

THE PEACE
AND
AMERICA

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG



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THE PEACE
AND AMERICA

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THE PEACE AND AMERICA

BY
HUGO MÜNSTERBERG



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TO
MY BROTHERS

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THE PEACE AND AMERICA

I

PEACE

When the war with all its horrors broke into our peaceful life, the quiet ground of our existence seemed suddenly crumbling. We were dazed by the terrors of the battle-field; we were bewildered by the gigantic earthquake that was shaking our social globe. How did it begin? Who is responsible? Who is to be blamed? Who are the leaders in the fight? Where do the masses stand? Everyone asked the pregnant questions, and everyone answered them in his own way. In my summer vacation at the New England seashore I answered them on the pages of a personal diary. I wrote down my reflections throughout the first month of the war and published those records of the first weeks as a small volume, "The War and America"—it was the first war book in any country.

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Now almost six months have passed with battles the like of which mankind has not seen or dreamt. Never were six months longer, as man's mind measures time by its events, and never before in the history of the world have a thousand millions of men waited so eagerly for news from hour to hour. And life around us has changed in those six months, and we have all changed, and we see the world with new eyes. Even the war itself means to us today something different. How it came about—the question today seems stale and forgotten! How it can come to an end—that is the problem which overshadows all our thoughts and feelings! Six months have made us all sympathizers and sufferers and mourners: we pray for delivery, we long for peace.

In this mood I open the pages of my diary again. When I wrote the first time, I looked backward to the causes of the war: now I look forward to the end of the war, and beyond it. But as in the war book so now in this peace book I do not speak with the ambition of a historical scholar. I do not aim toward an objective form. I feel that a re-

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view of the events from the angle of personal experience is the only kind of writing about the war today which carries its excuse in itself. The time for impersonal work and scientific methods has not come yet. On these first pages I may say again: a story of memories and impressions, of fears and hopes, has today more inner truth than any history of the struggle apparently written with a historian's coolness. I do not wish and do not pretend to be scholarly—I cannot promise anything but to be sincere. I do not want to convince anyone by arguments, and still less do I want to persuade. I want only to be a witness for the truth as I see it. I want to be a witness because I feel in the depths of my soul the need of professing my faith and my conviction. The human aspect of war and peace fills my heart and head, not the scientific aspect of academic history. In the last twenty-four hours I have received the news of the death of three personal friends: a young talented psychologist with whom I had planned some common research, a brilliant poet who had sent me his latest volume of verses as late as after the war's beginning,

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and a young minister who spent Christmas under my roof last winter. All three have fallen in the field in the fight for their country. That is personal truth; that is human truth; that is eternal truth.

* * * *

Six months have passed. They were too short to make us understand the new ghastly reality. The world of our cherished habits has gone to ruin. Friendship has turned into hatred. Six months are too short fully to feel what it means. Yet the six months were too long for our anguish, for our terrible tension. The world tragedy is too gigantic: a wave of emotion swells, a cry from the depths, a prayer—may peace be near! Peace—we had it, and we hardly knew it. We do not think of the fresh air we breathe and of the sunlight which floods about us and of the health of our body until pure air or light or strength are failing. Now the air is filled with miasmas and about us is darkness and our strength is broken; and suddenly we know how glorious and inspiring it was to breathe and to see and to feel the peace of the civilized world. It was not only a peace

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which protected the house and the body; it was a peace which ennobled the mind. It inspired every soul with good will; the whole world with its fascinating wealth of national civilizations was everybody's native land. Truly he did not deserve his birthright who was not willing to learn, gratefully to learn the teachings of any land, to love the beauty grown on any soil, to admire the great and the deep and the loyal and the pious in any people. Surely the most cruel devastation which the world war has caused is that this good will has been poisoned and the faith and the confidence has been swept away by hot streams of blood. Passionate hatred has taken possession of the sober and quiet pilgrim of yesterday. The rifle bullets kill men of flesh and blood, but the thoughts that curse bring thousandfold greater miseries.

Can we hope for peace from peoples who breathe hatred? To force the enemy to his knees is the longing which burns down every thought of truth and understanding. Millions have given their youth: can any nation on the battlefield be expected to leave the trenches today? Would it not be bowed with

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shame, feeling that all the sacrifices of life were thrown away? At the Marne and the Vistula the flag of peace can never be unfurled. It would be riddled by the volleys of both armies. No: the belligerents cannot be expected to hasten the peace. To bring back mankind to the joy of harmonious life was the one sacred mission with which the spirit of history had intrusted the neutrals. But Holland or Spain or Switzerland or Denmark or Sweden do not possess the strength or the authority to take the lead. Every one of those lands shares its frontiers with some of the nations at war, and these common boundaries draw them more or less into the struggle. Only one nation was blessed by perfect freedom from entanglement, only one nation had the strength and the economic independence and the international power and the moral right and the historic duty to become the one truly neutral arbiter and helper: the United States of America.

What has become of this noble mission? How has the land used the occasion of world import? Six months have passed. Can it be denied that they have weakened the noble

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hopes with which we friends of peace all over the world looked confidently toward the stars and stripes as the banner of honorable peace? In deepest sorrow we feel that a deed of overwhelming greatness might have crowned the age and that instead of it the small struggle of the day with all its pettiness and its shortsightedness has wasted the glorious hour.

Where do we stand? The whole nation prays for peace, and yet tolerates—no, smilingly approves—the steady stream of war supplies from America to Europe. Two days after England declared war, we hear from the best authority, she had engaged the total output of an American manufacturer whose machinery was an important part of the shell-making business. A factory in Connecticut received orders for twenty-five million dollars' worth of cartridges, which would mean five hundred million rounds of ammunition. Three million American rifles were ordered, ten million American horseshoes. Through a single agency in America more than a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of war supplies were placed recently. From the center of American business life we hear the bold

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prophecy: "The one country that the warring world must turn to for supplies is the United States, and that in increasing measure. Orders for three hundred million dollars' war goods already received must be duplicated several times." Can a more gruesome irony on America's wish for peace be imagined? From a thousand American pulpits at the beginning of the war the accusations resounded that the Krupps and the Creuzots and the gunmakers all over Europe were the true secret springs of this world controversy; and now we must see America the great center of the supply. The one nation which stands outside the fight so that no patriotism excuses the eagerness to furnish the deadly weapons is drawn by the commercial lure into the very midst of the horrors.

We all had believed that the America of today sought its glory in its thrilling appeal to humanity for peace on earth. The one great test finally came. If the appeal really arose from the depth of the nation's soul, the bugle call of the European declaration of war would have been answered by a solemn pledge that not a rifle, not a shell, not a sword shall

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leave the peaceful shores of this country. The stream of blood would have been stopped so much earlier and the moral impression would have been tremendous. The profits of a few manufacturers weighed more heavily than the prayers of the masses. Nobody doubts that the international laws permit this anti-pacifist stand, but many have wished that laws higher than those of the law books might have appealed to the conscience of the nation. Congress did prevent the export of arms to Mexico. And was not the calculation anyhow probably wrong? Even if the ledger was to be the ultimate argument, might it not have been more farsighted to exert every effort for an early peace, as the outburst of economic energies after the war will surpass hundredfold in value the sad trade of the gunmakers during the war.

But America disregarded her historic mission as peacemaker not only by sending munitions of war to the European battlefields, but much more by sacrificing the noble rôle of the non-partisan. America is not in conflict with any nation. It is officially neutral, and everybody ought to have lived up

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to the obligation to which President Wilson has given such convincing expression. Very few, to be sure, have claimed that it is wrong to remain neutral. But too many have interpreted neutrality as the duty to play the judge, forgetting that as soon as this function of judgeship is emphasized the doors are wide open for any partiality and the neutral spirit evaporates. What would have been needed in order to be really neutral would have been an unprejudiced entering into the motives, thoughts and feelings of each of the warring nations. As soon as that had been successfully done, the result would have been necessary and clear. America would have recognized that every one of the peoples at war proceeded in obedience to its world task, every one fulfilled exactly that which it conceived as its moral duty, every one was inspired by high national ideals, every one was deeply convinced that the fullest moral right was on its side. From such a point of view, the question of guilt would have become meaningless. Nobody was to blame, nobody was in the wrong, because whoever fulfills what he sees as his duty sincerely, loyally

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and with self-sacrifice is eternally right. There can be no higher standard.

Instead of such loftiness and ideal neutrality we have seen the overwhelming majority of the nation rushing into the wildest accusation of Germany's turpitude. The historians of a later day will certainly see much which explains and almost excuses this hysterical excitement against Germany and Austria. They will point out that the mind of the people necessarily saw everything distorted as soon as sharp prejudices had been formed, and that the outer conditions of the first three or four weeks of the war almost forced these prejudices on the country. At the start the cables had been cut and in those decisive weeks in which the first opinions were shaped every piece of news had the stamp of the English censor and the spirit of English hatred toward Germany. Germany became the defendant, and by the master stroke of English diplomacy American feelings of indignation were whipped up. They overwhelmed even the traditional sense of fairness of those who under normal conditions would never have hesitated to sympa-

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thize with the weaker side when seven nations fell upon two. As soon as England had succeeded in presenting the issue with English lights and shades, the case was decided in spite of any evidence to the contrary. It was a perfect psychological circle. The newspapers had shaped the opinion by the one-sidedness of the only news which reached them; this news stirred the wrath of the people against Central Europe; and as soon as the masses had swept with all their might into the camp of the Allies, the newspapers were forced to adjust the whole attitude to the emotion of their readers. The headlines and the editorials became stronger than any wireless messages of German defense. Every sheet stirred the rage of the crowd and when the rage swelled the headlines grew. As in a dynamo magnetism and electricity reënforce each other, papers and readers worked themselves mutually into a state of mind in which all sober arguments were necessarily inhibited and in which the most indifferent spectator was dragged into the senseless bitterness of the hour.

The historians will explain it all, and they

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will faithfully report that soon the better sense of the nation awoke and that suddenly no one really understood how this uncritical passion took hold of the sober nation. It will remind them how a few years before a mighty orator shouted through the land: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," and how half of the country went wild with an anti-gold rage until the nation suddenly shook it off and hardly understood how all the sound arguments for the gold standard could have been ignored. Again we heard the same voices proclaim: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of militarism," and again the appealing phrase bewildered the people and made them forget the fundamental facts of international history. But whatever the future may bring as explanation and as excuse, today the fact stands undoubted that the American people has neglected its great mission of being the truly impartial arbiter of the world. Never was a more tremendous task before the country. It is sad beyond words that the great duty was pulled down into the petty sphere of journalistic wrangling. History raised a world ques-

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tion, and it was answered with the narrowness of ward politics.

Nor was this one-sidedness which destroyed America's right to the seat of the umpire confined to the martial words of speakers and writers. As was to be feared, even the best will and the bravest efforts of the noble helmsman could hardly keep the ship of state true to its course as long as the sails were filled by the ill wind that profits nobody. From the first day when America was forced to be satisfied with the news which the English censor permitted, the American nation has suffered from the arbitrary egotism of England. American trade under the American flag to neutral ports has been interfered with by unheard-of methods. The list of contraband has been expanded according to English whim. American passports have been neglected. American mailbags have been destroyed. English warships have hovered around New York harbor. America's protests have been dealt with as high-handedly as America's commerce. And yet no more energetic resistance has been insisted upon because the average American seems willing

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to tolerate any arrogance of the Allies if only Germany can be brought to its knees. The question is not whether this or that single act can be interpreted by lawyers' skill as perhaps allowable according to some obscure precedent, nor is it the question whether perfect legal evidence can be supplied of the destruction of the thousands and thousands of American letters, or of the other English interferences. It is enough that we all know that far too much has happened which the American nation would never have endured and would have felt as a humiliation if public opinion were not swayed by the unneutral will to aid England and its allies throughout this war.

Through a century and a half England has never forgotten the rebellion of its colonies, but even many an Anglo-Saxon American has feared in these days that the United States have begun to forget their Declaration of Independence. They had solemnly dissolved the political bonds with England. They wanted to be to every nation enemies in war, in peace friends. They are in peace with the nations with which England is at war; and

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yet many a German has felt that the silent help of the Americans has become more dangerous than the open enmity of the Japanese allies. It was a cause of bitter regret to the German nation which has ceaselessly aimed toward cordial friendship with America. It would gladly have trusted the American people to be the umpire who brings honorable peace. No greater disappointment has come to the fatherland than the sad news that the American people has decided otherwise by fostering the cause of Germany's enemies. Was the game really worth the candle? Even if all the arguments against Germany had been as true as every German knows that they are not, would not the American people have remained in a loftier historic position if it had left to the belligerents on both sides the sincere confidence that Columbia stood as a symbol of fairness, of impartiality, of peace? The mellow judiciousness of Joseph H. Choate, once America's ambassador to England, the sturdy sympathizer with all that is noble in England, the representative of true Americanism, spoke the significant word. He said with regard to Germany and England:

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“It is a life and death struggle between two mighty powers, each entitled to the respect and admiration of the onlooking world.” And again: “The terrible contest is maintained on both sides not only with equal valor and with equal vigor, but with equal conscientiousness and equally lofty motives . . .” How wonderful it would have been if this spirit of historic understanding had filled the neutral world.

The American people has not only frustrated the hopes for early peace by its export of munitions and has not only rejected by its words and its actions the rôle of the impartial peacemaker; it has suddenly threatened the traditional peace within its own borders. Since the war began millions of American citizens have to suffer agonies hardly less cruel than those of the battlefield. Millions who honor Germany and Austria as the lands of their fathers feel humiliated and attacked by the passionate unfairness with which American public opinion hurls its insults against England's enemy. They feel as if here in their own land they were forced into social concentration camps. This is no longer

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a mere conflict of opinion such as any national election may carry with it. This brings the bitterness of inner warfare such as the country happily has not witnessed for half a century: millions of citizens to whom equal rights were promised are degraded—they are stamped as descendants of barbarian countries, as sympathizers with an unholy cause, as defenders of vandalism and crime.

They have lived here for one generation or two or three with the feeling of safety and trust. They know that they have given their best energies and their heart's blood for the honor and progress of their beloved American country, and now they feel themselves treated as unwelcome intruders. As faithful American citizens they were happy over the cordial friendship between America and the German lands; they enjoyed the respect and admiration which the whole country professed for German culture and German material development, for the German nation and its leader. No one of them had imagined that a few months could destroy all these treasures of good will and reverse everything which long had been taken for granted. Never

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has greater grief come to the Americans of German descent; and hundreds of thousands who had almost forgotten their German blood have been stirred up by these spiritual atrocities.

They did not dream of any help which America might bring to the German side: but they did not imagine either that here in their country which they loved, their feelings of natural sympathy with the home of their fathers would be trampled down. Many an American whose parents came to these shores from German lands feels like a somnambulist who climbs in his sleep to a dangerous height, who suddenly awakes and sees beneath him abysses of which he had been unaware. Thousands of social ties had connected him with his surroundings. America had never been to him a land of the English. It was to him the glorious land in which the most enterprising men of all races had blended into a new people, in which the memories of all, the memories of the English as of the Irish, of the Dutch as of the Swedish, of the Germans as of the Poles, of the Austrians as of the Italians, were held in common respect

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and where only he was to be despised who felt ashamed of his fathers. That was the spirit in which he educated his children and made them love the American soil with a heart full of pride in all which the Germans of earlier generations had contributed to its harvests. Suddenly he sees those social ties cut, sees himself and his children among strangers whose ill will pierces his heart and makes him doubt whether the good will of the past was sincere. Few have a clear idea how endlessly many true tragedies have been brought into the homes of loyal Americans of German descent.

What ought they to have done? Would they be worth their salt if they denied their German blood in order that they might follow the band wagon and yell with the crowd? Some of the best have said with ringing voice that they have spent their life in this country but will leave it when the war is over, as they do not wish to be intruders in a hostile community, and that they may forgive but never forget the cruel wrong which was done to them. But of course they will be few compared with the millions who are to stay here and will

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have to make the best of it. The task of the hour is rather to tie again the threads which have been cut. The days of hatred will, after all, go by; the world peace which America has failed to bring will come from victories or from ruins, but it will come, and the social peace among American fellow-countrymen will follow. Yet after the torment of these nightmare months one duty lies nearest to those who have not lost calm judgment and sober will. We must ask earnestly: what were the deeper underlying sources of this disastrous misunderstanding? Why were we so hopelessly torn asunder? If the time is out of joint it cannot be set right again until the true causes of our war of minds are fearlessly analyzed and clearly seen. The truth alone will make us free from strife. To understand our misunderstanding is the only thing which we can contribute today toward a lasting peace.

II

THE SO-CALLED FACTS

“But do not let us quarrel any more. . . . I am grown peaceful as old age to-night.” I ask again: why did we misunderstand one another so persistently? There is a time when all the wrangling of the lawyers with their bolstered technicalities and strained precedents may be in order. But there ought to be other times when we might forget the pinpricks and the triumphant poses and settle down for a quiet word from man to man. It is so easy to find the common ground on which all misunderstanding must disappear and where we can get rid of all the unfairness and antipathy, of the blindness of partisanship and the quarrelsome emotions. Nothing is needed but to stick to the solid facts as we find them and judge them by the

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highest standards of humanity. The facts are the rockbed of our life experience, and the ideals of humanity are high above all national narrowness and racial sympathy. If we rely on the facts and on the moral laws, we must be of one heart and of one conviction, whether we came with the *Mayflower* to the inhospitable, or with the *Kaiser Wilhelm II* to the hospitable, shores.

But there's the rub. Are the standards of humanity really ever independent of national traditions? Are not the highest ideals shaped by racial consciousness? Can we really hope for a common result when we silently take it for granted that the loftiest ideals must be the same for all mankind, and practically measure by a different standard in every country? But before we scrutinize the ideals which must help us to grade the facts, can we at least rely on the common ground of the facts? What are facts but starting-points of disputes? Is there anything more unreliable than the so-called facts? Is not that material of outside happenings thoroughly molded and shaped by our will and thought? Goethe says—if I may be

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pardoned for quoting a source from a belligerent side even in this peaceful reflection—"The chief point is to understand that every fact already involves a theory." Whenever mankind has focused its attention on the problem of what we really know, it has always recognized that the only certainty of knowledge lies in our own inner actions and never in the outer facts. But there is no need of rising to the heights of philosophy; we may remain in the valleys of triviality, and yet agree that we have a pitiful case when we simply appeal to the facts.

Somewhere over in Europe men have conferred or men have fought, men have triumphed or have suffered, men have been heroes or men have been devils: what is the chance that the same facts come to each of us? The very first obstacle is one which is most obvious, as it lies on the surface. The facts become modified and remolded by those who observe and report them. Some might say bluntly that the eyewitnesses and the reporters have lied. But that is not the point at all. I do not think that wilful falsehood and offhand lying play any important rôle in

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the reporting, for "I am grown peaceful as old age to-night." And yet I have no doubt the unintentional distortion may at any time reshape the facts until no one can recognize the truth in the twisted stories. If here in America the material which is served to us in our breakfast paper has undergone this remodeling essentially through anti-German influences, this is only the chance result of the actual situation. If the Russians had succeeded in breaking through Silesia and were standing today in Brandenburg, and if the French had taken Alsace and were today devastating Thuringia, and if the English had reached Westphalia, and if the cables from Great Britain had been cut, but those from Emden were still alive, we should probably have the reverse of the present situation in our European news. The German and Austrian imagination would have run wild and the lingering desire to influence the independent world would have brought havoc in spite of the best intentions. I suppose the German press would have been less successful, because it is less trained in team work. It has been said that there are only three firmly or-

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ganized establishments in the world: the Roman church, the American Standard Oil Company, and the German army. I think the press of England does not stand behind them. The German and the American press cannot compete there.

This unintentional distortion may have many psychological shades. The characteristic condition is that all who report stand under autosuggestive influence which makes them fully believe what they write down, and these illusory elements may turn some most harmless occurrence into the wildest absurdity. The good man who assured his readers in a New England paper that he saw with his own eyes in the beginning of August at Brandenburger Thor in Berlin how twenty-eight Socialists were publicly shot down by a firing squad was evidently perfectly sincere. Hundreds have reported that they have seen with their own eyes the funeral of the German Crown Prince, and still more have seen the Russian army corps in England which had boldly come from Archangel on its way to Belgium. How often did we hear of the suicide of General von Emmich and of Gen-

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eral von Kluck? How often did we hear at first from observers who surely believed what they wrote that Berlin was like a cemetery, that in the German cities no men were seen, only women in mourning, and that the food prices brought starvation near. Yet meat and eggs and milk and the rest in Berlin and Hamburg have never been so high-priced as in New York and Boston at the same time; the theaters and concerts have gone on as usual; cafés have been crowded; and there have never been so few unemployed in the country because many industries are flourishing as never before. No Russian soldier has touched England, and the German Crown Prince gives vivid interviews to the American associated press. In the meantime, to be sure, the German Crown Prince had plundered a French castle in which he stayed for a while just to fill carloads of trunks with the costly vases and paintings of his hostess whose appealing letters went through the French and American papers. It took quite a while before the French acknowledged that it was a slight mistake, in that the Crown Prince had never been in that castle at all and

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that when the German officers who did stay there left it, not the least damage had been done and not the least loss occurred, and only afterward a mirror was broken. And from this level of mild modification with partly involuntary additions of vivid imagination, the reports sink lower and lower to the point where we readers should deceive ourselves if we did not have a certain suspicion that the writers after all intend to deceive us.

The psychologically most dangerous remodeling must result when the report has repeatedly been transmitted. We psychologists know such effects quite well from exact experiments on the formation of rumors. If a picture is shown and the spectator tells another man what he has seen in it, and he in turn tells it to a second, and he reports it orally to a third the next day, and so on for a week, the seventh man gives an account which has slight similarity to the starting-point. This danger must rapidly grow—experiment proves this, too—when the minds suffer from a common excitement by which a wrong emotional accent falsifies the reports

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received. Finally, the laboratory experiments have shown that women and above all youthful persons are especially liable to such illusions, which grow like an avalanche. In a school experiment a few words of rebuke which a visiting superintendent of schools spoke at nine o'clock to a boy had grown by twelve o'clock in transmission through four different school classes into a cruel corporal punishment. The social psychologists of the future will hardly need any such special experiments to prove these laws of growing distortion. They can find sufficient material in most of the well examined cases of atrocities in the European war. The typical form is this. A detailed report of a paper in Western Switzerland told how the Germans in a French village had cut off the right hands of all the boys and girls. An American was so indignant over this atrocity of the Germans that he made up his mind that he must examine the circumstances. His first journey was to the writer who had signed the article and who had said that he had it from an eyewitness. It was found that the gentleman to whom he referred was a well-known

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man in Geneva. He traveled to Geneva and found out that the man had told the story in a much milder form, speaking only of twenty boys and girls, but that he himself had not been the eyewitness but had heard it from his chauffeur. A searching conversation with the chauffeur, who had in the meantime gone to another town, gave the result that he had it through a letter from that village but that the letter contained reference only to one single boy. The examination was carried further, and it was found that the whole basis was that this one boy had lost his hand by an accident long before the Germans had entered the village.

I say frankly that probably most of the atrocity stories with which the German newspapers were crowded for a while have a similar illusory origin. At least from a scientific point of view it is most improbable that soldiers of any of the Western European armies have committed criminal atrocities. If the civil population of villages which have been devastated by the horrible necessities of the war sometimes lost their moral instincts, it may be more easily understood. It would

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be absurd to measure even the most fiendish crimes in such dazing conditions by the standards of peace. And finally, criminals are mixed into decent nations everywhere. I regret that the Germans reprinted in autograph the letter found on an English officer from his sister who writes that she wants to become a nurse because she hopes that then she might kill a few Germans; such perverse thoughts are pathological and do not characterize the people.

I suppose that a German prisoner in Russia wrote an open inspected letter home in which he said for the censor's sake that he was well treated and well nourished, and in a postscript he said that they ought to preserve the Russian stamp for his stamp collection. As his family knew that he had none, they had a suspicion and removed the stamp carefully and found below it the words "bad treatment, miserable food." The story which has reached me in this form seems possible and almost probable. But it is a fact that I have heard this same stamp story from at least twelve different sources, referring not only to prisoners in Russia but also in

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France and England and to civilians in concentration camps. In each case those who have informed me were sure that their witnesses were themselves the receivers of those letters or cards. Moreover the stories covered by the foreign stamp became more and more gruesome. One wrote that he was starving, the next that one eye had been gouged out, another that his feet had been cut off. Moreover the stories grow in length, and not a few must have written whole editorials about the wretched situations in French and Russian camps under the cover of the harmless stamp. The idea is so brilliant that it has spread to the other side. English families have received similar vivid descriptions of German camps under German stamps, and there, too, the stories have been as lengthy as if the German postage stamp were the size of the *London Times*.

But the task of getting common ground becomes still much harder because we do not read the same papers, we do not receive the same letters, we do not meet the same people, as sources of our information. If the one relies on the *New York Herald* and the other

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is daily supplied with the news by the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, if the one has his friends in England and the other receives his decisive impressions from letters written in the German trenches, they are surrounded by different atmospheres, the available ideas with which they have to think are so differently selected that they soon cannot possibly understand each other. They speak two different languages. Every single bit of information, every single episode impressed on the memory may be entirely true, and yet all together the one's picture of the war appears from the standpoint of the other a great caricature.

But this is only the beginning of the story. Even if no one altered and distorted the events, and if they were not selected by the chances of personal surroundings, are the so-called facts in themselves clear? Do the actors themselves distinctly know all about the aims and motions of their minds? This is a much subtler difficulty, which is so easily overlooked; and yet the discussions about the diplomatic history of the war most earnestly suggest such an inquiry. Here I

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really cannot forget the lessons of homemade psychology. The students of the mind know how misleading is the popular idea that our mental life is controlled by one will power which autocratically decides all our inner steps. We have not one will, but thousands of volitions; and these do not flow out of one central impulse but are the products of the many ideas and feelings in our mind. We deceive ourselves so easily by a superficial pseudopsychology. If in ordinary life a trivial question is brought before us, we answer it and talk with our friend about this and that, and if we are asked to analyze what happened, we readily imagine that our will has consciously chosen the arguments and the replies and the words which we used. But this is a fiction. Those words did not come to our consciousness before they were uttered; those replies resulted simply from the ideas which the question awakened; they came of themselves, each related to a little group of ideas without much censorship from above.

In any complex social situation different groups of ideas and moods lead to very di-

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vergent impulses and may find expressions which could hardly be understood as utterances of one central will. We are not aware of the last consequences of our own ideas. A mind is a big democracy in which a mass meeting in any county may vote resolutions which would be hissed down in some other region. A land has not one mind, and a mind has not either. In any complex social situation we may speak and act with an inner feeling of perfect sincerity, and yet possess in the marginal regions of our mind many ideas which would demand the opposite kind of talk and action and which might in another hour push themselves into the center and take control of our behavior. La Rochefoucauld says that in every misfortune of our friends is something which we enjoy, and a hundred epigrams tell the same story of the mind's duplicity. Can we believe that an ambassador at a foreign court in the time of highest tension had no other dynamic ideas in his mind but those which he utters in a conversation with a particular man? And yet have we a right to say that he was speaking falsehood when he expressed himself? Many

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contrasting ideas may even be in perfect equilibrium, each entirely sincere and each filling the whole mind when the situation is favoring it.

There were certainly in the diplomatic history of the war periods when the leading statesmen in no one of the countries exactly knew what they really wanted. No doubt the Czar desired peace and believed that he desired it; and yet certainly he wanted war and acted under the impulse of this marginal idea. This complexity of inner attitudes became momentous long before the decisive steps were taken. Sir Edward Grey and his ministers were evidently quite sincere and loyal in their dealing with the German chancellor when they cordially entered into his plans for an increasing mutual approach of England and Germany. He was just as sincere and frank and hopeful in his dealings with Paris, when he prepared the policies which were planned to crush Germany. He said to each a little more than he could have said in the presence of the other, but there was not necessarily any hypocrisy involved. Such melodrama psychology which knows

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only angels and liars, is too clumsy. Hence, even if we analyze the multi-colored books of documents, we cannot find the real facts and cannot discover what this or that statesman really wanted. He probably wanted many opposite things; that is, opposite ideas were scattered in his mind and each had in itself the tendency to become effective. The actor himself would not have known in which direction his ideas were really driving, and if later he decides from his memory impressions what really was in his mind, he relies on a reconstruction which must be under the influence of the further experiences. The struggle about the true facts concerning the origin of the war usually starts from psychologically wrong premises. Whoever reduces the will of the personality to a simple yes or no has falsified the facts.

But the sins of the fact seekers go still further. They cannot help underscoring the data which fit into their argument and ruling out the disturbing facts, if a point of view can be found from which they become invisible. My friend from the other side and I discuss the nationality of Alsace. I am so

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proud of my German Alsace which I love and am so delighted with its thoroughly patriotic German attitude during this war. How could it be otherwise, as every soldier from Alsace was born under the German flag? Alsace has been German as long as anyone who went with his regiment can remember. But my friend claims Alsace is French because it was under the French régime fifty years ago and a hundred years ago and two hundred years ago. That is, he claims Alsace was always French. But does he not know any history? What do those two centuries under the French régime mean? Alsace was always German. When Louis XIV tore it away from the German people, it had been thoroughly German since early medieval times. What did the short French rule mean compared with a thousand years of German national life? His fact is that Alsace was always French, and mine that Alsace was always German. I ignore the little episode of foreign rule which surely has not broken the thoroughly German language and tradition of the Alsatian farmer, and he ignores whatever passed before the French grasped

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it, because he thinks two hundred years are enough to look backward. We both are right.

And where did this war start? The German might say: "With the Russian mobilization." The Russian would answer: "No, before, with Austria's sharp ultimatum to Servia." But the Austrian would reply: "The war began with the assassination of the Archduke." The British would insist: "It began much earlier with Germany's new fleet programme." The Germans date it back to King Edward's encircling policy which welded all Europe together against Germany. The French would say: "On the contrary, it began with Bismarck's taking Lorraine." And Germany shouts: "Napoleon." And Europe says: "Frederick the Great." And Germany trumps: "Louis XIV." Yet that is all superficial. Charlemagne had a most important influence on it. And if you say: "No, the real trouble began with the great migration in the fifth century," it may be true; and yet I think the beginning was much earlier. Facts become facts by our selection.

We poor newspaper readers, of course, face constant influences of this type in the

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big headlines and the other selective agencies of the modern press. Exactly the same telegrams take an entirely different meaning, if in one paper everything favorable to the one side bursts out with the noise of the heavy print, and in another the cheerful news of the other side is bolstered. We may read the small print in both with the same patience, and yet the kind editor has helped us to get a strong impression only from that to which he gives his blessing. An editor has rightly boasted that in this war time he does not care who writes the news in his paper, if he may write the headlines. And yet wise men in the editorial offices have not underestimated the value of the mild innuendoes in the midst of the text.

But these effects on the mind of the reader are constantly supported by the unintentional blending of facts and wishes or facts and valuations. When the man on the street read day after day that the Allies were on the point surrounding sometimes the right, sometimes the left wing of Germany's western army or that very soon the German center would be pierced or that in surely not

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more than two weeks the Germans will be driven back to the Belgian frontier, or that without doubt Cracow will fall at once, or that Silesia will be stormed, no untrue facts were presented to him, but only pious wishes which as such are neither true nor untrue. Yet these wishes were sufficient to rearrange his ideas about the valor of the hostile armies. He feels instinctively how the Germans are steadily pushed back and daily losing more, and therefore he inhibits in his mind the apprehension of the other not unimportant fact that none of those wishes have been realized.

If such hopes of the war reporters and of the editors mold the facts in looking forward, the praise and blame have the same subtle effect in looking backward. As long as Antwerp stood, it was the one great place and all agreed that strategically and politically it would be a supreme achievement if Germany could ever conquer this fortress surpassed only by Paris herself. When German troops took Antwerp on the afternoon of the day on which the New Yorkers read in the morning that Antwerp was safe at least for a month more, the achievement collapsed

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and from the next day on the taking of Antwerp was child's play, hardly worth mentioning among serious people. Success and failure become big or small just as it pleases us to turn our opera glass. What are the real facts as to Germany's standing after these six months? You are perfectly right: it is a failure all around. Paris is not taken; Warsaw is not taken; Calais is not taken; London is not taken. It is high time to acknowledge that it is a miserable fiasco. But another friend told me this morning that the German achievement of these six months is more than a gigantic success; it is a miracle. He said: The whole world encircled Germany, seven nations against two, seven hundred million men against one hundred million, the oceans of the world open to the enemies and Germany closed in, everyone in the world convinced that before the first snow falls the monarchs of Russia and Belgium, of France and England, would ride triumphantly through Unter den Linden in Berlin; and now millions of Germans in Russia and in France, and not an enemy on German soil.

We all are well acquainted, too, with the

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instinctive tendency to discriminate little differences when our arguments can hinge on them and to neglect big differences whenever we wish that both cases be treated alike. "I am still hoping some day to hear that your psychological school is applying its methods of investigation to current stories. You will see by the papers that an English committee has been formed with some names of legal eminence. I am hoping that you will either assist or criticize their findings or draw up a parallel case in which you would perhaps compare the results of the bombardment of Scarborough and the bombardment of Ostend. The people assure me that Ostend is 'quite different' in their eyes." When I think that this is a quotation from the letter of a well-known Englishman sent to me from England at the time of the wildest clamor, I feel again how the individual Englishman of the best type has kept his soberness much more than many Americans of the same class who are so much more English than the English. I do not think that I have lost a single friend in England during these six months; I wish I could say the same of New England. But

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certainly my friend is right. In the eyes of the Allies the case of Scarborough, where the Germans were bombarding was "quite different" from the case of Ostend where the English guns bombarded the coast. And when the French aviators dropped bombs upon the open towns like my beloved Freiburg and killed women and children, it is quite different from the case when German aviators do it in England. And let us think of Belgium—but no, let us not think of Belgium; "I am grown peaceful as old age to-night."

But our trust in facts has still deeper springs. No one can overcome his personal relation to the sources of information. Our feeling of confidence is essential for the very structure of our facts. The whole history of politics, of scholarship, of religion, can be explained psychologically only if we understand the tremendous importance of the personal readiness to accept or to reject the so-called facts. The faithful believer may listen to the priest of the other sect, and yet his mind is deaf; he may see, and yet he is blind. If a certain statesman is the high priest of your cult, his documents are politically

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sacred; every doubt is inhibited in the lower brain centers before it can reach the sphere of deliberation. If your church stands on the other side of the street, your eyes soon discover that dates are erased here and phrases are changed there, that most important letters are left out and conversations written down weeks after; in short, you find a skilful lawyer's brief which leaves your heart cold, and you hire your lawyer to tear it to pieces.

I do not deny for a moment that whenever I read an official statement from Berlin as to a positive fact, I accept it uncritically, and when I read one from Petrograd, I begin to combine and to speculate what may have been the real happening. I defend this attitude of mine to my own conscience because I feel sure that the later events have not contradicted a statement of the German bulletin and have rather seldom confirmed, as far as I can see, the Russian. And yet I am psychologist enough not to forget how much this activity of my brain cells may be due to the fact that I breathed German air through happy schoolboy days. I have in my Har-

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ward seminar every Wednesday night sitting around me two doctor candidates from Canada, one from Greece, one from Norway, one from Sweden, one from India and one from China, scattered among the Americans. I suppose that while we agree beautifully on the principles of psychology which we discuss, the war bulletins awaken in them quite different ideas from those in my mind, and I hope sincerely that they have been trained into such good psychologists that each can back his own autosuggestive belief with psychological arguments just as well as I back my own. You say the facts are mountains firm as rock: clouds they are. "Do you see yonder cloud that is almost in the shape of a camel—methinks it is like a weasel—or like a whale—they fool me to the top of my bent."

But the fate of our facts is still more pitiful on account not only of our prejudices and beliefs, but on account of the associations which have been developed in our individual life history. We may read the same news with the same inner attitude, and yet may receive entirely different mental content, be-

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cause the memory ideas and conceptions which cluster about every bit of information may be incomparable. Everything which we have read and learned has left its trace; all our historical and geographical and cultural knowledge stands behind the dates and names and happenings which we hear. Emotional reminiscences and vivid traveling experiences may easily give a wrong emphasis to this or that. But surely the far greater danger is that our lack of ready associations—in less psychological language we might say our ignorance—will deprive the news of its deeper meaning and significance. What is the talk about Russia and the Balkan unless some pretty thorough geographical and historical knowledge stands behind it? What does it mean to write about Germany's politics, if it is possible for a man not low in American councils to ask me earnestly whether Bavaria is a part of Prussia or not? How can anyone discuss the French-German problem, if he has never heard that the lost provinces have been German for a thousand years?

Why ought we deny in these unhappy times

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the one regrettable feature of our American life as to which we all have peacefully agreed in more fortunate times? We all have discussed and discussed some shortcomings of our schools. We surely give to our boys and girls a splendid assortment of knowledge, but we give it superficially with loose, inefficient methods, without that strict discipline of the mind which alone trains for solid knowledge and intellectual stability. The most serious school men of the country have expressed such views a thousand times, and I myself have preached this sermon for nearly a quarter of a century. The dangers of which we all were afraid have perhaps never come so near as in last fall's gigantic test of public opinion. The lack of accuracy in our school methods counts perhaps most in history and geography; and historic and geographic knowledge was necessary above all, if the great events of the European crisis were to be seen in their true perspective. A few years ago I told of my experience with a Boston telegraph operator to whom I gave a cablegram and who inquired whether Berlin was in France. I might just as well have

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spoken of a member of the cabinet who was not aware that there is a difference between Budapest and Bucharest and was ready to wager that St. Petersburg lies on the Arctic Sea. It may be that both know better now, but six months of war is too costly a method to teach the elements of geography. We may disagree as to whether America needs more soldiers and more sailors to prepare for whatever the future brings, but we cannot disagree that she needs above all better school teachers.

But the influence of our mental associations colors the facts even in the most erudite minds. The papers yesterday brought out the fervent speech of the one man in the admiration of whose thorough knowledge and wisdom we men of all creeds are unanimous. Charles W. Eliot, the brave leader of the anti-neutral party, directed the attack against the Germans this time from a new side. He showed that the Germans lack that freedom of spirit which shows itself in a nation's inventiveness. He said: "Most of the war equipment which the Germans are now working to full capacity, including the telephone

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and telegraph, the wireless, electric communication of power, the aeroplane, the torpedo and the submarine were all originated not in the fatherland but chiefly in the Anglo-Saxon countries." Here we have expressed concrete facts, and they resound effectively in every American mind, where the same associations are held in readiness. Of course, the telegraph is Morse and the telephone is Bell, and the aeroplane is Wright and the wireless is Marconi and the torpedo is Whitehead, and so on. How different the same facts look when the circle of associations is less influenced by American tradition. I got my physics in Germany, and therefore naturally think of the fact that the first electromagnetic telegraph was invented and used by Gauss and Weber in Göttingen in 1833 and immediately afterward improved by Steinheil in Munich, who introduced the optical point signs. Only several years after Gauss and Weber did Morse come forward. And just as Germans had the first telegraph, they had the first telephone, which was invented by Phillip Reis in Frankfurt-am-Main. As to the electric communication of power, I do

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think that Werner-Siemens was the first who in the seventies built electrically controlled vehicles. As to the aeroplane, I do not want to disparage the fine work of my friend Langley, but surely Lilienthal in Berlin was the first who invented the motor flying-machine which flew more than a thousand feet. The principles of the wireless transmission of ether waves were discovered by Heinrich Hertz in Bonn. Only the torpedoes and submarines were indeed not invented by Germans: evidently the imagination of the Germans does not run in the direction of such mankilling machines. But in every sphere of life saving and life furthering German inventiveness from the days of the first printing press to the present day appears as a most pronounced feature; and yet the leader of American thought denies its existence altogether. We say facts, and we mean will-o'-the-wisps.

But the queerest thing is that not only you and I see the same fact differently, but that surely you and maybe even I saw it yesterday so and see it today otherwise and will see it tomorrow again quite differently. German

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authors have published in recent weeks views on Paris which seem to harmonize poorly with their appreciation in the past. And so it goes around among the belligerents. It is not worth while to contrast the views of this season and of last when penny-a-liners signed the proclamations on the merits of foreign lands. They simply write as the fashion commands. But it is of instructive value to see how even the strongest and the most independent thinkers change and change and always still believe firmly that they speak of facts. The lions of English literature have tried to outroar one another when the scent of German culture was in the air. England is all, and Germany less than nothing; England is noble and Germany infamous. But of all of them the most superb was H. G. Wells. England is wonderful, and Germany wretched—in August, 1914. But in May, 1914, the same H. G. Wells published a book "An Englishman Looks at the World," and I read there the following remarks in which the famous author shows at his best. He says:

We are intensely jealous of Germany, not only

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because the Germans outnumber us and have a much larger and more diversified country than ours and lie in the very heart and body of Europe, but because in the last hundred years while we have fed on platitudes and vanity, they have had the energy and humility to develop a splendid system of national education, to toil at science and art and literature, to develop social organization, to master and better our methods of business and industry and to clamber above us in the scale of civilization.

It is an old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war." Too many authors have forgotten it. They ought to have written their essays and speeches in peaceful days with greater care so that they might not bear witness against that truth which they don in war time.

Even far from the battlefields this psychological reorganization has gone on from the lowest level to the highest. Again I may point to the top of the pyramid. Hundreds of thousands have become convinced that there is no liberty in Germany and no morality and no sense of truth, not because they had reason to believe so, but because Charles W. Eliot has said so with emphasis and he

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surely can see the true facts more clearly than the crowd. Yet only a year ago in one of the most forcible speeches which I ever heard from this great man, he said in New York, speaking of American students who had gone to Germany:

They saw how two great doctrines which had sprung from the German Protestant reformation had been developed by Germans from seed then planted in Germany. The first was the doctrine of universal education developed from the Protestant conception of individual responsibility, and the second was the great doctrine of civil liberty, liberty in industry, in society, in government, liberty with order under law. These two principles took their rise in Protestant Germany, and America has been the greatest beneficiary of that noble teaching.

Ex-President Eliot continues:

Scientific research has been learned through practice in Germany by thousands of American students and teachers. It is impossible to describe or even imagine what an immense intellectual gift this has been from Germany to America. It is, of course, true that America is indebted not only to Germany but also to England, Scandinavia, France, Italy and of late to Russia for this perfected spirit

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and method of research. But America is more indebted to Germany than to any other nation, because the range of German research has been wider and deeper than in any other of the nations mentioned. There is another point of union between Germany and America which may come some day to the stage of practical efficacy. To be sure, it is nothing but a sentiment or feeling. But sentiments often supply the motive power for vigorous action. The Teutonic peoples set a higher value on truth in speech, thought and action than any other peoples. Germany and America, England, Scandinavia and Holland are one in this respect. They all love truth; they seek it; they woo it. They respect the man who speaks and acts the truth, even to his own injury. I say that here is a fine point of union and real likeness of spirit and community in devotion and worship among all the Teutonic peoples. Let us hope that at no distant day this common worship, this common devotion, will result in common beneficent action.

What is the truth? Is it a fact that Germany is leading in civil liberty, liberty in industry, in society, in government, liberty with order under law, as President Eliot told us in peace, or is it a fact that England and France and Russia fight Germany in the interests of liberty because Germany has none,

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as he tells us in war? Is it a fact that Germany clambered above England in the scale of civilization as H. G. Wells told us when he was sober, or is it a fact that German civilization stands far below the English as H. G. Wells tells us since he is drunk with the red wine of war? Are facts only fables and fancies? Does every untruth really become a fact if it is repeated often enough? Does only the one fact stand: that there are no facts? "But do not let us quarrel any more. . . . I am grown peaceful as old age to-night."

III

THE HIGHEST VALUES

I always think with great delight of the winter evening when we founded the Cosmopolitan Student Club at the University of Berlin. Many hundred students were present. I was at that time Harvard exchange professor in Germany, and it was my share to introduce that first meeting by an address on the true international spirit. I tried to show that even a strong, healthy nationalism does not interfere with it, when it is coupled with an earnest desire to understand the attitudes of the other nations. The true motto of the cosmopolitan clubs all over the world remains: "Above all nations is humanity." As an illustration of this inner unity of spirit academic representatives of more than twenty nations followed my speech with enthusiastic

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words, and everyone expressed cordially the particular reasons why his nationality was in sympathy with the German spirit and why we all were one. The greatest applause, as I remember, followed the most eloquent words of the Russian, the French, the English and the American speakers. We all felt how easy it is to understand a foreign nation.

Four years have passed since that happy meeting and how we all have suddenly learned the difference between theory and practice. Yes: it is easy to understand a foreign nation as long as we move in routine paths and no conflict lies between us. But how tremendously difficult it is after all to understand the people beyond the frontier as soon as the peace is disturbed. On the surface it looks so simple. Facts are facts, and we all must be able to find out the true facts, and as soon as we have the facts, nothing is needed but to measure them by the standards of humanity. Above all nations is humanity. The deeds are in harmony or in disharmony with those highest values of mankind. They are moral or they are immoral. If we are sincere in seeking the facts and

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honest in applying the standards of humanity, we all must agree, and if we are brave, we shall not be afraid of any verdict which may hurt our sympathies. But facts are not facts: facts are fancies; facts are fables. And only one thing is still more difficult than to agree on facts: to agree on the highest standards. Above all nations is humanity. But this idea of humanity above nations is a different one for every nation. Even if all mankind agreed on the facts, and if everyone judged them most sincerely and honestly by his ideal standards, there might still be the confusion of Babel.

Facts in themselves are of course neither good nor bad. It is too often overlooked that the scientist who simply describes and explains facts as they are cannot possibly reach in his world any standards and values. It is true we hear the naturalist talking about development and evolution, but he oversteps his limits if he means by such terms that a change from the worse to the better has gone on. He has the right to speak only about a change from the simple to the complex, from the uniform to the highly organized. As

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soon as he calls the primitive state less good and the differentiated state better, he mixes values with the mere facts, for which the reasons lie entirely outside of the facts which he describes and explains. For the consistent scientist the cosmos is not better than the chaos. Any group of facts may admit any number of valuations. These depend entirely upon the personal attitudes. As soon as we see some goal before us, the decision is easy. Everything which moves in the direction of the goal is desirable, is good, is valuable. Everything which leads away from the goal or hinders the progress toward it is bad. If all civilized nations could choose the same goal, if they all would see the highest values of life in the same ends, they would surely not quarrel about the right and wrong of historic events. They might dispute details, but the great tendencies would be controlled by the common standards and the common ideal values.

The clamor about the war would have been less puzzling and confusing and torturing if we had not in the excitement of the day so completely forgotten that this diversity of

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highest idéal exists and necessarily exists. The mere fight of the armies and all conflict of weapons do not in the least indicate that contrasts of ultimate standards exist. Nations may enter into selfish fights with one another and yet all be dominated by the same ideals. Then they may fight about influence and power. But in our day we have seen a very different spectacle; not only armies are fighting: ideals are clashing. Actions which in the eyes of one party appear of highest ideal value are looked on as criminal and infamous in another group. Not only the crowd is glorifying and vituperating the same deeds. It is no blind swaying by sympathies and hatred. No: the loftiest and most thoughtful leaders disagree fundamentally as to the inner value of the events quite without regard to the question to whom they are useful. They really measure with different standards, and the fatal calamity is that they are not aware of it. Everyone simply takes it for granted that his highest ideals are free from national limitations, that they are inborn with man, that they are God-given and beyond dispute. They do not see that all the wran-

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gling about the verdicts is idle as long as it is not recognized that different standards can exist and as long as one is not agreed upon. It is not a mere difference of terms; it is not like the thermometers of Fahrenheit and of Celsius which measure the same temperatures by different scales. The moral boiling point and the moral freezing point themselves are different in the different universes of values.

The ultimate ideals of Tolstoi's Russia are not those of modern Japan. Just that which is silently taken for granted by the one would be disputable to the other. The war which has raged about us here in America has been essentially stirred up by the contrast of English and German highest values. These conflicting ideals have been still more responsible for the lack of understanding between the Anglo-Americans and the German-Americans than the national sympathies. To be sure, it is a fashion of the day to deride composite citizenships. A fervent Americanism seems to forget such hyphenated structures. But is that really in the interest of American culture? Certainly there are many problems before the land in which any provincialism

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would be ill-judged. Yet there are not a few solid tasks for which it is most desirable that the West feel itself as West and the South as South and the East as East, and others where America could not succeed if Pennsylvania should forget that it is not Nebraska, and if Ohio could not be discriminated from New England. Differentiation is as important as unity.

But no kind of difference is more fertile and more promising for the inner progress of American culture than that of the racial elements. It is one-sided to see in them only different groups of inherited traits. The more vital issues are those of traditions, memories and feelings cultivated by home influence, transmitted from generation to generation. Any culture must wither when its roots are cut off. Peoples whose memories are artificially suppressed and discredited become sadly weakened for their national tasks. The whole strength of the American people lies in the diversity of its memories and traditions. All the national aims of Europe have lived on in America's racial groups, and to combine them into new ideals appears a

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higher goal and mission for America than a mere continuation of English endeavors. It would be a great pity if in the midst of American culture the feeling of this diversity were lost and if Anglo-Americans and Irish-Americans, German-Americans and Swedish-Americans, Polish-Americans and Jewish-Americans should lose their vivid sense of special memories, special duties, special ideals.

The historic growth of the United States gave to the Anglo-American influences much stronger control of American culture than the size of this racial element would suggest. The Anglo-American culture forced itself superficially, as the oldest in the land, on the millions who came later and who adjusted themselves to the feelings of the first-comers as long as no great issues were involved. But it was to be expected that in any great crisis of thought and feeling the differences of tradition and ideal among the various hyphenated groups would come more strongly into the foreground. This was unavoidable, but one thing might have been avoided: the conflict of these racial sentiments ought not to have degenerated into abusive hatred. It

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ought to have been recognized that the underlying principle is really a difference of ideals and that it is therefore a conflict in which each side ought to have the fullest respect for the other. It is fundamentally meaningless to blame and to accuse anyone for differently molded ideals, if they are truly ideals for him and if he serves them faithfully and loyally with all his heart. But as the traditional Anglo-American ideals prevail so strongly in public opinion, we may become more easily conscious of the contrasts, if we consider the Anglo-American view as the typical American one of today, and look on it in opposition to the ideals of Germany, of which the German-American traditions are, of course, a reflection.

What do Americans and what do Germans consider the highest aim which makes life and strife worth while? Whatever answer may be suggested, it could never mean that every man and woman on the street knows to what harbor the boat is sailing. Mostly they think of themselves and of their happiness, of their friendships and of their foeships, and would hardly care to discover that after all some

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kind of life philosophy and social religion carries them forward, even in their trivial routine work. Moreover, the millionfold varieties of personal temperament and character, intelligence and talent, shade the peoples so richly that the underlying pattern of beliefs is often hard to recognize. But if such an abstract formula were to be proposed, what good American would not feel instinctively that the great fly-wheel of his inner life is the vague wish to bring the greatest possible happiness to the greatest possible number of individuals. Not everybody can care for everyone, but the idea that we contribute a little to somebody's comfort and pleasure and enjoyment is the one aim which lifts our life beyond mere platitude and selfishness.

We may give our seat in the electric car to an old woman or draw our check for the flood victims, and we feel that we have done what humanity demands. Unselfish life is not only a branch of the associated charities; it is scattered in thousandfold efforts for reform and justice, for knowledge and beauty, for politics and religion, and yet what are

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they but dissociated charities. We contribute our share to knowledge because sooner or later our little footnote to the book of science will help to some improvement in practical life. Who would burn the midnight Tungsten if his work would never be useful to anyone? We write poems and plays and paint our paintings to bring comfort and pleasure into the dreary heart. We fight for justice in order that every individual may feel his life and property protected. We strive even for farsighted reforms in order that our great-grandchildren may enjoy and profit from the forests which we save and the lands which we open. Yes: we build churches because we wish to bring the rest and peace of religion into every human soul and give to it at least a promise of individual happiness when the pilgrimage is over.

The state, above all, is to us the wonderful organization by which as much happiness as possible is guaranteed to everyone who takes his share of citizenship. Politicians may differ in their schemes of scientific management for the great state plant, but that its wheels are running for the manufacture of comfort

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and happiness for the individual men and women and children is their common creed. Why do we educate but to give to the boys and girls the preparation which secures to them the greatest chance for a happy life? Truly it is a noble ideal which brings order into the chaos of human desires and appraises the value of every action in the world. Whatever helps to bring happiness to individuals is good, and whatever interferes with such happiness of men is wrong and to be despised. But if our heart is truly filled with the belief in this highest value, who dares to suggest that humanity stops with the borders of our country? We suffer with the sufferers in every corner of the globe, and there is no one on earth to whom we ought not to bring education and knowledge, art and religion, so that a ray of happiness may fall into the darkest soul. Our ideal would be prostituted if our selfishness demanded any jingoistic boundaries for the sphere of our humanitarian impulses. Our desire to bring happiness to the individuals expands to cover the world. Have we not a right to expect that in response the whole world will share our efforts? Is it not

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our moral duty to demand that our ideal become the ideal of the whole world?

But here we may be illogical. Perhaps a mistake has slipped in. Have we a right to take it for granted that our ideal is the only one which may give meaning and purpose to man's life and strife? I do not care how many between the Baltic Sea and the Alps, between the Rhine and the Vistula, are clearly aware of what the deepest aim of their will to live really is and ought to be. But I do know with all the fibers of my soul that nobody has understood the deepest meaning of German life who has not been lifted by the wave of an entirely different emotion. To be a German means to be filled with the belief that the highest aim does not lie in the individuals and their states of happiness, but in the service to ideal values. The German creed would say: the value of reform and justice, of science and art, of state and church, never lies in the mere comfort and pleasure which they bring to individual men. They are valuable, eternally valuable, in themselves. Their growth and unfolding in human souls is an end in itself and never merely a means

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for happiness or any other individual feelings.

Hence life has its meaning in the service to ideals. The scholar seeks to discover the truth in order that truth be unfolded. Whether his new insight can be used for a new breakfast food has nothing to do with the true value of the knowledge. To sing your song and to create beauty is gloriously valuable. Whether its charm is sipped by this or that individual has nothing to do with its significance. Religion is not sacred because it can be an opiate for individual pain. That the thought of the kingdom of heaven may irradiate through all human work is an ideal perfect in itself. The meaning of education is not to furnish the boys and girls with warm overcoats against the cold wind and the stormy weather of life. Education is to mold the personality and to make it able and willing to serve the realization of ideals. From this point of view social reform and justice and progress are never mere methods to dry tears and to awaken smiles and to fill stomachs and to tickle the minds with agreeable feelings of pleasure. You ought to be

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loyal to them, even if you have to go hungry and have to suffer, and you are to die in order that they may grow; and the mere pleasure of your neighbor would not be more valuable than your own. There is no need that there be pleasure in the world, but there is need that there be justice and righteousness. The state, too, is then not an organization for the furtherance of pleasant feelings by million-fold coöperation. Its true task is the fulfilment of an ideal mission.

This German ideal may appear to you wise or unwise, good or bad, lofty or fantastic, inspiring or discouraging, but in any case you cannot deny that it is also an ideal. It shows an aim and a goal which puts an entirely different valuation on every bit of life experience. The Anglo-American says: there cannot be any other ultimate standard than the greatest happiness of the greatest number. And now the German comes and says that he does not see in the mere happiness of any number of persons anything ultimately valuable and that the true measurement demands an entirely different standard. And if the German insists that this ultimate value lies in

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the realization of the cultural ideals themselves and that every human action must be measured by the degree of loyalty and faithfulness in the service of these ideals, the Anglo-American is likely to shrug his shoulders. He does not see what that Teuton is talking about. Where are those ideals realized but in the minds of individuals, and what is the use of the realization if they do not bring pleasure and happiness to individual men. That may become a long debate. It may be carried on on the high level of philosophy with the arguments of Kantian idealism on the one side and English utilitarianism on the other, or it may plod along with home-made middle-class arguments and may helplessly wander around in a circle. But it is clear that the two parties cannot understand each other until they distinctly recognize what really separates them.

If they quarrel about a political act or a social deed or a cultural function, and the one praises what the other denounces, they cannot even grasp one another's intentions, unless each first understands with what standards and scales the other is measuring his

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world. Much mutual misjudging and endlessly much bitterness might have been spared the world if those who judged had not so hastily believed that the highest ideals of humanity must be the same for all civilized nations. So much noble scorn could have been turned into sweeter emotions if American editorial writers had always been aware that their critical interpretation of Germany and German policies was entirely dependent upon certain silent claims which they took for granted. They considered it self-evident that mankind's enjoyment of happiness is the highest goal. Their whole editorial structure would have fallen asunder if they had fully understood that a man can be a man and yet be convinced that the pursuit of happiness and the propagation of happiness are never ultimate ends and that the real goal lies outside of the markets for human happiness.

This contrast of the American and the German fundamental belief as to the true values in life has molded the nations through the centuries. Everything which is great and strong on either side is based on the foundations of these deepest beliefs. Everything

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which is weak must be understood from these conditions. But indeed the whole life must take different shape. American life finds its nobleness and its weakness in the instinctive effort to make the individual paramount. The self-determination of the individual gives meaning to American political life; his self-assertion creates its economic and its social development. As the individual aim is happiness, the American must strive for objective results which insure the greatest possible pleasure to the greatest number. The whole nation is bent on success, of which money value is only the socially simplest scale. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the country asks perpetually: what is the score? Goethe says: "True traveling is only if you do not travel in order to arrive": America always wants to arrive.

The true German—I do not ask now whether or not many are Americanized, just as many an Anglo-American is Germanized—has no instinct which would drive him in this direction. He feels as if the humanity of well-fed hustlers would be a cheap ideal. The mere comfort of feeling of the other fellow is

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something which awakes the semi-selfish feeling of sympathy but does not arouse any inspiration. The individual has rights only in so far as they flow from his duties. Political and economic and cultural progress are the true realities: the individuals count only through the help which they bring to these ideal powers. This feeling alone gives to German scholarship that thoroughness which has made it masterful: the individual does not devote himself to it in order to help other men by his discoveries, but in order that he may carry a stone to the upbuilding of the temple of scholarship. This is the spirit which permeates the German school where every pupil is brought up in the feeling that education is service for the national culture.

This is the meaning of social demands. The American likes to praise the golden rule, and his individual ideals must lead him to the approval of such mutual help insurance. But the golden rule can triumph and yet morality may break down and log-rolling and corruption may grow rankly. The ideal of German life is to follow that voice of conscience which Kant called the "categorical imperative." It

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does not demand that you do unto others as you would that they do unto you. It does demand that you act to others so that the principle of your action could be made a law for all. The American likes to call his land God's country, and he thinks of the blessed wealth and abundance which gives to every individual his ample chance. The German too feels that his land is God's country, and he has never felt it more than during this war. But he means by it that the nation's whole task is ultimately religious, that its work is devoted to aims which lie beyond any individual desires and are only objects of faith and belief.

The contrast of attitude must lead also to an entirely different view of freedom. The Anglo-Saxon view is: freedom means the political right of the individual to follow his own personal wishes within the limits which the law determines and these limits of the law are set by the personal wishes of all the individuals. If the wishes of one man never interfered with the wishes of his neighbor, no laws would be needed. Everyone could then do just as he pleased and would have the greatest amount of liberty. In the German view

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the word freedom is meaningless except as the counterpart of duty. The right simply to follow selfish desires is in itself no value. Freedom is the right to serve the overpersonal aims in a strictly personal individual form. It is well known that Germany has the freest manhood suffrage in Europe, in striking contrast to England with its vote based on the tax rate. But while the Anglo-Saxon politics finds its very life condition in the two-party system, the deepest nature of the German public life lies in the abundant variety of parties. The two-party system is a method of external success, but as it leads the voter again and again to the decision between two platforms or two candidates, when he does not agree with the principles of either, the German's spirit revolts against this denial of individual conviction.

The whole Anglo-Saxon life is controlled by this desire for convention, for uniformity, which extinguishes the personal trait. To be conspicuous appears unsocial, and the ideal is to be like one's neighbor. The more the individual submerges his individuality, the more he can hope to profit individually from

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his belonging to the conventionalized society. His personal interests are safeguarded by his being a member of the great party or of the social monotony. The true German spirit does not know this harness for the individual. The individual will be recognized the more, the more he serves the overpersonal aims with all the specific traits of his personality. The state itself is a community of these free agents bound together not by the common interest in safeguarding the right to fulfil personal wishes but by the individual service to common overpersonal ideas. Such a state does not foster ideas in order to gain power, but needs power in order to further its idea.

Such a state must value symbols and must cling to a form of government in which the leader is independent from the mere individual wills of its members but raised by the symbolic traditions of the nation. No greater test of this anti-utilitarian idea of the German state was possible than the present war. The English army has had to step down to the most radical means of propaganda to find men who are willing to enter the battle. Wagons with exciting inscriptions had to pass

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through the streets of London to stir the readiness to serve; and yet even modest hopes were not fulfilled. But in Germany no one was surprised that beside the regular army of millions, more than two million men who had no obligation to wear the uniform stormed the recruiting quarters with the one wish to give their lives for their country. And more heroic than any of them the mothers and wives stood behind them. They had found their happiness in their sons and husbands, but they felt that happiness is not the aim of life. They wanted to serve ideal ends and without wincing they offered all they had.

No one will claim that such different philosophies of life and of history are present as theories in the mind of the average German or the average Anglo-Saxon. They give meaning to their actions, but this meaning lies outside their consciousness. If a boy throws a ball, he is not aware that he relies on the physical law of gravitation and on the general demand for the constancy of physical laws; and yet without such a supposition his throwing would be meaningless. We know more than we know. But, furthermore, no

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one can overlook how in practical life the demands of the individualism and of the over-individualism, the demands of utilitarianism and of idealism, may approach one another so nearly that the special teaching may appear almost the same. The Anglo-Saxon Puritan and the German idealist may agree entirely in their postulates for sacrifice; and yet the one is as much individualistic as the other is anti-individualistic. Finally, you surely may serve utilitarian purposes with high idealism of character, and on the other side you may run with the idealists from quite trivial motives. But all this cannot overcome or allow us to ignore the fundamental difference between the two national ideals each of which has in itself the tendency to set a general human standard.

But even if we were to contrast the diverging humanistic ideals in their most radical and sharpest forms as if one absolutely contradicted what the other demanded as an ideal for mankind, would nothing remain as common ground for humanity? Is there not after all one humanity which stands above the many humanities? I think the case of the

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moral law offers an analogy. There is hardly one moral prescription which is the same all over the world. The sociologists and the ethnologists tell us no end of stories about the manifoldness of moral rules. In some Pacific islands they consider it a moral law to kill the parents when they grow old; in less pacific islands that is considered immoral. Yet there is one demand, the highest, that is common for all human beings, the moral law to fulfil one's duty. This highest of all laws leaves it to everyone's conscience what his duty may be. But that the duty ought to stand above every whim and desire is the eternal demand without which morality itself would be denied. This one absolute postulate gives meaning and dignity to all the special and fleeting moral ideas which the world generates. The demand of your conscience may be to do what my conscience forbids me to do. But as long as I recognize that you are doing your duty as you see it and that you are ready to raise your duty above all your selfish desires, I respect your action just as I demand respect for mine. We stand on the same ground as long as we are one in the conviction that we

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must follow the call of duty as we hear it. Your duty and mine may make us fight against each other. But we should become disloyal to the highest moral demand if we were to despise each other as long as each is fulfilling the duty of his heart in loyalty and moral obedience.

It is not different with the national ideals of humanity. They may differ and clash, but above them stands the eternal demand that every nation remain loyal to its ideals and fulfil its task in obedience to its historical mission. A nation has not arbitrarily selected its ideals. Its whole historical development and tradition live on for all times in its national ideas of ultimate values. Each nation which firmly believes in its humanistic goal must adhere to the faith that its ideals are higher than those of any other. It is like the faith in one's own religion. Therefore no nation has the moral right to throw away its ideals and to exchange them for selfish reasons. A nation decays and dies when it betrays its historical mission in the world. No nation has a right to commit suicide. As long as nations bend all their energies to the fulfil-

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ment of their mission, which surely begins with their self-preservation, the demand of highest humanity is fulfilled, from whatever national standpoint we may look on it. We may be foes or friends; we must salute with respect the nation which sees its mission and lives up to it.

How different would the last six months have been if the American leaders of public opinion had respected this fundamental truth. Instead of taking the Anglo-Saxon individualistic and utilitarian ideals as the only standard by which the right and wrong of the world is to be measured, they would have seen that Germany is not disloyal to ideals, when her ideals deny the individualistic and the utilitarian creed. They would have asked only the gravest of all questions: whether Germany has lived up to the mission which she received from the God of history. They would have entered into that belief in ultimate values an echo of which could be heard in the German-American arguments. Then no bitterness and no hatred would have come over the land. With respect, with admiration, with awe, Americans of whatever sym-

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pathies would have looked with steadfast eye to the tremendous world struggle between England and Germany. Then the true American would have felt contempt only for the German nation if it had thrown away its traditions and its faith and had ignobly yielded to the demands of comfort. But it did stand with a bravery unique in the world's history against the three greatest military powers of the age to fight for an undisturbed peace which would allow it to fulfil its ideal mission. Every word of contempt in the face of such a gigantic struggle of worthy rivals disgraces the speaker.

England herself knew much better. Professor Cramb of London in his splendid book "Germany and England" has expressed with fervent words what even in the excitement of the day no true Englishman has entirely forgotten.

And here let me say with regard to Germany that of all England's enemies she is by far the greatest; and by greatness I mean not merely magnitude, not her millions of soldiers, her millions of inhabitants: I mean grandeur of soul. She is the greatest and most heroic enemy that England in

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the thousand years of her history has ever confronted. In the sixteenth century we made war upon Spain and the empire of Spain. But Germany in the twentieth century is a greater power, greater in conception, in thought, in all that makes for human dignity, than was the Spain of Charles V and Philip II. In the seventeenth century we fought against Holland, but the Germany of Bismarck and the Kaiser is greater than the Holland of De Witt. In the eighteenth century we fought against France, and again the Germany of today is a higher, more august power than France under Louis XIV.

Would that this spirit of the noblest England had permeated the public opinion of America: then we should have experienced a neutrality of spirit which would have ennobled the whole people and would have emanated a lofty fairness over the globe.

But with the clear understanding of the two ideals arises also the highest hope that they may blend into a new life aim which harmonizes the opposites. In the great American crucible they could melt together as nowhere else in the world. Nobody can discern today how much in the last three-quarters of a century of American life those of English

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and how much those of German race have contributed to the progress of the land and who has done more. Their work has become a unit, and it would be a happy development for the national soul, indeed, if at last their ideals would form a unit too. The outer framework of the national life has been completed, but the spirit of the country would only gain if the traditional Anglo-Saxon culture also absorbed more and more the German faith in discipline of the will and in the overpersonal value of the ideal goods. In a thousand walks of life the soul of America demands it, and many popular movements of the day in the political and the social sphere are only instinctive efforts to bring Germanic idealism into the Anglo-Saxon life philosophy. The more the two ideals absorb each other, the more America as a nation can become sympathetic with both sides of the conflict which perturbs the world, and the more it will reach in the future the high place of the arbiter who brings peace.

IV

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Emperor's Birthday! Since my early childhood Emperor's Birthday has always been to me a joyful holiday. How the beautiful old streets of my native town were rejoicing in their flags and garlands! We little boys with the old emperor's favorite blue cornflower in our buttonholes were so proud when we assembled in the school hall and the principal made his enthusiastic speech about the German Empire of medieval times and about Prussia's glorious rise, and about the foundation of the new German Empire, and we declaimed patriotic poems. Then we boys stormed to the marketplace where the military bands gave a concert, and in the evening the candles were burning in every window, and we paraded through the illumi-

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nated streets. Soon came the thrilling festivities of the student time when our great professors stirred the youthful soul with their speeches at the university Kommers. When our enthusiasm reached its height with the ceremony of the "Salamander" for the old emperor, it was like a solemn pledge in jubilant pride.

A few years later, it was no longer the old emperor: his grandson had come to the throne. The student had become an instructor, the instructor a young professor, but year after year Emperor's Birthday was a gala day with banquets and balls and fireworks and orations. Then I followed the call to America, but whenever the end of January came the youthful fire of the heart flamed up anew. It was the one evening of the year which I always spent among Germans, and many a time in Boston or in New York, in Chicago or further west, I gave the toast to the Kaiser. Every time it was a joy to me when I could speak to those men and women who lovingly recalled their German fatherland about the deepest meaning of the Empire's crown and scepter and about the man

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who bears them. But never, never in my life, was my heart so full and my voice so throbbing with joy and with pride and with sadness and with love as last night when we celebrated Emperor's Birthday! Never, never before, did I see such deep emotion in the faces of my German friends! I saw tears in many an eye, but I saw radiant through them a pride in being of German blood such as I had never seen in German-American faces before.

The combined orchestras of the three big German steamers which are interned during the war in Boston harbor played German music beautifully during our banquet. Before I spoke they played the "Watch on the Rhine," and the whole company joined in singing the refrain. My first word was one of reproach: why should they sing a song so far behind the times? In 1870 the Germans fought to protect the Rhine, but today the Rhine flows peacefully in the midst of safe German land. Far away from it to the east and to the west at the Aisne and at the Vistula the German watch is needed and stands firm. Then I spoke of that watch of the Ger-

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man army and of the letters which I had received in the last few days from the front. Every one of them was bristling with confidence in victory, every one delighted with the spirit of the army. The prince kneels together with the farmer's boy in the trenches; all are brothers, all are passionately ready to give their lives for the life of the country. Above all, through every page shines the love and devotion to the emperor.

If we think, I continued, of this perfect unity between the emperor and the people in arms and of this unfailing devotion of every one in the German nation, it may bring us wonderful comfort in these heavy times. It awakes an encouraging conviction that this ghastly war which three mighty neighbors have forced on the peace-loving German nation may, after all, turn out a blessing for the German people. Whether the arms will find success nobody can foresee, but something can be gained which is greater than victory in the battlefield. This self-denial of every member of the nation, humble or high, is a victory of the spirit which is endlessly more glorious; and this victory Germany has

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already won. Germany needs no new territory, no German wants a square foot of France or Russia, but it does need to enlarge its territory of idealism, as it was in great danger of being tempted into quite other land. No one of us has overlooked that that marvelous development of the last decades which resulted from the Empire's economic policy of new industrialism and from its world commerce brought all the dangers of self-seeking, of ostentation and luxury, of sensuality and chase for wealth and success. We believed in the depths of our heart that this was only an outside appearance, and that the inmost soul of the people was still loyal to the ethical idealism of a hundred years ago. Yet we saw with regret how this new realistic trend encroached on the finest feelings of the fatherland. Now in one instant the storm which threatens the safety of the nation has blown away all frivolity and all selfishness. The German nation has found itself again, and its oneness of mind is symbolized in the Kaiser.

But, I went on in my toast: we do not think tonight only of the land beyond the sea.

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Our nearest thought is of America. The land to which we have given our love and our work has treated us cruelly. There is no one of us who has not suffered in these months unfair denunciations and thoughtless attacks, no one who has not felt often that it must be much easier to stand in the open battlefield and to hear the bullets whistling than to breathe the suffocating air of calumnies and unjust vituperations. Yet the personality of the emperor and his place in the nation can best remind us that we ought not to give ourselves over to mere despair concerning America's public opinion. Read the newspapers of last August. Leading Americans came forward with passionate words to convince the nation that this war was the reckless deed of the emperor forced on the German nation against the national will. They showed us the gigantic gulf between the imperial clique and the great peace-loving cultural Germany. They thundered against the crime which the emperor was committing in ignoring the will of a land of sixty-five millions and in brutally whipping it into a hopeless fight. Who is so blind to

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all evident facts, who is so deaf to all voices of reason, that he would still uphold a line of those inventions today? Even the wildest enemy of Germany be he in belligerent or in neutral country, knows today that the emperor and the nation were one will from the first hour of this crisis. The Americans have learned this and know it now. May this not suggest the hope that they will go on learning and that the days will come when this rank anti-Germanism will appear just as absurd as today the clamor of the summer weeks? Let us not give up the hope that justice will prevail and that we all shall see the day when the jubilant voices with which all America celebrated the emperor's twenty-fifth anniversary will resound again in cordial wishes for this greatest man of our age.

Now Emperor's Birthday lies behind us, and the morning papers bring the irate letters to the editor, wildly indignant that President Wilson has dared to send his congratulations to that imperial butcher of mankind overseas. He is the incarnation, I read, of

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brutality, the most dastardly foe of human culture. The *Times* is out of joint. I wish I could make the Americans see William II, not as in that vulgar brutal caricature with which *Life* has poisoned the imagination, but as he really appears as man to man; and this desire did not come only with the distress of the war. Even in times of peace I was always aware how mistaken the portrait of the emperor was, even in the minds of the sympathizers. I remember distinctly one evening when the emperor stood by the open fireplace, a cigarette between his lips, telling me laughingly what the "boy," that is the Crown Prince, had just written from his hunting trip through India. At that time I suddenly felt like a thrill through my mind the one wish that instead of me the whole American nation could see this wonderful man in the buoyancy of his fatherly joy, in the sprightliness of his humor, in the incomparable charm of his mood as host. Most Americans have always fancied the man as stiff and forbidding, as the severe dictator whose command moves millions of soldiers. This martial, unsympathetic portrait of Will-

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iam II with the formidable moustache has done havoc with our American public opinion in these excited months of the European war. Everyone knows the mild expression of the face of George V, and the gentle melancholy features of Czar Nicholas, and the comfortable philistine expression of President Poincaré, and the youthful look of Albert of Belgium. American imagination cannot fancy that behind such pleasant faces any sinister thought can slumber. But the martial traits of the commander-in-chief of the German army—whose function ill will has mistranslated into war lord—can so easily be taken as a shield behind which pernicious plans find shelter. This absurd caricature has done so much to create that widespread feeling against the leader of the fatherland. How much better everybody would understand the man who now stands in the center of European history if all, like me that night, had heard his hearty laugh and had looked into those wonderful eyes.

I think, indeed, that the Kaiser's sense of humor, which always welcomes a good story and which keeps him always ready for a

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heartly laugh, would bring him near to the American heart. I never saw him laugh more than at some good quotations from Mark Twain. But if anything could bring the man still nearer the heart, it is the beauty of his family life, which irradiates through all his personal feeling. His six splendid sons and his favorite child, the daughter, are always in his mind; and the chivalrous way in which he always makes his wife the leading personage present has something really fascinating. In the family circle when she tells, perhaps of her youth or of present interests, his eye rests on her with that perfect delight which means a true home happiness. It is indeed the simplest household life, in spite of all the brilliant splendor of the surroundings. I saw the empress in a magnificent evening gown with her long chains of superb pearls, sitting down at the emperor's side after dinner and crocheting for a Christmas bazaar, while the talk between the two and their two guests flitted hither and thither. In such a small circle you also see best that the emperor's efforts for temperance are not only words addressed to others, but maxims

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severely applied to himself. He hardly sips at a glass of wine, and even the festival banquets which in the rich Berlin private houses fill many hours of overluxurious feasting, are served in the palace with lightning rapidity. In the same way his ideas about sport and physical exercise, with which he has rejuvenated the German people, are carried out in his own simple and active life. He takes his daily long walks, rides horseback or goes hunting. Nature is his great love, and whenever statecraft allows it he takes an outing to the beautiful forests of his large estates or to the Baltic Sea, if not to his Corfu castle in southern waters or to the Norwegian coast. This passion for nature scintillates through his conversation.

Yet his chief interest belongs not to nature, but to culture. It is simply marvelous what a multitude of topics are familiar to him. Every science and art, every branch of technique and of practical life, every movement in social reform or religion, holds his attention, makes him think and stirs his desire to know more about it. Of course, he has splendid chances for gaining information. He

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comes in contact with the leading men in every field. But if he had not that power to draw out of the men the essentials of that which they have mastered, he would not get anything but superficial, blurred impressions. Instead of that, he has a real insight, and as he goes far beyond mere talk with the men and turns seriously to the best books in every field, even the specialist generally discovers that the emperor is fully prepared to meet him on his own ground. A Harvard exchange professor who went over to Berlin to give lectures on divinity assured me that he found the emperor able to speak on new religious movements with the true scholarly knowledge of a theologian. Yet the famous Professor Slaby of the Technological Institute in Charlottenburg told me in almost the same words that the emperor speaks with him about new movements in engineering with the penetrating thoroughness of a trained engineer.

But the most surprising thing is the quickness with which he can meet one after another in his own sphere. Any clever man is able to talk with a lot of men of diversified interests. The usual way is, of course, either

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to remain in trivial superficialities or to talk about one's own hobbies and to make the others listen. International congresses, which I have attended in abundance, give a splendid chance to see how completely most men fail when they try to do anything more. In America I have seen only one person succeeding in an effort to meet everyone in his own field, and that was Theodore Roosevelt. After the Congress of Arts and Sciences during the St. Louis World's Fair, which was attended by more than a hundred leading European scholars of all scientific denominations, the international party went to Washington, and I had the honor to introduce each individual to the president, who received them in the East Room. He really talked with philologists about philology, with naturalists about natural science, with historians about history, with geographers about geography, and with lawyers about law. Yet six years later I had the feeling that the Kaiser outdid him. It was at the hundredth anniversary of Berlin University. The scholarly master spirits of the world had come as delegates. After a great banquet

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in the gala halls of the Berlin castle, the emperor received the foreign scholars personally, and I happened to stand quite close behind him. It was an intellectual delight to watch the versatility with which he met every man with interest in his particular subject. But the feat became the more fascinating as he did not, like Roosevelt, stick to his native tongue, but addressed everyone in his own language, speaking especially French and English with exactly the same ease with which he talks German. Such an abundance of interests demands a sincere devotion and insistent study in every cultural field: and yet this is the man who so many Americans fancy has no other thought and no other idea but the army and militarism.

It may be doubtful whether any of his peaceful interests is more lively than that in the United States of America. It was strongly increased by his brother Henry's visit to the new world. He would have liked very much to make such a trip himself, but as it was impossible for him to leave his country in the midst of restless Europe for such a long voyage, he wanted at least to do

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his utmost to have his family come in intimate contact with American life. It was five years after Prince Henry's visit that one morning in the Potsdam palace the emperor surprised me with the question what I should think of the idea of his sending his fourth son, August Wilhelm, to Harvard University for a year of study. I never mentioned it to anyone until now. I sympathized with the plan most warmly. Yet I foresaw that it involved some difficulties and that the details of the scheme would have to be considered very carefully in order to avoid any possible unpleasant situations. He was to live, of course, like a real student; and yet certain obligations would fall on him. All the forms of his life would have to be mapped out with carefulness, and the emperor discussed with me the plans. We had left out only one item in the preparatory study, namely, the heart of the prince. He had lost it some weeks before and became engaged a few weeks after. He married very soon, and that broke off the pleasant and interesting plan which might have greatly added to the cordiality between the United States and Germany.

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Of course, there was hardly a need of giving new proof to the Americans of the sincere warmth of his feelings. Americans were his favorite guests in Kiel, in Berlin and in Wilhelmshöhe near Cassel, where he spends his summers. He had inaugurated the professorial exchange and he made a point of attending the opening lectures of the visiting scholars from American universities. Since the days when Alice Roosevelt christened his American built yacht, he furthered the yachting sport between Americans and Germans. He sent the wonderful collection of casts for the Germanic Museum of Harvard, many of which are from great works of sculpture and architecture never reproduced before. A favorite topic of his private discussions is the glorious feat of the Panama Canal. I have not heard him speaking about the political aspect or about the economic changes which the canal may bring to the world. In short, all which in American opinion would rush first of all to the mind of the ambitious ruler was never mentioned, but he spoke enthusiastically about the technical triumph of the American engineers. Especially the electric

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control of the gigantic machines used in the digging of the canal with all their details interested him greatly.

This unusual diversity of things to which he gives his attention must certainly not suggest that his mind passively follows in any chance direction without criticism. He has his own opinions and sticks to them firmly. This naturally means that there are many from whom he stubbornly differs, and who therefore may have the impression that he is one-sided and in some fields more prejudiced than they like. That has been noticed most often in matters of literature and art and music. He has decidedly a personal aversion for radicalism in the field of beauty. Anything eccentric, decadent, intentionally harsh and repellent in the content or bizarre and unnatural in the form appears to him foreign to the mission of art. He wants art and literature really to strengthen man's joy in life and to bring happiness to everyone, and he believes firmly that that can be hoped for only if art is filled with the ideals of purity and harmony, of simplicity and naturalness, of cleanliness and morality. He

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wants inspiration from a drama and not muck-raking; he wants to see God's glory in a landscape and not freakish esthetic experiments.

Yet even if the Kaiser is somewhat more conservative in art and literature than many of the artists and poets and composers, every sober German feels that it is, after all, only desirable. The opinions and feelings of the leader naturally have a great influence. It would be unfortunate if that were to be exerted for eccentric innovations. Whatever he may like or dislike as an individual in literature and art, it is his duty as emperor to indorse that which has slowly grown and which is the safe and secure product of German development as against the overmodern, often hasty demands to break out untried paths. The tent of the emperor must not be raised where the skirmishes of the advance guard are to be fought. The forward march of literature and art and science must always be led by individual geniuses and talents, the best and most brilliant must help, but only when the new field is conquered can the people as a whole follow and take possession. If the emperor were to rush forward with

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the most adventurous spirits in bold dashes, he would become just such a single individual, who may be now in the right and now in the wrong, but he would no longer be a true emperor, who must represent not his personal inclinations, but the historical position of the whole.

In his taste and judgment the whole history of his nation must be crystallized, and for this reason the emperor fulfils his function only if he warns against the rush toward eccentric innovations and remains above the partisanship of individuals in the realm of cultural endeavor. The really great individual with talent, who has something entirely new to tell the world, will find his way against resistance, and as soon as he has produced decisive works, the emperor is the first to suppress his personal reluctance and to honor the genius. Richard Strauss, whose music must be contrary to the emperor's instincts, is director at the Kaiser's court opera. But the chief duty of the representative of the people is the upholding of the sound, healthy and inspiring traditions against unbridled vagaries. There can be no doubt that the

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Kaiser has a distinct feeling for mellowed beauty, and the nation has often profited from his natural tact in matters of art.

I may point to a case which concerns America. When Germany was to exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair, the architects had drawn the sketches for a great German house in the spirit of the newest German progressive art. The Kaiser disliked having Germany represented in a foreign land by a building which emphasized the radical innovations of newest architecture. As witnesses told me, in a few minutes he had replaced it by a new plan. He drew in a few lines a sketch of the well-known old castle in Charlottenburg and indicated how, omitting the wings, the central part could be slightly modified and used as a model for a beautiful German building which would stand for the noblest traditions of German architecture. Exactly this plan which he quickly drew with a pencil was carried out and no one of the millions of Americans who flocked to the World's Fair could have been in doubt that Germany's house on the little hill in the midst of the fair grounds was the gem of the whole exhibition. It had

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all that dignified simplicity and harmony which fitted ideally into the great ivory-colored frame of the World's Fair. The original plan of the architects to which the Kaiser objected would never have succeeded so completely.

This conservative attitude surely characterizes also his own ideas about his position in the state and his task for his country. This is so easily misunderstood. The caricatures make him appear a pompous man who talks in a medieval and mystical way about his divine rights which lift him above mankind. In reality, there is not the least haughtiness in the Kaiser. He is genial and cordial and thoroughly human. To be sure, he would never stoop to any undignified behavior; he would never play the emperor in shirt sleeves; and even in the most informal talk, he would always stick to a certain formality when he speaks about men on the throne. He evidently discriminates there. He spoke to me about his brother and his sons in the most familiar tone, but used regularly the phrase "His Majesty, King George" or "His Majesty, the Czar."

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But how does he feel then about his royal rôle? He certainly does not take himself as a human being above others. He is far too much a sincere, deeply religious Christian to exalt himself as a person. But it is different with the office which has come to him by inheritance. He feels that that kingly function has a meaning only if it is taken in a symbolic way, as if it were exempt from the arbitrariness of striving political parties. The king must stand above the individuals who form the state. The tradition of the state itself must be symbolized in the throne. This is indeed most fittingly expressed if in religious language the royal office is treated as if it were God-given. The crown is of divine grace, just as the wedding-ring is of divine grace. Of course, if you are radical, the wedding tie does not mean any more to you than a contract binding until you decide to have a divorce. If your mind tends more toward a conservative view, the wedding tie is something sacred. The emperor would certainly take this latter view of marriage, and so he takes the conservative view of the office of king. But do not forget, of the office,

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not of the man! The king is more than the citizen only as the bearer of the office, but if this is understood, then it expresses the view which not only the emperor has of himself, but which practically every German has of the meaning of royalty. As soon as the monarch is functioning in his inherited rôle, the German wants to see in him the bearer of a sacred symbol from which a higher power springs than from any elective office which necessarily remains dependent upon the will of the majority. There is nothing mystical in such a view. It gives strength and faith and inspiration to the whole nation, but the effect on the emperor himself is certainly not that of presumption, but on the contrary that of humbleness before God. To him it gives a deep feeling of responsibility and of duty.

There is no contradiction in this doubleness of the emperor's life, no interference between that powerful man whom the nation looks on as the symbol of the Empire's tradition and who himself feels this sacred mission, and the genial human being, full of humor, full of practical interests, full of most

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modern life. Do we not know such interweaving of personal life and official activity everywhere, even in most trivial concerns? If Tom and Dick and Harry form some routine committee, they sit around the table until the meeting opens and tell stories and use their nicknames: yet when the time comes, Dick calls the meeting to order, and now he is no longer Dick, but the "Mr. Chairman" to whose will the others are subordinated. The Kaiser knows that the history of his country made him chairman with the chairman's exalted prerogatives. But he never forgets that he is Dick, when he is with Tom and Harry, and the incomparable magnetism of his personality lies in the charm with which he makes the one fuse and blend with the other. You feel at every moment in the glance of his great eyes the mighty strength of Germany's emperor and the simple warmheartedness of Germany's most delightful man.

But for all this it is not necessary to look into the emperor's face and to hear his voice. His mind speaks no less from the speeches which anyone may study. Last night when

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I returned from the birthday banquet, I still read long in those four volumes of the emperor's addresses. The American who has not mastered the German can find at least some characteristic speeches in the "German Classics," that magnificent twenty-volume collection of the German literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It seems at the first glance strange to rank the Kaiser, who was never controlled by ambition as a literary man, among the classical writers of German literature. Yet the decision was right. Classical value belongs to the writer in whose words his nation and his time express themselves perfectly. This test applies truly to the inner qualities of a man's work and gives the stamp of finality to his labor. Emperor William's speeches are indeed the perfectly fitting and convincing expression of the German mind in the age of his reign. Surely, the age is not a simple one; it is a transition period in which the old and the new, the passing and the coming, are often in bewildering contrast. The German mind was torn for many years by conflicting motives, in high tension and restlessness.

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No German personality has given to the literature of the world such a powerful and such a complete expression of these opposing energies in the German mind as Emperor William II. This is the true greatness of his contribution to the documents of his time. The whole richness of the conflicting impulses, the whole complexity of the intellectual equilibrium, the whole struggle of the realistic and idealistic forces, find their natural outlet in these speeches of the political leader. Truly the emperor speaks and acts as a powerful realist, apparently unhampered by any romanticism or idealism or mysticism. He knows and values those practical energies which have forged the tools of German industry and commerce. As a realist, he has encouraged every economic movement which would increase the strength of agriculture, the traditional source of German income, and every new tendency to industrialism, which has made the country rich. He knows that millions left Germany because the agrarian state could not support them, and that they have all found work and stayed at home since the net of factories cov-

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ered the land. He rejoices in the triumphs of German technique and in the expansion of German commerce. Three conditions were necessary for the stability and full development of this realistic power of modern Germany. The nation had to cultivate the interest in science, had to build a navy and had to secure peace. Every nerve of the emperor's personality has been alive to this threefold task. He has wanted a more practical, more modern education for the German youth, he has insisted on training through sport, he has pushed forward everything which helps the technical sciences, he has aided the creation of new institutes for scientific research: everything is carefully planned to make the Germans masters of the art of controlling nature and of imposing human will on the natural world.

The new German strength, which sought the markets beyond the sea, necessarily demanded colonies and the backing of a powerful navy. This resounds solemnly throughout the speeches of the emperor. Superficial observers have treated this passion for a strong navy as a kind of personal whim.

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They did not understand that just this was not only the historical necessity of the emperor's reign, but that it was above all the truest expression of the national longings. To be sure, the Germans had been satisfied for a long while with plowing their acres and with protecting their boundaries against their enemies, keeping cautiously away from transmarine adventures. But the new industrial life, which meant exchange with the countries of the globe, demanded the protection of commerce. A strong navy was the necessary by-product of the new economic development and growth. And yet this is less than half the truth. The deeper truth is that this longing for the sea which fills the emperor's heart is deep-rooted in the soul of the German nation. Whoever traces German struggling through the past must recognize that the battle of the ships has always been beginning anew, since the earliest centuries of German history, and that the power of the sea has tempted the Germans at all times, from the victories of the Germanic tribes at the time of the great migrations to the powerful development of the German

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Hansa. It was only the history of later times which narrowed down the longing of the German people; but he who sought to renew the great days of German seafaring and to build again a powerful navy, was conserving for the German people its old German tradition, deeply imbedded in the German mind.

This realist on the throne, however, would be entirely misunderstood, if the idealism which forms the real background of his mind were disregarded. The emperor would not be the perfect interpreter of the German nation at the beginning of the twentieth century, if the realism and idealism were not so thoroughly interwoven in his actions and in his utterances. Even his relation to army and navy, those mighty instruments of realistic energies, shows itself first of all as a tie of love and romanticism, of honor and symbolism, and every speech to his soldiers and sailors breathes that spirit of belief and enthusiasm which is never born of realistic calculations but of the idealistic sense for historic traditions.

This idealism is reflected most immediately in the emperor's attitude toward religion and

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art. The third great type of attitude toward the world, philosophy, has not interested him yet. But the message of the church has certainly filled his conscience with deep and intimate emotion. It is living religion which sounds through his sermons. But the volumes of his speeches also contain many an inspiring word of ideal belief in the true and great mission of art and beauty. He certainly never takes art lightly, and even in the theater he sees the fulfilment of a sacred task. At the tenth anniversary of his reign, he made only two speeches, one to his officers, and one to the staff of the royal theaters. He said to them that his father had educated him in a school of idealism and that when he came to the throne, he felt that the theater, above all, is called to cultivate idealism. A faith in beauty ennobles his joyfulness and optimism. In a realistic age he believes devotedly and almost naïvely in the inspiration of pure imaginative beauty.

This idealism characterizes most markedly the ideas concerning his own position on the throne. He is fully conscious of his great rights and powers and asserts them in force-

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ful words; and yet nothing pervades these human documents so thoroughly as the spirit of duty and obligation and the wholehearted submission to the tremendous responsibilities. A tone of mysticism can easily be distinguished in his orations, whenever he speaks about the rôle which he himself has to play. Yet it would again be more than hasty to claim that this is foreign to the German nation itself. On the contrary this mystical belief in a more than human task is the true meaning of the Germans' belief in monarchy, and here, too, the emperor is expressing only the instincts of his people. The emperor's speeches have not seldom met opposition; they have been criticized and have been attacked, now from this, now from that side; and yet, taken as a whole, they are faithful expressions of the conflicting impulses and ideas of the nation itself. Their realism and their idealism, their naturalism and their mysticism, their rationalism and their romanticism, reflect all the best which is living in the vigorous nation between the Baltic Sea and the Alps. The very contrast of their thoughts is their unity; if they were less full

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of inner tension, they would not really express the nation and the time.

And now the time has come when 'this mighty soul has had to speak not by orations but by battles, and has had to drive his arguments home by rifles and cannons and submarines, by battlefields hundreds of miles long. But he has not changed. History will read his character rightly and future generations will recognize clearly that behind this gigantic armor stood always an emperor inspired by a lofty will toward peace and culture and humanity. May he still celebrate as many birthdays in peaceful reign after this war as he did before, and may he himself still witness the time when the whole globe will be unanimous in moral respect and sincere admiration for his genius!

V

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I am still under the spell of last night's great Neutrality Meeting in Boston's classical Symphony Hall. Here in the midst of the most conservative and most English tradition four thousand American citizens waved little American flags whenever the speakers shouted their indignation at England's arrogance. Thomas C. Hall, the great theologian of New York, who had come as a boy from Ulster, delivered the leading speech, the most overpoweringly eloquent speech which the war has brought to my ears. When he had ended and the discussion began, a voice called: "How about German militarism and German culture?" Professor Hall stood up and with luminous eyes he simply said: "At the hour when the Germans heroically

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arose to break the yoke of Napoleon, they founded the University of Berlin; the war of 1870 meant the creation of the great University of Strassburg; and on the first of August, 1914, the day on which this world war began, the emperor signed the decree for the foundation of the new University of Frankfort." Again the flags waved jubilantly. I think I even saw how some of the classical busts in the famous hall smiled a little. It was as if they thought in this hall at least where under the genius of Karl Muck the symphony orchestra week after week plays Bach and Mozart and Beethoven and Wagner, it would be unnecessary to ask: what is German culture?

But the question has not left me. It lingers in my mind because it seems to me a very complex problem. It has been raised a thousand times and has been answered with ridicule ten thousand times. All hatred and all malice have been pressed into the answers. The burning of Louvain and the cannonading of the Rheims cathedral; that is German culture. The names of Bernhardi and Treitschke and Nietzsche have been scornfully hurled at us. Well, are we sure that

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even the Germans themselves always mean the same thing by this tantalizing word? What is Kultur? One negative answer can be given offhand: Kultur is surely not culture in the sense in which we accredit it to a cultured gentleman. Such culture corresponds most nearly to the German *Bildung*. *Bildung* is more than mere education, more than mere possession of knowledge and abilities; *Bildung* is that which remains when all is forgotten which we have learned: it is really culture. But when the German speaks of Kultur in general, he certainly does not mean this inner perfection of the personality.

The discussions of the day, however, suggest quite a number of different meanings for the word, and much of the confusion and misunderstanding in our American debates seem to spread from this lack of clear distinction. The first meaning of Kultur, the original one, covers the total sum of national life forms and national life products. In this sense the Germans have always spoken about *Kulturgeschichte* which surely cannot be translated by history of culture, but rather by history of civilization. The exact mean-

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ing of such a conception can best be characterized by pointing to its opposite. Kultur in the sense of *Kulturgeschichte* stands in contrast to nature. Nature is the world of the mechanism, the world of the laws which bind causes and effects. In nature there is no freedom; for nature no one is responsible. Even the inner life of man can be treated as such a part of nature; then man's mind appears controlled by inner mental laws. But in fundamental contrast to this inner and outer world of law and nature stands the world of freedom and Kultur. Whatever results from man's voluntary actions belongs in this realm of human interests. Social and political, economic and religious, scientific and artistic life, are held together by this idea of Kultur.

If this is the meaning of the word, it is clear that it is not a special object of glory or of praise, that a nation has Kultur because it cannot help having it. It must have some forms of law and religion, of agriculture and trade, of government and literature. These would remain its Kultur even if they were all degenerate or imitative or rudimentary.

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Whoever collects folksongs in any corner of the globe or even superstitions contributes something to the history of Kultur. Everything belongs here which reflects the soul of the social group, whether it be a primitive tribe or a world power.

In the midst of the history of Kultur, however, a further development of the idea can be traced. Lower types of Kultur became separated from higher types. The very complex Kultur of a country like America was contrasted with the less developed life forms and life products of countries like the Balkan lands, and these again with the still less differentiated life like that of the African negroes. It was perhaps not quite logical from the point of view of history, but certainly the end was that only this most complex development was acknowledged as Kultur, the middle stage as half-Kultur and the lowest stage as one without Kultur. The historian of the world's Kultur would then speak first of those peoples which have no Kultur at all—the primitive races—would then turn to those who are semi-cultured and finally to those which really have full Kultur.

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It is evident that as soon as this new shading had come in, the contrast to Kultur was no longer nature but primitive life.

Yet this whole use of the word has no bearing on the deeper problems of national philosophy. It did not contain anything which was characteristically German; the same discriminations were made in other terms everywhere. But in the last quarter of a century the Germans developed a new differentiation on which they have put much emphasis and in which they have taken some pride. They graded the various elements of those national life forms which made up the Kultur of a people. It was asked which functions of national life are especially characteristic of the soul of the nation. Can it not be said that the literature and art and science and religion show the deepest traits of a people much more than the special forms of its agriculture and industry and transportation and commerce and sanitation? As soon as that was acknowledged, only these more spiritual elements of community life were acknowledged as Kultur, and those other more technical and material factors were bound to-

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gether by the word civilization. In the old way of thinking, Kultur and civilization were practically the same. But in this new shape Kultur and civilization became exact opposites. A land may have all the features of civilization and yet may have no Kultur. Rightly or wrongly this school claimed that, for instance, some of the South American republics have much civilization, that is, they have splendid electric illumination on their streets and the newest telephone devices in their offices and the best plumbing in their homes and the most costly gowns in their wardrobes, and yet have no Kultur, because they lack a science or art or literature or religion which has really come from the depths of the national soul. Thus we have here a third contrast. Kultur is no longer the opposite of nature or of primitive life but of technical civilization. Art and literature, science and scholarship, social reform and justice, public morality and religion, are the chief parts of its domain.

This type of Kultur formed the background for those queer attacks which the neutral and the unneutral enemies of Germany have

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hurled against it since the war began. It must be demonstrated that the whole spiritual nature of the Germans is barbaric, and this is convincing only if it can be proved that they are far inferior to the really civilized peoples which are fighting against them. If it cannot be denied offhand that Schiller and Goethe, Kant and Hegel, Bach and Beethoven and, further back, Gutenberg and Luther, Holbein and Dürer and Leibnitz and the rest contributed some noteworthy achievements to the world's cultural development, it must at least be shown that the modern Germany of the last half-century is barren. The traditional distinction of the land of science and philosophy and poetry and music is nothing but self-advertisement, and the war at last brings to everyone the courage to tear the mask from the hypocritical face. The sham is now exposed. Those so-called scholars from Humboldt and Helmholtz to Koch and Behring, from Ranke and Mommsen to Wundt and Harnack; those so-called artists from Wagner to Richard Strauss, from Boecklin to Klinger, from Hebbel to Gerhard Hauptmann, are not worth

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mentioning when the French and the English and the American and the Russian names are proclaimed. It was one great delusion when thousands upon thousands of the advanced American students made their pilgrimage to the German universities instead of going to Paris and Petersburg. It was a self-deception when all civilized nations stooped to imitate the social reforms of Germany.

Queer documents of human fanaticism will they appear to later generations, these pamphlets and articles written to demonstrate that Germany, as Professor Mather says, "measured by the production of cultured individuals takes a very low place today: not only France and England, Italy and Spain, but also Russia and America may fairly claim a higher degree of culture." Historians of the future will read these attacks smilingly and will be reminded of the fact that in this barren period in which German scholarship was crowded out by mere militarism, Germany gained before the only international tribunal of the world by far more Nobel prizes than any other country, published at least three times more books

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than any other, developed new styles of architecture when even artistic France had become sterile, produced new forms of dramatic performance imitated all over the world, showed new ways in orchestral music, and led with its social reforms.

The endless confusion and misunderstanding, however, would hardly have resulted if Kultur had only those three meanings which I pointed out. There is a fourth one which has come forward in the last few years and which is most significant for a large part of the nationalistic literature. It introduces an entirely new element and gives to the whole meaning of Kultur a new setting. It easily leads to statements which appear arrogant and almost grotesque if one of the older meanings of Kultur is substituted. Yet a new meaning for an old word is not decreed by a vote and could never come up if there were not mental bridges which lead from the old to the new. The average reader in Germany also is hardly aware that a new idea has found form, because the change has been so gradual. But the careful observer cannot overlook this almost surprising development.

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Surprising it is indeed because it apparently leads back to the first idea of Kultur in its widest sense including all those technical achievements which the newer meaning of Kultur had eliminated. The whole civilization which seemed to stand outside of Kultur is now taken in again as it was in the old history of Kultur, but taken in with an entirely different original meaning. The German of the last phase of Germandom seeks in this new interpretation of Kultur the true meaning of Germanism.

What is the transition, and where does it lead? We said science, art, literature, morality, religion were contrasted to mere technical civilization and raised to a special platform as true Kultur because they are in a higher degree characteristic of the soul of a nation. They are the true expression of the national mind. From here the new development took its starting-point. If it is essential for Kultur to arise from the depth of the national soul, it must find its fullest expression when it is the conscious work of the whole nation. The nation is not only a bundle of individuals; it is an organization

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which has its external form in the state. The true soul of the people as a whole people can therefore unfold most fully in the form and through the channels of the state. Hence a nation which strives toward Kultur is bound to make the state itself subservient to the furtherance of the best aims in the national soul. The state is no longer a simple agency to protect the life and property of its individuals within the boundaries of the country and against outer enemies. It is not the state's function simply to help its citizens and to make them happy. Its true task is to raise the efforts of its citizens to a higher and higher level of life, to increase their contributions to the ideal values of mankind, to further every sound aspiration in the national mind and to permeate the whole people with the spirit of devotion to the ideals of the national conscience.

Kultur now becomes inseparable from the idea of the state. It is no longer the scattered doings of individuals, the haphazard creation of artistic or scholarly or moral achievements and a taking part in truth and beauty and morality for personal individual

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reasons, but it is the total work of the nation in its organized form as the expression of the national genius. The German state is to be a Kulturstaat, and every function of individuals or of groups contributes to the German Kultur in so far as it can be acknowledged as a part of this unified organized life of the German nation. Whatever is done for mere personal motives, for personal gain, for personal protection, for personal happiness, is as such indifferent for the embodiment of Kultur. But whatever is performed in the spirit of devotion to some aim of the nation as a whole has value as a part of Kultur. This devotion may serve the common hope for the protection of the whole land or the common desire for the health and strength of the national body or the common wish for economic progress and industrial development just as well as the common longing for beauty and truth and morality and eternity.

It is as the *North American* recently said:

When the German speaks of Kultur he means not only scholarship and artistic genius but all the developments in governmental, social and economic

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betterment. He includes expert municipal or scientific efficiency in industry, education and military training, high standards of service in public utilities, conservation of natural resources, effective measures of public sanitation, an aggressive commercial policy, amelioration of poverty and the elimination of uneconomic living conditions, old age pensions, industrial insurance and a thousand other results of German thoroughness in dealing with the problems of existence. Kultur means not only achievements in the arts and sciences but in everyday progress. It embraces not only poems and symphonies but dirigible airships, sanitary tenements and scientific sewage disposal. It covers the whole range of German civilization.

This is perfectly true, but it must not be forgotten that this is the sense of Kultur only in one of those four meanings which we have tried to discriminate. Moreover, and this is the chief point, it covers the whole range of civilization not at all in the sense in which it was covered in the *Kulturgeschichte* in the typical history of civilization with which the idea of Kultur began. Then every product was included as part of Kultur simply because it happened to occur in the life of a nation; now it comes

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in question under the point of view of Kultur only in so far as it belongs to the organized life of the community as a whole. We have seen that Kultur was in contrast first to nature, secondly to primitive life and thirdly to technical civilization: now it stands fourthly in contrast to all human products which are created for purely selfish and personal reasons and embraces everything which has been guided by the organized nation with its community will.

It is certainly not surprising in a period in which all these four interpretations of Kultur are intermingled in public consciousness and in which only the trend of the whole discussion clearly indicates which kind of Kultur the author meant, that much may be said which, torn from its background, may appear irritating to the outsider. On the basis of our last definition of Kultur a German may very well say about some other great nation that it has no Kultur. If that nation, for instance, considers the cultural unfolding a concern of the individuals and not of the state, if it believes in a kind of cultural free trade policy and declines the

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ideal of cultural protection, if it considers the state merely as an organization for safety and insurance but does not consider it the task of the state to further and to inspire the inner life, the German of this latest pattern of thought would be consistent if he said that such a nation has no Kultur. But he would never be so insane as to suggest by such a statement that such a nation lacks Kultur in that other sense of the word, where it means a natural growth of art and science and morality. If he is fully penetrated by the belief in this state Kultur, he may claim that this German idea of the state is more efficient for the total progress of mankind than any other type and that the cultural values will gain more by this German system than by any other form of community life. But even that would in no way deny that other forms have other characteristic advantages. They may not serve our Kultur Number 4, but may be excellent for Kultur Number 3. It is a pity how often in the last six months a lack of understanding of these differences has led to absurd denunciations of modern Germany. The political irritation intensified the

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disgust with the apparent megalomania and the result was a whole group of articles and books on the one topic: What is wrong with Germany? And yet there was nothing wrong but the interpretation with which the foreigners mangled the German ideas about Kultur.

Only a few gross misunderstandings may be pointed out. The Germans, we hear, boast with a brutal disregard of the cultural achievements of other nations. Theirs is the best and the highest, and no other people has anything comparable. This becomes a welcome front for attack: it is Germany which has only a veneer of culture, while in its heart it lacks everything of truly cultural value. Its people have deep interest only in force and militarism, their science is materialistic, their art deserves the ridicule of the world, their morality and religion are the cult of selfishness. Does Germany need a defense against such iconoclasm? The German is the only belligerent nation in which the scientific magazines are carried on as before: all the universities are doing their regular work, however many docents and

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students are at the front. Yesterday I read in the *New York Times*, which is certainly not under the suspicion of being pro-German, the following report from Germany:

The theatrical season in Berlin has probably suffered less from the war than has that in New York. The theatergoer could take his pick last night, for instance, among Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" at the Lessing Theater, Strindberg's "Rausch" at the Königgrätzer Theater, Strindberg's "Luther" at the Künstler Theater, Sudermann's "Honor" at the Residenz Theater, Sudermann's "Johannesfeuer" at the Schiller Theater, Calderon's "Judge of Zalamea" at the Royal Schauspielhaus, and Goethe's "Faust" at the Deutsches Theater. Reinhardt's offerings of the week include three performances of his new production of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" and one each of "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Faust" and Schiller's "Wallenstein."

Had the theaters of New York and London taken together in any week of peace such a truly artistic offering, such a really cultural exhibition on the highest level, as Berlin had on this average night of war?

But even if I think of the theater of war it-

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self, what will the historians of the future report when the moral battle smoke of today has cleared away. They will tell how the German army for military reasons was forced to destroy almost a fifth part of the city of Louvain, just as has often happened before in the terrible war game of the nations. But what was the most characteristic, they will add, never had happened before. In the midst of its punitive action the army exerted its greatest energy in saving the treasures of art, and many a soldier risked his life in protecting old Belgian sculpture. And never was religion more truly alive than in the nation which is defending its homes against half the world. Not the prayer of fear is on the lips of the Germans. From the day of the mobilization a serene solemnity took hold of the people, possible only in a thoroughly religious national soul. The archbishop of Cologne prayed only yesterday in the name of the Catholic Church for German victory in order that its strong religious life might not suffer from atheistic France and from orthodox Russia.

But it is not sufficient to insist that Ger-

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many's culture is spiritual and its achievements not inferior to the scientific and artistic and religious work of any nation. In sober hours nobody denies that anyhow. It must be added with emphasis that the Germans more than any other people have shown sympathy, respect, admiration and love for the products of foreign civilizations. No reproach is more unfair and more cruel than the one so often repeated in the American papers that the Germans are haughtily careless and regardless of the other nations of the globe. The Frenchman, the Englishman, the American travels everywhere without taking the trouble of learning the foreign language: the German, who nowadays wanders over the globe more than anyone, is first a patient pupil in the language lessons.

But more than the language he appreciates the literature. No nation so persistently translates the serious literature of all peoples. Shakespeare is better known in Germany than in England. Many of the noblest works of art have been appreciated in Germany before they found a public in their home land. Bizet's "Carmen" was hissed in

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Paris and discovered in Berlin; and the same is true of almost every one of the great modern French composers. Maeterlinck, who today cannot find bitter enough words of hatred for Germany, was welcomed in that same Germany before he was acknowledged at home. It is the special talent of Germans to enter sympathetically into the spirit of other peoples. They have done so in scholarly research, they have done so in esthetic enjoyment. This genius for assimilation carries with it many a fault. The Germans have often been rightly blamed for adapting themselves too easily in foreign lands to the ideas and feelings of the surroundings. They blend too quickly with their social background and lose their national self: Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, never do. But then at least the counterpart of this defect ought not to be denied: they love to sink into the culture of other nations and to honor everything beautiful and noble and significant wherever it may be found.

It is true that strategical necessity forced them after many days of patient remonstrance to send two shots to the tower of the

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Rheims cathedral, which was particularly used as a military watch post. They had no right to tolerate the shielding of those who destroyed the German regiments behind the beauty of architecture. They could not sacrifice hundreds of lives for esthetic reasons. The responsibility falls on those who misused beauty as a weapon in war. But what nation has done more than the German for the study and the understanding of French architecture? Who has seen with greater regret the vandalism with which in her fight against Catholicism France herself destroyed in years of peace her beautiful churches and desecrated those historic shrines of beauty. When in the midst of the war the new academic year in the German universities opened, the rector of Freiburg urged the students in a solemn speech never to carry the enmity of the national fight into the sphere of truth-seeking and not to neglect in their studies the contributions of France and England toward scholarship. Only a complete misunderstanding of Kultur led to the inexcusable slander that Germany disregards the culture of other lands.

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But another distortion of the truth has resulted still more frequently in these months of editorial warfare. We have heard without end that all the Kultur which modern Germany is seeking is nothing but an efficiency which mechanizes life and destroys individuality. No misunderstanding can lead further away from the truth. Surely that Kultur which the German wants for his country includes efficiency. But let it be said at the very start: the efficiency element in German Kultur is not of German but of American origin. It is not by chance that the Prussians have been often called the Yankees of Europe. The non-Prussian peoples of Germany had no natural bent toward a sharp, rigorous efficiency. But the Prussians, brought up on meager soil and under rigid drillmasters, had early learned the lesson of efficient coöperative work. When this Prussian influence became predominant in the new German Empire much of the old sentimental and lackadaisical mood of the German nation was suppressed by the energetic work for practical success. But, however much this was prepared by the tendencies of the

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Prussian element in Germany, it got its newest impulse from America where the longing for efficiency had an entirely different origin from that in Prussia. The sociological conditions of American life had put a special premium on material success. The strong idealism of the American people was individualistic and was therefore bound up with the self-perfection of the personality. But the social life was controlled by realistic purposes. The abundant wealth of the land had to be conquered. The obstacles had to be overcome. The dash and the cleverness of the American mind were brought into the service of this material task: the Americans became the pioneers of the new efficiency which mechanizes the world in the service of practical success. The rapidly growing industrialization of all lands made it more and more necessary to follow on this American way, and Stead wrote at the threshold of the century his famous book, "The Americanization of the World." When Americans now suddenly denounce this efficiency cult as German, it is indeed a curious historical irony.

The Germans, however, have not simply

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copied the American method. First of all their energetic practical labor is backed by theory. To be sure, not a few of the great German inventions and discoveries from the printing press to the Röntgen rays grew in the midst of practical observation, but the real triumphs of German efficiency were won by deduction from theories. What Helmholtz and Hertz and Hoffmann, Koch and Behring and Ehrlich demonstrated in great style for the benefit of all mankind was repeated in a thousand laboratories of the country: theoretical thinking guided the practical research. Last week Mr. Gilbreth, the brilliant American pioneer of motion study in the industries, said to me after having spent a year in Germany that motion study is a thoroughly American invention and that it was new when he brought it to Germany, but that there is not the slightest doubt that the Germans will outdo the Americans in it rapidly, because they will back it by theoretical research. This complete fusion of systematic thought with practical action—in the headquarters of the general staff of army and navy as much as in the headquarters of in-

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dustry or municipal administration or national education—has given to German efficiency an element of thoroughness which no rivals so far can imitate. Yet it would be a complete misunderstanding to see in this intellectualized efficiency the essence of German Kultur.

Efficiency, even when it is leavened by theory, remains after all an instrument of selfishness, as long as it is not made subservient to ideal purposes. It becomes spiritualized when the efficiency of a people is used not for egoistic aims of the individuals, but for the unselfish furtherance of the cultural purposes. This is the true significance of German Kultur. The question is not whether this aim is really reached or whether by human shortcoming the realization lags behind. But the principle must be recognized. German Kultur is the striving for ideal ends and all efficiency is only a tool for this purpose. The deepest source of the Kultur is not a mere striving for success but a devotion to eternal values. It is a striving for ennoblement, for humanity, for godliness in history. This ethical spring of national efficiency in Germany

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can be traced in every sphere. It is not the least active where outsiders most often take it for granted that it fails, in the military organization.

Surely, the army is the greatest organization for efficiency, but it is utterly wrong to suggest that it means the crushing of individuality and of moral responsibility in the individual. A certain degree of high efficiency can indeed be reached in an army only if the individual merges into the whole. But this self-forgetting can have very different psychological causes. It may be the result of passive obedience such as is characteristic of the Oriental masses and evidently of the Russian troops. Or it may result from a strong suggestibility of the mind, which allows every emotion to become contagious. It is well known that this is the case with the Latin and the Celtic races. The French army like a French crowd is easily swept by one emotion and the individual is carried away. But both forms of self-effacement are unfit for the highest efficiency because the same mental conditions favor a sudden reverse of feeling. The discouragement can spread as rapidly as

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the courage. The Germans have neither the Russian nor the French type. They are too well educated for the blind obedience, and their feeling life is not controlled by suggestion. The German lives in feelings, is even sentimental, but he is disinclined to imitate feelings. A wave of community emotion does not carry him off his feet. The German submission to the discipline of the efficient organization is the product of conscious will controlled by personal confidence in the cause and its leaders.

The spirit of initiative is therefore as wide-awake in the German army as that of discipline, and wherever the flagbearer falls, the next man can carry the colors forward. The German army is efficient because every man in the ranks is filled with a moral idea of responsible devotion. He feels the task of the army as his solemn personal duty which he chooses in freedom and in almost religious belief. The German army is the strongest expression of the moral national will to fulfil the ethical mission of Germany, and in this sense it is indeed an embodiment of German Kultur. The idea of recruiting the army by

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hiring the soldiers as in England would therefore be impossible for the whole system of modern German thought. It is in no way surprising that this particular form of rigid discipline, held together by solemn devotion, makes Germany disliked in the world. It easily gives to the German life an element of sternness and rigorousness where other nations show the more pleasant, harmless surface of good-fellowship. It seems so pedantic and obtrusive, this atmosphere of duty, instead of the lighter elements of instinctive emotion and of sport which are so characteristic of other racial temperaments. But then at least this moral seriousness ought not to be denied to the Germans and it ought to be acknowledged that their efficiency is more than efficiency, that it is truly Kultur in the most moral meaning of the term.

But a misunderstanding more unfair than any sets in when the German striving for Kultur is interpreted as a policy of force and conquest with the aim of a political world dominion. To be sure, when the declamations against Germany's brutal militarism as a means of aggression are connected with the

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present war, they are meaningless from the start. Germany was dragged into this war by the will of the three enemies who have worked and worked until Central Europe was encircled and until the hour for a crushing blow to Germany seemed to have come. Germany would never have chosen the war. The nation wanted to be left in peace and only in the defense of its homes did it carry the war into the territory of its neighbors. But even if we could blot out the last six months and ask whether the spirit of the German people with its whole German Kultur were pointing toward conquests or even showed a belief in the triumph of power, every true German would repudiate such a thought. Cornelius Tacitus says in his book about the Germans: "Without desire for conquest, without arrogance, they live peacefully and quietly among themselves; they do not provoke any war or devastate any lands. The greatest proof of their virtues and merits is that they do not gain their predominance by any acts of force, but they are all the time prepared and efficient in the use of weapons and whenever the situation demands it the army is ready,

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strong in horse and men. But in times of peace too their reputation and glory is great." They have not changed in those two thousand years.

Certainly Germany needed its army. It has often been rightly said that a dislike of war warrants nobody in ignoring war. The military service of the whole people was not Germany's invention. It was a means of defense in the French Revolution and was turned into a means of aggression through the ambition of Napoleon. When his army threatened to annihilate Prussia, Prussian militarism arose as a bulwark against France. But where has it led? For years everybody in Germany saw the black clouds over the horizon all around, saw how billions of French money were turned into Russian armament, saw how France concentrated its energies on its army, how England led the preparations with masterly diplomacy, and that Germany would be lost if it could not rely on its sword. And yet, in spite of all, Russia had in its yearly budget one hundred million dollars more for its army than Germany, and England pays per head forty per cent. more for army and

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navy than Germany with its dreaded militarism. If German militarism had meant aggression, the whole history of the last century would have been different. In the last twenty-five years England has had more wars than any other two nations together: Germany kept peace for forty-three years.

Does it not lie in the very character of the German demand for Kultur that conquest of foreign domain is unnatural to its instinctive tendencies? Kultur is the systematized furtherance of the aims of the national soul. This must suffer if the national soul itself is not kept pure, if anti-German elements are forced into the inner national life. To win back Alsace meant to bring back the old German land; but even the fraction of Lorraine was held by Germany only because the military strategists felt sure that it was the only possible means to secure a time of peace for Germany, as with Metz in French possession the revanche policies of France would not have been restrained. Polish elements too had been brought into the German Empire by the trend of history. But they were felt as a

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disturbing factor in the German system of Kultur, and no German had the desire to increase these inner obstacles to an ideal fulfilment of the true German mission. Germany may strive for the markets of the world, Germany may wish for colonial possessions where an overflow of its population might carry on peaceful labor under the flag of the fatherland, but Germany does not desire the subjection of any non-German people: Germany does not long for an India or an Egypt or a Transvaal. Just because Germany's state is today efficient as a Kulturstaat, it must be national and must therefore respect the nationalities of others. The Kulturstaat is a natural bearer of peace.

If the German mind dreams of a world influence, it does not think of the power which is heralded by cannon. The German would not be loyal to the ideals of his Kultur if he did not believe in the ultimate value of its ideals for all mankind: from the depths of his soul wells up the hope that the gospel of German idealism will reach the hearts of all humanity. The German attitude toward life and the world, the German spirit, he hopes,

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may sometime become the yeast for the world's noblest civilization.

- Und es soll an seinem Wesen,
Einmal noch die Welt genesen.

But what a pitiful self-delusion it is when a world of enemies perverts this spiritual thought into the creed that might makes right. Nothing could be more foreign to the national conscience of Germany.

Germany's whole inner structure is held together by a stubborn stand for justice in every human field. I always thought it a grave wrong when Englishmen habitually speak of America as the land where no justice can be found. I remember well how it hurt my American sympathies when after the British Association in Winnipeg we traveled as Canada's guests throughout the land and one English speaker after another at the banquets played to the Canadian galleries by insisting that Canada is the land of rigid law, while beyond the frontiers only the money power decides and the highly paid lawyer can frustrate every law. Yet that there is a certain core of truth has often been acknowl-

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edged by Americans. Whatever the faults of German inner life may be, and there are many, this accusation that might triumphs over justice has never been even suggested. Not even the state of war can alter this stern sense of righteousness. The American papers reported last week the decision of the German Supreme Court in which an infringement of the patents of a Parisian were involved. The court said that Germany makes war against a state but not against private persons and that the property rights of a citizen of the enemy's land are in Germany as sacred in war time as in peace. Is it thinkable that the state which aims to be the fulfillment of the national ideals could ever forget in its dealing with other states this deepest trait of the German soul?

The highest ideals of righteousness and honor control Germany's national will toward other nations. But this cannot shut out from sight one great fundamental fact which history teaches on every page of the world record. The healthy development of the nations from century to century, from hour to hour, necessarily changes the international equi-

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librium and brings tensions and conflicts for which no law and no court exists. No law and no court can be decisive for them, as no nation which respects itself and which is loyal to its mission and which fulfils its duty with honor can ever acknowledge the right of other nations to decide on its own existence. Does that mean that nations return to the law of the jungle? Does it mean that Germany has lost the moral convictions of Kantian and Fichteian philosophy when it professes that there are life hours for a nation in which it cannot accept without resistance the verdict of hostile judges and must rely on its own ultimate power? On the contrary, this is the spirit of Kant and of Fichte, provided that this power is not used for selfish whims, for egotistic conquest, for unrighteous aggrandizement, but only for the one purpose of fulfilling its ideal mission.

What your mission is and your God-given task, no one but your conscience can tell you. A nation prostitutes itself, if it gives up the task of its Kultur under the tyrannical will of a foreign conqueror without making the

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strongest possible use of all the energies which the God of history has given into its might. That is the idea with which Fichte stirred the enthusiasm of the Prussia which was to break the yoke of Napoleonic despotism, and this spirit was living on and came to words again in the wonderful orations of Treitschke. When his moral doctrines of the idealistic duties of the state were carried forth by less important followers, like Bernhardi, the purity of the thought sometimes suffered because English elements, reminders of the state philosophy of Hobbes and the later English sociologists, were carelessly mixed into the pure German state philosophy. This was only natural. No nation showed to the nineteenth century such mighty physical energies as England, which ruled the waves. Those Germans whose interest turned especially to the physical side of Germany's duty to be prepared against invasions of mighty rivals east and west, looked toward the English principles and methods and imitated their spirit. The theory of mere force, which had made England strong and which made it triumphant over half the globe, thus

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came as a false note into the German melody of meaner writers. Their doctrine of force in the service of world dominion is English; their doctrine of force in the service of the state's moral mission is German.

The spirit of the German *Kulturstaat* is rightly understood the spirit of the moral imperative of Kant, who wrote the book about "The Eternal Peace." Germany's enemies have tried to translate "Deutschland über Alles" as "Germany in control of the world." Whoever has understood the meaning of German Kultur knows that Germany would commit suicide in the hour in which it tried despotically to subject the globe to its selfish whim. "Deutschland über Alles" can never mean that Deutschland triumphantly crushes the spirit of other nations which live up to their historical ideals, but that it is more valuable to the German than anything in the world, because he is filled with the grateful belief that his land will always remain loyal to its ideals. Only this is the meaning of the beloved song, which appears clearly in my daughter's translation.

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German land, above all others,
Dear above all other lands,
Like a faithful host of brothers,
Evermore united stands,
And, from Maas to farthest Memel
As from Etsch to Belt expands:
German land, above all others,
Dear above all other lands!

German faith and German women,
German wine and German song
In the world shall keep the beauties
That of old to them belong,
Still to noble deeds inspiring
They shall always make us strong—
German faith and German women,
German wine and German song!

Union, right and freedom ever
For the German Fatherland!
So, with brotherly endeavor,
Let us strive with heart and hand!
For a bliss that wavers never
Union, right and freedom stand—
In this glory bloom forever,
Bloom, my German Fatherland!

VI

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Today is Peace Sunday in the American churches. From a thousand pulpits thanks are being offered for the hundred years of peace between America and England. The day brings strongly to my mind the memory of an unusual morning meeting in New York nearly two years ago. Under the presidency of Andrew Carnegie the large National Committee for the Celebration of the Hundred Years of English-American Peace came together in the hall of the Plaza Hotel to plan the various steps to be taken. I dropped in to listen to the speeches without any thought of taking part in the discussion. But I had hardly sat down in the rear of the hall when Carnegie's sharp eye sought me out. He insisted that I ought to contribute a word as to

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what might be done to make the celebration perfect. His suggestion was welcomed so warmly that I could not decline to step forward and frankly to express my opinions somewhat as follows:

I told the assembly that I had hesitated to accept the invitation to become a member of the committee, as I am a German, who as such hardly seemed to belong in this Anglo-American enterprise, however much I have always felt an instinctive admiration for England. But I did accept the membership because the leaders wrote to me that it is most desirable that some Germans take their part in the movement. At this moment, I said, I feel indeed that some advice from German friends is in order. Only we Germans who read the German-American newspapers are aware of the great alarm in the large German-American population, and at the same time among the Irish-American population, concerning the peace celebration at the anniversary of the Peace of Ghent. Your project of erecting monuments with inscriptions praising the century of Anglo-American peace and of creating similar symbols of Anglo-American

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friendship has aroused in large parts of the nation the fear that the whole movement may lead to a certain antagonism toward the non-English countries of Europe and the non-English elements of this nation. Of course this fear is unjustified: your motives are free from such anti-German or anti-Irish feelings, but the fact worthy of your attention is the very existence of such fears, whether justified or not.

The German-Americans say: this country is not an English country any more than it is a German country. It does not form alliances and it is not to play the game for any European nation. They feel that you suddenly overemphasize the intimacy of America with England and that you try by that to give to America a strictly English character, as if Americans of German descent were only strangers and guests in this land which has been built up by descendants of all European nations. Moreover, they cannot get rid of the suspicion that your efforts mean a kind of pledge for the support of England's political ambitions, and everyone knows that, unfortunately, the English nation is at present mis-

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led by the thought that it ought to crush the rising power of Germany. The German-American papers are full of warnings against this dangerous policy of giving to America an anti-German tendency. The German-Americans, as good Americans, which they always are, certainly rejoice in the fact that since the English devastated Washington in 1814, England has kept peace with America, but they do emphasize that Germany was never at war with America. They add that even in those last hundred years, England's peace too often covered unfriendliness. Her stand against the Union in the Civil War lingers in the memory of those German-Americans whose fathers gave their blood for the Union. Germany has been America's sincere friend from the days when Steuben trained Washington's army to our more peaceful days of the exchange professorships. If your celebration projects arouse this emotion of alarm in your German-American fellow-citizens, it will not be a movement toward peace, but one toward irritation and quarrel; and that would be a most pitiful outcome. If this whole enterprise of the peace jubilee is

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to lead to noble, harmonious ends for the whole nation, let me beg you at this early hour to give attention to the feelings around you and to make clear to the world that you do not want to provoke anyone and that you do not forget that other nations have kept the peace with America more firmly than even England, for which, as I said, I have always felt an instinctive admiration.

The little speech fully secured its purpose. The speakers who followed acknowledged that I had spoken a word of warning at the right moment, and Carnegie himself proposed fundamental changes in the phrasing of the various inscriptions. The wording for the memorial tablets which he had read at first with exclusive reference to England was to be changed so that the peace with the other nations was also to be emphasized. From then on the opposition rightly disappeared, and the peace celebration had smooth sailing until this Peace Sunday in our peaceless time.

I wish a similar appeal for fair play could reach the American people today. The situation is just reversed. At that time everybody praised England's peacefulness, but we

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could fairly say Germany's desire for peace was of much longer standing and much more intense. Today everybody denounces Germany's aggressiveness, but we can still more fairly assert that England's aggressiveness is of much longer standing and much more threatening and a thousand times more responsible for the dire calamities of this ruinous war. To picture Germany as a wolf and England as a lamb and to explain it all by some quotations from Bernhardt's pugnacious books and from Sir Edward Grey's mild correspondence is too ironical a fantasy to be fit for such grave times.

Nobody will suggest that through the history of the centuries down to the present day Germany has been a bleating lamb. Certainly not. The Prussia of the Great Elector and of Frederick the Great stood strongly for its rights and fought its enemies; and the nation which broke the yoke of Napoleon became conscious of its martial strength which triumphed in Bismarck's wars until the unity of the German Empire was hammered out on the anvil of history. This unity of the empire was the natural and historical goal of the Ger-

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man mind. With the foundation of the empire under William I the longing of the Teutonic will was reached. Every energy was now bent toward the inner growth, toward the unfolding of the long inhibited economic forces, toward the ideal glory in the arts of peace. The new armor of the nation was planned for defense. Germany had no right to forget at any hour, day or night, that many rivals threatened its prosperous homes. It had to look out. It was not the trembling lamb: its symbol was the sharp-eyed eagle. But surely England's symbol was the lion, the mighty aggressor of the desert.

Since the twelfth century, when England began the dastardly crushing of green Erin, to the twentieth century, when it broke down the peaceful Boer Republic, England's history has been one of ruthless aggression. Soon came the day of Wales' disaster, Scotland was overpowered, Spain was deprived of its most valuable islands, Holland lost one colony after another, France had to give up its possessions in the new world, and throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries England conquered islands and coasts all over the

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world. India was subdued, Hongkong was snatched, the Cape and Natal and Zululand, Egypt, East Africa, and West Africa and all Australia could not resist. The whole globe is encircled by the naval stations which England has seized: Gibraltar looms over every sea of the world. There have been gigantic empires before. The power of Rome and Spain and France expanded far, but there has never been in mankind's memory a nation which was such an embodiment of the will to aggression and conquest. It is a magnificent spectacle indeed: it is the most tremendous working of human power. There is nothing to blame or to praise. To view the history of England is to me as if I gaze on Niagara. Nobody praises the waters of Niagara for the overwhelming strength with which they break down all resistance and flood on to the whirlpools and on and on. But who would blame them for the destruction and death which they bring relentlessly to everyone in their path, even while the spray above the falls sparkles in all the colors of the rainbow?

The peace council changed the phrasing of

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the inscription on the tablets and said cordially that it feels the message of peace in all nations, not only in England. How much would have been gained if the war council of public opinion had changed its wrong inscription too and had frankly acknowledged that the martial spirit is surely not Germany's alone, but that aggressors were surrounding her, and that the mightiest aggressor is England. America would have been fair and just and great and loyal to its world mission; it would have truly understood the historical meaning of the great hour in which the all-conqueror England had to live up to its rôle of ruler of the sea by daring the fight with the hero of the land. All petty jealousies, all sentimental sympathies would have become silent before this gigantic world struggle. Respect would have commanded the hour, and no word of humiliating abuse for either side would have degraded the solemnity of the decision. Even the chase for everyday commercial profit would have been halted by the awe and wonder: better gifts than deadly arms should have come from the land of the future. Europe needed in the turmoil of pas-

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sion only one great emotion, the deep confidence in an arbiter who stands high above the clashing parties. It is the tragedy of the century that it can find in America simply a partisan who passes judgment on newspaper clippings instead of on the great textbook of history.

It is not necessary to go into the archives to discover the truth about the energies which are working today against Germany. The spirit of England's pitiless aggression comes from many a quarter to everyone who moves in the world. No great orators are needed for the message of imbitterment when hundreds and hundreds of millions are feeling the yoke in every corner of the globe. In any trivial talk it may break out. Only in the last two days it sounded three times on my ears. The day before yesterday a Hindu physician came to see my psychological experiments, and we sat down for a talk. I carefully abstained from any reference to the war, but I asked about the medical life of India; and suddenly there came an eruption of Indian nationalism and Indian patriotism, and every word was an arraignment of England's

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egotism and England's cruel destruction of the Indian nation. "London and Manchester," he exclaimed with vehemence, "are built on the ruins of Bombay and Calcutta. A vast population must starve in order to fill the pockets of selfish Englishmen. Those English intruders have never paid any attention to our real demands; in religion, in education, in science, in industry, in daily life, a common Indian nationality will end this cultural slavery."

And yesterday morning my genial letter carrier, who has been bringing the mail to my house for the last twenty years, came with a registered letter from England. In times of peace he never talked much about anything but the baseball and football of the students. But since the war began it is different: his heart is too full, and the English letter made him suddenly speak about England with passionate words. He told me about the village in Ireland from which his father was cruelly thrown out, and all the Irish reminiscences bubbled up and with them a deep, deep hatred against England, the enemy. And last night I sat with a Chinese

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student. We talked about the psychology of the hashish dreams, and from our psychological talk he switched over to the story of England's opium trade with China. He reminded me how the Chinese resisted with all their might the vice of opium smoking which in the middle of the seventeenth century had begun to creep into the national life of China. But the Englishmen who, after overthrowing all the commercial rivals in the world, were the triumphant merchants who had no interest but the enrichment of England, insisted on profiting from the weakness of the Chinese population. They began in the eighteenth century a gigantic poppy trade from India to China, and the more the Chinese government fought against it, the more they pushed the poison over the Chinese boundaries. At last when China, alarmed by this criminal devastation of its national energies, prohibited the import of this vile drug, England began war, in 1840 overpowered the weakened nation, tore away Hongkong and opened the land wide for an unprecedented trade in the poison which has ruined China. In the quiet Chinese way he said, almost smil-

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ingly: "However long the list of England's selfish attacks against other nations in the world, none was more immoral and none more dastardly than the Opium War."

Is it possible for a nation suddenly to disavow the energies by which it has grown, by which it came to its own, by which it has dominated the world? The England which had to fight the armada of Spain, and had to fight Holland and had to fight France, ultimately had to fight Germany, because it remained loyal to its destiny only as long as it tried to vanquish its nearest rival on the sea. I still believe that the great world contrast of civilizations in this war is that between Russia and Germany, and its deepest meaning for the progress of the world would have demanded that western Europe back Germany in the fight which Russia, aiming toward Constantinople, forced on Central Europe. But politically it is, after all, England's war against Germany, in which both Russia's desire for expansion and France's longing for vengeance were harnessed for the purposes of the British Empire. And they were harnessed with masterly skill which might have

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furnished many a lesson to German diplomacy: crowned and uncrowned masters were at work.

But how about Belgium? Did not England declare war on Germany because the German troops marched ruthlessly into the Belgian land? Was not Berlin's shameful breach of the sacred neutrality treaty the only true reason which led England, the keeper of the international conscience, the protector of the small states, the moral exponent of international peace, to the declaration of war? Belgium! The time has passed by, I think, when a sympathizer with the German cause tried to argue and to struggle against those who are satisfied with the standardized opinions about the Belgian events. There were months in which those outbreaks against German honor were felt by him as humiliating insults; the blood was rushing to his cheeks; he knew that never a greater injustice was done than by this sullyng of Germany's fair shield. That time is gone. The friend of Germany understands how many factors worked together to give the stamp of truth to that which appears to him a wretched distortion; he rec-

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ognizes that the average reader cannot be blamed for forming such a judgment when the evidence in the trial was presented to him in the form in which it came to the American public. It surely has nothing to do with Americanism, as thousands of Americans who lived through the great weeks of the war's beginning on German soil are just as unanimous in their conviction that Germany did the necessary and the right and the honorable thing. There are no more eloquent defenders of Germany's cause than those upright Americans in Berlin and Frankfort, in Dresden and Munich, who have tried and tried to enlighten their fellow-countrymen. It is in vain; and the task may just as well be given up. Americans are fair, and the hour will come when they will frankly admit that it was a sham trial in which they played the jury. Today, and as long as the war lasts, it is best to leave everyone undisturbed in his opinion. I for one shall not quarrel any more with those who speak to me the word Belgium with a tone and gesture as if nothing but hari kari is left to the German who loves the honor of his fatherland.

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Of course, I have my own opinion, too, and after reading carefully piles and piles of English and American pamphlets and articles, it has not been changed; and yet I have tried my life long to remain intellectually honest, even where my sympathies interfered. I should not hesitate to confess it, if I thought that Germany was in the wrong. I have worked patiently through all the technical arguments with which the international lawyers, bent on the victory of the English cause before the tribunal of public opinion, have tried to fortify the Belgian cause. But I only wonder, as I have so often in other great trial cases, at what a fine lawyer can make out of doubtful evidence. From my naïve layman's point of view I got the impression that on the first of August, 1914, no really binding treaty between Germany and Belgium existed. England always knew that its binding power was ambiguous. Gladstone's famous speech left no doubt about it. But even if the treaty of 1839 had been binding, it would have been destroyed by the treaties which England made separately with Prussia and with France before the Franco-Prussian War,

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because the mere assurance of England that a year after the war the old status ought to be restored cannot have legal power. A treaty made by five nations cannot be given up by three for a while, and yet remain intact. Moreover, it was annihilated by France's proposal to annex Belgium in 1867, and four years later by the foundation of the German Empire, which did not automatically take over all the obligations of Prussia.

But even if we could fancy that all this might be ignored, Belgium herself had torn in pieces this document. In so far as the so-called treaty was meant at all for the protection of Belgium it was planned for the small state with its meager resources. It became meaningless when Belgium swallowed the gigantic Congo State and was thus transformed into a rich world power. Yet Belgium lost her rights still more by her secret but not unknown partisan dealing with France and England. The documents which the German staff found in Brussels only proved afterward in black and white what Berlin had known perfectly for many years, that the Belgian government was constantly

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scheming with the two great western nations for the coming European war. King Albert's government was neglecting its obligations to Germany in these secret negotiations so recklessly that the leading men of France were even troubled by the suspicion that he might be playing the same false game with Germany against France. But there was no reason for the fear. The King was completely under the control of the Parisian clique in Brussels. Moreover, even the conspicuous plans for Belgium's defense, like the fortresses, were openly built against Germany alone, and the speeches in the chamber left no doubt that Belgium did not want to be a really neutral state. Every new military discovery has proved the justice of Germany's fearful suspicions. The world has seen now the photographs of those maps of Belgian lands printed with English text and with all the secret information needed for English troops supplied by the Belgian government. They must even have been meant for the ordinary troops, as the officers might have been trusted to know enough French. The parts in the play were all assigned before the cur-

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tain rose. And it was only in keeping that English ammunition was stored a year before in Maubeuge near the Belgian frontier and that French engineers worked on the Belgian fortifications and that French officers rushed over the frontier to Liege when the war broke out and that French aviators crossed Belgian territory in the first hours, all before Germany made a decision.

American papers have made the world believe that it was a German afterthought that the Allies intended to go through Belgium and that Germany's accusation is based on documents found long after the German invasion. Does anyone fancy that the *British Review* of August, 1913, had not reached Berlin in August, 1914? One year before this our Lord Roberts himself wrote in the *British Review*:

I do not think the nation yet realizes how near it was to war as lately as August, 1911. For many autumn nights our Home Fleet lay in Cromarty Firth with torpedo nettings down, with the gun crews sleeping on deck, with a live projectile ready in each gun, and with the war heads fitted to each and every torpedo. Our Expeditionary Force was

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held in equal readiness instantly to embark for Flanders to do its share in maintaining the balance of power in Europe.

To embark for Flanders! For poor neutral Flanders!

But even if Belgium stood immaculate before the world and with the parchment of a real treaty in her archives, had Germany the right to halt her troops at the Belgian frontiers? Without any passion I look on it to-day as if it were a story of two thousand years ago, as if Rome were fighting Carthage. In this impartial historical attitude, I know that Germany had no choice in the hour of critical danger but to ask Belgium to allow the passage of her troops. It was the one act which her self-preservation demanded. It is not the duty and not even the right of any people in the world to commit suicide at the command of its neighbors. If there is any agreement among the civilized nations in the interpretation of international laws, it surely includes this: treaties are binding for a nation only as long as the world situation has not so changed that the submission to them would destroy the nation's existence.

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The Supreme Court of the United States has proclaimed it clearly even on an occasion when an infinitely smaller injury to America, the Chinese immigration, was in question. Gladstone stood for this principle when Belgium herself was discussed. No land would ever enter into a treaty, if this fundamental idea, on which Germany acted, were not silently taken for granted in every pulse-beat of history.

Mankind is so accustomed to this matter-of-course decision that the nations have almost abstained from criticism when the reason for the breach of treaty was even far from a life need, and was only an important interest. Who dares to say that America committed a crime when it took Panama away from Colombia? Roosevelt's bold action was historically necessary and moral. It is different, to be sure, when nothing but a strategical advantage is to be gained and no question of life or death for the nation is involved. When England broke through Portuguese territory to fall on the Boers, when Russia with England's approval forced her way into Persia, when Japan six months ago

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ignored the protests of China and marched through to strike against the Germans, the self-preservation of the peoples was not involved. But, of course, England has always had her own idea. When in 1807 her fleet suddenly bombarded peaceful Copenhagen, and Denmark was forced to give up her navy, not only the foreign countries were indignant over this brutality unheard of in the history of modern mankind, but the English population itself was perturbed and excited. Canning, the Prime Minister, was severely questioned in Parliament, but he simply answered: "Was it to be contended, that in a moment of imminent danger and impending necessity, we should have abstained from that course, which prudence and policy dictated, in order to meet and avert those calamities that threatened our security and existence, because, if we sunk under the pressure, we should have the consolation of having the authority of Pufendorf to plead?"

With this background of England's thoughts and deeds and of the thoughts and deeds of the world, Germany's act stands clean and honest before the judgment of the

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future. Germany knew that Belgium would not offer any forcible resistance to France or England. If the German armies were sent against Russia and France, a sudden breaking of English or French troops through Belgium would have meant a deadly blow to the fatherland. But what did Germany do in this most critical situation? Did it make war on its neighbor? American discussion has so confused the issue that the average newspaper reader has slowly forgotten the beginning and really fancies that Germany declared war with a conqueror's lust and with the purpose of annexing the Belgian country. Germany, which in a thousand years of history has never deceived a neighbor and never broken a promise, promised solemnly to Belgium to repay any damage and not to retain a square foot of territory, if the Belgian government would allow this passing of troops which was necessary for Germany's safety. If France had made the same proposition, a mild diplomatic protest would probably have been uttered, a protest which would have been suavely discussed after the war and which would have troubled the world no more than

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China's protest against Japan. If Belgium had accepted with such a protest the demand of Germany, no one in the world would have had the right to denounce its yielding as dishonorable. Everybody would have acknowledged that a military resistance against a great army machine like that of France or Germany would be an absurd undertaking. Needless to say, this was a hundred times more true when Germany renewed its proposal after the fall of Liege, when the Belgian armies had shown their bravery.

Why did not Belgium confine itself to a diplomatic protest and yield to the greater power without recklessly forcing disaster on the industrious population? Luxemburg chose the path of wisdom: Belgium insisted on war because it was not neutral and stood with heart and hope on the side of Germany's opponents. That was the fruit of the secret seeds. The more the Flemish population in Belgium began to come to self-consciousness, the more the French part of the people forced the King into subservience to Paris. They knew that he had a straightforward, somewhat narrow mind, never above opposing par-

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ties, but easily filled by one idea. It was no difficult task to bring such a personality under the complete spell of the one thought of military honor. As soon as this decisive ambition was at work, it was surrounded by political calculations. France had the promise of England's Foreign Office that England would go with Russia and France. The German-Austrian game then seemed lost from the start. If Belgium pleased Germany it might draw the enmity of the future winners; if it helped them, all the gains of the victory were hers. Of course, Belgium could not protect itself, but France and England promised immediate help. King Albert's decision was made: he would side with Germany's enemies.

From that moment Belgium was no longer the small country against which Germany stood with its powerful army and which could rely on Germany's generosity to the weak, but Belgium was simply a part of that gigantic combination of countries which encircle Germany in order to crush it, and the whole power of the Teuton army must turn against its stubbornness. Yet even then the fight

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would never have become so bitter, the destruction never so ruinous, the misery never so widespread, if the turmoil of war had not let appear features of the Belgian mind which were not quite strange to those who have studied the history of the Congo State. Of all the Englishmen who have denounced Germany's action, none has been more vehement than Conan Doyle. I have learned from the same Conan Doyle to understand the Belgian mind. Only in 1909 he wrote a book about the activity of Belgium in the Congo in which he summarizes this greatest work which Belgium has ever undertaken. He says there :

The Belgians have been given their chance. They have had nearly twenty-five years undisturbed possession, and they have made it a hell upon earth. They cannot disassociate themselves from this work or pretend that it was done by a separate state. It was done by a Belgian King, Belgian soldiers, Belgian financiers, Belgian lawyers, Belgian capital, and was indorsed and defended by Belgian governments. It is out of the question that Belgium should remain on the Congo.

And as to King Albert, Conan Doyle says :

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Meanwhile in August, 1909, a full year after the annexation by Belgium, Prince Albert, the heir to the throne, has returned from the Congo. He says: "What we must do is to work for the moral regeneration of the natives, ameliorate their material situation, suppress the scourge of sleeping sickness, and build new railways." Moral regeneration of the natives! Moral regeneration of his own family and of his own country—that is what the situation demands!

Yes: the Belgians made it "a hell upon earth" when they fell upon the natives of Africa, and again made it a scene of unspeakable horrors when the civilians fell upon the German soldiers who had done their duty for their fatherland. The moral regeneration of Belgium which Conan Doyle demands had not come yet, and that forced on the German army a rigidity and severity of punishment for the treacherous snipers which filled every German heart with unspeakable sadness. But all this part of the cruel game came long after the first week of August! The distress of Louvain and the other Belgian places where the German soldiers were shot and maimed and poisoned by the Belgian population and

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where the Germans insisted on punishments as a warning and protection, too easily mixes in the American retrospect with the clear issues of those first days of decision. We must force our imagination back of those days to the beginning in order finally to ask: is it true that England took part in the European war because Germany asked Belgium for permission to march over its roads?

We know the complex situation of Europe in the last days before the war much better now than when the English White Paper, the later Blue Book, furnished the only material for discussion. Yet even after that most partisan collection of documents, it was a little too much to expect from the American public a faithful belief that treaty-breaking Germany had driven England into a holy war to protect weak Belgium's neutrality. Even there Sir Edward Grey reports about the German ambassador in London: "He asked me whether if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality we would engage to remain neutral. I replied that I could not say that. Our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude

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should be." And later on: "The ambassador pressed me as to whether he could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed. I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

Since that time we have learned more about the real events. I abstract entirely from German sources and German publications. But if I study the French Yellow Book, if I read the captured letter of the Belgian minister in Petersburg sent to his government, if I read the speeches in the English Parliament, I can foresee what the future historian will consider as truth, even if every German word is disregarded. He will say that Sir Edward Grey wanted this war which King Edward VII had prepared. He will say that Sir Edward Grey had given promises at St. Petersburg without which the Russian war party under the Czar's ambitious uncle would never have dared to begin the mobilization, two years before the planned Russian

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armament was completed. He will say that Sir Edward Grey had bound himself in honor to France and had promised, in view of France's fleet doing work for England in the Mediterranean and relieving the English ships there, to be on France's side, if France would join Russia. He will say that Sir Edward Grey had made up his mind not to allow Germany to attack the northern French coast which was a natural part of any German warfare against her neighbor, as that French coast in German hands might threaten English harbors. He will say that Sir Edward Grey was firmly resolved not to allow Germany to become strengthened by a victory over Russia or France and that victory seemed sure if England were not to aid them. He will say that Sir Edward Grey was in all of these acts loyal to the old aggressive policy of England which uses all the nations of Europe in the service of its world dominance, and that for him the interest in Belgian neutrality was nothing but a move on the chessboard, a means to keep Germany from the stronghold of Antwerp, and above all a whip to force

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the hesitating part of the Cabinet and of public opinion into line for his indomitable policy of English national selfishness.

Yet if the historian enters into a subtle analysis, he will not forget to add many other elements in the surprising picture. No doubt, there were intervals in which Grey was himself evidently frightened at the overwhelming consequences of his politics and in which he tried hard and quite sincerely to work for peace. For years he had tried the skilful maneuver of building up European peace and of forcing European war at the same time. I think he meant both in perfect sincerity. To be sure, not a few Englishmen see it otherwise. Houston Stewart Chamberlain writes :

Sir Edward Grey had the chairmanship at all the conferences for the preservation of peace—in order to hasten the war which he planned. For years he was seeking an approach to Germany—in order that the honest German statesmen and diplomats might not notice his intention to start the crushing war on which he had decided. Neither Russia nor France really wanted the war—he, the pious apostle of peace, understood how to shuffle the cards so that they were obliged to go to war.

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For the first time in the world's history the total English fleet was mobilized in July—but only for a harmless review before the King. At the arranged time of the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, a cordial visit of English warships in Kiel was still quickly arranged—inasmuch as all the other efforts to spy upon this German harbor had failed. That is political England today as Burke had foreseen it: hypocritical liars and cheats! I do not believe in the great power of England about which we hear so much. True power must have its root in morality; the individual Englishman is brave and sound, but the state England is rotten to the core. Germany is so completely different that for many years it was not at all able to understand the political England of today and was always misled by it. I am afraid that this may happen again in future and that could become a grave danger to the world. Therefore I as an Englishman must have the courage to testify to the truth. Only a strong, victorious, wise Germany can save us.

This was written by Chamberlain in October, 1914.

I believe firmly that Grey's wishes to keep peace were just as sincere as his conviction that England's policy demanded an aggressive war. Only the nature of the preparation for the two possibilities makes it inevi-

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table that the efforts which drive to war crowd out the mild doings for international harmony. In any case, whatever Sir Edward Grey's game was, he still had a right to say in the first days of August that England was not bound: he had given personal encouragements all around but nowhere definite promises which would bind the whole government, and the trouble had been only that his charming personality had awakened so much confidence in all Europe that every cabinet took his word as the word of the British Empire. The cabinet had still the power to decide against war, and a majority of the leading statesmen felt decidedly that it was not England's duty to serve the ambitious plans of the Russian military clique. There was still time to shake off Grey's yoke; and in that hour and not before, he seized upon the saving idea. The question of power which alone had been in the foreground was to be replaced by the pretext of morality. England was not to go to war because promises had been made to Russia and France and because it could not tolerate Calais or Antwerp in German hands, but because the small nations were

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to be protected and the sacredness of the treaties vindicated.

The cabinet yielded: only two members left indignantly. The others who submitted did not do so because this saintly motive impressed them, but because they trusted that it would impress the unthinking masses who always like to possess a righteous motive after a doubtful deed has been committed; and they saw above all that it would be a splendid help in the neutral countries. To-day all these facts lie entirely clear to those who want to see. Six months ago we did not know them. At that time I wrote here in the pages of my diary that England's pretext that it went to war on account of Belgium would appeal only to the lower middle classes and would not deceive many. I was entirely mistaken. That one twist in the motives has done wonders. It was a stroke of genius: it was worth a fleet of dreadnoughts. I am sure a German statesman would never have dared to bring this epigram of world's history over his lips. It is necessary really to know all those facts which have slowly come to the surface to grasp fully the magnificence of this sublime

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gesture. I have always felt an instinctive admiration for England.

It is true England has thanked Belgium badly for furnishing it the argument which cast a magic spell on the civilized globe. Great Britain went to war for Belgium, but it has brought only harm to its unfortunate protégé. England stirred King Albert to a stubborn resistance, promised help and did not bring it, insisted on the hopeless defense of Antwerp and furnished pitiful troops for assistance. England's old game of making the European nations destroy one another for England's glory was never played more cruelly. When Belgium finally was exhausted, it was again England which ultimately was the cause of the suffering of the population, as it deprived the German government of all food supplies from without. There would have been no need of American charity if Germany, which did its utmost to bring back normal industrial life and prosperity to the afflicted Belgian country, had been able to import the food which was needed both for the German and the Belgian masses. The papers in Holland have re-

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ported that since the fall of Antwerp the Belgian officers interned within the Dutch boundaries no longer salute the English officers; they feel betrayed. But in America many are still convinced in the depths of their souls that the admirable Britain went to war for poor little Belgium. But here, too, it will not last long. Even Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, the vehement accuser of Germany, says in his essay, "The Essential Points in the Neutrality of Belgium": "As a matter of history it seems now established beyond all cavil that the English practically decided to stand by France, which must infallibly lead to war, on August 2d, and would have continued in that mind even if the Germans had respected Belgium."

But if the clever aphorism that England went to war on account of Belgium no longer misleads serious people, the more interesting question arises: why did England plan this war for so many years and why did it encircle and isolate Germany and bend every influence toward the day on which the German nation might be crushed? It would be superficial to answer that with one single reply. No one

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reason in itself would have been strong enough to overcome the deep and perfectly sincere cordial feelings with which especially the keepers of cultural interests in England reciprocated the hearty feelings of the Germans for England. I took part in the brilliant festivities which the city of Berlin gave to the great British commission of mayors and aldermen from England. At the public ceremonies my brother repeated the English speeches in German, the German speeches in English, and he told me how careful he was not to color too highly in the translation the enthusiastic words of cordiality and good will. Indeed, no deeper intimacy could have been imagined than that expressed in those summer days of German-English friendship; and every tone rang true. This feeling of sincere amity and unity grew steadily: what energies overwhelmed it in the council of the nation and led to the tragic decision? Why did Asquith say in Cardiff, 1912, that England would fight in any case?

First of all there surely did exist a widespread feeling that the German navy threatened the historic English supremacy and that

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its purposes were not the peaceful ones of protecting the world trade of the empire but that a belligerent spirit controlled it. This feeling of the nation was best symbolized by the threadbare English story, believed all over the British Empire, that the German navy officers at every banquet drank as the first toast "The Day"—the day on which the German navy would at last fight with the English. As there is no limit to the silly rumors which even serious people can believe, this fantastic invention spread everywhere. The soil was prepared for it. But who prepared it? Such a question can be answered by individual names only in rare cases. When public opinion is poisoned with perverse suspicions and neurasthenic fears, it is seldom possible to point to the responsible traducer. But in this case the sociological source of the hysteria can be localized. It is a clique of newspapers controlled by a few spirits which have betrayed and vilified the unsuspecting German-English friendship.

Yet even these masters of the craft would not have had such disastrous success if the political agitation had not found the

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ground prepared by commercial misgivings. Through twenty years the business world of England felt with growing nervousness that in the center of Europe a daring rival to English industry and world trade had appeared. In his famous essay "Of the Jealousy of Trade," David Hume wrote in the spirit of a statesman, of an economist, of a philosopher:

Nothing is more usual among states which have made some advances in commerce than to look on the progress of their neighbors with a suspicious eye, to consider all trading states as their rivals and to suppose that it is impossible for any of them to flourish but at their expense. In opposition to this narrow and malignant opinion I will venture to assert that the increase of riches and commerce in any one of the nations instead of hurting, commonly promotes the riches and commerce of all its neighbors.

David Hume closes with the words:

Were our narrow and malignant politics to meet with success, we should reduce all our neighboring nations to the same state of sloth and ignorance that prevails in Morocco and the coast of Barbary. But what would be the consequence? They would

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send us no commodities, they could take none from us, our domestic commerce itself would languish for want of emulation, example and instruction, and we ourselves should soon fall into the same abject condition to which we had reduced them. I shall therefore venture to acknowledge that not only as a man but as a British subject I pray for the flourishing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy and even France itself.

That was written a hundred and forty years ago against the narrow business politics of the age in which France was England's threatening rival. It would have even more justice today. Germany was England's best customer, but every clerk in the city thinks with indignation of the mere possibility that Germany's economic development may become equal to England's. Hume would speak still more in vain today than in his own time. High finance felt German activity with especial discomfort. German bankers showed unmistakable signs of intelligence. It is significant that the great encircling policies of England began with the reign of Edward VII, who for the first time brought the great English financiers into

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the neighborhood of the throne. But the German steamers carried off the blue ribbon of the ocean and sought the remotest harbors to which English goods were carried, the German clerks dared to learn foreign languages in order to win the trade of the world. A war seemed necessary to break this relentless power, and the entente with France and Russia was the more welcome as the war for economic purposes would not only destroy Germany's exports and give to England the chance to slip in wherever Germany lost the market, but it would surely at the same time cripple the industries of the Allies, whose economic rivalry seemed only a little less troublesome. England herself would suffer little and her export would grow so wonderfully through the ruin of the continent that the loss of the trade with Germany would be far outbalanced.

The political speculations of the man on the street did not reach far beyond such penny wise and pound foolish ideas. But the leaders in statesmanship made use of those political instincts of the newspaper type and the commercial instincts of the stockbroker

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type because their wider view demanded the game against Germany for very different reasons. They knew what the average man in London or Liverpool cannot be expected to consider, that the might and wealth and power of the British Empire and its necessary world politics center in Asia. The England of today stands and falls with India. For India's sake England needed the Cape in the south and Egypt in the north of Africa; for India's sake it needed Australia and Hongkong and the islands of the Indian Ocean. It is exactly as Homer Lea, the far-sighted American, said:

So closely associated is India with the continuance of the empire that it is by no means certain that an invasion of England would not be preferable to the conquest of India. In this consideration the wealth of India plays no part, though its imports and exports exceed those of the Russian Empire and its population and area are six times greater than those of Germany. Its significance is more portentous than the curtailment of material gains. Its loss means primarily that there has been made in the circle of British domination a gap so vast that all the blood and fire and iron of the Saxon race cannot again bring together its broken

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ends. In the wreck of India is to be found the Golgotha of the Saxon.

The nation which first could become dangerous to England's Indian empire was Russia. Its approach became most alarming. Here lies the deepest cause of the war which Japan had to fight against Russia. England needed that war either to weaken Russia or to push it toward the northeast. The pressure on India was relieved. Yet the nationalistic movement of the Hindus has steadily grown. They alone are impotent, as they have absolutely no weapons, but any European nation might come to them as a liberator. Nothing was more necessary for British world politics than to concentrate the interest on Europe and to draw it away from Asia. The more Russia and France were bound up with the politics against Central Europe, the more England could hope for its undisturbed power in the Orient. The ideal would have been reached if it could have been done without England's entering into the war herself. If King Edward had been alive, his superior skill would surely have secured the European war without any

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obligation for England to defend the French coast as payment for the work of the French fleet in the Mediterranean. But the lesser statesmen of today had to be satisfied with the second prize. Even if King Edward had made the same promises which Sir Edward Grey felt to be necessary, he would not have allowed the sentiment of the people in the first week of August to swell to such a point that the cabinet and the Parliament would support Grey instead of throwing him overboard. He would have made sure that the Russian-German war would be fought for England's good without England's sacrifice, exactly as the Russian-Japanese war was fought. But in any case the European war had to be started—ultimately because as O'Donnell says: "The number of human beings who persist in perennial hunger in India can be estimated at one hundred millions."

I have always felt an instinctive admiration for England. But this time the admirable England has miscalculated the situation. Whatever the immediate outcome of the war may be, the hopes of England will be shattered. If it were thinkable that the Allies

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could really break Germany's power, only two nations would profit in a world historic style, Russia and Japan. Proud England, which seemed to have at least one firm platform for its European politics, that Russia must never reach Constantinople, has just solemnly and humbly declared by Sir Edward's voice that it feels sympathy with Russia's aspiration for the Golden Horn. Whatever the peace might be, it can be only an armistice until England's great fight with Russia starts; and Russia would gain tremendously by a victory over Germany and Austria. Even the tension with France can today hardly be covered. The jealousies on the battlefield do not count, but France cannot forgive England's having used the crisis of the war to take full possession of Egypt. But the greatest danger comes from Japan. It was not England's wish that its ambitious ally in East Asia grasp all the German possessions within reach and make itself the master of the Pacific and begin at once to terrorize powerless China with the aim of half closing the open door. Japan has become the master of the East, and the nation yester-

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day allied to England knows today that it cannot rest until it has forced itself into England's place in the treasure land of India.

Even from the west new dangers have arisen for misguided England. Not only Russia and Japan will be endlessly more dangerous in any case but even America has become a source of apprehension. At the first glance it may look differently. England has succeeded in supplying America with news and opinions as it supplied China with opium. The benumbing effect is similar. The Chinaman smokes himself into a paradise, but no less curious illusions, even if less blissful, have arisen from the hashish news. Everyone sees Europe with British eyes as long as the narcosis lasts. But with America England cannot force a new opium war, and when the day comes, and it must be near, when the Americans are unwilling to accept these printed drugs and the war is over, the truth will flood into the country. Then the momentary gain of the war time will evaporate and, instead of it, England may face a loss. It will no longer be the America of before the war. The United States will never

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again be without a great merchant marine, and even today the British begin to fear it. The United States will expand their trade to South America and will have become rivals far stronger than in the past. The United States will not soon forget how they were unable to resist any arbitrary demands of England which interfered with their trade and made their whole commerce dependent upon England's grace. And the United States will not forget either that only through the alliance with England did Japan become able to take the German possessions in the Pacific and to interfere with China's commercial development, which means so much for America's future. America, when this war is over, will bend every energy toward a power which will secure a greater commercial and political independence from England's supremacy. Russia, Japan, France and America would encircle a winning England with appalling dangers, and through many a British soul today may dart the bold submarine thought that only one thing can save Great Britain, a noble victory by Germany.

But England miscalculated not only the

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Allies and the neutrals: England miscalculated, above all, the enemy. It was not sufficiently aware that a great war today is first of all a war of technique and industry, both of which are ultimately based on theoretical science. Men like Wells have warned their countrymen, knowing how far Germany was England's superior in the laboratory. Yet more important England was unable to feel that a modern war can succeed only if the whole moral strength of a nation stands behind the army, nay, lives in the army. All the odds of this war were against Germany, as the strongest and richest nations of the world were rushing against it. But if today no enemy is on German soil and if men like Admiral Bowles, who returned yesterday from Europe, declare in clear-cut words, "Germany will win," it is because the moral democratic spirit of the nation is more important than numbers and treasure. Germany is indeed a great democracy in which all have equal duties and where the army is the whole nation. The time of the hired soldier has passed for Europe. It means there the immoral remnant of a time when

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wars were waged for selfish dynastic interests. In France, in Italy, in Russia as well as in Germany and Austria the right of the citizen is bound up with the honor of defending his country. This leads further. In a nation like Germany a war is impossible when it is only schemed by the government or by a few political leaders. The responsible men know that they could never hope for success unless every single man, woman and child is deeply convinced that the nation was unjustly attacked and that the fight for the country is a sacred cause. The mere army is nothing: the spirit in the home is all. In England, where no national army exists a war can be made and has been made by some few men at the top. Their secret agreements forced the issues while the members of Parliament were unaware of the rapid events. The moral democracy of Germany was underestimated by the oligarchy of Great Britain. Yes: he who lands on the British shore may well remember the words of Byron's "Don Juan":

At length they rose, like a white wall along
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan felt—

ENGLAND

What even young strangers feel a little strong
At the first sight of Albion's chalky belt—
A kind of pride that he should be among
Those haughty shopkeepers, who sternly dealt
Their goods and edicts out from pole to pole
And made the very billows pay them toll.

I've no great cause to love that spot of earth,
Which holds what might have been the noblest
nation;
But though I owe it little but my birth,
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.
Seven years (the usual term of transportation)
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,
When a man's country's going to the devil.

But this Byronesque mood is not the spirit of the true German. We Germans have always felt an instinctive admiration for England, the land of Cromwell and Burke, of Wellington and Nelson, of Newton and Darwin, of Milton and Shakespeare. We shall never forget that England from Elizabeth's reign to that of Victoria has started the most important reforms of inner politics, which have become models for all the countries of the world. Its fights for constitutional rights

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and social politics have been won for mankind. The excitement of the hour has made the anger swell in German hearts and many a word of hatred and many a narrow-minded judgment has been hissed into the world debate. But peace will come. Hatred and injustice will become silent on both sides when the thunder of the cannons is stilled. England and Germany will respect each other and will acknowledge that each was trying to fulfil a great historic mission. But the Americans ought to appreciate the lofty meaning of this tremendous battle long before the war comes to an end. The more deeply they feel that the two nations, both eternally valuable for the ideal meaning of mankind, are doing their God-given duties in loyalty and devotion, the more they can contribute to the coming of the day of peace.

VII

LETTERS

It would be ingratitude if I were to complain of the letters with which men and women unknown to me have overflowed my desk. I soon discovered: for every letter which assured me that my writings would never convince an American, I received five or ten or twenty which told me with sympathy and enthusiasm that the purpose of my writings had been fulfilled. Every mail brought tidings from newly won friends of the German cause. Fanatic enemies of Germany were gained for fairness and justice. It was an unbounded inspiration to me. How many whom I should have thought indifferent professed their heartfelt love for Germany, and how many whispered timidly that their belief and hope was on the German

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side and that only the fashion forced them to silence! I was entirely unable to send a word of thanks to those who came to me with their confidence or their wishes, with their help or their praise or their wisdom. But if these lines go out over the land and reach the friends from Maine to California they may be the messenger of my warmest thanks. I shall never forget the blessing which these words of sympathy brought to me. They convinced me that the sound heart of the American nation is little touched by the unfairness which has infested the surface layers. And one thing was to me most important: the majority of my unknown friendly correspondents were not of German descent.

I can go still further. I received many a letter in which it was urged—and the ways were pointed out—to bring about a war between America and England and thus to help the German cause: not a single one of these letters came from a German-American. My reply to such reckless propositions was on the whole always the same. I wrote to them as I wrote only a few days ago to Detroit:

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As to your plan, I have no sympathy whatever with it. I have the strongest wish that America remain neutral in this war and should consider it a misfortune if these United States were dragged into the warfare itself. My sympathies, of course, are on the German side, and if America were beginning war against Germany, it would be the saddest fate I can imagine. But this does not make me wish at all that America enter into war on Germany's side. The agitation which you plan, however much it may do credit to your idealism, considering that you are an American citizen whose grandfather was born in France, is a plan against which I must warn you most earnestly. Needless to say, I am absolutely unwilling to support your agitation by any money or by any request to others for money.

There was more mixture of nationalities in the letters which brought me helpful devices for a definite crushing of the Allies. Hundreds of new inventions have been submitted to my entirely incompetent judgment. I got wonderful accounts of methods to attach long hooks to the Zeppelins with the help of which generals of the hostile army were to be grappled in the midst of their staff and hauled up into the clouds. I received prescriptions

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how to demolish navies, and what not. Nor can I forget the poetry, English, German, and a combination of the two, only too often accompanied by the request to find a publisher or at least to send it to the German emperor. But if I abstract from all these borderland writings, there remains a wonderful collection of serious letters with which I might fill some volumes more worth reading than many which are piled up on the book counters of the war literature today.

Many of them come from Americans in European lands. The last one which has reached me brought me greetings from a much-honored American in the Tyrol:

My son has sent me your book on the war. I hasten to thank you personally for this clear, truthful and convincing presentation of our cause. I say "our," for I am heart and soul in sympathy with the Teuton in this gigantic life and death struggle. So far as I know, all Americans now living in Germany and Austria are equally devoted to the two fatherlands, and the noble work that is being done by them in Munich and other cities is a proof of this fact. Personally, I have sent two or three articles to my countrymen, one of which at least has had wide circulation. Nothing, however,

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convince those who will not see the truth, and when I read such utterances as yours and those of Professor Burgess, Dr. Dernburg, President B. I. Wheeler, etc., and then observe the blind prejudice, crass ignorance and vulgar abuse still prevalent in America, so little affected by what has thus been presented, I almost despair of any change of view among the masses. The so-called "neutrality" of our nation seems to be a farce, if the shipment of munition and war material continues, and if the bill designed to prohibit it is disavowed by our government. How is it possible for Americans (from the mere standpoint of self-interest) to accept meekly England's arrogance in regard to searching vessels bound for neutral ports, and how they can still support a nation which has so enormously increased the power and pretensions of Japan, to say nothing of her crime in bringing colored heathen to Europe to fight her white, Christian kinsmen,—I cannot understand. But letters from America, both in what they say and do not say, leave me no doubt of the general anti-German blindness and irrational hostility which there prevails.

Germans pathetically ask me what is the cause of this, and with shame I have to confess I do not know. For the Americans are supposed to be reasonably clear-headed, as well as lovers of fair play, One thing I am glad to see—the foundation of such a paper as *The Fatherland*. It should have the widest possible circulation, and I trust that this will

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be only one of many papers, in the English language, devoted there to the dissemination of German ideals, achievements and plans. Too long has this representation of Germany been neglected. It has not been sufficient to publish articles on Germany in the German language. Americans, though smugly satisfied with their grossly superficial education, are for the most part utterly unable to read in the German language either books or papers! Steeped in English literature, English ideas, English prejudices and perversions, they cannot read the splendid leading articles of German journals, the letters from soldiers, or the poems and patriotic appeals of the Teutonic press. Both now and after the war there should be some means in the United States of interpreting through the English language the character of Germany and the Germans to the American people.

Of the wonderful enthusiasm, efficiency, and *Vaterlandsliebe* exhibited in Germany and Austria in their life and death grapple with a world of foes, I need not speak. You know of it, no doubt, through friends. I can only say that my love and admiration for Germany are as great as if I had been born a German, and again thanking you for your great book, I am,

Cordially yours:

But few would imagine how large is my one-sided correspondence with Englishmen

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who are clear-headed enough to see the world situation in its whole setting. These letters always come to me as a surprise. Here is one from a well-known English author with a whole row of degrees after his name. He writes from London:

This war fills me with shame and with despair, since I am perfectly certain that it was brought about by pan-Slavist machination and that Germany is fighting on the side of truth, justice and civilization. . . . The English papers quote copiously from the American papers, and it is amazing to see how completely American opinion has been misled by the misrepresentation of the English press. Lie after lie is served up hot and apparently in all good faith by the American journals. The Kaiser, one of the greatest and best men who has ever lived, is represented as a bloodthirsty maniac, and the Germans, fighting the most heroic battle in the history of the world to defend their fatherland, are represented as fiends of hell. Lies about Louvain, lies about Rheims, lies about the motives of the war, are all served up for American consumption. . . .

This war is the greatest, most pitiful tragedy that has ever happened. No case could be stronger and more convincing than the German case: it is proved up to the hilt. The German case has not been

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powerfully and successfully presented, but it is so overwhelmingly sound and good and strong that it must carry conviction when rightly put. Here in England the press is not free and a passionate pseudo-patriotism will not give a hearing to the other side. A few unimportant papers publish a few timid milk-and-water defenses of the Germans. But no English paper would dare to permit the truth to be told by the few who have honestly studied, and understand it. The manifestos of the Englishmen of note in reply to those of the Germans have been ludicrous pieces of ignorant and arrogant ineptitude, but the press will admit no reply to their puerile arguments. I do not like the Germans—forgive the remark—I have found them usually overbearing and brusque, but I love fair play and I know that in this war the Germans are in the right and we in the wrong. English men of letters have been sent to America, as you know, to influence American opinion against Germany. . . . America is not fighting, is not blinded by passion and prejudice and is not at the mercy of a war press. Why then in the name of God, in the name of everything that is honorable and high, are such wicked lies allowed to live and bear this fruit of death and misery? Is there no one in America with a powerful pen, no one capable of championing and upholding the truth? In all history, I think, there is no case so splendidly convincing as Germany's case now; in all history there is no fight so noble

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and heroic as the fight she is making now. And yet, and yet, the Americans—shrewd, truth-loving, peace-loving people—are being made partners, moral partners, in a cruel and wicked assault on a great heroic nation. There is not the least doubt that England is finding the greatest moral support for her immoral actions in articles in American papers—articles written by well-meaning but hopelessly ignorant people.

But stronger than the chorus of the American and English voices swells the organ tone of the German enthusiasm. Every European mail brings warmhearted and truly inspiring letters from the front. Often they were written in the trenches, but good humor was never lacking. A friend on the staff of one of the western army corps wrote to me from the field:

. . . We all are firmly convinced that in spite of the numerical superiority of our enemies victory will be with us in this struggle of the nations; from the oldest general to the youngest volunteer, we know this today more surely than ever before. The absolute self-sacrificing devotion of our soldiers, which sprung from the terrible danger to Germany and which is strengthened by the careful schooling in the time of peace, is really incomparable. Their courage and bravery cannot be sur-

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passed. There is a spirit in our troops which makes them invincible. Oh, how I wish you could see the defenders of our country. A battalion of the reserve has just passed my window. It has been lying two full weeks in the first line of defense without being relieved, constantly resisting the enemy, standing their rifle fire, in rain and storm, in wet mud caves. Now they are marching to rest for a few days in a village behind the front. The external state of the men is simply awful, not a dry stitch to their backs. They are really covered by a crust of clay from head to foot. Yet their eyes are shining and their song comes to my ears like a surging wave. They are singing, "Gott schütze unser teures geliebtes Vaterland," and now, fading away in the distance, "Haltet aus, haltet aus, im Sturmgebraus." Bismarck once said, "No one can equal our Prussian lieutenant." Today we all say: "No one can equal our German soldier." Before the war he may have been the most quarrelsome Social Democrat, or the most spoiled millionaire pet: here in the field the one is exactly like the other, each endeavoring with the utmost effort of body and mind to do his duty, ready to give up his life at any moment when it is serviceable to the fatherland. And therefore we have a right to say that Germany cannot be crushed. There may come reverses, but ultimately our enemies will be overcome. . . .

Our operations on the western battlefield pro-

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ceed, of course, very slowly. French and English no longer offer themselves in open battle, in spite of their greater number; they intrench themselves and force us to do the same, but we are pushing forward on the whole front. As soon as we can reach the French with our bayonets, we have won. They cannot stand that, while they are otherwise courageous and persistent. In some trenches which we took from them in the last few nights they offered a desperate resistance. The prisoners we made gave us a solution of the puzzle. They cried and begged for their lives: their officers had told them that we kill all the prisoners. Is this not an abominable scheme to force the soldiers to fight to the last?

Such a long war in fixed positions as we are now forced to carry on simplifies the activity and the life for us staff officers extremely. The staff sits behind the front and is connected with the army by a much ramified net of telephones. Like the nerves in the human body this rapidly brings all impressions of the whole great army organism to one center, and with the same rapidity the orders can be given from the commanding general and his staff to the army. In the moving battles such as we had at the beginning of the war it is quite different: the nerves are lacking. In distant places important events may occur which the commanding general discovers only after hours. Then he must rely almost on intuition or he must send out his

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antennæ. We officers of the general staff are then such antennæ. Then we have to ride and ride to the focus points of the fight, not caring whether the enemy shoots or not. But now for weeks I have really been outside of immediate danger, in spite of the fact that my army corps is in battle day and night. If a French aviator did not appear daily who tries to throw bombs into the house of our staff, I should feel that it is as safe as in Berlin. But even the aviator is not so bad: every time so far he has thrown his bomb far from the mark. We are almost glad when he comes: it brings a little excitement into our monotonous life. Moreover, we have discovered by chance a nice method to turn him away. In order to clean up a little of the typically French dirt in the village we had to remove the gigantic heaps of manure which were lying on all the streets. We had them carted to the surrounding fields. The piles, which with Prussian accuracy were made of equal size and arranged in straight rows, must have looked from above like a camp with tents. We cannot find any other explanation for the fact that the bombs of the aviator are now always thrown into this row of manure heaps. But we may be satisfied with it.

Besides aiding in the direction of the battle itself my chief work is the feeding of the corps. Almost forty thousand men and nine thousand horses expect their rations from me. That sometimes needs much thought. Every week we get a whole

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trainload of pigs from Germany. These charming animals can no longer be bought in northern France, but cattle are plenty. I have set up a flour mill and a sawmill, and now I have even established a little dairy which has to furnish fresh butter daily.

Among the hardships which the war brings, I feel especially the lack of music. The regimental bands have lost many men, and above all, the musicians have to help in the transport of the wounded. But we have recently discovered in a field hospital a young surgeon who sings with a beautifully trained voice and with perfect artistic rendering. Moreover, we have a non-commissioned officer of the artillery who is a professional pianist, and in a castle near by we found a piano which with true French feeling got all out of tune when we Germans marched in. But we have tuned it up again and now we have some really delightful musical evenings.

You want to know why I got the iron cross second-class. Today I can even report that in the meantime I have received the iron cross first-class and the medal for bravery. This is how it happened. . . .

That is how the "barbarians" write from the battlefield. But I have always felt as if the hardest part is left to those who have to stay at home. Their bravery, their self-sac-

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rifice, their faith, is marvelous. In hundreds of letters never a word of complaint, and the women still more heroic than the men! Again I open a letter which came only yesterday. It is a professor in quiet Göttingen who writes:

. . . You are, of course, well informed about the happenings in Germany during the war. To be sure, no report can replace the personal experience—the tremendous experience of this war. The routine life continues its ordinary course. Seen from without the changes appear really insignificant. Not the least privation is felt. The industrial life has adjusted itself with astonishing rapidity to the war situation. Naturally there is much, far too much, mourning. But how different the way in which it is borne and endured! The feeling that every death means a sacrifice voluntarily offered gives a lofty dignity and raises the individual suffering into a sphere above all individuality. We hardly live any longer as private persons. Everyone experiences concentrated in himself the life of the whole nation, and this gives to every experience its tremendous momentum. All the tense, passionate striving, all the endeavoring, all the sorrowing, all the conquering and all the dying of the soldiers in the field—all enter collectively into the feeling and suffering of every one of us. All the poisonous calumnies, all the pestilent

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winds of a selfish neutrality, blow against every one of us. We believed at first that we should break down; and yet we have learned to bear it. The confidence too has become concentrated. A magnificent stream of national will to win, floods through everyone of us and gives us an undreamt-of strength of will in this terrible national loneliness.

To bear and to overcome in ourselves this feeling of national isolation—that was the hardest test. Our splendid soldiers out in the field—my two sons, like all the able-bodied students in Göttingen, are in it too—are resisting the enemy in the mud of the trenches, under unspeakable hardships, no day without being under fire, no night in a bed, the wet clothes never changed, in the midst of ghastly impressions, surrounded by the bodies of the dead; and when they press forward they rush on with ringing song. Truly it is a marvelous heroism; and yet the defiling froth of calumny is dashed upon it. They have gone out to fight this war in the Fichtean spirit as a truly sacred war, and to offer themselves with full hearts as a sacrifice for the fatherland; and now they are pilloried before the world as atrocious barbarians. And America? Our astonishment was beyond measure. We did not expect any help, but understanding and at least justice. America! What an ideal image we had in our souls of the new America. We believed in a new idealism and dreamed of a new world period when the ideal-

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ism of America would blend with the rejuvenated faith of Germany. The wave of our astonishment has ebbed. We have learned to bear this disappointment too. We no longer speak of it. It is understood that among the shells which the French used and of which originally sixty per cent. were failures, now hardly ten per cent. do not explode since they are imported from America. It accords with the reports from the front; the list of our dead and maimed is growing. They have to suffer. We say only: America! and remember the beautiful words of President Wilson, words of purest idealism, concerning neutrality. We have become so firm and hardened that we now do not fear even the neutrals—we have never feared the enemy. Hence we hope that we shall be able to carry it through and that God will continue to be with us, as we are so humbly endeavoring to prepare a worthy altar for him in our feelings and our intentions.

VIII

TOMORROW

This is the sixth day of March. While I am sitting at my desk here in my Cambridge study, the room seems filled with the waking memories of another sixth of March. In 1902 on this date a festive assemblage had gathered within these walls. Prince Henry of Prussia stood here as the representative of his brother, the German Emperor, and he was surrounded by a large and impressive group of Germans whose names are today familiar. In their center stood Admiral Tirpitz, the controlling mind of the German navy today. On the other side was the American group, Admiral Evans and David J. Hill, later ambassador to Germany, and many another, in their midst President Eliot in his academic gown. Prince Henry for-

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mally presented the documents by which the German emperor gave treasures of German art to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University and he handed a portfolio with pictures of the gifts to the president of the university, with a speech which surveyed the history of the American-German friendship. President Eliot offered the thanks of the university with his well-known mastery of ceremonious speech. All present believed that in accordance with the programme the formal act was closed. But suddenly Prince Henry, inspired by the significance of the hour, moved forward once more and spoke with ringing voice from the depths of his heart. Now he did not look backward, but into the future: he spoke luminous hopes and cordial wishes. It was felt like the thrill of a historic moment when in the name of the German emperor he ended with the words: "May the true friendship, based on genuine understanding and good will, never cease between the United States and Germany!" And today? Today!!

* * * *

The war came more quickly than anyone

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had thought possible: perhaps it may end as quickly too. But whether it ends tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, we all know the peace will come: how will the world look when this terrible struggle finally comes to an end? Will anything be fundamentally changed or will everything go on as before, as if the world simply woke after a night of turbulent and anxious dreams? It is easy to champion either side in the great historic issues of the coming days, and yet all the exclamation marks together do not remove a single question mark. We may even show the psychological necessity of this or that development, and with the same subtlety prove the opposite too. It is a bad day for the prophet. We know our hopes and our prayers, but a dark fog still hangs over the valley of peace into which the next turn of the road must lead us.

Will the future be pacifist or belligerent? Those who know the laws of the mind can well understand that the appalling horrors of this world war will deeply impress the soul of everyone who lives through it and that their children and children's children will

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still be haunted by the ghastly specters of the battlefield. There will be a fear of war and a craving for peace. But alas, the psychologist knows also the mental laws of adaptation and inhibition. Our modern mind was no longer adjusted to the sights and emotions of a real war. Now it has become adapted to them. The resistance has been broken down. The transition from peace into warfare has become easier for the mind. The inhibition has disappeared. War and peace are more in the balance. It is always the first step only which is difficult. It appears so natural that for a century to come the great nations should be in the habit of settling their disputes in the trenches. Who dares to say today that he foresees that the one group of mental functions which leads to lasting peace, or the other group which makes war perpetual, will dominate the twentieth century?

The first Punic War was followed by a second and a third. Yet on both sides the nations at war today feel that their struggle would be meaningless if they cannot bring home from the battlefield assurance of peace

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for at least a hundred years. Every nation is ready to drench the soil with her blood because she hopes that from such ground the olive trees of the future will grow more beautifully than ever. Every Frenchman and every Englishman dreams that this is a war against warmaking and that if they win, peace will be secured forever from the mettlesome militarism of Germany. In the same way the humblest German soldier writes from the trenches his trust that Germany will not close the war until a century of peace has been forced on the envious neighbors.

While each of the belligerents hopes to secure the lasting peace by crushing its enemy, the neutrals put their faith in the natural growth of the pacifist movement. They are convinced that after the world nightmare of this war the moral men in every moral nation—and certainly at the core every nation is moral and in every nation the overwhelming majority of men is moral—will insist on agreements by which the repetition of such a clash will become impossible. Militarism and navalism, secret governmental promises, commercial manufacture of ammunition,

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and all the other schemes by which war is precipitated, must stop forever. A small police navy and an international army for the handcuffing of recalcitrant national culprits, together with a solid system of international assurances, will be sufficient for the age to come in which the manufacturers and bankers instead of the diplomats and admirals will control the intercourse of the races.

Yet is the eternal peace really nearer? Have we not been hearing for a long time that the marvelous growth of the socialistic party in all European countries would make a war impossible and that the interests of trade had linked the nations so perfectly that the interests of capital would work for peace under all circumstances? Is the mistrust of secret diplomacy a new discovery of last August? Have those who have been the spokesmen of the peace movement through the last two decades really furthered the quick ending of this horrible war? The man who called the first Hague Peace Conference was the first to mobilize his army and to threaten Europe, and the smaller apostles

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showed us many a "road to peace" but they themselves insisted on avoiding them. To those who read history only from the newspapers, the outlook appears more promising than to those who have studied the pacifist movements of the last two thousand years. Carnegies and Norman Angells have lived in every age, and some previous centuries like the sixteenth and seventeenth have seen much more intense efforts toward lasting peace than the twentieth.

It is easy to tell us, as Mr. Dickinson does, that the whole misery comes from the fictitious idea that a man has not only to look out for his personal interests but for the interests of a state. The individual farmer or workingman or clerk or professional man does not gain anything from the warlike deeds of the state. But is the world ready to swallow this doctrine of indifference to the national ideals? Surely there are few Americans today who would not gladly express themselves in favor of lasting peace for their country. But there would probably be still fewer who would not loudly cry for war if Russia took South America or if Japan

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colonized Mexico. There is nothing gained if the Carnegie doctrine is adhered to only until it pleases the nation to prefer the Monroe Doctrine. This conflict of emotions occurs in every vigorous nation. In 1906 the President sent to Congress a message in which he said: "War is not only justifiable but imperative on honorable men and an honorable nation when peace is to be obtained only by the sacrifice of conscientious conviction or national welfare." The overwhelming majority of mankind has agreed with the spirit of that message through thousands of years. Is it safe to calculate that between today and tomorrow the human instincts will be reversed?

Above all, is any nation to be blamed if it does not yield to the destruction of its cultural existence without the utmost resistance by all the mental and physical energies at its disposal? War can be the lowest of national activities, but war can be the highest. A war carried on for selfish interests of leaders, fought out with hired soldiers, serving materialistic purposes only, is a sordid business indeed, degrading the fighter in victory no less than in defeat. But a war in which

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the army is the nation itself, in which the will of the commander is the will of the humblest and in which everyone enthusiastically offers his own life and the lives of his beloved ones and all which he possesses for the one purpose that his nation may remain loyal to its God-given task—such a war is sacred and stands morally higher than any conference in which diplomatic lawyers wrangle about paragraphs.

Whether the future will be adorned by peace or torn by new wars cannot possibly be foreseen today. But this can be foreseen: the peace of the great nations will depend entirely upon their good will and cannot be imposed on them by force. Any agreements of majorities which leave ill will and indignation in those who are bound down give not the slightest promise for peaceful developments. Peace can come only from within. As soon as the civilized nations are filled with the real sense of inner peace, the time will come when international agreements will naturally grow; they may help to postpone martial conflicts and to find compromises where compromises are possible. But they

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must be the ripe fruit; they must be the end, not the beginning. To start with such agreements when the tears of the war are not yet dried would be only a new diplomatic mistake at the end of the war added to the many at the war's beginning. It would be inexcusable if the conferences which must end this world war were burdened with labors to find new international schemes by which the peace of the future may be secured. Two years after the date when the last prisoner has gone home, it will be right to negotiate about new international forms to insure international good-fellowship. Then it will be in order to broaden the international laws, to create insurance against war and international police forces. But any such method worked out while the pulses are still beating hotly would be nothing but another form of war measure and therefore a new source of irritation and indignation, and that means ultimately of new wars.

Least of all, could anything be gained for lasting peace by crushing and humbling any of the belligerent nations. The discussions about changes in the map of the world have

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so far hardly been of serious character, even when serious men speak in serious papers. No magazine is more dignified than the *North American Review*; no man in days of peace more authorized to speak than Yves Guyot, who was for years Minister of Public Works in France: and what results when the *Review* and the Minister come together? Mr. Guyot tells us that the Allies will be entirely "disinterested" and will take hardly anything for themselves. Germany will only have to pay six billion dollars indemnity, give up Alsace-Lorraine, give up a further western territory to straighten the frontiers, give up in the east the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, in the north the Kiel Canal and in the rest of the world its colonies. Moreover, it will be dismembered, and, of course, the Hohenzollerns will be expelled, and so on. And all this is presented with a serious face at an hour when three million German soldiers have been occupying for half a year the countries of the Allies, while not a single enemy is in Germany with the exception of three-quarters of a million prisoners.

But even if such humorous fantasies are

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ignored, the discussions as to the immediate results of the war are on both sides too much tainted by a hatred which makes true peace impossible. Every German is, of course, absolutely convinced that Germany will win. But what would happen if Germany were defeated? The English papers—and nobody will blame them for it—take it for granted that this defeat is inevitable. What is their view as to the terms which the Allies will dictate in Berlin? The *London Nation*, *The New Statesman*, and many other English magazines discuss the problem on a dignified level, and yet how gravely do they err! They dispute which of the two treatments will better secure the European peace, the strictly penal treatment which cripples Germany and makes it destitute so that in its poverty it is never to be feared again or the educational treatment which humbles the nation morally until the Prussians feel that their policies were criminal and until they are buried under the contempt of the non-Prussian Germans who will then begin a modest but decent life.

The second of the two amiable methods will not do for a simple reason: it is impossible.

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Germany's harvests can be destroyed, Germany's industries can be paralyzed, Germany's sons can be slain; but however the body of the nation may be mutilated, as long as its soul lives, it will know that this war was the greatest spiritual victory which Germany ever won and that the country was never greater and never worthier of every German's proudest love than in this hour. A truly neutral observer, a Swiss, who in many ways does not like the Germans, wrote in an article published last week: "The Germans have their faults by which they have made themselves disliked in many parts of the world, but today they stand before us in the blinding splendor of the most beautiful German virtues, and the sincere neutral spectator can see Germany today only with a feeling of the highest respect." If French and Russian troops were marching today through the streets of Berlin, the Germans would regret that their military machine was not strong enough to resist the attacks of the world, and they would acknowledge that their diplomats had made mistakes, and they would be sorry for many a defect in their technical

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preparations, but morally they would feel themselves the victors.

Yet there remains that other scheme. Germany might be trampled down until it is physically devastated as it was after the great religious wars of the seventeenth century. But is this tempting scheme really safer, if the goal is to eliminate war? Can anyone dream that the alliance of today can survive tomorrow, that England, France, Russia, Servia and Japan will vote on the same side in any conference when once the battle smoke has cleared away? This alliance was team work for a definite purpose. In the perpetual striving of the nations there came one historic moment in which the two great antagonists, England and Russia, necessarily had a common wish, the crippling of Germany. That one common impulse brought them together for one day's common work. But if the sun were setting over their common success, the next morning would necessarily find them the old embittered enemies who wrangle about Asia. Never would Germany's power be stronger than in the hour in which it had to decide whether Central Europe

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ought to go with England against the Russian Empire or with Russia against Great Britain. To cripple Germany means to hasten the hour in which this battle between England and Russia must be fought, and compared with that fight, the war of today may appear only as the preamble.

Or does anyone imagine that Japan's career in the world is ended? Japan's war against Russia yesterday and against Germany today were only the two first forward steps toward its destiny as it is felt by every patriotic Japanese. Is it difficult to foresee the next? The enmity of Japan and Russia quickly turned into brotherhood when the aim was to capture Kiau-Chou. The friendship between Japan and England will turn just as quickly into enmity when the hour comes to throw the British out of India. In the turmoil of the war lies the public has hardly discovered what a daring game Japan played in the Far East in the name of its alliance with England. England had to keep silent but the truth is that Japan acted much more against the wishes of England than in England's interest. When Kiau-Chou fell, England's influence in

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the East began to fall too. My German friends may not pardon me for saying it, and yet I know what I am talking about: Japan is today a better friend of Germany than most of the so-called neutral nations. Japan, Russia and Germany may be the team tomorrow, and then France will be on their side. They will all feel in common: *Caeterum censeo Cartaginem esse delendam.*

It is not Treitschke, it is not a German but an English professor, and not one of the dozens, but the master mind whose books have been more read than those of any other Englishman during this war; it is Professor Cramb of Oxford who says that war is "a phase in the life effort of the state toward completer self-realization, a phase of the eternal *nisus*, the perpetual, omnipresent strife of all being toward self-fulfilment." War is "a manifestation of the world spirit and coextensive with being and as such inseparable from man's life here and now." "In the light of history universal peace appears less as a dream than as a nightmare which shall be realized only when the ice has crept to the heart of the sun, and the stars, left

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black and trackless, start from their orbits." Yes, wars will come after the peace of Berlin as after many another solemnly sealed peace of Europe. But if there is one thing in the world which could postpone the next outbreak, it would be a German Empire which feels that it need not soon be afraid of an attack, because it has shown to the world that it can defend itself quite alone against the greatest combination of hostile powers which the world has ever seen and which no future alliance could match. Such a Germany would have only the one passionate interest, to devote every energy to the arts of peace and to help toward a peaceful solution of every conflict on the globe. But a Germany stirred by indignation over the brutal force of seven combined powers which selfishly encircled and destroyed the young idealistic nation, such a Germany would have no right to yield to the joys of peace: it could not rest until the hour of justice came. The happy Germans would rush to the farms and the factories: the indignant Germans would stay in the trenches. Whoever says let us humble Germany, says let us make peace impossible.

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Does this mean that Germany hopes from this war a domination over the world by which the independent power of any other nation is to be broken? No assault against Germany's honor is more dastardly and at the same time more grotesque than such an assertion. Germany's aim in this war is entirely clear to anyone who wants to see. First of all, it did not want the war. Since it has confessed its shortage of wheat, it must be evident even to the most ignorant that the war was not of Germany's making, as if it had intended to go to war or had even fancied that a near war were possible, Germany could easily have provided itself with ample food before the mobilization. But now since it has had to defend itself and since every home has had to bring the blood sacrifice, the Germans are resolved that this struggle must not be in vain and they have a clear end in mind. The war which they began as a defense of their homes has become a struggle for the equal rights of the nations. Germany does not want to dominate the world, but neither does Germany want to tolerate a supremacy of England which makes all other seafaring

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nations dependent upon England's whim. Century after century England and France and Russia have expanded and expanded, while the great German Empire, weakened by its religious wars, lost more and more ground. Even in the last quarter of a century they won domination over millions and millions of square miles and today England and Russia possess half the globe and use their tremendous empires to keep down the German nation as if it were still the poor neighbor of two hundred years ago. By its civic virtues, by the energy and industry and morality of its people, the German nation has become strong and rich and has a right to ask for the same free air to breathe which the others have always enjoyed. Germany fighting for equal rights is fighting the battle of progress.

What are her enemies fighting for? We hear the claim that there also stands a principle behind England's fight, the principle of popular government as against autocracy armed with militarism. Popular government, in England! Its symbol is evidently Sir Edward Grey, who forced this war on the nation by his promises in Petersburg and Paris with-

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out the knowledge of his cabinet, without the knowledge of his King, without the knowledge of the Parliament. In Germany every move was the move of the whole people; in England every move was the move of a clique. It cannot be otherwise, if the nation's war in Germany must be fought by the sons of every family, while England hires its soldiers and sends Gourkhas and Sikhs against its German cousins.

We do not know whether this war will bring to the twentieth century peace or warfare, equality or tyranny: we know no better whether it will bring nationalism or internationalism. The leading impulse of our time is surely today as it has been through the last few decades, an increasing sense of national selfhood. The man on the street even if he feels really neutral expects that this war will help to give to every racial element in Europe its independence. Of course, everybody knows that there are hardly any pure races in Europe with the exception of the Irish, the Basques and the Finns, and that the great nations over there are just as much products of the melting pot as modern

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America. Yet everybody hopes in the spirit of our time that all the artificial suppressions will stop and that the lines of language will be more firmly respected. The Poles ought to have their Poland and the Finns their Finland and so on. Their chief point, to be sure, is usually that Alsace-Lorraine ought to go back to France and Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark. Yet what is the historic situation? Those good nationalists forget how much larger the German Empire was in its medieval boundaries; how from the battle of Tannenberg in the east in the fifteenth century to the days of Napoleon, Germany's neighbors have torn one piece after another, east and west, from the German lands.

Germany would arise larger than any German dreams today if it were really to receive back all the old German soil with truly German racial population. Is Germany to annex the Russian Baltic provinces with the old German cities of Riga and Dorpat? And is the world ready to offer the old German provinces of Flanders and Brabant to Germany? Too few who see on the stage Lohengrin, the true German hero, step from his

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swan boat to the German soil, welcomed by the German king, the embodiment of German life, are aware that all this is happening in—Belgium. Are those Belgian provinces in which the population is not of Romanic descent to be united again with Germany? Only three million Belgians are French; about four millions are Flemish, of German descent. The German character of Alsace is beyond doubt. In large parts of Alsace the farmers never spoke anything but German. The Germans would probably not object, if the peaceful nationalistic settlement were to end with their giving up French Lorraine and a Polish strip of Posen in exchange for the large Baltic provinces of Russia and four-sevenths of Belgium.

The true nationalistic hope of Germany is quite different. If Germany is victorious, it does not dream of restoring the great German Empire of the Middle Ages, it does not want to govern provinces, but to inspire them. Those lost old German lands have themselves become weak and half-hearted since they lack cultural strength of their own. How modest has become Holland's part in the world's

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culture in recent centuries! The spirit of Rembrandt and of Dürer was the same. If Germany's influence in Europe should be strengthened again, all the broken off parts would find a new cultural backing and would at last come to their own again. The German Empire might not grow by a square foot, and yet Germany together with German Austria, with German Switzerland, with Flemish Belgium, with Holland, with the Baltic provinces of Russia, with Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland, would form a cultural world empire which would balance the Romanic group of France, Italy, Spain, and the Anglo-Saxon group and the Russian-Asiatic group.

But while the tendency toward the emphasis on national racial differences is evident, the opposite desire for the effacing of lines of separation cannot be overlooked either. The whole misery of this war, we hear, resulted from the petty jealousies of nations which ought to have learned long ago and who surely must learn now through this suffering that they belong together, yes, that they are ultimately one. In the time of the railway and telegraph, when the same news

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is in every newspaper of the world the same morning, and when the same goods are in every shop-window of the whole civilized world, when science and art and technique and social reform of all peoples are interwoven and interdependent, it is absurd to make much of political boundaries which fitted the dynastic egotisms of a clannish past. The United States of Europe must be the next goal, and not a few expect to see this new republic develop in the midst of the peace conference with the lightning rapidity with which the Chinese Republic was established over a hardly smaller territory the other day. Has not the past shown that the small countries can easily combine into large ones? Did not the states of Italy and the states of Germany, like the states of America, form indissoluble unions? Why not the quarrelsome states of Europe? Since the German Empire was founded it is impossible that Saxony should make war on Bavaria. The United States of Europe would once for all expel the fury of war from European soil.

Yet the instincts of Europe are radically averse to such a negation of two thousand

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years of cultural history. The European dream of peace pictures the most cordial and intimate exchange of national cultures, but never the disappearance of these national individualities. A colorless cosmopolitanism would reduce the world to the lowest terms of mere rational business efficiency with good care for health and technical comfort; but the sources of inspiration would dry up and the days of great achievement would be past. The more the international contact secures mutual stimulation, the more each nation must give its best from the bottom of its national character. It is quite true that Saxony and Bavaria would no longer fight with each other since they are parts of the United States of Germany, but that is possible only because their feeling as Saxons and Bavarians is entirely submerged in the stronger feeling of being Germans. The citizens of Leipzig in Saxony and of Munich in Bavaria can change their residence without losing their German background, which gives meaning to their essential interests. But if this same unity is to bind the states of Europe, the citizens of London and of Petro-

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grad, of Berlin and of Madrid, would have to feel too that they remain on the same background, if they exchange their dwelling-places. This feeling would presuppose a flabby indifference to all the energies which have created the progress of mankind. Then we might choose Volapuk instead of the language of Shakespeare, of Voltaire and of Goethe.

The true internationalism which is to come must mean a more intense will to give and to take in the intercourse with the national neighbors. But nobody can take with real profit and nobody can give, who has lost his own. This internationalism in which all the different national instruments play together in the harmony of the orchestra will surely grow as never before, but every nation will and ought to remain jealous of its right to its own instrument. Even the diversity of governmental forms will probably not be influenced much by the great catastrophe of this war. Europe has outlived the immature period in which it enjoyed rationalistic discussions as to the greater merits of republican or monarchical governments *in abstracto*. Rus-

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sia would not become freer if it should change into a republic, and France would not become more despotic if it made a war-leader king. It will not make much difference whether Poland or Finland become kingdoms or republics. The form of the great historic states will surely not change. They are products of a historic growth in which the deepest meaning of those nationalities is expressed.

It is still more difficult to foresee what changes will come in the individual states. Will the inner political life become more conservative or more liberal? Will the centripetal or the centrifugal energies prevail when the war is over? Militarism means centralization, means a discipline of the millions, a subordination under a central will. A war must therefore reduce the rights of the individual, and in this sense exert a reactionary influence. But at the same time militarism stands for equality. At the front all meet the bullets of the enemy alike, in the trenches all are brothers. All the artificial differences disappear, life is brought back to the rockbed of human feeling. This means a war is liberalizing. Which of these two tendencies will

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be the stronger? Question marks upon question marks!

'As far as Germany is concerned, to be sure, it seems most probable that the reactionary influences of the war time will be entirely outweighed by the liberalizing ones. The spirit of discipline was, after all, at home there. The spirit of brotherhood came like a revelation, in the August days, and gave to the nation such a miraculous unity of spirit that its blessing will never be entirely lost. Certainly the conservative forces can proudly claim that they have organized Germany's successes in the war. Even the reactionary Agrarian party would have the right to say that its conservative policy of protective tariffs on the fruits of the field has been justified by the events of the war. If the liberals had had their way with their demand for free trade for grain in the interest of the industrial population, farming would have been as much reduced as in England, and Germany would have been entirely unable to escape starvation, when it was forced to depend upon its own resources. But louder still will be the justified claim of the greatest

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party in the German parliament, of the Socialists. They have been maltreated by the prejudices of public opinion, they were denounced as "traitors" to the fatherland, and now they have shown that their patriotism is not surpassed by any party. They will be received cordially as comrades in the civic battles of peace. Their new influence alone will be sufficient to brush aside the cobwebs of bureaucracy in the Germany of tomorrow.

And what will the new day bring to America? The fancy of the first days that America might stand aside as a mere spectator, unshaken by the European earthquake, has slowly been dispelled. The American industries are crippled, while those of Germany are flourishing, and a thousand times more unemployed are seeking work in New York than in Berlin. The world is one, and great distress anywhere means suffering everywhere. But what will come tomorrow? Conflicts of hopes and fears are filling the air. Who can foresee whether it will be storm or sunshine? We hear from optimists that whoever wins, all Europe will be exhausted from the war and America alone will be the winner. Europe

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with its fifty million dollars daily war budget will no longer be able to compete with the inexhaustible resources of undisturbed America, and in the markets of the world, the commerce of the United States will have no serious rivals. It sounds tempting: yet can we forget that by far the greatest markets of the world and by far the best customers were in those exhausted countries of Europe. We hear from pessimists that whoever wins, the winner must be the next enemy of America. If England is able to crush Germany, its naval power will have such absolute command of the sea that it must interfere with the natural development of America's oversea trade, and the conflict would become unavoidable. If, on the other hand, Germany wins, it will seek to develop its colonial possessions and try to seize territory in South America. The violation of the Monroe Doctrine would immediately lead to a clash of arms. Such pessimism seems utterly groundless and the future would look bright if all misgivings could be so easily recognized as unfounded. If the Allies really win, Russia will be the power which profits most, and England's full atten-

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tion will be absorbed by the threatening conflict with the strengthened Russia, which can hardly wait to break into India.

But there is still less reason for fear if Germany wins. As the president of the Reichstag said solemnly: "From the blood-soaked battlefields will spring a lasting peace for us." Germany knows exactly that any colonizing efforts in the American continent would mean a war, and Germany will never seek war. Houston Stuart Chamberlain, the most thorough English observer of the German people, writes truthfully:

My testimony is this. In all Germany there has been in the last forty-three years not a single man who wanted war: whoever claims the opposite is simply lying, consciously or unconsciously. . . . William II had no more sincere wish than to be able to say on his deathbed: "I have secured unbroken peace to my country; history will call me the emperor of peace." But if God gives victory to Germany and Austria, a perfect, overwhelming victory—we all must hope for it, even we who are not Germans, if the welfare and the culture of civilized mankind stand higher for us than national vanity—then, but only then, Germany will enjoy a century of peace, and the wish of the great

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king, whom his peers on foreign thrones have so often deceived, will become true after all. It will become true more gloriously than he had foreseen. He will be called the emperor of peace, as he and his army will then indeed have brought to the world true peace.

If the victorious Germany should think of colonies, they certainly would not be in the sphere of American interests. But he would anyhow be a bad social psychologist who would not foresee that after this war the energies of Germany will be so fully focused on the inner development of its European domain that the colonial wishes will claim a small part of the public attention.

The psychology of the situation suggests rather that if the United States, abstracting from its troubles with Mexico, comes into armed struggle, it will be neither with England nor with Germany but with Japan. With the opening of the Panama Canal the great problem of the supremacy of the Pacific has been definitely set before mankind, and Japan's strength has been multiplied by the war, whoever wins. Yet generations may pass before that great contest of Orient and

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Occident breaks out, as it may be that Japan's proud energies will turn first to the Chinese, to the French, to the English and to the Dutch possessions in Asia, since she has seized the German ones. Thus the danger of an American war is extremely slight; and yet the question whether America is to strengthen its armament or to disarm still further will be on the docket tomorrow. The most truly American arguments probably speak against new armies and new battleships. It is an unspeakable pity that the American nation by its desire to profit from the European war has created the most dangerous argument in favor of a future militarism, which is superfluous for America. Hundreds of factories have quickly been turned into producers of ammunition and armament. No plant in Pittsburgh is working full time today but those which have been turned into feeders of war. It is not probable that these gigantic plants, adjusted to the needs of the greatest war, will stop their wheels when the pipes of peace give the signal. They will remain perpetual sources of supply of the means for human destruction, and their

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lobby will crush every peaceful desire in Congress.

America's political position in the world does not and will not depend upon its strength in war. Its domain is safe and no cannon balls will be aimed toward the Woolworth Building. Its prosperity too is secured by the incomparable treasures of the land. But its position among the nations of the world will depend upon its success or failure as a moral leader. There can be no doubt that the great European war offered to the American nation a unique opportunity to rise to such leadership and to become truly the arbiter. The President saw it clearly. The future will recognize it as one of the greatest historic mistakes of the nation that it did not follow its leader but threw the glorious prize away. Those who read the European papers, especially the German, Austrian, French and English newspapers and magazines, and do not see only their distorted reflections in the American press, must become aware that the talk about American mediation has slowly become fainter and has now died out, while the Pope appears the one man above the

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parties. He alone has declared from the start that both sides are equally worthy of mankind's respect and that under no circumstances must either side be humiliated.

The average German sees in the American nation today the one from which it has most to fear, since the American munitions of war are practically making the battle against Germany possible. Does he exaggerate the case? Certainly not. Few men in America know the world situation better than Colonel Harvey, and few are more imbittered against the barbarian Germans, "the enemies of civilization." In his momentous letter to the editor of the London *Times* reprinted in the March number of the *North American Review* he says in unmistakable words: "I wonder if your people in common with your government and of course yourself, are fully aware that their allied forces are drawing their rifles, their cartridges and their munitions of war from our factories and that but for the supply thus obtained they could hardly hope ever to triumph." But even if the *Times* and the government were not aware of this undeniable fact, the German nation is now aware

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of it to the last man. Everybody there asks himself: why does not America feel the moral impulse to shorten the war by forbidding the export of weapons to all belligerents?

He may be mistaken, but he sees only two possible answers. Either the nation does not want to be neutral and insists on this export because it knows that only the Allies can profit from it and not their opponents, and that it thus has the power to fight the battles of the Allies without officially declaring war, or, the nation is politically indifferent and considers the commercial profit more important than all the striving for peace which has been its perpetual programme. But whether partiality or commercialism, neither motive can possibly combine with a position of moral leadership. In view of this export of arms, what does the charity to the suffering Belgians or Poles amount to, if as a neutral Swedish paper wrote last week "all that America did for suffering Europeans is less than a three per cent. discount on the net profits to be expected from the sale of munitions of war"?

But the most unexpected feature of the

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situation is that the Allies, who profit from this American anti-Germanism, hardly hide in their own papers and magazines their lack of moral sympathy with America's transactions. Where they speak for home consumption, they leave no doubt that they see only selfish motives in American policies, even where they are exclusively to their advantage. Could ever such injustice have developed if every American had remained loyal to the noble declaration of the President? Only one thing more would have been needed to protect the country against this lowering in the judgment of the world. American sober intelligence ought to have resisted the calumnies which the English censor furthered and ought to have insisted on seeing the cables which impartial Americans sent home. Colonel Emerson, the famous American war correspondent, who really saw the events in the west and the east, sent seventy-eight cablegrams in the first months in which public opinion was being formed. Only three of them went through unchanged; all three spoke of German reverses. A fourth went through, but was so garbled by the censor that the news

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favorable to Germany was turned into its exact opposite; and the seventy-four other cablegrams all of which would have awaked sympathy and friendly understanding for the German side, were all suppressed in England and not one of them reached New York. The English and French papers are hardly masking the fact that most of the denunciations of Germany are written only for the neutral countries, and what they really mean is for the one greatest neutral country, where the indignation must be kept alive.

Yet may it not be said here too that the question of the tomorrow cannot be answered today? It may be that the American nation will stick to its present rôle and will not free itself from the temper of the hour. But it may be that before the sun sets over the last battlefield of this war, the great change will have come, signs of which suggest themselves daily more under the surface. For reasons which are evident, the so-called society layer of the nation will be the last which will give attention to impartial evidence, and yet even their stubborn resolve not to listen is beginning to melt in New York, Philadelphia,

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Washington and Chicago. Much more important, however, is the stand of the great thinking middle-class. You cannot fool all the people all the time. They are tired of their papers and disgusted with the way in which they have been misled. But most promising of all signs, the youth of America shows the right moral fiber. Throughout the country the young men and women have been reluctant to follow in the unneutral path of their parents. The student body has been splendid everywhere. The purity of their youth and their love of fairness in sport have kept alive their sense of justice. They feel the thrill of the great time and they instinctively grasp the true meaning of a gigantic struggle between two noble nations, each of which deserves the highest respect of mankind. Theirs is the true voice of tomorrow.

America's public opinion will change just as England's changed with regard to America's Civil War. England treated Lincoln exactly as America is treating the German emperor today. Who dared to repeat those calumnies of America's great president a few years later? England did its utmost to

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strengthen the Confederates against the Union, as everybody who wants to be in the social stream tries to back the Allies today against Central Europe. Gladstone boasted of his purchase of Confederate bonds, just as American bankers today do their best to fill the treasuries of the Allies and indirectly to help toward the starvation of the German people. The day will come when America will look on all these un-American actions exactly as England very soon felt about its anti-Americanism. The day may be nearer than the editors imagine and suddenly the spirit of true neutrality may take hold of the nation and may inspire its noblest conscience and may raise it to the height of moral leadership to which it seemed destined in the first hour of the European strife. I trust this will be the glorious tomorrow which will destroy all those European suspicions.

Finally, what will the next day bring to the Americans of German descent? For the American nation as a whole the experience during this war time may be not without hardship, but for those millions of German-Americans, it is the bitterest tragedy. The ground

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on which they stood trembled and broke: abysses are around them. Their daily companions have turned into their persecutors, their intimate friends into their adversaries. The soil on which they had built their homes and for which they had forsworn their fatherland has become foreign land to them, as they feel that they are no longer welcome to their neighbors. Yet it is the land which their industry has plowed and to which their loyalty is unshaken. They want to struggle against the cruel attacks which are hurled against the beloved land of their fathers and brothers, but bravery before the enemy is easier than bravery before the neutral. In the battle-line where every fellow-countryman is on the same side, the one great enthusiasm carries away everybody, and the suggestive influence easily molds heroes. But to fight with words and to stand courageously for one's conviction when it means to be despised by one's fellow-workers and to be intrigued against and to lose the social position for wife and children which has been slowly gained through a lifework and to be deprived of all the little success which has been won in

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faithful service—that demands more courage than the battle-line. Since the slaves were freed, no people in this land have struggled against their chains with such bitter tears as the German-Americans in the last seven months.

It was most natural for them to consider whether their cause might be helped by strictly political action. More than five million American voters feel themselves bound by blood ties to Central Europe. German victory is their silent hope: American neutrality their only prayer. Yet these five millions felt that they are powerless because their political energies never have been concentrated in common action. They are scattered, and their tendencies were divergent until the gigantic calamity made them feel that they were one after all. They had never interested themselves in practical politics. While there were one hundred and seventy congressmen of Irish descent in Washington, there have never been more than a handful of German-Americans. Of course, those Irishmen do not form a party; and no one dreamed of creating a German party beside the Demo-

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crats and Republicans. Nothing could be more ruinous to American life than a House of Representatives who represent only racial groups of the country. Yet those one hundred and seventy Irishmen mean an influence by which the demands of the Irish-Americans can secure respect and fulfilment. If the German element, backed by a united organization, should become a serious factor in the practical political life of the nation, if those who preach hatred against Germany were defeated in elections wherever possible, if a hundred or more Democrats and Republicans of German descent were carried into the House, a repetition of that unspeakable moral misery of the twenty million German-Americans would become impossible.

Will these wishes be fulfilled? They will hardly lead to success, unless the sentiment and conviction is unanimous, and it is hardly in the German character not to have split off factions with special wishes and special ideas. Objections to such a plan, of course, lie on the surface. Efforts to join the German and Irish vote in a movement against a too fervent pro-English policy of the country have

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been started repeatedly. But those who warned the German-Americans against such an alliance were surely not their worst friends. They felt in those peaceful years that the friendship of Germany, England and America ought to be the goal for the foreign policy and the friendliest intimacy of the German-Americans and the Anglo-Americans would be the most favorable condition for the cultural influence of the German-American element. It is not surprising that this opinion still makes itself felt and brings an element of discord into the discussion of the plans. This opposition which was wise in the past is probably bad policy today, because it has always appealed only to a narrow set, and the hour of danger demands solutions which appeal to the masses. It is a significant symptom that those who took the stand against the political organization of the German-Americans found the wildest applause in those dailies and weeklies which are the spokesmen of the most malicious hatred against Germany and Austria. The tomorrow of the German-Americans remains another great open question.

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But whatever their political task, will their cultural mission be changed? The more the American nation has understood that its culture is to grow from all its racial elements, the more the German-Americans have felt that they are true Americans only if they contribute the best and soundest and noblest of their German traditions. Therefore they have kept the German language alive and cultivated German literature and music, German customs and traditions, and remained in contact with the new German life of the fatherland. This made them at the same time the natural mediators between Germany and the United States, and the cordial friendship of the two lands was their constant care. The Germans at home and many a German here coöperated with the German-Americans; above all, the best American elements, grateful for the gifts of German education and scholarship and of all which German culture had given to them, entered heartily into these endeavors. They had never been more promising and more successful than in recent years. Since the beginning of this century the official contact between the two nations

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took more and more a cultural aspect. The Congress of Arts and Sciences at the St. Louis World's Fair, which brought a hundred German scholars to these shores, Prince Henry's visit, the institution of the exchange professors, the Germanic Museum, the Germanistic societies in New York, Boston, Chicago and elsewhere, the foundation of the Amerika-Institut in Berlin, all were only symbols and symptoms of a cultural harmony which we thought would last forever. And we who have devoted every heart-beat of our energy to this friendship from land to land feel as if a new time were coming, and like the old gladiators who were to die, nothing is left to us but a *morituri te salutamus*. German culture, which has given many of the best impulses to American life through half a century, is suddenly nothing but an object of ridicule. And the echo sounds from Germany: on all sides it is heard that the Germans will never again return to their whole-hearted, cordial internationalism of culture which the world has rejected with such ingratitude. The Germans say rightly that it was always their aim to be in contact with the culture of

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all foreign nations, but that they tried more earnestly and more sincerely to gain the cultural friendship of America than of any land. But can this really be the last word? In the imbittered hour the quiet work may appear lost and the highest values destroyed; the day seems to be given over to the intellectual mob from the penny-a-liner who writes about the German Crown Prince's thefts in the French castles to the dollar-a-liner who declaims on the collapse of German scholarship. But that will not be and cannot be the American sentiment of tomorrow. From the blood-soaked battlefields of the intellect, a lasting peace will spring, too.

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Last week the Germans and many German-Americans of Boston sat down at a banquet truly unusual. On a moonlit night we came together on board the famous steamer *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* of the North German Lloyd, which, together with the *Amerika* and the *Cleveland* of the Hamburg-American Line, is interned for the war time in Boston harbor. The wonderful halls of the ship gleamed in their festival beauty, the stewards

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served, the ship's orchestra played, as if it were a gay dinner in midocean. I had been asked to speak a serious word to the men and women who filled the large dining-hall. I spoke to them about the deepest meaning of the war, of the dangers and the blessings of the great hour, of the fears and the hopes, and I ended my long speech, I think, with about these words.

“Beautiful have been these festive hours, and yet, my friends, have they not been haunted by strange emotions? Every one of us has sat many a time at such captains' dinners on shipboard when the pennants were gaily fluttering in the wind and when every pulse-beat of the engines brought us nearer to the harbor of our wishes. Today the engines are still, and this silence oppresses us as if it were a symbol of our day. It reminds us that in the peaceful past these ships plying back and forth between the United States and Germany were the bearers of abundant good will. Every one of us and every passenger who crossed the ocean on them was more than a passenger. He went, knowingly or not, as an envoy of friendship.

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Everyone helped to dispel the European prejudices about America and the American errors about Europe, everyone brought the cordial regard of his home to the foreign border. It is only fitting that the ships lie idle at the pier, as those good wishes and hearty feelings which they carried are paralyzed, and estrangement and bitterness against Germany have taken their place in the American mind. No: we cannot forget that on the other side of this harbor, in this very hour of the night, piles of ammunition and hundreds of horses for the war are being loaded that they may go out tomorrow over the sea for the relentless fight against Germany.

But, my friends, we all know the mighty engines of this ship will throb again, the pennants will laugh again on the homeward way; and this may happen much sooner than we expect tonight in the distress of this winter. But when the blessing of peace comes and the chains of the enslaved ships are broken, then let us be fair, and let us pledge even today that we will not yield to hasty and superficial emotions, but will see the great things great. Let us forget all hatred

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and let us rather think of the tremendous ideal gain this war has meant for the whole of Europe in spite of all the suffering. There is no one country in this war which will not be nearer to high ideals. The storm will have blown away the foam and the scum with which in modern times the true values have been covered. There was too much sham and too much ostentation in the world, too much slavery to man's own selfish wishes; and this slavery has been abolished. The idea of loyalty and devotion and self-sacrifice, the belief in higher demands than mere pleasure and comfort, the faith in the eternal values, have once more taken hold of old Europe. Such a prize can never be won without paying for it in suffering and tears.

But we must and will forget also the suffering which came to us here on American soil, to us who had put our loving faith in the American-German friendship. In the pain of our surprise we may feel as if the majority of the American people is swayed by passionate hatred against the Germany which we love and that it has done a wrong which the Germans and all the American

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sympathizers with Germany ought never to forgive. But no sentiment is more to be condemned. We have no right to overlook the unfortunate events which almost forced the American public to form cruelly unjust judgments. Everyone knows today how the clay of public opinion was molded by English masters of the craft. In those first weeks after the cables were cut, a firm attitude was taken, and a mind which is made up does not, nay cannot, be opened to the voice of neutral truth. It was not really ill will; it was the best will, pitifully perverted. Our task is not to accuse, but to understand the misunderstanding. The time is near when fair America will grasp the historic meaning and the pathos of the great struggle and will respect alike all the nations which offered their all in the defense of their national ideals. We understand why this respect was withheld from the one people which has the cleanest conscience and we know that with the respect will come admiration and love. We shall forget and we shall love America no less. The anchors of these ships will soon be weighed, and I hope heartily that as be-

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fore they will make their friendly calls at Boulogne and Cherbourg, at Plymouth and Southampton. The welcome of England and France will not fail them when they come as the great messengers of cordial friendship from the American to the German shore, and carry at their bow the radiant banner of peace."



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