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**AN OPEN LETTER TO
AN ENGLISH
OFFICER
AND INCIDENTALLY TO
THE ENGLISH
PEOPLE
BY
FERDINAND
HANSEN**

California
Regional
Facility

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FERDINAND HANSEN



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FOREWORD TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

When I distributed the first two thousand copies of this pamphlet among friends and acquaintances in the winter of 1919, I little thought that it would attain such wide publicity. The Germans, particularly those who had lived for years among the British and who had lost everything they possessed, were great admirers of the little book, and many of them wrote me touching letters. On the other hand my republican ideals and my comments upon the Kaiser, upon Religion and Socialism, subjected me to a fire of sharp criticism from certain conservative people, — who would no doubt be astonished if they knew that the "Open Letter" had also received the enthusiastic commendation of a highly-esteemed member of one of the former ruling houses of Germany! Others again objected to its length. But had I followed the advice of all these well-meaning readers and cut and trimmed the pamphlet to suit them I should have rendered myself guilty of producing a piece of mere German propaganda. As it is, the little book, in spite of all its faults, is written from an independent point of view by an American whose German birth gives him a wider freedom and deeper insight into questions concerning both countries than are possible to the average mob-ridden, press-poisoned Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American suffering from the mental and moral virus of such maxims as "right or wrong, my country".

I received many letters from Englishmen and Americans who do not belong to the average, men of high standing in public life or intellectual circles who congratulated me upon my attitude. An English clergyman wrote that it was "exactly the medicine which John Bull needed" and asked me to send him fifty copies for distribution. I was also frequently complimented upon the style and language of the pamphlet, but for these I claim

no credit, for they are entirely due to the help given me by my literary friend, Herman George Scheffauer, the Californian author. Though he disclaims having interfered very much with my thought or expression, it was he who polished up my business English. Scheffauer, before the war, was considered one of the few American stylists in the literary House of Lords on the Thames. It is interesting to note that the English of the booklet has led to its being extensively used as a text-book in English seminaries and high-schools in Germany. I should have acknowledged Mr. Scheffauer's assistance in the first edition, as I have done in the foreword to "Pillory and Witness-Box" (soon to be published), had he not himself made light of his help.

This fourth edition would very likely never have seen the light, had it not been for the great welcome the pamphlet received at the hands of the German-Americans in the United States. They tell me that it is the kind of "eye-opener" and "back-stiffener" which they require to help those fellow-citizens of theirs who have been inoculated with British propaganda to see straight again, — after being freed from the pernicious influence of their British ruler, the noble Nobel Peace Prize Winner, "the man who kept us out of war". As an illustration I may perhaps be permitted to quote the following letter, written by a German-American to a member of the staff and recently published in the "Deutsche Zeitung" of Berlin:

Dear Mr. A.:

I acknowledge with best thanks the receipt of the book which you have sent me. I have read it through three times because of its great interest and because it gives such clear expression to the thoughts and intentions as well as the opinions of those German-Americans here who still love their old home. I have already put the book in circulation among my circle of acquaintances.

I can assure you that the opinions which you express in your letter relative to the Wilson government coincide with my own. Our good old German press was muzzled; only such things as were agreeable to our English government at Washington were permitted to be published; we were forbidden to speak German at the meetings of our societies. He who was so rash as to read a German newspaper in a street-car was sure of being arrested or beaten. The German tongue was forbidden in the schools. The news-stands which ventured to offer German newspapers for sale were demolished by the pro-English mobs. Yes, things went so far that a great German singing society which gave a yearly recital for the benefit of a local hospital, was forbidden to sing in German! The other day the directors of this hospital came and requested the society to institute another charity recital and declared that permission to sing in

German would be granted. The chairman of our singing society immediately handed in his resignation in order to be spared from having the slightest contact with these Teutophobes. The society determined that whether we were or were not permitted to sing in German, never again would we sing for the benefit of this hospital. We now sing only at charity festivals given for the purpose of alleviating the distress of the poor widows and orphans in our dear old German homes. The directors of the hospital went off with lugubrious faces, and were forced to forego the 2—3000 dollars our singing would have netted them. I am sorry to confess that some of these gentlemen had German-sounding names. You see, my dear Mr. A., we too were forced to endure all kinds of insults; we were mere boches and hunns—but when it came to subscribing to the five “Liberty Loans”, then we were once more considered good enough.

The book “An Open Letter” which you sent me, has had a tremendous effect here. We used quotations from it in our campaign speeches for Harding and had great success with these. But still more—only recently a play called “Friendly Enemies” was produced at one of our big theatres which puts on new plays every week. The plot is about as follows: An American who has taken part in the war falls in love with the daughter of another American who is a German by birth. The first raves against the Kaiser; the second denounces Wilson for all he is worth. The success of this play was so great that the management of the theatre received thousands of requests to keep it on for another week and once again the two daily performances were given to sold out houses. It happened that the star actor of the play, a native American of English descent, got hold of Mr. Hansen’s “Open Letter” and begged leave to keep it for a couple of days. He then embodied several passages from the book in the text of his leading rôle, and thereby still further increased the effect of the play. I should be obliged if you would be so good as to send us a few extra copies of this book . . .

I close with a heart full of emotion and with the hope that all Germans will be united, something that is necessary above all other things, for it is only through unity that our former German Fatherland will once more thrive and flourish.

Sincerely yours,

H. L.

The German people, with very few exceptions, have no interest whatever in political pamphlets written in English, even in their own interests and don’t know how to use them. They have really no experience or skill in presenting their case and are able to achieve less with solid truths than their enemies with lies. For efficient propaganda, if we must use this unsavoury word, I admire the work done by the Friends of Irish Freedom in America. One would naturally think that in view of Wilson’s terrible betrayal and his delivery of the German people into the bondage of their cruel enemies, that there would be a large association called “Friends of German Freedom” which would flood the English-speaking countries with such facts and truths as would go to destroy the network of lies woven

by the Poison Press as controlled by that evil influence in the world's affairs, Lord Northcliffe, former Minister of Propaganda in Enemy Countries—and others. His leading sheet, the "London Times", recently attacked my "Open Letter" in a vicious article of two columns. The purely private opinions of a German-American were knowingly misrepresented as coming from "unrepentant Germany", and I was accused of "attempting to divide the Allies!" by this "propaganda in a new form". I myself was called an "Unrepentant Hun". My reply to this onslaught is now in press and will be published shortly under the title "The Unrepentant Northcliffe" by the Overseas Publishing Co., Hamburg 15.

I am issuing the fourth edition practically unabridged though with several additions and minor changes. It is the expression of opinion of one who has seen little occasion to alter these opinions, set down during Germany's most cruel period, the continuation of the Hunger Blockade after the signing of the armistice which led to this great people falling into the trap prepared by Woodrow Wilson's 14 points. I hope that this little pamphlet will continue to aid in some small way in spreading the light which will finally bring about the revision or overthrow of the atrocious Treaty of Versailles which is the greatest and blackest barrier to the growth of a new era of good will among the nations.

February, 1921.

Ferdinand Hansen.

AN OPEN LETTER
to
AN ENGLISH OFFICER
and Incidentally
to
THE ENGLISH PEOPLE



*Major G. White,
Bourne End, Bucks,
England.*

My Dear Sir:

Under date of December 1st, 1918, I have written these words in my note book: "Englischer Tag". For this day might truly have been called an "English Day". Almost twelve hours elapsed from the time when Mr. Martin March and I met you and your adjutant, Lieutenant Morgan, in the company of my brother, Hauptmann Hansen, at the Dammtor Station in Hamburg, and the time we parted at the Kaiserhof in Altona—that is to say from 11 A. M. to 10. 15, P. M.

My brother in his capacity as Captain and Commandant of the Prisoner of War Camp "Springhirsch" had suggested to the German authorities that some arrangement be made whereby British officers might visit this Camp and address

the 1468 non-commissioned officers*) stationed there. These men in their wild desire to return to England, had become quite unmanageable.

My brother told me of the speech you had made to the men and felt hopeful of good results. You had pointed out to your countrymen the many privileges which my brother had granted them upon his own initiative and responsibility, and the fact that they were enjoying far greater liberties than had been granted you and your brother-officers at your own war-prisoners' camp of "Fürstenberg." You had told the men that they must exercise patience; that the British as well as the German government were doing their utmost to expedite the sending home of the prisoners of war. You called their attention to the difficulties of the situation and to the efforts that were being made to master these. And you left them in better spirits and more contented.

On the way back to your own camp, my brother, hearing that you had as yet seen nothing of the city of Hamburg, offered to show you and your adjutant about on this Sunday. He asked me to assist him in this—with which request, of course, I gladly complied. It was my first opportunity during the war to talk freely and at length with two Englishmen. And so I was filled to the brim with arguments, with pro-

*) The fact that 1468 non-commissioned officers, among which there were 42 Regt. Sergeant-Majors, should be confined in one camp may appear somewhat surprising. Yet there were no privates among them. The most of them had been taken prisoner along with tens of thousands of English common soldiers during the great "drive" of the German army in Flanders in March, 1918. The bagging of great masses of English prisoners in those days became so commonplace that when the news of the capture of 16,000 Englishmen and 200 English guns reached Hamburg on March 23rd, not a flag was raised to celebrate a victory which, had it been on the English side, would have set all the bells ringing from Land's End to John o' Groats. One need only think of the paean pealed forth by the bells of St. Paul's over the far smaller British success at Cambrai towards the close of 1917 — a premature jubilation which was almost immediately converted into mourning by the terrific German counterstroke which changed the British victory into one of the most conspicuous British defeats of the war.

As some indication of the stupendous victories attained by the sheer military science and fighting prowess of the German armies, I would call attention to the German Army Report of July 1st, 1918. It gives a summary of the captures made *since March 21st, 1918:*

191,454 Prisoners of war.

2,476 Guns.

15,024 Machine-guns.

Of those prisoners of war 94,937 were Englishmen—among them 4 generals and about 3,100 officers.

testations, questions, representations and appeals, as you and your comrade must have noticed,—perhaps with surprise and dismay! And yet it was a great mental relief to me to be able to unburden the heavy load of cares and sorrows which was oppressing my soul because of the sad fate of my old Fatherland—lying helpless and bleeding at the feet of her many merciless foes.

1.

I regret, Sir, that I cannot call myself a full-fledged German. I have spent almost two-thirds of my life in the United States and other countries and am a naturalised American citizen. Up to the outbreak of the war I felt considerable sympathy for the idea of Anglo-American world supremacy, in which, however, I wanted the other great branch of the Teutonic races, the German, to have its rightful "place in the sun." For never did a great nation raise a cry more just than this, or make a more reasonable demand.

It struck me at the time, and my impression has since been confirmed by many old residents of London, that your King Edward VII, an easy-going, pleasant sporting man of the world, did not understand or approve of his more talented, and conscientious but grandiloquent and pietistic imperial nephew of Germany. It was considered a well-known fact in London clubs that the two men did not like each other. This was the clue for King Edward's becoming "sponsor for the so-called encircling policy" inaugurated by the plotters of the Foreign Office — a policy which has drenched the world with blood and provided England with two formidable rivals where before she had but one. The German Emperor, despite his errors and his phantasies, despite the false impression he always managed to convey, is to-day one of the most wronged and misjudged men in history.

To give single men and their cliques such direct or indirect power over the life and death of whole nations, seems to me to be a sign of a low order of civilization, and yet this is a power which exists to-day in "free" republics, as it existed in the autocracies which have passed away. The war, in truth, has proved that no nation is entitled to boast, even in a whisper, of its so-called "culture." And yet there are comparative degrees of good and bad. Some day the truth about the causes of the war and of the behaviour of the nations during the war will be written, and I know as surely as I know that the sun still shines, that Germany's record will be by far the cleanest and the best. Other nations, infinitely

more guilty than Germany, will then be the "Huns" — that insulting name which in violation of all truth, actuality, commonsense and justice, they had succeeded by means of their criminal and all-powerful press, in fastening upon their victims.

I am writing these lines because my deepest, inmost sense of justice has been outraged, and I *must* speak out. I shall try to interpret and, when necessary, defend the German point of view, but I shall do this not as a German but as a citizen of the world. My language will be clear and straightforward and full of American bluntness at times. I shall tell you many things, Major White, truths which will ring not only unaccustomed to your ears, but unpleasant and even offensive. For that you must not blame me.

You must blame the press and the politicians of your land—the men who have glorified the British cause to the skies whilst damning the German to the lowest pit of Tophet, and in both instances by means of the most shameless falsehoods. You must blame that arrogant English tradition which chose to maintain the impossible fiction that the English were alone the salt of the earth. You must blame that vast system of organized calumny which has distorted the vision of even the cultured and kindly classes of your country and made them regard an entire nation of highly-educated, peaceable and industrious people as demons and as monsters.

Whenever a voice was raised in disapproval of the war, or of some of the barbarous means of carrying it on, such as the hunger blockade, an omnipotent, mercenary press and the violent, inflammatory oratory and catch-words of your politicians effectually silenced these dissenters by calling them "pro-Germans." You may recall that the almighty Dictator of England to-day was like so many other countrymen of yours, called a "Pro-Boer" in the House of Commons nineteen years ago, when he protested against the barbarous methods of British warfare in South Africa. And such a label is usually sufficient to damn or silence a man in England.

When Great Britain, upon the hollow and specious pretext of Belgian neutrality, declared war upon Germany, one of the first steps taken was to cut off Germany's means of communication with other countries overseas. This enabled Lord Northcliffe, the notorious Alfred Harmsworth, to poison the springs of information all over the world, and diligently the public and private organisations for slandering the self-made

enemy took up the task of blackening his character and white-washing England.

I do not doubt, Sir, that in reading what I have to say, you will frequently, as a gentleman and an officer, be constrained to feel ashamed of these things. And I believe that this is also true of all those whose sick vision is gradually recovering from the horrible poisons instilled into their blood by their known and unknown rulers.

But it will not be enough to recognise these things. Something beyond that is needed—the fulfilment of a DUTY. What this duty is I need not point out to you. But upon its fulfilment depends so much upon which the future welfare of the race depends.

When I remarked that the English newspapers were still employing the lowest, most blackguardly language towards the Germans, in spite of the fact that the old régime was gone and a free republic founded, you had no better excuse to offer than that this was done to sell the newspapers.

I wonder whether you really thought what a reflection this was upon the moral and mental character of your people? You gentlemen seemed to think that there was nothing wrong in an infamous press of this sort because the war was on. And yet England's gigantic slave-driver and poisoner of the people, your execrable newspaper tyrant, Lord Northcliffe, flung his mud against Germany even in times of peace, laying then the basis for his unparalleled campaign of hatred and vilification. Were *real* justice possible, could justice pin down and punish the *real* criminals in this war, then Lord Northcliffe and several hundred other owners and editors of the Anglo-American press would be charged with debauching the morals and the mentality of mankind to the level of the Darkest Ages, and wrecking for generations the culture which had been painfully built up by school, church and family.

The most interesting theme we chanced upon was no doubt the following: "What would have happened had Germany won the war?" The picture I drew of what would most probably have resulted in that case, both you and Lieutenant Morgan declared to be such that no Englishman could have accepted it as a reality.

Assuming that the American help had come too late, that the German armies had overrun France, had captured or forced the British armies back to England, that the long range guns were firing across the Channel at the cities of the South Coast and that the German High Command was preparing for an invasion of the British Islands. There is no doubt that

the militarists and jingoes in Germany would have been on top for the time being, just as they are now in France, England, Belgium and Italy. But their reign in Germany would have been a short one. The business and the working men would have called a halt, and *forced* a halt. All the passionate devotion to peace felt by the overwhelming masses of the German people would have come into play. For the spirit of these people was all for peace, all for defence. They were against all aggression, all conquest. The comparatively small proportion of "All-Deutschen" did not represent the German people, nor could they have controlled them even in the case of a victorious issue to the war. Germany wanted peace, and a peace of understanding. She knew that all she could hope for was a strong defence and that she could not go on fighting the world that had been drummed up against her.

France had shown such hatred and such indescribable cruelty in her treatment of German prisoners-of-war, had become so insanely blind in her passion for "revanche," that to have come to an understanding with her would have been utterly impossible. Childish vanity, low revenge, national fanaticism and extravagant "gloire" are so deeply rooted in the French nature, that even if the Germans had offered them Elsass-Lothringen on a silver platter years before the war and added the 5 milliards of the war indemnity of 1871 with compound interest, the French would have kicked the plate away. With true French frenzy they would have shrieked: "We accept no gifts—when the proper time comes we shall take it back with the sword, and have our full revenge to the glory of our "grande nation." For they could never forget nor forgive the thrashing which they had received at the hands of Germany in 1871—a thrashing well-merited if ever there was one. For let it never be forgotten by Wilsonian and other forgers of history that Germany has suffered from over 20 invasions by the French, many of them in the midst of peace, and carried on with unparalleled savagery.

During their hundred years of war with France, the English ought certainly to have learned what value to attach to French friendship. I have not heard of a single instance of comradeship springing up between French and English officers and privates in captivity. In this, the first war between the Germans and the British, the nations, or at least the fighting forces, have felt esteem for each other's bravery. England has become a first-class land power, something which many

Germans had held to be impossible. How often have I heard such views as the following expressed during the war:

“Ah — yes, if we had only had Russia or England for our ally, we would have won the war with hardly an effort.”

Well, Russia is done for now, and for a long time to come, much to the benefit of a durable peace, for she was threatening both Germany and England. It was the German sword which destroyed this huge power, the greatest military power in the world, **destroyed it whilst Germany was fighting a life-and-death struggle with two other great powers at the west front.** Do you ever realize the wonder of that achievement?

In the picture which I drew of the conditions which would have followed upon Germany's winning the war, France, revengeful, militaristic, the real fire-brand of Europe and the real menace to its peace, would have been forced to give up its armaments. Germany would not have demanded an inch of French soil—in spite of the clamour a few German chauvinists made over the ore deposits of the Basin of Briey, though it is probable that some compensation would have been demanded in the shape of French colonial territory to round off the unfavourable frontier-lines of the German colonies. The Open Door in French colonies, a liberal policy which has always been the rule in German colonies, might also have been demanded — a measure which would certainly have been in the interests of *all* nations for the purposes of trade and colonization. It is not likely that Germany would have asked for a centime of war indemnity. France would merely have lost the immense sums which in her lust for revenge she advanced to Russia for the felonious purpose of arming this vast empire against Germany. These sums would have been lost for good as well as the great sacrifice of men, and France would have been forced to occupy the place which her vanity would never accept—that of a second-class power.

To England, however, Germany would have said, and I will stake my head that this would have been the universal sentiment of the German people:

“Let us make an end of this family quarrel once and for all. Why should we cherish bitterness, why keep on fighting—now that we have both lost so many of our best? An end to this senseless slaughter! There is no real reason for fighting—none that cannot be removed by peaceful negotiation. Is there not room for both of us?—plenty of room? We need colonies, and we need them more than any other nation does.

Sanction our purchase of the Portuguese colonies in Africa and those of the Congo, as you were prepared to do before the war. We will keep these colonies, as we have kept all our colonies, open to the settlers and merchants of all lands on fair and equal terms. There would be no loss to anyone and a decided gain to the world."

"We will gladly evacuate Belgium, give her an adequate compensation for the damage done and withdraw from the Coast of Flanders as soon as we have signed the peace treaty with you. We do not intend to dismantle our navy but shall continue to keep it in some kind of proportion and relation to your own until general disarmament at sea has come and with it the real freedom of the seas."

Such would have been Germany's peace policy, her guiding principle the establishment and maintenance of a permanent peace and friendly relations with all. Professor John A. Waltz of Harvard University wrote:

"Efficiency presupposes honesty, love of work, and a strong sense of duty. These are the moral qualities at the bottom of German efficiency and a German victory will give these qualities a higher value throughout the world than they have ever had before."

Brest-Litovsk? Brest-Litovsk was the temporary victory of the small imperialist group which was seeking to establish a peace according to the Allied principles with which they had been made familiar during the war. But the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was modified even during the war.

II.

The chief stumbling-block to a free league of nations and to general disarmament is Japan which is the only great power which, instead of losing anything, has gained enormously in financial and in commercial strength. Japan will certainly not acquiesce willingly in disarmament, and in the freedom of the Japan Sea and the Pacific Ocean. It will take the united strength of the white races to bring this marvellous people back to their former state of mind which was that of an industrious, peaceful and artistic nation—before the white man's imperialism "woke" them up. Japan's demand for the free admission of her subjects to Australia and North America will not be granted by England and America since these continents (as well as the whole of South America) must be reserved for the coming generations of the white race.

"That will be a job for the United States to settle," you remarked. I objected to this all-too cunning English point of

view. The British government, to the disgrace of the white races, had allied itself with the Japanese, had strengthened them in order to beat off the Russian Bear from India. And now nothing would please it more than a death struggle between the Jap and the Yank, both of whom have grown too big and too strong during this war to please John Bull. It is the same old and damnable game which has always been played by your clique of capitalists in order to keep the world slaving and slaying for the sake of their bursting money-bags. The noblest feat the English people could achieve for the liberty and the peace of the world and their own general prosperity would be to hurl their cruel, greedy, unscrupulous moneyed classes from their seats of power. This is also a task which the American people must fulfil before there can be any real peace in the world.

No, Major White, it is England's job to settle the Japanese question, for England is the creator of the Yellow Peril. England's proper ally in the past and for that matter perhaps in the future, if reason and a just peace prevail ultimately, was and is Germany, and not Japan.

But all this is idle speculation at present. The breakdown of Germany is an indisputable fact. The Fatherland, after a struggle which has covered it with a glory never before achieved by any nation, lies helpless at the mercy of its many enemies, enemies artificially incited to revenge and hatred by a press which holds the world in bondage. This is the same press which for years had frightened the English people with the spectre of a "German invasion." As a real danger to England this invasion had never existed.

There would have been no such thing as unrestricted U-boat warfare, had it not become necessary as a counter-measure to the unrestricted Starvation Blockade—the most atrocious and most horrible form of warfare ever waged by a modern power. Its fiendishness is not lessened because its effects were slow and uniform and because it was less dramatic outwardly than the U-boat warfare. How this Hunger War ravaged the strength of the German people, from old men and women down to the youngest infant was made clear by Herr Scheidemann, the Socialist Secretary of State when he spoke thus to the whole world:

"Never has so cruel a war been waged, never during the course of a war has the fight against the life and the welfare of a nation been carried on so ruthlessly and so ceaselessly as was this hunger war against our women and children at home. The losses from this source are enormous even in comparison with the

sanguinary losses of all the other nations. Nor is it possible to estimate the numbers of those who have been permanently impaired in health and vitality. What this war signifies for our future may best be realized by observing its effects upon mothers and infants. Of the pregnant women over 70% enter the maternity-wards in a condition of such under-nourishment that no fragment of food is safe in their neighbourhood. Under-nourishment and anemia have become so common that 20% of the pregnant and nursing women have died during the recent epidemic of the Spanish grippe. The children cannot be nursed by the mothers and cannot be fed on the bottle, since there is only one-quarter of a litre milk per day for them. Hence an infant mortality of 30% rages among the married mothers and of 50% among the unmarried. We are faced by the terrifying situation in Germany to-day that a famine rages which demands the heaviest sacrifices among the mothers and the new-born."

No one in Germany will ever forget that it was England who re-introduced from the most barbaric periods of the world's history, this brutal and cowardly means of bringing to her knees an adversary she was not able to conquer by fair and manly weapons. England adhered to her immemorial program of first sowing suspicion, then open defamation, then waging war by the factors of world-wide calumny and direct starvation. It was a barbaric and a short-sighted policy, due to the violation of a great principle by which nations as well as individuals must be guided on this earth: "Live and let live".

In the interests of the future relations between the late warring nations and the possibility of England's being forced to rely upon Germany's sympathy in some future conflict, the question arises whether England had acted wisely in entering the war or carrying it on war in this manner? Even if the Russian Steam Roller which all England hailed with such savage and unthinking joy, had succeeded in carrying out its devilish purpose, what would it have profited Britain to help create a greater, more powerful, more despotic Russia at the expense of a crushed Germany? Would not a victorious Russia have constituted a terrible menace to all Europe? Would not such a Russia have been a greater menace to India than a successful Germany? Had England remained neutral the great battle between the Teutons and the Slavs would have been fought out. Great Britain and her colonies would have received all the advantages which have now accrued to America and Japan. Great Britain would have carried on most of the war trade and the peace trade of the world, supplying all the warring powers, and she would have been able to throw her entire weight into the balances of the Peace Conference.

But the known and the unknown rulers of England, regarding Germany's battle with two formidable antagonists and on two fronts as a favourable opportunity for assassinating a competitor in trade, deliberately chose to join a war which they thought would be nothing more than a brief military expedition to the Continent—a few English divisions marching behind the French fighting conscripts towards the Rhine. The English must have had a sudden and unwelcome surprise at the fighting and staying qualities of their German cousins—both on land and on sea.

Had the English had any real racial instinct they would have felt very much out of place fighting side by side with Latins and “niggers” (as they call them) from all parts of the world against their own kith and kin. How many fair-haired, blue-eyed German soldier-boys might, were they put into khaki, have passed for English! —the old Saxon strain that proves how close is the link that binds the two nations. How many of these clean-blooded Saxon soldiers were butchered, not killed, by England's black savages?

It is now over four years ago since I saw in the “London Illustrated News” a picture which will haunt my mind to my dying day—so shocking was the impression made upon me—a full-grown man. I dare not think of what an impression it would have been made upon the minds of innocent women and children, for surely the “London Illustrated News” is one of the pillars of English “culture” and as such reaches many English homes. I will merely remark that so bestial and blood-thirsty an illustration would have been unthinkable in any German publication, for it was public gloating over murder.

The illustration to which I refer depicted Ghurkas slinking cat-like along the ground in the darkness towards a German trench—their long and hideous knives in their teeth, the whites of their eyes shining—their obvious purpose being to surprise the German sentries and to cut their throats. Some of these savage yellow Britons had already succeeded in their horrible work, for the artist, in order to edify his public to the full, had depicted several Germans lying about with their throats cut from ear to ear. The whole picture was conceived in so dastardly and inhuman a spirit as to revolt the ordinary human being, and yet it must have met with the approval of a prominent periodical which knew what would meet with the approval of its readers.

Let us suppose that this scene was laid in India and that the white soldiers were British troops engaged in trench warfare with Indian “mutineers”. What would have been the

feelings of the English readers of this illustrated paper had they seen their sons exposed to such terrible mutilation? What would they think of an editor who would gloatingly publish such an atrocity in black-and-white showing their brothers, sons, fathers, friends and countrymen in the hands of these cruel brown savages? When I was in India I heard the most gruesome stories told of the horrid deeds committed by these same Ghurkas who are now glorified and praised for cutting the throats of Germans and chopping off their heads—all in the interests of humanity and the oppressed nations, small and large—among whom the Indians are perhaps the most wretched.

What has become of the ordinary humanity of the English during this war? All traces of it appear to be wiped out in the orgies of brutal hatred fomented by your unspeakable press against a people which desired nothing better than to continue to dwell in peace with you.

A terrible charge must be levelled against the responsible men in your country. They permitted that arch-criminal, that sanguinary scourge of mankind, Lord Northcliffe, to saturate the entire nature of the English people with his slime, to kill every compunction of conscience, every humane sentiment, every impulse towards peace. They permitted an infamous press to murder and to blaspheme humanity in picture and in print.

But what use is it to rehearse all the innumerable sins and crimes committed by the English and their allies during this war? In bitterness of spirit I must ask whether the smug hypocrites of Parliament begged the British God for forgiveness when they flocked to St. Paul's to offer thanks for deliverance from the great "German menace" — which existed nowhere but in their own minds and which they had exploited only to lead their misguided people astray? It was a "menace" the real explanation for which was to be sought in the imperialism, greed and hypocrisy of England's upper classes and in the laziness, drunkenness, stupidity and degradation of the lower. **What is the crux, the real root of the whole war? The studious, industrious, highly-trained German had outdone the Englishman in most of the markets of the world, and by the fairest means.**

For this crime he was therefore to be hated and hounded as a "Hun", to be slaughtered by savages of every colour and to be enslaved everywhere for the benefit of English capitalism. There is a close connection between all this gabble about Humanity and the bad accounts in the ledgers of London

and Birmingham. Mammon and never Humanity has been the invariable inspiration of all Britain's wars.

My friend, Mr. March, the gentleman who accompanied us that Sunday, was a member of an old established German firm of 75 years' standing in the Far East. His entire business was ruined by the English, as has been that of thousands of other German merchants. All those splendid houses about the Alster which you so admired, are deserted and full of gloom. This is not so much because of the loss of their dead heroes (for the dead may almost be said to have shared the more enviable fate), nor because of the personal affairs of their owners, as of these poignant questions — "What is to become of our children, of the old Hanseatic town of Hamburg? What will be the future of our beloved Fatherland of which we were so proud? Are England, her colonies and allies going to keep up the German trade boycott? Is Germany going to have raw materials and foodstuffs and on what conditions?" And innumerable other questions of the same sort.

The German People must have food and work and they must have them quickly, or starvation will be staring everybody in the face, and riots will result which would turn unhappy Germany into the waste and desolation it was during the Thirty Years' War. And there will arise in Germany a spirit which will infect every land in the world, and shake the pillars of modern civilization into the dust, a spirit infinitely more dangerous than the dumb upheaval of Russia's benighted millions—the spirit of outraged justice which will strike down the conqueror in his blind arrogance and pride, and through the hands of his own people. Is this what Britain, still myopic with hatred, desires? It is certainly the wish of Germany's neighbours, the French, the Belgians, the Poles and the Czecho-Slovaks who are all bent upon cutting as large a slice as possible out of Germany's side. Has England no lustings in this direction? How would a section of north Germany suit her, with say, Hamburg for its port? I have even heard Hamburgers, driven to desperation by the spectre of a permanent Spartacist régime, mention this as the only possibility for salvaging something from the general shipwreck. But these were short-sighted men who still cherished dangerous illusions about England. They forgot that no matter how unbearable the revolutionary proletariat rule might prove, the gigantic sucking tentacles of Britain would be infinitely worse. Besides what hopes would there be for Hamburg, my dear old native town, with a ruined and exhausted hinterland to

the south, with no means of bringing food and raw materials for the population and the industries, and no markets in which to sell the finished goods?

Let these misguided persons look at Ireland, and let them remember that there are countless Englishmen who would like to see this great nation of 70 millions reduced to the same condition as England's Irish colony. Let them remember that these men who have cursed and bespate German culture throughout the war, would gladly reduce the tremendous spiritual and intellectual energies of the German nation to the condition of the Irish—were that possible. And such Englishmen rely upon England's favourite weapon, starvation, to carry out their hellish designs. For in the gentle game of starvation, Britain has had a long and extensive experience. She is the greatest expert in the world in this matter, as millions upon millions of fleshless bodies and bleaching skeletons in India, Ireland, Egypt and the Boer Republics have proved.

As an example of this cold-blooded, inhuman ferocity, I cannot forbear to quote the words of a person who must assuredly be recognized as a respectable Britisher—one Alfred Bigland, M. P., writing in the "Times Trade Supplement" of Sept. 1916. He proposes that "if the Allies wished to punish in a way to reduce the population of a country in fifty years to half its total, to make it impossible for mothers to keep their boys and girls in the old home, to break up families and rend hearts, divorcing the people from the land they love almost as their lives, then let the Court of the Allies sentence Germany to the fate of Ireland in 1841. Shall we treat Germany better than we treated Ireland?"

These words, be it remembered, were not written by Caligula, nor by Horri-Worribu, King of the Cannibals, but by a civilized member of British society in the year 1916, published in England's most prominent newspaper and no doubt approved by most of its readers!

How many millions of dearly-beloved grandparents, invalid men and women, young mothers and infants have gone down and will yet go down to untimely graves in Germany, has been made clear by Secretary of State Scheidemann in the interview which I have already quoted. These hosts of innocent persons have been massacred by the English starvation blockade as surely as though Lloyd George or Churchill had cut their throats or stabbed them to the heart.

And this wholesale slaughter, this abomination for the like of which we search history in vain, was hailed as a legitimate and even a moral measure—because “bloodless!”—by the United States and meekly supported—no doubt frequently against their better instincts—by the cowed and subservient neutrals. But these millions of German dead will continue to point their bony fingers at the men and the nation who have slain them, and will stand throughout the ages as grim, accusing witnesses of England’s enormous blood-guilt.

Do not wonder, Sir, that I feel and write intensely upon this theme—for I know whereof I write, and what I have seen with my own eyes.

III.

Strange to say, in spite of all these crimes committed against the German people by the English, in spite of all these outrages upon the spirit of true humanity, there is as yet almost no such thing as an expression of hatred against the English in this remarkable country. How shall one explain this strange phenomenon? Does it point to something supremely noble in the German character which will not permit hate to dominate the mind? Of anger the German is capable—but *hate*?* I ask myself: is it possible that these people have suffered so much, mentally and bodily, have become so exhausted and starved, that they no longer care what happens to them, so long as man’s first primitive need is satisfied, and they have something to eat, eat, eat?

One of the most bare-faced lies which you English were forced to swallow, Major White, was the lie that the German people were seething and stewing with hate. This was indeed true of the English, and still more of the French. But it was *not* true of the Germans, however great their justification would have been. I returned to Germany in December, 1915, and from that day to this, I have not met with a single instance of real hatred—much, I confess, to my regret, for however admirable this may be in some ways, I must also regard it as a lack of self-esteem and of national pride.

The great patriotic uprising of the German people in August 1914 I had not experienced myself, and the phrase “Gott Strafe England” (which was evidence of piety rather

* Written during the winter of 1918 whilst Germany was still stunned by the terms of the Armistice and in the throes of Revolution. Since the fiendish terms of the “Peace” conditions have become known, a deep and righteous hatred has begun to smoulder in most German breasts.

than of hatred) and the "Hymn of Hate" were very short-lived. Whilst the English and the French were raking up their foulest vocabularies of abuse, whilst their cartoonists were voiding the filth of their imaginations over the German people, its army and its rulers, the German government was suppressing post-cards which were too insulting to the enemy, and frowning upon everything in the nature of "Hetz" or incitement propaganda. Compare the temperate speeches of the German statesmen with the insulting rhetoric and nauseous self-adulation of some of the Entente statesmen; compare, — if you are anxious to obtain side-lights on national psychology —, the tone and language of the German press (even the most extreme) with those of the Fleet Street sheets and the boulevard rags.

I have spoken to countless soldiers and officers who had returned from the front, and their only nick-names for their English, French or American enemies were "Franzmann," "Tommies" and "Yankees." You told me that the British soldiers at the front usually called the Germans "Fritz" or "Jerry". But I believe this was only during the latter part of the war. The papers which Tommy reads are still keeping up their satanic preaching of hatred, still wallowing in the same rank abuse as before, still clamouring that Germany must receive the severest possible punishment. Insults are heaped upon an heroic but unhappy people, suffering from the tremendous blow of the military catastrophe, from a four-fold revolution at home, and from all the privations of a four years' war. Because the Germans do not gnash their teeth and go about with lowering brows, the caddish correspondent of the "Times" whom this far too-tolerant government permits to insult the German people from his post of vantage at an elegant Berlin hotel, writes home columns of abuse to edify the rabble of his readers. When Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Foreign Secretary, makes a proud and yet conciliatory speech in the National Assembly, your blood- and mud-spattered press howls about a revival of "German militarism", and such organs as the Paris "Matin" rave about "Le Masque Revolutionnaire!"

The cowardly, infamous and ruinous conditions of the armistice, the employment of negroes for the occupation of German land, the cruel heel of frenzied French militarism to crush the life out of the hopeful young German republic, the shrieks of triumph and revenge in the Entente press, all prove that the fears of the German people were all too-well founded,

that their war was in every way a war of defense against those who had conspired to destroy them.

Will the British bulldog now be set upon the prostrate body of Germania, to sink his fangs in her throat and tear the last flicker of life from her limbs? I know, Sir, that there are noble-minded Englishmen who are aware of the many wrongs that have been inflicted upon this people, and who raise their voices in favour of a real peace of conciliation. But unfortunately their sane voices are drowned by the roars and yells of the mob which vents its rage by writing to the papers advocating all kinds of new punishments for a helpless foe, by the great masses of the empty-headed and the empty-hearted, the victims and the tools of your accursed press. These Englishmen pelt the harried and broken civilian prisoners with stones and foul epithets as they make their way through the streets of English towns to embark for their German homes. These are the English who kept a party of several hundred Germans, most of whom were seriously ill, *eleven* days crossing the North Sea, so that many of them perished during that grim winter journey. These are the English who, under the domination of Northcliffe, are daily preaching and praying for the complete annihilation of Germany, for the murder of a nation the marvel of whose achievements held an entire world in awe.

These amiable Christians would gladly approve of every means which would convert the home-loving, orderly German wife and mother into a blear-eyed prostitute of the gutter. How many English mothers and daughters, not to speak of the English clergy, whether of the High Church or the Non-Conformist order, would not roll the whites of their eyes towards Heaven, praise the just punishment meted out to Germany and sing: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow, etc."

The English liquor peerage might easily kill off the German brewing industry and in place of the pure and wholesome German beer and light wines of Germany, force its blistering, man-killing whiskey down German throats. And should the Germans object to this substitute for their beer, what would be easier than to inaugurate a "whiskey war" according to the famous pattern of the "Opium War" against the Chinese? Then good-bye to the poorer German's happy and cheerful Sunday outings in the leafy beer-gardens everywhere in Germany, with wife and children and dog, good-bye to his music, his wonderful classic and modern theatres, his love of art and learning. The hideous Anglo-Saxon Sunday with its psalm-singing, its hidden vices and inebriety, its

dismal cloud of puritan piety blasting the poor man's day of rest and recreation, would descend upon Germany and darken it from end to end.

Slums—those breeding-places of moral and physical filth, of dark crime and human degradation—slums, surely one of the noblest products of Anglo-Saxon civilization, things which have hitherto been unknown in Germany,—would begin to fester in what would then be left of the clean, well-kept German cities of to-day. This country might then become as famous for its slums and deserted towns as it was formerly for its model cities and honest and efficient government.

German civic pride and decency may yet receive their death-blow through the introduction of all those democratic blessings which have made the political corruption of America a stench in the nostrils of the world. Will such a Germany ever come to pass? The ground has already been broken and the seed planted by England's food and raw material blockade. To-day one frequently sees grown folk and children in rags, starving and dirty, a sight that one would have looked for in vain in Germany before the war, but which was common enough in Great Britain.

All the rapacious nations are now thrusting a defenceless Germany over the precipice to total destruction, each hoping to get its share in the general pillage at the expense of German economy, industry and science. Will England join this band of thieves? Or has England already stolen enough German property in every quarter of the globe, so that she can now afford to simulate generosity and play the noble part of the good Samaritan, ready to help an exhausted Germany to her feet? Will some great Englishman arise and tower over that pack of calculating politicians—a real statesman will be able to carry his countrymen with him and stop this infamous robbery—as the great Bismarck did in the case of Austria, in 1866 — by persuading the King to cry: "Halt! no further!" to his victorious army. A man clear-sighted enough to say to Germany: — "We shall need your help in the future for the coming commercial world struggle between the white and the yellow races." But such a man has not yet arisen. There is nothing to be seen but the Lloyd Georges, the Churchills and the infamous Northcliffe.

The Germans, and for that matter the world, will never forget how the British treated the Boers. After England had stolen their gold and diamond fields, after she had starved to death 26 000 women and children in her concentration camps,

the forgetful Boers were given back a small portion of their former independence and some of their old leaders assumed the rôle of their chief gaolers. It is possible that enough German gaolers of the capitalistic stripe could be found to perform this task for Great Britain in Germany.

Alas! the German people as a whole are far too submissive, too well-trained to habits of obedience. They have been accustomed for too many centuries to bow to some twenty-five German thrones, large and small, whilst at the same time bowed under the weight of the militarism which was partly tradition and partly the result of their unfortunate geographical situation. The spirit of individual self-reliance, so wonderfully developed in the Anglo-Saxon race, has still to be awakened in the German middle-classes.

As I said at the beginning, I regret that I cannot lay claim to being a full-fledged German, inasmuch as I have spent three-quarters of my almost fifty years of life in the New World. I have not only been around the globe and visited some seventy odd countries, including most of the English colonies, but I have become saturated with American life. This gave me, I may say, political self-reliance, self-assertion and self-confidence, so seldom found in the men of my class, that of the German merchant, who stays at home and permits himself to be ruled by a class government.

Politics, particularly foreign politics, are left entirely in the hands of the trained diplomatic caste of Germany, a species which pretends to know everything and cannot be induced to see anything from any point of view except that of its own caste. The average German, accustomed to thorough methods, fondly believes that statesmanship and politics are professions which have to be learnt by rote and into which no outsiders are permitted to intrude. Prominent and successful business men and captains of industry seldom enjoy an opportunity of entering the Diplomatic Service. They never become ambassadors nor even consul-generals, as is the case in England or America.

Without being able to exert their requisite degree of influence in the affairs of the nation, the German people have followed their ruling classes into the war. They had trusted these ruling classes, and as time went on, they accepted their short-sighted versions of the war situation as Gospel truth. Many had long ago realized that they were being lied to, misled, deceived—as every other belligerent nation has been deceived, misled and lied to by its government.

For as long as imperialism, capitalism and secret diplomacy rule the roosts in monarchies or in republics, democracy will remain a lying word by which the known and unknown rulers of every country will merely screw the manacles tighter on the limbs of the enslaved masses. The governmental principle in Germany may have been bad and archaic, but the government itself was good, efficient and honest. The contrary is true in the lands of most of Germany's enemies.

The usual reasons for waging war ascribed by the Allies to the German and Austrian "war parties" (which were really non-existent)—"world dominion", "world empire", "enslavement of other nations," and the like are childish and contemptible. The best reason which Austria and Germany had for waging war, and it is a reason which is absolutely defensible from the viewpoint of commonsense, was the following: if they did not strive to break down the encirclement of the Central Powers as engineered by King Edward, while there was still time—and there was still time in 1914—then Pan-Slavism and French Revanche, armed to the teeth, would inevitably have taken the initiative in 1915 or 1916 and found the Central Powers at an enormous disadvantage.

In this sense—leaving aside Russia's general mobilization which precipitated the war*—**the war of the Central Powers was essentially a defensive war.** Nothing can alter this fact, nor the fact that the motives of all Germany's enemies were clearer and stronger for war than any possible motive on the part of Germany who was risking everything by such a conflict. And the outcome of the war has proved how justified were Germany's fears of her neighbours. These are historical truths which not even the most violent self-accusation or "confession" of a certain type of German can alter.

So far as the news goes I am obliged, like most other people, to accept it from the newspapers of the various nations, nearly all of them corrupted party sheets, which deliberately doctor and colour this news to suit the interests of their masters — the big industries and the money trusts. I therefore prize my own experiences and observations all the higher. I saw and felt the wild and feverish eagerness for war which, under Poincaré's influence obtained in France in the years immediately preceding the war. In the winter of 1912, knowing I had come from abroad, merchants, officials and even waiters in Paris asked me when war would break out? French gold

* See "Russia's Mobilization for the World War." E. S. Mittler and Sons, Berlin, 1919.

was being withdrawn from circulation, and the chauvinist papers were indulging in open threats.

In Russia there was much open talk of a war against Germany during the years preceding 1914. Whilst on a business journey in Russia in 1911-12, my Russian business friends insisted on inserting a clause relative to non-delivery in case of Russia's declaring war on Germany. No one travelling in that land and mingling with the mercantile and official classes could have escaped observing this feeling.

I was therefore the more surprised, Major White, to find that your friend, Mr. Morgan, whose lumber business took him to Russia every year, had remained quite in ignorance of this sentiment. It is possible that Mr. Morgan's affairs took him into other circles and into other districts; it is also possible that English indifference to foreign feelings and opinions might account for his immunity.

And yet this war sentiment which burned in the ruling circles of Russia as well as of France, formed the most logical basis for the action of the German government leaders in 1914. England, of course, will never admit this, and she has thrown the whole weight of her newspaper apparatus into the service of darkening and strangling the truth. England's own action in concentrating the whole British navy in the North Sea just before the outbreak of the war gave occasion for well-grounded suspicion to the watchful and anxious German people.

Nothing has become clearer to me during the last four years than the fact that the unspeakable greed and selfishness of the huge international capitalistic cliques and their mad rush to obtain the first and monopolistic control of the earth's natural resources, lie at the bottom of the nations' rivalries. National pride and patriotism serve merely as cloaks to cover this barefaced robbery and exploitation. The schools, the churches, the courts, the government, the press, the army and the navy are all in the service of the all-powerful malefactors who pull the wires in this puppet-show.

You may twist and turn all possible arguments, all available information, "disclosures" or confessions as much as you please, the simple, undeniable fact remains that Great Britain was determined to get rid of Germany's steadily-increasing competition in all branches of industry. And when she was at last certain of a French and Russian alliance, she plotted to make war inevitable, and then declared it herself. For she was convinced that her powerful allies would be quite sufficient to settle Germany and enable her, at a slight expenditure of men and money, to reap the desired harvest. "Germany's

terrible crime in the eyes of our government consisted in the great success of its international trade," said Keir Hardie, M. P., in the House of Commons.

"Grey was bent on war, and deliberately sacrificed Belgium to carry out the policy of humbling Germany with the aid of Russia, France and Japan", said J. Ramsay Macdonald in the same assembly.

"The war has been in progress between five and six weeks; in that time we have swept the German commerce from the seas," (cheers) cried the shameless Churchill on Sept. 9. 1914, glorifying that glorious feat of the British navy and revealing England's inmost motive for declaring war.

I will summon another witness — a man whose fearlessness and passionate love of truth and justice, will one day be fully recognized and honoured by his countrymen — E. D. Morel. His book "Truth and the War",* shines like a beacon out of the darkness of England's five years of war.

IV.

When the war broke out I was in New York. The great muddy tidal wave of Anglo-Saxon calumny of all things German struck me a stunning blow. I fought this campaign of vilification with all my strength. But not an American friend of mine could I induce to look with the slightest impartiality at the German side of the case. They were all the abject slaves of the reptile press or of their own prejudices. Sick at heart, discouraged and disgusted, I turned my back upon them. In order to explain how and why I left the United States, my adopted country, to go back to the old Fatherland, the land of my birth, I must do what I would certainly not otherwise do — give a glimpse of my private life.

Among my friends in New York I counted a young Frenchwoman who was married to an Englishman. In October 1914, this lady introduced me to a younger sister of hers. She had come over from France shortly before and had entered business life. This young French girl read all the literature I gave her with reference to the German case, and seemed keenly interested in all my political arguments. She displayed an exceptional talent for politics, and the arguments which I advanced to her she in turn used effectively in controversies with her English brother-in-law, in which she supported the German side.

* The National Labour Press, London and Manchester.

The end of this political sympathy was, I rejoice to say, a real war romance, consummated by marriage between the French and the German-born—much to the astonishment of the Alderman who officiated at the simple ceremony. No doubt there have been other such marriages, and yet I may regard our case as a rare one, since both our countries were locked in a death-struggle, and my wife had five brothers in the French and I three in the German army. In our union we found complete happiness, mutual esteem and honest comradeship, safe from the passions and the hatred that tore our two countries, and even our friends and relatives. I have already told you during that Sunday in old Hamburg, how we had likewise reconciled the differences in our religious faiths, she the Roman Catholic and I the Lutheran.

Since I have mentioned the delicate theme of religion, it may not be amiss for me to explain my views upon this subject—as these views have been affected by the war. As long as religion plays so important a rôle in the life of the nations, it cannot be separated from the politics of these nations. I am in favour of a complete separation of the church from the state, for religion is purely a private matter for every man to settle with his own soul and conscience. It is not a matter which should be imposed upon men by the State, nor should they be obliged to subscribe to any creed nor to support that creed. I abhor nothing more than the attempt to fetter men's minds and emotions, to make them breathe the airs of bigotry and ignorance and intolerance.

Therefore when the whole United States became poisoned with falsehood, fanaticism and Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy of the crudest type, I felt that I could no longer breathe these airs. And when my young wife told me of her approaching motherhood, I felt that neither could I permit my child to breathe such an atmosphere. And therefore we left for Germany in October, 1915.

To revert to the subject of religion, I believe that you will agree with me that conventional Christianity has become practically bankrupt through and during this war. The war has pricked the bubble of false Christianity which the nations have adored for ages. It is nothing less than the most hideous effrontery to drag the name or the mere idea of Christianity into this war, or as some of your prominent churchmen have done, to make it cover all the crimes, brutalities and passions of an insane war crusade. All Christian faiths save that of the Conscientious Objector (which need have nothing to do with Christian but only with ethical

(principles) have been proved to be, if not fraudulent, at least failures. The Conscientious Objector remained true at least to the great law: "Thou shalt not kill!"

During the summer of 1916 I visited the Officers' War-Prisoner Camp at Heidelberg with a group of neutral journalists. We were shown into a large hall which was used for purposes of worship. Three different sets of church paraphernalia were on hand—for the services of the Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics and the Protestants.

I could not but be amused and also disappointed that these hundreds of educated men who had all the same God and, for the time being, the same enemy, could not have agreed upon a simple Christian ceremony. Surely here was a wonderful opportunity for bringing unity to the various Christian creeds, even if only upon a very broad basis. These men had been saved from death and from crippling and had every reason to praise their God in common and to offer homage to him. Instead of that each sect jealously kept to its own particular service with the aid of its own hand-made altars, crosses, pictures, etc. When the members of one creed had finished their ceremonies these implements were put aside in a corner to make room for the next act of worship. As if the All-Christian God could not be served nor honoured except by means of special trappings and special hocus-pocus!

How little were these men—or rather how little was the spirit of the civilization which bred them. They had been taught to kill professionally, they had been told that they were fighting for "liberty," "humanity," "democracy" and what not, yet no sooner were they thrown together under circumstances which should have brought about a true communal feeling, than they forgot the first lesson of Christianity—which is that of brotherhood—and each hugged his own narrow beliefs and usages. In war they had been the victims of their politicians and their newspapers; in worship the victims of their priests.

I have been sickened to the soul to see the high and the humble so-called "servants" and "men" of God urging on their flocks, their herds of murderers in uniform and in mufti to "kill! kill! kill!" Such in effect were the words and the exhortations of many High Church and Chapel divines in your country. These disciples of "muscular" and militaristic Christianity have betrayed the most sacred principles of the Christian creed. I shall always see the sober black cloth of these defenders of imperialism and bloodshed, defiled with

dark red stains, and their lips, oozing with self-righteousness and cant, black with the calumnies they hurled against a people one of the most Christian on earth. I cannot forbear to quote in connection with these cannibalistic Christians (men such as the Right Reverend Frank Weston, Bishop of Zanzibar, the Bishop of London, and several others) the ironic verses of an American satirist, Ambrose Bierce:

ARMA VIRUMQUE.

"Ours is a Christian army", so he said,
A regiment of bangomen who led;
"And ours a Christian navy", added he
Who sailed a thunder-junk upon the sea.
Better they knew than men unwarlike do
What is an army and a navy too.
Pray God there may be sent them by-and-by,
Knowledge of what a Christian is and *why*;
For somewhat lamely the conception runs
Of a brass-buttoned Jesus firing guns.

This type of parson was not quite unknown in Germany either, though here, fortunately, they were confined chiefly to small Junker communities. And I am glad to see that there were one or two prelates in England who stood for sanity and justice amidst the orgy of hate and murder-mania that swept the English churches—noteable among them, I believe, was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I am proud to say that I do not count myself a member of any of these patriotic-homicidal Christian communities, and that my two children, born at Hamburg, have remained unbaptized. Unfettered and unprejudiced in all matters of religion they shall grow up to maidenhood, free to choose the faith they would embrace. Their training will be directed towards inculcating in them the habit of "praying in deeds", not in useless words and parrot forms, nor in magnificent churches in common with over-dressed, empty-headed, frivolous and material-minded people.

Your starched clergymen, your church parades, the ostentatious piety and charity of your idle rich and your sterile aristocracy will remain hollow travesties of Christianity, so long as your unutterable slums continue to reek to heaven, so long as these festering sores on the body of your country are not healed. Your fat, narrow-minded middle classes, eaten up with envy of your upper and with hatred of your lower classes, were accustomed to regard everything in Britain as ordained by divine decree, and their contempt for other nations was beyond belief. It is possible that the war may have cured them of some of these fallacies, if only by the painful process of blood-letting.

It is to be hoped that the Pharisee and the snob will not thrive there so easily as before—now that the English gentleman of all degrees has been forced to don a conscript's uniform and to measure steel with a foeman who must certainly have cured him of a few of his favourite illusions. For you English have been a people petrified with all manner of outworn customs and habits of thought especially in those fields in which questions of politics, religion and morals were mingled. It had its purpose, of course—its “expediency”,—in this instance it served to show if not to prove to the world how saintly was the soul of John Bull.

Her army led by a French Commander-in-Chief, her enormous fleet engaged in the fiendish hunger blockade which sent hundreds of thousands of German women and babies to an untimely grave, her vile press busily occupied in polluting the well-springs of the world's information — overwhelming American battalions and negro troops, American war-engines, American gold and the war industries of an entire world winning the war for her, England might indeed be thankful for her “good fortune”. But it struck me that her churches, dedicated to the teachings of Christ, were scarcely the proper place to express gratitude to the brutal and sinister forces which had been at work to finish the war!

When I read how that cunning and unscrupulous demagogue and pettifogger, Lloyd George, after announcing the “victorious” end of the war in Parliament, immediately proposed to hold services in St. Paul's to offer thanks to the Lord for having preserved the country from a great danger (into which it had been thrust by just such men as he) and how this was done with enthusiasm and alacrity in view of the 8 milliard pounds war indemnity demanded, I was forced to burst into laughter in spite of the loathing I felt.

And surely a sneer must have crept over the lips of millions of thinking men whilst these politicians were praying, praying, praying,—men who knew that if John Bull had not been diligent in paying, paying, paying ten thousand servile devils of the press, the platform and the pulpit, this glorious victory would never have been won. “Gentlemen, let us *prey*”, said the arch-demagogue, and forthwith they preyed—these worthy Britishers, as they and their rulers had always preyed upon nations weaker or smaller than themselves.

In the light of this vast world conflagration it is the duty of every clear and free-thinking Englishman to search his soul and strive to rid it of its national taint—of that arrogant jingo

spirit which has nothing to do with real patriotism. There are aids to this useful self-discipline—bitter but valuable aids. One of these is called "The Crime Against Europe", a collection of brilliant political essays, written just *before* the war. They were written by one of the noblest men your country has produced. I say *your* country, though he was not an Englishman, but an Irishman and never acknowledged himself as anything else, nor his country as anything but the land of his own people.

I refer to one of the purest patriots of our degenerate days, one of the noblest men and most devoted humanitarians of all times, a man whom English justice doomed to a shameful death—from which he arose in glorified martyrdom—Sir Roger Casement. How clear was his vision, how prophetic in foreseeing the great British plot to drag my adopted country into an unnatural enmity to the country of my birth! Warningly the great Irishman lifted his voice to the American people. But that voice was out-roared by Northcliffe, out-chimed by English gold. What did Casement say in one of his essays:

"With 1815 was born the era of Charles Peace, no less than of John Bull—on Sundays and Saint's days a Churchwarden who carried the plate; on week days a burglar who lifted it. Truly, as John Mitchel said on his convict hulk, "on English felony the sun never sets."

"From Napoleon's downfall to the battle of Colenso, the Empire founded by Henry VIII has swelled to monstrous size. Innumerable free peoples have bit the dust and died with plaintive cry to Heaven. The wealth of London has increased a thousandfold, and the giant hotels and caravanserais have grown, at the millionaire's touch, to rival the palaces of the Caesars.

"All's well with God's world—and poet and plagiarist, courtier and courtesan, Kipling and cant—these now dally by the banks of the Thames and dine off the peoples of the earth, just as once the degenerate populace of imperial Rome fed upon the people of the Pyramids. But the thing is near the end. The "secret of Empire" is no longer the sole possession of England. Other peoples are learning to think imperially. . . .

"It is an Empire in these straits that turns to America, through Ireland, to save it. And the price it offers is—war with Germany. France may serve for a time; but France, like Germany, is in Europe, and in the end it is all Europe and not only Germany England assails. Permanent confinement of the white races, as distinct from the Anglo-Saxon variety, can only be achieved by the active support and close alliance of the American people. These people are to-day, unhappily, republicans and freemen, and have no ill-will for Germany and a positive distaste for imperialism. It is not really in their blood. That blood is mainly Irish and German, the blood of men not distinguished in the past for successful piracy and addicted rather to the ways of peace. The wars that Germany has waged have been wars of defence, or wars to accomplish the unity of her people. Irish wars have been only against one enemy,

and ending* always in material disaster they have conferred always a moral gain. Their memory uplifts the Irish heart; for no nation, no people can reproach Ireland with having wronged them. She has injured no man.

“And now, to-day it is the great free race of this common origin of peace-loving peoples, filling another continent, that is being appealed to by every agency of crafty diplomacy, in every garb but that of truth, to aid the enemy of both and the arch-disturber of the old world. The jailer of Ireland seeks Irish-American support to keep Ireland in prison; the intriguer against Germany would win German-American good-will against its parent stock. There can be no peace for mankind, no limit to the intrigues set on foot to assure Great Britain ‘the mastery of the seas’.

“If America will but see things aright, as a good ‘Anglo-Saxon’ people should, she will take her place beside, nay, even a little in front of John Bull in the plunder of the earth. Were the ‘Anglo-Saxon Alliance’ ever consummated it would be the greatest crime in human history. That alliance is meant by the chief party seeking it, to be a perpetual threat to the peoples of Europe, nay, to the whole of mankind outside the allied ranks. And, instead of bringing peace it must assuredly bring the most distracting and disastrous conflict that ever stained the world with blood.

“John Bull has now become the great variety artist, one, in truth, whose infinite variety detection cannot stale any more than Customs officers can arrest the artist’s baggage.

“At one moment the ‘Shirt King,’ being prosecuted for the sale of cheap cottons as ‘Irish linen’ in London; the next, he lands, the ‘Bloater King’, in New York, offering small fish as something very like a whale. And the offer in both cases is made in the tongue of Shakespeare.

“That tongue has infinite uses: from China it sounds the ‘Call for prayer’; and lo, the Book of Dividend opens at the right text. Were Bull ever caught in the act, and put from the trade of international opium-dosing to that of picking oakum and the treadmill, we should hear him exclaim, as he went out of sight, ‘Behold me weaving the threads of democratic destiny as I climb the Golden Stair!’

“The rôles are endless. In Ireland, the conversion of Irishmen into cattle; in England the conversion of Irish cattle into men; in India and Egypt the suppression of the native press; in America, the subsidizing of the non-native press. The tongue of Shakespeare has infinite uses. He only poached deer—it would poach Dreadnoughts. The emanations of Thames sewage are all over the world, and the sewers are running still. The penalty for the pollution of the Thames is a high one; but the prize for the pollution of the Mississippi is higher still: the fountains of the deep, the mastery of the great waters, these are the things John Bull seeks on the shores of the ‘Father of Waters.’”

Well, the great plot succeeded and my adopted country was betrayed into the war by its tempters without, and its

traitors within. But the end will not be what John Bull fondly imagined when he drummed up the nations of all the world against a single nation—his chief competitor in trade. Already we are able to see that the end will not be what he imagined.

V.

England's game of throwing the cloak of Christianity over her blackest political crimes has long deceived the world—its last and most conspicuous victims being the naive and simple-minded Americans. But here too, the game is up. The world has begun to see light. It is beginning to remember the past record of Britain, her successful assassination of Portugal, Spain, Holland, Denmark and Russia, in the light of her last great crime—the weakening and robbery of Germany. With her long fingers Britannia has already picked the pockets and rifled the safes of the German merchant in every quarter of the globe. "War on German Trade!" truly the one frank cry she uttered during the war—and exposing its chief motive.

I wonder what the burning up of the business books of German firms has to do with Humanity, with Freedom, with Civilization and the Rights of Small Nations?

Lloyd George and others of his ilk would expel the Germans from England and the Empire—where, as in every other part of the world, they have done an immense service in scientific, commercial and civic fields. The Prime Minister of Australia, the rabid Hughes (apparently by his language and sentiments a veritable descendant of a "Sidney Cove" or one of the involuntary settlers of Botany Bay) speaks of the Germans as Australia's deadliest enemies—according to the "Times" of November 8th, 1918. It is some slight comfort to find that this vindictive larrikin is repudiated by the better elements in England. It is not the Germans who are the deadliest enemies of Australia, but precisely such men as the man Hughes. They are the deadliest enemies of the white race, and in the interests of that race it would be eminently desirable that they be flung on the scrap-heap or at least made harmless.

In a report on the trade of Australia in 1917 as given by the Trade Commission in the "Commonwealth of Australia", I read: "During the year 1913 the import of toys, etc., from Japan amounted to £14 000—in 1916-17 to almost £114 000!" This was accomplished at the expense of the German toy trade. And the misled and short-sighted Australians appear to regard this achievement with satisfaction and admiration.

In addition to this the "Kobe Chronicle" of September 4th, 1918, reports that the Japanese language has replaced the German at the Australian universities. In Sydney Japanese has become compulsory at the High School and is considered to be of as much importance as French.

Apart from that contemptible kind of patriotism which imagines that it is acting heroically in warring against the language of the enemy, we have to do here with a sudden and very strange somersault in the sentiments of the Australians. For up to the outbreak of the world war their hatred and fear of the Japanese knew no bounds. And now these have disappeared and are replaced with a crude and violent hatred of the German from whom they had experienced nothing but good. And now the worthy beach-combers are ready to open their arms to the Jap they so hated and despised a little while ago, to study his exceedingly difficult language and perhaps even to mix their blood with his in order to create what has already been called the "Japstralian". All this orgy of fear and mean persecution and fraternizing with the Mongols because of the Demon Teuton who never existed save in debauched, Harmsworthized imaginations!

Let me ask you, Sir, have you ever seen the "Hun" with his wife and children in the Black Forest villages of Germany devotedly making the pretty toys that went to Australia and everywhere else in the world where white children lived,—children whose hearts might be gladdened by these playthings? It was a poor living which these simple, God-fearing people made in overcrowded Germany. Their men and boys had gone forth into the war burning with faith in the holiness of their Fatherland's cause under the leadership of the princes of their blood and with the blessings of their priests. And these brave devout men fell by the thousand; and now the remnants of these people of the German forest villages—a race of which any nation might be proud—the many widows, orphans and war-cripples—are to be robbed of the opportunity of making a living at the only work they know how to do—work which has been carried on in their families and villages for generation after generation.

Not only are they to lose their means of existence, but their merciless enemies wish to make this condition permanent by closing the markets to them for good—worse than this, in their blind and insensate hatred, they talk even of refusing them the right to emigrate to their own vacant lands, though in all the world no better colonists could be found. The children of the white race in America, north and south, in

Australia and in Africa, shall no longer be permitted to play with toys made by the loving hands of the white toy-makers in the very heart of old white, Christian Europe, from the magic land of folk-lore and of fairy-tales. No, the toys hereafter are to be made by the yellow hands of the heathen Japanese.

Will these species of English carry the hatred of the German so far as to give up even the colour-line, intermarry with Mongolians and thereby degenerate both races? When I met Mr. Jordan, the English agent at the Imperial court in Corea, at Fusan in 1899, just a few years before the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia, he told me that the Emperor had tried to marry off one of his daughters to him, but that under no conditions would he marry a "nigger". "You say 'nigger'," I remarked in surprise, "I thought the Coreans were full-blooded Mongolians?" "So they are", this Briton answered, "but we English call everybody who is not white a nigger". Thus I received my first insight into the boundless contempt of the average Briton, high or low, for all coloured people.

This English agent furthermore told me while we were talking about the impending war between Russia and Japan, as ominously imminent then to the initiated as the World War in 1914—that it was very desirable that Russia should get a good thrashing—for the Russian war party was a danger to the peace of Europe and of Asia, but after all, he averred, the Russians were whites and an English girl could marry a Russian, but never a Japanese. The English in addition to their many new conceptions of what instituted honorable warfare have also endeavoured, as an American writer proves, to carry on this war as a race war.

They forgot how great a proportion of German blood went to make up English blood—they forgot that their kings and queens have been Germans for many generations, and that even King Edward the Seventh, the War-maker, spoke English with a German accent.

I might add, apropos of things Asiatic, that whilst I was in Siberia and later in European Russia just before the Russo-Japanese War, I enjoyed an excellent opportunity as an American citizen of Danish ancestry, and as one well-introduced, to analyze the spirit and the thoughts of the Russian war party, and the government circles. The officers were all itching for a fight with the "little yellow monkeys" whom they were going to finish off before breakfast. Then England's

turn was to come—she would be kicked out of India and out of Persia. Turkey with the Balkan states, and all the other Slavic countries were also to become the property of the Czar in the near future. Nothing in Asia nor in Europe was safe from the Russian bear—he was as ferocious and as voracious as the British Lion is to-day, along with his pack of German-eating tigers, wolves and hyenas.

During our Sunday walk, Major White, we also spoke of the demand which the Japanese had just made—the full recognition of the rights of Japanese citizens. This meant nothing less than the free, unhampered right of immigration to America and Australia, a right which these countries, if they wish to remain white man's land, can never concede. So far they have firmly refused to open their doors to the Mongolian coolies.

In answer to your remark, which I have already quoted in the foregoing pages—to the effect that this question would have to be settled by America, I pointed out that America would in this case not be so foolish as to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the British, and that it was just as much the business of the British to keep the Japanese within bounds. England's treachery against the white race lay in her Japanese policy. The English had made the Japanese strong in order that these might fight the Russians for them, and now the English would like nothing better than to see America and Japan bleed themselves white so that they, the English, might once more hold undisputed sway over the earth.

This, in another form, would merely be a repetition of England's old and unhappy Balance of Power policy. Now that the power of Russia and Germany is for the present broken, and America and Japan have enriched and strengthened themselves at the expense of unfortunate Europe, these two new powers necessarily stand in Britain's way. She has for a short time rid herself of two rivals only to see two new and more formidable rivals arise to menace her lawless monopoly. It is the old game of clutch and clntch and finally choke. The mere extent of John Bull's possessions will one day serve to crush him. The British Empire, like all other empires ever founded by man, will go to pieces. It will be picked and torn to pieces without mercy. In that day the wrongs of ages will be righted—and new wrongs and errors committed.

VI.

To revert to Australia—if a true and wise policy of statesmanship prevailed in that land, instead of hooliganism of the

Hughes pattern, Australia, instead of hounding and excluding the Germans would invite them to come over by the million in order to help build up that immense and empty continent. England has not sufficient colonists to develop her colonies, whereas the new German republic has no colonies suitable for settlement by white men, with the exception of parts of Southwest und East Africa. It is possible that Germans will be forced to emigrate in great numbers. I sincerely hope that this will not come to pass—that the great work of helping to rebuild Europe, of helping to create a newer and a better Europe will keep the sons of the Fatherland at home. Far too long has Germany given of her best blood to other lands, blood which, owing to the German's capacity for rapid assimilation, has been lost for good, so far as German interests and German thought were concerned.

This, however, does not excuse the myopic policy of Australia. Were she to open her doors and her arms wide to German immigration, she would no doubt obtain a great store of this splendid human material of colonization and citizenship.

Instead of teaching Japanese in the public schools she should teach German and give this language the same rights in the Australian Parliament as the French enjoys or is supposed to enjoy in the Canadian. Were her own people to master the German language, what treasures of German science, thought, philosophy and literature would not be unlocked to them! Australia would experience something of the same rapid development which the United States underwent owing to German immigration. And a powerful bulwark of the white race would be reared against the threatening menace of the yellow conquerors.

The policy of reconciliation is the only policy for the white races to follow, especially the white races of Germanic blood. They must bury the hatchet for good, or else they will certainly go down under the chariot-wheels of the Asiatic. The best way in which to thwart the policy of reconciliation and to advance the interests of the yellow at the expense of the white race, is to insist on "punishing" Germany, or weakening her still more than she has already been weakened by this mad war.

No, the interests of the world cannot be furthered by attempting to choke off the life-blood of 70 millions of the most scientific, virile and educated people in the world. Nor by the puerile attempt to boycott the German language. The German language, by the way, has always been used extensively by both political parties in the United States for

their campaign work. Millions of leaflets were printed in this language, and the German vote was solicited by insistent appeals to German idealism. It was only the other day that I came across such a leaflet in German—the translation of a speech in Congress in the year 1888—a souvenir of the first presidential campaign I witnessed in the United States. I was then only a lad of 19 years but I was already profoundly impressed by my responsibility as a future citizen of the United States—which I became two years later. It was the wish of my father and grandfather that I, the second son of four, should in all good faith become a citizen of the United States, and represent our firm in that country,

But what if I had been a poor German emigrant boy of 16, forced by economic conditions to leave the Fatherland, and to seek a living elsewhere in the great world,—should my German birth exclude me from the great free lands suitable for colonization by white men, merely because the English had raised their black pirate flag upon them? Shall a German youth or for that matter, the youth of any other land, be excluded from participation in cultivating the soil of free Mother Earth, the common earth, which like the common sea, should and must be open to all humanity? Those who dare to stand in the way of such simple and elemental human rights should be brushed aside, or if necessary trodden under foot without compassion.

Permit me, Sir, to give you certain detailed and reliable information with reference to America—information which most Englishmen are not likely to possess. For the truth has been kept from you not only by your own press but by the American. Many Englishmen flatter themselves that America entered the war out of a feeling of Anglo-Saxon solidarity, out of a kind of family feeling, commonly expressed by a cant and very fraudulent phrase: "Blood is thicker than water!" This phrase to be sure, is mouthed at after-dinner speeches and repeated in many editorials by the hirelings of Morgan and the money trust. It is a favourite label for the flagons of that horrible fusel-oil of war "made in England", which was given the ignorant American public to drink, until the poisonous stuff drove them delirious and raving drunk.

The men who in my country stand behind the hundreds of thousands of insignificant hirelings in all walks of life—"Five-Minute Orators", editors, politicians, parsons and professors, are men who are merely after more and more power and more and more wealth. They are engaged in the fascinating game of destroying existing monopolies in order to build

up monopolies of their own. These Americans, hard materialists, men unredeemed by the softening influences of an old culture, by love of art and literature and learning, have ceased to measure their power among their own kind. They have entered the world arena of the fight for power and they are measuring themselves by the standards of British imperialism.

They have observed John Bull's methods and have studied his weaknesses. They have seen that Germany's little finger was as strong as England's thigh—when England had not yet summoned the whole world against Germany. These men will not rest until the supremacy of Uncle Sam over John Bull becomes an assured fact. A few more years devoted to the building of battle-ships and merchant vessels and America will rule the waves. Britannia will sink into her grave. And the American will cynically and remorselessly give her the *coup de grace*.

No, let no Englishman delude himself that America entered the war out of burning love for the Briton, or his civilization. America entered the war because the boundless greed of a small group of already overrich Americans hungered for still more gold, more power and "glory", and because these men realized that they could attain to these only by pretending to come to the rescue of John Bull, and then using him as a ladder. And for this reason the entire nation was smothered with the fumes and flames of war, the gigantic apparatus of that commercial strumpet, the press, put into operation, legislators bought or cowed, and the strapping, well-fed athletic American sent over to hurl his enormous weight against the starved, war-exhausted, desperate German, whose lines the combined strength of England and France and all their countless slaves and allies—Belgians, Portuguese, Indians, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Russian auxiliaries, savages of every colour and helpers from every clime, could not break—*could not break*, although *only a part* of the German army held the West Front. The other part, or rather another part, brought the greatest military power and the greatest undivided empire crashing to the ground—Russia with its inexhaustible millions and its limitless dominions.

No, the American tiger has tasted the blood of imperialism and he is out for more blood.

The practical, hard-headed, soulless American business man cares little, cares nothing for all your kingly pomp and glitter,—now that he has tasted real world-power he wants

the world for himself. These men, to be sure, permit their wives, daughters and sons to dally with the English aristocracy in order to satisfy their wild and often comic social ambitions. The American women dominate society in America, the men stand aside or permit themselves to be used by their wives and daughters as these see fit to advance the social prestige of the family. For, in addition to the fierce, relentless struggle for the possession of worldly goods, the still more bitter and relentless fight which the upstarts wage for what they call "social recognition" goes on incessantly.

For such is "democracy" in the United States. And after the highest rung in the American social ladder has been reached by dint of superhuman sweating and toiling and vast and lavish expenditure, the whole painful process must begin all over again so that the American social leaders may find recognition in the upper circles of English society and keep their hard-won places at all hazards. And therefore society means everything to the average American woman; her whole pampered and shallow life is wrapped up in it.

The more intensely she climbs at home, the more she looks abroad in order to obtain high foreign connections—especially to England, where, despite that nasal twang and other crudities which you English find so amusing in the American, the language makes it easier for her. These women of the American plutocracy, rolling in immeasurable wealth, and their daughters who have married English tites, as well as their polo-playing idlers of sons, have proved to be a most powerful factor in dragging the United States into the war.

The war revealed the whole hollow inwardness of this sham American society, in all its pitiless grotesquerie and silliness. Every war fashion, every war restriction adopted by social England, was slavishly and faithfully aped by social America. When the English society dames spoke off-handedly of "doing their bit"—the dowagers of Boston, New York, Newport and Philadelphia spoke with the same simulated off-handedness of "doing" *their* little bit. When Queen Mary began to plant potatoes and to cultivate vegetable patches, the American society queens were filled with sudden and burning enthusiasm for the same whim.

When English girls donned breeches and went to work on farms, the belles of Fifth Avenue went to fashionable tailors and ordered a chic pair of trousers in which they might strut in their patriotic "stunt". When the Duchess, Viscountess or Countess of This-and-That went into mourning for a son fallen in Flanders, Mrs. Noble Spudd Spiffington or Mrs.

Muddleton Crusher Shanks (such are our new American names) suddenly remembered that she was distantly related to some young society oaf who had volunteered for service in John Bull's army and who had been killed in the same battle. And so, heavy and expensive mourning was ordered, a tragic mien affected for a week or two until the new sensation palled upon these pampered creatures—these luxury-women and play-dolls of the American money magnetes.

Yes, the whole war was terribly "smart" in American social life, a fine new, game for the jaded senses and hysterical impulses and whims of these women. Whilst brave men of all nations were dying in agony upon a hundred battlefields, these blow-flies were buzzing through the drawing-rooms, the bazars and the newspapers columns of the capitalist press, growing fatter and sleeker not only upon the scent of human carrion walted over from Flanders—but upon the monstrous dividends poured out at their feet by their abject slaves of husbands, who were drowning in torrents of blood-stained gold—the profits of their traffic in the tools of murder.

These conditions, of course, prevailed chiefly among the "upper ten thousand", the social helots prostrate before the shrines of Fifth Avenue and Park Lane. The American masses, on the other hand, have no particular reverence or admiration for the haughty and self-sufficient Britisher who lives in their midst without becoming naturalized. When his country called for volunteers, many specimens of this type of Englishman remained safe and snug in the States, and, when conscription was introduced, developed wonderful aptitude as "shirkers". These valiant and loud-mouthed British heroes who strove their utmost to drag everyone else into the carnage whilst safely remaining out of gunshot themselves, were to be met with in all the neutral and allied lands. I am aware, of course, that the States did not harbour precisely the best type of Englishman—that there were great numbers of black sheep and doubtful "second sons" among them.

I repeat, the American people did not enter this war in order to help England out of a tight place; they were simply driven into it by their plutocratic rulers and by every possible hook and crook. Most of the members of both Houses of Congress were simply dazzled by the enormous sums of the available subsidies—which meant an increased income to them as well as to the rest of the war profiteers. And therefore they simply sold the plain American People whom they were

representing. Senator La Follette and one or two other honourable and courageous men, looming like mountains above the moral and mental crooks and cowards who had succumbed to the war-mongers, proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the great masses of the American people, particularly in the western states, were overwhelmingly in favour of peace. Had the people been permitted by means of a referendum to vote upon the question of war or peace, three-fourths of the population would have voted for peace, in spite of the powerful capitalistic press and all the slaves and knaves of Wall Street.

As Wilson was not apparently in any hurry to declare war on Germany, as many months of preparation were necessary before being able to enter the field, and as there was not the slightest danger of a German invasion, the President could have had ample time to call the people to the polls to decide this momentous question for themselves. This would have been a tremendous step forward, this would have been a measure in accordance with that much-vaunted ideal of "making the world safe for democracy", of permitting the people to rule themselves. Their "representatives" were morally disqualified, for none of them had been elected on a war or peace platform, and hence none of them were qualified to speak for the people on this issue of life and death.

But the American Congress, like the British Parliament and all other national bodies, simply issued its declaration of war over the heads of its people.

In America we were even forced to endure the hitherto unheard of spectacle of the Head of the Supreme Court of the United States appearing in Congress in order to lash the frenzied and war delirious members to still greater excesses by waving a small American flag at *a tempo accelerando*.

It is not enough that the Emperors, Kaisers and Kings should lose the privilege of declaring war, but also the parliaments whose members have been elected during times of peace. The people themselves and only the people, that is the great masses, should be permitted to decide whether they desire war or peace, since it is they alone who must pay the terrible price in blood, and loss, and suffering.

But of what avail will a free vote be for a people whose minds are not free but fettered and chained by the invisible bondage of the capitalist-imperialist press and its rivers of poison?

Here is a bondage which must be broken before humanity can be free. So long as these criminals of publicity have the power to deceive and to incite the masses and drive them

into wars, there can be no free plebiscite, and therefore no free decision. Humanity must find some means to protect itself against the Northcliffes, the Reuters and the other arch-criminals whose hands have been stained with the blood of millions of victims and who have saturated the world with the offal of their falsehoods.

VII.

The British people as well as the American people were the victims of this press and of the official propaganda. It is true that the German people were also misled by their War Press Bureau, but not by deliberate falsehoods, nor by calumny of the enemy, but simply by the far too confident tone it adopted, by the one-sided versions it gave of the real war-situation, by its under-estimation of the real resources of the enemy. In America it was felt that the crude newspaper bluster and mud-slinging should be supplemented by a more subtle and "high-brow" propaganda, for a great deal of the truth had leaked through in America, before America had entered the war. And so the sharks of the American publicity bureaux hired various American intellectuals to belabour the American mind with a more rarefied substance than could be found in the reeking material of the American press.

This commercialized press has, of course, endless forms and colours. It appeared in the guise of an "impartial" review of the world's "art, literature, politics, science, etc.", such as the weekly "Literary Digest", which, soon after the outbreak of war, had sold itself body and soul to Entente interests and which prostituted and mutilated the truth in the most shameless manner for the benefit of the busy American who "wants information". Or in the shape of the virulent and flatulent "Life" with its flunky snobbishness, its aping of "Punch", its foul cartoons and vituperative jingles to evenom the air of "Society" and clubdom. Or in the form of those organs of wholesale popular stultification such as the "Saturday Evening Post", with their crude and brutal short stories fomenting hatred of German "villains" and "spies"—and all the spawn of printed, pictured, filmed and staged poison swallowed by the unsuspecting masses.

A certain level, however, was still immune:—that of the *thinking*, experienced, travelled American. And therefore a so-called "Committee of Public Information" was organized in order to explain to this doubting American the noble and purely idealistic motives which reluctantly forced his country into the war—against his own reason and his every healthy instinct.

I have before me one of the publications of this institution of light and truth—which operated with enormous funds. It is entitled “American and Allied ideals” and is written by one Stuart P. Sherman, Professor of English in the University of Illinois. This pedant proceeds gently and suavely with his work—the blackguarding of Germany, the white-washing of America and its Allies. Germany, by connotation and suggestion and by direct statement is to be depicted as the conventional fire-belching, man-woman-and-child devouring monster of militarism; the Allies *per contra*, as angelic idealists, white as the driven snow, engaged on a noble crusade.

The whole document is an interesting study in specious reasoning, mental crookedness and non-consequentiality, a re-vamping of old, beloved prejudices, hollow platitudes and false sentimentalities, tintured with the phrases and the spirit dictated by the English press and intellectuals. With its show of mock-humility, its high-falutin’, old-fashioned eloquence and its constant under-current of flattery for the self-conceit and nationalistic vanity of the reader, it is bound to impress the average American—usually a child in European history and politics. In English or Continental intellectual circles it would be dismissed with a contemptuous smile.

“American and Allied ideals are the ideals of internationally-minded men, of scholars and lovers of peace”. German science, philosophy, and scholarship are, of course, prostituted “to the service of a barbarous government”. It is subtly intimated that Germany cherished aggressive designs against the life, the ideals and the culture of America. And then the academic falsifier slyly builds up his case, carefully throwing the sand of his mock-modesty in the eyes of his victims as he proceeds, as, for example when he says of America: “I think I may even be so bold as to say that defending its own life is its duty and responsibility”.

The crude superstition of American comic papers that Germany swarms with “Verboten” signs, is also made use of. And the clear fact that such signs (which are not more numerous in this country than in any other) represent the highest consideration for public order and comfort evidenced by the most honest and highly socialized government in the world, is buried beneath some rubbish in defence of Puritanism. “The good American in ordinary times is practically unconscious of *any governmental* check upon his liberty”. The words emphasized are his, but think of this, my dear Sir, from a person living in a land in which it will soon be impossible to drink a glass of wine or beer or to smoke a pipe without committing a penal offence!

The knavish mental obliquity and what my American countrymen call "foxiness" of this hireling of one of our plutocratic universities, become more evident step by step. Unknown to him, or at least unacknowledged are the wonderful wells of German idealism, philosophy, art, music and science. He advises his readers, in order that they may learn what Germany *is* and what Allied ideals *are not*, to read Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Treitschke, Bernhardi, Hartmann—the same old names, you see, borrowed from the English armoury of slander, and repeated parrot-like by a Middle-west and middle-class professor who had very likely never heard of these German writers before the war and who, like many of his colleagues in the service of American Mammon, cannot even pronounce their names properly. The list, of course, is compiled with malice aforethought in order that the easy-going and unthinking American may be either bored by writers he cannot understand or antagonized by the pessimism of Schopenhauer or startled by the dynamic thought and ideals of Nietzsche.

The fact that Bernhardi was practically unknown in Germany until the Entente propagandists boomed him with brazen lungs into fame as a prophet of modern Germany, has been established again and again, and this fact must have been known to the man Sherman. Yet it is a fact which he suppresses in the dishonesty of his soul. The American reader is further advised to read a purely technical military treatise such as exists in all armies respecting military practises—this to give him a glimpse into the German soul. It would be useless to attempt to reform a mind such as this—since the first fundamentals of the real scholar and thinker are lacking—objective justice and cleanliness of the intellect. And shame, plain, simple, human shame.

The plutocratic professor then goes on to place a crown of transcendental glory upon the head of the saintly Allies by dragging in the poets and the prophets to interpret the ideals of the Clemenceaus, the Lloyd Georges and the Roosevelts. With childish but nonetheless blasphemous bounce, he desecrates Micah and Confucius, Cicero and Milton in this grotesque and crudely-cynical attempt to whitewash that gang of robber-states and imperialistic exploiters and oppressors known as the Entente.

The intention of the plutocratic pedant is, of course, clear. It is to keep alive the gross and abominable fiction of the Demon German, that fantastic monster of the coarsest caricatures which by a process of constant suggestion has been

hammered into the brains of the Anglo-Saxon masses. What do these masses know of the real Germany, what *can* they know so long as the Shermans squat like toads in the portals of the schools and the Northcliffes send their Niagaras of slime through the souls of the English-speaking peoples?

When will this horrible nightmare, more shameful than any devil-worship of the Middle Ages, be dispelled and the capitalistic pressmen and the kept capitalistic professors be driven out with whips of scorpions? When will the British and American people be permitted to see their blood-relations, the German people, as they really are—a people whose national heroes are not conquerors, millionaires nor Presidents, but poets and philosophers—Goethe, the last world genius, and Kant, the teacher of the categorical moral imperative, and the great prophet of the ideal of everlasting international peace? Germany—whose schools and social organisation were the models of the world—who had but 2 illiterates in every 10000 compared to 100 in England and 320 in France, who spent but 21 marks per head for her army and navy as against England's 33 and France's 29—who published annually 34 800 books as against England's 26 800 and France's 9 600?

Statistics are often dull and grey and dusty—but here they become a shaft or rather a sword of gleaming light which strikes to the heart the foulest and blackest lies levelled against this people. A nation that spends for education 878 millions of marks against the 384 millions of your country and the 261 of your French ally, is not a barbaric nation, but one that stands in the foremost rank of civilization. A nation whose thinkers, scientists and humanitarians carried off 14 Nobel prizes as against the 3 of England and France, is a nation to which the world can look up with respect and from whom it can learn with profit. Can the thinking and cultured Englishman and American compare the programs of the German theatres with those of their own degraded and trashy stage and not blush with shame? And surely a nation's theatres are a reflex of that nation's civilization!

But let us leave the domain of culture and professorial propaganda and return to politics. And yet this analysis of a certain type of American mind will afford you an insight into a certain type of English mind—of which it is the shadow and offshoot. The social and intellectual subservience of America to England is the chief reason for the inherent contempt which most Englishmen, despite their outward courtesy, feel for the American, for the "Yankee". Both the

English and the Americans have been deceived as to their real mutual sentiments by their satanic press.

Your countrymen, Sir, must not make the great mistake of believing that the American masses relish the idea of Britannia's "ruling" the waves. They will have nothing of this, and they feel that the sooner British rule disappears from the western hemisphere the better. Only the bondage imposed upon the necks of the American people by Wall Street and American Anglomania and the absence of real American statesmen since the days of Grover Cleveland, have prevented a logical carrying-out of the Monroe Doctrine. For instance, had there been a far-seeing President in the White House, a true American and nothing but an American, when the Boer War broke out, he would have enforced the Monroe Doctrine then and there. He would have seen that it was wrong and illogical to expect it to work only one way—against the interference of the Old World in the affairs of the New and not against the interference of the New World in the affairs of the Old. Such a President would have demanded that Canada, as an American, New World nation, should not send a single Canadian soldier to fight England's battles in South Africa and to help crush, and fetter to the British Empire, a small sister republic.

A fearless, ringing demand of this nature would have set the nation afire with enthusiasm from one end of the land to the other. For the sympathy of the American masses, like that of all European countries, particularly Germany, France and Holland, was with the small, heroic, liberty-loving Boer people. Faced thus with the opposition of the entire white world, Britain would have been compelled to swallow her greed for the gold-fields and the diamond mines of the Boers, for the political situation would then not have permitted her imperialists to launch their robber war.

It was John Bull's good fortune that there was no manly and courageous advocate of Americanism and international justice at the head of the nation at that time. Otherwise the Monroe Doctrine would have been established upon a sound and reasonable basis and there would have been no participation of the American continent in the European war just passed—much to the advancement of Humanity, Civilization and Lasting Peace.

Now that the American eagle has suddenly remembered that he is, after all, a bird of prey and now that England has helped him or rather persuaded him to sharpen his beak and

his claws, there is no telling when he will use them to further American imperialism by wiping out British imperialism from the whole of the American continent. Uncle Sam will certainly not be disposed to play second fiddle to John Bull, nor will he submit to any nonsense in the matter of the freedom of the seas. To use the vernacular of the American Man in the Street, in so far as it expresses his sentiment towards England: "Aw, you go to hell—I'm every damned bit just as good as you are!" Such is the free and ribald temper of the great masses of the American people.

England should not delude herself with the Anglo-Saxon race fetish nor the worn-out platitude about "Blood being thicker than water". Neither of these are based on realities. There is too much good German and Irish blood in the United States, and too much plain American stock. These millions have been suppressed and muzzled by drastic and despotic war measures, but the day will come on which they will speak and in no uncertain voice. They will not only demand a free Ireland, but also a free Germany. And they will have their way—peaceably if possible—if not peaceably then with the help of the new American navy, "the biggest in the world".

The world must reckon with the fact that the cry for "democracy" is already overhauled by the political-economic developments in Central Europe. The sham democracies based upon capitalism and imperialism and the bandit's idea that "to the victors belong the spoils", are now suddenly as out-of-date as were the autocratic forms of government in Russia, Austria-Hungary and Germany before the Revolution.

As I have said in my "Open Letter to President Wilson" (which is reprinted in the Appendix) the message of the age is something *beyond* democracy—it is that of a just and enlightened socialism. The defeated powers—Russia, Austria-Hungary and Germany—though still in the throes of upheaval and inwardly and outwardly torn and suffering, have already achieved their greater freedom. At one blow they have got rid not only of their antiquated forms of government but also of certain parasitic capitalistic evils which are also antiquated—after this war. In these lands the great battle between social-democracy, communism and Bolshevism is being fought out—and the victorious thought or system will conquer the world.

America who thought she was freeing the world, must now herself be freed. She must be freed politically, socially, financially—she must be freed in the world of thought and the world of art.

VIII.

We "pro-German" Americans in Europe have been savagely censured and slandered. We have been accused of disloyalty, of treason and other things. But our criticism of and opposition to our government have always been inspired by the fact that America was *not* free, that, above all things, *she was not free in this war*, not politically, nor socially, nor mentally. In fighting for the truth we hold that we were fighting for the liberation of America from the grip of the evil forces that held her in thrall. As to Germany, we suffered under the hideous injustice done her, and that alone urged us to defend her. The man who knows the truth, or knows of injustice being done and dares not speak out, is a moral coward and a political serf.

We were few and the entire Anglo-American press was barred to us. We had no medium for expression except a small badly-managed paper published in English at Berlin, and the old, time-honoured method of the independent pamphlet.

We waged our war upon our own lines and for our own ideals. It is not likely that you, Sir, have read the splendid protests and stirring appeals of men like John L. Stoddard, the famous American traveller and lecturer; of Herman George Scheffauer (R. L. Orchelle), the Californian poet and author; of U. S. Consul-General T. St. John Gaffney; and other Americans in Germany, nor heard of the magnificent fight undertaken by my friend Jeremiah O'Leary in New York against the betrayal of America by the Anglomaniacs and the Anglo-American money trust. O'Leary like many another independent American (alas, far too few in this war) was put in prison—like that great-hearted humanitarian woman, Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes. But the things these men have written are on record and when the madness has passed, their words will be honoured and understood.

Stoddard, the finest type of the staunch old American, has been foully attacked and threatened with hanging should he ever return to the United States; Mr. Gaffney became a victim of the administration's peculiar ideas of neutrality and lost his consul-general's post at Munich at the bidding of the British; I have been informed that my property in America has been confiscated, and a few days ago I received word

from Mr. Scheffauer that he had been indicted on a charge of "treason" for certain articles he had written!*

I congratulate my friend Scheffauer. He cannot consider this absurd charge a stigma to his name, but only a tribute to the power and brilliance of his pen.**

No writer has fought more passionately, more fearlessly for truth and fair play than he. His articles have been a constant source of strength and inspiration to me during these years of darkness and despair. He tore the sophistries of certain English intellectuals—such as H. G. Wells, Gilbert K. Chesterton and John Galsworthy to shreds and exposed the hypocrisies and falsehoods of the Entente politicians with merciless irony. It was a great comfort to me and other Americans to read these things and to read them in English. And yet often these and other writings by Americans or Englishmen—such as that uncompromising opponent of Lloyd George and Northcliffe, Mr. C. Pownall, or by that courageous Irishwoman, Mrs. Leonard Marshall,—aroused the fears and anxieties of certain timid officials in the German Foreign Office who were totally inexperienced with the English and American mind and wholly incapable of appreciating bold and independent language.

For the men who fought for truth and decency, and the freedom of the spirit, did so at great sacrifice of their own interests. Many of them gave up their homes, their friends, their businesses and their careers, not to speak of profitable opportunities for engaging in English propaganda. And they did this, not for "German gold", since many of them suffered considerable privation here, but solely and wholly because they felt that they must follow their convictions.

I will quote a few lines from a controversy Mr. Scheffauer carried on with Mr. J. M. Kennedy (S. Verdad) of the "Daily Telegraph" and "The New Age", because I feel that they

* It is to be hoped that our diplomatic amateurs at Washington will not be permitted to make the United States ridiculous by blundering into the petty and dangerous game of trying to "make examples of" artists and men of thought. For nothing would more mercilessly expose their guilty conscience and fear of the vital word. In a controversy between the jingo-judicial powers and a war-tempered polemicist like Scheffauer, there could be little doubt as to who would carry off the moral victory.

** The charge turned out to be a trumped-up indictment under the notorious "Espionage Acts", the brutal coercive measures, designed to throttle free speech, which served as an instrument of terrorism in the hands of Attorney-General Mitchell Palmer—now himself under indictment for corruption in office!

express the only creed a real freeman can hold in this new era of the world:

"I have no words to express the abhorrence I feel for the 'patriotism' which is based upon falsehoods and hallucinations, upon the fraudulent phrase and the low emotional appeal—the patriotism brewed like a devilish venom for the damnation of whole peoples by pressmen and politicians—or for that gross and mock-heroic heresy: 'Right or wrong, my country'. It is the war-monger's most glittering trap; its sentiment is the antipodes of all civilization and ethics.

"I will support no country, no ruler I hold to be in the wrong. Nay, I hold it to be an honourable man's duty to combat it—or him. The accident of birth-place makes no difference to me in my allegiance to things higher and more precious than all rulers, countries or patriotism—intellectual honesty, devotion to Truth.

"You speak of 'spiritual nationality'. This is the only one I recognize. For the cries of 'treason' and 'disloyalty' by which the unthinking mob and timid objectors are bludgeoned into silence to serve the ends of their oppressors, uncowed, unbowed men have only disdain. Until men free themselves from the manacles of the hideous and narrow nationalism which has saturated the Earth with blood, until they are ready to leave or oppose their governments, their families, their friends, we shall always have the fat soil in which the dragon's teeth are sown—and the blind human herds which allow themselves to be first fanaticised, then flung into wanton and insane wars."

Americans who did not tamely permit a machine-made, newspaper-made, "official" set of political convictions to be forced upon them by terroristic methods and dared to speak out, were, of course, roundly reviled by the hirelings of the Northcliffe press, such as the notorious F. W. Wile of the "Daily Mail" whose pen drips hatred and falsehood and whose hands are red with the blood of thousands upon thousands of men for whose slaughter his inflammatory writings have made him directly responsible. Or by the Northcliffe spy, Thomas D. Curtin, — a particularly bad case of moral scrofula, with whom decent Englishmen and Americans refused to associate in London. These men naturally accused such Americans of being German "agents", "spies", and the like.

I am firmly convinced that the day will come when the men who waged the battle for truth, fairness, honest neutrality and the real freedom of America, will be seen to have contended merely for those things towards which the great bulk of their countrymen and fellow-citizens is slowly groping. But the masses are without leaders towards the light, however many false prophets and leaders there may have been in the darkness. The spiritual leaders must yet come—to liberate the American soul, in fact to form it—politically, socialistically, —in intellect, in art and in literature. And there can be no real leadership nor self liberation until the American people

recognize even in the men who have censured and flayed their follies and their iniquities their real friends and helpers and do them honour.

IX.

The future of humanity, the freedom of the world were never at stake during the war. One glance at the size of Germany on the map and at the size of her enemies ought to strangle that lie in the throat of him who dares utter it. But the future of humanity is at stake NOW. It lies, by the strange irony of fate, in the hands of a few old and rather commonplace men—men who are now bent upon justifying the errors and the wrongs they have committed under the old system by enforcing a peace of robbery, hatred, annexation and exploitation. They are doing their utmost to bolster up the old imperialist-capitalist-militaristic system which—mark my words!—is doomed—by attempting to kill in its very infancy the freest and most advanced democracy the world has ever seen—the principles and ideals of the young socialistic Republic of Germany.

Russia and Germany through their defeat have attained to their freedom, and though the forces of chaos may still rule in Russia, and the Revolution may still be bubbling and boiling in Germany, it is clear that a new evangel has gone forth from these lands. It is an evangel which will conquer the world. And out of this new forces and constellations will arise which will in turn destroy the would-be conquerors and destroyers of to-day.

The seed of new and still more terrible wars than that which has just ended is being sown by the short-sighted despots of the Entente. And future generations of Englishmen and Frenchmen will surely live to curse the day on which a peace of brute force and hatred was concluded—unless the principles proclaimed by Wilson and accepted by Germany and the Entente, prevail. Unless the Socialistic thought and the spirit of the League of Nations prevail. The guilty Entente has already disclosed its real motives—murder and robbery, and all the fine ideals of which it made such a show have been trodden into the dirt. Germany and Russia, it appears, are to be crucified on a cross of greed, the cross of the vampire capitalist.

If the "peace" which the madmen and *revanchards* of the Entente intend to dictate to Germany will bring about conditions in Germany which will not enable this industrious and orderly people to live, then they will be forced to emigrate in

great numbers. Now that the war and the lawless methods of her enemies have ruined the means of livelihood of millions, the surplus population of Germany will most likely be forced to turn its back upon the distressed Fatherland and seek fresh opportunities in the States. What Germany has lost America will gain — for it is the fate of this great but unfortunate people always to have enriched and strengthened those who not only felt no gratitude but turned and rent it when it was harassed by other enemies.

If Germany's vast numbers of skilled and highly-trained workmen, artisans, mechanics, chemists, shipwrights and the like cannot find employment at home, their power, their energy and skill will go to swell the forces and resources of England's chief competitor. These men will be received with open arms by their German-American relations and friends in the States, for there is scarcely a German family with no blood-ties in America. The young and dauntless officers of the German army and navy, if they cannot find an outlet for their energies as planters in the German colonies, will also go to America where they would be gladly received by the authorities of the American army and navy, who know how to appreciate the virtues of what is called German "militarism". And these men will be on hand when the day of reckoning comes for England, and the American navy accomplishes that which the German navy could not—the downfall of British sea tyranny and the Freedom of the Seas without which there can be no peace on earth.

Is England desirous of creating on the Continent an Ireland ten times larger than that which is as a burning wound in her side? Then let her proceed upon the path of her rabid imperialists, and the idea of "punishing" Germany. The lofty ideal of a "League of Nations" will then go down to ruin and the old order of things—national hatred, chauvinism, Might before Right, "My country right or wrong", will reign supreme. There is great danger that the ignorance and the arrogance, the conceit and the stubbornness of a large majority of your countrymen; their congenital inability to imagine themselves in the other man's skin, and—despite that phrase "fair play"—their unwillingness to look at both sides, will hinder a real reconciliation between Britain and Germany.

The prouder, more self-conscious classes of the German people demand from the English a full apology in one form or another for the many mean and scurrilous measures and utterances of the British war government, and for the abysmal slanders of its newspapers. That the English despoiled honest,

peaceful and inoffensive Germans in all parts of the world of their earthly possessions, they regard as simply the act of a common thief. But that they also strove to ruin forever their honour and reputation throughout the world, is for each and every one of these men a deadly insult and an unpardonable wrong which, if not righted, will eat away every still surviving shred of esteem and sympathy which the German gentleman has always felt for the English.

I can honestly say that no people in the world felt a deeper or more sincere liking for another than the German people for the English. It must become an obligation of honour, Sir, for every true English gentleman—still proud of the finer traditions of his land,—to work to the last day of his life in the effort to right the terrible wrong done the German people. This is a duty of which I believe you, Major White, to be fully conscious—as an officer and a gentleman. If this is not done, then the Briton and the German will enter upon a long period of deadly enmity which will mean nothing less than the ruin of the white man's civilization everywhere. Never again will Britain be able to summon so many friends or helpers to aid in the ruining of a great rival. England—gorged to satiety, must cease to play the dog-in-the-manger. John Bull in his old age will discover that he may have slaves or dupes, but scarcely a true friend in all the world, and when his hour comes, the world will turn upon and rend him tooth and nail.

I must again and again return to point out that festering ulcer in the body of humanity—that poisonous leprosy which blights all truth, reason and morality—the English Press Vampire—Northcliffism in all its hideousness and all its criminality. I confess that I cannot understand the attitude which many thinking Englishman assume towards this scourge of mankind. I cannot understand the attitude which you, Sir, adopted, when with a shrug of your shoulders and the excuse: "Well, it is war", upon your lips, you lightly dismissed my indictment of the criminals of Fleet Street.

I am filled with loathing and horror when I review that immense, boundless and bottomless morass of falsehood, insult, low calumny, caddishness and vicious hatred represented by the British war press. I grow dizzy when I think of it, and its stench even now is enough to make me gasp and choke. If there is anything to prove that England's cause was rotten to the core, it is the press that sought to defend that cause by covering England's enemy with its filth.

I would never finish this pamphlet if I were to write down all the venomous trash I came across in the English press or in speeches delivered by England's leading men, but I may perhaps remind you of the following specimens:

"My allies and my people resolve to secure reparation for the victims of unprovoked and unjustifiable outrage and effectual safeguards for all nations against the aggression of a Power which mistakes force for right and expediency for honour."

King George V in a speech from the Throne.

"There can be but one thought amongst us and that is to uproot and cast out *the filthy thing* that we have been harbouring for so many years!"

Commodore G. G. Wood.

Hongkong Yacht Club, 15. 7. 15.

"Join the Anti-German League! a million members wanted at a shilling each! The battle cry "everything German taboo! "Made in Germany" the mark of the beast! Brave men have died in their thousands for the love of Britain. If you patronize the miscreants who have perpetrated the crime against civilisation you defile their sacred name and memory!"

The Marquess of Hertford.

"Germany, a treacherous, inhuman and mendacious power, which will assuredly crush all light and liberty out of us, if we and our allies do not humble her and the criminal lunatic who rules her, and alternatively styles himself "the wise regent of God" and "the envoy of Allah", to the dust.

"The Germans have become innate savages and as such regard mercy and forbearance as signs of weakness: their only gospel is brute force. If he is paid out in his own coin he whines like a whipped dog."

General M. E. Turner in "The Times".

"When the Germans were still human beings. The Prussian Junker is the road hog of Europe."

Winston Churchill.

"Times", April 1. 1918.

"We are fighting against barbarism! Belgian cornfields have been trampled down, her villages were burned to the ground, her art treasures destroyed, her men have been slaughtered, yea, her women and children."

Lloyd George, Sept. 1914.

"Germany is a wild beast at large, we will shoot it!"

Bonar Law.

"The Kaiser and his plundering bandits. £ 40,000 blackmail by the Kaiser's son. Champagne and brutality."

"No peace is possible with a nation of tigers and murderers."

"There can be no compromise between civilisation and the mad dog!"

"The Times".

"It is a libel on Attila to call the Kaiser "a Hun" — assassination, conspiracy, plunder, forgery are their state religion."

Frederic Harrison in "The Times".

I have no desire to dabble in this excrement of Fleet Street sewers and brains. I might quote more of the obscene vituperation and orgasms of fanatic hatred revealed by the circulars of the "Anti-German League" to which various shining lights of English society were not ashamed to sign their names—until the founder of the society absconded with the funds he had accumulated by converting aristocratic malignity into coin! I might refer to the learned men and the learned societies that covered themselves with everlasting disgrace wallowing in the styes of "John Bull" and the "Daily Mail" and behaving like damboys in repudiating honours which had been conferred upon them during times of peace by the highest universities in Germany, or in striking from their rolls the names of distinguished Germans whose membership could only have honored them. I might refer to once-respected critics like William Archer who, even after the war has stopped, pander to the mob, and spirt forth their old-womanish spite in mean and stupid melodramas about alleged German atrocities.

Surely when sanity returns the better Briton will feel ashamed of this frenzy of hate and ribaldry. The German, unaccustomed to paint ordinary human beings as devils or to call his enemies names after the fashion of the gutter, stood aghast at this upheaval of mud. He was conscious of the righteousness of his actions; he was conscious that his enemies were unscrupulous and fantastic liars, and something within him made him ashamed to imitate them. He refused to be swayed by hate—he, the attacked, the slandered, the insulted one who would have been so much more justified in his hate than any of his enemies! *That*, Sir, is a moral triumph for the German people which places them high above the level of their enemies. And yet—as I have said—this virtue has also proved a weakness—in the face of *such* enemies.

As I have said I have little desire to cite these products of English press and personal hatred. I have culled the foregoing bits of mental monstrosity from odd scraps of English papers which have blown my way, and refrained from dipping into that mighty sea of printed dirt which poured, and for that matter still pours, day after day from the Northcliffe sheets and their like.

The correspondence columns of the penny and ha'penny press teem with insults of the German people, with low and cowardly proposals for injuring and robbing them still further, with coarse, brutal, cruel evidences of the lowest and basest passions of the mob—whether this mob live in Hoxton or in

Belgravia. The childishness of it all is paralleled only by its bestiality, but it is characteristic of the English press that there could be editors who gave space to such moral and mental virulence.

I might quote a choice morsel which I found in the August (1918) number of "Nash's Magazine". Its author is one Herbert Kaufman, (apparently of German descent) and judging by his peculiar manner of writing, an American. Its wild extravagance, its silly pompousness, its frenzied, hysterical incoherence, reveal a mind and an imagination very close to the point of paranoia and ungrammatical paranoia, at that! In the face of such unearthly superstitions and hallucinations I ask myself: are we still living in the 20th century? For it would be difficult even in the aberrations of the Middle Ages to find anything to equal the bedevilled and bewildered brain from which this outburst came. Yet such minds are permitted to steam and smell upon the front pages of a popular English magazine!

The correspondents of the various newspapers took a special delight in brutal descriptions of the killing of Germans, and surely they must have known the blood-thirsty tastes of their public—like the artist in the "Illustrated London News" of which I spoke. They show no reverence even for the dead, but refer in their depravity of human sentiment to "Hun corpses!" The Bulletins of the British High Command revel in such terms as "We killed a great number of Germans",—vicious and unsoldierly language which betrays a thug's satisfaction in the mere act. For while it is natural that bulletins should dwell upon the losses of the enemy, there is for this purpose a recognized military language in which none of the venom of the journalist enters.

When Hindenburg performed his great feat of evacuating the district between Arras and the Oise in 1917, the Germans left behind them many well-tended and orderly cemeteries in which their dead as well as the dead of their enemies were buried. British soldiers and French rested side by side with their German comrades, and that this noble word is nobly honoured by the Germans was proved by the crosses and the flowers which decorated the enemy graves as they decorated their own, and by the inscriptions: "*Hier ruht ein tapferer Engländer*" or "*Franzose*".

For the German cannot conceive, as a soldier, of hating another soldier beyond death—or even captivity. When the Germans made their great offensive in 1918 and reconquered

the evacuated territory, they found these trim cemeteries desecrated in the most unspeakable manner, the German graves defiled, the crosses torn up, and foul inscriptions written upon the German monuments—when these happened to have been left standing.

X.

How far and how deeply the virus of England's war press percolated or rather spouted through the world, is proved by the following quotation from "The North China Herald" (of August 31st, 1918), but one of thousands that might be cited:

"A correspondent sends us the following notice quoted by the "Hongkong Telegraph" which has been issued by Mr. J. W. Jamieson, H. M. Consul-General at Canton: 'Henceforward, except for purposes of proceeding to and from a jetty, enemy subjects are prohibited from making use of the Bund, and the path running parallel therewith, during the hours of daylight.

'Their connection with a nation, which adopts as a policy the wanton and foul murder of Red Cross nurses, helpless wounded and defenceless prisoners of war, places them in the category of moral lepers, and as such their appearance in public is an eyesore and an offence to civilized human beings.

'As for some unknown reason, it appears impossible to turn the Germans out of Shameen altogether, this is the next best step. In some ways it is even better as tending to make them feel more acutely the moral degradation to which Prussianism has brought Germany. What a pity that the international niceties of Shanghai's constitution prevent us from doing the like.'"

Mr. J. W. Jamieson, His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Canton, we observe, cannot issue a simple official order which, cowardly and vindictive though it be towards defenseless and harmless men, might have restrained itself within the limits of official decencies of language,—he cannot do this without heaving his fistful of dirt. The self-exposure of such minds, the gusto with which they remouth the insults and the lies of their newspapers, the opportunities they seek and make for voiding their mire and venting their malice upon the innocent, are proof positive of what I have affirmed—the utter corruption and debauching of the human mind and heart by the press which prepared the war and incited human beings to the blind frenzy of animals. And in this wise it has "placed in the category of moral lepers", sweeps, divines, dukes and consul-generals. For to be possessed of devils or of belief in devils is to be morally and mentally unclean.

The treatment of innocent and defenseless Germans by the English in China, a land which had no differences with Germany and the people of which desired merely to be left

in peace, will remain an indelible blot of shame upon England's name in the Far East. The lawless deportation of the Germans in China, the separation of husbands and wives, children and parents, the disgusting scenes of "Mafficking" which resulted upon the signing of the armistice, the looting of German shops and the maltreatment of inoffensive Germans in celebration of this glorious victory—these are things which would have caused the Englishman of a former period to curse his countrymen and bury his head in shame.

It is appalling to see to what unutterably despicable methods trade rivalry will stoop. It was clear that German trade was making it hot for English trade throughout the whole of China—through hard, honest, efficient work and modern methods. And therefore in order to rid himself of the competition of his energetic German cousin in a foreign country, the chivalrous Briton felt that he must rob him, hound him, traduce him—all in the name of "humanity, civilization and the freedom of small nations". It is incredible to think that men should live capable of rising to such heights of insolent hypocrisy as to advance a plea like that—when the throttling of the freedom of the Boers by the British and that of the Koreans by Britain's ally and with Britain's connivance, are still fresh in everybody's memory. Whoever hears the names of these nations mentioned among those which are to be "liberated" and re-established? Or the names of Ireland,* India and Egypt?

No, that pirate crew known as the Entente are simply laughing up their sleeves at the gigantic, apparently incurable stupidity of the world. When the play is over and the war stage has been cleared of all its false scenes and settings, when the actors, stage-hands, the prompter and the orchestra have gone home, the whole "inside workings" of the great hocus-pocus will be exposed. But what does the imperialist highwayman of Britain care so long as he is able to keep the stolen goods? He has been caught in the act so often—and yet the grass has grown over his deeds as it has over his victims. The Dutchman, the Dane, the Frenchman, the Spaniard and the Turk were all in their turn once treated exactly like the German. The turn of the Englishman has not yet come, but it is coming, and the whole world will be in at the death.

* Written before the unspeakable reign of atrocities, cowardly murders, assassinations, lootings, burnings and general hellishness carried on in unfortunate Ireland by the criminal gangsters known as "Black and Tans".

Even after the German Revolution when the German people had rid themselves of "militarism", of "Kaiserism", of "autocracy" and all the other things which the spotless Allies had reviled and inveighed against for four long years until they no longer saw anything but the monster they had themselves created—even then there was no abatement in the rancour and the hatred of the enemy press. Just as they had sneered at every honorable offer of peace made by the Central Powers as a "trap" and as "treachery", so now, after Germany lay prostrate and helpless through the "armistice" without and the fourfold revolution within, these arch-felons of the Anglo-Franco war press declared that the entire elemental upheaval was nothing but a feint! "La Masque revolutionnaire" wrote "Le Matin", that "Daily Mail" of Paris. And the Northcliffe sheets continued to vomit their insults and their abuse as copiously over republican, democratic Germany as over the fallen imperial rulers. It is only recently that Lord Beatty wrote or cabled these words:

"Remember when you are dealing with the Germans that they are the most unspeakable beasts on earth".

The Lord of the gutter press and the Harmsworth edition of England's old Lord Nelson, meet on a common level—that is, in the Sewer. The mouth opens and the lips work and the blackgreen bile of abuse pours forth.

What is the reason for this incredible inhuman obsession, this disease which rots the heart and the brain and causes otherwise normal persons to become stewing bags of venom? An American friend of mine declares this pathological hatred to be the result of the German having proved on land and sea and air that he is the superior of the Englishman. The mere fact that the Englishman alone could not conquer his wonderful adversary without enlisting the help of almost the entire world would, of course, go to prove this beyond a doubt. The brute, blind world, however, which sees only the final result and which worships only success, is quite willing to applaud the "victory" of half-a-dozen lusty giants over one exhausted dwarf (for that was about the relation of things) but the thinking Englishman can hardly be content with such cheap applause. He must ask himself:

"Did we ever break through the German lines? What of the battle of Cambrai? What of Boelcke and von Richt-hofen? What of the endless feats of heroism, daring and audacity—the "Möwe", the "Wolf", the "U-Deutschland", the "See-Adler", the "Emden", and all the others? What of Skager Rak? Should it not behoove us English to speak that

name humbly and without hate and to realize what it really means? That it means nothing less than that we, the greatest and oldest sea-power in the world, suffered a devastating defeat at the hands of the young, inexperienced navy of an unmaritime people? For it cannot be disputed that our ships were almost twice as many, of greater speed and heavier armament than those of the Germans. And yet despite this tremendous advantage our losses in ships and men were *double* those of the Germans!"

The chivalrous Englishman would have acknowledged this, however great his pain and humiliation, and paid his courageous enemy an honest tribute. But it appears that chivalry cannot live in airs impested by the spirit of Northcliffe. For instead of playing the game fairly, we found the press and the politicians of England construing the defeat of Skager Rak into the wonderful English victory of Horn's Riff!

We now find them indecently howling—to the shame of all honest soldierdom—for the "sinking" of the magnificent and undefeated German warships surrendered to them on terms which are a disgrace to England and not to her enemy. Truly another glorious "victory" over a fleet that could not be sunk in a fair and open fight!

Nor do I think it will be long before the decent-minded Englishman, still proud of the finer traditions of his navy, will be nauseated by the scurrilous-speech made by Admiral Beatty when the German war vessels were delivered over according to the terms of the cowardly and vindictive armistice. I have never read a more unsoldierly mass of vituperation and Billingsgate. This gallant admiral wages a furious battle with his mouth and carries off a signal victory over enemy ships and men delivered into his hands by a mere fluke of fate, a stroke of the pen. His opportunity had come for revenging himself for the serve thrashing he received at Skager Rak and so he coarsely insults the brave men and the splendid ships that administered it. The men were the brothers of those who in their small cruisers had fought so gallantly at the Falklands against Beatty's overwhelming Armada of big ships and provided him with a cheap triumph—after the infinitely greater German victory over Craddock's squadron off Coronel, fought under *fair* conditions.

After the magnificent feats of courage, audacity and seamanship, of successful encounters with England's gigantic sea-forces, of bold raids, dashes, blockade running and "privateering" performed by the officers and the men of the

young but incomparable German navy—feats to which England, with all her great sea-traditions, has absolutely nothing to oppose in this war,—the mud-slinging of Admiral Beatty can only recoil in his own face.

It is certain that this noble specimen of the new navy would have been particularly glad of another cheap victory with an overwhelming fleet and beef-fed crews over the smaller, weaker German fleet on a last, forlorn dash. In this he was disappointed, and so he takes it out in scolding. And yet such a last dash was actually decided upon and ordered by the German officers when the discipline and order in the German navy had already been hopelessly undermined by the revolution and the stamina of the men weakened by four years of scanty and monotonous food. Such a dash might have seemed gallant according to the senseless old militaristic standards, and we can all understand and honour the passionate desire of the German officers to go down with their ships rather than deliver them over to such an enemy. But at that stage the venture would have been mere foolhardy bravado and playing the game of the enemy. For there is no doubt that this would have been regarded as a breach of the terms of armistice and given the Entente another chance to plunge their talons into the entrails of Germany. The mutineers were right in refusing to become sacrifices to the greater glory of John Bull.

These men had proved their courage a thousand times. For years they and their officers had eaten their hearts out with longing to meet the English fleet, had made many a dash to the English coast, but the English fleet, safely bottled up at Scapa Flow, was never to be met. Neither the low taunts of cowardice on the part of the Beattys and the press, nor the proud rage of the German officers in being denied picturesque, heroic deaths at the expense of thousands of lives, can touch the courage of these men. The issue of a sea-battle under *equal* conditions of ships and guns and crews, could have had but one outcome—for qualitatively the German navy had proved its superiority up to the hilt. And such sentiments as those of Sir David Beatty, vituperating his undefeated enemies like a fish-wife, explains the English inferiority about as well as anything. How could there be the "Nelson touch" without the Nelson spirit? And what is the new spirit? — the new touch? — they are those taught by the Northcliffes and the Bottomleys.

XI.

And now even Bernard Shaw regards England's mechanical, word-syndicated, mass-achievement, her *en masse* victory as something deserving eulogy and admiration! Let it never be forgotten that this victory was won in a war against an exhausted nation, and with the aid of the men, money and materials of practically the whole world. What must be said then of Germany's achievement, against every possible disadvantage, against the entire world, with a war on several fronts, shut off from all supplies, with allies that were a source of weakness rather than of strength, and yet by sheer human prowess winning practically all the battles during four years of superhuman efforts!

Some of the men did not return to camp, and it is possible that they are still in Germany. And yet, strange to relate, when the war-prisoners' camp was broken up and the men left for Warnemünde for England on December 16th, there were actually a greater number of them than there had been in camp! A closer inspection of certain "non-coms", would have brought to light what must be considered as a splendid joke upon the German-eating Briton at home. For quite a number of German girls had been put into khaki non-commissioned officers' uniforms by their English sweethearts and were going over to England with them. I wonder whether Love, who laughs at locksmiths, also succeeded in smuggling these adventurous damsels past the English inspectors?

When you addressed the men on November 30th, Major, you had made it very clear to them that it would be very dangerous for any of them to leave the camp and to attempt to reach the English line on the Rhine. The unsettled conditions in Germany, the shortage of food and transportation facilities, the men's ignorance of the language and their lack of funds, not to speak of the military irregularities, made such a venture an exceedingly hazardous one. Still, some of the prisoners risked these perils. It is easy to understand why they did not reach the Entente lines in a condition of rosy plumpness, why their boots were worn out, their uniforms torn and their nerves unsettled.

But your poison press saw in this merely another opportunity for delivering another foul blow at the back of the helpless German. I quote below what one of the reptiles of the Fleet Street drains to whom the destinies and reputation of England are entrusted, wrote in the "Daily Mail"—to judge by the typography, for the clipping bears no name or date.*

* Possibly the "N. Y. Herald", (Paris Ed.) of Nov. 23, 1918.

The volte-face with regard to Prince Lichnowsky is particularly characteristic of this type of journalistic viper. When this rather weak and conceited man, who had permitted himself to be gulled by Sir Edward Grey, made private admissions which afterwards became public and proved damaging to the German, he was hailed as an apostle of light and truth by the Entente press. When he makes a plea on behalf of justice for his own unhappy people, the same press turns and rends him, voids torrents of its customary lies and snarls and sneers at the new Republic proclaimed by the most enlightened socialistic body in the world:

"Prince Lichnowsky, who is so distressed about the possible suffering of the German people, 'the overwhelming majority of whom did not desire the war'—that, presumably, is why they hailed it with such joy and waged it with such ferocity—has not a word, not a syllable, of commiseration for the peoples who have been starved and ground underfoot for more than four years. He has not a word of indignation for the callous brutality of his tribesmen towards the prisoners of war whose poor parcels of food, sent by loving hands, were cynically stolen, and who finally, on the conclusion of the armistice, were turned out into the bitter cold, in rags, famished, foodless, and left to make their way on foot and without guides or assistance toward home.

"Let those who may have been touched by Lichnowsky's appeal go to the Gare de l'Est and see the heart-rending spectacle presented by these released men who are arriving daily. They will realize that here, not in Germany, are the worthy objects of their pity . . . etc."

The writer of these lines lies boldly and blackly, and surely he knows that he lies. He knows that—in Belgium, for instance,—all the luxuries of peace time were to be had in the shops, whereas on crossing the frontier into Germany one entered a land of dearth. He knows that the British Red Cross testified publicly that nearly every parcel reached its destination in Germany safely, and that those that were missing went lost chiefly through faulty addresses or packing. He knows that the people of the occupied districts suffered few hardships from the Germans other than the hardships which war naturally inflicts, and that their greatest tragedy resulted from the numerous deaths among them occasioned by the bombardments and airmen of their own allies. He knows that the German people did not hail the war with joy, that the mighty and uplifting response at the beginning was due to their fervent belief in the righteousness of their cause. He knows that the increased "ferocity" of the war on all sides was a natural development of the war, usually induced by the lawlessness of the Allies, as in refusing brief armistices during which the dead might be buried. He knows, finally, that the

foolish men who took it into their own hands to reach the Entente lines, were *not* turned out by the Germans, and that had they remained in camp they might have awaited the day of their release in safety and comfort.

The man knows these things and yet he lies shamelessly, lies with passion and worse still, with that oozy sentimentality which the defamers of Germany know so well how to use. And the creature's leprosy of falsehood infects a million minds and eats its way through the world. And the war that began with a lie is kept at fever heat by the smouldering reeking mountain of lies which are the spawn of the initial lie. That is why I declare that until these venomous parasites be dug out of the breast of humanity in which they have burrowed themselves, and destroyed, neither peace nor truth can survive among men.

I have written many bitter things, Major White, but I have written nothing that is untrue. I know that many of these truths will appear unfamiliar to you, and strange, for it is impossible that you should have escaped the all-pervading influences that slew and distorted the truth in England—calumny's mighty organisation, the universal system of misrepresentation. And yet every line I have written, I have written with but one object in view—to clear the air and to bring about the basis for an understanding between the enlightened Anglo-Saxon and his German cousin. For only in this way can a real world peace be attained.

And yet one might almost despair. For the English voices which uphold this sane solution are so frail and infrequent, so drowned in the deafening roars of the British Lion—driven to a frenzy by the red-hot irons of his capitalistic and imperialistic keepers, that "reconciliation" appears like a dim and distant dream. Nor can a reconciliation ever be effected with a Germany outraged, robbed and humiliated. Perhaps the final reconciliation can only be effected upon the ruins of present-day Europe, when the present population, inoculated with hatred, shall have passed away. Generations of Englishmen still unborn may have to rise before all the black idolatries of false patriotism will have passed away, before the British admit that neither the round earth nor the green seas are British by nature, but belong to the human race as a whole, and that they themselves are mere human beings and not God's chosen people.

A characteristic little incident. One of the English sergeants at the War Prisoner's Camp of Springhirsch wrote

me in answer to my open letter to his comrade, Henry Charles Sibley, that he should like to hear from me after peace had been declared, and sent me his home address. All this, he declared, because my brother, the Captain, had treated him "like an Englishman". Here you have in a nut-shell the whole difference between the English and the German point of view. No German would ever have dreamed, under similar circumstances, of making the remark "because he treated me like a German". He would have said "because he treated me "menschlich" or "wie ein Mensch"—that is to say "humanely" or "like a human being".

The German identifies himself with humanity at large, true to the universality of his nature—the Englishman excludes the rest of humanity and considers himself a species apart. It is this deadly idea which must be driven out of the English mind. Englishmen must realize that they are no better than the rest of humanity. They must also be cured of the fearful heresy that it is only their sufferings and inconveniences which count, and that they are entitled to remain cold of heart and wholly indifferent when their political enemies and victims are slowly tortured and starved to death.

XII.

The interned civilian Englishmen, now that they have been set free and are back in England once more, are loud in condemnation of their treatment at Ruhleben. Those I have seen looked hale and strong—the very picture of health—thanks no doubt to the abundant and nourishing food they received regularly in parcels from England—the parcels which the frothing vilifier of the "Daily Mail" declares were "cynically" stolen. Had these Englishmen dismissed from Ruhleben used their eyes, or had they wished to see, they would have seen about them 90% of the German population with hollowed cheeks and eyes, bearing the unmistakable signs of under-nourishment and starvation. But they did not choose to see these things—much less report them, just as they did not choose to hear any of the obvious truths of the war that chanced to be unpleasant to them.

They do not, for instance, wish to hear that it was England who first began the cowardly practice of interning civilians and that Germany only followed this example reluctantly and under compulsion. It has become an established war custom of the British to intern non-combatants—a practice "successfully" employed during the South African Robber War in which over 26000 Boer women and children

were practically starved to death, not in a blockaded land, like Germany, but in wide open South Africa. This was merely carrying out the old traditional practice as in India and Ireland of keeping conquered nations weak.

Authentic reports have been received in such detail and so closely agreeing with one another, that white prisoners of war, refugees and missionaries, have been cruelly maltreated by French and English officials in sight of the negro population of the Cameroons, Togoland and other German-African colonies. Negro soldiers were sent to capture and kill German settlers, prices were set upon their heads, and British officers, to their undying shame, allowed the Black troops to rob defenseless German prisoners and spit upon them.

Prominent German merchants in India, Singapore, Hong-kong and other British colonies, were made prisoners of war and confined in foul, insanitary concentration camps or locked up in negro prisons in full view of crowds of Chinese coolies, Malays and blacks. Most unforgivable of all was the brutal treatment meted out to that noble, cultured and self-sacrificing class of men, the German missionaries, and their wives—who had done so much for England in England's dependencies, and against whom, as prominent English officials and missionaries have confessed, there was not a shadow of suspicion.

All these cruel, inhuman measures, all these hellish crimes and bestialities are not, of course, to be attributed to the English, Scotch or Welsh people, the common people, but to their pernicious and wicked imperialistic, capitalistic state, press and pulpit. The common people, the great, ever-deluded masses, are nowhere to be blamed for the misdeeds and militarism of their ruling classes, either before or during the war. They must see to it, however, that they do not bear the blame for future wars—which they alone have the power to prevent—if they will but take it.

One of the most deadly and flagrant blows in the face of future peace is the robbery of the German colonies as planned by England and France. Is this shameless piracy in the interests of humanity, civilization, self-determination, etc? If this atrocity should come to pass, no honourable Englishman still swayed by conscience, would be able to look a German in the eyes—until the wrong were righted. The fangs and talons of greed are extended to seize the property of the German people—the soulless profiteer and exploiter are

already at work—as may be seen by such advertisements as this from the “Times” of February 14, 1919:

“German East Africa. The coming investors’ Paradise. Major (ex-Regular), business specialist, sailing shortly, would undertake commissions. Highest references. Box Y 112, ‘The Times’, Brighton.”

In Russia and Germany, the two defeated countries, the evolution of the rule of the masses has set in, accompanied, of course, by the inevitable excesses and feverish outbreaks. But it is to be hoped that this rule of the masses will find a secure socialistic basis upon which a newer, better, more just and happier social order can be established. The intolerable inequalities in living conditions must be abolished. The warm, human heart must rule, the care and cultivation and encouragement of the gifted, the sense of fraternity in national and international relationships. The cold, all-purchasing power of gold must no longer be the dominating factor in the affairs of men. At one blow the Russian and the German people have leaped into liberties far in advance of the so-called democracies of the allies. Spiritually and socialistically these conquered countries will be the leaders of the world’s thought—and its reformers.

If in the “victorious” countries—England, America, France, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, Greece, Portugal, Japan, Brazil, China, Siam, Cuba, Hayti, Monaco, Liberia and whoever else may have declared war against Germany by order of the Anglo-Saxon capitalists—the masses will rise and shake off the imperialistic, capitalistic, militaristic rule and establish a real government of the people, then we may look forward with some hope to seeing a lasting peace founded between the nations, a real brotherhood of one common ideal and one common interest—the welfare of the race.

This open letter, Major White, has grown into a pamphlet. I have written much more than I had at first intended. I was in the midst of writing my letter when the news reached me that the English officers’ camp “Fürstenberg” had been broken up, and its occupants sent back to England. I therefore expatiated upon the theme. I took the opportunity of placing the whole case not only before you but before the English people (that small fraction of it which I can reach in this manner)—of presenting the truth as I have seen and realized it after a conscientious investigation. I have not minced my words nor stooped to flattery, for my purpose was to help clear the ground for the erection of a new temple of peace and reconciliation, and I know this cannot be done unless the remorseless truth be told.

I am closing this open letter just before Christmas Eve. No Christmas tidings, no message of good-will on Earth—of peace among men has reached the German Christian from the professed super-Christians beyond the Rhine. The British starvation blockade is closer than ever and not even small quantities of fish may be shipped from Norway.* Shame upon the Christianity which gloats upon the hunger of an entire people! Shame upon a Christian world which follows the

*) The foregoing was written during the end of 1918 and the beginning of 1919. The armistice which the whole world knew meant nothing less than the complete surrender of Germany with no possibility of renewing the conflict, was signed on November 11, 1918. Yet five months of frightful suffering, growing hunger, unemployment, and despairing revolts were permitted, nay, forced to pass between this date and the arrival of the first food supplies so grudgingly granted by the Entente and so pathetically awaited by the hungry millions of Germany. Hateful chicaneries, absurd technicalities, pitiless extortion of funds, ships and "securities", were called into play in order to drag out the day of consent to sell, and the day of delivery. The last drop of blood was to be ground out of the poor famished bodies before the inadequate and terribly expensive food was finally landed in German ports.

During this interval thousands who might have been saved, perished in hunger, want, illness and despair. The terrible and justifiable conviction dawned upon the German people that the Entente deliberately intended to let them die of hunger and go to pieces through anarchy. May the infinite sorrow and the lives of these dead, may the curses of the unhappy prisoners forced to toil like slaves under the lash of the ferocious French and delivered over to the French by the English for this purpose, and the yearnings and agony of their loved ones at home, may all the evil and suffering for which they alone are to blame, recoil upon the heads of the guilty men.

They have dragged out the peace which it was their first and most imperative duty to bring about. They have sat during all this time like vultures upon the body of bleeding Europe, croaking their hate and malice to one another and egging on their peoples as though the war were still being waged. They have turned the 14 Points which had been accepted by them and their allies and by Germany as the basis for peace, into something for fiends to jibe at and history to execrate. They have made a League of Hate out of the League of Nations—the one hope left an unhappy humanity, the one possible fruit of the war. Such has been their work, and all the plots and evils and wrongs of kings and diplomats before the war or during the war, cannot equal in wickedness or folly the crimes calmly perpetrated in these days.

In this connection I cannot refrain from republishing in the Appendix the noble words, lately written in indignation and bitterness of spirit by Professor Kuno Meyer, the distinguished Celtic scholar. Professor Meyer was for over thirty years an honoured member of the higher circles of the English and Irish intellectual world, and like other Germans who gave their best to England, he has been reviled simply because in this great issue, he chose to defend his own country. (See Appendix.)

practices of ancient barbarism and savagery during the very season of the Saviour's birth!

• Personally, Sir, I exclude you, and many millions in the "victorious" lands, for I know all too well that they are powerless against the cold-blooded ruthlessness of their government system. I know that you have as kind a heart as anyone else. Through my brother you sent certain articles of food to my wife, and these proved very welcome. But think of the scarcity of food in Germany when an independent, well-to-do family is forced to rejoice over the receipt of a small tin of salmon, another of corned beef, another of tea, and a few biscuits—things which in ordinary times one would have given without further thought to the first hungry beggar.

And to-day, the great, once-prosperous and well-nourished nation of Germany is anxiously waiting for the time when its jubilant, carousing, paunch-proud Christian enemies will deign to send it a few crumbs from their over-burdened table, filled with the food of all the world. It was for this that Anglo-Saxon greed and imperialism were fighting. They have gained a "victory" which posterity will stigmatize as a shame and a monumental wrong. But with what satisfaction will the Pharisees among the English, rich and poor, fall upon their plum-puddings to-morrow, not to speak of the chorus of hypocritical hymns and thanksgivings which will go whirling up to the British God, in simulated humility and unctuous self-righteousness. Until the hearts of men are cleansed and nations are purified and purged of tribal hate and tribal lust of power, it were better that Christmas be abolished, for these things are its very negation.

We can but hope, we can but work for a general uplifting movement in all countries—a movement which will drown the hatred, greed, falsehood, ignorance, hypocrisy and heartlessness which have led to this war and which if not opposed will merely gather renewed life and energy from it.

It is in that better and cleaner world, Major White, that I hope to meet you once more.

Sincerely Yours,

*Hamburg 15.
Spalding Str. 152.*

FERDINAND HANSEN.

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EPILOGUE.

The publication of this pamphlet has been delayed again and again for various reasons—the uprisings of the Spartacists, strikes, scarcity of paper, a two months' visit of mine to Sweden and finally the Peace Negotiations, if such they may be called. At the time of writing this final word (the last week in May 1919) eight more days have been granted to Germany to make answer to her death warrant.

No matter what changes may be made in this horrible and hellish document, the mere conception of such terms and their mere presentation in the face of an outraged and disillusionized world has shown such monumental hatred, greed, ferocity, such petty and despicable meanness, such monstrous folly and blindness, that all hopes of a lasting peace or a real reconciliation are strangled at birth. No gleam of humanity, of understanding, of good-will to mankind, no trace of democratic sentiment or Christian sympathy is visible in this abortion of cruelty, revenge and robbery.

And therefore, Major White, I feel that I must change the purpose of this pamphlet of mine. I thought that by a fearless presentation of the truth, I might furnish a stone, a very small stone, but still a firm one, for the bridge which was to be re-built between this nation and your own. It was to be a bridge upon which fair-minded, open-hearted and reasonable Englishmen and Germans might cross and meet. But there can be no bridge-building now. So I shall throw away this stone and let it lie where it may list, and in its stead I shall raise as my banner the manifest which the German Socialists have proclaimed to the Proletariat of all lands. There alone lies hope—once the People of all countries awake and realize how they have been betrayed, sold, butchered for the interests of a small clique of evil-doers. And there is no doubt that they *will* awake, no matter what frantic efforts may be made by the guilty men.

A crime the like of which history has never seen is calmly contemplated. One of the grandest people in the world, a nation whose sterling qualities and heroic achievements before and during the war, have shone above all the calumnies of their enemies, is to be sold into bondage, dismembered, starved, driven to desperation and despair.

The Great Crime now stands bare in all its hideousness! And nothing proves more clearly how just, how unavoidable

was Germany's war for the defence of her mere existence. The monstrous lie about Democracy is nailed to the mast. The equally monstrous lie about not warring upon the German People has been stripped bare during these six months of torture and starvation and now it is confessed to shamelessly before the whole world. The right of self-determination? a murderous weapon put in the hand of rapacious and backward nations to tear tracts of German land and millions of Germans out of the bosom of the Motherland. The 14 Points?—they are something for mankind to weep over—the death-trap prepared for this unhappy people, whose faith in promises and treaties was so great that they believed even the words of *such* enemies. The hopes which not only Germany but the whole world had placed in the promises and solemn pledges of one man,—promises and pledges accepted by friend and foe alike,—have gone down in a delirium of evil passions and cold-blooded savagery. And this one man, who might have rescued humanity,—who might have saved the world from centuries of bloodshed and horror, is to-day the most absolute figure of defeat in all the world. For never before was there such a defeat of human hopes, never before such a betrayal of mankind.

America derived more good from Germany than from any other land, and it is America through her chief representative who has made this gigantic slave-deal possible. The great masses of America I exempt from blame, for they too are but slaves, the slaves of ignorance and falsehood—they know not what they do. But even they, it seems, are beginning to realize the horror of this pact between the four big Arch-Conspirators who have sat behind closed doors killing and mutilating the child of Peace in the womb of its mother; so that it was not only still-born, but born a monster. Some 25 American delegates have resigned because they will have nothing to do with this unspeakable wrong.

No, Major White, we shall not meet again in better days, for only evil days can follow upon the Crime of Versailles. Autocracy, secret diplomacy, militarism, capitalism, imperialism, criminal journalism, oppression and exploitation of the people will flourish more than ever. The world has been so stifled with lies, poison and brutality during the past four years that all the evil instincts of the men in power have been reinforced a thousandfold, and unfortunately the lawlessness of their example has taken root everywhere. Their lust and greed have grown beyond all computation and control.

England has realized her short-sighted wish. She has ruined her chief competitor and has stolen his possessions—it was her chief incentive in this war, as proved by her share in the “peace”. But her war-makers have made a faulty calculation after all. In place of the German competitor two others have arisen, far more powerful, more unscrupulous and less assailable than Germany ever was or could have been—America and Japan.

I will not touch upon the features of this terrible document which its concoctors dare in cynical brutality to call a treaty of peace. These men in their guilty consciences, have not yet dared to disclose all its terms even to their own people.

If the freedom of the world, if peace be not rescued now from the clutches of the huge vampires of capitalistic imperialism, generations to come will pay for this day in oceans of blood and tears. Your children and grandchildren, Major White, and those of millions of Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans, will bleed and suffer for the Crime of Versailles.

But it will not be signed, or even if a signature be forced by pointing a pistol at Germany’s forehead, it *will* never, *can* never, be carried out. I will close my brief after-word with the stirring cry of Deputy Turatti of the Italian Chamber: **“This infamous peace, this pact of Judas which desecrates humanity, must not be permitted to become a fact; the peoples themselves must see to it that this treaty of Versailles be not revised, but simply torn to pieces!”**

F. H.

* * *

APPENDIX.

I.

A PARTING WORD.

To the Prisoners of War in Germany.

Gentlemen:

The war ended for you as soon as you became prisoners of war. But now it has ended for the whole world. A little while—and you will see your native land again, your homes, your loved ones, your friends. You will once more take up your accustomed work.

The fortune of war brought you as prisoners into our hands. You were freed, even against your will, from the fighting, from danger, from death. But the joys of peace could not be yours, for there was no peace. Now peace is coming, and peace means liberty. When you are already reunited to your families, thousands of our countrymen will still be pining in far off prison-camps with hearts as hungry for home as yours.

You have suffered in confinement—as who would not? It was the fate of every prisoner in every prison-camp in the world to eat his heart out with longing, to chafe against loss of liberty, to suffer from homesickness, brooding, discouragement, blank despair. The days, the weeks, the weary years crept by, and there was no end in sight. There were many discomforts, irritations, misunderstandings.

Your situation has been a difficult one. Our own has been desperate. Our country blockaded, our civil population and army suffering from want of proper and sufficient food and materials, the enormous demands made upon our harassed land from every side—these and many other afflictions made it impossible to do all that we should have liked to do. Under the circumstances we did our best to lessen the hardships of your lot, to ensure your comfort, to provide you with pastime, employment, mental and bodily recreation. It is not likely that you will ever know how difficult our circumstances have been.

We know that errors have been committed and that there have been hardships for which the former system was to blame. There have been wrongs and evils on both sides. We hope that you will always think of that—and be just.

You entered the old empire of Germany; you leave the new Republic the newest and, as we hope to make it, the freest land in the world. We are sorry that you saw so little of what we were

proud of in the former Germany—our arts, our sciences, our model cities, our theatres, schools, industries, our social institutions, as well as the beauties of our scenery and the real soul of our people, akin in so many things to your own.

But these things will remain part of the New Germany. Once the barriers of artificial hatred and misunderstanding have fallen, we hope that you will learn to know, in happier times, these grander features of the land whose unwilling guests you have been. A barbed wire enclosure is not the proper point of view from which to survey or judge a great nation.

The war has blinded all nations. But if a true and just peace will result in opening the eyes of the peoples to the fact that their interests are *common*—that no difference in flags, governments, speech nor nationality can alter the great truth of the fraternity of all men, this war will not have been fought in vain. If the peoples at last realize that it is not each other who are their enemies, but the ruthless forces of Imperialism and Capitalism, of Militarism of all sorts, of Jingo Journalism that sows hatred and suspicion, then this war will not have been fought in vain. Then peace will not be established in vain.

We hope that every one of you will go home carrying a message of good will, of conciliation, of enlightenment. Let all men in our new epoch go forth as missionaries of the new evangel, as interpreters between nation and nation.

The valiant dead who once fought against each other have long been sleeping as comrades side by side in the same earth. May the living who once fought against each other labour as comrades side by side upon this self-same earth.

That is the message with which we bid you farewell.

IN THE NAME OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC.

November 1918.

(The farewell printed above was distributed among many English prisoners-of-war by the new German government. It may well be doubted if anything similar was or will be done in England.)

II.

AN OPEN LETTER

to

HENRY CHARLES SIBLEY, ESQ.,

and his Comrades at Kriegsgefangenen Lager "Springhirsch" at
Lentförden, Holstein.

My Dear Mr. Sibley:

My visit to the Prisoner-of-War Camp "Springhirsch" on November 20th, will always remain one of the most impressive memories of my life. My brother, Captain Johann Hansen, had recently become the Commandant of this camp which contained some 1600 English non-commissioned officers, mostly taken prisoner during the great German offensive in the Spring of 1918.

The key-note of this day was, for me, your remark: "There are good and bad people in every nation". And yet despite the fact that this truth is one of the simplest and most self-evident in the world, none has been more horribly violated in this war. Its violation with respect to the German people first caused me to lift my voice in their defence. During the fifty years of life which I have spent in some seventy countries, I have time and time again been able to substantiate the simple truth you uttered. The war has cleared up a great deal of nonsense. For one thing, it will no longer do for any nation to puff out its chest and to proclaim at the top of its voice: "We are the Chosen People, among us there are no black sheep at all, all that we do is right and holy and we are therefore entitled to look down upon all other races and nations as mere dust beneath our feet". That kind of idiocy will have to stop for good. It is a question whether all the blood that has been spilled will ever suffice to wash away the monstrous lies that have been told on both sides.

It is to be hoped that an *International Workmen's and Soldiers' Council* will be established in due course — after the fevered world has cooled off a little, and that the real instigators of the war in *all* countries, be they politicians, jingo journalists, diplomats or financiers, will be brought before a tribunal composed of the leaders of the people to be tried for their share in the greatest crime that was ever perpetrated against Humanity. For everywhere it is the great masses and not the classes mentioned which have been forced to pay the terrible price in blood and suffering. A sharp eye will also have to be kept on the swollen money-bags of those who drained the blood of the people before the war and above all on those which have grown bigger and bigger during the war — the fat, dishonest, blood-stained wealth of the soulless profiteers who were piling up their gains whilst brave men were spilling their blood or risking their health in trench and prison-camp. These conditions are alike in all the warring lands, for all of them were built up on the false and rotten basis of the capitalistic system — the system of robbery and plunder — political and commercial.

The new German Social Republic which has risen so gloriously out of the ruins of the old German Empire, is filled with the hope that all the appalling losses in lives, in treasure, in property, all the collapse of civic morals and the breakdown of international relations, will not have been in vain if a better understanding between the Common People of all nations be attained, so that henceforth good-will shall reign between the nations. The Classes have betrayed the Masses into this war — and every war that ever happened. My standpoint as a Pacifist is as follows:

Give the Masses an opportunity to rule, and let us see whether they cannot rule more efficiently than the Classes who have ruled by right of birth or wealth. It is a dead certainty that the People themselves cannot bring worse disaster upon themselves and their nations than have their crowned and uncrowned rulers in their greed for more power, wealth, land and "glory".

Germany has rid herself of two evils with one blow. For with the downfall of the Kaiser and the military caste, German militarism and autocracy are as dead as door nails. They were not what your newspapers declared them to be, but they were both outlawed and therefore oppressive to a people so advanced and well-educated as the German. Germany, despite her other burdens, now becomes the freest, most modern nation in the world.

It is appalling that the Entente should have made the terms for the "armistice" so crushing. The German soldier leaves the army with joy and wishes never to see a gun again. The same applies to that magnificent body of men, the seamen and marines of the German navy. They have seen the senselessness of the huge thunderjunks which nations think it necessary to build to protect their honour and safety. This feeling is not a mere result of the war. It arises from the simple fact that the German people, in spite of their heroism in war, are at heart a peace-loving and not a warlike or "Hunnish" nation.

History will also prove that the war which the German people were fighting was a defensive war, despite the blunders and stupidities of their government. It will also prove that what some of the German imperialists claimed when the war-map showed in Germany's favour, cannot be laid to the account of the German people. Imperialists in all countries follow the same course.

The war has been won by war, and this means that brute force superior in resources and men and machines has been able to defeat brute force inferior in these things. No sensible Briton, my friend, will allow himself to be misled by the idea that it was the superior courage, science, military spirit or skill of Britain which won the war. Or that Right, Justice, Liberty and all the other glittering qualities have anything to do with the war. England, or rather her leaders; have yet to prove that they were battling for Humanity and Freedom and the sanctity of treaties. The English Hunger Blockade and the help of the gigantic United States have won the war. If you are good sports you will be the first to concede that.

There is no shame for the German people in this "defeat" — no glory for the conquerors in their "victory". No other nation in the world could have stood up any longer against such frightful odds — most of them would have succumbed long ago under the terrible pressure. With overwhelming masses of fresh and well-fed troops, white and coloured, gathered from every corner of the world, arrayed against them, it is not to be wondered at if the German lines, held by war-worn and half-starved troops, could be partly, and only partly, broken into and pushed back. The Americans came in strong at the finish, but by all the laws of war and fair fighting, there are no laurels to be gathered by them. The sensible American, in spite of his horrible war-press, knows that this "glory" is all false glitter — as in the war with Spain.

I could not resist the temptation, Mr. Sibley, of giving you, a son of Britain, something of an insight into the war from another angle—from an average German viewpoint.

We need not repeat that there are good and bad, kind-hearted and hard-hearted men everywhere. One is able to observe this even in most families. I take it that you have had many opportunities of observing this amongst your fellow-prisoners in camp. I have seen among you men who were wearing boots in the most miserable condition, others who had none at all. Some owned as many as three pairs, and many were trying to sell their surplus footwear in the neighbouring villages at as much as 100 Marks a pair. Why could those with more boots than they could use, not give them to their comrades who were in want — instead of seeking to make inordinate profits?

I had heard of the large supplies of food which arrive from England by way of the prisoners' parcel post. And I must say that I found it very interesting to observe the men eating and

enjoying things which we in Germany had known only by name for over three years. Even the plain white bread which was so plentiful everywhere in your camp aroused in me singularly mixed feelings. I may say that I almost felt a kind of envy — not for myself, but for the sake of one very dear to me, — my little wife whose delicate constitution has never become accustomed to the heavy German war bread.

But this is nothing compared to the thousands of other things which we could not obtain, and the want of which made life a constant misery to 90% of the population day by day. One should also remember that all these rich foodstuffs were seen day after day by your German guards who, like their families, were pitifully underfed and always hungry. No food packages, no superfluous nourishment were to be found in their barracks. Surely it must have called for great self-command on the part of these German soldiers in face of the fact that starvation and privation were the rule of the day everywhere in Germany, that innumerable old people or innocent little children were perishing because they had lost all power of resistance to illness from being deprived of proper and sufficient food. This was the work of the cruel and inhumane hunger blockade which the rulers of England had declared against the civilian population of Germany.

It was Hunger which brought Germany to such a condition of exhaustion that she was forced to accept peace at any price, just as Hunger would have brought England low had the U-boat war been as successful as was predicted. Hunger is a fearful thing, for it strikes at the life of nations through striking at the life of individuals. You need not seek far for examples, you will find them everywhere at home and in your history. The gaunt spectre of starvation stares from every slum in your great cities in times of peace. It whimpers in your huge, black factory towns. These curses must be remedied. It is to be hoped that the rulers of England will give to their own people and to the gallant Irish people all the blessings of Liberty, Humanity and human well-being.

I rejoiced, Mr. Sibley, to hear you declare that if my brother had sooner become Commandant of the camp, many things would have been made more cheerful for the prisoners. Conditions in a Prisoner of War Camp depend largely upon the nature of the officer in charge and of those above and beneath him. The German officer of the line, almost without exception, has very little experience of the world or of life in general — save such as he can gather in the narrow life of a small German garrison town. It is the officers of the Reserve, particularly those whose business, profession or tastes have taken them about the world, who are able to judge things from a loftier point of view, and whose cultivated minds give them a wider horizon. I believe I may say that my brother, a merchant of Hamburg, belongs to this latter class of officers.

In the interests of the Camp it was therefore very much to be regretted that my brother should have sent in his resignation — this on the very day upon which I paid my visit to the Camp. His company had refused to obey his orders, the Soldiers' Council being of the opinion that it was not necessary to line up at 9.30 on a holiday. This total lack of respect and discipline was a hard blow for an old Captain who had fought for three years in the East and who always had a heart for the welfare of his men with whom in true comradeship he willingly shared every hardship. He was a strong disciplinarian, it is true, but he was for all that very popular with his men, for he not only did everything possible to

lessen their hardships in the field, but also to help their families at home. Therefore my brother who had been Commandant of your camp but a very short time when the Revolution set in, had yo difficulty in gaining the confidence of his new Camp squad, who to a man voted for him to remain their officer in charge.

In this connection it may be of interest to quote from the "Kaltenkirchener Zeitung", the local newspaper, regarding the happenings in your Camp — dated November 9th:

"The War Prisoners' Camp 'Springhirsch' has taken on another aspect in regard to its administration under the revolutionary movement. It was not thought necessary to introduce radical changes, so Captain Hansen was left at his post in charge of the affairs of the Lager. If this measure was taken because the guards found in Captain Hansen an ideal Camp Commandant, then we may regard this as an excellent relationship between the men and their superiors, a relationship which is unfortunately, none too frequent. The guard of the camp numbers 130 men and chose a Soldiers' Council which countersigns with the Commandant. The Commandant is therefore not subordinated to the Soldiers' Council, but this is attached to him as an advisory body and bears its share of responsibility. The Soldiers' Council however decreed that Warrant Officer Matz be given his walking papers, because, as we are informed, he had long been obnoxious to the men. The rumour that the Lager had been broken up is therefore not confirmed, on the contrary everything seems to be proceeding there in the best of order and in complete harmony between the guards and the officers."

A paragraph in the same paper referring to a Captain Deissmann shows how the Germans themselves feel about military martinets from whom you and the German soldiers themselves have had to suffer. This Deissmann had been Captain of a Landsturm Company at Barmstedt and escaped during the evening preceding the Revolution in civilian clothes by means of a wagon to Lübeck. He had feared the wrath of his soldiers and had therefore taken his leave unannounced, much to the anger of the worthy Landstürmers who would have liked to settle a few scores with him beforehand.

Considering the rigid nature of your internment hitherto, I confess that I found it to be an almost idyllic sight to see the gates of your camp wide open and its English denizens strolling unmolested and unguarded everywhere all over the village and countryside. I saw one of the English sergeants distributing chocolates to the village children and surely he will see no happier kiddies on his return home. It was a touching sight and showed the proper spirit. For instead of giving them away to the children of his captor state, this Non Com. might have sold those chocolate bars at ten to twenty times their purchase price. It would be impossible at the present time, unless one had all kinds of connections or influence, or something equally rare to offer, to buy chocolate for as much as two sovereigns a pound.

When I returned at evening I was offered a small piece of soap by an English sergeant whom I met at the railway station and whom I had asked if he were waiting for the train to London Town. He and his pal merely wanted a few pence to buy a glass of beer, but I gladly gave him 4 marks for that piece of Red Cross

Australian Soap, worth in times of peace some 5 or 10 Pfennige. The sergeant then remarked, somewhat anxiously: "I would not have sold that piece of soap if there had been no peace". As I was about to hasten away in order to catch my train, he thrust something into my coat pocket, saying: "Take these along". "These" proved to be two jam biscuits which were greatly relished the next morning by my wife and little daughter. Trifles have assumed a great importance when they are trifles of unusual food.

England's rulers certainly have adopted very strange methods of carrying on a war — in addition to starving the women and children here, they would deprive them of soap, too, in order to make them powerless against the dirt. The German people were accounted to be the cleanest people in the world. If cleanliness is next to godliness, there is small wonder that there has been a loosening of German civic virtues — for the battle with dirt and the battle with hunger would undermine the strength of any people.

In order to be absolutely just it will not be amiss to say a few words about the treatment of German prisoners in England. Whilst many agree that they had little to complain of, others again had the most brutal and unworthy treatment at the hands of Camp martinets and petty persecutors. Many who have returned have the same stories of bad feeding, lost or stolen parcels, personal brutality, pilfered luggage, harsh punishment and the like to relate that go to make up the favorite charges against the Germans. There is no doubt that a good deal of this unworthy treatment on both sides was due to the fact that each side sought to make reprisals for the abuses its men had suffered or were supposed to have suffered, — a vicious circle.

It must, however, be remembered that in the matter of the prisoners' food, Germany was on starvation rations, whereas England had plenty. And so far as hatred of the prisoners went, the English were constantly incited against the Germans in their midst through their horrible yellow press and the lies it spread — whereas I doubt whether you could find a single German newspaper base enough to incite the German populace against the innocent men in their midst. It will be your duty, Mr. Sibley, and that of your comrades to clear up some of the illusions of your countrymen regarding that impossible creature "the Monster German". This phantom of diseased yellow journalism simply does not exist — it is a creation of the same unscrupulous press that not only helped to make the war, but also did all in its power to make it a thousandfold more beastly than any war that ever was.

But we will not dwell on unpleasant things. I hope that you and your comrades will soon be able to enjoy a Merry Christmas in Old England, and that your plum-pudding will taste ten times better when eaten on your native heath, and in the society of your dear ones. If you can spare a moment then in the recovered happiness of your home life, give a sympathetic thought to the poor German prisoners in your own country who may be forced to wait many weary weeks or months ere they will be set free and permitted to return to their parents, their wives and children.

As to your journey home, the quickest route will be by way of Hamburg. You are no doubt aware of the fact that the railways leading to the west are completely blocked by the returning troops and through the surrender to the Entente of so many German locomotives and carriages. This will involve, I fear, a considerable disorganisation of traffic in general and will seriously endanger the shipment of food-supplies from the country into larger cities. You

and your comrades will therefore be obliged to possess your souls in patience for a little longer. It will not be long before the German mine-fields are cleared so that troop-transports will be able to pass up the River Elbe to the port of Hamburg. This would no doubt prove the most convenient method of transport and I dare say it will be arranged with all possible speed.

I wish that I might be present to witness your departure from the camp, and share in the joy you must feel when its gates close for good. Your camp, unfortunately, was placed in one of the saddest parts of beautiful Holstein with its rich, undulating land, its lovely woods and poetic lakes, but on your way home you will get glimpses of this country, though only in its winter dress. I know Holstein well for I was born in this province. Perhaps you do not know that the place called "Angel" which is within easy walking distance of Lentförden, is really the original home and birth-place of our cousins, the Anglo-Saxons. Therefore since England is your Mother Country, Germany might truthfully be called your Grandmother Country. Let us hope that these old blood and family ties will serve to bring the German and English peoples together once more, to the benefit of the world at large. These peoples never had any quarrel with each other.

In the "Continental Times", published in English in Berlin, I have just read the following notice:

TO ALL BRITISH PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY.

1. The German War Office has instructed all concerned to hasten forwarding of Parcels from abroad to Camps and Commandoes.

2. The necessary steps for early repatriation are being taken. Any unauthorized straggling will lead to hardships and will delay your release.

BRITISH RED CROSS.

I am told by my brother that he had this notice posted up in camp but that it has not helped much to quiet the restlessness of the men. I have done my utmost to obtain your release from your present somewhat overcrowded quarters and to shorten your last days of waiting by having you brought to Hamburg as guests of the city. The memories of this beautiful city would have remained with you to the end of your lives. But all the public buildings, schools, barracks, hospitals and the like are crowded to the utmost with wounded men and returning soldiers. Some 150000 men are beginning to pour into the city from the West, East and South.

It is reported that Lloyd George is by no means anxious to have the returned English War Prisoners figure at the polls during the coming elections. He wishes to rush through the elections without them, since this Imperialist is afraid that the returning men will come home infected with ideas they have caught from the German Revolution, or from Bolshevism. The fact that England is not hurrying troopships to the German harbours in order to get the war prisoners home as quickly as possible seems to add colour to the story.

But so far as the liberation of the English people is concerned, that is something which neither Lloyd George nor anyone else can hold back. The wonderful German Revolution ushers in a new era in the history of the world, an era of social justice and of real, not sham democracy. Lord Northcliffe, the former Minister of Propaganda and Chief War Incendiary, is under the illusion that

he brought about the revolt of the German seamen. But the causes of the German Revolution go back farther than this man's activity. They originate chiefly in the fact that the old system had outlived itself, and that a modern people could no longer be encumbered with mediaeval ideas as to the divine right of kings or the supremacy of certain aristocratic and military castes. And now it is the turn of Plutocracy to go in every country in the world. There will be no Anarchy, no Bolshevism in Germany, if the German Revolution is not interfered with, for the orderly German mind has little in common with the Russian.

May the world which is to arise out of the ruins of the former unhappy state of things be a happier, a freer, a better and more peaceable world. This world will surely come to pass if the peoples of all nations recognize that their interests are common, that all men are brothers, that wars are not only fratricidal but suicidal.

Let us hope that we may some day or other meet in this better World After the War.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

November 26, 1918.

Ferdinand Hansen.

III.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

ANOTHER OF THE COUNTLESS FRAUDS OF "THE DAILY MAIL".

On the 29th of January, 1918, I published an Open Letter to President Wilson in English and German through the medium of the advertising pages of the well-known Socialist organ "Vorwärts", now the government newspaper. This same letter appeared, likewise as a paid advertisement, in the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" of January the 3rd, 1919.

My name and address were plainly printed under both the English and the German text, and there was not the slightest possibility of mistaking this private matter for an editorial one, since it appeared in the advertising part of the papers and its very typographical "make-up" differed from that of the news and editorial part.

The "Daily Mail", however, seeing in this open address another opportunity for inciting public opinion against the German Republic, committed one of its brazen and characteristic forgeries. By quoting in its issue of January 10, 1919, a few lines which were critical of President Wilson's policy, and by suppressing all mention of the address being a private one, or the nature of the address, it attempted to convey the impression that "Vorwärts" itself had *editorially* taken up an attitude of opposition to the President. Thereby, true to its function as breeder of hatred and mischief, it did not hesitate, as it has never in the whole of its criminal career hesitated, to commit a deliberate fraud.

"A Worthless Page" was the caption of the item in the greatest of all gutter sheets. Worthless perhaps my page may be—I am content to leave that to the reader to judge—but that term is the very last which the "Daily Mail", the blackest page of infamy in the history of the war, can be permitted to use.

TO PRESIDENT WILSON.

What will History have to say about your coming to Europe? "What can Wilson do?" and "What will Wilson do?" are questions which are at present burning on the lips of every thoughtful German. There are many who hail you as the coming liberator who will bring order to old, unhappy Europe, as one who will uproot the curse of war. The defeat of Czarism, Russian Militarism and Pan-Slavism by Germany, has been followed in turn by the complete wrecking of Kaiserism, Prussian Militarism and German Jingoism.

Germania, after her stupendous fight against the world of enemies that had been drummed up against her, lies bleeding from thousands of wounds, exhausted and half-starved at the feet of her swarming enemies. She lies helpless under the heel of the most gigantic and merciless militarism and navalism the world has ever seen. But for you and the fresh, enormous forces of America, the Entente would never have been able to boast of a victory.

Mr. President, you have time and again urged the German People to free themselves from the Imperial Government. A mighty cry, which cannot have remained unheard by you, rang forth throughout all Germany in protest against your interference in German internal affairs. These protests came almost exclusively from the well-to-do classes, from public bodies such as Chambers of Commerce, German official circles and Government parties. The great masses of the people, the workingmen and their Socialist organisations, took no part in these protests. The men who agreed with you and who were anxious to shake off the Imperial form of government with all its feudal pomp and glitter, were powerless so long as the great Prussian military machine was intact and working smoothly. And so long as Entente Militarism and Imperialism held out no hope to them. But even during times when the war-map was plainly in Germany's favour, these democratic and socialistic elements of Germany as well as many far-seeing German patriots expressed the wish that the war might lead to a stalemate in order that a victorious Germany might not bestow still greater power upon the military caste and the court party at the expense of liberalism and democracy. If this fear was justified it is difficult to say, for the war had unloosed many new spiritual and political forces in Germany.

You have frequently proclaimed, Mr. President, that you were not waging war against the German People, but only against its reactionary Imperial Government. But even the common German People held in bondage by those upper classes which represent wealth and power (precisely as is the case in every nation to-day) had little or no confidence in the strange and ambiguous way in which you expressed your sympathy for them. They ask, therefore, why — if you really desired to abolish not only Prussian but all militarism, to enforce the peace of the world by creating the League of Nations and by making the seas free for all mankind —, why you did not do this at the very outset of the war, when you held full powers to carry these ideals into effect and to save millions of lives and untold losses in property.

A simple, firm and just demand made upon England, a clear insistence upon the right of a free, unhindered passage for merchant ships destined for the ports of the Central States and free of

contraband, as provided for in the Declaration of London, would have rendered impossible the shameful and cowardly hunger-blockade which has resulted in the sufferings and the death of so many innocent persons. The incongruity also, of forcing an embargo on arms for Mexico whilst permitting the enemies of Germany to use the United States as a war basis and a workshop for arms and ammunition wholly to the disadvantage of Germany, has undoubtedly given the German People the right to question your acts as a benefactor of mankind. I think it well, nay, indispensable that you should know these things, since you cannot be on the quest for justice without being on the quest for truth.

The German People have been deeply wronged — from within and from without — they have been more sinned against than sinning. They knew full well that the capitalistic interests and the capitalistic press in the United States were all-powerful and that these were the driving forces which brought America into the war. A democracy such as this, under the absolute control of a plutocracy, could not appear attractive to the German People. It was not a form of government which they would feel tempted to imitate, for all too well they knew that their own capitalists and captains of industry were as much to blame for the war as those in other lands, since all of them were greedy to obtain more than their share in the spoils of the world's commerce. You, Mr. President, were elected by the American masses in 1912 so that you might save them from the clutches of the Trust Magnates. You fought bravely for the much needed reforms, and you had succeeded in introducing some that were very important when the outbreak of the war upset your economic program for a better and cleaner America. The high goal for which you were striving for the sake of your own country you have now made a common one for the whole world.

The German People whose lofty social-philosophical ideals must surely have appealed to your scholarly and sympathetic understanding, wish you the greatest possible success, and you may rest assured that they will yield you their whole-hearted support — quite apart from any motives of self-interest. With one bold stride the German People have achieved not only democracy, but a democracy which, once its form is permanently established, will, in the truest sense of the word, be a democracy free from the evils which have corrupted the old. The message of the age is something beyond democracy — it is that of a just and enlightened socialism. And Germany, despite her rigid form of government, or because of it, is the Mother of Socialism.

No people in the world, Mr. President, are as a whole more peace-loving, more order-loving, more free from hate than the German. Their only wish is that a strictly neutral Court of Inquiry be convoked to investigate the origins and causes of the war, and if personal guilt can be established, to see the guilty men condemned to a just and severe punishment. The great burden of guilt will, to be sure, always rest upon the leaders of the various nations, upon the statesmen, diplomats, politicians and newspaper owners who in the interests of their ruling or capitalistic classes, poisoned the people with false doctrines and a selfish and narrow nationalism. The loss of the war does not prove guilt, for the world cannot accept Lloyd George's monstrous doctrine that this tremendous struggle of brute force with brute force, bears any resemblance to a trial by process of law and reason.

The common German People, acting upon their sound democratic impulses, have made an end to their dynasties and sent away their crowned heads never to return. The reign of the last Hohenzollern has ended in a colossal fiasco. The true blood of that grand hero, Frederick the Great, did not run in the veins of Wilhelm II. Otherwise, despite the false friends and evil advisers surrounding him, the Emperor and his sons and all the other princes of royal blood would have sought an end more in accordance with the great military traditions of their houses — some valiant and dramatic end upon the battlefield amidst those officers and troops whose loyalty they might count upon. The Kaiser would thus have remained true to the heroic traditions of his house, and his people, however much he had forfeited their love during recent years, would at least have accorded him a soldier's honours. Now there is no schoolboy in Germany who does not realize the romantic and feudal Kaiser was after all a weak and misled man, unworthy to rule over 70 millions of virile and enlightened people.

The new born European Democracies must now be given shape and strength, and it is in your power, Mr. President, to aid in this great task, by favouring only the republican form of government in these states. Only a republican form of government will guarantee a true understanding between the peoples who are still under royal tutelage and those great republics which now exist upon the Continent. A lasting peace in Europe will be possible only when all the European States are united under the banner of the United Republics of Europe. No living European statesman is of sufficient influence and ability to accomplish this, only you, Mr. President, standing as an American above European rivalries, jealousies and national hatreds, will be able to bring to pass this supreme blessing to mankind, and make a lasting peace, a general disarmament a reality for the war-sick peoples of Europe.

It was wholly and solely the entry of the United States into the war which brought a final victory to the Entente. It is now the sacred duty of the United States to see that this victory does not degenerate into a debauch of cruelty, revenge and oppression. It was the adoption of the high ideals set forth in your peace program by the new German democracy which brought German militarism and autocracy to the ground. And now the liberated peoples of Central Europe, Mr. President, expect you to carry out what you had promised them and what your allies had accepted as the basis of peace. The people of the German Republic look to you as the most powerful of statesmen, to use that influence which to-day weighs more heavily than that of any other man, to establish the foundations upon which the United Republics of Europe may be built, thus giving existence to something which the fanatic nationalists in all lands had hitherto thought impossible. Let this high goal, Mr. President, be the aim of your coming years, a noble task at which you may labour with the most enlightened spirits of the new Europe. Soon your term of office as the President of the United States of America, will expire. But there are new and even greater honours awaiting the man who will fearlessly and unselfishly devote himself to the welfare of his fellowmen and not only of his compatriots, to the betterment of the world and not only of his own nation. This is the true message of socialism, and it is the only creed which can serve as an international religion. After the world has been made safe for democracy, it must be made better through Socialism.

The nucleus, the prototype of a unified and peaceful Europe, existed in America before the war. All the adopted children of Columbia who had been born in Europe were then living together in harmony, all of them useful and organic members of the Commonwealth. If the acceptance of a new nationality can produce this ideal condition, it may also be produced by the acceptance of a new international ideal.

The welfare and happiness of generations unborn depend upon this hour. If understanding, sympathy, reason, altruism and cooperation prevail, the Peace that will ensue will become a blessing to mankind, and the salvation of the world. If hatred, greed, revenge, selfishness and fear be permitted to prevail—and their voices are terrible and loud—then Posterity will unite in cursing, not the fearful tragedy of the World War, but the still greater tragedy of the False and Criminal Peace which concluded it—for a time.

Immense is your task, Mr. President, but it is exalted in the same measure that it is immense. The Peoples of Old Europe and the world at large, the citizens of the New Republics and of Republics yet to be, are waiting for you!

December 1918.

Ferdinand Hansen.

IV.

THE COMING ANARCHY.

By Professor Kuno Meyer.

When in November 1914 I wrote to the London "Times" that in common with my countrymen I held England responsible for the war, which it had fostered and brought about in order to rid herself with the help of others of an inconvenient rival, my English friends cried shame upon such a delusion in one who had known them so long and so well. However, patriotism is not only the last refuge of a scoundrel, but also the blinker which, when occasion serves, will blind people to the most glaring facts.

Since then the revelations of the secret transactions of diplomats before the war, the history of the war itself, the way in which the Allies have conducted it, and the conditions of the mistermmed armistice and peace have established my contention to the hilt. Their one object was the encompassing of Germany in as complete a ruin as could be brought about short of actual annihilation. By brute force and crafty cunning this object has been attained.

We now witness the triumph of greed and rapine, of falsehood and infamy. But when these forces are given the reins, they are apt to overshoot the mark. In their egotism, their blind fury of hatred, their intoxication of victory, the Allies have overlooked one thing.

By demolishing the power and influence of Germany, by crushing the strength of resistance and the very life out of her people, they have destroyed the most potent and enlightened agent of law, order and liberty in Europe, and shattered the bulwark which alone has shielded western Europe against the inroad of innumerable hordes of lawless, fanatical, rapacious peoples, among whom, with their 80 per cent alphabets, civilisation is but a skin-deep veneer, and many of whom, now that they have broken their chains, a long and cruel thralldom will make cruel and terrible masters.

By appealing to their hatred of Germany and assiduously nursing it, by encouraging their lawless appetites, the allied Powers have called forth their worst instincts. Nationalities that never in history have shown themselves capable of self-control and self-government are being set on to break up one of the noblest civilisations that the world has seen, long a model for other nations. And further, by their senselessly cruel treatment of Germany and Austria-Hungary the allies have driven these peaceful, law-abiding and order-loving nations to exasperation and despair, and have thus paved the way for anarchy, which once carried into the heart of Europe will draw the whole world into its vortex.

What can the arrival of food from America matter now?

While the blockade is being kept up, while millions of Germans are handed over to the tender mercies of the French and Poles and Czecho-Slovaks, while the enemies retain our prisoners, and France and Belgium submit them to inhuman treatment, while we are bidden to sign a peace that is to perpetuate violence and injustice and will sow new hatred and revenge, stupefaction and apathy are eating their way ever deeper into the heart of the German and Austrian nations, and will render them an easy prey to the next wave which the cataclysm in the east will fling hither. Indeed to many that has come to seem the only way out of an impossible and unbearable situation. But that wave when it comes will engulf not only Germany, but the whole world and all human civilisation and culture.

It will be a wave which even Britannia will despair of ruling.

V.

TO THE PROLETARIANS OF ALL LANDS.

AN APPEAL OF THE GERMAN SOCIAL-DEMOCRATS.

The Managing Committee of the Social-Democratic Party of Germany issued the following call to the Socialists of all countries on May 10, 1919:

"The peace of brute force which is to be imposed upon us by the dictatorship of Versailles is the best justification of the attitude which the German Social-Democrats adopted in the matter of national defence. We were always aware of the deadly peril that would threaten the German People if the imperialists of the Entente would be able to dictate peace to it. It was for this reason that we strove by every means in our power that this should not come to pass.

"Brother Socialists in all other lands! do you understand our attitude now? The imperialists of other lands are no better than our own. This peace of brutal conquest which is to be forced upon us is aimed at the heart of the German Republic. The imperialistic governments of France, England and America intend to make the rise of a socialistic Germany impossible, and thereby at the same time strike at the life of International Socialism.

"The peace of Versailles is directed against the German People. Should all the proposed measures for economic strangulation and financial outrage be carried through, the German workman would be enslaved forever, and only the capitalists of other lands would derive advantage from this. But the infamous peace which is proposed would be nothing less than a death sentence to all

orderly national economy. Its conditions cannot be fulfilled, and every attempt made to fulfill these conditions in detail would lead to eternal disturbances and explosions. And this would cause the sources of hate to flow in one incessant stream. Europe, who has been martyred during four years of war, would never again know peace or quiet. Every article of the terms of peace proposed at Versailles is a satanic mockery of one or the other of Wilson's 14 points.

"Peace conditions of this sort which trample all justice underfoot, can never bring a permanent peace. The Socialists of neutral lands have united with the Socialists of the Central Powers and the Socialists of the Entente land at Bern and have established a common peace program. Will the Internationale not lift its voice against the perpetration of a peace of brute force, and lift it so loudly that the men in power to-day in the victorious lands cannot fail to hear? We expect this. But it is the eleventh hour.

"The German People are threatened with destruction, but it is not only the fate of Europe which is at stake here. After the conclusion of this inhuman world-tragedy the masses in all countries will be forced to endure most unheard-of sufferings. If one people is to be ruined in so barbarous a manner, then the blow cannot but fall upon other peoples a well. Therefore

Proletarians of all Lands!

unite your forces in order to prevent a peace of violence which would never permit Europe to attain peace and which would strike a mortal blow at the socialistic movement throughout the world."

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by Ferdinand Hansen.

With an Introduction by Herman George Scheffauer.

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Herman George Scheffauer has written an illuminating introduction to this individual book. In this he analyzes some of the fundamental errors and heresies of the American People, and points out where judgment and justice must meet in order to right a great wrong, and where the beginning for all reforms must remorselessly be made.

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