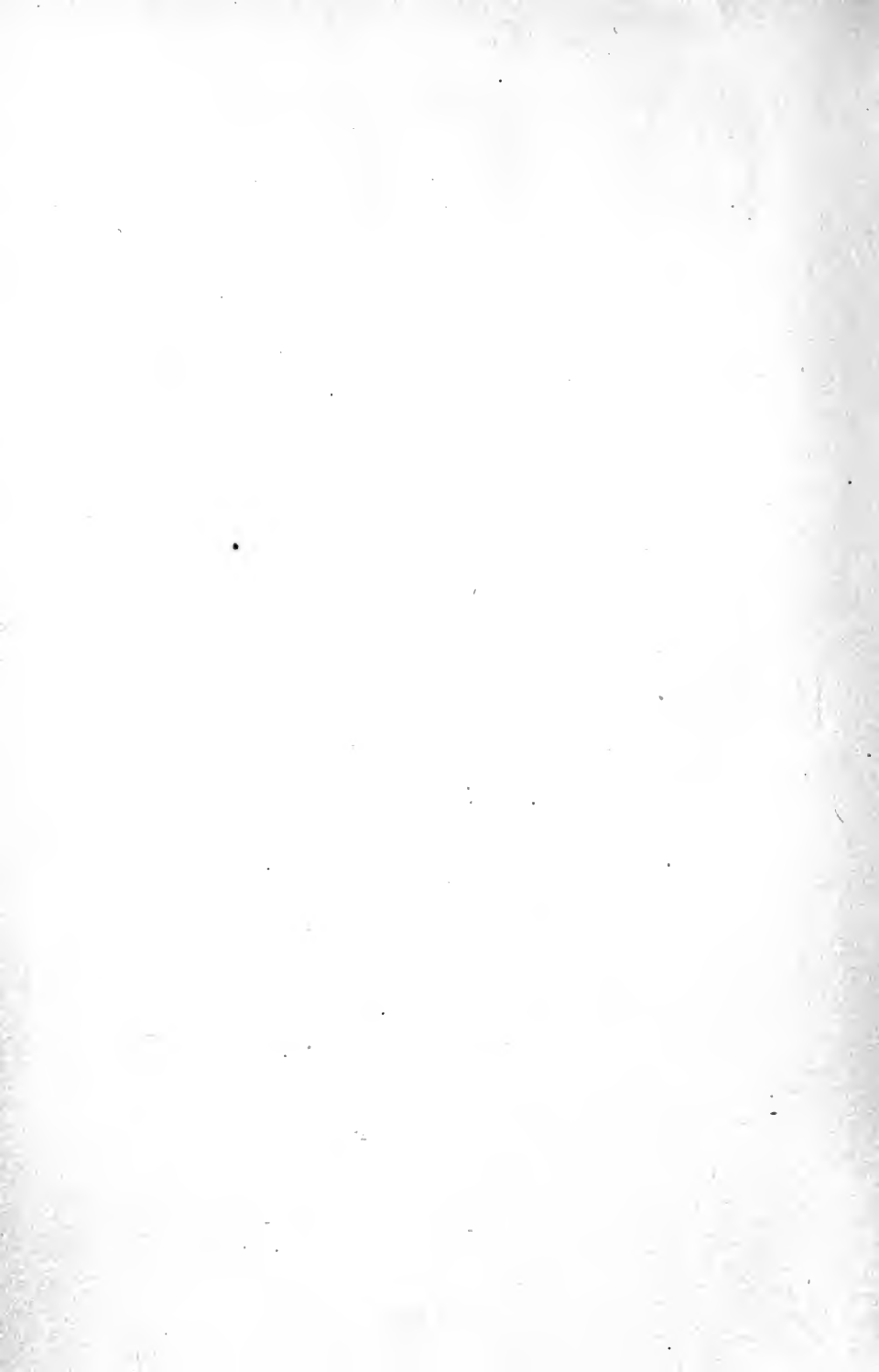
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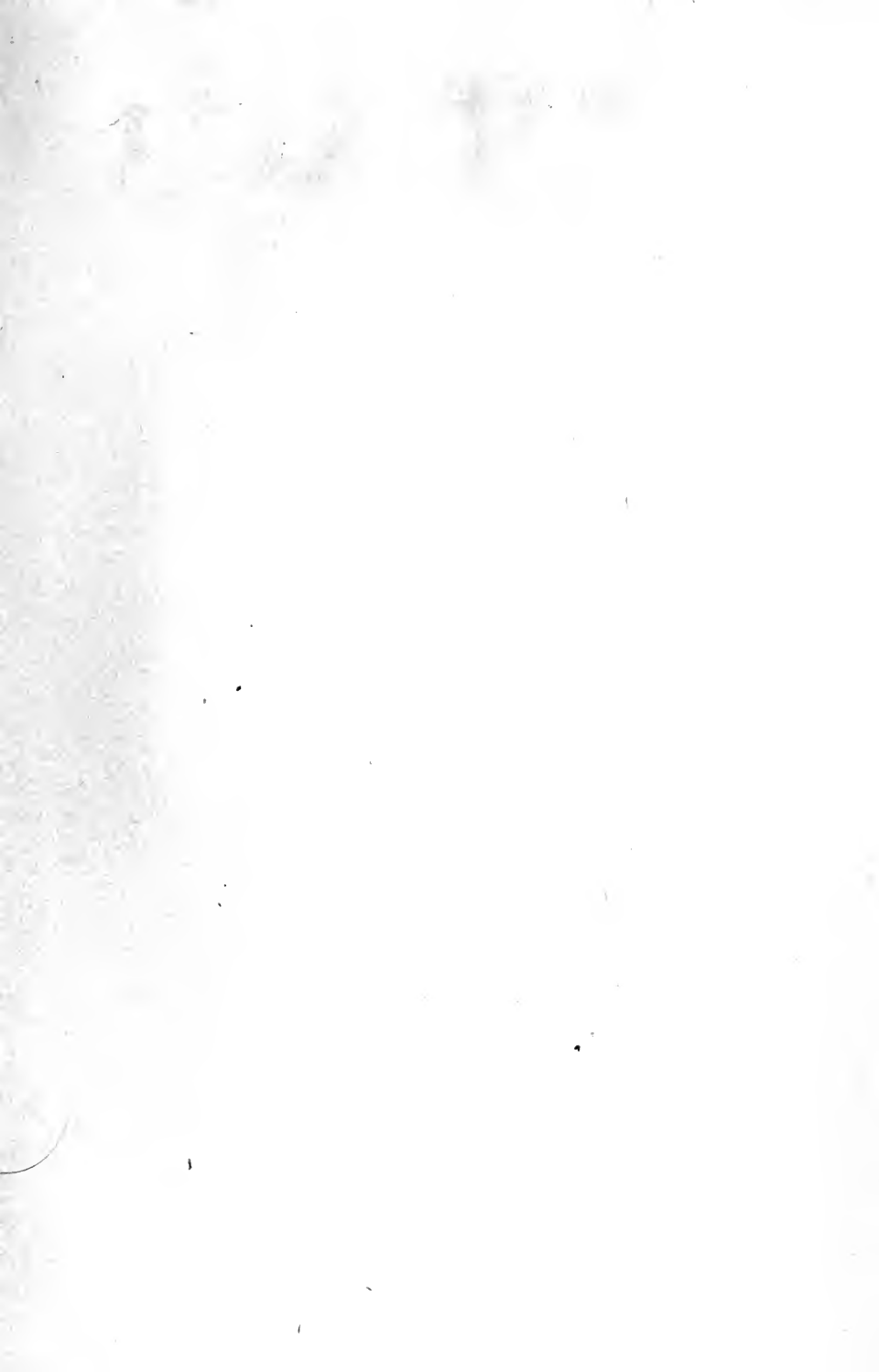
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