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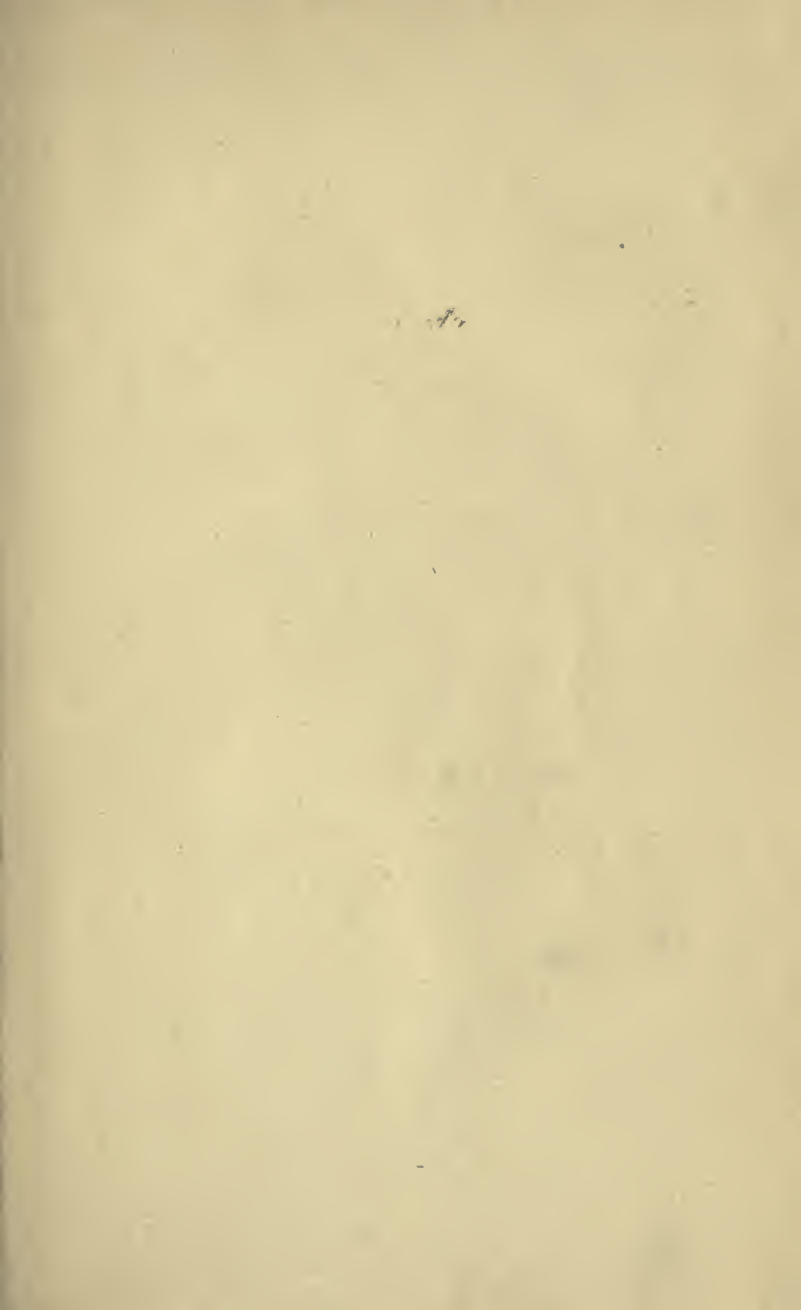








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# The Folly of Nations

BY

FREDERICK PALMER

Author of

"The Last Shot," "My Year of the Great War,"

"America in France," etc.



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## TO THE READER

Looking down from the gallery upon the first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations I counted the nations present. There were forty-three. Then I counted those whom I had seen at war at least once in the seventeen years between my baptism of fire and the outbreak of the World War. The number was thirteen; including the World War it was eighteen. This sum in addition might well have made me seem superlatively old at the age of forty-seven. On the contrary, after a moment's reflection, I felt young and hopeful. The record of the next quarter of a century could be hardly worse than that of the previous quarter of a century, and it might be better.

Friends whom I met in the gallery thought that I had missed my direction and arrived at the wrong address; and they informed me that this was a gathering of peacemakers. My answer was that to cure a disease you must first know the disease. I knew war. I had come to Geneva, as a specialist in one disease, to gain further knowledge of my subject by observing an experiment for its cure.

It has been said that every human being has one real book in him out of his experience of life. This

is my real book out of my experience, a successor to *The Last Shot*. I had already begun writing it at Geneva; it was in my mind at the close of my first campaign: but another war, and then another, kept calling me to further study of the most monstrous, alluring and foolish of human dramas.

As a veteran prospector continues to rove over rough country in the hope that his hammer may chip an outcropping ledge which will bring him fortune, so I, as a follower of the rough trails of war, was ever seeking the solution of the eternal problem of the folly of nations only to return from each tour still baffled and to listen to proposed solutions which appeared to me to be impracticable. I know that the folly of nations is the folly of human beings; the cure of the folly is in curing ourselves.

The time to publish this book was not immediately after the World War when passions were still hot. It has come now when we are at the cross roads and we must decide whether we will go east or west. I am not writing war reminiscences: not war but how to learn to keep the peace is my theme. From smokepowder days to the present, I trace, through my experience, the evolution of events and tendencies which shows how war has outlived its functions and how we human beings have the monster under our control if we will only master our subject.



If you are puzzled, at first, as to my goal I may remind you beforehand that the scenery along the route is an essential feature of this journey of somewhat vagarious observation and reflection which aims to provide you with a background when you think in international terms. You may skim the earlier chapters, but I shall be grateful if you will read *The Lure* and *The Answer* carefully. If you are an exponent of "unchanging human nature", who believes that nothing can be done to make the world more peaceful, I should like to have you sentenced to read every word that I have written and also to pay double your present share of interest on your nation's war debt and of your nation's expenditures for armament.

FREDERICK PALMER



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# THE FOLLY OF NATIONS

## I

### WHY?

THE restaurant is still there; the same table is in the same place. When I was again in Paris and passed that way in 1919 it was still favored, as it was in my day, by a particular group of students whom I regarded wistfully as I slowed my steps.

Once I took a seat at an adjoining table and tried to shed my years and to imagine that I was one of them. By avoiding the mirror opposite me I did succeed in the illusion of youth regained; but it was only the youth of the days when I was young, a youth of fustian and shallow comedy compared to that of their time. By degrees I realized that the reason of the difference was that one of them had an empty sleeve and a scar on a stiff twisted wrist. Then I achieved the youth of their time by the method that is usually fatal to middle age. I looked into the mirror to see hair that had been whitened and lines that had been deepened by the experience which my middle age shared with their youth.

As I listened to their student talk, it seemed much like ours in the late nineties around the same table they now occupied. They, too, dis-

cussed all the things that were going on in the world, and according to their variant and irresponsible but very earnest conceptions even what might be going on in the heavens! They, too, adjusted public finances when their pockets were empty, reformed politics when they did not control a single vote except their own, and criticised great writers before any one of them had yet published his first book.

For them, however, the headlines in the evening paper announcing a battle on the Polish frontier had no thrill; the word war no mysterious spell. This was the real difference between their group and ours; a difference of such deep sounding in their beings that we cannot yet measure its influence on the future. They had had the answer in long-drawn strain and horror to the eternal question of youth. In one subject their expert knowledge made all old men seem ignorant survivors of a long past age. And this was the age when I was young in Paris, and the headlines, those which told us that the Greek and Turkish armies were mobilizing.

The nineties were an era of small wars. There had been no first-class war since the Russo-Turkish. Few young men of the big nations had ever been under fire. Their only chance to see action was far afield from their home countries in the suppression of native rebellions, in an



isolated struggle between petty states such as the Greco-Turkish would be, or in Central America, where revolutions were then chronic.

So war meant to us of the late nineties the unexploited supreme adventure. Never to know it was to miss a vital human experience. We thought of it in terms of the descriptions we had read and of veteran's tales which fed the freer play of our imagination. In turn each of us wondered how he would feel when he should look in the face the hazard of death or glory. Which of us would be the first to have his baptism of fire? Where and when? There was a toast to that yet unchosen lucky one as we rose from the table to go our ways for the evening.

When I returned to my quarters I found a cablegram saying: "Go to Greece for the war!" Oh, perfect editor! Oh, true friend of youth, who had chosen me as the lucky one to see battle and describe battle in the fabled land where Leonidas fought and Homer sang.

## 2

A week later I was sitting at another café table in Larissa, the little capital of Thessaly. For the first time I was seeing the stage of war being set, sharing the emotions of a people waiting on the blow after the threat. The first time! I was young. I was voracious for impressions.

From the moment I had landed in Greece I was

checking off each scene and demonstration with the things that I had read: for I had read much about war. The crowds in Athens, greedily buying bulletins, called for war as if war were the elixir of life which would fill the arteries of age with the fire of youth, and the rapt admiration and the cheers that brought people to the curb when soldiers marched by gave living reality before my own eyes to Paris of 1870 crying "On to Berlin!" A strange dignity, a singular fatalism of movement characterized the peasants summoned into uniform, whether in columns of infantry or manning the creaking artillery, on their way to the front. They might soon be in battle; they might soon have the supreme adventure. So they were set apart from the rest of mankind as prospective heroes.

Serenely the pure snow crown of Olympus looked down upon the dirty little square of Larissa, thronged with detached officers and soldiers, camp-followers, shepherds, traders, and the vagarious and the curious. Each jostling human being had intoxication's facile tongue for rumor-mongery. Suspense held all in its hectic grasp. You might hear that hostilities had already begun, and you might hear that intervention would preserve the peace, as you always will on such occasions.

No one could be more eager than I for the latest rumor. The perfect editor had said "Go to the war!" What if there were no war? What



if I should have to return to Paris without my baptism of fire? It would be like sitting for hours in the theatre, hearing the movements and the voices of the actors behind a curtain that was never raised.

A tall gaunt man with a weather-beaten face had just sat down at our table. One eyebrow was cut by a scar. He was the kind of man at whom you were bound to glance a second time. I had already heard of him. I knew that he had been at Plevna, in the Soudan, at Majuba Hill, and in the Chilean and Chino-Japanese wars. Here then was a real soldier of fortune. I was glad he looked the part. How much he had seen! Oh, if he would only talk! But he appeared to be a taciturn man, which might be natural in one who had so much he might tell.

Beside that erect, spare figure sat a plitudinous Greek Deputy. Provincialism was enthroned in his rounded shoulders sinking toward a globe of adipose, provincialism rode the flow of his garrulity. The flow swept over the absence of our interest. He had mistaken us, it would seem, for his admiring constituency.

“Even if we are beaten, war will be a good thing for Greece,” the Deputy was saying. “It will unite us and arouse our national spirit to emulate the glory of our ancestors.”

The Soldier of Fortune smiled. It was the first time I had seen him smile; and it was a

smile worth studying. Had I known it then as well as I knew it later, I should have interpreted it as "You will be beaten, of course, you know." Then he spoke, thoughtfully, a trifle didactically, not to any one present, but to the distance, possibly to old Olympus.

"There are no good wars. All wars are bad wars!"

This from him, the man of wars! Didn't he really like war for war's sake? Didn't he really mix gunpowder with his food, and scan the day's news in peacetime for signs of future trouble? Was I to be disillusioned about him after all? Or was he only posing?

"Then why do you go to wars?" I asked.

He laughed softly.

"You had to ask that," he replied, and paused.

I thought that my question was to arouse no more response than if he had told me the time of day. Then he said, in the manner of one who is trying out his voice without any real reason for iterating the obvious to the unlearned: "Oh, I've never asked a nation to make war to please me. No need. The wars come. Don't worry! We shall have war. The fever is rising. I know the signs. I look to other indications than all this gossip. You cannot line up two armies opposite each other as these are and expect them to go home content with making faces. You will have

all the war you want, acolyte; so will the armies."

Acolyte! This referred to myself, and he was speaking directly to me. Youth was flattered. Perhaps he was not a silent man, after all. In this respect I was only too happy to be disillusioned. My eyes beamed their call for "more!" as I leaned toward him.

"Yes, yes, yes. Everybody has all he wants in every war," he continued. "I always do. Then I wait until I get restless again, as the peoples do. I go through all the war emotions myself; otherwise I should be out of touch with humanity, and feel inferior—or superior, which is it?—to myself and to humanity. I don't know what incident will start this war. An incident is always required to start a war—an incident which gives the hounds the leash. The incident will be popularly assigned as the cause of the war—which, of course, it no more will be than a sneeze is the cause of a cold."

He was still speaking directly to me. My self-esteem increased. I felt that I was tapping the lead of a rich mine. As the Deputy was showing the rebelliousness of one who does not know his subject having to yield the floor to one who does, I expressed the feelings of all present when I begged the Soldier of Fortune: "Go on! Please, go on!"

“The real cause in this case,” he continued, “is that Greece, a young nation, has been swelling up for some time, looking at herself in the mirror to see a resemblance to Minerva, and wanting to free the Greeks under Turkish rule. And the Turks have been getting more and more irritated over Greek pretensions, and longing to put the low Christians in their proper place. Some nations are always swelling up. Some nations are always shrivelling. The swelling nations fight for more room. The shrivelling nations fight to keep what they have. Greece has not swelled in the right way—too much swelling and too little substance—troops too poorly trained to go against the Turks. I remember the Peruvians——”

Here it was impossible longer to restrain the Deputy. Duty called him to protest against the defamation of his country, and he protested in a declamation so perfervid that he must have regretted that so fair an opportunity had so small an audience.

“Sir, you speak like the selfish Great Powers championing the slothful and infidel Turks, whose atrocities upon Greek women and children call upon high Heaven for revenge. Greece shall win, for God is on our side—God and the gods of our fathers who held the Persians at Thermopylæ. Man to man the humblest Greek peasant is better than three Turks. Badly armed, oppressed by the



wicked intrigues of the Great Powers supporting that foul lecherous assassin, Abdul Hamid, our men of spotless souls shall march on until their flag again waves over Constantinople and the last oppressed Greek is free from foul and unspeakable tyranny."

Some statesmen did talk like that, especially in the small outlying countries, in those days—of course, never in our day—and even in the great countries. The orator paused triumphantly, proud of his climax. The Soldier of Fortune had been drumming softly on the table as if he were beating time to a familiar tune. In common with many men of pregnant experience, who go all day on campaign with only a few matter-of-fact ejaculations, he did not want for words once he was in the mood to let them take charge of his thought.

"Yes, yes," he replied. "As I remarked, the fever is rising. Now I shall not have to tell you about the Peruvians. I see you already know by heart what their leaders said. And I am on the side of the Greeks. I always choose the lesser of two evils. I go with the side which I think is nearest the right in a war, which sometimes tries my judgment when either side is making so much noise in claiming that it is entirely in the right. It's a pretty good cause—that Greeks should live under Greek rule. I'd be more en-

thusiastic, provided I knew how to be enthusiastic, if—but thank you, this saves my reputation for being a silent man!”

For the Deputy had sprung up, the billowing rise of his adiposity nearly upsetting the table, in effusive greeting of a passing man of marvellous grandeur, whom he introduced to us dramatically as “Dumlos, the bravest of the brave!”

Now I saw the twinkle of youth, fresh to war again, appear in our Soldier of Fortune’s eyes.

“Delightfully terrible man-child!” he said under his breath, in delectable appreciation. “In the name of Boabdil, Don Quixote, shining knights in plumes, silken-clad samurai, and the swashbuckling dandies of all time, whence comes this apparition, and whither does it go to maul the dragon and slay the devils?”

Dumlos was by profession a brigand. Who would naturally fight well? Who had hardihood, cunning, and courage? Brigands. They were the men whose very occupation fitted them for war. So reasoned the close-fisted Greek traders in the Soudan and among the Turkish islands, who were giving their money prodigally to equip these rapsCALLIONS in a manner worthy of their character. The Deputy was finding it agreeable to act as dispenser of funds and propagandist of their recruiting.

It is the quarrelsome male whom nature gives

the brilliant plumage, and for once Dumlos was dressed to suit his colorful taste. A long silken tassel hung from the little red cap which was set rakishly on the side of his head. His moustache had a fierce "I dare you" twist. His velvet waistcoat flamed with gold embroidery, and his silk-bound cape, held by a silken cord, was thrown back picturesquely over his shoulders. Thick pleated fustian skirts hung from his hips, and the tassels of the upturned toes of his red leather shoes looked jauntily aloft to the tassel of his cap. His contempt for soldiers in regular uniform was that of the peacock for the drab hen; of the demi-mondaine for the scrub-woman. He was wonderful and ridiculous to me in the same way as Kaiser Wilhelm II in golden helmet, haranguing the Death's Head Hussars.

His company of a hundred followers were dressed as fantastically as he, though not so richly and elaborately. That would never do. Wasn't he chief? Napoleon did not allow others to wear a hat like his or the Kaiser allow a private to wear a golden helmet.

After Dumlos was seated and had a drink, he wiped his mustache with a kerchief of a flaring red pattern, and then shook it out for all to see. Replacing it in his belt, he still left enough of it visible to satisfy his sense of heroic display.

"Dumlos," I asked through the interpreter,

fitting my language to his understanding, "do not hold me in suspense, as these gossip-mongers and town intriguers do. Tell me! Did the perfect editor betray me? Is there to be no war? I feel that I am in the presence of one who knows."

Dumlos stroked his moustache with the gesture of thoughtfulness which becomes martial leaders who are about to deliver themselves. This was delightful; but I should really have been disappointed if he had not struck his chest a resounding blow. He struck it.

"I will make war!" he said; and I strive not to exaggerate his imagery. "No longer shall we wait on the faint-hearted shepherd while the wolves gather. I know the Turk. It is the Turk who fears Dumlos, not Dumlos who fears the Turk. I will kill a hundred Turks, no less—perhaps more. It depends on how many we must kill before all Macedonia is ours. Every man of my men will kill ten Turks. There are many other bands, though no band like mine. Yet the other leaders can each kill fifty Turks, and their men each five or six, some seven. We shall kill ten thousand Turks. There will be no houris for them in heaven."

"Good propaganda," put in the Soldier of Fortune. "Shrewd appeal to racial weakness. No Turk is going to risk his life to go to a wifeless paradise."



“We know the mountain trails,” continued Dumlos. “From our fastnesses we shall descend to raid the sheep in the fold. Will you go with me to tell the people of foreign lands how the Greeks fight? But do not come if you fear the sight of blood. The fields will be red with Turkish blood. We shall give no quarter. We ask for none. Death, but no surrender!”

Could youth refuse the invitation to such a dance?

## 3

“I’ll not be going,” said the Soldier of Fortune. “The adventure is obvious, and lacks technical interest. The commissariat will be poor. Yes, the more wars I see, the more particular I become. Aging bones and fossilizing brain, acolyte! But you go. You’ll find the elements of old there—translate them and you have the eternal elements of war.”

He paused, as if his thoughts were travelling too far afield and too rapidly for expression.

“Of course, this lot are in for a thorough licking,” he resumed. “They’ll all melt away as the wild tribes did before Cæsar’s trained legions. I’d return, if I were you, as soon as they are across the frontier and encounter opposition; not only for your own comfort, but lest you miss the play itself, which will be very short. Yes, I think this is the incident that will bring on the war. Who knows? Who knows anything?”

I wish I could give the quizzical, pondering, velvety quality of that rising inflection.

“Who knows? Perhaps some day our brigand friend will have his bold phrases blazoned on a nation’s heart for the emulation of youth in future wars. Bigger fools than he have had that honor. Perhaps he will have statues raised to him, and bankers will sit at the unveiling, and orators will glorify his career. Who can tell what will happen in the gamble of war?”

“Will you come, too?” I asked the Deputy.

“Oh, that I might!” he declared, one hand on his heart and the other a threatening fist shaken at the Turkish hosts. “I’d rather have one shot at the vile enemy than be Prime Minister of Greece. Oh, I should like to wade—to wade, I tell you, for I am a man who chooses his words carefully and means every word he says—to wade in Turkish blood. Alas for my misfortune!”

He bent over the table and gestured for the others to do the same; then whispered confidentially:

“Few know the responsibility of my position, and how I am depended upon in high quarters which I may not mention in this town honey-combed by Turkish spies. The secret and powerful agencies with which I am associated have begged me to be always in call.”

“‘Your wisdom is precious,’ they said. ‘Take

care! The flame of your patriotism will overwhelm you if you start for the front—and you will keep on, forgetting all else.’

“How well they know me! So I’ve given my word to keep away from the front, for I know that if I went there my fighting blood would make me break my word—and I am a man of my word.”

Now he put his hand on the brigand’s shoulder and struck the proper attitude for his climax, while the Soldier of Fortune again drummed the table softly.

“But you, Dumlos, you are a free man. Oh, how I envy you! Give no quarter! Kill the vermin! You shall have more embroidered waistcoats and medals. Glory and fortune shall be yours. The heart of Greece throbs for you, our hero. We shall back you to the last drachma and the last ounce of our strength.”

“Yes, yes,” mused the Soldier of Fortune. “You will organize victory in the rear!”

The chief of all the bands was an older brigand, who said that he would kill a thousand Turks. War was simple to these men-children. They were not bothered by that word impedimenta, whose meaning I first appreciated in reading Cæsar’s Gallic Wars. Each had a rifle and two hundred rounds of ammunition and a loaf of bread; for meat they would depend upon robbing the shepherds, as they did in civil life.

As they neither washed before meals nor used finger bowls afterward, the excessive hospitality with which mine host's thumb dug out that brigand delicacy, the eye, from a lamb roasted on a spit, might be repulsive to discriminative taste. When I took a bath in a mountain stream fed by melting snow, they gathered round me in kindly warnings against my folly. Possibly they thought I was mistaking the object of this homicidal expedition as suicidal.

Why is it that romance is associated with dirt and war with filth? They were a most romantic lot, bringing to life for me, as they wound in and out the mountain trails, the disorderly horde that Xerxes must have led. Around their campfires and on the march they kept up their boasting of their forthcoming prowess with a naiveté which was far more attractive than latter-day propaganda, which had the same object of whipping up the fighting spirit. Did they take themselves seriously or not, I wondered, as I have often wondered about generals who promised certain victory: and have been convinced that they did take themselves very seriously, which made them the more amazing to me, and also less reprehensible, as it freed them from the aspersion of hypocrisy.

As we approached the frontier, I heard shots to the right and left and to the rear, and occa-



sionally some absentee would reappear in the path, saying, "I killed one!"—the number increasing to two, three, and four victims as rivalry developed. No one disputed the count: that might have brought on a real casualty. Thus may the history of heavy slaughter have been recorded in Egyptian tombs or sung by primitive bards: not to mention the "terrible losses," always "much heavier than ours," which the generals of our own time always inflict on the enemy. The bards could not well do otherwise. They were in the hands of the generals; and so were the censors in the late war.

When there was proof that some of the band were really across the frontier, and that their overwhelming numbers had killed a Turkish corporal and three men on guard, I recognized this as the "incident" which would bring on the war. The Turks had their *casus belli* before the court of the Powers. Armies may bait each other for a long time before one loses its temper and strikes first; but one always does, as our Soldier of Fortune said. It's so important, too—which strikes first—for diplomatic purposes. Though it may be a subject of historical dispute, for popular purposes it is invariably the enemy who strikes first. The German soldiers believed to the last that France had begun the World War by the invasion of Germany.

Good-bye to Dumlos! Swift riding back to Larissa, which had received the news of the declaration of war! The rumor-mongers were screaming and waving flags; waiters were on the run with drinks. Our Deputy had mounted a table, his corpulency trembling like jelly as he harangued heaven and earth.

"I was waiting for you," said the Soldier of Fortune. "It's the high point of the fever. Everybody's quite drunk, as you can see for yourself. The sobering process will begin with the first news from the front. The Turks will make short work of going through the pass, which the Greeks ought easily to defend but won't, and by tomorrow they should be debouching and in contact with our main army."

There he seemed to be looking through me in a way which I felt so intensely that the square might have been silent and occupied only by him and me, so far as I was conscious of the noise around us. I had a sense that he was considering my worthiness to be the exponent of some purpose he had in mind. Shall I forget that moment? It had an influence in my life. Sometimes I have thought that it projected his career into mine, thus prolonging his.

"So be it, if you wish," he concluded. "We'll rest our horses tonight and ride out together at

daybreak, so that you will have your baptism of fire under proper auspices.”

“Yes, Master,” I replied, a little frightened whither the peculiar light in his eyes would lead me, but having through that light all the thrills that the haranguing Deputy aimed to give his hearers.

“I’ll get a mule or wagon to carry our provender,” he went on. “We’ll sleep on the ground in sight of Olympus. And you have two horses, haven’t you? Keep one fresh and in hiding. When the smash comes, you’ll have him fresh to ride away, ahead of all your rivals—young Archibald Forbes. No, I’d not have you emulate Forbes. He was only a galloper. The best of the kidney perhaps was Russell of the Crimea. He could see beyond the end of his nose. Bull Run Russell Americans called him in their Civil War. They did not like him because he told the truth. Have you ever read his ‘My Diary North and South’?”

I was proud to say that I had.

“Really, when Americans read that instead of the latest effusion of a British visitor who rides about in your Pullmans, I shall believe there is something in the Utopian dream of world peace. Mixed with reason it is excellent, if you would stop the kind of hubbub now going on in this square. You reporters of war should be the real

missionaries of world peace. So learn war—learn war from war! World peace?”

He paused in one of his silences, which were so enticingly eloquent; then nodded toward the booming Deputy and the mouthing crowds.

“By the way—not to offend your youthful chauvinism, which must consider your own country an exception—you’ll find this sort of thing described by Russell’s diary when your civil war fever was high. Erckmann-Chatrion describes it well, too, in Napoleonic days. Have you read Erckmann-Chatrion?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Really, I must say you have been trying to relieve that ignorance of the past which is the best friend of the war spirit. However, you will want to mix in this mess and absorb the war paint of all this local color about us. It rather sickens me. I’ll take a walk in the country and smoke the pipe of reflection. Remember to keep your horse in hiding—or you may not get your local color to market in time. I’ll be quartermaster. We’ll have a bully day tomorrow.”

5

Of all my rides forth to see battle, this is the freshest in my mind. Of all the days when I have felt battle’s hot breath as I looked in at the open furnace door, this holds the most distinct impressions. The sound of the guns grew nearer; we met the first groups of wounded.



“You see that they all look relieved and happy except the seriously wounded,” said the Soldier of Fortune. “They are safe out of it; their scars will be documentary proof of their heroism to point their veteran tales. I have mine,” he said, touching his brow. “It saves a lot of explanation. It enables me to avoid fire if I choose without being misunderstood. But I get no credit for the scars hidden by my clothes. The primitive warriors who wore only breechclouts had the advantage. The more clothes we have to wear, covering our wounds, the less credit we heroes receive. So I pose a little before you. Indeed, that’s the reason I brought you along. I can put on as many lugs as I please to show you what a devil of a fellow I am.”

“I like your posing,” I remarked.

“Yes, I saw you did,” he responded. “And that man there. He’s seriously hit. He’s suffering—and wondering if he is not going to die. If he dies, though he has a worse wound than the others, he will never be able to pose or tell how brave he was. So he does not look happy. And that one is dying,—his face is blank already. He does not know what is going on in this world or the next one yet.”

Then he asked suddenly: “What are you thinking?”

“That I would not like to be that dying man, or that dangerously wounded one,” I replied.

“H-m-m!” Don’t you think you had better go back? Then you may be sure that you will not be like them.”

“I—I couldn’t go back,” I said.

“Couldn’t! that’s the word!”

“But I wouldn’t mind being one of those lightly wounded, say, with a hole through the arm——”

“Below the wristband——”

“Oh, the forearm would do. When I rolled up my sleeves to play tennis, the scar would show. And I think that would be more genteel than to have it show all the time.”

“Excellent! You please me. But if you knew that you were going to get it like that badly mauled one, would you find an excuse for going back?”

“I would,” I replied. “I should say that a badly wounded correspondent was of no service to a perfect editor. And accordingly, like the forensic Deputy, I should organize victory in the rear.”

“There you have it. It’s the gamble; it’s the hazard, whose spell draws men on—that, and your ‘I couldn’t go back.’ The hazard makes the light wound worth while. Others have to die in order that those who live may vaunt their scars.”

Every hoofbeat was bringing us nearer the field. Stray shrapnel were bursting overhead, a fact of which I was painfully conscious and of

which he seemed utterly unconscious as he continued to submit the novitiate to his catechism.

“And do you have a peculiar sort of feeling, as if your backbone was running down into your boots?”

“Yes, Master.”

“So do I,—always. I’m always frightened—but I couldn’t go back. No!” He laughed at himself. “Not when I have been posing as such a devil of a fellow before you and you are still with me. Soon we’ll reach the point where we couldn’t go back if we knew that we should be killed—and it’s that feeling that makes and un-makes nations, and rules this miserable world. Deputies exalt it; generals instil it.”

This banter was like a surface ripple of the lines of experience mapping his face, which one might study as a chart overlaid with the pencilings of his voyages, adventures, and battles. It revealed the number of his years and their teaching better than his lean and supple body, which, in Spartan self-denial, he had kept clean and sound.

“Now we’ll dismount and visit the gunners first,” he said.

Our glances meeting as we swung down from our saddles, I noted in his eyes a joyous eagerness which seemed to draw my own personality into fellowship with his mood.

“Yes, Master,” I said, striving to hold playfully to my part as a disciple.

## 6

Under the spell of that fellowship I was hardly conscious I was under fire as we watched the gunners at work, until a shell burst fairly in the battery. Then I was staring at something grey and streaked with red, oozing from the head of a soldier who had been struck down beside me: something which a second before had been the delicate organ of human thought. That spot of grey was all I could see for I know not how long. It seemed to be many minutes. Probably it was only the time a flash of lightning occupies. All my faculties were temporarily benumbed. I had the instinct to run away—but I could not run.

My first vague thought was that I had had my baptism of fire. I had seen a man killed. What was the Soldier of Fortune doing? Whatever he was doing I should do, for this would be the right thing. As my eyesight, which seemed as numb as my mind, recovered its power, I saw that he was tearing away the clothing from a shoulder, whose white skin was streaked with blood.

“Chance shot!” he was saying. “No danger, now. This battery may consider itself safe for the rest of the day.”

If there had been a second wounded man, I



should have followed example by trying to dress his wounds. When the Soldier of Fortune had finished applying the bandage, he wiped the blood from his hands with his handkerchief, as unconcernedly as if it had been water from the wash-basin.

“What do you say to seeing the firing line now?” he said.

“Yes, please,” I said, thinking that this was the thing to say, and wondering if there had been a quaver in my voice. I did not want him to think that I was really afraid; or allow myself to realize that I was. Where he said to go, I was going. I was his army for him to lead.

He was a shrewd fencer with death, defiant of death, enjoying his skill in outwitting death, as he hugged the cover of a ridge and, ducking, ran through danger zones. I felt increased confidence in him with every step. Bullets sang past our ears and whipped up spits of dust at our feet.

“It takes a thousand to kill a man,” he said. “You’ve heard hardly a dozen yet.”

So we came to the line of reserves stretched across an open field. They had been having their slow baptism in a sprinkle of scattering fire. They had not yet fired a shot themselves; they had had entirely a passive part. Their faces were pallid, their eyes glazed in apprehension. At intervals

they swallowed, or moistened their parched lips. Thus I saw them in passing, inanimate lumps of humanity.

The sight of them had been more significant to the Soldier of Fortune than to me. He spoke his thoughts as we passed on to the streak of blue ahead, where more inanimate lumps formed the front line. For the first time I heard him swear. His oaths sounded like the tearing of cloth. Evidently he reserved his profanity for occasions when high emphasis was requisite.

“You notice that the war fever is already abating. Poor peasant children! Poor pawns! Monkeys like that greasy Deputy intoxicate them with cheap oratory. Damn his little crooked soul in his fat and filthy body! He’s the kind that ought to be sent in first. Give him what he provides for others. Once I took one like him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him into a charge. Oh, the glee of it!

He laughed at the memory of it—the laugh of infernal justice.

“Poor deluded peasant children! Push them in and let them die, when all they need is somebody capable of leading them. Blithering jack-ass generalship! Officers who don’t know their business! If you are going to play this game of public murder, play it properly. Untrained men in their first battle are led up here under fire,

and given nothing to do but think under fire—think of home and mother, think how thirsty and hungry they are. Talk about the mobile offensive-defensive! My God! Can't anybody see that you must keep these fellows' minds off being killed, and put them on killing? Your Grant knew what to do with raw troops. Give 'em action! Blood 'em! This army's beaten already. Defeat written in their faces. Of all the damned contemptible, brainless, spineless, sacrifice of innocents!"

His every professional susceptibility as a fighter—not as a pacifist—was plainly writhing at the thought of such amateurishness. What followed was possible with such an army in the days when strangers were allowed to wander about the field at will.

"You lie down!" he said, as we came to the front line. The tone was that of command. He remained standing, scanning the field through his glasses. I shall not forget his pose. Soldiers were already looking up at him as if they felt a presence. He made a summoning gesture toward a major; the major, puzzled as his troops, came in magnetic response.

"There's your trouble," said the Soldier of Fortune, pointing to a clump of trees. "Smoke 'em out! Pass the word along! Turn loose all along the line into those trees, and you'll see something cheerful."

When the concentrated fire started the Turks in indecorous flight out of the woods, a glitter took the place of vacancy in the eyes of the peasant soldiers, and the spirit of battle drove fear from their hearts. A beatific smile played on the lips of the Soldier of Fortune: the smile of a father pleased with his children.

"I like it! I like it—the salt of life!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I enjoy showing you another pose—how to make men fight. I planned only to look on in this war; but I've changed my mind. These infants need me. I'm already fond of them. I'll make them believe in themselves. We'll have a time together. So you go back—and the way you came, mind. Remember about keeping a fresh horse!"

"But you have not even a revolver—only a riding whip," I protested.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "These are my arms!" he added with a sweeping gesture toward the line. "Splendid lot, my men-children, aren't they? And if I need a rifle, by that time there'll be one to spare."

"Might I stay with you?" I asked, giving my courage a screw to keep it up to my desire.

"No, off with you, you presuming amateur, you sight-seer—you'd be in the way. Haven't I already taught you enough of the rudiments to see that you would? I'll bring you back a bucketful of local color after the retreat. See



the whole! Think of the whole! I belong here, not you. Fool that I am—fool human race. Off with you!”

## 7

The fresh horse which I had kept in Larissa enabled me, as the Soldier of Fortune had foreseen, to give the first news to the world of that pell-mell retreat, in which his battalion had distinguished itself by its tenacious and desperate rearguard action. Having followed this incident, as he called it, to a close, he became a spectator again. He was sitting beside me on a gallery ridge on the day that the Greeks made their last stand with their backs to the heights of Domoko, which was a battle you could truly see.

Far away on the Thessalian plain, where Cæsar and Pompey had struggled for the mastery of the world, we saw moving red points appear out of the morning mist. As the mist lifted, they became red rivers of fezes. The ascending sun glistened on their accoutrements, deepened the red of the rivers, outlined and plotted all the parts of an advancing army, wagon trains, galloping artillery, ambulances, and cavalry. On the red rivers flowed: rivers that were human beings; rivers that broke into the dots of deploying lines, drawing nearer to the Greek infantry which awaited the attack at the foot of the heights.

It was the resplendent pageantry of war of

the days when uniforms of vivid color stood out against the background. The rifles were not repeating; there were no machine guns. Tactics were those of the Franco-Prussian War: masses driving forward close in the rear of the deployments. Black powder was being used. Little puffs of smoke broke from the rifle mouths of the skirmishers as a signal that the battle had begun. As it became earnest, clouds of smoke hung over the infantry and billowed from the salvoes of the artillery.

The splendor of the setting in the crystal air of Greece under the mesmeric skies of Greece; the majesty of the concerted movement of hosts of men in an ever-changing and developing pattern; the tidal wave of blue and red, rippling with the gleams of polished and sharpened steel, that lashed the breakwater at our feet with its thundering surf, held the vision in the aching thrall of strained effort, and left the mind, unthinking, in the grip of battle's suspense as to whether the breakwater would hold or yield.

It was not my countrymen who were fighting: the affair was not my national concern, though my sympathies were all with the Greeks. As a guest who had become a partisan, I wanted victory for our side, for the home team. I was possessed by the wonder that all this should be happening within my sight. The very spell of war's

glory was in my blood. I understood how men might dream of one day having part in such a spectacle, and afterward look back to it all their lives. The Soldier of Fortune's railing at the folly of war and the teachings of the books against war which I had read now had no place in my reflections. They were as yet narrative and literary. I had not felt them as the acid of personal experience eating deep into my consciousness: for thus far the supreme adventure, as our wounded and dead were left behind, had not ridden in the company of much horror.

That spectacle more resembled Waterloo, which preceded it by eighty-odd years, than Verdun, which followed it by twenty. No youth of today may beguile his fancy with the hope that he will ever see such dramatic and resplendent warfare. It is as dead as the jousting of knights. I was never to see it again.

"Turks coming on magnificently," my companion was saying. "Not supple, but sturdy; take their time, but don't give ground. All before you from a chosen seat in the Coliseum. I never saw its equal on a single living canvas. They used to have gladiatorial shows where men were deliberately sent to kill one another for entertainment. Have we got beyond that? Down there men are being killed for our entertainment. We think this is all right, but that bullfights are

brutal. The Romans thought their gladiatorial shows were all right. Perhaps some future eye will find this as wicked and brutalizing as the gladiatorial shows. Hello! the Turks are falling back there. Too hot for them. But they paid a price—look!”

Now my view was focussed. A part of the Turkish charge had wavered as a pedestrian wavers before a hurricane, and finally had been blown back. Marking the wave limit lay a line of still, crumpled figures, blots on the green field. A glance had destroyed for me the glory of war.

My imagination, which had pictured the clash of the Roman legions at Pharsalia, now wondered what the field looked like after that battle. Some historians mentioned terrible carnage, without going into the gruesome details which would spoil the glory. What difference, indeed, between the passions in that arena at the foot of the ridge and those of two combatants in the Coliseum? In either instance the only way to survive was to kill. These Greeks and Turks were in the very vise of war, toward which all the elements that make war, as I shall show later on, lead us as inevitably as the training of the gladiator brought him to the “Thumbs up!” or “Thumbs down!” of the arena. The Greeks in that part of the line could not leave the cover of their trenches at the foot of the ridge. They must hold back



the Turks, or, as they had been taught to believe, they would be massacred. The Turks must endure their fire or stop it by taking the trenches.

“The real test is coming on the right, I’m sure,” said the Soldier of Fortune. “These fellows are holding the center. The Turks will flank on the right.”

So that line of blots had been sent in as sacrifice. They had had no chance of victory for themselves. I saw nothing but the blots now. I was thinking of the dead. They were only Turks to the Greeks, who were low-class Christians to the Turks. For me they had suddenly become human beings.

## 8

I looked away from the battle to rest my benumbed eyes. There, in a valley at my elbow, I saw an old Greek peasant bringing his flock out of the lengthening artillery fire of the Turks. The bursts of shells which passed over the ridges where the infantry were making their stand buffeted his sheep this way and that, as catspaws of wind buffet falling leaves. After each burst he and his dog would round up the survivors again and urge them on.

I was now possessed by the hope that man and dog should succeed in their mission. Their victory was more important to me, the spectator, than the victory of either army. Once the man

was knocked down, but he emerged from the dust of the explosion undisturbed, to take a wounded lamb and nestle it in one arm while the other was busy with his crook.

In his woolskin coat and rawhide sandals, his leathery weatherworn face set, under its scrubby white beard in the definite deep wrinkles of a lifetime's watching in the hills, he must have been little different from the peasant who husbanded his flock when Marathon was fought. Surely that mongrel dog was not different from a dog of that day. To me he was a more glorious participant in the spectacle than the artillery horses who were bringing up guns on the plain, or the cavalry horses waiting for the charge. As the generals overlooked him, I mentioned him in dispatches myself.

Who would have thought of decorating that peasant with the cross of bravery? Had his flock happened to be in the path of a hurrying battery, it would have been brushed aside like a tree limb overhanging a road. Yet he was the only one in that battle whom I saw exhibiting a truly patriotic economic sense. He was conserving his country's supply of mutton, and thus preparing to pay in taxes for the shells which were destroying his sheep.

"Crowding in more Turks," murmured the Soldier of Fortune. "Bound to keep the Greek



reserves held in front. Old Edhem Pasha does not mind such a little detail as losing lives. Same old Oriental fatalism applied to the Asiatic hordes, even as in Xerxes' day. Well, the thing now is to see that flanking movement. Shall we go?"

I was glad to go: to turn my back on the scene, for I was suffering new battle fear, born of the horror of my own imagination. On the way we came up with the old shepherd, whose flock was presently out of danger and grazing, while he munched bread and olives. His dog lay at his feet, panting in well-earned rest; and the lamb which he had nestled in his arms lay beside the dog. The Soldier of Fortune bent over the lamb and found that its leg had been broken by a shrapnel bullet.

"We'll fix you up, my lambkin, so you'll grow into a big woolly sheep and make juicy legs of mutton for brigands to steal," said that sentimentalist, his thought for the moment diverted from strategic maneuvers.

As he took his first aid out of his haversack and broke off twigs for splints, the shepherd watched him with a mixture of suspicion and gratitude. I was still seeing the blots of the Turkish dead, still moodily following the train of thought which the sight of them had set in motion.

“Why? Why is all this?” I asked the shepherd through our interpreter, as I pointed to the lamb and then to the roaring field of battle still within our vision.

His eyelids drew together in a squint of shrewd inquisition under his contracted bushy eyebrows. What a strange pair we were! Bandaging his wounded lamb and asking such a question! Had we taken him for a spy? What cunning purpose must we have, we who were evidently prosperous men belonging to the battle, in asking him, the poor man, what this battle meant? He, too, was no fool; he would be polite and truthful without committing himself too far. His answer might have been given by a shepherd of Leonidas' time, out of the wisdom of his ancestors who had dwelt in the sight of Olympus.

“The Persians!” the shepherd of Leonidas' time would have said.

“The Turks!” said this peasant of the days when Danish George was on the throne of Greece.

Then he added: “It's war!”—as he would have said: “It's a cloudburst!” There had always been cloudbursts and wars and there always would be cloudbursts and wars.

“You ask why?” put in the Soldier of Fortune. “Why does the sun move? I thought you would come to this stage: all honest men do. Why? Regard your friend Dumlos! Regard the vulgar

Deputy! The first can get a group of fighters together; the second has an oily tongue. Some 'strong man'—hateful term—forms out of fellows who want to avoid honest toil a band of fighters. That was the nucleus of an army in the days when armies were begun. The army says to the fellows who work: 'Behold me, a hero! I am your romance. You pay for my keep, or I collect taxes with the sword. Be loyal to me, or I'll shame you before your neighbors and all the tribe. Would you be an ingrate? Unless brave I protect poor you, the enemy will take your sheep and burn your house, rape your wife and daughter and massacre your babies.'

"Meanwhile the enemy fighter is telling his people the same thing; they strike hands in the common interest of avoiding work and playing the hero. As for the Deputy, he's the lickspittle of kings and fighters and of the voters in a democracy, who preys on all the low passions in order to hear applause and win power. How can a poor simple mind like that of this peasant, who stands for the masses, understand the subtleties of the old, old game of which he is the butt?

"Good Heavens! How I am wasting breath on all the hoary arguments! I'll not go round and round in this circle, or I'll be up for assault on that Deputy if I meet him again. There you are, lambkin. Thank you for a chance to do the only

constructive thing I've done in this war. Now let's see about this flanking movement.''

## 9

That peasant slept on a bed of straw; he wore nothing that was not home made. Aside from apparel, his life was as simple as that of his flock. Perhaps he could read a few lines of print, though I doubt it. He had never sent a telegram; never heard a telephone bell ring. He knew no more of modern medical science than a peasant of Rameses' time. Smallpox, typhoid, diphtheria, and pneumonia were to him as unavoidable as war and cloudbursts; his answer to them was the survival of the fittest.

In Athens in peace time they apologized for his ignorance and backwardness; in war time they glorified him as a fighter. His kind formed the Ezvoni, the flower of the regular army, who had the faith that makes battle courage. Food and shelter and the care of his lambs: his life ever a struggle, as simple as daylight and darkness.

It had never occurred to him that war, unlike the cloudburst, was subject to man's will; that man makes war. Yet all around us are his betters who share his views. They are products of colleges, who read their daily papers, books, and magazines. They will talk to you fluently about psycho-analysis. They welcome all the latest triumphs of man's mastery of himself and of the



forces around him. No fresh marvels in science surprise them. They are certain other triumphs will come. Aviation, wireless, prophylactics, serums, are only milestones on the march of progress which they would continue. War has become absurd to their modern mind. They hate to pay taxes; they shrink at the thought of their sons being sent into war's shambles; yet they say that you cannot stop war. Wars always have been and always will be!

I know why the old peasant held that view. Why should they? Why? The questions runs down through the ages of suffering humanity. Why? I have asked from dressing stations to headquarters, where generals played with human lives as chessmen. As a prospector struggles over mountains and fords streams looking for gold, so on marches and campaigns I have sought the answer.

## 10

The day's end at Domoko saw us flanked as the Soldier of Fortune had foreseen. All night I kept a lockstep with the procession of army stragglers and terrified mothers, with babies and lambs in their arms and children clinging to their skirts, while they led donkeys festooned with primitive household belongings. Outcries in the darkness told of some robber, or straggler turned robber, exercising personally the *force majeure*

of belligerent states when he found something worth purloining in that miserable forced march of the victims and supporters of war.

“This will teach them a lesson—to prepare for war,” said a disgusted military attaché.

“Yes, that’s the saving argument now,” said the Soldier of Fortune. “It’s all the good we can draw out of a fiasco which was inevitable. A nation starts out saying that the only thing that can save its honor and manhood is to lick the other fellow; and after defeat it concludes that the very tonic it needed was a licking. No one must hint that the war was a mistake: that’s unpatriotic. So let us say this will be the making of Greece as a military nation.”

“Oh, never!” said the military attaché. “Never a fighting nation—not these miserable Levantines—a mongrel lot.”

“I wonder!” said the Soldier of Fortune. “Perhaps if you went back a few generations you’d find your own blood was rather mixed. As for fighting—any man will fight if you give him the right training and the illusion of a cause for which he will die. These Greeks have not suffered heavy casualties. In fifteen or twenty years they will try again to free their nationals; for that generation will want its baptism of fire, just as you wanted it, my boy.”

It happened to be just fifteen years later that



the new and better-trained Greek army won its victories in Thrace in the Balkan wars. As I write, the Turkish army is hard pressed in Asia itself by a Greek army. It was not long ago that I heard a Greek officer say:

“The sun of Greece is rising. Our ancient glory will return.”

“I hope so,” I said. “We should like you to have a modern Phidias, a modern Socrates, and schools of poets, historians, and dramatists as great in our day as the ancients in theirs.”

“That comes with wealth and military power,” he explained, enlightening my ignorance. “Constantinople and all the eastern Mediterranean shall be ours. We shall become a great ruling race.”

How could I argue with him? He had two rows of medals on his breast, and I was in civilian attire. Surely Greece is a swelling nation.

## 11

In the small hours of the morning, when the babies' cries were most pitiful, the weary mothers were calling to God for mercy, the keen air set hunger to gnawing as the steps of the cavalcade dragged and the faltering were thrust aside, I heard the Soldier of Fortune swearing again—musing, laughing, satirical, pondering, bitter oaths—while he nestled a skinny peasant child on the pommel of his saddle.

“Of course, you would not want to be saved,

when you grow up, from enduring what your mother is enduring!" he said to the child. "Then you'd be no patriot. You'd never have any adventure or excitement, or taste the salt of life. Why shouldn't I drop you head first to the ground and let you be trampled under, and have the agony over now, by Malthus! No, I'd rather kill the Deputy. You have as much wisdom about it all as he has, and you do not know your letters yet. Better not learn them—you'll get more out of the adventure by remaining ignorant."

Was he as attractive in this mood as he was taking command of the battalion? He asked the question himself.

"Humanity wouldn't say so," I admitted.

"Just grousing—no true patriot. If I hadn't my scar to show I had fought, I'd be called a coward perhaps. There you have it—the infernal spell of war that glorifies the man who leads a charge, but not the man who prevents war. But I'm going to have my say tonight."

He analyzed war in merciless abstractions; his illustrations in the concrete played back and forth from Cain to Cæsar and from Cæsar to von Moltke, until he seemed to personify all the history of war. From Plevna onward he spoke out of observation. In so far as I disagreed with his momentary hopeless view of hopeless humanity, I think I gratified the object of his tirade. His

cynicism would repel me toward idealism; and such is my purpose in repeating his talk to the reader.

“If you should see as much in the next twenty years as I have in the last,” he went on, “you’d be as wise as I about it all, and no wiser than any one of this driven crowd—yes, of human beings. So they are, human beings, the most intelligent of the animals. That’s because they kill their own kind and other animals do not, because they can afford to kill for pastime while the other animals kill for meat.”

He was eloquent out of experience, out of knowledge. Words came rushing to his tongue’s end in a press as thick as the gorge of men and animals on that road.

“You’re hungry,” he said, at last, to the child, as the first shafts of dawn illumined the wan and puzzled face resting against his arm. “No milk or bread! But there, there—think of the pretty fireworks we had yesterday, and you’ll see more just as soon as Greece can afford them.”

“A little mad, isn’t he?” whispered the military attaché to me.

The Soldier of Fortune answered the question.

“Quite!” he agreed. “Everybody else is sane. I must be like the others. Watch me effect a quick cure. Hurrah for war! It is the test of moral character! It arouses the nobility of peoples! It

protects the rights of nations! Long live our heroes! There, now you see I am quite sane—I agree with the general view.”

All the motley horror of the procession—the dumb beast-driven helplessness in human eyes—which had been hidden in the darkness, grew distinct in the light of dawn which also revealed scattered units of flight striking free from the road over the rougher ground of ridge and valley; and among these I saw the old peasant still driving his sheep. He had lost more of them, or they had been stolen, but he was husbanding the remainder methodically as he carried his wounded lamb, and the dog was still a good soldier on guard. If his grandson has gone to a good school, wears machine-woven clothes, reads the newspapers, and sleeps on a mattress, then he is told that Greek victories have made these things possible for him, and he will protect them and escape the misfortunes of his grandfather by preparing for war.

I was so engrossed in watching the shepherd that I did not notice a figure coming toward me from the wayside until he put his hand on my arm, and I looked down into the amiable face of Dumlos, the Boadbilian brigand. His tassels were gone from cap and shoes; his gold-embroidered waistcoat was tarnished; and he had only a single follower. Yet he was elate.



“Well, did you kill your hundred Turks, and each of your men kill ten?” I asked him.

“I keep my word. Dumlos always keeps his word,” he replied. “I killed more than two hundred myself, and not one of my men killed less than ten—some killed as many as fifty.”

“There, young Xenophon,” said the Soldier of Fortune. “There’s history of the old school for you—already written.”

“Then why do we go in this direction in such a hurry?” I continued to Dumlos.

He was unabashed. His imagery retained the classic flavor of his fabled land.

“You open your hand and catch the rain drops—that does not hold the storm. The trouble was that there were tens of millions of Turks.”

This implied that the Turks had falsified their census figures to fool the enemy, as the Germans were recently accused of doing.

Dumlos had given the old excuse for defeat in the land where the ancient Greeks counted the Persians by hordes. We heard it frequently in the *communiqués* from both sides in the late war. It is a valid excuse. I mention it at this time to show that there is nothing new in the way of war excuses.

“The pickings were good along the road in the night,” he remarked. Evidently he had returned



to his civil occupation. He was one of the first war profiteers that I met.

12

Once I had had a meal of curdled milk in the little town of Lamia. The Soldier of Fortune and I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. At intervals during the night I had mentioned to him the significant relation of the two facts. Now the roofs of Lamia were in sight.

“Think of that! Curdled milk!” he said to the child on his pommel, who did not understand a word he said. “We may feast, and get enough strength to carry on the war to the bitter end.”

The Deputy was sitting in front of the single restaurant in Lamia. He had come away from the front early to avoid the rush, as statesmen usually do, his flight being facilitated by a carriage as that of statesmen usually is, when they have done their part by encouraging the boys to “eat ’em alive.” Moreover, he had consumed the last of the curdled milk, which has left me with a certain prejudice to this day against visiting politicians at the front.

“Oh, if we had only prepared!” he exclaimed, ever able to turn on the spigot of oratory. “What a burden on the conscience of our pacifists! How my heart bleeds for our brave boys who fought without arms one against ten, and for their widows and sweethearts at the mercy of the

ravaging assassin. Thank God, I've always stood for a strong army. I think that we shall have peace, don't you?" Here his tone lowered to a wistful note. "Certainly before the Turks reach Bœotia. Don't you?"

"Where is your home?" asked the Soldier of Fortune.

"Er—why, Bœotia."

"Is this your carriage?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry to take it," said the Soldier of Fortune, "for this child and the mother and the other children."

"But," protested the Deputy, "I've important business in Athens. I must hold my constituency steady in this crisis. Much depends upon me.—Alas, the heavy burdens I bear! But I bear them cheerfully for Greece."

In face of his vociferations the Soldier of Fortune had already dismounted, placed his passenger in the seat, and summoned the footsore mother and the other children.

"This is stealing. There is a law. I'll—" persisted the Deputy.

"Yes, I know," said the Soldier of Fortune, gripping his coat collar to hold him back, "the law of war, which I apply in the midst of war's tumult when civil authority ceases. Perhaps you used it to get the carriage in the first place. I refer you

to Judge Dumlos. He gave me an injunction.—But think,” he went on, “of the speech to your constituency! Think not only how your heart bled for the refugees, but how you gave them your carriage!”

The Deputy brightened. He asked the peasant mother a question.

“She’s not from Bœotia!” he said resentfully, after he heard her answer.

“Oh, but your fellow-Greeks! Think of that appeal—nationalism. ‘All are Greeks,’ I hear you saying; ‘I was in the thick of it, I saw the suffering which unpreparedness had caused. Oh my countrymen, I saw the starving women and children, white-faced and trembling in fear of massacre. Should I ride? No! I gave them my carriage. I walked.’—Why, I can only faintly suggest. Think what an orator like you could do with this theme.”

The Deputy attempted an understanding grin.

“But when do I get my carriage back?” he asked.

“Why, you’ve had it a long time. There are so many refugees that we may have to wait for another war before it is your turn again.”

The Soldier of Fortune on one side and I on the other as outriders of that carriage overflowing with refugee mother and children and their household articles, while the family donkey trot-

ted behind, we left that Deputy standing in the square, the procession of retreat flowing past him. I was not worrying about his prospects. I knew that his gifted tongue and his capacity for organizing victory in the rear would soon requisition another carriage, which he would convincingly show was for the service of the state and the one way to enable him to hasten the arrangements, which he would declare he alone was capable of making, for food and shelter for all those helpless refugees.

As we came in sight of the roadstead of Thermopylæ, I saw my dispatch boat at anchor. I speeded ahead to signal her that I was waiting to come on board. Riding back for a parting word with the Soldier of Fortune, I found that he had stopped the carriage before a group of tents, and he and a trim and sturdy German nurse, as they babbled German together, were feeding his convoy of refugees. Here was a perfect German hospital unit, rows of white cots with spotless sheets, cabinets of medical stores, and an operating-room where a guttural-voiced unsentimental surgeon was working over a wounded Greek on the table.

“Now you have it! Light in the surrounding darkness! Consider this in contrast to what we have seen!” exclaimed the Soldier of Fortune, again off at a gallop on an enthusiasm, this time in admiration of efficiency. “What if these people



went to war? Order—prevision—discipline—the machinery of war-civilization. Yet these Germans—” he looked across the stretch of war to the Thermopylæ heights—“were more primitive than Dumlos, wild and disgusting tribesmen in skins, when the Spartans made their stand at the pass and brought home their own estimate of the numbers of the enemy, and wrote their own history unhampered by the embarrassing presence of you correspondents to audit their accounts. That’s over two thousand years ago—a short time in the history of the human race, which, the scientists tell us, has been blundering along many more hundreds of thousands of years since it began to walk upright than we had guessed.”

## 13

From the German surgeon I learned that the Powers had intervened. The war was over, having lasted only thirty days. It had been a bridge between the black-powder era and the smokeless-powder era. Fought in a land of buried civilizations, which looked across the wine-dark Ægean to the ruins of Babylon and to the cradle of humanity, and across the Mediterranean to the Pyramids, it had given me the background of ancient war for my future war experience.

Its swiftly run gamut from the “On to Victory!” plaudits to the bitterness of defeat had given dramatic contrast to all the elemental emo-



tions of war and the making of wars, which are always with us, and the more insidious if they are disguised by a higher organization in arms or civil life. Those refugees in the pass were like all refugees I have seen, reduced to the common level all human beings find when helpless fear and the pangs of hunger possess them in the flight from their homes. Men-children the Soldier of Fortune called the peasants in uniform whom he mesmerized by his personality. Men-children soldiers have always seemed to me, and I one of them, whether ill armed, ill led and untrained, or the pawns of a Prussian military machine. . . .

“The driver of this carriage tells me that it does not belong to the Deputy, after all,” said the Soldier of Fortune, “but to a man in Lamia. So I’ll return it to him and look over the battered army at leisure as I take a few more notes. Always taking notes—but what do I make of it? The more notes I take, the more hopeless the task of expressing myself. The forest for the trees!”

He walked with me to the shore. There I felt warmth that flattered me, flowing from the prolonged grasp of his lean hand.

“If you ever come to Galway,” he said, “I’d like to see you. I’ve a little place there where I grow chickens and pigs. Each time I return I swear I’ll never go near another war. From the chickens I learn content, and from the pigs wis-

dom. Or is it the other way around? I'll talk it over with the pigs and the chickens on my return. Good luck!"

He had withdrawn his hand as if to go; then stopped in one of his pauses as he looked away from me in seeming detachment. I imagined that a countless procession of the incidents of his wanderings was passing before his eyes, and all the actors in them were merely symbolizing a set of classified emotions whose explanation he vainly sought.

"Meanwhile, remember that Thermopylæ was fought only two thousand years ago," he said. "That was only day before yesterday in human history; and only yesterday Cæsar went forth to Gaul, and yesterday afternoon the Crusaders brawled with the Turks, and toward evening the Medici made Florence glorious. What changes I have seen in my twenty years of campaigning! You may see more in your next twenty. We are in a position today to move farther in a year than we have moved in five centuries, if we choose. Good-bye. Be a true disciple if you see more wars, or I shall have posed before you and harangued you in vain."

It did happen, as it pleased his vagarious fancy of the moment to desire, that I was to lengthen out his experience in my own, in answer to the call of the study of the supreme drama at close

quarters rather than the thrill of the supreme adventure. The winds of chance favored me in bringing my argosy home. As I cannot be young now, I am glad that I was young in the nineties and not in the sixties, and that I am living today when I can have as proper a perspective of the nineties as the youngsters of today, and as I too, shall soon have of the Great War: a thought which was responsible for my philosophical as well as physical relief when the last shell that burst near me in the Argonne was gracious enough not to include me in the casualty list.

There were more men engaged at Domoko, that little amateurish battle for its time, isolated on the outskirts of Europe's armed camps, than at Pharsalia, where a day's action settled for centuries that mastery of the world which was recently fought for again in an action covering four years by armies five hundred times the size of Cæsar's or Pompey's. From Domoko to the Marne humanity, in the war sense, has traveled farther than from Pharsalia to Domoko. My experience of these seventeen years has its place in showing the development and the trend of forces and influences which provide the way for mastering, and compel us to master, the elemental emotions that cause war, if humanity would survive. Until we master them we cannot stop war. We cannot master them unless we

strip our minds clean of illusions and understand these influences and forces and how to apply them to the individual when he thinks of the mass interest.



## II

### MCANDREW'S EPOCH

Two years later I was seeing refugees flying from my own countrymen in the Filipino rebellion. Columns of smoke on the horizon marked the progress of our advance. A wanton or careless soldier had only to apply a match to a dry thatched wall of a single hut, and soon an whole village was in flames. An inexpressible pity stirred me, as I sought the shade of a mango tree from the burning sun to write a dispatch on the success of the day.

A body of brown-skinned prisoners, who were filing past, marched as in a dream, their senses still numbed by the inexplicable ferocity and precision of the white man's attack which had overwhelmed them. Nearby, dismal figures poked about the smouldering ashes of their homes. One of these, a bent, elderly man, with an unmistakable dignity which separated him from his fellows, came in the direction of the tree. When he saw that I was under it, he regarded me doubtfully and started to pass around me.

"Was your home burned?" I asked him.

"Yes, señor."

“You are tired and I am tired. Sit down and let’s talk about it,” I said.

“But you are an American and I am a Filipino,” he rejoined

“And both are human beings.”

“Señor, you are polite.”

He complied less in answer to my invitation, I thought, than to that of the shade. As all combatant and non-combatant Americans had been told to do everything they could to reassure the natives of our good intentions, I sought to convey to him our national purpose in this sweep of our soldiery over his land which President McKinley had called “benevolent assimilation.” Have you forgotten that phrase? In ’99 it was as common as “the big stick” or “too proud to fight” in later periods.

“We are here to help you—to bring order and progress,” I began.

He looked at me measuredly for an instant in the silence of hesitancy; but he was a brave spirit, this old leader of a little native community, who dared to speak what was in his heart in the presence of the conqueror.

“Do you call that helping us?” he replied, pointing to the ruins of his home. “Is that progress?”

“You make it necessary by resisting us,” I said.

"We are doing this for your good, as one has to correct a child."

"Am I a child? I am sixty-five years old," he answered. "Ah, señor, with this order and progress will you make us put in stoves to heat our houses because you heat yours in your cold climate? I understand your meaning. Some of us are not so stupid as you think. You will bring railroads, and the wires to talk over, and all kinds of machines, which you call civilization. Perhaps you'll make us all wear shoes and tuck our shirts inside our trousers, as you do. But what if we do not want that? What if we prefer our own uncivilized ways? What would you say if we tried to make you accept our ways?"

Self-determination was not then a phase appealing to public thought. We had attained only to "benevolent assimilation."

"Your grandson may like our ways. We are thinking of him," I said. "Moreover, you are not strong enough to make us accept your ways. We are strong. We have great wealth. We can bring a thousand soldiers where we have one now, if we choose. There is no resisting us."

"Yes, I know. I saw that this morning—how pitiful our men were against yours. I have heard that you pick gold off the trees as we pick bananas, mangoes, or cocoanuts; and I have heard that

there is a mountain of gold and you clip a piece from it whenever you are in need of more money. Which is it?"

"Neither. It's our industry and our machinery which make the wealth."

"That I do not quite understand. You have so much wealth and so many men that you can waste them by coming to civilize us. But you come. There is no stopping you. You come like the thunders and lightnings and the typhoon."

"Then it has to be," I reminded him.

"Yes, it has to be," he concluded. "I have been thinking of that all the morning. I bow to the storm; but it is hard to make my people understand which way wisdom lies."

2

Here I warn you that I am making what may seem a digression and yet vagarious as it is may stir to flame the embers of old thoughts. To reach the shade of that mango tree, where I continued my reflections after the venerable Filipino had gone, I had come half way around the earth, which, as I had first known it in my grandfather's study, was only two feet in diameter.

Globes were the fashion with men who were called "knowledgeable" in my boyhood. Their heirs, in rummaging garrets, cast the globes aside to cherish old andirons and warming-pans. The andirons were limited to the recesses of a fireplace;



the warming-pans relieved the chill embrace of the sheets in an unheated bedroom. They held your thoughts to the confines of cozy provincialism. The globes called your imagination abroad to other peoples and lands. Possibly globes were more common in my boyhood because our ancestors were fresher to the wonder of voyages and discoveries, and lived in the birth-time of communications that were linking peoples and lands together. Today we are too prone to take our knowledge of the world for granted.

I have reason for real affection and respect for that globe in my grandfather's study. I never set out on fresh travels without feeling that the boyish curiosity which it aroused is about to be satisfied. I never think of it without thinking of the lady who would sit on the arm of a chair while I stood beside her and we made the world our study ground and playground.

Really I should have mentioned her before I mentioned the Soldier of Fortune. It is a prouder thought that I am carrying on for her than for him; happily carrying on for either is to the same purpose. All the points that he made on the field of action about the folly of nations she made in the tranquillity of a remote inland village. By the time that I was twenty-four and met him, they had become the tenets of an impracticable idealism. I had remembered her personality, but had

forgotten the spirit of her teachings. I had to relearn them from him as each generation must relearn the lessons of war's futility and horrors out of its own experience.

In the lady's neat sitting room, where she always made me welcome, were daguerreotypes of two men in uniform. They were young, handsome, strong. In their eyes, which looked into yours so directly, attractively and enquiringly were youth's candor and fearlessness. They had "gone away never to return" when the lady was young many years before I was born: the husband first at Antietam and the brother at Gettysburg. They were the only relatives she had. Over the husband's portrait hung a medal, and the ribbon attached to it was bound with a filament of black ribbon.

"The medal is the glory which they say is mine as his wife," she said. "The crepe is what is mine all my life to pay for the glory. They say I should be proud of him: he led a charge. But I did not need a war to prove that he was brave. He had to prove that to gratify others. I knew he was brave, and that my brother was, too. Why kill them because they were brave? They say I should be happy thinking he died for his country. It's the thing to say; but that can not bring him back. If his death in any way served the end of saving other young men from death in war, that is some-

thing. It is a thought I like to encourage; and I find it thrives best when I am in my flower garden or we are looking at the globe."

She read books that her neighbors did not read; she had ideas not common among them. Ours, being a tolerant community for the time, forgave her the diversion, though it seemed a waste effort even if it did give her the illusion that she might be ahead of her time. People thought, too, that it made her unnecessarily sad. Yet I found that she had cheer which seemed to come up warm and glowing from depths which possibly her grief had found for her. Children loved her; she was always doing little acts of kindness, never pressing her opinions upon others, which further mitigated the effect of her heresies, many of which have become orthodox. As she had no blood kindred, she embraced all humanity as her kindred: and this may have accounted for her fondness for globe-trotting in a small boy's company.

"You two at it again!" I hear my grandfather say, when he came into his study to find us there.

Sometimes we are not even looking at the globe. She was telling me stories; and the story I read was quite different as she told it to me. She liked to answer questions which grandfather said I had better not bother my young head about, and the more she answered the more I had to ask. We dreamed together; and our dreams were as

visionary, no more and no less, as the dreams of comity among nations are to strict materialists. I like such dreams, even if they may not come true. They helped the lady in the memory of her dead; and they keep me thoughtful about all the dead I have seen here and there on battlefields scattered over my grandfather's globe. She was practical, too, I thought. All dreamers are to one another. Now and then the masses of people have enough faith in a dream to make it come true, and the event becomes a milestone on the road of human progress. This dear optimist, whom others thought so sad, specialized in dreams that came true, and was ever searching history for examples.

"Why did not someone discover America before Columbus?" I asked her.

"The travelling was so bad in those days," she answered. "It's much better now. It ought to continue to improve. Isn't that a cheerful thought?"

"Why is there too much water in Central Africa and none in the Sahara?"

She explained the meteorological causes, which became personified in their reality to me.

"Perhaps some day they'll be able to move some of the excess rainfall from Central Africa and increase the oases in the Sahara. Wouldn't that be splendid?"

From her I first learned, in a way to remember



it, that a dreamer who thought the world was round had to recant to keep out of jail. From her I had in the fulness of its meaning the fact that no one of all the billions of people who had lived in the previous countless millions of years had ever gone forth to sail and sail until he found the "jumping-off place."

"And the world is very young yet," she insisted, to my surprise and much to her satisfaction, as later the Soldier of Fortune was to remind me. "It's young because it likes to think that it is so old—because of the stick-in-the-muds. They're the people who want to prevent the dreams from coming true—the dreams that will enable the world to grow up. Think of the old stick-in-the-muds sitting about and shaking their heads when they heard that men had actually sailed around the world. They said it was only a sailor's yarn. You could not fool them. They had eyes. They could see for themselves that the world was flat. What their grandfathers had believed was good enough for them. We always have the stick-in-the-muds with us. Try not to be a stick-in-the-mud."

I swore that I would try. If traveling is keeping the faith, then I have kept it; but I fear that I have sometimes been subject to the influence of associations, as she warned me that I would be, when she continued:

"There are hundreds of millions of people in

the world who still think that the world is flat. Then there are other people, who, if you mention that it is round, say, 'Yes, I think I've heard that before,' but go on acting as if they thought the world was flat. They are nice, kind people too, though I feel more at home with the dreamers."

Dreamers would be at home with her, too. I imagined their shades gathering around her in friendly understanding. She included in her list of dreamers the world's philosophers, teachers, voyagers and inventors: everyone who had brought forth a new idea which others accepted. I think that she liked me for an audience because she could tell the old obvious truths in her simple way to a fresh mind, while older minds were already familiar with the truths and had put them in place according to individual teachings and habit.

When one day she asked me to put my hand over my heart, it seemed to me that I was feeling it beat for the first time: because I knew that now I was to learn something about it, which I might already have learned by rote, but which would now be wrapped up in words that would make it shine in my recollection.

"All the billions of people who had lived all those millions of years," she said, "had gone on taking medicine to cure their ills. Their wise men had gone on making laws. Their leaders of armies

had seen blood flow on battlefields. All had felt that thumping in their breasts. All knew the thumping ceased with death. But not one had ever ascertained the reason for the thumping: yes, the reason for the biggest fact about their own bodies, as the biggest fact about their daily lives was the rising and setting of the sun.

“Soon after we learned that the world was round, dreamer Harvey learned that the heart was an engine which pumped the bad blood from every part of your body to be purified by your lungs, and the pumping continued all day long, all night long, never ceasing in its steady action while you lived. Dr. Harvey was an eminent and scholarly physician, but the stick-in-the-muds would not believe any nonsense of this kind. It took twenty years to convince the medical world of the truth.”

The discovery that the earth under our feet was round, and of the laws that kept it on its course year in and year out, and the discovery of the circulation of the blood in our bodies, which keeps the human machine going, were an association of ideas that seemed to have a special appeal to the lady.

After she had made my heart beat to me, I remember, she turned to the globe again, turning it slowly, as she talked of the ebb and flow of the races on its face, and the movement of their boundary lines, and why they were settled where

they were, until the world seemed as one heart-beat of teeming life. She would smile if she were living and should see this in a grown man's book about the folly of nations: but I am only following her advice in trying to keep young, when the fault of the world, as she said, was in feeling that it was so old and yet could not grow up.

Soon after her description of the races I tried an experiment which was evidently as serious as an earthquake and a tidal wave combined, from the promptness with which my grandfather stopped further mutilation of the pride of his study. I pinned upon the countries they represented a pig-tailed Chinese for China; a booted Cossack for Russia; a slim gentleman with a beaver hat, a long spike-tailed coat, and striped trousers fastened under the insteps, for the United States; a fat gentleman in mutton-chop whiskers for England, and so on.

Now when I spun the globe, it was still a whirling ball; but the chromatic effect of the merging greens, yellows, and reds of the continents, the blue of the seas, and the black of the frontier lines, was cut by the glistening circles of the pinheads, which indicated that the globe was inhabited, and most picturesquely and variously. Meanwhile the only definite things influential in my daily life were in the room and in a circle of five miles.

To most of us the rest of the world is such a vague, scudding, faintly developed negative of a



panorama, which is inhabited, we know, but which we view, in all the movements on its surface, in the detachment that characterizes our consciousness of the continuous flow of a great river that we have never seen. Meanwhile the definite things in our life are within a five-mile circle, without our having any concrete evidence that they are influenced by what is going on in some other five-mile circle on the opposite side of the earth.

When I told the lady about the pin arrangement, her attitude was not as forbidding as my grandfather's. I even surmised that she was hiding a smile which held a glimmer of approval. Now she returned to the theme of the pattern world of the frontier lines separating the racial homes. She pictured millions and millions of little boys all over the world who had legs, arms, eyes, ears, and nose like mine. Their fathers were just as busy earning a living as mine, and their mothers just as devoted to them as mine to me. Though they had different-colored skins, and spoke different languages, and wore different kinds of clothes, which made them strange, funny, and of course inferior to me, they suffered pain, and became hungry and tired, in the same way as myself. This was a big thought, worth keeping in mind, she said. So it is, even for much wiser people than I was at the age of ten, if they would reduce war taxation in the future.

After this hint of the abundance of such phe-

nomena as myself on the face of the earth, I made a pin-prick at the point where I thought our market town should be in relation to New York. Then I took up a newspaper, and made a pin-prick in that, which I estimated, if the newspaper represented the size of the pin-prick in the globe, was about equal to the size of myself on a globe as large as the earth itself. When the lady said that I would have been nearer accuracy if I had pricked a hole in the carpet, this was so discouraging that I wondered whether or not it was worth while to grow up.

It was highly satisfying, however, to see how large my own country was on the globe, as large as China with her four hundred million people, which gave me a sense of room for my growth. After the United States I heard most about England, though not as much as I heard about what was going on in our village; and after England I heard most about Europe. I could easily cover England with one hand on the globe. It was not as large as Madagascar, which was only a name to me. I could nearly cover all Europe with my two hands, but Africa required the length of my forearm to span.

All Africa was savage, my physical geography said; and the world was divided into civilized, semi-civilized, barbarous, and savage, and into Christians and heathen. The Christians lived in

Europe, America, and other portions of the earth colonized by Europeans. According to the official ratings only they were civilized, though I judged that the lady thought the official ratings were made by stick-in-the-muds. It was clear to me what it was to be a savage; but I was puzzled, as I am yet, about that half-stage called semi-civilized.

The duty of all the Christians was to save the heathen, savage, barbarous, and semi-civilized; for the heathen could not go to heaven until they were saved, as our own clergyman reminded us when collections were taken up for missions. It seemed to please him to emphasize the idea that little heathen boys who had never heard the word might be excused from damnation, while little Christian boys who had the word preached to them twice on Sunday were certain of their fate if they were not good little boys. This inclined me to think that there was a certain advantage in never having heard the Word. So I told the lady, winning one of her suppressed smiles. The minister also dwelt on what a hard time the missionaries had. Though I knew he was such a good and truthful man, I made a mental reservation here too; for I was convinced that they must have a circus parade kind of time, seeing all the things, people, animals, and countries which my imagination summoned into life on my grandfather's globe

## 3

Then there was the "war-devil," as the lady usually called him, though she sometimes referred to him as "old god Mars" in tones of equal disrespect. She seemed to disapprove of him entirely. Sometimes a sad, faraway look would come into her eyes when she mentioned him; and again they would blaze in company with crimson spots in her cheeks. He cavorted about at his sweet will, she said, over all the lands and on all the seas. Nobody wanted him around; yet everybody cheered him when they had to entertain him. He spared neither civilized, semi-civilized, barbarian, nor savage. The Christians were always fighting among themselves; and so were the heathen. Of late, since the world had become smaller and the Christians had become more energetic in saving the heathen, the Christians were going far away from home to fight the heathen. One Christian could lick anywhere from ten to fifty heathen, according to the kind of Christian he was and the kind of heathen he was fighting. Our clergyman seemed to imply that our superiority was due to our having the true religion, but the lady, while fully conscious of this influence, said that the steam engine and the new repeating rifles were also a contributory factor.

In all countries history was made by war as



I read my books, thus confirming what the lady told me. Peace was only an interval between wars, like that between rounds of a prize fight. It was pleasant and restful, but uninteresting. So, after the people had enjoyed it for a time, the beguiling old war-devil relieved its tedium with a period of excitement.

The lady had not really left the war-devil a shred of reputation: she had said all that the Soldier of Fortune was to say to me again. Some people thought that she was prejudiced because the war-devil had taken her husband and brother. When the sight of soldiers marching by to drum-beats sent exalting thrills up and down my backbone, I was not quite certain that she was not a spoil-sport. So I went to a Civil War veteran in the neighborhood, who had an empty sleeve, for an expert opinion.

"Well, she couldn't say enough," he replied. "Especially as, being a woman, she ain't allowed to cuss right and proper as you want to, when you've got a full mind on such a subject. That old war-devil rode me around four years, and fed me on wormy hardtack."

"You wouldn't go to war again?" I asked in surprise, for I had many times heard him talk about the glorious time he had had in fighting the Johnnies in the sunny South.

"They'd have to bring that war pretty close

to home," he replied with a wink. "I wouldn't go far looking for it. It's my turn to talk about the war I've been through and play the hero. I'll leave the next war to young fellows. There's no use telling you what's a coming for you after they drum you in as a recruit and you go marching away behind the band. You'll all be wanting to go. You'll have your turn."

Why should I have toasted the one of us in that group of students in Paris who would be the first to have youth's adventure, or why should I have required the line of dead at Domoko, or asked why of that old shepherd who brought his flock through the shell-bursts, when I had had the great truth from the maimed hero of our neighborhood, confirming the lady's views, as so many millions of boys have had it from veterans supporting the convictions of women who have lost husbands, sons, or brothers in war? The veteran saw war as the shepherd of Leonidas' time and George's time and the old Filipino of McKinley's time had seen it. War came; it was like cloud-bursts and earthquakes. There had always been war; unchanging human nature compelled that there always would be.

This seems to be rambling far from the shade of the mango tree and the old Filipino, but the lady was pointing the way forward to his time and his concerns when she said that the world was

becoming so small that the Christians were fighting the heathen far from their Christian homes.

## 4

From the way that the lady chided me at times when I was obviously possessed by the war-devil of unchanging human nature, she might have foreseen the day when I should join in the toast to the lucky one of my comrades in Paris who should be the first to have his baptism of fire. *Civis Romanus sum!* I was no longer a pin-prick in the carpet, of the same size as all the other boys in the world, when I thrilled to that swelling Roman phrase. I was living in Cæsar's time. In a properly romantic and hazardous setting I was saying, "Take care! I am a Roman citizen!" to a crowd of threatening Gauls, Angles, or Teutons, who surrounded me. Later I was to understand that I was born into a conquering age and of conquering blood. The fair-haired barbarians of the past had become rulers. One's shibboleth was the word that proclaimed him an American or a French citizen, a British, German, or Russian subject.

In my village remoteness, the symbols of that age were the first "incandescent arc" lamp I saw in our market town; the roaring flight of through express trains past a country station; and the poles of the new telephone line which marched past our door into the distances of my grand-

father's globe. Echoes of the doings of the age came to me in discussions that I heard among my elders about the powerful new screw steamships; in tales of the fortunes being made in the Pennsylvania oil regions; in accounts of the machinery exhibit of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition; in the repetitions of the amazing figures of the number and strength of the steel strands of the new Brooklyn Bridge, which had just been opened to traffic.

The forerunner of this age was that of the voyages and discoveries after we had learned that the world was round. It has been called the age of steam. Certainly it may be said to have properly begun with the incoming of the steam engine. The stage-drivers' association and the sailing-ship owners' association, if they had had foresight, might have compelled the inventor to recant or go to jail. He had provided the way for better travelling than in Columbus' time, the way for bringing the five-mile circles of the globe nearer one another, whether they liked it or not. The suggestion that steel tracks should be laid across his land for puffing trains to pass in sight of his house was as astounding to an "aged nobleman in the county" as if Mrs. Smith, on her way to deliver the Jones washing, should step into a private limousine and say "Drive on, James."



The lady, who held her own view about how long humanity had been on its feet, said that it had not walked upright until the steam age. Before that it had been in the creeping stage. We were all children; humanity had not grown up yet, which may have made her the readier to excuse humanity out of the abundance of her human affection. I rather incline to her view. All the great generals and statesmen I have met convinced me at moments that they, no less than so humble a pin-prick in the carpet as myself, might be victims of adolescent emotions which humanity may outgrow.

The "nobleman in the county" had to yield to the age-drift, whether he liked it or not, in response to pressure which compels all of us to follow fashion sooner or later. Flat-world conservatives were borne along on the steam-screeching unmannerly current of progress. Invention became a rage, a habit. Every time a man missed his station on the new-fangled cars, his mind was probably preoccupied with inventing something.

"Yankee ingenuity" became the proudly borne characterization of a young nation, in which "taking out a patent right" was the inalienable privilege of citizenship. The nations vied with one another in invention. Even disputes as to which had the greatest statesman or soldier changed

to disputes as to which had the most potently contributed to the mastery of natural forces around us which we had so long allowed to be our unharnessed masters. After crawling and hitching its way along, with many slips, humanity was up the hill on a level road, making more miles in one year than it had made in a thousand. From an upright walk we passed on to the trot and then to the gallop. The telegraph, the telephone, the air brake, the dynamo, the gasoline engine, came in such rapid succession that we should have been bewildered if we had not come to take fresh wonders for granted. There was a passion for speed, for breaking records, whether in athletics or in tunnel lengths, or in crossing an ocean or a continent. Humanity was not saying "It can't be done!" but "We'll do it!" Naturally, as it was walking upright for the first time, it was bound to stumble and overrun the goal at times, and perform many strange antics in the freshness of its newly acquired power, which was more miraculous than the miracles of old.

This movement had its origin in that small portion of the earth's surface called Europe, which I could cover easily with my two hands on my grandfather's globe, and in the lands colonized by peoples of European descent. It was a Christian affair until Japan won her place in its quarrelsome fellowship: not one new invention

sprang from the heathen, including the semi-civilized. The heathen in their enormous numbers were more than ever in the outer darkness. The Christian nations had a far greater advantage than the Romans in conquering the world; for the Romans had only superior organization. We had superior organization and steam, against sail and stage-coach; telephone and telegraph against the courier; and all the inventive genius of the age contriving new weapons against the spear and the blade. It meant less than ever to be a black man, a brown man, or a yellow man; more than ever to be a white man. A new division had arisen in the world, not within nations but among nations; a new caste of patricians and plebeians; of masters and servants; of the strong and the weak. Humanity was embarking on a venture, as yet of infinitestimally short duration, whose event depends upon whether we control its ethics or allow it to roll us under.

Where the power of the Roman age was represented by one people, the power of this age was represented by several peoples, all armed against one another though all Christian. From this rivalry sprang the mutual criticism which put a check on innate conquering propensities and uncontrolled appetite. If one nation the size of Europe had had this power, how soon and how thoughtlessly it would have overrun the world

only conjecture can say. As it was, telephone stations took the place of crucified criminals along the Appian Way; and mind conquest more than ever accompanied brute conquest.

About the same time that we learned that the world was round, we learned why blood ran from a wound and the purpose of the heart's beat. This god-fathered a new era in science, just as that of voyages and discovery god-fathered that of steam: the two working together in harness to draw us along the road of progress. Man was not only studying all the material forces around him, but also his own mind and body. The light of knowledge penetrated dark places where old superstitions had held sway; analysis combated guesswork and inherited errors, medicine began thinking in preventive measures instead of poultices, and gave us antiseptics, the vaccines, anti-toxins, serums, and prophylactics, overcoming ancient scourges. Instead of a matter for public proclamation, a bath became a matter of private routine. Sanitation interfered with all the foul habits of the flat-world exponents. Four white babies attained maturity where one baby had attained it. With the exception of France, the population of all the European countries doubled and trebled from the beginning of the nineteenth to the beginning of the twentieth century.

Forests were reaped to feed the printing



presses. It became worth while to learn how to read because you could find out for yourself from your newspaper what was going on, instead of taking it from gossip. The flat-world exponents protested against each forward step in education. The old quotation that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" was ever at their tongues' end. They held that the masses were chosen to serve their superiors in unquestioning ignorance; popular education was the working companion of the new idea of popular sovereignty, leading us to ruin; and higher education should remain the privilege of a small inheriting class.

But there was no resisting the age-drift. Popular education became more popular: an essential to protecting your interests and extending them as a voter; an essential to the spread of conquest, whether of foreign lands or of the scourges, and to improved living conditions. New technical schools must teach the young all the rapidly accumulating knowledge which each generation was adding to the store. New universities and the increasing accommodations of the old could not keep up with the demand for higher education. Ignorance was no longer excusable. Ambition stirred humble minds. In the free-for-all competition of this assembly of new forces, continually increased by invention, the son of poverty might build a fortune or become the head

of a nation. The world was the Christian's nut to crack; and he found its meat sweet.

Home industry must care for the excess European population which did not join in the tide of immigration to undeveloped and sparsely settled lands, whose stern climate, under the primitive living conditions of the aboriginals, did not favor increase of population, but which now, under the conditions transplanted by the colonizers brought forth vigorous sons. Swift transit of men, goods, and intelligence made the United States united; and the realized value of intelligence, which the new and universalizing ambition of democracy expressed in unremitting industry, overspread a continent in an enveloping wave of cultivation and building.

A new kind of master, in all the progressive nations of Christendom, answered the call of opportunity: the captain of industry, who spanned the five-mile circles in the organization of the new forces, building railroad and steamship and telegraph lines and vast enterprises of all kinds. They were a new aristocracy. In Britain peerages no longer went exclusively to statesmen, kings' favorites, and soldiers, and the heads of county families, but to these victors of the new era and to victors in science, too. There were railroad, coal, manufacturing, export, and even brewer barons, who drew the shafts of the sa-

tirists; but they were worthier than the buccaneer barons or the barons of court intrigue.

Capital sought the ends of the earth to bring home more tribute from forests, farms, and mines. Bessemer showed the way to the prodigal steel-making the times demanded. Raw materials brought from distant countries were distributed as manufactured goods to the ends of the earth in return for more raw material and tropical luxuries. The laborer was living better in many ways than the king of the flat-world days. He possessed knowledge and an outlook, a sense of power over his material surroundings which the king lacked. The more comforts, the more facilities mankind gained for enjoying and improving life, the keener became his appetite for more which he could only secure by extending his conquest.

This required that there should be order in the "heathen" lands. If the "heathen" themselves could not maintain order, then the progressive nations must impose order. So it was that the "I am a Roman citizen" of the Roman age and civilization was transmuted to "I am a white man! I belong to one of the great Christian nations!" of the steam age and the Bessemerized antiseptic civilization. His flag must safeguard the emissary of progress in his uttermost isolation. His person as a white man must be sacred. His capital, his labor, the things he was building,

must be protected if he were to send home tribute and the products of distant regions; if remote harbors and watercourses were to be charted and lighted; if railroad construction were to be unimpeded, telegraph lines remain uncut, and the world's business proceed.

Europe had ceased to be self-supporting; with its increasing number of mouths to be fed it must live off the rest of the world. Not sentiment, not the vainglory of a Napoleon or a Roman consul seeking a triumph, not the tactics of a Drake seeking the loot of Spanish galleons, not the raiding adventures of a Genghis Khan, took Britain to Burmah and the northwest frontier of India, took France to Cochin-China and across the Mediterranean, or put the American Indians on reservations. It was the outward response of domestic economic demands: the self-convinced right to expansion of the Bessemerized civilization.

Britain had the seas, which were the pathway for exploitation. Hers was the largest empire; but in the days when I studied my grandfather's globe, there were still many available lands unexploited. Barely more than the coast line of Africa was occupied. Its hinterland remained dark. Had you addressed a letter to central Africa, it would have had to be sent in care of Stanley the explorer. Africa did not yet seem worth while. The nations were competing for



trade, influence, and dominion in regions that for the moment were fairer economic fields.

There was a freemasonry among white men overseas—though they were competing in the pride of nationalism and the sharp watchfulness of self-interest—whether a baker's dozen at a jungle station or on a South Sea island, or a large community in an Asiatic port. They were aristocrats abroad, if not at home, superior beings who had their own clubs, their own society and amusements. They had clean houses, clean surroundings, worshipped the gods of their civilization, followed its progressive customs and practices, so far as they could, and gathered round them its improvements, as a tiny nucleus of Christendom on the background of kraals and huts of the savage and barbarous, or of the teeming and filthy cities of the semi-civilized who served them.

The magic of their influence was the machinery which answered their will, and whose workings they alone understood. Their assurance of power was the gunboat or cruiser which might be stationed in the port. To the native mind its crew seemed, in its orderliness and disciplined answer to the word of authority, to be a part of the machinery. On a given signal its guns would blaze forth in destruction. If there were not a cruiser or gunboat in station, one came for an occasional visit, as a reminder that it could be

summoned on the wings of steam to swift redress of any outrage to the white man. The character of the whites varied from the engineer and merchant who lived up to the ethics of their superior caste among inferior masses, to the "beach-comber," who had fallen into dissolute native hands, an exile from white man's ways, yet a white man who, in a pinch, proclaimed his rights as one born of a masterful race. . . .

I shall never forget the Spaniard who greeted the arrival of our soldiers at Sorsogon, long after the Philippine insurrection was begun. We had gone to war to free Cuba from the tyranny of Spain, the Spaniards had been our enemies; but the Spanish residents of the Philippines welcomed our remaining for the protection of their persons and their property. We found that in relation to the natives they belonged to our family caste of nations. As reinforcements came from home, our expeditions gradually spread out from Manila in occupation. Sorsogon's turn had come. In patent leather shoes, velveteen trousers and jacket, too evidently taken out of long storage for the occasion, the true Don stood at the very end of the frail bamboo landing, and as the first boatload of infantry approached he cried his welcome in the only English he knew, which he had learned from the Salvation Army in Hong Kong: "Come to Jesus, just now!" his voice exploding

the pent-up emotion of the marooned at sight of a sail.

“White men! Comrades! Welcome! God bless you! How long I’ve waited for you!” he repeated in Spanish, and threw his arms around the first of us to respond in his own tongue. When he said, “You were my enemies, you—you have the faces of angels to me!” it somewhat entertained the doughboys. He was none the less a hero to them as well as to the officers: nothing in our messes, nothing on board our ships, was too good for this little exiled hemp trader. I still see him vividly as he sat at dinner with us, when he broke the thread of conversation by rising from his seat, striking his chest, and extending his arms, and exclaiming: “It’s true, you are here, my brothers.”

For eighteen months, without once seeing a white man, as he safeguarded his hemp and even his treasured velveteen trousers and jacket, he had kept the faith of the European’s prestige, which the Spanish swashbucklers and priests had first established in the islands in the buccaneer days. The world’s hungry call for hemp—hemp to make the ropes which all the world used—hastening our expeditions to open up the hemp country, expressed the economic pressure of the age, while his determined vigil, as the age’s exponent expressed the age’s spirit. . . .

As they passed by, the traders barely spoke to another set of exponents of the age. These were its evangelists, who, the traders thought, had no place in the scheme of the Bessemerized civilization. The native religion suited the natives; the white man's mission was commercial development. The missionaries, going far inland, were armed with the Word rather than the six-shooter. Their teaching of spiritual salvation as the purpose of the white man's expanding influence might well appear to the rudimentary native mind as somewhat contrary in its working out to the man-of-war's broadside or the ruthless tramp of invading white soldiery. They preached gentleness and love, yet they were safeguarded in their labors by the prestige of the gunboat, whose methods were neither tender nor affectionate.

Calculating statesmen, who felt economic pressure for further expansion, did not take the trader's view of the missionaries, who were found on occasion to serve as excellent "excuses" for action. The sentiment of a people's religious conviction was behind the missionaries. They stood in our lives for our church-going on Sunday and "asking the blessing," which was common in my boyhood days, while the traders stood for the grosser business of earning our living on weekdays.

"Go ye forth!" The missionaries went forth;



but not as Paul went. They had back of them the Roman legions.

I have felt the thrill of a thin line of coolly firing British and French and American soldiers, standing between me and the native hordes, when the harsh speech of rifles was the only word that interested me. I have felt the thrill of a lonely engineer doing the world's business so magnificently, as he held his dominion over native labor by his will and his knowledge, in bridging a tropical torrent that would bring out rubber and take in cotton goods. I have felt the thrill of looking down from a missionary's European house, on a hill-top in the heart of China, upon the small-pox-ridden and foul-smelling native city, whence came to his door scrofulous, sore-eyed, and crippled children, men and women suffering from the diseases which we do not allow abroad, waiting in hopeful turn for the magic of this evangel's healing. Each thrill had its place in the scheme of things, and left me grateful that I was not born when the world was flat.

Native resentment against this invasion of their customs and habits, against threats to their religion and to their racial superiority, of which they were as convinced as we were, was pointed by the talk of the old Filipino under the mango tree. It was everywhere evolved from the same inherent human elements, as natural as French resistance

to German invasion. The problem of the wise men among the heathen had been stated by the old Filipino. It was the problem in all "heathen" lands.

One missionary killed—a single missionary being equal to three or four traders, as the traders used to say—and a gunboat bombarded the nearest native port, occupied it, and perhaps organized a punitive expedition into the interior. The king, chief, mandarin, or rajah who misruled the land must be taught that if he did not control his mobs, the way of the transgressor would be hard. For an example must be made.

Possibly the natives assembled their hosts, invoked their gods, and broke into general insurrection. Then troops must be summoned from home; then we had a little colonial war. There could never be any doubt of the result. It was only a question of how large an army must be sent overseas. Pacification was followed by continuing occupation. Native troops and police were drilled and organized. Then, in answer to political and economic demands for a guarantee of future order, came a protectorate, eventually followed by annexation.

The latter part of the nineteenth century was the epoch of these little wars, which are still fresh in the memory of middle-aged men. It was the epoch of Kitchener and Cecil Rhodes; of Joseph

Chamberlain and the Jamieson Raid; of the jingo Americans who "spread-eagled" about our Destiny to overrun the American continent at least as far as Brazil. Kipling was its singer. His "White Man's Burden" encouraged us to our task in the Philippines.

A genius child, who played about the bazaars in the land where two hundred million natives were ruled by a handful of outlanders, he pictured in the imagery of the East the Arabian Nights' wonder of the white man's increasing mastery of material forces, which spread his dominion over the world. "Soldiers Three" were our regulars who did our fighting for us. "McAndrew's Hymn" sang the song of our mechanical power. So I would call it the McAndrew Epoch, in honor of that Scotch engineer who saw poetry in his engine.

"Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow  
of a dream  
An', taught by time, I take it so—exceptin' always  
steam  
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy hand,  
O God—  
Predestination in the stride o' yon connecting rod."  
"Folly of Nations"

The "Soldiers Three" were the policemen serving ruler McAndrew. They had courage; but courage was relatively a small factor in making

their numbers count. The Teutons of Cæsar's time who threw their masses against his legions were brave; the legions had superior tactics and weapons. Those fanatic spearmen who charged Kitchener's men in the Soudan were brave; they went against machine guns. Singularly reflective of the point of view of those in the outer darkness who faced the savage blaze of modern weapons was a talk I had one day with a Somali chieftain, spare and powerful, with skin of coal.

"The British only dare to fight when they have many big guns that toss shells over their soldiers' heads into the ranks of the faithful," he said, "and when they have rifles and pepper machines that shoot bullets a mile. They are afraid to die. We are not. Is not being brave being unafraid to die? Would these white faces dare to fight armed only with spears as we were? No. They are not brave. It is we who are brave. So they will learn when rewards are given out, in the next world, by Allah, who knows all."

I have deep affection for the "Soldiers Three," whose wars I knew so well. I feel my personal debt to them as servants of the epoch; I have a sympathetic understanding of their absence of pose, their grumbling on the march as they kept methodically plodding on. They served for adventure, for the secure existence of army life, for a private's meagre pay.



In that epoch the average youth at home never tasted fire, and war emotions must be vicariously "enjoyed" through the regulars of England, of the American frontier, and through the European colonial troops. Those hired men received scarcely more than passing thought in time of peace. It was not much of a career to be a regular soldier. You must have him as you have a lock on the door, or police or firemen to answer the burglar or fire alarm.

One day a people awoke to horror over the news of isolated women and children besieged in a heathen country. The beleaguered garrison protecting them became the personification of national heroism; the march of the succoring reinforcements kept step to the heart-beats of national suspense. Then those who would skimp the army must face the anger of the imperialists.

The story of the piper of Dargai, piping after he was shot down, of a MacDonald charging at Omdurman, or of an officer and his men who fought to the last breath against surrounding hordes, gave every fellow-citizen or subject a thrilling sense of racial pride, and rocked the music halls with cheers. An Ashanti expedition, or any other little war, being the only kind of war we had to relieve our war emotions, filled the columns of the press with personalities as fulsome as those of the society column.

“Just skirmishes,” said the veterans of the American Civil War or the Franco-Prussian. “Wait until the armed camps of Europe clash: then we shall see real war.”

That cloud was ever on the horizon of the world’s imagination; but the time had not come for it to break. It must wait on the economic pressure which would bring it on after the epoch of McAndrew and “Soldiers Three” had finished its course and its purpose.

## 5

It was in the Philippines that I saw the working of the old human elements that brought on one of these little wars, and I followed the trail of fire and sword, preparing the way for the white man’s civil rule. I might have had a broader experience of detail if I had seen the pacification of Burmah or Madagascar, but I should have been little wiser as to the meaning and character of the McAndrew epoch.

Destiny, some people said, carried Britain to the northwest frontiers of India, France across the Sahara, and Russia to the Pacific. It was a word of the time, a facile euphemism for the movement of new expanding forces, a word which, being misunderstood and glorified, has befuddled many a brain as it befuddled the Kaiser’s, and shrouded many a nation in eclipse as it shrouded Germany. Destiny, some people said, sent America to the Philippines.

“Why should we remain here nine thousand miles from home?” Admiral Dewey remarked to me one day on the quarter-deck of his flagship. “My coming was not a stroke of colonial enterprise, but an act of war. In war you seek your enemy and strike him. I was in command of our Asiatic Squadron. The enemy had a squadron in Manila Bay. My orders were to sink and destroy it. I obeyed orders. Here I am, quite comfortable, and here I may rest as long as I have supplies.”

But in his dispatch home after the battle, the Admiral, stating a military fact, said that he needed only troops to occupy the city. Our public, in the midst of the war fever begotten of “Remember the Maine” and delivering oppressed peoples from Spanish tyranny, saw their hero of a brilliant and bloodless victory alone in this distant land, of which most of them had heard for the first time, and calling for help. Every soldier wanted to be on board the first transport that left our shores to go to his aid. We took the city. Our soldiers were there.

During the Spanish-American Peace Conference in Paris, President McKinley was on a speech-making tour in the West, seeking the people's mandate. The tariff, his favorite issue, evoked no enthusiasm. He turned to the question of the Philippines. Should we haul down the flag? “Haul down the Flag?” The question brought

a responsive shudder of negation. No! Never! America would not desert her colors.

So the President sent word to Paris that we would retain the Philippines. Possibly their retention was prompted by an instinct in our new consciousness, suddenly aroused by the war with Spain, that we had become one of the world powers. Our flag waving over distant Manila touched our sense of new national grandeur; the mastery of the Pacific was a phrase flying the same appeal as the new word empire, which the Oriental-minded Disraeli had offered as a timely morsel to roll on the British tongue. Possibly we went to the Philippines to be in fashion with the epoch. . . .

Some sixteen years later President Wilson came to New York to a ceremony in honor of the dead of the landing party at Vera Cruz. Thousands of our ranchmen, prospectors, oil men, and mining engineers, representing both the appeal of poverty seeking a livelihood and the power of invested capital, were refugees from lawless insurrection and banditry. Destiny, which had here a favorite cause for springing up in panoply, sword drawn, made no response to the President's touching phrases over the bunting-wrapped coffins.

The war-fever, which had answered Dewey's call, was not running in the veins of our youth,



who were preoccupied by peaceful occupations in their own land of broad opportunities. They refused to shoulder the "White Man's Burden" by hunting guerrillas in mountain fastnesses, by patrolling hot desert sands in order to relieve their beleaguered countrymen from outrage and murder, which were painted in as vivid colors as they had been on other occasions when the fighting spirit blazed forth in the demand that order take the place of anarchy. So we hauled down the flag. Fashions had changed. Not even the voodoo excesses of human sacrifice in Hayti and San Domingo, sunk in abysmal degeneracy, could arouse our public indifference to follow our government in paternal interference; but rather, so far as we thought of the subject, we were revolted by military measures which were no harsher than those we used abundantly in the Philippines. We were nearer the end of the old epoch and the threshold of the new than we realized. . . .

We might have gone to Mexico out of economic pressure, but not to the Philippines. Our youth did not look across the sea for opportunity; it beckoned to them from their own doorsteps at home. Our merchant marine was negligible. The ships of other nations carried away our exports and brought back our imports, while immigration poured into our gates to assist us in developing our resources. Our wheel-rim was our coastline;

the wheel-rim of Europe was the ends of the earth.

The Filipinos were already Christianized. So we did not need to protect our missionaries. They had been ruled by a Christian nation, which, however, took little interest in the education of its peoples. European jealousies which would not have permitted their absorption by a European power, could not interfere with our exploit, owing to our isolation outside the sphere of European politics. We paid twenty million dollars for the Islands, a sop to the Spanish pocket which the pride of a beaten nation had to accept. The other powers wondered about our freakish policy. If we wished colonial expansion, why did we go nine thousand miles to take up the white man's burden, when one was offered at hand by the disorder of Central America? But the nations of Central America were republics; they were already free, we might say by explanation, which was hardly understood in European courts.

Colonization? We of America had no such thought. How could we? Colonization was not provided for in our Constitution. Therefore it could not have it: and it was against our ethics, too. Obviously we might not admit this alien people into statehood. We could not return them to Spain after having freed them from Spanish tyranny; we could not leave them unprotected for other tyrants to devour when Destiny had left them on our doorstep.

Destiny had given us a mission. We would help the backward and oppressed people to their own feet, by education, organization, and imposing the principles of our own free institutions. "The little red schoolhouse," symbol of our progress, should dot a tropic landscape, and rows of brown-skinned children on the benches learn their lessons from a Yankee schoolmistress. So our public saw the picture.

It was a brave, a noble idea, this which dared the precedent of the experience of generations of colonizers. Toughened old European residents of Asia, who knew that "East was East and West was West," smiled at youth and ignorance. They said that our fair intentions would be mistaken for weakness; that the natives would not understand our purpose. We would learn our lesson. The Oriental understood only force. The end would be annexation.

What were the Filipinos themselves thinking? We said that we had fought Spain in order to free them from Spanish rule. An ill-advised statement, said the older colonizers. If we had fought to free them, why not let them go free? reasoned the Filipinos. When we had taken so much trouble on their account, our people were utterly surprised to find them in rebellion. It was not the first time that the good intentions that would spread the blessings of an orderly civilization had received such a shock.

## 6

Our people thought that some one had blundered. Our intentions could not have been well explained. Then began the contest between the civil and the military arm of the epoch: the ruler who would pacify by reason, mediation, and statute, and the soldier who would pacify by the rifle. I remember how Jacob Gould Schurman was sent by President McKinley to communicate the idealism of the little red schoolhouse and the Declaration of Independence to the people who were out in the jungle, absorbing the army's idealism in the form of bullets. When two educated Filipinos came in through the lines, Schurman embraced them. How earnest he was, this president of an institution of the higher learning in distant America: how smiling and watchful they were. That contrast in personalities was the contrast of the sides to the issue.

“In our Civil War brother fought brother, and now are at peace,” said Schurman. “So we shall be brothers. I came from our President to tell you so.” (Little brown brothers! With what variations of invective and satire our soldiers rang that phrase in later months of guerrilla hunting!)

“While you have been out making guerrilla warfare upon the constituted authority of these islands,” said General Otis, commanding our



forces in the Philippines, expressing in turn the soldier's view, "your wives and children have been safe here in Manila."

"We could hardly expect less of the most civilized nation in the world, which has come to civilize us," was the response.

If the President of the United States were sending a man to ask for peace, reasoned the Filipino commissioners, then the United States must be tired of sending soldiers far across the seas to teach Filipinos what they did not desire to learn. So they went back to fighting. The thing they were fighting for, like all natives in colonial wars, was the same thing to their minds as Ireland or Poland fought for. They obstinately would not understand the difference in their case; and it was a great difference in practice, if not in theory.

As our army spread its area of occupation, the civil power must be represented by the epoch's counterpart of the Roman pro-consul. Mr. Taft, big of mind and body, a judge, reflecting with singular fidelity in his own character our institutions and our ways of thinking, had a new task for our new world civilization, a new task in establishing a new precedent in an Asiatic world used to tyranny and tribal ferocity. A great law giver and teacher, Mr. Taft stood for the majesty of

character of the United States, as civil servants in India stand for the majesty of character of Britain. There were rules that must be obeyed; there were ways of doing things that could not be neglected if he were to hold to his principles, which were to become their principles.

Contradictory evidence, petty intrigue, lying, and treachery baffled his legal mind as he undertook to raise a new fabric of society on the ruins of villages our troops had burned. He prevented further burning as the army continued its advance. He could not sow his seed until the rifle had plowed and harrowed the field. Force must bring one kind of order before he taught the ethics and methods of another. I knew both sides. I knew the soldier's side, as every veteran of colonial wars knows it in the memory of hardships which cling with the persistence of malarial chills.

"We paid twenty million dollars for a rebellion," said a Kansas soldier on the morning we began the sweep that burned the old Filipino's home. "I guess we can buy all the trouble we want at that rate. Line up, brown brothers, and let's have it over with in one big shooting match, so you can plant your rice and we can go home."

I saw him keeping a brusque faith that day with idealist pretensions. As he advanced in the skirmish line, a native leaped up behind a bush,

fired at him point-blank, and missed. He did not shoot back at the small antagonist, but sprang for him, calling "Drop that gun, sonny!" The native dropped it in awe of the approaching giant of a white man, who gave him a shaking and tossed him to the rear as he said:

"Now don't play with firearms any more, little brown brother. You behave yourself, and you don't know how slick and quick we'll benevolently assimilate you."

Six months later the same man remarked to me: "I shoot on sight anything that walks, out in the long grass. No prisoners for me! They all look alike to me—since one crept up on my best friend and knifed him in the back. Civilize 'em with the Krag (rifle) is my way."

For the natives had refused to line up and have it over with in one big shooting match. To "Soldiers Three" and to all professional soldiers this was striking foul. The real warfare only began when the natives ceased to fight in the open. Tropical climate favors guerillism. A native might sleep on the ground without blankets; his food he found by the wayside; he might swim the warm tropical streams which the pursuer must bridge for his commissariat; and the luxuriant vegetation and thick forests supplied him with hiding places. He was distinguished by no uniform, and restricted to no locality. His supple-

ness and his cunning gave him a sense of superiority over the stupid and cumbersome alien, tied to his wagon trains, his hospitals, and his garrisons. Nefarious white traders were always ready to run the blockade to supply arms to him in return for the plunder which he extorted by brigand methods from his own people.

A native who walked the streets or highways, mixing with other civilians and the conquerors, and gleaning information about some undermanned exposed outpost, might, within the hour, have taken his rifle from his hiding place and be sneaking his way to a rendezvous. The same hand that in the afternoon was raised in amiable humility to salute a sentry might strike to kill that very night.

The strength of every garrison and patrol must be equal to the attack of the strongest band that might rise out of the jungle or descend from mountain fastnesses. Garrisons and patrols and the sick list ate up personnel. A white soldier overseas was costly to maintain. White manhood had become increasingly valuable in the epoch, which was another incentive to the rapid progress of preventive sanitary and medical methods. So the nations begrudged the cost of the little colonial wars. Kitchener was able to win authority to pacify the Soudan only by "do-



ing it on the cheap." Anti-expansionists in America, little Englanders in Britain, the anti-colonial element in France, flung the weight of their influence on the side of economy, as well as against the cruel policy of conquest and the wisdom of further adventures.

After the passing of the enthusiasm over the first victories, while the natives still "lined up" for pitched battle, and the real work had begun, the people at home, having lost interest in the doings of the regulars, turned a deaf ear to the call for reinforcements. Then a spasm of horror spread by the headlines, when a garrison was surrounded and put to the death, grudgingly sent more troops to finish the job, as taxpayers shook their heads over the burden which the white man must bear.

The hired fighting man was engaged in a man hunt. He beat up the steaming jungle, forded pestiferous swamps, breasted torrents, or went thirsty in desert reaches. On hard rations, exposed to dysentery, malaria, and typhoid, he marched on until he was a gaunt and vengeful shadow of a man. Then he was given a rest on tiresome garrison duty, amidst alien swarms whose brown or yellow skins he loathed as he loathed the heat, the cocoanut palms and the banana trees.

The guerrillas were heroic to their own people

or feared by their own people, who connived at their outlawry. Proscribed for extermination by the conqueror, they became more desperate as the hunt became fiercer and the hunters more bitter. Combing drives swept the adults of recalcitrant regions into concentration camps; the suspect was subject to increasingly harsh pressure. Cumulative irritations to the tropical livers and the sun-scorched writhing nerves of the white man's full-blooded impatience facilitated the descent from statecraft's beneficent proclamations to the "water cure" or some other form of extortion of information as to the hiding place of the outlaws and their arms.

When stories of high-handed mercilessness gathered force at home, the anti-imperialists coined these in public scandal, to bring down upon the heads of the imperialists these flaming results of their lust of territory and power. An investigation ensued. Scapegoats were sought by public indignation. Accused officers, who had fought to enforce the order that the law requires, faced the law's judgment. To their fellow-officers they were martyrs to the soft-headed idealists who formed their opinions on the standards of their own civilization, without ever having known one day's hard march, and who forgot that they were sharing the tribute the hired men of empire had won.

“Only a jungle-beating doughboy or Tommy,” thought the regulars, as they held together. If soldierly justice, reading the law by the evidence, could not allow exoneration, the court martial passed a reprimand, while colleagues shook hands understandingly with the convicted offender.

But it was the public protest of humanity, seeing facts in detachment, which was the saving grace of the epoch. It stood for toleration as against force; for the salving as against the murdering spirit; for civilization by teaching rather than by the sword. Without this factor, bound up with democracy's new recognition of the value of winning allegiance through reason rather than fear, the epoch would have been thick with horror. It was a factor that played in the hands of the civil servant in his patient striving to rule without bloodshed and needless expense. It brought the era of governors-general in place of that of military satraps. The problem was always the right compromise between the military and the civil power for the most humane results in “saving the natives from themselves.”

Native troops, organized to lessen the number of white troops employed, and called to the hunt of their own people, suffered no affliction of a white man's conscience, when in natural course they applied heathenish torture or mutilated the dead. If you were to take and hold a land, there

were times when ruthlessness, and ruthlessness of the kind that the natives understood, must proceed. The statesmen knew this; the law demanded it as it demands that the resisting burglar should be shot, or the pirate swept from the seas. The thing had to be. An example must be made if the white man were to hold his prestige over the native masses.

Of all examples, that of blowing the Sepoys from the cannon, excellent morsel for a Russian painter depicting British savagery, so gentle beside Russian savagery of that time, held the imagination of the epoch in most sensitive thrall. Yet if you would command all India with seventy-five thousand white soldiers, and stop widow-burning and control famine and prevent rapine, this, too, may be defended as preventive medicine, for the same reason as lynching a negro in our Southern States. Those who tied the Sepoy to the cannon's mouth were thinking of saving women and children from another Lucknow, even as the lynchers are thinking of unprotected women on isolated farms.

The progress of civilization revolted at these horrors, which would have been accepted by a former age as a matter of course. To me they were small horrors, as I shall show, in the workings of a rapid constructive world-effort, com-



pared to the great horrors of the Great War, when the building, law-giving, order-spreading, expanding nations were engaged in destroying one another and their own civilization.

## 7

The meaning of the McAndrew epoch came as a revelation to my young mind in my first trip around the world by Suez. It was not alone at Hong Kong and the Straits Settlement, at Colombo, Bombay, and Aden, where the British flag flew, but at Saigon in Annam, where the French flag flew, that I understood how the little garrisons of white soldiers, the rulers, the engineers, the missionaries, and the merchants, few of numbers but mighty, were binding the countries of the globe together by their triumphs over time, distance, and backward minds. The thought of the India of old, her rulers trafficking in chaos, in contrast with the India of order and regulated animosities of today won a devout respect for the character of the white men who had accomplished this marvel for the good of India and of Britain, and for all human beings, whether they lived in Chile, Norway, or the Balkans.

It warranted us in shouldering our share of the burden when the Philippines were left on our doorstep. How deep have our principles been inculcated in the native mind in the short space of twenty years? Are they as yet only the veneer that

gives a few leaders their argument for independence? Are they, too, to be denied the right of self-determination?

The grandson of the old leader of his people, with whom I talked in sight of the smoking ruins of his home, if he can think that far, may no more regret our coming than we of European descent regret the spreading waves of Greek civilization or Roman authority, or the teachings of the early Christian priesthood, which battered down the suspicion and resistance of our barbarian ancestors. The McAndrew epoch has become a part of the Filipino's life; he prospers from it, his children survive through its practices; he is in touch with the outer world.

Our policy of the little red schoolhouse is still berated by those who say that a little knowledge is dangerous among incapable races. Perhaps, coming new to a part in the epoch, we were ahead of our time, as other nations have been when opportunity favored; as the British were when they supplanted Spanish colonial rule, and the French were in their democratizing methods. We may flatter ourselves that we were ahead, in view of recent British recognition of the demands that British educational methods have fostered, by the granting of measures of autonomy in India and Egypt. Whither the new movement of the con-

quered backward races, whom the progressive races have drilled in order and organization, will lead, opens wide the door of conjecture; and the consideration of the more practical question of a policy for the immediate future which will prevent bloodshed will have its place in a later chapter.

Who shall say that it is not a good thing that we remained in the Philippines to apply our principles? Or, if there were no other way to the end gained, that the South African War, in progress at the same time that we were pacifying the Philippines, was not a good thing in the light of the South Africa of today?

By 1900 practically all the uncivilized regions had been occupied. Light had penetrated the Darkest Africa of the seventies. The Congo, which Britain refused when it was offered by Stanley, who took it a-begging to King Leopold, had become a prosperous Belgian colony. In the capital of the savage Mahdi Kitchener had planted a college. The fellaheen, freed from his own rapacious rule, might consider, as he prospered, how he could free himself from British rule and thus perhaps return to misery.

In the parcelling out of dominion by the rivals, France had won a fair portion, and belated Germany, edging in where she could, was discontented with her small portion. The Monroe Doctrine prevented expansion on the American continent,

where little republics, working out their salvation in a way which the methodical McAndrew or his "Soldiers Three" could not approve, offered fair but forbidden fields to transatlantic ambitions. Marchand's march to Fashoda was the final gesture of the epoch; and I have always considered the march to the relief of the Peking legations in 1900 as turning the leaf of a new epoch.



### III

#### THE WORLD'S SORE SPOTS

EVER since the dawn of history, as my boyhood's books told me, there had been sore spots on the maps which were at once the causes and the theatres of wars. With the aid of my grandfather's globe I located the theatres with reference to one another and to the earth as a whole. Imagination picturing the costumes of the players and the background for my pageantry, I re-enacted the battles which Mr. Creasy had described—and others which I thought more interesting than those which he arbitrarily chose as decisive.

I saw the Greeks and Persians fighting at Salamis; the Romans and Carthaginians in their long struggle; followed the crusaders and the Venetians against the Turks; sailed with the buccaners who sought the gold of the Spanish Plate Fleet; revolted at the cruelty of the wars in Flanders; rejoiced in Charles Martel; marvelled at Gustavus Adolphus rising out of the snows to conquest; crossed the Alps with both Hannibal and Napoleon; was up and at 'em with the Guards at Waterloo; and fought the American Revolution

in person from the ride of Paul Revere to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Before the Christian era the sore spots were the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, the Ægean Sea, and the Indian frontier. After Greece and Egypt fell to the Roman's embracing prowess and organization, new spots developed to the westward. The sword was to have rather more than less to do after the coming of Christianity, the religion of peace and good will, which gave the old spots no rest and developed others in the Rhine, Danube and Vistula valleys, the North and Baltic Seas, and Belgium, and, with the voyages of discovery, on the Spanish Main. Rome, unchallenged in the Mediterranean, was mistress of the seas of the known world; Britain, unchallenged in the Mediterranean, the British Channel, and the Atlantic, became mistress of all the seas of the round-world age.

It was Asia which offered in my books just clues enough to its mystery to fascinate an exploring mind by its immensity. Its southern tip was under the tropical sun; its northern shore lay submerged in Arctic ice. To the east it looked out on the Pacific, and to the west its boundary was the narrow coast line of the Mediterranean, the Caspian Sea, and the modest Ural Mountains. That seemed to me an arbitrary boundary. If a narrow isthmus separated Africa from Asia and

the North from the South American continent, why should there be three continents on the eastern hemisphere? If mountains were a dividing line, why should not the higher Rockies and Andes make four continents in the West? and why should not the Himalayas make three or four continents of Asia?

Technical answers failed to satisfy me. I judged that the northern continent of the eastern hemisphere was so unjustifiably large that it had to be divided for appearance's sake, until I concluded that the division marked the difference between two different thoughts and peoples, one being Asiatic and the other European. I could not credit the fact that Asia probably had as many human beings as the rest of the world. There were so many that nobody took the trouble to count them. Vaguely I understood that the teeming Asiatic populations, which had long been "semi-civilized," had known wars and the rise and fall of nations for thousands of years. Meanwhile the American hemisphere had been sparsely peopled by savages, with the exception of the lands where Mayan and Inca culture had rein. In spite of all the ages since man had been on earth, there were only a million Indians in all the present territorial area of the United States when Columbus landed at San Salvador.

Why did we know so little about the history of

what had passed in Asia? even in China, where records had been kept so long? The lady answered this question by explaining to me that our five-mile circles were under the influence of the civilization of Greek and Roman origin which spread west and north from the Mediterranean. Why, if there were so many Asiatics, had they not overrun Europe? They were divided among themselves, it seemed, and they were semi-civilized or barbarous, and the overland travelling was bad. I was reminded, too, by the lady that my "cut-out" of the pigtailed Chinese was evidently that of a peaceful person. China was very long-lived. She was the most enormous semi-civilized mass on the face of the earth. She alone had preserved her entity while all the nations and empires from Babylon to Spain rose and fell. If she had not done this through never going to war, it must be by some secret process known only to the Chinese.

When I told Li Hung Chang in a later day that my schoolbooks had rated China as semi-civilized, he replied:

"Yes, that is the present fashion among your young nations; but you change your fashions often. There is no more telling what you will think tomorrow than what your ladies will wear. Confucius will not allow that to disturb him. Young man, did you know that China once was a



republic? I do not recollect how long it lasted, but not as long, I think, as you have had one. Yes, even China had such brief erratic moments of experiment in her youth.

“Each one of the reporters who come to me from your land says he represents the greatest newspaper, each business man the greatest firm in its line, each one of the foreign ministers the greatest nation, which can do the most for China. I am polite. I believe each one, for what he says may be true today. What will be true with you tomorrow? Does it never occur to you civilized nations that you are tiring yourselves out, so that you will have no old age? You will die a violent death while you are young. The sure way to contentment is to worship your ancestors and to have many children to worship you as an ancestor.”

On the other side of the vast stretch of Asia was Asia Minor, or the Near East. For this I had two “cut outs” in my boyhood: a “whirling dervish” and a Turk armed with a scimitar expressive of that land of dreams and religious frenzy and fierce fighting instincts. There was famine at times in the Near East; but it was not necessary, owing to the frequency of wars, to keep down the population, as in China. So the Near East had much interesting history; and that of China, locked up in hundreds of thousands of volumes, was very uninteresting, and very little studied by the white

men. In order to read these hundreds of thousands of volumes, you must read Chinese; and few white men can, a fact which Li Hung Chang would probably excuse because of our youth.

If I had marked, upon my grandfather's globe, the progress of the waves of the expansion of the white man's rule I should have found that at the end of the nineteenth century they were closing in upon China, and their semi-circle around Asia Minor was developing increasing restlessness. These were sore spots, which might be the causes and theatres of future wars.

## 2

While the other European nations, from small territorial nuclei at home, were expanding overseas, the McAndrew epoch had spanned Siberia with two lines of steel rails. The Russian flag had moved clear across Asia, from the Urals to Kamchatka, in less than a hundred years. When I crossed Siberia in 1901, the meagre decorations and wooden triumphal arches which had been erected in honor of the journey of the late Czar, as Czarevitch, through the domain of vast forests and reaches of sparsely settled land which belonged to the crown, were still to be seen in the little settlements. Political prisoners in chains were still working in the mines. The abolition of the exile system was due less to clemency than to the infiltrating lessons from the outer world,

which taught that in an age of free labor forced labor was not economic: less to sentiment than to the pressure of the McAndrew epoch.

Russia was as an overgrown, circumvented, unformed giant youth, her booted and heavy feet spread wide apart, her elongated brawny arms outstretched east and west, wrists bent and hands reaching toward the China Sea and the Mediterranean, over a circumscribed area double that of the United States. In place of our Atlantic and Pacific coast lines was the jealously guarded wall formed by the other expanding nations of Christendom, who were conscious of the potential strength of her undeveloped and enormous expanse and her hosts of rapidly propagating men-children. She was a clumsy adapter of and sharer in the inventions and improvements of the epoch, which her autocracy was vaguely imposing upon her docile hordes as a gift from him from whom all blessings flowed, the White Czar. Russia was Russia, a name to frighten other nations with her possibilities, and to bring a shudder to all democratic peoples; the darkest and most mysterious among the civilized countries, as Africa had been among the heathen.

The Russian military governor or diplomatist of those days bore himself as the representative of that overpowering Russian mass whose expanding destiny through the medium of her unpaid and

unthinking army was irresistible. But destiny, when you take it to your bosom as your own sure guide to the promised land, has a strange way of leading you into the bad lands.

In the Near East the British Navy stood guard to prevent one of Russia's outstretched hands from prying open the Dardanelles; and in the Far East it stood at Hong Kong at the southern end of China. The British had occupied Hong Kong, in order to have a harbor free of pirates and a secure naval station, in the early part of the nineteenth century, about the same time that Russia started on her expansion across Siberia. A great Chinese city had risen on a barren island, a typical British crown colony, where British rule was faintly felt but always there. From Siberia Russia's wave had recently spread over Manchuria; she held its fortress of Port Arthur. At Dalny she was building her boom city clothed in the habiliments, without the spirit, of western civilization. Between the great land power and the great sea power were the four hundred million Chinese of four-thousand-year-old China.

At the mouth of the Yang-tsze, that mighty river which bisects China, was Shanghai, the foremost of treaty ports, which had the most populous of foreign settlements in the Far East, a cosmopolitan city of progressive nationalities, each nationality for practical purposes, under the



rule of its own consul. Such indignity was keenly felt by the sensitive nationalism of the Japanese, who had also to yield treaty ports; but the mass of Chinese were hardly conscious that there were tiny sections of their coast line where extra-territoriality existed, or if they were it had no appreciable influence in their daily affairs. A thing more vital and of closer economic interest was the fact that customs dues were collected by Sir Robert Hart's service of mixed foreign personnel. Even this was of more concern to government officials, barred from opportunity of private largesse in a country where merchants were invariably honest and officials dishonest, than to the people themselves. China as a country was and is remarkably self-supporting in its varied and intensive industry, which is primitive according to Western standards. The potentiality of the trade of the four hundred millions ever calls to the trader's imagination; but to this day it is relatively small.

All of the European nations had Asiatic squadrons. Their men-of-war came and went in the China seas as a warning that the power which compelled the granting of the treaty ports and other concessions was still on guard, ready to enforce its demands and punish disorder. Other available lands already preempted, China was now the rich prize, exciting the cupidity of the

expanding powers. Partition was to be China's fate. She must succumb to the inevitable. Visitors who had looked over that ancient unique and loose political entity in a brief tour of observation, had so informed the world in their books. Sometimes the tourist's view is right. It sees in the large without being confused by conflicting details.

"I know so much about China that I have concluded I know nothing," said Sir Robert Hart, the Nestor of the Chinese Customs Service, who had spent a lifetime in China. Other Sinologues, who held the snap judgments of the tourists in kindly toleration, expressed the same opinion when your questions became explicit.

"China is China. She will always fool us," said an old missionary, who in moments of scepticism was uncertain whether he had made a hundred real converts or perhaps none.

## 3

In 1900, then, the wedges of partition were being driven in at strategic points along the China coast. There was Russia's mass already in Manchuria, and Peking itself within striking distance of her armies. At Tsing-Tau, where Germany had recently set the hobnails of her military boots to avenge the murder of a missionary, she was already looking out from the windows of the new Governor-general's house upon the province

of Shantung as her own. She could counter Russia's proximity in China by her home army on Russia's European border. The British had not only put a wedge between the Germans and Russians in China by securing a concession in the port of Wei-hai-wei, but they had their lines out for the possession of the rich valley of the Yangtze, which, with the northern frontier of India, built a barrier between the French pressing north from Indo-China and the Russians in Siberia and the Germans in Shantung.

The Japanese looked covetously at Amoy, which, however, might go to the uncertain Americans, who had recently taken the Philippines, should they remain in their expansionist mood and demand their share of the booty. Amoy was good enough for either the Americans or the Japanese, whose navies were outranked by those of Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. Indeed, spheres of influence were already so definitely outlined that it was only a question of the diplomats trading back and forth at the council table before partition was a fact. The corrupt and dying dynasty of the Manchus at Peking, supported by a second-class cruiser or two and a few gunboats and a few thousand undisciplined troops, as it played one power against the other in the cunning of effeteness, could not stand in the way of the achievement of the design.

The Chinese people themselves were not considered in the arrangement. Why should they be, when they had only out-of-date men-of-war and no army worthy of the name? It was taken for granted that in the main they did not care who ruled them, or if they did, only one province would care at a time: for China had no cohesion in our nationalist sense.

However, the increasing pressure of the white man was provoking increasing reaction in the native mind. In the spring of 1900 it came to a head in northern China where the oppressions of the Germans and Russians had been wholesale and especially inconsiderate. When bands of men, called Boxers, took the field, and missionaries, who were in flight, reported the movement as growing fast and dangerous, the wise men in Peking who knew China were not worried. There were always mobs somewhere in China, as there was always famine. Both were always local affairs, that hardly spread a ripple over the vast body of the Chinese population.

The Boxers gathered force as they marched from village to village. They surrounded Peking, cutting its communications with the outside world. The legations were besieged. Ministers and missionaries and women and children might be massacred by these badly armed, enraged, and savage



hordes of an inexplicably widespread popular uprising.

This was not a call to one nation, but to all nations. There must be a joint relief expedition; joint punitive measures, joint retributive indemnities. In cooperation the nations must go through the usual program on such occasions, which the colonizing powers had so often gone through, each on its own account, to insure future order and respect for its nationals. Imperialists said the Boxer rebellion was a stroke of destiny. It had hastened the inevitable partition and protectorates. The "break-up of China" had actually come.

It seems to me that it had when I saw off Taku bar forty men-of-war representing eight nations, as I remember, around one second-class cruiser, which stood for all the naval power of a nation of four hundred million people, which was an old nation when Rome was founded. Through the ages China had ambled on in her elephantine way, retaining her identity; but she could not withstand McAndrew and his "Soldiers Three." Yet the shade of Confucius, who knew his China better than the most venerable of Sinologues or missionaries, as he looked on, was doubtless thinking: "Here are more outsiders creating a disturbance in my China. It may last a month or a century. But it will be only temporary."

## 4

If I could have seen only one campaign excepting the Great War, I should choose the march to the relief of the Peking legations. We shall no more see its like again than we shall see the battle of Domoko under the smoke clouds from black powder. The saving of women and children from worse than death was the excuse for its grisly, unclean, revolting excesses.

I can still see the dead Chinese floating in the muddy river. I feel a spasm of nausea in recollection of the foul odors of the streets of native Tien-tsin; shudder at the ghastly fear of the populations expecting massacre, and at the pleadings of women who feared outrage by the Cossacks. I hear the cries of starving little children, who had been taught that the particular diversion of the foreign devils was killing little children.

There was such a looting of cities as must have taken place in the Babylonian time, soldiers bearing bundles of silk and vases, their pockets bulging with jade ornaments extorted at the bayonet's point from innocent householders. Each nation was giving in its own way to the Chinese an example of war's lessons which each was determined that China should understand. China must learn that she might not besiege legations. If the sanctity of legations were to be violated, there could be no relations. The Chinese could not sell

their tea and silk abroad, or buy from abroad the manufactured cotton for their garments. Abstractly, it was the most justifiable of campaigns, as it vindicated the very basic principle of international order.

The relieving nations took this for granted; but otherwise the interest of each in making sure of his share in the forthcoming "break-up of China" suggested shameless courtiers and adventurous swordsmen, plotting to secure their futures under the new king, outside the room where the old king was dying.

If the siege had occurred ten years later, when the wireless was in use, we should have had daily bulletins from the besieged: but at that time our suspense hung on the fragmentary news that came irregularly on foot. It was suicidal for a white messenger to attempt to disguise himself and pass through the Boxer-infested country. The legations had to depend upon natives, who stoically risked torture and death with characteristic individual Chinese loyalty to serve those who had been good to them. Even after having passed through the Boxer lines, they might be shot by Russian sentries before they could make their mission understood.

There was no glamor in the campaign, not even that of putting out a fire, but picturesqueness and paradox without end. It was a campaign strangely



inconsistent with the dignity of Christendom setting an example to the heathen: a campaign in the motley of the uniforms of many nations, improvised in answer to a hurry call. The sailors and marines, in the released energy of shore liberty, had at first set out with a little relief column, soon engulfed by the hordes and forced to retreat. Then the big native city of Tien-tsin, adjoining the little foreign settlement which we held, blocked the pathway of another march until soldier reinforcements should arrive. The long time we had to wait for them pointed the fact of China's distance, on the opposite side of the earth from the Occident.

Every day brought a fresh contingent of troops, as the stage was being prepared for the drama of succor in which the nations were to enact their parts in the intrigue of world policies of the time. The tolerant British were there, in their habituated consciousness of empire, as symbolized by a little nucleus of British regulars, turbaned Sikhs with their curled beards, little Ghurkas and showy Bengal lancers, and a Chinese company from Weihai-wei, all to the taste of Kipling, the bard of the epoch. The French colonial regulars and their Annamite battalions were reminders that France also had an empire. The American regulars and marines in their campaign hats came with the prestige of the war with Spain. Some Americans



thought that ours, too, should be a forward policy: we should be in the midst of the intrigue to win our share in the "break-up."

There was a free-for-all competition in the requisitioning of property and services. Native coolies bearing the flags of the nations which had impressed them were spurred to hard labor by urgent oaths in languages they could not understand. Germany, of all the common conspirators and rescuers farthest away from the scene, did not lack bunting. Her flag was flying over junks, warehouses, and carts for which her few sailors had no use. She would let the world know that she, too, was a very imperial and very colonizing power, and that she had a big army coming which would visit the wrath of God upon the heathen with a sternness that would be remembered for a thousand years.

All the difficulties of mutual understanding and common action that tried the statesmen of the Allies in the late war were exemplified, and more, too, as Germany and Austria were included in the counsels. Generals quarrelled about their rank and about who should do this and that. The German naval captain would not join in the attack on the native city of Tien-tsin because he rated relatively only as a colonel, and he had not sufficient men to be worthy of his Kaiser. For no apparent reason except that it was in the direction

of the Russian sphere of influence in Siberia, the Russian general would fight only on the north bank of the Pei river, and wanted other Allied troops kept on the south bank. Each nationality had old-fashioned contempt for the others because they did things in a different way, which is the pettiest basis of the pride of nationalism.

I listened to mutual criticisms which were the more ridiculous as they were offered in such seriousness. The Frenchman snapped his Gallic jest at German boorishness; the German saw the Frenchman as capering like an actor in *opéra bouffe*. The British and French were not allies then: far from it, as the Fashoda incident was fresh in memory. So they could indulge in all their time-honored exchange of compliments. The Frenchman could imitate the British manner, and lampoon British stupidity, and repeat his ancient belief in the perfidy of Albion; and the Briton, in easy convinced superiority, could survey the landscape whereon he recognized a mercurial gesticulating personage whom he remembered having met at Trafalgar and Waterloo, and if they met again, of course the result would be the same.

Nor was Britain yet an ally of Russia. Russia was still in the part of "~~Aminadab~~, the Bear," a huge, devouring monster, threatening the frontier of India; and Britain to Russia was a cold,

Adam-Jack

calculating land-grabber that kept the White Czar from an outlet to the seas.

The French and the Russians, however, were allies. It was the patriotic duty of each Frenchman, son of the civilization of democracy, to admire the Russian, son of autocracy. Magnificent great fellows, these Russians our allies; soldiers of unquenchable spirit and marvellous suppleness, the French our allies. Yet, though they embraced for policy's sake, the Frenchman and the Russian had about as much in common as an Iowa farmer and a Chihuahua peon.

All Europeans could find a sympathetic topic for conversation in their views of American individual brusqueness and absence of soldierly etiquette, and an erratic, untrained, juvenile purpose that refused either to be a party to the intrigues or to remain entirely outside. In turn, the Americans could enjoy their opinions of "peanut politics," applied by knights and counts bedecked with decorations to a mission of rescue, and could joke about bowing from the hips and picayune old-world formalities which delayed the transaction of business.

For deep under the surface signs of average days of peace, this intimate and hectic drama struck the bottom not only of national character but government policies that seemed as habitual in peoples as they were coolly calculated by states-



men. The good of the whole was continually frustrated by short-sighted dissensions over temporary interests, and this was to be the chief handicap of European reconstruction after the World War.

Each nation was making sure, as it openly cooperated and secretly bargained, that it should not miss a sliver of the crust of the rich and succulent pie that was presently to be divided. It was a messy exhibition of the thing we call Christian civilization; but it was the best civilization we had at that time, or possibly ever shall have, unless we imbibe some of the lady's faith that dreams will come true, unless we look the Soldier of Fortune's ruthless logic in the face.

## 5

Every one cherishes revealing moments of his life when his thoughts and his readings on a subject are focussed with an artist's definiteness of conception and composition in a single scene, which may be a first view of a Stock Exchange in session, a coronation, a national political convention, or some historical symbol of a people's glory such as the Forum and the Coliseum by moonlight or the Parthenon in the afternoon sun. The thing itself is there before you. It may confirm or confound your preconceptions.

I had such a moment when I first went ashore at Taku during the Boxer campaign. Some land-



ing from their boats, others busy with their stores, others marching away toward the front, were little yellow men in neat white uniforms. They seemed meticulously correct in all military forms; their manner augmented the effect of their ordered, cheery, smiling, ant-like industry.

All the officers, line, field, and staff, were also yellow. They had not a single white "sahib;" not a single one of the ruling caste of the earth to tell them what to do. This was indeed extraordinary.

The Japanese were making their bow as a member of the society of Christian nations in sharing the white man's burden. How could they conduct themselves in such exclusive company?

Certainly their complexion, their stature, their religion, precedents, and racial prejudices were against them. My school books had included them as well as the Chinese among the semi-civilized. Being semi-civilized, they were a little presumptuous to think they had a right to share in saving civilized men, women and children.

Only recently had they learned that the world was round. For more than two hundred years in the midst of the voyages of discovery and in the early part of the age of steam they had refused to leave their land, or to allow foreigners to enter it. They had a feudal civilization as wonderful in its way as that of Europe; ladies, and

knights who fought for them, dressed in rich apparel; a fencing, couplet-making, intriguing ancient aristocracy; a standardization of caste, manners, and customs in the smallest details of life, dispensed from the five-mile circle of an autocratic court; a people with a recorded history as old as England's, though young to the Chinese, and an unbroken line of emperors descended directly from a sun-goddess; a people whose sense of minute and conventionalized beauty in decoration revolutionized the decorative art of the world—but only semi-civilized as we could not help reminding them.

On their part they had been convinced that they were the only civilized people. So little did they bother their minds about other peoples that they had not even taken the trouble to class them as savage, barbarous, and semi-civilized. The others were simply barbarous. Let them be as barbarous as they pleased if they would only follow the Japanese rule and remain at home. If the inbreeding Jews had been a militant race, unconquered on their own soil since the days of Moses, they would have been such a homogeneous political and martial entity as the Japanese.

It was not until the middle of the last century that McAndrew came knocking at Japan's door with cannon against cold steel: came demanding that Japan should open her ports to trade. When

the Japanese asked him to go away, they were practicing in the polite extreme, without meddling in other people's affairs, the principle of self-determination. The unclean, ungainly visitor, dressed in such unsightly clothes, accustomed to wear indoors the filthy clumsy shoes in which he walked the streets, was rude beyond precedent. Despite all hints about unbidden guests he insisted upon remaining.

What the Japanese did was what we imagine that the masterful, organized, capable-minded, ruling Romans would have done if a side-wheeled man-of-war of the 1850 type could have come up the Tiber from an undiscovered land outside the Roman pale, and, its guns commanding the Forum, insisted upon the undisturbed rights of piracy in the Mediterranean, which would have been equivalent in Roman eyes to the McAndrew demand in Japanese eyes. The Japanese studied the invader's argument as the Romans would have studied it. As the Romans would have yielded temporarily in order to gain time to substitute side-wheeler men-of-war for their galleys, and rifles for their javelins, so the Japanese yielded with the same purpose in mind. They would equip themselves with the foreigner's magic and then drive him out of their beautiful land, which was superior to all barbarous lands in every respect except in that of steam and gunpowder.



The first of the Japanese "study boys" went abroad as pioneers on this errand. Among them was Prince Ito, who was twenty then. Fifty years later, in his country house, this dean of the Elder Statesmen, who directed his country to a masterful position in the world, talked to me of the revelations of his journey to Europe by Suez; and in his person he seemed to personify Japan's rebirth, her new growth, her ambitions, the while a rackful of the naked samurai blades of his ancestors seemed his favorite treasure. Poring over the volumes of Brinkley's History of Japan had given me less understanding of Japan past and present than I gained in a few hours with this wise old statesman, who happened to be in the mood to accompany and illumine reminiscence with simplifying comment.

Youth gleamed in his eyes again as he recalled his awakening to the wealth and resources of the white nations; their vast fleets and armies; their overwhelming power when they spoke and acted in chorus; their rivalry as they spread their dominion over the black, the brown, and the yellow races. Japan had so far escaped their attention because she was only some remote island dots on the big globe, not because of the gentle manners of her women, the bravery of her knights, her beautiful vases and screens, or her polite desire to be left alone.



The fate of India must not be hers. There was no way of keeping the foreigners out of Japan. If the door were barred, they would unite to batter it down, and in return for the expense of the battering they would lay such tribute and such territorial exactions as they had laid upon others who had resisted their might. Allowed to enter as guests, their importunate desire for trade satisfied, while their mutual rivalry was kept alive, Japan might keep her house as her own. She must give up her pleasant flat-world isolation and become a part of the round world, accepting its ways with a shrewd adaptability that would enable her still to enjoy her own inner life and culture.

So the "study boys," fledglings only just out of the shell, swarmed forth across the seas and lands which held for them sights as strange, ridiculous, enlightening, overawing, and diverting as awaited a youth of Pericles', Cato's, Bayard's, or Louis XIV's time, who might return to life in a Pullman car with a ticket and travelling expenses in his pockets for a round-the-world tour; and stranger, for the others would have found some basic similarity in languages and customs and processes of thought. Suddenly the curtain had been lifted for the most remote and self-centered part of the East to see the panorama of the West, in that age of steam which

was wholly different in its wonders from any other of history.

Study boys must conform to foreign manners, hold up their part as men of a proud race, no matter how unpalatable they found foreign food and how irritating the stiff collars foreigners wore, and how difficult it was to learn foreign languages which had nothing in common with the forms of their own. They brought home their notes for older heads to collate and apply in a land where a close feudal organization had made the people plastic to a changed leadership, which might decide with open minds, free from the incubus of tradition, which was the best feature of each Occidental nation for Japan to adopt in building a new fabric of industrial and political existence.

The younger generation entered into the spirit of the new era with the vital interest of fashioning a national life-raft at the prospect of shipwreck and the blithe curiosity of a woman loosed among the latest fashions of metropolitan shops. Steamships, railroads, telegraphs, sewing machines, printing presses—the Japanese must have everything modern, while they shrewdly contrived that they should remain the owners and employers, and make use of the foreigners as temporary teachers and employés. British officers taught them how to make a navy. At first they favored

French instructors for their army. When France was beaten by Prussia in 1870-1871, they changed to Prussian instructors—very politely, of course.

“The fate of India!” exclaimed Prince Ito. “This haunted companion Inouye and myself as each new port we entered, each great capital we saw on that long journey revealed the white man’s power and his vast possessions. Japan was so small; the rest of the world so large; and all the world might be against us! We must listen, we must observe, we must keep our counsels. We knew that we were brave. If necessary we could die for our little Japan. But we must not lose our tempers and fight except in the last resort. We must be wise in all things. We knew that we could stick together, unless we were badly led; for we were all of one blood, one race, one national thought. If politeness would win our way, then we should succeed. Politeness was drilled into our people. Our bows were low and frequent among ourselves. Whatever came, we could smile. This, too, was drilled into us until it was second nature. For we had our stoical philosophy, our Bushido. A Japanese smiles in the face of death and accident; he smiles if he breaks a vase which has occupied him for months in making; a samurai smiled as he drew his blade to take his life when honor demanded.”

Those Japanese soldiers whom I saw on the

river bank were smiling. Later in the Russo-Japanese War I saw them smiling as they burned their dead or twitched from the pain of their wounds. That first glimpse of them, however, confirmed the views of the foreign residents of China and Japan. They were a kind of automaton, without the character and spirit of the West, dressed in the garments of the West and going through western forms.

A superficial, decorative race, the foreign residents said. They imitate well, and that is all. Once they are free of their foreign instructors, we shall see that there will soon be an end to modern Japan.

I had asked Prince Ito about this, too, in the course of his talk, which took place before the Russo-Japanese War.

“Japan is trying to do for herself, and that is a departure from precedent to occidental minds,” he said, with that age-old Japanese smile playing on his knowing, wrinkled features. “She must prove herself worthy to belong in the world. She must be strong, as you are strong, or we shall be misunderstood.”

## 6

In the march to Peking Japan had her chance to prove herself as a military power, under the jealous eyes of the other nations' soldiers. Whatever the foreign rules were, she followed them;



in intrigue she was no short-sighted novice. She relished volunteering to do more than her share of the work as evidence of her good faith.

The advantage she had was propinquity. She was at home where the others were far from home. For her landing a force in China was a military action of the same kind as a French army concentration on the Rhine or a British naval concentration in the North Sea. It was her soldiers under a Japanese general who bore the brunt of the burden in taking the native city of Tien-tsin; and that day other commanders had a revealing moment in the smiling remark of the Japanese general after the allied advance had been checked: "Oh, we shall go on and take the city tonight."

The next morning, after the Japanese had stormed the gate at dawn, and the soldiers of other nationalities had broken free from authority in a havoc of looting and disorder, I talked with a Japanese battalion commander who was a little worried about whether or not he was acting in a way that became a newcomer into the society of the round world. His battalion was at rest in good order, in an open space.

"Is it that I am wrong?" he said, with the same smile with which he would have invited you to tea or faced a disaster in battle. "Is it that I have an out-of-date edition? In my books the

article covering the occupation of cities says that your main body should be drawn up in formation while you detach the necessary numbers to police the city and protect the life and property of the inhabitants."

As he was speaking, the artillery mules of a foreign contingent, their ammunition boxes and guns dismantled, passed by, loaded with silks and silver bullion. The Japanese major looked away from this procession, as if he wanted to be on the safe side of etiquette by pretending that it was not visible to him.

"I was going to police this quarter when we first entered the city," he continued, "but the attitude of the other foreign soldiers was such that I desisted. Our orders are to be polite to all the other contingents, and not to interfere in their affairs, as we are inexperienced and they are very experienced. Is it that you say one thing in your books and do another thing, as we Japanese sometimes do? I do not quite understand. Will you tell me?"

I answered him as best I might, and he thanked me politely, as he said: "We shall keep on trying to learn your ways." Upon the taking of Peking the Japanese commander-in-chief sent a line of carts straight to the Treasury, to bear away its treasure in an official and orderly manner, much to the chagrin of the Russians, who

also had the advantage of numbers and propinquity. For the Russians were also at home in the Far East. Their soldiers came from their nearby Manchurian garrisons.

If the Japanese had been allowed to undertake unassisted the relief of the legations, the siege might have been raised a week or ten days earlier; but this would have been favoritism, permitting them to play a star part in this pageant of the vanity of nations, at the expense of the prestige of the other actors, each of which, single-handed, as I read the different reports afterward, saved the women and children from massacre.

The march from Tien-tsin to Peking, the most merciless in its dust, heat, and fatigue, I have ever known, required only a skirmish line, once we had passed Yang-tsun, to sweep back the scattered bands of Boxers who offered a show of resistance. After the Japanese, the Russians had the largest number of troops of any nation, and they insisted that they should lead the way on one side of the road and the Japanese on the other, as a compromise between the claims of these neighboring rivals.

Another revealing moment—one prophetic of future history—came as I watched the rivals in that severe test of military mobility, in a strange country under a boiling sun, which would gain the maximum number of miles each day. What

a contrast! What a reversal of preconceived notions! The big, lumbering, heavy-booted Russians, slow to think and coöperate, impeded by their cumbrous equipment; the supple little Japanese with their light equipment, showing the acute, inborn, tactical intelligence of a martial race, so rigidly and industriously drilled, as they coöperated in their pattern maneuvers. Again and again the Japanese waited for the Russians to come up, sometimes slipping a detachment across the road to assist the Russians.

Finally, when other contingents were beginning to complain at the delay, how polite the Japanese general was in his suggestion. The Russians were handicapped by lack of transport; Japan was fortunate in hers. Japan, if the other contingents wished it, would be very glad to take entire charge of the advance, calling for assistance only in case she met with opposition too sturdy to be overcome single-handed. Looking through his field-glasses at a weary Russian column falling back, a French officer said, "Our allies of yesterday!" Then, reversing his glasses and looking through the small end, he said, "Our allies of today."

All the observers of the result of that test who knew their military lessons knew that a new military force had risen. They foresaw that the possibility of the island dots daring elephantine



Russia that blanketed all northern Asia and part of northern Europe was no idle fancy; and it was not unlikely that the victory would be to the Japanese. When they told this at home, people were wholly sceptical. War Departments would not even believe the reports of their military attachés. Little Japan defeat mighty Russia? Impossible! Why is it that a number of experts who have made their studies of a situation on the spot, find their unanimous views unbelieved by people at home who have formed a different opinion by not being on the spot? If the contrary were true there would be less unwise action as the result of reasoning that appears perfectly logical, but is based on false premises.

Legation people would not see the significance of the message posted on the clock tower in the grounds of the British Legation. It was from the Japanese general, after he had been relieved of the Russian incubus to his progress. He gave the itinerary of his march day by day, and announced to the hour the time of his arrival before the walls of Peking, where he agreeably arranged his dispositions so that the other contingents might have the honors. Four years later, after the battle of the Yalu, a Japanese officer forgot himself long enough to say:

“Now our soldiers have fought the white man and know he carries no charm against defeat.”

The phenomenon of the McAndrew epoch was the rise of Japan. She had learned to use our guns; she had learned mechanics and adopted all modern improvements. Had she the real secret of our civilization? That secret was well kept by the allies in the Boxer campaign, as I have already shown; yet I saw it blaze forth in triumph at Peking, personified by Major General Adna R. Chaffee, the American commander; and I rejoiced in him and what he was saying in the rough language of an old regular of the plains, more than in the most polished speech I ever heard. Our soldiers were looting. As looting was the rule, why should they miss their chance? Erect on his horse, his weatherbeaten face looking like carved sandstone, Chaffee rode from side to side of the street, an enraged and unforgiving shepherd, driving his men before him.

“I never thought I’d see such a sight as this,” he said. “I’m ashamed of you for your country’s sake. You’re not soldiers—you’re skulking thieves. Put that back in the house where you found it! Empty your pockets or I’ll empty them for you! I’d rather hang one of you than a Boxer. You’re worse than the Boxers. You’ve got no excuse, you’re supposed to know better. Maybe the other nations do loot. That’s not your business. I’ll look after your business. What do you think you were sent here for? Because

you thought you could do something here with impunity that would put you in jail and disgrace your mothers at home? To frighten women and children to give up their treasures? To take what is not yours? You were sent here to teach these people order and progress, decent white men's ways, and to give them an example of civilization to live up to. Fine examples of civilization you are! You're enough to make every Chinese turn Boxer and assassin. I'll have no thieving in my command if I have to put you all in the guard-house."

It was hardly surprising that the diplomatic-minded should conclude that Chaffee lacked tact. But he was a blade of wrath that held others than his own command in fear. One or two missionaries who quoted their Bible about an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, as the only salutary way of impressing the natives, fell foul of his sturdy expletives; and one minister and some legation secretaries, who were "collecting" rare porcelains and jades to safeguard these treasures for civilization's sake—afterward sold at home for high prices that went into their own pockets—desisted from their operations under the awe of that sandstone face. A very rude man, Chaffee. He refused to shake hands with the commander of a foreign contingent because he said the man was a liar. So the man was, a proven, intriguing,

petty liar of the school of very old-fashioned diplomacy. If Chaffee's example had become a habit in the councils of the Allies and of propaganda in the late war and at the Paris Peace Conference, diplomatic hand-shaking would have gone out of fashion.

## 7

The great German army contingent was on the way to China, the news of its passage thundered from Potsdam by the Kaiser. It was under Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, for whom the Kaiser had secured the honor of commanding all the allied forces as some consolation for Hohenzollern vanity in having had no men on the spot at the outbreak of trouble worthily to represent Germany's colonizing ambition.

Von Waldersee arrived after the play was over. The Boxers had subsided; Peking was peaceably garrisoned by the other contingents. Was the Kaiser to be cheated of his share in the glory of "eye for an eye" retribution? It was his minister who had fallen at the hands of an assassin early in the Boxer outbreak, because he was so unpopular.

If the Boxers would not accommodate imperialism by offering themselves as objects of retribution, other victims must be found. German expeditions moved about the country attacking and looting peaceable towns and villages, and starting



fresh outrages which they would suppress in a manner to make the German name remembered for thousands of years. Twenty years have passed, and the German method is not yet forgotten in China, which is not to the dishonor of the German people but to Kaiserism which taught German youth in uniform that their duty was to be ruthless, and gave them the orders that made ruthlessness feed on itself.

“The Germans are thinking in the tactics of fifty years ago,” said an Englishman who had been long in service in India. “This sort of thing is no longer done. It’s too costly keeping the natives stirred up. It means you are always having to suppress them. Let them be peaceable if they want to be peaceable. When you have such numbers as we have to govern, you learn that’s the best way.”

The wisdom of this view was pointed by the desertion of the German and Russian quarters in Peking by the natives for the American and British quarters. The American quarters swarmed with its overcrowding. This puzzled Kaiserism. It was a discrimination against Germany’s right to share in colonial expansion.

The German commander even requested that we order the natives belonging to his quarter to return. Our answer that the natives had a right to go where they pleased in their own city, as

long as they behaved themselves, was accepted as characterizing our lack of discipline. A suggestion that residence in the German quarter would be more popular if there were less shooting on sight, and if natives were not required to cringe as they passed sentries, was, of course, inadmissible as a reflection on the policy of the Kaiser. The ways of each foreign contingent in its quarter were the ways of a nation, not only in military manners and methods of policing, but in conscience, progress, and efficiency.

That column which had started with the shibboleth of the "partition of China" found that a small body of men marching along a road, at enormous expense, had penetrated territorial expanse of China relatively as far as an expedition to Albany, New York, would penetrate the United States. Though our path was strewn with dead, their number was inappreciable in relation to the four hundred millions. It was like fighting cotton wool, or swarms of mosquitoes, or mopping up the ocean.

Perhaps the result would have been different if the Boxer bands had separated into guerrilla groups that held out to the desperate end of extermination. But this was impossible, because the people would give no support to this kind of nationalist spirit. The Boxer rebellion was the Chinese method of an extreme demonstration of

public opinion. Chinese governors and mayors have felt it when they extorted taxes which the people considered unreasonable. In the abstract the rebellion seemed abortive; in practice it was most successful. It brought home to each nation the cost of maintaining an army big enough to keep China in order according to our idea, when she had always had order according to her idea.

Instead of impressing ourselves upon China, she was impressing herself upon us, by the magnetism of her mass and racial characteristics. All the men of the foreign contingent began to like the Chinese and to respect them. It was a common ground of fellowship among the Allies of a different kind from the resentment of Kaiserist methods. The industry, the honesty of the Chinese, their good-humored readiness to serve for profit, their loyalty to their daily bread and their employer, had the ingratiating quality of a psychology unlike any other, which has baffled and circumvented so many conquerors.

“I like the Chinks all right,” as an American soldier said. “You can trust ’em. I’d give all the money I had to a Chink to take right across China. You can depend on the Chinks.”

All foreign residents in China are partisans of the Chinese. I have known few foreigners who had lived long in China without seeming to me to have become themselves almost Chinese in

thought. So China won a victory in the Boxer rebellion: a truly Chinese victory.

Of the nations represented in the relief, America and Japan were the mysterious potentialities. They were the newcomers in the high society of the powers. What might America not do? What could she not do? She was detached, irresponsible, subject to none of the trammels and traditions of the old world, a huge and growing force which had not yet found herself.

Japan, with the martial spirit of feudalism inspiring her in her new rôle, was at the door of China with a big army. The rapidly increasing and crowding population of her little islands demanded room for expansion. The Japanese, as disliked as the Chinese were liked, were due to be more disliked as they became more powerful. Entering into the arena of conquest, they must take the gamble of a great hazard, and depend for their protection upon the cards in the game of intrigue which stood for war power.

When John Hay, our Secretary of State, had pronounced his "Open Door" policy, guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China, in the year preceding the Boxer uprising, its acceptance by the other Powers was certainly regarded in some of their Chancelleries as a gesture which would not interfere with contrary action at an opportune moment. Something deeper than the combina-



tions of international politics—the effects on men's minds of the Boxer rebellion—now justified its wisdom. China was not an India, where the jealousies of different races could be made the servant of rule by meagre forces. Despite the absence of the nationalistic spirit, there was a singular cohesion in the psychology of the Chinese, which can be expressed with telling effect when they boycott the goods of an unpopular exporting nation. Their passive resistance became a positive force owing to their mass. They governed themselves so cheaply that it would be unprofitable for others to govern them. Britain realized this economic truth. She withdrew from Wei-hai-wei; forgot her dreams of the occupation of the Yang-tsze valley, while she set her alliance with Japan against Russia's advance; and the other nations could not deny that an open door and equal trading privileges must be the accepted policy of the moment, whatever the future might hold.

“A great organizing leader might make China a modern nation,” said Prince Ito in the course of his talk. “But he must be a Chinese. No outsider will ever be able to rule all China, though perhaps a portion of China for a short time.”

Ito knew his East. He was the Bismarck of Japan. A departure from his teachings may be

as fatal to another rising empire as the departure from those of Bismarck himself was to Germany.

## 8

“When times are slack,” said the Soldier of Fortune, “you may always count upon something happening soon in the Balkans, even if it is only a few insurrectos on a rampage, or further massacres of the Armenians. The people are eager and impatient. They cannot save up their money and their lives over a long period in order to have a really grand spree when the time comes. As soon as they have a few sheep ahead and a good crop in sight, they start fighting again. No, they do not rest up as long between wars as some of their big neighbors, who reproach them for their short-sightedness.

“Their wars are brief but frequent. Usually they can afford only an insurrection. But it works out the same, being a matter of taste and choice. There may be just as much racial emotion, entertainment and killing, in averaging an insurrection every two years, as in one big war for each generation. The frequency system even has certain advantages. You do not have to listen for such long periods to veterans telling tales of the same war: there are new crops of stories. There is a uniform level of poor living and general misery. Prosperity does not get such a start in the peace period that you suffer such a shock

of disarrangement in the war period. No great fortunes are accumulated in the peace period for war profiteers to appropriate; and the war profiteers are just fairly started when peace spoils their prospects.

“Again, the frequency system does not allow the males to become too habituated to honest toil, too used to good food and clean surroundings, to be unadapted to a rough, marauding life, or enervated by too much education to make them soft-spirited. Mothers do not become too fond of their children, as they know they may die of preventable diseases or be massacred; and having to worry continually lest any day a grown son may go to war, a mother does not make so much fuss over having him killed. .

“I am not sure that the frequency system is not the better of the two. In parts of Central America” (this was in the nineties) “you see the system in its highest development, which enables you to judge it even better than in the Balkans. There are wars all the time. Nobody knows what real peace is like. This may mean lack of contrasts, but it also means regularized insecurity going the even tenor of its way. So you know what to depend upon—continual poverty and misery, with no raising of false hopes. It is a triumph, too. It proves that if you so desire, and know how, making continual war is an economic and

biological possibility, provided there is a general understanding that casualty lists should be scattered rather than concentrated.”

## 9

Soon after I was in Peking I went to Constantinople. I had gone from the world's sore spot of the Far East to that of the Near East; from unwarlike China to the insurrectionary Balkans. Despite the appeal of its Byzantine history, to which the western mind is susceptible, Constantinople of the minarets and glorious situation had none of the attraction for me of either Peking or Tokyo. I could never enthuse over the Golden Horn. Its associations streaked my vision.

No country has ever been so depressing to me as the Balkans of those days. Indeed, I have always been prejudiced against Asia Minor and the Near East. They remind me of man's descent: his gravitation to all fours after he had been walking upright. Here was an ancient sore spot, a chronic sore spot. A conspiracy among the nations of the world and the local inhabitants prevented the antiseptic treatment of the McAndrew epoch from being applied.

If we must have a chronic sore spot, why should it be at the gateway to Europe by the Danube's mouth, to Russia by the Black Sea and the Volga's mouth, to India by Suez, and looking across the Mediterranean to Africa, in a temperate zone



region of blissful climate, which nature meant to be one of the fairest and most prosperous portions of the earth? Always misery, always trouble in the Balkans: always apprehension that the Balkans would bring trouble to Europe. But Europe would not cure the infection whose spread it feared. Its practice encouraged the sore to fester.

After my first visit to the Balkans I disagreed with the Soldier of Fortune. Later travels in Central America confirmed my view. The infrequent system was the better, though you take it for granted that man must periodically run amuck and destroy his own kind. It gave time to strengthen hope into a happy illusion that peace might last, and perhaps you were not nursing your children for slaughter, building your new home to be burnt, or saving your money against a rainy day to be taken in one fell swoop by the tax-gatherer. We had periods of plenty, of security, when art, literature, and scholarship flourished and men delved and women span as confidently as if murder and destruction were not bound to come. Even if we wiped out all we had achieved in a war, it was better to have had the memory of achievement than never to have achieved.

The Near East was a mirror in which Europe might see the contorted, malicious, leering caricature of its own folly. I hold it up to reflect my

view of a Balkan village only half a day's horse-back ride away from the station where the Orient Express had stopped and I had descended. I had come in answer to reports of Bulgarian bands taking the warpath against the Turks. Each band was shrouded in military secrecy maintained with a cunning unsurpassed by the most assiduous efforts of the intelligence sections of armies in the late war. The bands were moving about stealthily, killing Turks and holding up peasants. There was nothing new about this. The only visible effects offered the observer were slain women and children said to have been massacred by the Turks in revenge. I was seeking causes rather than atrocities. Some of the causes were in that village; others appeared in another picture in Constantinople.

The land around the village was rich. French or Japanese peasants would have made it smile with such thrifty cultivation that the village would have become a town and then a city. A kindly, enriching, temperate zone sun was shining; the air of early spring was wine in the nostrils. It was a morning to make a wife welcome the coming of motherhood, and a husband confident he could provide for a growing family. With such land, such air, such sunlight, man, thriving, gaining, building, increasing and multiplying, should walk upright in culture and peace.

If the natives were doing none of these things, it was not the Almighty's fault. He had done his part. It was the Turk's fault, Europe's fault, not their own. It is never our own. When we are advanced enough to realize that it really is, what a reduction in war costs we shall enjoy! These natives were measurably right in saying that it was not their fault. It was partly the Turk's, but largely Europe's.

And these natives were Christians. This irritated me. I could have been more philosophical about them if they were heathen, even if semi-civilized heathen. At first I considered them all as human beings: they appeared to me to be so, with the customary eyes, ears, legs, and arms, and the habit of walking at about the same angle between all fours and the upright.

The old traveller in the Balkans who was my guide soon corrected my error. These male and female adults in homespun, and their unkempt children, were Turks, Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks. I could tell the Turk by his fez, of course, and learned to distinguish Bulgar and Serb shepherds as well as the Greek trader by the difference of their garb. The three for generations had been fighting to be free from Turkish tyranny. All the conscience of Europe agreed that they ought to be free. Yet they were not freed. If I were to be logical, this was strange, in view of my visit

to a miserably clad and armed Turkish garrison, in contrast with the efficient European armies, at a time when the European powers were straining to expand the dominion of the McAndrew epoch.

The Bulgars who were now on the rampage were bound to be suppressed by the Turks, as the Serbs would be when it should be the turn of their young men to become restless with the spring war fever and to set forth to guerrilla thrusts and depredations.

“Why don’t the Serbs, the Greeks, and the Bulgars join forces and strike together?” I asked.

My guide smiled. By his smile I knew how uneducated I was. It was the smile of a chemist who answers a question as to the chemical constituents of water and if it is true that oil and water do not mix.

“We give you Americans so much credit for being shrewd,” he said. “And how naïve you are! Why not include the Albanians in your alliance? They have no choice of seasons or enemies, as long as they can fight.”

“Aren’t the Serbs sympathetic with the Bulgars? Isn’t their attitude at least that of a benevolent neutrality, considering both are Christians desiring relief from a slothful, Mohammedan and polygamous oppressor?”

“Hardly. The Serbs would be very disap-



pointed if the Bulgar insurrection should succeed. It would mean that the Bulgars would rule them, and they would hate that worse than being ruled by the Turk. They are putting everything they can in the Bulgars' way. When the Bulgars rise, it gives them a chance to kill a few Serbs or Greeks. A veteran of insurrections of either race is as proud of having had a fight with a man of either as with the Turk."

"And these people are neighbors. They go to the same markets and there rub elbows. They have the same common interest in a good highway passing their farms, in a new railroad to open up this rich country."

"Oh, yes, they might if they had highways worthy of the name. Railroads don't interest them much."

"They can't afford train fares? No money to spare from buying arms?"

"Quite."

"And their children go to the same schools?"

"They would if they had a public school system."

"And they've been carrying on this way for hundreds of years, in the memory of nationality before the Turks overran them? No increase of population, no increase of wealth. Why?"

"Keeping up race spirit, I suppose; sticking to the languages and customs of their fathers. Each

child is brought up to be loyal to his race and to believe that the members of all other races are devils."

"The Serb proving he is a better man than a Bulgar or Greek by trying to kill him, and so on: proving it in the same way a Frenchman proves he is the better man by killing an Englishman, and the Englishman by killing a Frenchman. So both are convinced."

"Oh, you're in the Balkans," he replied. "There's no curing the Balkans. The old Turk is not so bad. He rules the Christian tribes because they are always against one another, and probably there is much less fighting than if any one of them were master."

My companion was a graduate of a great university and well-travelled, yet he brought from the round world a flat-world view to confirm these backward people in their own. In a few days he would be back in the Greater Europe, which throbbed with the wonder-making of the McAndrew epoch, as secure in his conviction that progress could never come to the Balkans as stick-in-the-muds of another day that our arteries were filled with air and that steam-cars could never take the place of the stage coach. The educated or wealthy stick-in-the-muds, who have position in the world, are the worst kind. They can present a convincing brief for the stick-in-the-

mud case; they have influence over unlearned minds, which conclude that if the learned say the world is flat then it must be flat.

But the antiseptic influences of the McAndrew epoch were seeping through cracks in that wall which the progressive nations had formed to isolate the infection of the sore spot. Occasionally a villager bought a bicycle, which led youths to save their money in order that they too might triumphantly spin along the road. Some young doctor, educated abroad, brought home heresies about sanitation. If a daring well-to-do farmer bought a plough of steel to replace a crooked stick, a reaper to replace a sickle, a threshing machine to replace a flail, his sceptical neighbors had finally to yield to the evidence of results. One family having bought a new Swiss clock, other families wanted one. Tourists were beginning to appear in automobiles. Returning American immigrants dressed in strange foreign clothes brought tales of steamship journeys, electric cars and lights, open plumbing and presents of sewing machines and phonographs to their relatives. They exhibited savings bank account books, and jingled their money in their pockets as they complained about how few things they could buy to their taste in the local stores.

They were a trifle patronizing in their high-flown, exotic, knowing ways, as they descanted on

labor-saving machinery in their adopted land where women did not have to work like horses in the fields. When returned Greek, Serb, and Bulgar met in a Macedonian market, they exchanged experiences across the Atlantic. As they spoke English and were dressed alike and had acquired energetic ways, they seemed to have developed something in common.

Their elders saw these signs with misgivings and chided them, even threatened to disown them as being no longer true to the racial pride and hate bred into them at the maternal knee as their most sacred possession, which had been so tenaciously held by forebears who had so few other possessions or forms of diversion. The leaven was worked among the people, but not in high places.

## 8

Another picture! This of those who held the high places: the builders of the barrier that could not cure the sore spot but must keep it festering in isolation. It is the ceremony of the Selamlik, when I saw Sultan Abdul Hamid going in state to the mosque. On one side of the sacred path was the cause, on the other was the effect. I shall mention the effect first. It was personified in old sheiks riding donkeys, followed by servants on foot, as they were hundreds of years ago; in dervishes and filthy pilgrims; in curiosity seekers



from all the mongrel spawn of Constantinople, come in rags and degeneracy to look upon the Padishah going to his devotions. McAndrew making poetry about your engine, Watt studying how to make power of steam serve us, Harvey contending that the blood circulated in the body, here was a sight for you to show you what mankind was like in the dear old picturesque flat-world days. Here was real old-fashioned romance of boils and scrofula as the background for velvet and gold-embroidered cloaks.

Not one of that gathering of beings in human form who did not believe that war "always was and always would be" with a simplicity of faith that saved him the trouble of analysis which leads a cynical man of learning to conclude that war is a biological necessity. There was more real romance to me in the injection of a serum or a single turn of a steamer's screw or one little gasoline engine threshing or pumping water on a farm, than in that whole scene, unless romance must be sodden degeneracy.

Banked on the other side of the sacred path against the wall of the palace was the velvet and gold of old-fashioned romance—the cause—symbolized by the diplomatic corps and those who had the honor to receive official invitations to the spectacle. When you have seen it as another in the sheaf of impressions of the shortcomings of

human nature, you would not want to see it again if you had a normal mind, except as a punishment for your personal share in international folly. Minions of the type that belong to the velvet and gold and rags of romance were brushing the fresh sand laid on the path. Not a single imprint must show upon it at the moment of the Sultan's approach.

All was ready. The Most High was coming. But just before he appeared, a lank, mangy Constantinople street dog, his skin showing in places through his falling hair, trotted the length of the course. There ran the track of his hunted padding feet, right in front of the Sultan's fat and amiable horse. A man at my side remarked that the hawk-nosed, bearded old sinner in the carriage, who was charged with public assassinations of Armenians and private assassinations without end, was not such a bad-looking sort after all. He was the ruler of a dying civilization, which had led the beginnings of modern science when the Christian world was in darkness; and if we wanted to start the McAndrew civilization on the down hill road, the Sultan offered us a recipe already tried and found successful. Advice that will be helpful to the same end is forthcoming from old-fashioned diplomatists and military propagandists in our own time.

I was not thinking of Abdul Hamid, either on

the way to his prayers or returning, but of that mangy dog who had run the course in face of the diplomatic gallery as a reminder that there was no escaping him and what he represented. Abdul ought to have taken him up in his arms and fondled him as the ally of the folly of nations in keeping His Majesty on the throne. He was the symbol of the foully diseased sore spot.

If one had suggested to the diplomatists, those courteous, well-mannered linguists who were doing their best for their countries, that they should do something for the dog, they would have shuddered at the thought of disturbing the Balance of Power, which, if it trembled, gave all European statesmen the nightmare. The progress of the McAndrew epoch from the Black Sea to the British Channel might be checked by a single false step of diplomacy. Some action of that villainous and hawk-nosed Turk, or an insurrectionary outbreak by Balkan peasants, might bring on a cataclysm. How deliver the world from the tyranny of such conditions which will bring on another general war? The question has been asked often enough. We must analyze causes before we answer it.

The causes ran down from home governments through the diplomatists and plotting consular representatives, carrying on, in a region far more favorable to their intricate game, the same jealous

rivalry I had seen in China. Here it was not a question of Russian or Japanese territorial propinquity and the long arm of British sea power, but of the territorial propinquity of all the powers. The universal dog-in-the-manger policy had restricted the fertile Balkans and Asia Minor, at the doors of the powers, to flat-world practices, while progress moved past it through Suez, into Africa, and across Russia to the conquest of more distant portions of the earth.

“If we may not have our share, you shall have nothing,” said each power to the others. “You might bring progress by your occupation, but the more you bring, the stronger you will become, correspondingly tilting the Balance of Power.”

In '54 Britain and France had sent their soldiers as allies of the Turk against the Russian, to check her threat against Turkey. That was strictly a foolish, old-fashioned war. In '77 Russia had gone to the rescue of the Christians of Bulgaria. She wrested Rumelia from the Turks and also Bulgaria, which she made a state. But the other powers stopped the progress of Russia's victorious army. Disraeli's cunning hand and Bismarck's iron hand were on the council table in making the Treaty of Berlin, where all the powers were as intent as usual, in the usual way, on preserving the peace of Europe; and Russia was allowed to annex practically no territory or



to gain a step toward the mastery of the Dardanelles. Once her martial boots were astride the straits leading from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, she would be a Mediterranean Power. Germany was as firmly against this as Britain, France, or Italy. If Russia were to profit, then so must ally Austria, covetous of Salonika and convinced that the Balkans would be better off if incorporated in the Hapsburg empire. And German capital and political influence, pressed outward by the developing industries at home, were looking for every opportunity aggression and enterprise could win.

Why shouldn't the Powers have driven the Turk out of Europe and allowed the epoch full swing in lands relieved from his sloth under the rule of the Christian races that inhabited them? Why should not the leaders of progress lend a helping hand to progress in their own interest? Prosperity would have followed: prosperity which which would have been for the good of all. But that would have been too simple, and too logical. It would have been only the application of businesslike common sense, not intricate or interesting as high politics. The diplomatists looking on at the Selamlik would have laughed at its impractical absurdity, considering the complexes that kept their minds in a maze of intrigue. It was the penny-wise pound-foolish policy of the

folly of nations—which they no more saw as folly than we see some of our international policies as folly today—at its worst. This is why I dwell upon the Near East. It yields us the most concrete and vicious example of nationalistic shortsightedness.

Supreme master of all the diplomatists was Abdul Hamid himself: for it does not require a productive, constructive, or Christian mind to excel in intrigue, which is only low cunning outwitting honest forces of prosperity and improvement. Playing Balkan race against race, Jew, Greek, Armenian and Syrian, and Frenchman, Briton, German, Russian, Austrian, and Italian against one another, he dripped with the blood and pus of the "sore spot" which oiled his intrigue that kept him on the throne. If capital sought to bring McAndrew enterprise to his dominion, it must have the backing of a nationality which drew the opposition of all the other nationalities. The building of a railroad across Asia Minor through Bagdad meant endless political bickerings, which stultified enterprise. Steel rails might span Russia and America, but they must not venture into the sore spot or they would tip that Balance of Power which was the Sultan's most intimate counsellor.

But McAndrew, who had knocked successfully on the doors of Japan half way around the world,

could be heard beating a faint tattoo on the door of the Balkans. The epoch's influence was infiltrating into Balkan and even Turkish minds. What statecraft would not do for them, the people were to try to do for themselves. The next time I was in Constantinople, in 1908, Macedonian insurrecto bands, Bulgar and Serb, were in the streets; and striking hands with this strange company, making it still stranger, were the Young Turks. All had momentarily a common object. It was Abdul Hamid, that pampered, kept satyr of the Balance of Power, whose yoke they wore by the Powers' conspiracy.

How completely and insecurely he held his throne through their support was revealed in the ease with which an uprising tumbled him from his throne. There may be a difference of views about the Young Turks; but they did exile Abdul Hamid, and they did have a fling at flea-bitten and mangy picturesqueness by ridding the city of the vagrant street dogs. What a feverish time for the intrigue of the diplomatists' adaptability in their "The King is dead! Long live the King!" as each sought to secure the advantage of his country.

## 9

Another "sore spot" must be mentioned while I am on the subject. It is all the region from the United States border to the borders of Brazil.

The population of Central America had been cut in half by wars, disease, and mismanagement, in seventy-five years. Revolution was chronic. Rich highlands that should support prosperous cities and towns exhorted men in vain to tillage and peace. No foreign king misgoverned the Central American nations. They were republics who misruled themselves for want of training. In place of the kings were the half-breed adventurers, descendants of the camp-followers of Spain's conquest. Over the diseased, anemic common people their military dictatorships had the power of Czarism with its espionage and other bad practices and local practices that were even more outrageous.

What a breeding ground for intrigue Mexico and Central America, rich in coffee and other tropical products, would have been if they too had been connected with keeping the Balance of Power erect on the tight-rope, as five or six great nations strove in jealous rivalry each for his share of the advantages! The Monroe Doctrine forbade such further complications of conditions that were already bad enough. The United States was a dog-in-the-manger, according to one viewpoint. We would neither bring, nor permit others to bring, orders and progress to these regions. These peoples had republics; we kept them free from foreign domination. Thus our conscience



was clear. These peoples were alien of blood and thought, an inferior breed, with which we had nothing in common. Whether they were diseased or healthy, progressive or retrogressive, was not our affair. If they refused the McAndrew epoch, it was their privilege. Our policy was "Root hog or die!" which was Lincoln's response to a question as to what was to become of the slaves, habituated to dependence, after he had freed them. In Central America I saw more degenerate misery than anywhere else, except in Korea and the Near East.

Our missionaries carried the word to other lands which were heathen, but not to Central America, which was not heathen in our books because it had a republican form of government. We established dispensaries and colleges in Asia and Africa, out of our prodigal giving, but not in Central America, which being republican and Christian on the map was not listed in our preconceptions as requiring such attention. Central America belonged in our fellowship of republics, but not in our fellowship of mankind. There was no such sentimental appeal in lending a helping hand at home as abroad.

We disliked to think of Central America. If we thought of it by choice, it was an amusement over *opéra-bouffe* wars, self-created generals, who led barefooted insurrectos, and over the bizarre

tales of travellers. If it forced our attention, this was due to outrageous actions by the revolutionaries, which required the dispatch of marines and wrinkled the brows of our State Department, which had to consider offending the great Latin nations farther south by action which they might mistake for the first step in a continental conquest.

Our people were irritated by the lack of gratitude on the part of the backward Latin nations for keeping Europe's hands off, and by the misunderstanding of our generous purpose on the part of the progressive ones. We were unconscious that every exponent of monarchy and absolutism in Europe was pointing to this sore spot as proof of the folly of assuming that a republic in name meant democracy and protection of property and individual freedom.

Meanwhile, though we left Central America to itself, it must be, as the Balkans were, subject to some infiltration of the influences of the epoch, which had the advantage of being received voluntarily rather than from arbitrary pressure. Three of the little Central American republics have lately united for federal autonomy; and they and Colombia and Venezuela are showing signs of a definite convalescence from the disease of chronic revolution.

In Mexico, under the rule of Diaz, who symbol-

ized the sentiment of release from French invasion in the '60s, McAndrew was welcomed in his railroad building, mining, and other favorite pursuits. The autocrat who had been seen as a benefactor by his people was later seen as a tyrant. So Mexico passed into the chronic revolutionary stage that Central America knew. The outcome in Mexico, or of the new promise in Central America, is with the future. The infection of this sore spot concerns all nations in trade and mutual progress, but politically only one. It cannot be a danger to world peace; and its future is dependent upon the extension of the influence of the epoch through its domain under the sponsorship of the United States.

## 10

When I was in the Far East again, it was to follow Kuroki's army against the Russians from the Yalu to Mukden. Japan and Russia had a difference of their own to settle by war. So remote were the other great nations that the clash of the two who were on the spot did not disturb the Balance of Power. Ally England did not take up arms for ally Japan, even after the Dogger Bank incident. She countered France from giving more than sympathetic aid to her ally Russia. The Japanese victory ended for the time being the movement of Russia's militarist mass upon China's pacific mass.

A most significant turn in Balkan affairs called me on my next visit to the Near East. The leaven of spreading intelligence and appreciation of the principle of not cutting off one's nose to spite one's face had counselled temporary compromise of inter-racial hatred to the end of a Greco-Bulgar-Serb alliance. The three nations struck a quick unexpected blow, disregarding the Balance of Power, disregarding everything but their common aim.

The powers spoke of isolating the conflict. It had isolated itself in the rapidity of its results, which showed that the Turk had been kept in Europe, as Abdul Hamid had been kept on the throne, by the intrigue of the powers, which prevented the fruition of the natural development of progressive forces. But when it came to peace-making, the Powers, having their acrobat, the Balance, in mind, had their hands on the terms: this to prevent anything happening in the future that would bring on a European war. Rumania's action, in stabbing exhausted Bulgaria in the back, after she had borne the brunt of the fighting, was typical of the bad faith and intrigue inherent in the Near East and fostered by the European example. Honor among individuals, but not among nations!

But I am not writing my reminiscences. The Russo-Japanese and Balkan wars gave me deeper



knowledge of the emotions of war and the changing tactics of warfare with the improvement of weapons; but though they offered such bountiful impressions, further references do not follow the current of my purpose.

The incident that caused the World War did finally come out of the Balkans, to prove that the infection of a sore spot, whether political or territorial, cannot be cured by isolation under the cloak of intrigue and short-sighted patriotism, but also requires preventive treatment and recognition of common self-interest, which is the policy the world must learn to prevent future cataclysms. When its turn comes, I shall have little to say of my four years of the World War, except as to its results which, ethically and economically, serve my ends.

Before I come to these, now that I have in these three long chapters shown my experience of the glamor of old-fashioned warfare and the epoch that I knew before the World War, I shall take up generically the values of war, the lure of causes and emotions which lead peoples in war, as I knew them through having seen many nations in war.

## IV

### OLD VALUES

WE return to the "Why?" of the old Greek shepherd. Man is the best equipped and the shrewdest of all animals in protecting himself. Self-preservation, that old first law, is as dear to him as to any other animal. It is the instinct ever governing his actions, whether he is highly civilized or savage, incorrigibly rich or hopelessly poor. Why does he risk his life to kill his own kind, when dumb beasts rarely do?

In the midst of the voyages of discovery and on into the age of the dynamo, sanitation, and preventive medicine, we rarely put that question to ourselves. We were studying how to cure all human ills except the most terrible and costly. Our increasing library shelves were heavy with the records of all human activities, colossal accumulations of historical and scientific researches and the literature of imagination and philosophy—but one who sought works on how to keep the peace found that he had meagre references.

We spent vast sums in founding colleges, hospitals, and dispensaries. We explored the bowels of the earth, the bottom of the sea, and the heav-

ens, and sent forth missions to excavate buried cities and to study in pettiest detail the customs of savage races; but not until the latter part of the nineteenth century, which had been so prolific in millionaires who were generous in public benefactions, did it occur to Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, to establish his peace prize. This was intended as an aid to workers for peace who needed monetary assistance, but has been almost invariably given to well-to-do statesmen who made peace after a war.

Later another millionaire, who had been a maker of guns and armor, gave a fund for the establishment of the Carnegie Endowment of International Peace. The fund was inadequate: it would not go far toward constructing a modern battleship. I have before me a list of the books and pamphlets the Endowment has published. If I have found little new in them or in any books on the subject, it is because it may be needless for me to search among their details for the great truths which I have seen in the vividness of gun-flashes on the field of battle. The lady who helped me to understand my grandfather's globe might have been far enough ahead of her time to hold the views of the younger generation of American scholars, that the Endowment is under stick-in-the-mud influences. The Soldier of Fortune, when told of its work, might become violent. I

imagine him pointing to a stream of refugees and asking: "Is it doing anything to correct their errors?"

The Carnegie books are written for the elect by the elect: for scholars and investigators by scholars and investigators. Therein they do great service; they do, indeed, spread light in the upper darkness: for I have heard many scholars express the old Greek peasant's view that war always was and always would be.

Who of the general public knows of the Endowment except by name? Who has read its books? It is the people who rule in these days: the people who read their daily newspapers and not treatises. Their kings are elective and follow their orders. To inject anti-toxin against the war disease into the veins of scholars, while useful, is a slow way to cure the masses of people. Not until they who do the fighting and endure war's suffering and pay its costs realize that they have the power to end the suffering and cut down the cost, shall we win a victory over war.

So I am writing for average human beings, which include the scholarly proponents of peace and the professional pacifists, the statesmen, and the rest of the elect, who, as I saw some of them at the peace conference, were subject no less than the soldiers in the trenches to all the human weaknesses which beget war. In this chapter I shall



take up the origin and the old values of war, as I know them out of experience.

## 2

War began when Cain killed Abel. Presumably Cain had preparedness and Abel had not; or Cain did not wait upon a declaration of war, but struck his brother a foul blow in a moment of ungovernable temper, which in a later time would have been described as outraged national emotion.

The Biblical narrative is more meagre in details than an official communiqué in the World War. It does not mention the *casus belli*, so important in later days to justify a declaration of war. It gives us the result of the action in an "I came, I saw, I conquered" brevity, allowing the reader to take for granted that this new animal on the face of the earth would violate the habits of animals by killing his own kind, and that we were to expect war ever afterward as a matter of course among men.

However, the Biblical report was candid and free from embellishment, which is in its favor. Cain killed Abel—and there was nothing further to say. A propagandist on the Cain side would have written a report something like this:

"The gentle Cain, long patient under the wrongs he had suffered, was at last forced to strike back in his own defense. Putting his trust in God, who was on his side, his inspired and

indomitable valor won the day against the superior strength of his barbarian brother.”

Abel's side would not have been heard. He was dead. Cain's sons would write the history of the event.

If Abel had been wounded and not killed, he would have crept away to a cave where he would have begun preparing for revenge by inventing a new form of battle-axe. The secret of this he would have kept from Cain while he practised with it, to the admiration of his family, who ministered to him, gathered food for him, and tied a crown of feathers, forerunner of the cocked hat, to the head of the defender of their home and honor.

In due course he would have killed Cain. This should have convinced Cain's sons of father's mistake in giving quarter, and that no quarter was the one sure means of preventing your enemy from disturbing the peace again. In revenge Cain's sons would have sought to kill Abel's sons, who in turn would have sought to kill Cain's sons, and so on.

Without following imagination further, and confining ourselves to the Biblical facts, we find that the descendants of Cain were equal to carrying out the fratricidal precedent, without the assistance of the descendants of Abel. We imagine one branch settling on the left bank of the Eu-

phrates—their Rhine—and one on the right bank, each giving different names to natural objects and finding different names for new things that came into their lives, until they had developed two different languages. Other branches spread out over the world, developing more new languages and customs in their areas of isolation behind the natural frontiers of rivers, mountain ranges, swamps, lakes, and seas.

These in their racial hates and rivalry have been buffeting one another in periods of slaughter down to the present day. There were the uninteresting periods of peace, as the lady described them; but the glorious periods were those of war. All the honors were to the leaders. There was little mention of the rank and file. They must be grateful and admiring. The leaders always fought to bring peace to the people, which could come only through wars and following them.

Clans were merged in tribes, and tribes became feudal principalities, which became states, and always they were going to war. They were not thinking of war as self-destruction, but as the only means of self-preservation through preserving the community organism. It is no wonder that the primitive anthropoid, who, in addition to fighting for food and shelter, had to fight his fellow-men as well, was too busy for countless

generations to carve even a few lines on stone to tell archæologists that he was on earth.

The puzzle to a simple mind is how, when all the tribes, states, and nations were ever arming only in self-defense, wars were so chronic: or it would be puzzling if you had not studied the propaganda of warfare. War must have had values in the old days, or people would not have been so fond of war. What were these values?

## 3

*Physical.* Abel, if he had been wounded and not killed, must have learned from defeat that he must be sound of wind and limb, and lithe and quick, if he were to win his next battle with Cain. His and Cain's descendants, as they multiplied and spread, must keep strong in the same way if they were not to suffer defeat and ravage. The first primitive hygienic regulations, and the first classes in gymnastics, were doubtless in preparation for the day when the men of fighting age should take the war path.

The chieftains proved their title to leadership by success in battle: they must be an example of physical excellence in the days when they fought in person, swinging a battle-axe or a sword at the head of their men. This was true even in the late war for the leaders of small units. Realizing the importance of victory and foreseeing its requirements, the chieftains laid down rules



of life, and promoted sports and drills which would make their followers masterful in the use of their weapons, and taught their women to look up to and serve, and their boys to emulate, the sturdy warrior rather than the fat civilian. The rigid Spartan and Roman physical régimes, and the setting-up exercises, the route marches, and the regular hours of barrack and camp life of modern armies, are familiar examples.

Even in these days when we know the value of exercise in keeping our bodies well, we are more prone to take it as a sport than for its own sake. An incentive will start one on a five-mile walk when reason fails. Preparation for war gave the incentive, and it supplied the discipline which insisted upon physical excellence. As the puny perished at the hands of the strong in battle, then youth must make itself strong for the sake of self-preservation and for the protection of family and property. Victorious expanding nations had vigorous youth, obedient to principles of abstinence and self-control; nations in decline relaxed their physical régime and tended toward physical degeneracy. However rich nations became in luxury or civilization, they went down before the physically stronger if they failed to keep the faith of sound bodies.

Can we gain the incentive to physical excellence for a people except through war?

## 4

*Moral.* If Abel had been wounded rather than killed, he would have acquired fortitude and continuity of purpose in preparing for the next battle with Cain; so would his descendants, who had to prepare for war. The Japanese *samurai* used to eat rice soaked in blood to harden their nerves against future scenes of carnage. A young naval man whom I knew went to slaughter houses and operating rooms with the same object in view. Either was preparing himself not to falter when the test came. So was the German machine gunner who had himself strapped to his gun in the late war, lest he should not stick to his post to the death.

There is one possession which in peace man will not consciously sacrifice for either honor, glory, vanity, or profit. It is his most precious possession. Who in the prime of youth, however poor, will sell his life for a fortune? Only some such object as the better care of an invalid wife or children dear to him would make him consider the offer.

Without thought of reward he will risk death by rushing into a burning house to bring out a child, or by diving into a swift current to succor a spent swimmer. War exalts him with the same spirit; he offers his most precious possession for glory, for the great adventure, for his country,

to protect the tender flesh of women and growing children, or whatever the cause. The thing is that he is ready for self-sacrifice.

For the moment he is immortal in looking death in the face. Death is the test of giving. He goes to the test. The more brilliant his mind, the keener his sensitiveness, the more highly civilized he is, the greater the sacrifice, the farther it removes him from the instinct of self-preservation in the brute sense, and his killing of his fellow-men from the category of murder and assassination, and crowns it with the respect due the soldier.

Not only is his body disciplined, but his mind is disciplined by the drills that prepare him for war. Left to himself, he might never know a thrill that stirred his imagination to compass more than food and shelter and pleasures. War takes him out of himself; out of trammels and ruts; it takes him away from home to new scenes that brighten his faculties and stir his mind with new thoughts. It exalts the relatives he leaves behind him as well as himself. They know how dear he is to them through the teaching of sacrifice. That emotion which they share is the most transcendent that comes to the average human mind.

The "salt of life," as war has been called, is extracted from the risk of death. You cannot

mine it from the earth or produce it from a laboratory. What substitute is there for this fortitude in preparing to be strong in war, for the exaltation of spirit which war brings? What uplifting emulation will replace that of the leader of a charge who falls when the position is gained? The cheerful endurance of hardship of the soldier on the march, of the priest who gives absolution, of the surgeon yielding his profitable practice to bind up wounds under fire, of the woman nursing the wounded back to health?

## 5

*Social, Communal, and National.* War and preparation for war must make men think and act together. It puts the iron hand of organization around gregariousness. The competition of individuals for personal profit and enjoyment becomes the competition of group against group; and competition is the spur to excellence. The first social units were doubtless formed for protection against common dangers, and then against other human units. Soldiers who drill together know the fellowship of discipline. They are to offer their lives together for the common good; their women folk who support their sacrifices with their own are doing it for the common good. Every wounded man becomes an object of solicitude for all women. In place of individual tooth



and claw is common action at intervals by all the teeth and claws of group against group.

This development was logical in the fierce contest of existence, in which the fittest survived. War leaders taught their people the folly of divided counsels; the value of cohesion for mutual protection. This protection meant that life and property were temporarily secure; it gave time to cultivate the fields, and for innovators to carry out improvements which meant more comforts and a higher state of living.

As society developed, it extended the number of peaceful occupations not directly related to gathering food or shelter and fighting, those of the priest, the teacher, the lawgiver, the artist, the artisan, and the writer, which inaugurated civilization as we know it today. When tribes gave up the practice of striking wholly by surprise, brigand and burglar fashion, and one tribe served notice when it was about to attack another, it was the first step in the common interest of two enemy tribes, which led to the sanctity of ambassadors and to formal declarations of war, and to the spread of the rules of conduct of individuals to the rules of conduct of tribes, states, and nations which we call international law.

Quarter was given, prisoners taken and exchanged; the enemy wounded not left to die on the field; women and children not sold into

slavery. This in turn led to mutually recognized rules in the conduct of war itself. A man out of uniform was a guerrilla, an outlaw from these rules, to be treated without mercy; a fighting force which had no recognized headquarters or cohesive force in being, but gathered at a rendezvous, was a guerrilla army, whose leader was proscribed.

In a military sense, the dignity of the American colonists was in the fact that Washington, however hard pressed, always had a headquarters and an army continuously in being, and of the Southern Confederacy that after Appomattox it made no guerrilla resistance. Washington's refusal to receive a letter from the British commander unless it was addressed to him as "General" exemplified the unalterable etiquette of this principle; Lee's request that his men should be allowed to keep their horses for the spring ploughing, as they were not to turn guerrillas, expressed the very soul of the principle, whose object was the control of war, as a necessary curse, in the common interest of the property and peaceful activities of the combatants.

Your army is beaten, you must yield the victory and accept terms; and you could afford to accept them, instead of fighting to the last guerrilla in a mountain thicket, because the international rules of conduct expressed the wisdom of

giving quarter, and the folly, which was illustrated in China in the Boxer rebellion, of driving a people to desperation.

The steps of this evolution came fast during the steam age to meet its demands for universal self-preservation. New rules were established at the Geneva Convention, which made the Red Cross band of doctors and nurses sacred; and other rules at the Hague Conference. The outcry against bombing hospitals and atrocities to civil populations in the late war, which warriors of other ages would have regarded with grinning contempt for effeminacy, were calling down judgment upon the offenders against ethical convictions, born of our higher organization, which were comparatively new in the world. But the age-drift, as I shall show later, may be leading us back to guerrialism and no quarter in the next great war.

Force is necessary to peace until men become more angelic than they are now: until, indeed, each human being has such a just sense in his relations with all other human beings as to make courts unnecessary. We are so used now to accepting court decisions peaceably that we scarcely realize that it is the police power, the armed representative of the rules of conduct, which in theory enforces the decisions and must enforce them in practice when required. How long would court

decisions be obeyed even by responsible men if there were no physical force behind the courts? Without police protection how long before a city would be overrun by crimes of violence? before society would revert to tooth and claw? In American frontier days, where primitive influences prevailed, the armed volunteers of vigilance societies undertook to safeguard life and property, which is the first step in stabilizing social conditions in a young community.

The army is above the police. It is called out against uprisings that the police cannot control; it protects the laws within the nation from outside interference. It is the attorney for the nation, representing it against the armies of other nations in differences for which the ultimate appeal must go to that supreme court called war for judgment and enforcement of the judgment. War can change the rules of conduct; bring a new body of laws into being. Such is the Napoleonic Code and the Constitution of the United States.

Militarism insists that almost without exception the most highly organized nations have had the most highly organized armed forces. The contrasting examples of Athens and Sparta hardly permit me to agree with their view, though they find plentiful support for it in their reading of history. The history of Genoa supports the idea



that a community which hires its soldiers and worships Mammon does not develop that high culture, glorified by its literature, arts, and crafts, of a community like Florence which has a fighting spirit.

Generically, the great civilizations, and this does not seem to me to exclude China, were founded upon successful prowess at arms. A conqueror's blows harrowed the field for their growth. Our Occidental civilization and its origins are bound up with the accomplishments of wars.

Should we have had a Socrates to give us his views on death if Athenians had never risked death in battle? Should we have had a Greek civilization at all if the phalanx had gone forth with arguments of law and ethics instead of steel? A Roman civilization if Rome had never sent forth an armed man or a galley to extend her power? A Renaissance civilization if the fore-runners of Dante and Michael Angelo had gone out to defend a young city by promises of the songs its bards were to sing or of the pictures its artists were to paint, if an invader would stay his destroying hand?

Homogeneous France with her wonderful literature and traditions and the Germany of Goethe, Heine, Kant, and Bach and Beethoven were wrought out of the crucible of many interprovin-

cial wars: the spirit of either people kept high and united by the threat from across the Rhine. That island of Britain, where Scot and Englishman fought their way to mutual respect and understanding, has kept her sons strong by the realization that the strength of her arm at sea protected her in her peaceful development at home.

But strictly military civilizations have been short-lived. Profit and power soften them. The practical question in a practical world is: should we have even as good a civilization as we have, we very human human beings, if we had not had wars? The militarist's answer is based on history as it is. The theorist must change human nature and prepare a new set of premises in which human nature is as he wants it to be, before he can be certain of a contrary conclusion.

There have been times when the use of force alone would relieve oppression: when only a blow with the spade would lead my lord to redress your grievances after soft appeal and touching the forelock had failed. For the prize of liberty for yourself and your descendants you must risk death. Ask an Englishman what he thinks would be the present state of English democracy if there had been no Cromwell; a Frenchman about the state of France if there had been no Mirabeau, Danton, Desmoulins, or Carnot; an Australian or

a Canadian about the state of the British Dominions if there had been no Washington.

Cromwell's Puritan prayers would never have brought Charles to terms. It was his Ironsides which wove the impelling influence of future changes into the body politic of Britain. Petitions to Louis XVI, showing him the misery of tax-ridden, oppressed masses, supplication to the States General and to the hereditary lords, would never have transformed France from an unlimited monarchy to the most democratic of nations. This required that my lord should be upset in his carriage, that men who had the courage and the initiative to rise against those who they had been taught were their superiors, should storm my lord's château, march into Versailles, overrun the land, and take over all authority in the untrained license of their new-found power as no longer vassals of other men but the equals of all men, because they had been ready to risk death for a cause.

Benjamin Franklin pleading with Parliament to consider the growing population of kindred blood across the Atlantic and its restlessness under regulation was a noble and eloquent figure; but he had only words. So had Jefferson only words when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Many a high-minded and educated gentleman could have written an equally plausible

and appealing document to those who believed in the rights of man, which—if blood had not been spilled in order that it might be executed as well as promulgated—would have been consigned to the archives as a lost cause, or, should the Georgian Age have endured, as a literary curiosity. The making of a new nation, which should carry on what Cromwell began in England and be the forerunner of the French revolution and its sharer in winning democracy for the world, sprang from the willingness of men to leave their homes, endure hardships, disease, and wounds, as they offered their lives, and from their ability to hold together against all reverses for eight weary years until victory was won.

If I were cast away on an uninhabited island with the mayor of my town, and if he insisted upon my drudging for him while he idled because he was my mayor at home, I should try Franklin's appeal and Jefferson's declaration; but if he were not amenable to one, and discounted my being able to execute the other, I should try to keep strong while I practiced military maneuvers in the background, and one day I should resort to force, in the mood to risk the loss by death of a demeaning and cowardly existence in the hope of gaining a more respectable form of self-preservation. Being so hard pressed under such primitive conditions, I might so far revert to the



primitive, especially if I were weaker and older than he, as not to issue a formal declaration of war, but strike him when I had him at a disadvantage.

If I beat him into submission, I might be primitive enough in my island surroundings—and that spirit has not yet disappeared from the most congested haunts of civilization—to make him do the drudging afterward, while I ordered him about from the shade of a tree and maintained a preparedness program which should insure his continued submission to my now established prowess; and this is precisely what the gallants of France did to the masses, only they depended too long on prestige in the place of prowess. I should hope that I would be wise in my victory; that I would establish the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and “all men are created free and equal,” under local rules of labor and profit-sharing for the common interest of that population of two.

Though he might be polite as any dandy at Louis XIV's court, the mayor's character having been revealed to me as strictly selfish and brutal, his politics as strictly feudal, I should fight desperately because I would know that defeat meant that he would reduce me to slavery. If the result were a draw, or if he got even a trifle the better of me after a long and exhausting struggle, I

should be in a position where, under threat of becoming desperate again and making him the trouble of suppressing another rebellion, I could refuse to serve him as slavishly as I had previously, and thereby secure terms in our treaty of peace which would better my condition. I should have established a certain prestige. He would never forget (in his generation) that I would fight if too hard pressed by injustice.

So war may be a people's only means to justice. A single battle may wreak changes in public sentiment, initiate reforms, and set a people on a new course through the stirring of stagnant minds to action, when all the dissertations of the learned and the pronouncements of lawgivers, all the harangues of orators and the appeals of the most gifted writers to the same end, have aroused no response.

It is the war leader, giving supreme proof of faith in risking death, who wins conviction and a following. A man or woman bravely facing a firing line for a cause may make that cause immortal. Thousands upon thousands of nurses on both sides unflinchingly did their duty in the late war; but one, Cavell, who gave her life in a dramatic manner, is remembered. The leader who dies for a broken cause may by his dying implant hope in the breasts of a people, which they will

one day transform into realization of the ambition for which he gave his life.

A rebellion or uprising that is suppressed may not be altogether a failure. If the rebel has fought bravely, his opponent has come to know him face to face in the supreme test. The rebel has won recognition of the fact that he is a gallant and not a clod. The sturdy valor of the Boers in the South African War was not the least of the influences which led to their receiving in substance from the victor the rights for which they had fought.

The average man is so preoccupied with his own affairs that he requires a shock to his emotions which concerns the loss of the thing most precious to him, life itself, to replace his detached interest with action. Arguments for fire protection or safeguards against accident will fail of the purpose, which a single disaster will gain. If the Irish had relied upon propaganda, would they have won concessions from the British government? They have proved that when a people are in the exalted mood to offer blood sacrifice, even in the era of the machine gun and rapid-firing artillery, there is no preventing the progress of a sniping warfare, with the connivance of the masses, from month to month and from year to year.

They may be politically in error, but they have given the accepted proof of faith in their views.

A crowd gathering in mourning garb before a Dublin jail where some of their countrymen are being executed for "murder," which to them is martyrdom; a Mayor MacSwiney starving himself to death as a prisoner who could not die in battle, did more to steel Irish hearts than all the books and pamphlets of Young Ireland, and claimed the attention of the British when other measures failed.

The Irish said they had suffered wrongs; the British agreed. The Irish wanted to live their own lives and be governed in their own way; British consciousness realized that this was a reasonable request. There must be virtue in it if Irishmen were in earnest to the point of such sacrifices. Britain ruling so well in so many lands wanted an end to this sore spot at home, which endangered her own prosperity and peace and the larger sense of self-preservation, which hopefully will govern all nations in the future.

She would go so far, but no farther. The line of her concessions was drawn where her sense of self-preservation in the event of war dictated. Ireland must not become a separate nation, athwart her trade routes, which might be allied with an enemy. For this principle the British were ready for the test of giving more lives in suppression of the rebellion. Thus the issue resolved itself into one of force, and the test of



war between tribes, each seeking to keep its home for itself by the ultimate resort to arms. A short-sighted Britain of other days might have suppressed the rebellion at any cost without offering concessions.

There have been good wars and bad wars. To the nationalist his country lost in the bad wars and won in the good wars. He who would hold the scales of judgment is lost in dialectics. Bad wars or good wars, their traditions are embedded in our inheritances; and their influences ride at our side. The high organization of the nations of today is the product of war, which welded clans together by armed struggle within or against common racial foes without. Could the people of any nation give up the memory of times when they or their ancestors felt the common impulse of sacrifice against a foe? Were not these the formative periods of their cohesion of thought, of language, and of civilization?

Can we safeguard our heritage without ignoring the sacrifices of life by which it was achieved? Could Abraham Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, as we read it, lift us out of ourselves in thinking of a nation as a whole, if it had not been made in presence of the graves of the dead who had given their lives for the cause of the whole? To Northerner and Southerner alike, Gettysburg is

the symbol of pride in an ancestry which was ready to fight for its faith in a cause.

Our Spanish War, when Southerner and Northerner fought again side by side, healed a sectional wound in an outburst of war emotion. How else could we have gained the unifying force that magnetized us in common effort when we entered the late war? Will the whole fall into parts if there is no threat of danger from without? Human nature being as it is, can all classes, all creeds, all occupations, retain their unity and their sense of mutual dependence without being thrown into the crucible, to be re-amalgamated by war's furnace heat?

## 6

*Economic.* How can war which is destructive of property and turns the laborer into a soldier, be economically constructive? We are told that it was the stir that the French revolution and the Napoleonic wars gave Europe, awakening men's minds to a new capacity for thinking, that fathered the age of steam, of education, of democracy. Indeed, McAndrew may owe a debt to Mirabeau, Danton, and Bonaparte, that "wicked monster" who haunted his ancestors, for having an engine to arouse his poetic fancy.

When you fly past the kilometer-posts on one of the *routes nationales* of France, it is well to remember that these long straight metalled roads

on which carts go to market and draw village and farm into closer fellowship were built by Napoleon. The peasants having tasted their benefits, their upkeep becomes a habit. They are one of the few visible enduring returns for all that France paid in order that her Emperor might try to outshine all conquerors in glory.

There are other highways in Europe of still older origin. They were built by the Romans; who bridged streams with stone arches to facilitate the movement of troops and transport of goods, as they extended their dominion over Gaul and Teuton. The Romans fought for plunder; likewise the British freebooters, and prize-money, an inheritance from them, was still in vogue in our navy until after the Spanish War, as the reward of naval victory, though privateering had ceased. The Romans fought for fresh fields to exploit; likewise our American pioneers in our Indian wars. Victory provided the way for a higher organization or society to accrue wealth in all its forms by the development of natural resources.

Would Swiss watchmakers have the gold and jewels to make their watches? Would we have rubber for our automobile tires or gasoline for our engines or cotton for our garments, human nature being as it is and particularly so in primitive peoples, if Europeans had not fought for this

bounty? Is war necessary to keep up economic organization and continue economic development?

## 7

*Religious and Ethical.* Christ is against war. His was the religion of all the leading combatants in the World War except Turkey, which played a small part, and Japan, which was barely engaged. "Peace on earth and good will among men" has become "war on earth and hate among men," the satirists say. We cannot imagine Christ as a general, or one of his disciples as a staff officer or a minister of war; yet all generals and all staffs and all ministers use His name freely to inspire their troops with religious conviction. War brings man close to the hereafter, which is religion's concern. Spiritual revivals precede and flourish during and after wars: for the chaplain is at the soldier's side when he faces death.

Would the Christian religion have spread over all the areas where it holds dominion if Roman wars had not spread the Roman organization and civilization, whose remaining influences it made a vehicle for its extension? Chieftains of the Dark Ages, who had won their fiefs and kingdoms by war, adopted Christianity as a constructive and disciplinary religion, which strengthened their hold upon their people, and controlled their people's passions. Charlemagne, anointed in the



new faith, was giving religion the benefit of his military authority, as it gave him in return the benefit of its spiritual authority. But that did not stop him from going to war, or stop any other leader who was converted; he strove to adapt his religion to war aims, and the church to adapt his warrior ambitions to its aims of Christianity. There has always been a strange fellowship between religion and war. The prayers of our Puritan fathers were uttered with a loaded blunderbuss at their elbows; the Spanish priest marched beside the Spanish swashbuckler.

The most bitter wars of sentiment have been religious wars; and these have set religious dogma, if that be ethics, deeper in the hearts of men, or relieved peoples from dogmatic autocracy. In other words, men have won by fighting for the privilege of worshipping their God according to their own ideas. The most ruthless and cowardly wars have been economic wars, in which religion and ethics were forgotten. The tribute of this to the erring human race is that it is always more given to die for sentiment than for loot. If you are killed in battle in a religious war, you may have that reward in heaven of which the Mohammedan seems much more convinced than the Christian; if you are killed in a war for plunder the reward goes to your comrades who escaped death.

What would have been the future of Europe if the Christian nations had met the Turkish and Moorish waves of conquest with the passive resistance of turning one cheek and then the other? Would the muezzin be sounding his call to prayer from the Rheims cathedral, with domes in place of its spires, or from the local mosque instead of the church at the Four Corners on the American and Canadian plains or in Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa? Macaulay could not even have indulged his heavy imagination in a picture of a New Zealander surveying the ruins of St. Paul's. Would there have been an age of steam? Would there have been a McAndrew for a Kipling to immortalize? Would you and I be a part of that Mohammedan mob of rags and filth we have seen when the Sultan went to mosque?

Surely it is a cheerful thought that the Christians of Spain and middle Europe, when the emergency came, did not meet the Mohammedan hordes with prayer, unassisted by arms. Of course, if the Mohammedans had also used nothing but prayer and passive resistance, the situation would have been altered; but this was not in keeping with their human nature or Allah's teachings. The difference between the religions was that one preached pacifism but had difficulty in practising it. The other both preached and

practised militarism. This made a "complex," if you please, which was a very stubborn fact. Again, if the people of middle Europe had pursued the "other cheek" policy among themselves, and had not been exercised in war in their inter-state and inter-racial struggles, their defense against the trained soldiers of Allah would have been as weak, however brave they were, as that of the "Fuzzy-wuzzy" spearmen against machine guns.

We Christian peoples must not forget how many more and how much more brutal wars we so-called Christians would have had if we had not been professedly Christian. Without the influence of Christianity the European tribes would have had such a continuity of savage warfare that they could never have developed the necessary civilization in time of peace which has led to the present rules and customs of international conduct. Only the Christian nations, or those which have adopted Christian ways, have any decent international rules.

As the hand of the priest stays that of the man who is about to commit crime, so Christianity has stayed the hand of bestial war. It has been the check upon unreasoning primitive passion; the foster mother of the ethical training which has restrained savage militarism for its own sake. Nearly all the nations which have high

culture and ethics are Christian; they have frequently gone to war. Can religion keep its ethical hold upon a people without the emotions of war, with its dangers and sacrifices, to make men think in terms of the hereafter?

## 8

As he reads the foregoing, the pacifist may be saying: "Now you are unmasked. A follower of wars, yours are the warrior's views." He says that there are right and wrong in the world. War is wrong. So it is, horribly, monstrously, wickedly, ridiculously wrong. One welcomes his voice every time that it reminds us that it is wrong, and calls us back to the eternal simple principles.

I hear him asking in a blaze of righteous logic: "How many civilizations has war wrecked? How many farms has it sterilized? How many granaries looted? How many bridges destroyed? How many colleges robbed of their endowment in order to build asylums which it has filled. How many beginnings of racial culture nipped in the bud? How many Galileos, Gutenbergs, Huxleys, and Pasteurs, Shakespeares, Molières, Goethes, and Dantes, Bacons, Kants, Spensers, and Jameses, Watts, Howes and Wrights, Michael Angelos, Rembrandts, and Velasquez, Beethovens, Wagners, Gounods, and Verdis, has war killed in childhood?"

Patience! I have called the values the *old*



values. I have presented the militarist's points, which he usually presents himself in the catch phrase, "You cannot stop war! It's human nature." Only by keeping in mind the evolution which has brought us to our present stage of civilization can we be sure of not making the misstep of cynicism or over-optimism, which will lead to a loss rather than a gain in the next generation. We must know all the complexes of human nature that produce war.

Can we change human nature? Personally, I am quite hopeful about it, because I have seen it change in my time. Self-preservation may remain the first law, but we may learn how to serve it in a better way. In this respect there has been much progress from the days of the savage who depended upon the day's kill, reckoning not of the morrow, to the days of cold storage and steam-heated apartments. We may make even further progress; but only if we know ourselves and our neighbors, and master our subject.

## V

### THE LURE

Now I shall try to marshal in order the causes and emotions which lure peoples into war. I am human enough to have been subject to them all. If awkwardness in grooving the thoughts under one head with those under another leads to repetition, my excuse is that some truths cannot be repeated too often, and that a subject so compounded of all human elements is baffling of analysis to a humble human mind which has registered such a multitude of first-hand impressions as my own. Later, point by point, I shall take up these causes in the light of human nature's problem of today; and in that contrast find ground for hope of better things.

#### 1

*Fear.* Not the natural fighting instinct of the male, but fear, individual, social, and national, is to my mind the prime emotional cause of war: the fear of the loss of life and property, of the right to enjoy one's own customs, language, and religion; the fear of racial and national disorder; the fear of outrages on women and children; the fear of a catastrophe more terrible than any of

nature, in that it means the submission of your will to the prick of bayonets of aliens whom you abhor if you do not hate. This fear we have lately seen stark in the faces of driven old men and women and children in France and Belgium.

Man builds himself a house to exclude the rain and the snow; a dam to prevent a creek from overflowing his land; he puts a lock on the door of his house and barn to keep out burglars. He is always on guard against some danger, against sickness, hard times, and accidents. War combines all the elements of his fears and apprehensions. The reaction to his fear of war, which is fear of physical force, is physical action against an enemy who personifies his fears.

I have never seen men going into battle, never watched a charge go home, when back of the courage shown was not the impelling fear of the cost of defeat.

“Why aren't we shooting back? Where are our guns?”

How many times under fire every atom of thought and emotion in me was calling for the increase of our blasts to silence the enemy's; and that call was the call for the lock on the door, which in peace summons preparedness for war.

Fear makes Japan arm: fear that the lone Oriental nation having the position of a first-class power may be overwhelmed by Occidental civili-

zation; fear that she may lose command of the Asiatic seas, which will mean starvation and degradation of her crowded people.

“This shall not happen again!” thought the Germans after the Napoleonic invasion, and in their fear that it might, and to prevent it, they began the formation of their military machine, which came to disaster in the late war.

“We shall put him where he will not bother us again,” thought the British, who had been in fear of the monster for a generation, as they sent Napoleon to St. Helena.

“This shall not happen again!” thought the French, in sight of the ruins of the devastated regions, as they annexed Alsace-Lorraine, and their fears demanded the left bank of the Rhine and other precautions and insurances, all strengthening their defenses against their fear of Germany.

Italy desired the rectification of her Alpine frontier out of the ancient fear of northern hordes. Britain wanted a peace treaty which would guarantee her against the fear of the loss of sea power, which is her lock on the door. Fear of the loss of their new-found liberty exalts the Poles in their poverty to support a large army. Moving-picture effects of New York in ruins, lurid descriptions of America devastated as portions of France, playing upon our fears, were



quite as potent in bringing us into the late war as arguments based on sounder premises: I mean the vital factor of basic popular fear, subject to the ambitions of leaders, who arouse it for one purpose or another.

Mystery and suspicion go hand in hand with fear. The thing which we do not know we are most inclined to fear. The mystery of one nation to another, which misinformation and petty misunderstandings aggravate, nurses apprehension, and apprehension nurses enmity.

Of all men, highly trained soldiers best understand the psychology of war, I have found. Army strategists realize the value of suspicion in propaganda for larger armies; and the value of mystery in war. It is the silent stronghold, the invisible forces in which may be holding their fire, which tries the nerves of men who are waiting to attack.

Fear of the unknown kept men from uncharted seas and from the discovery of America or of the headwaters of the Nile. The child who is asked to go into an unlighted cellar peoples it with imaginary dangers. Ignorance is the mother of suspicion. So one nation is always suspicious of another nation, crediting it with a capacity for trickery and the forming of secret and threatening plots, and building armies and navies which are aimed against its own security, thus

engendering a fear that forces the increase of its own armaments.

Difference of habits, customs, thought, and forms of government aggravate the suspicion. Europe turned against revolutionary France in fear that revolutionary ideas permeating all the peoples would upset dynasties. America's Monroe Doctrine had its foundation in the fear that those same dynasties might try to extend monarchical government to our continent after the downfall of Napoleon. The people of a democracy and the rulers of an oligarchy which adjoin must inevitably fear that their systems of government will be endangered by an invasion. In the war that develops from their fears either nation is justified in feeling that it is defending a principle that concerns the future of all peoples.

In an oligarchy a man with leanings toward a democratic state would be as surely suspect of the rulers as the conservative in a democracy, whose advocacy of moderation in the experiment his country is undertaking would be regarded as unpatriotic, if not treasonable, in playing into the hands of the enemy. Every school of thought desires to increase its disciples. A nation which is of a different school of thought to your own must be considered predatory by nature. Therefore, each, in fear of danger to its institutions, arms for its protection. The suspicion of each will

not permit mutual reliance upon good faith to leave each to go its own ways.

## 2

*Language, Race, Habits, and Customs.* Adam's descendants as they spread over the earth, the timid following valleys, the daring passing over mountain ranges, while generation after generation of isolated bodies inbred, have so far departed from the original stock that our common ancestor would have difficulty in recognizing them as of his type and blood. Not only did each group give names of its own to different objects and actions, until they developed a different vocabulary, as different climates and foods changed their complexion and their physique, but these and the different teachings of their leaders gave them different customs and habits, which were all in favor of carrying on the Cain tradition.

The evangelizing priests of the church used the Latin language as the *lingua franca* of the dark and early middle ages. The Teuton, Gaul, and Angle, and the other tribes spoke their own tongue, which they could not read or write. For the Far East classic Chinese is the same kind of medium today to an educated Chinese, Japanese, or Korean.

But the tongues of the Northern tribes were to prevail over the exotic Latin, even for educated men, with the further development of their civili-

zation. The bond which was the inheritance from the Roman conquerors yielded to the mediums which drew the different peoples together in the modern European linguistic and racial groups. An educated Pole, if he met an educated Englishman, Frenchman, German, or Spaniard, no longer spoke Latin, but must use a modern language which both knew.

Language, that elastic and marvellous power which sets us above the brutes and expresses all our ideas, whether in rustic simplicity or erudite complexity, is the very cement of race and nationalism. How few of the masses of people read any language but their own! The world lives in a tower of Babel which has been divided into compartments, each group of occupants speaking its own tongue instead of all the groups being mixed together. The inhabitant of one nation, dropped at random in the middle of another whose language he does not know, is reduced to signs, if he has no interpreter, in order to obtain a lodging or order his meals. He is a human unit utterly separated from sharing the thought of his fellow human beings. Anyone who has had such an experience knows the meaning of linguistic nostalgia.

I have in mind an Italian comrade who communicated with his fellows in a camp in Manchuria for six months in English and French,



which he spoke well. Then appeared an Englishman who spoke Italian. The joy of our Italian was unbounded. He literally followed the Englishman about in wistful attendance.

"Forgive me if I persist," he said to the Englishman, "but you do not know what this means to me. To think you were born in Rome; you even know our slang! You know how we Italians think. It is too good."

"How we Italians think:" and that in the Italian language.

No novel of national life, no article in a newspaper, that does not reveal to the cosmopolitan a nation's mode of thought, its grounded habits, customs, its conception of honor, humor, and morals. Each nation's own ways are to itself the logical and natural ways of living. The Japanese eating raw fish, the Frenchman taking only a roll and coffee in the morning instead of oatmeal and bacon and eggs, the freedom of certain peoples in the use of their knives, the way others use a finger bowl as a mouth bowl, form differences in habits which lead each people to accept its own as superior to strange, foreign ways.

Travellers who are most peaceful-minded may form only adverse opinions of a foreign country in their exile from home cuisine, or in having to drink water or coffee or tea with their meals instead of wine. The first time that I saw a man

drinking wine for breakfast, I felt that such a gastronomic anomaly was outside the pale of civilization. I used to share the New Yorker's feelings that there must be something wrong with the Chicagoan who ate pie for breakfast, though, now that I have been about the world and have learned incidentally that I was in error about the Chicagoan, I do not see why one should not eat pie, or cake, or live eels for breakfast if one's digestion finds either agreeable. Since they have learned how delectable they are, the English-speaking peoples have ceased to look down on the French for eating frog's legs, though the French addiction to snails—which lead quite as healthy lives as oysters or clams—still leaves me a trifle suspicious of French character. I do not like snails. Perhaps I do not like them because I was not brought up to like them.

To one who thinks that these references to the causes of war are fantastic, I will say that despite all my travels, when I come into a community which is backward in sanitary plumbing and bathrooms, I feel inclined to establish an American protectorate over its people without its consent by plebiscite; and this, though I know that my ancestors, two or three generations back, were no further advanced than they in what were so lately luxuries, and now have become as completely es-

sential as the use of a handkerchief in place of the coat-sleeve.

“Never again!” I exclaimed when I crossed the Rio Grande after my latest trip to Mexico, where for many weeks my companions had been insurrectos whose filthy ways were as uncomfortable as they were disgusting. “Never again until I am with a sanitary train following an army of occupation. There is no other hope for Mexico.”

After a few months I recovered my perspective, and my reason counselled the policy of patient waiting on self-determination to work out reforms from within; but for the moment my emotion was such that I would have welcomed military action to impress reforms from without.

“If we lose, shall we have to eat sausages and soup, and endure the spread of German art?” said a fastidious French officer, whose jesting had the sharpness of a warrior’s steel. He fought the harder at Verdun for that cause.

“Think of travelling on the continent if Germans won!” said a British officer. “And being elbowed by a Prussian in a railway carriage as he gobbled sausages and stared you down as if he were a better man than you. And all the German waiters knocking their heels together in London restaurants, and instead of waiting on us expecting us to wait on them. We’ll never give

in! It's yielding the world to Prussian manners."

There were two million American soldiers and more than a million British soldiers at one time in France. All had come to a country whose high civilization, democracy, and service to world culture form one of the most brilliant pages of the world's history, to fight as allies in the cause of the preservation of democracy.

But they did not speak the language of that country. Its customs were strange and irritating and wrong because they were unlike our own. Our men found the climate disagreeable. Billets in French farmhouses in close proximity to the manure pile further influenced their feelings toward France. When the two million were demobilized, they scattered to their homes as missionaries of the policy of having nothing further to do with Europe. They had more influence against the League of Nations than the speeches of senators. No friendly conference of statesmen or generals could change their view in this age of nationalistic democracies, when the voice of the people is master.

Our soldiers—and this applies to the British—did not read French newspapers; they could not exchange ideas freely with the natives, as the smattering of French which they picked up was restricted to a simple vocabulary connected with



physical wants. They suffered acute mental hunger for the familiar pages of their own dailies and weeklies, which came too infrequently. Exile taught them the community of interest in their common language and customs. It quickened and matured their sense of nationalism, which convinced them that they indeed had a country worth fighting for, as it invariably convinces a soldier away from home. They were fighting for it more and more concretely, while the world cause became more and more abstract.

The homesickness of our soldier from the Southwest, who as he looked at a finished French landscape cried out for a sight of the cactus and the desert sunset, was of the same kind and origin as that of the European freshly arrived in America, who, as he gazes at the heights and chasms of New York, his ears confused by the babel of a strange language, wishes for the sight of his home village in Poland or Italy.

That longing of the first generation of immigrants never ceases. It passes with the second. The boy born in the country absorbs its customs. Its language is the language which conveys to him through all he studies in the text books at school, or reads afterwards, the impressions which root his mind in the traditions and the symbols that stand for the beauty of landscape

and the environment and customs of the land where he lives.

Our men saw the worst side of France; the hot and impatient patriotism of war time always sees the worst side of another country. But they did see France; they saw that there were other ways of doing things and other kinds of civilization than their own. Their eyes registered new scenes for memory to recall; their minds had a stir, which is the healthiest thing that can happen to a mind. As distance lends glow to their experience and hardships, the signs of a maturing reflection appear. You hear them recalling the fine roads of France, in contrast with some of our own; the tidiness of fields and gardens; the smiling industry that makes a smiling land.

Ten years ago France was the unknown to them. Propaganda could have peopled it to suit its imagination and purpose if a crisis between the two nations had arisen. Now a threat of war would arouse in two million minds the memories of villages, of the people they knew, of the faces of children around the doors of their billets; and the more French they knew, the stronger that influence. If half the people of one nation spoke the language of another and had intimate friends among its people, whose customs and habits they understood, we might talk with more confidence of the proximate realization of universal peace.

How immaterial the surveyor's line which separates two countries, in comparison with the language barrier, which is fortified by antipathy of race and customs! How many of us ever read a line of print in any language but their own? National and local affairs are too complex and intimate, and the day's work too time- and energy-consuming, for the average man to take interest in the every-day constructive doings of another people. While preoccupied with the healthy normalities of his own country, he too frequently responds only to the bizarre, the abnormal, and the shocking about other countries, without stopping to consider that they are not typical of the land whence they come in reports in which the cable's demand for brevity presents only the most sensational features.

Europe enjoys the motion picture scenes of a primitive Wild West which no longer exists, and reads the accounts of American lynchings with more interest than the announcement of a fifty-million-dollar endowment for a welfare institution. America prefers to read of scandal in the circles of British nobility, or of a *cause célèbre* in Paris, to something about the efforts of various Englishmen or Frenchmen that concern the world's progress. All this increases each nation's conviction that its own are the moral, the sound, and the progressive ways which must be safe-

guarded, and that the future of civilization is its own particular responsibility. So the telegraph and the printing press, which bind the world together by quick interchange of intelligence, facilitating the rapid dispatch of business, are not yet a fully equipped servant of international understanding.

Nothing is more enduring than the language tradition. The Greek language has survived for more than two thousand years in all the welter of Mediterranean changes of rule; the Hebraic even longer against even greater vicissitudes. A Poland suppressed for a hundred years still speaks Polish; the French-Canadians, immured in an English-speaking area, have retained their language generation after generation. The conqueror can force the exclusive teaching of an alien tongue in the schools; but the children will be taught that of their forebears at their mothers' knees. Language is the storehouse of a people's traditions, their thought, their precepts. One rises in arms at the first threat to its integrity, as one defends his own memory and his very power of reason from destruction. So one defends his habits, his customs, which involve the *morale* and the morals of his inheritance and daily practice, as he defends his own body; and he defends his race as he defends his kindred.

I was looking down from the gallery when the



question of the adoption of Esperanto as a medium for its polyglot membership came before the first League of Nations assembly. M. Viviani and M. Bourgeois of the French delegation had frequently had the floor, speaking the voice of France with her fifteen hundred thousand dead, as they asked that justice be done her services, and they kept watch against any maneuver that threatened her economic or military defense. We had heard little from M. Hanotaux. Now he became the French Academy embattled. French had always been the diplomatic language; it was the second language of practically all the delegates. Was the language of Racine and Molière, of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Charlemagne and Louis XIV, to be supplanted by a mongrel invention with no literature or traditions?

M. Hanotaux's few well-balanced terse sentences, coming like a swift succession of polished rapier thrusts, were speaking for all the poilus who had fallen in the war, the cause for which they had really fought: race, language, literature, tradition, all that made a Frenchman a Frenchman. To the English present M. Hanotaux was repulsing an assault upon their literature, their songs, their nursery rhymes, and to the Italians an assault upon theirs, and to every other delegate an assault upon his. Esperanto was not adopted—not yet. But was it the military prow-

ess of France that had made French the diplomatic language? Was it not the language itself? Must France go to war occasionally in order that it survive?

3<sup>v</sup>

*Economic.* Of late years, since the study of sociology has ceased to be "hit and miss" like the witch's magic of old-fashioned medicine, and become more scientific, there is a tendency to trace all wars to an economic origin. Sometimes this horse is ridden by faddists as well as true investigators. My experience is that men fight for sentiment, for a phrase. As I have said, they will not risk death for pay or gold or goods except as professional buccaneers; but they may also be deluded as to the real nature of their causes.

If both sides insist that they are fighting for the true faith, both cannot be right. There may be no paradise of his choice to reward the Mohammedan, but his belief in it serves the same purpose as if there were, in making him fearless of death in battle. If the conviction that an enemy massacres the wounded and the women and children exalts a soldier to fight to the death, the effect on his emotions is gained, even if it turns out that the enemy is kind to his prisoners and tender with women and children. The soil of the globe is mixed with the dust of men who must

have fought heroically and given their lives for illusions; or else our present-day beliefs are illusions.

The memory of the suffering and passionate self-sacrifice in the late war still fresh in mind; and the sight of its dead and wounded still torturing our memory, it seems callous even to intimate that the origin of the World War was partially economic. We know that propaganda on both sides in its well-studied and fervid exhortation understood that the economic appeal was futile. Yet a famous statesman, who was a master at arousing high war-emotion, said to me in a frank moment: "This is a war between the 'Haves' and the 'Have Nots.' The Allies are the 'Haves' and they are fighting to keep what they have. The Germans are the 'Have Nots.' They are fighting to get what we have."

It was a harsh thought, that I resented at once, and rightly, for it was not true to the spirit for which men were daily giving their lives by thousands. But it may have been a truth masked by an illusion. If it were, then we should admit that it was, and thus bring a clearer vision to bear upon humanity's greatest problem now, instead of waiting for history to tell us our error, when it may be too late to apply the lessons which are before us written in human blood hardly yet dry.

There is no gainsaying that the unseen influence

of the property interest, working in our subconscious mind, capitalizing our racial and national animosities, foments the war emotions and invents sentimental phrases to characterize them. I mean property interest in the broad sense, not in the concrete sense of the banker and the master of industry, who may be against war for the sake of leaving the well enough of their large fortunes and power alone, unless ambition calls them to gamble for still vaster stakes. I do not mean alone munitions manufacturers who profit in war's boom market, I mean the property interest which includes the wages of the day laborer, the weekly salary of the clerk, and the stock in trade of the itinerant scissors grinder and the merchant. The welfare of the families, the units of the nation, as conceived in family council, becomes the public concept of the welfare of the nation.

More mouths than food to feed them, the lack of opportunity for young men to better their positions, discontent of all kinds with economic conditions, a universal feeling that room is needed for further expansion, the desire of more rewards for less industry: all may be laid at the doors of the national enemy, whom leaders make the scapegoat of their own failure in organization, or of the failure of the public to realize that they can honestly receive only what they earn by constructive labor.



“Trade follows the flag” was the shibboleth of a school of economists not long ago, as opposed to that of another school that “the flag follows trade.” Ferrero traces convincingly for me, though I do not follow his historical methods unquestioningly, that Rome’s wars sprang from the necessity of the orderly protection of her expansion of trade to meet the demands at home; and that applies as I have shown to the expansion of the steam age.

The mobs that started the French Revolution were crying for bread. Patrick Henry’s cry of “Liberty or Death” appealed to emotions which were at least financed by the pocket which was complaining about “taxation without representation,” which was one of the phrases of the American Revolution. It is possible that if the climatic area of the United States where cotton could be grown by slave labor, instead of being integral had been in patches equally distributed over the entire domain, the issue would never have been drawn in a sectional dividing line, but would have been absorbed into local politics.

Extremists in the theory of economic origins hold that the North was partially fighting for the raw cotton its mills desired, and that the South fought to grow its cotton in its own way and sell where it chose. The North made its prime moral issue the saving of the Union, and empha-

sized the second, the abolition of slavery, after the war was begun and the psychological moment for the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation appeared to Lincoln's practical and far-seeing mind to have arrived. The South, after it was feeling the might of the North's superior numbers and resources, made its great moral issue a heroic resistance to the same horrors of invasion that have through all time sped the weary legs of refugees in flight from an enemy's wrath. This is not saying that the Northern or Southern soldier was thinking in terms of economic profit when he floundered through the mud of Virginia, munching wormy hardtack, or when he charged. Far from it. To say so is to dishonor him. In common with all soldiers, he was more or less ignorant of the directing source of his emotions of the moment.

Prussia's wars against Denmark and Austria were steps in the Germanic advance to the economic domination of central Europe and the establishment of bases for an invasion of the world's markets. The war with France was another step which formed the German Empire into an economic unit. Even the wars of Italian liberty were economic, in the sense that the rapid development of railroad communications and oversea trade called for states speaking the same language and inhabiting the geographical unit of

the Italian peninsula to unite for their mutual advantage in an industrial age. The same principle applied in 1912 to the Balkan War.

Both the combatants in the Russo-Japanese War sought an economic outlet. But the Italians, the Balkan peoples, or the Russians or Japanese, did not offer their lives with that thought in mind. The British were not fighting in South Africa for gold, though the mines of the Reef were the origin of the trouble. "Remember the Maine" called American sentiment to war with Spain, without the economic value of a prosperous and orderly Cuba at our doors bearing the slightest relation to the spirit of the average soldier or sailor.

Tariff barriers increase economic irritation. When times were so hard that it would seem that nothing can make them harder, and any gamble may bring redress, and idle men become restless, their sense of economic self-preservation may make them more subject to the appeals to their sentiments and emotions which foment war.

## 4

*Physical.* War is physical and ours is a physical world, as we are reminded every morning by our daily paper in its accounts—offering the goods that sell in the markets of our mind—of floods, murders, riots, strikes, threatened wars or revolutions, speed records broken, and the sport-

ing events of yesterday. Who had not rather watch a horse that runs a mile faster than any horse ever ran it before, an aeroplane doing a falling leaf, than a delicate experiment in chemistry, or listen to a scholar read his contribution to the world's knowledge of the stars or the origin of life? Blondin, who walked on a tight-rope over Niagara, remains a figure in our memory, while many a statesman who walked the tight-rope of diplomacy over the cataracts of war and reached the goal of peace on the other bank is forgotten. It is not the man who has the pale cast of thought, but the man with the ruddy glow of physical prowess in his cheek, that warms our blood.

Two experts, learned and wise, their heads aching from their efforts as they labor over delimiting a frontier in order that justice shall be done, will not draw the audience of the finals of a tennis match at a provincial country club. A small hall is large enough for all who would listen to a debate between collegians, but no stadium is too large for the crowd at the annual football game. Could I keep my pen to the paper if I knew that outside my window the best fencer in my club was having a bout with a French fencer? Would I, would you, sit in the gallery of the League of Nations Assembly, listening to a debate, if you might see the Japanese delegates in a tug of war with the Chinese delegates on a bridge across the



Rhone at Geneva, or a sack race between the premiers of England and France?

Those who are planning for a system that will insure a permanent peace are competing not exclusively with the frailties of human nature but with its normal and healthy elements which incline us to train for mountain climbing or winning our week-end match at golf against an old adversary; they are competing with the dramatic appeal of physical action and the suspense that precedes the championship football game or the decision of the heavyweight championship.

Not so many human beings imagine that they would like to be in the shoes of a cabinet minister as in the shoes of the greatest boxer, golfer, or tennis, baseball, or football player. If you ask a bishop what would be his wish if he could have only one granted, he may very likely say that he would like to go round a golf course just once in par. A senator may never forget, or allow his family to forget, that he scored the touchdown which won the varsity match for his team.

Middle age thrills and old age glows in the memories of physical triumphs in youth. Grandmother is more likely to dwell upon the day when she led the field on horseback, or when she was surrounded by admirers at a ball, than upon her leadership in welfare work. Grandfather, who insists that he can put on his overcoat without as-

sistance, is convincing himself that his physical powers are not declining. Youth has supple muscles which demand movement and the eager unreckoning mind which welcomes adventure and risk. Unless youth has tasted danger in some form, or at least the exhilaration of hard physical contest, it feels that it has missed something to which it was entitled. It comes to an unsatisfied old age through want of stirring experiences in salad days.

War calls falsely as the supreme test of physical prowess and action. Victory in war is supposed to prove that a people's physical powers are not declining; it is the supreme physical triumph for the manhood of a nation.

## 5

*Courage.* Man is gregarious. War is gregarious courage or bravery. Who has not put to himself the question: "Would I be brave, cool, and daring in face of danger?" which we youngsters discussed around that restaurant table in Paris? War is the supreme danger; and every man likes to think that he is brave.

The man who will admit that a rival can lift a greater weight, can out-run, out-box, or out-fence him, or is his superior in learning and organization, will never admit that the rival is the braver of the two. The man who has lost his self-respect in all particulars will flush with anger at

the suggestion that he is not brave. A small boy who will grant that a classmate of his own age is better than he at his lessons will never admit that the classmate could make a harder fight than he.

Woman's part is different. She is supposed to be timid, and is frequently courageous enough to say so, if a man is not. Of the two she is usually the cooler and the more fearless under the continuous fire of a siege.

So every nation is certain that its men are braver than the men of other nations. Nothing is so treasonable—it is like disloyalty to one's own mother—as to intimate the contrary. A nation's literature, its songs, its traditions, teach its sons from the cradle to the grave that they are braver than other nations' sons. An army may say that it has had bad luck, that the weather was unfavorable, its leaders incompetent, its transport faulty or its weapons poor, that it was the victim of foul play by the enemy; but no army that was ever forced to sue for peace could conceive that the soldiers it fought were braver than its own. No general dares say publicly: "Our opponents fought better than we." He may say: "They were much more cunning and ruthless, and better educated and better trained," and, of course, that "They overwhelmingly outnumbered us."

Another excuse is that your enemy are fanatics.

Their bravery is the result of an abnormal excitation, of faith in the certainty that a bullet through the heart opens the gates of paradise. So they have an unfair advantage over normal Christians whose bravery is of superior brand if not as reckless.

The Japanese were supposed to be an example in point where they were winning their brilliant victories in Manchuria. Having followed one of their armies from the Yalu to Mukden, I concluded that the Japanese fought with a singular scientific thoroughness and tigerish intensity to inflict the maximum casualties upon the enemy with a minimum for himself, and that the paradise he wanted, as a human being responsive to the old first law, was return to his home and relatives and the joys and labors of peace. When I wrote something to this effect, it was so widely and gratefully copied in the Japanese press that I judged my conclusions must at least be true to the Japanese as they knew themselves.

In my own experience I have found out that when pride and duty called, when my "fighting blood was up" in the companionship of a charge or holding a position against an attack I became unconscious of self in a transcendent exhilaration. Then I might think that I was normally brave. Again, when I was moving about alone as a spectator with my mind free for reflection and a



modern artillery bombardment opened on my neighborhood, as I hugged the best shelter available, the now familiar sensation in my spinal column left me somewhat in doubt whether I was brave or not.

How often when I wished that I was anywhere else except stationary under fire have I heard my voice, sounding as if it were that of a stranger to my real feelings, combating my fears, in disdainful joking remarks, which were answered in kind by my companions, as if we were forcing conversation as we left the deck of a sinking ship to enter a lifeboat. If they thought that I was showing coolness under fire, I was carrying out my lie effectually, an effort in which I should have failed if I had been a deaf-mute who talked a sign language with the chills coursing my spine. I admired my companions' coolness in turn. I would be as brave, I would make as many jests as they. Though they were as frightened as I, and I as they, we must not appear so. This is an essential which every officer has in mind for the sake of his men.

As the result of many talks on the subject with professional soldiers, I have concluded that about one man out of five in all the civilized countries has the initiative of bravery. He will sally forth to meet death half way, out of his inherent fondness for combat; his curiosity will overcome his

terror of the unknown. He is the boy of abundant vitality who will not wait on others to test the young glare ice to see if it will hold the skater; the man who dashes upstairs in the burning house when others hesitate, or who strikes the first blow if he sees a fight is inevitable and never stops to think whether or not he or his adversary is the stronger.

Three out of five men are brave if it is the thing to be brave. They will follow the one when he leads. The fifth is naturally timid. He is not always strong physically; frequently he is undernourished. As a boy he did not take the initiative in games or respond in kind when another boy put up his hands for a bout of playful fisticuffs. As a man he is disinclined to take risks, and often solicitous about his health, and usually introverted—unless it happens that he has the courage of conviction that war is wrong, and fears no risk and no hardship as long as it does not involve killing his fellow men. In that case he may be physically well and strong, an athlete.

Ordinarily the fifth man goes into action as an unresisting unit of the machine in which he is drilled and which was made for the three average men. The fear of confessed poltroonery in the presence of his fellows overwhelms his fear of the enemy. The man who will remain in bed up-

stairs if he knows that there is one burglar on the lower floor of his house would descend to the attack if he had one comrade though he knew that there were two or even three burglars. I have seen many soldiers who found excuses for falling out of the skirmish line, or whose predilection for cover was evident, but only one who, belonging to a well-drilled unit, collapsed in shivering dread and became incompetent of movement upon receiving his first taste of fire.

The principle of the bravery of companionship applies to a boy who will not go alone into a dark cave when four or five will not hesitate to go in a body, particularly if they work up their initiative by a process of "daring", which is the process applied by army leaders and instructors. One is not nearly so interested in being brave when one is unobserved as when one has an audience. Among animals it is the male who does the strutting and the posing for the delectation of the docile females, whose admiration for bravery in battle, and whose supposed preference for brass instead of horn buttons, has been an influential factor in sending their sons and husbands to battle.

War is the dark cave of the unknown, which men enter in trained masses which shame away their fears; and the dragon which inhabits it is the manhood of another nation.

## 6

*Power.* We all like power. We rejoice in the power of our nation as power reflected upon us as individuals. The sight of a naval review as we contemplate the blasts of destruction of a broadside from its guns is like feeling the swell of one's biceps or a deep breath from a sturdy chest. If we choose to give to the guns the word to fire, that means that our nation may show its power in your name and mine, and perhaps win more power for the nation. Ambition for growth is as natural in the group as in the individual.

What are the real cards that diplomatists lay on the international council tables to gain their ends? The armies and navies of their nations. Why do the little nations sit at the foot of the table, represented by ministers rather than ambassadors? They have less power, as concretely expressed by armed force. Why does France not worry about neighbor Spain, and yet worry about neighbor Germany? Spain is weaker, and Germany might become stronger, in war-power than France. Why is the voice of Britain more potential in the affairs of the Near East than France's? The French army cannot reach the Near East by land, and the British navy is superior to the French. Why has the one-time disentangled United States become such a courted factor in the intrigues of world politics? Because of her



wealth? Not altogether. Primarily because she exhibited such resources of war-power after she entered the late war.

History teaches, and I fear the latest evidence helps to confirm that of the past, the idea that war-power is the standard of national greatness. In the nineties the United States, neglectful of arming by land and sea in her preoccupation with the development of her national resources, had been patronized by the British Foreign Office in the Venezuelan dispute until President Cleveland sent a note that might be interpreted as a threat of war, which made the British Foreign Office considerate. Three years later, when the United States defeated Spain, other powers recognized the rise of a nation which had been regarded as second-class to first-class rating, which, now that it had won two or three battles, was accorded the dignity of being represented by ambassadors instead of ministers plenipotentiary.

The marvellous progress of the Japanese in all lines of modern human endeavor after they emerged from four hundred years of exclusion, the wonderful traditions of their two thousand years of recorded history, their refinement and their graces, their unsurpassed racial and national homogeneity, the influence of their arts and crafts improving and diversifying the artistic taste of all cultured peoples, their punctilious

foresight in their foreign relations, and their poise and self-control could not change the popular view of the Christian peoples that they were barbarians. This required their victory over the Russians, which may well have made them smile in philosophic irony as they enjoyed the respect paid their victories at Port Arthur and on the fields of Liao-Yang and Mukden, which had made them civilized.

Why has Russia, which once threatened Europe and Asia from the frontiers of her immense breeding-ground for docile soldiers, ceased to lay her massive ursine paw threateningly upon the council table? Her war-power broke in the late war. It is negligible today. Why does a German ambassador speak in a small voice where he formerly spoke in the voice of thunder? Germany has no great navy or great army: she was beaten in war. The Greek, who felt chagrin after the Greco-Turkish War of '97, now holds his head high among other nationalities in token of his victories over the Turk, not in Thessaly, not in Macedonia, but beyond the Ægean Sea, in Asia Minor itself.

“Moral:” says the militarist, “win your war! In order to win your war, prepare!”

So more power comes from victory in war; loss of power from defeat. Ambition calls for more

power and more national grandeur in the glamorous phrases of war emotion.

## 7

*Glamor.* Now we may think of Napoleon in the zenith of war-won grandeur at Austerlitz; Nelson at Trafalgar; the gleam of the bayonets of Pickett's charge; the flashing sabres and fluttering lace of Louis XIV's household cavalry; polished armor, grim battleships in orderly movement, their decks cleared for action; the jousting of airplanes in the heavens as their machine guns rattle; decorations, and enemy battle flags in glass cases. We see the officer in gold braid, and the awkward recruit bursting from the drab cocoon of constructive labor into the blue and scarlet of war. We taste the "salt of life," which has more tang and aroma than all the spices of the East. We hear the drums beating; the clear definite note of the bugle; the crowds cheering as the troops march away to "death or glory," envied by all men and blessed by the moistly shining exaltation in the eyes of women.

The day comes when the war is over, and the troops return home. They have left the dead behind them. The dead are silent; their relatives, honored for their sacrifice, must rejoice in the nation's triumph. Each one of the dead had thought that he would be among the lucky ones to return; he would have had his thrill in facing

death, and survive. If the dead could come to life long enough to say whether they would prefer to have had their thrills and go back to the unknown, or they would live without the thrills, what would be their choice?

It is the living who return, the living whose voices we hear. The medals on their breasts are gleaming records of their heroism. They are received with wilder cheers than when they went away. The seal on the treaty is crimson; so was the blood that was shed. A nation has won more power; its race, language, and culture now have fresh prestige. That is, if it has been victorious; and every nation goes into war thinking that it will be victorious.

These are the well-known symbols of glamor. I would hold myself to the subtle incitements to war in our daily lives, which lure a people to send forth their sons to "death or glory." The majority of the statues in every country are of soldiers. They show us men who are clear-eyed, eagle-nosed, firm of chin, erect and exalted in the face of danger and hardship which they have endured for the sake of the nation, the common language, and the inherent pride of race. Be it Henri Quatre on the Pont-Neuf or the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, the Washington Obelisk, the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, or the Victor Emmanuel



memorial in Rome, each expresses the achievements of successful war.

Captured cannon in front of the town hall which you pass on the way to your day's work are a reminder of an event in which the men of your town proved themselves the superiors of the men of a rival race and language. They suggest to your sub-conscious, if not to your conscious, mind that some day you too, if you are young, may also have a part in capturing more cannon for your town.

The rattle of the snare drum to which the passing company of soldiers in their neat uniforms keep their regular step brings the same thrill to each generation. No boy wants to play with toy doves and olive branches in place of his toy soldiers and field guns. The tin infantrymen formed into line of battle or column of fours, no less than live ranks passing in the street, suggest the bravery of companionship in marching rhythm; the solidarity of the machine; "the gang's all here."

Do the reminiscences of how an elder built a bridge, mastered a difficult problem in business, patched up a bit of broken machinery, organized a school or a peace society, cleared a tropical port of fever, afforested waste mountain land, reduced working costs in a factory by new labor-saving machinery, converted heathen at home or abroad,

have the same appeal—a few years after a war, when veteran tales are again in vogue—as those of an elder who has known the glory and hazard of battle? It is the soldier's tales that transform the tin soldiers on the carpet into living men whom the boy joins in a charge, as he imagines how he would act under fire, and wonders if he will ever be under fire.

What gray-haired visitor to the front in the late war considered his tour complete without being in the proximity of the burst of a shell? He had more to say to his friends about his "narrow escape" than about his meetings with cabinet ministers, and every time he told his story that burst had been nearer to him.

Then there is honor, which is a part of the glamor and the fustian of war. In old days nations used to fight wars for honor as individuals fought duels for honor. A national insult must be avenged as surely as a personal insult. "After you, gentlemen!" "By my knightly honor!"

War offers the glamor of the supreme hazard; the gamble of life with death; the exaltation of every emotion to concert pitch. It deals in the unexpected, which ever fascinates, with the uncertainty of the card you draw from the pack at random. War is too busy with its destroying and killing to permit mourning over its tragedies. It twinkles with wit as sharp as the edge of naked

steel in the sunlight, smiles at the swiftly passing juxtaposition of incongruities that make humor, laughs boisterously at the outbursts of gunfire, and spits the blue flames of satire and invective one minute, and the next speaks to a wounded man in a voice as soft as the gentle rain from heaven. War is without mercy, yet replete with mercy and stern retribution, the drama of all the passions, unfolded on a stage of romance and most diabolical realism.

There is the glamor of having God for your companion in arms. He is on your side. According to the commanders He is assigned to duty with both armies, though I never have had the proof to satisfy me that He obeyed orders. He may be a neutral, or He may indeed be on both sides, forgiving men their illusions, admiring their courage, and loving them as human beings despite their weaknesses. It seems to me that I have about as much right to say that God is with me in writing this book as some rulers, considering the causes for which they sent men to death, had for saying that God was on their side.

If you must die, why not the beautiful death in battle? Risk and gamble, "salt of life" and glory, gold braid and the rhythmic tread of infantry: the glamor is ever there, calling each fresh generation to the shambles.

*False Patriotism.* Just as every man, however far he loses his self-respect in other particulars, considers himself brave, so every man, whatever his shortcomings, considers himself a patriot.

What is patriotism? The lady who taught me about the peoples on my grandfather's globe referred me to the dictionary, which said it was "love of country."

She had a different idea of the way of showing her love of country from the majority of the people in our community. They evidently thought it meant "licking" another country. They bore strictly in mind that we "licked" the British and we "licked" the "rebels", and could "lick" anybody on earth: this in the days of quite universal city-corruption, of "lobby" scandals in Congress, when wells favored doctors' bills by being close to the drain, when little interest was taken in the good roads movement, penal reform, or civic improvement, and when the most tastefully furnished home and the most charming garden in our community belonged to that heretic lady.

I listened to different Fourth of July orators trying to ventriloquize a scream into the eagle's throat which would win more plaudits than the efforts of rival orators. From what I heard, all the signers of the Declaration of Independence were of the purest character, and our soldiers of



the Revolution, in their war against the designing, truculent British, were all Bayards, each of whom could thrash two large Englishmen and three of average size and four small ones. When the "war-devil" possessed me, as the lady said, I revelled in our frontiersmen in ambush surprising the redcoats, who, I now know, regarded this as a foul trick played by nasty rebels who "did not dare fight in the open."

In common with the boys of other countries, I was merely believing what I was told and what I read in the books designed for me to read, except as the lady exercised a restraining influence. It was she who gave me an inquiring twist of mind which led me to investigate things for myself. Later I learned that some of the signers really signed the Declaration out of fear, thinking: "I might as well go with the crowd, though I expect that we shall all be dished."

I learned, too, that some of the Revolutionary ambushes did not succeed, and that there were occasions when even man to man the British regulars held their own, while they never ceased to consider themselves as equal to not less than two or three untrained colonists; and I learned that some of our patriot soldiers got drunk and fell by the wayside when they were supposed to be charging; and finally that George Washington, far from being a demi-god who never told one little lie, had

been a very human man, as well as a very great man, who had found the chief obstacles to victory to be politicians of the same type as those of my boyish days who idealized him.

To a member of Congress who was asking a group of friends for suggestions for "something different" which he might put in a forthcoming Fourth of July oration, my juvenile audacity once proposed that he mention some of these facts.

"Such candor may be all right among friends," he said, "but to the general public it would be an incentive to lower their standards of public duty. People must have somebody to look up to. We must idealize our great leaders of the past as examples to posterity, in order to keep patriotism alive. My boy, I advise you to keep such ideas to yourself. Otherwise you will be considered no true patriot."

Here was a revelation in moral teaching. Patriotism was not truth; yet I must be a patriot according to the prevailing fashion. This was not unpleasant, as it meant that I was, as a patriot, superior to a French or English boy. Some day I might "lick" one to prove that I was. It did not occur to me then that the French and English boys in turn thought themselves superior, and that it was this difference of view that might lead us into a fight.

I applauded every sentence of that Congress-

man's speech—"More than one hundred years ago, when the noblest band of unfaltering patriots who ever—" most vociferously, to prove my patriotism, while I wondered how much of his extravagance about these gallant founders of our nation he really believed himself, and was interested to learn the lady's views when we had a confidential talk together.

In later years I was to question if the people were as unintelligent as he thought, and if their lack of knowledge, which might cause a war, might not be due in some measure to such orations as his, making them content in their ignorance.

Our community also believed that Robert E. Lee was a traitor to his oath of allegiance as a soldier, and that all Southerners were cruel and haughty slave-drivers; but I was to live to see the time when North as well as South was to revere Lee's noble character, and to learn by meeting Southerners that they were a chivalrous, kindly people. I had also had dinned into my ears the idea that all Northern soldiers were irreproachable in conduct, while Southern soldiers were guilty of many of the atrocities later capitalized by propaganda in the World War; but I was to learn that the same view which was held by the Northerners about the Southerners was held by the Southerners about the Northerners.

True patriotism now holds views on that sub-

ject which were unpatriotic in my boyhood. But it is the fashion of the patriotism of the time that is the guiding spirit to war. To that cry, "Are you a true patriot or not?" every man must respond by going to battle, though it be uttered by braying asses like the Greek Deputy in my first chapter.

## 9

*Rough Justice.* Those restless war germs, which are the more efficacious in spreading their poison through the human system because we call them by other names, include in their lures to our subconscious minds the levelling influence of war. War's furnace breath makes amalgam of different creeds and castes, which are stirred in together in the crucible of common defense. The poor man can show that he is as good as the rich; the laborer can show that he is as brave as his employer. Every man in uniform has a chance to achieve the aristocracy of the war medal; to feel the heroic thrill; to share in the cheers of the multitude for the battalion marching through the streets on the way to the front, and in the admiration of women for the bravery of the male. There is the equality of even terms for all in the face of death; of the lottery in which the bullet that misses the man who cannot pay his month's rent, or the democratic, generous, good fellow, will kill the landlord or the snob.



War is a fiery new deal of cards for the individuals and for the nations engaged. The young nation, conscious of its strength, sees the reward coming for its devotion to stern ideals of physical excellence in a contest with the old nation which has become flabby and is living on the unearned increment of capital won in previous wars.

All the trickery of the old nation which has outwitted the young, the formula of frontier lines and of out-of-date treaties to which it has adhered in dogmatic diplomatic notes, will not avail it when the young and strong nation, in defense of what it believes has become its right to better opportunities, gives up further argument and resorts to the only means it thinks it has of securing justice—force.

## 10

*Rivalry.* Rivalry and competition are the very life of progress and of achievement for individuals and groups. Every man has a rival in his trade, his profession, his business, or his favorite sport; every woman has a rival in her social world; every child has a rival in school or at play. Their view of the characteristics of their rivals is inevitably partisan; and no spirit is so easily aroused in the human being as the partisan. It is inseparable from ambition and the struggle for self-preservation.

Aside from their personal rivalries, every man

and woman belongs to some group or clique in rivalry with another. School, college, and professional teams are in athletic rivalry. City is rival of city, and province of province within the nation, their residents feeling superiority in the region of their birth or of their allegiance. Rival cities and provinces join hands when their common interests are affected; rival business concerns unite for legislative protection of their common interests. Rival factions of a political party forget their mutual diatribes as they form a solid front against the opposition party when a national election approaches. All clans unite in the greater clan of the nation against the rival nation. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, are one in declaring themselves "true patriots."

This supplies the politician, trained to play upon party passion and sectional feeling, which he influences for his purpose, with a ground of universal appeal which makes him the hero of the plaudits of all parties whose national feeling he arouses. Employing every canting time-worn phrase and every turn of subtlety at his command, he can capitalize in applause the rivalry of his nation with another nation in implying its superiority in manners, customs, traditions, spirit, blood, and personal bravery, as he calls to witness

the deeds of their ancestors in arms. Let the cock crow, the lion roar, the eagle scream!

Meanwhile the army is drilling; it has long been drilling, the public has long been paying taxes for its upkeep. In the same way that the reports from training quarters and the opinions of experts on conditions and prospects intensify the suspense about the coming match for an athletic championship, so all the national discussions of military programs and appropriations, the sight of troops at drill and at reviews and maneuvers, the barrack room talk and the reports of the enemy's secret program and the opinions of experts about both sides arouse interest in cumulative intensity which becomes anticipation—the anticipation of the day when war will come. Is one to practice for years in a rowing machine and never row in a boat? Shall a nation spend hundreds of millions year after year in arming and drilling, without even knowing by actual experience how capable is its army?

Imagine rival football teams training until they are too old to play, without ever meeting in a contest! Sheer impatience with the waste of energy and material for an emergency in an indefinite future, and curiosity to know what would happen if the emergency came, are factors that induce the emergency. The longer a nation has

been at peace, the more explosive the elements of this tendency may become.

Still drilling, drilling, drilling and paying, paying, paying! Who makes you drill and pay? That rival nation, which is ever arming unjustifiably against your own. The rivalries of civil life are settled by the awards of judges, by elections, by degrees, offices and honors awarded, by fortunes and friends won, and by the victories, under the impulse of rivalry, over your problems of existence; but the rivalry between nations is settled by war.

Reports say that the enemy is preparing to strike. His fair words are not to be trusted; you know him of old; past wars testify to his trickery. Race prejudice blazes into race hate. Outwit him by striking first and hard; you are braver than he; yours is the superior civilization. Even if you do strike first, it is in self-defense—the defense of all the causes that have lured you to your present hot mood.

## 11

In many nations I have felt the tautness of the suspense of the approaching conflict, which seemed as inevitable as that the current of a river, deepening between narrowing banks, in increasing and ominous swiftness of flow, should go over the falls sweeping with it everything on its surface, as the rushing mob sweeps along the spectator



who is caught in its crush. Whispers from the embassies about negotiations becoming more critical; hourly expectation of an ultimatum; brooding dread and stiffening resolution in the faces in the streets: how well I know the signs!

Neutral nations extend their good offices. Their attitude is that of the consulting physician who gives the patient oxygen and injections of morphine when his hours are numbered. Moderate home leaders, making an eleventh hour effort to stay the popular passion, suffer the stigma of being "peace-at-any-price" men, and are denounced by gallant gentlemen who have unsheathed the sword of their righteous invective no nearer the front than the faces of the inflamed crowds whom they further inflame. Canny statesmen, fingers on the popular pulse, realize the nation's mood. They seek cover from the approaching storm which they helped to bring, and which they know nothing can prevent. Manhood has willed that it shall come.

The army is silent, eager, leaning forward, as it toes the mark. Lights burn far into the night in staff offices where secret counsels add mystery to the suspense. The soldier is given the key to the treasury. Cost does not matter in the haste of preparation, which the diplomatist would conceal lest it close the last door to peace. The soldier's moves are definite; those of the diplomatist

are the gestures of broken hopes from which the weary audience turns away.

At last the declaration of war frees the sword which cuts the cord of suspense. The war staff says to the country: "Give us your youth, your money, and your unquestioning loyalty, and leave the rest to us." The censor drops a curtain in front of the sacrificial arena to which the people are offering their sons with cheers. The press becomes the puppet of its patriotic "Tell us what to print in order to help win the war and have the agony quickly over."

Now the present generation is to taste the "salt of life" which gave the reminiscences of the past generation their charm. The years of anticipation are on the brink of the event, waiting for bulletins which are to tell us which team is winning. The women are thinking of the coming casualty lists, but being loyal and courageous, as each one secretly prays that her son may be among the lucky ones who survive, they repeat the formula which is the fashion of their race as the Spartan mother bade her son come home bearing his shield or borne upon it.

So humanity is to go through the old process—learning by experience for itself what it would not learn from the experience of thousands of generations—which has become as habitual a feature of history as coughs, colds, and bruises of

daily life. So youth again is to be served. Once more well-groomed, healthy men, fresh of body and spirit, have chosen muck, wounds, exhaustion, and death. But they will "know"—they will "know"—if not in this world, then when they wake up in the next to look down upon their own bodies prone in death on the battlefield.

Again and again I have seen fresh battalions going to their baptism of fire. All the gay coloring of the flag-walled streets and the hurrahs from the crowds on the pavements, all the good-byes at the entraining station, all the stirrup cups they drank, all the martial airs the bands played, have become a distant dream. As they draw near, near to that actuality emblazoned by the burst of shells over the battlefield, these automatons of training, these pawns of strategic orders, are already asking in their hearts "Why?" but if they speak, it is in jests, making light of their fears.

After the first severe shock of combat is over, the reaction has always been the same, to my observation; and my place was to observe, and my instinct to feel for all and with all. When the average youth has looked death in the face in the field, his curiosity is satisfied. One night's march in drizzling, chill rain, and a day's hard fighting followed by a night on the sodden ground, and he already "knows." War has lost its glamor. He views it with the inner feelings of the man who



wakes at dawn, with aching head and the taste of the gutter in the roof of his mouth, after a drunken brawling debauch, in sight of broken bottles, and wonders what has happened as his clearing vision sees a drying stain of blood on the floor and the still face of a dead man at his feet.

In case of a brawl, he would leap with horror and shame at the sight, but not so in war. In war he asks if the dead man is in his country's or the enemy's uniform. If in his country's it is in the game. It may mean defeat. If in the enemy's: hurrah! It may mean victory. He secretly thanks God for his luck that he is not the dead one, and thinks, "Now I've got to go to another brawl, to another battle, when I wish I were home in bed."

Already war has become a business to him, filthy, merciless, and murderous. He is in the second stage of the war fever, or rather the chills after the fever. He is in a vise: such a vise as I have seen again and again clamped on armies as a whole and on their units; the vise that the Greeks and Turks were in at the foot of the ridge in the Battle of Domoko. The only way not to be killed is to go on killing the enemy.

The public in the rear experiences no chill, however intense may be the private grief over casualties, as long as the bulletins are favorable; but in the second stage it begins to wonder about the



matter-of-factness of the fighter. He returns home, wounded or on leave, with the view that an enemy in front of him is brave,—a discovery each generation makes for itself. The public has been thinking that the enemy is craven and only their own soldiers brave. That the enemy is also brave is one truth, which though it is concealed from the people, cannot be concealed from the fighter himself.

If his war fever has turned to chills, he must pretend that he still has the fever; if his pulse will not beat fast naturally, it must be agitated by propaganda. Will must take the place of enthusiasm. If the public would keep that will as hard as tempered steel, it must keep its own pulse at fever heat. Every stricken mother must be made to feel the desire for revenge in the death of the mothers' sons of the enemy, the taking of whose lives will cost the lives of more of her neighbors' sons; the foul deeds of the enemy must be exaggerated and widely heralded, and accounts of his deeds of chivalry suppressed; the reports from hospitals must make the wounded long to return to the front before they are well.

We all join, as we must, in furthering the tricks of propaganda and the enthusiasm of sacrificial self-deceit, and in repeating all the arguments and contumely that shame the hesitant. As the soldiers become more and more battle-weary instead

of, as reported, more battle-hardened, their leaders assume a bolder mien to cover their own fears, put more drive into their discipline, and call for public incitation to further effort which will turn the balance against an equally weary enemy.

Though the average soldier may have had enough war in six weeks of active campaigning to last him for a lifetime, he may have to fight six years, a thought that did not occur to him, though history's warning was plain, when he was hungering for that "salt of life" before he had his baptism of fire. He must continue to fight and suffer: to carry out in grim and bloody sentence the contract that he made in an impulse with destiny.

He is tied to the wheels of the juggernaut which the lure of war set on the road, and which must keep on going through the sloughs of blood-soaked mud and over hillocks of human bodies until it has crushed the enemy's juggernaut or foundered. Then the statesmen hold a peace conference, after which the ambassadors of the late belligerents will be received by the heads of state in an interchange of polite speeches expressing mutual felicitations and the hope for future good relations.

The veteran returns home determined that sons who spring from his loins shall never have to en-

dure what he has endured; but when the sons reach the tin-soldier age he is unconsciously giving his reminiscences a turn that calls youth to the great adventure. Those of his time who were kept in the rear and never went under fire will ever be disappointed that they missed being in battle. They will say that they suffered the greatest hardship of all.

So it ever has been and ever will be, say the cynics; but that I think is too confident a statement. We have been making new precedents that affect the old causes.

## VI

### ON GUARD

THERE is one calling which is always on guard to prevent our becoming addicted to peace. It cannot be otherwise if we are to have standing armies and officers whose occupation is exclusively to train them. The scholar believes in learning or the solution of our problems; the clergyman in religion; the lawyer in laws; the doctor in preventive medicine and sanitation; the business man in industrial efficiency, and the journalist in publicity. Without this enthusiasm each might become sluggard in his work; so might the exponent of what is the oldest of the professions unless Adam founded religion by praying to the unknown which brought floods and droughts or founded jurisprudence by establishing jungle laws before Cain killed Abel.

Many of my best friends are professional soldiers. Soldiers have been my companions from my early youth. I admire and respect them. The saying "as honest," "as simple," and "as straight" as a soldier is not mere sound. I know that it is true. I know the soldier in his cheer on



exhausting marches, in his yielding of heart, soul, and body to a common purpose on the battlefield. Forbearance, good humor, and patience are among the results of his discipline and training. Sentries on a savage frontier doing their "go" silently, as I have seen them, under the vile taunts of native warriors, give an example of that self-control without which there can be neither order nor progress in the world.

The workers for peace, who see the soldier of today as a polished ruffian who is ever seeking brawls for the brawl's sake, only illustrate the same narrowness and prejudice of vision which calls for more armament, in place of improved human understanding of the character of their fellow men, in order to keep the peace. They are less excusable—for we expect better things of them—than the bigoted soldier who sees every peace-worker as craven and effeminate.

The soldierly spirit of service is humanity at its best; united, mutually laboring humanity at its best. You do not have to change human nature to cure the greatest of evils, but only apply those soldierly qualities that glorify human nature to peaceful ends. Having said this, I shall now probably say many things which will be offensive to soldiers, unless they follow me to my goal, which though we take different roads, is, I hope, the same as their own, namely, a better world.

## 2

In the old days not so long ago the eldest son usually went into politics and looked after the family estate; the second son went into the army, and a third, especially in England, into the church. There you have the old earthly trinity, the state, the army (and the navy), and the church; politics, war, and religion. They contained humanity.

That is, the sons were so distributed if you had an estate. Moderately poor and ambitious boys became lawyers and doctors. A lawyer, as such, did not stand as high as the soldier or the priest. A doctor was a leach, half-barber at one time, this master of the health of our body and our mind, too, today. Civil engineers? Scientists? There were road builders and apothecaries. Journalists? The world was not bothered by such nuisances running about and asking questions of kings and governors about governmental affairs. For I feel it a duty to both the lady and the Soldier of Fortune to keep on reminding myself of the comparatively short period since we began walking upright and we have been making real progress.

The aristocracy of Europe was created on the battlefield. The kings, princes, and lords carved out their domains with the sword; their descendant kings, princes, and lords remained soldiers to protect their inheritances. Royalty ennobled

heroes in reward of their services. The serfs did not do much fighting themselves in the early middle ages. War was the privilege of the aristocracy: largely a matter between gentlemen, altogether so in feudal Japan, or between adventurers whose services were for hire. It was too gallant a pastime for serfs to share, except in an inferior capacity.

Gunpowder, and other influencing factors, gradually made it less exclusive, to the disgust of a passing flat-world generation, whose views were those of an old regular officer who said, when he saw a machine gun for the first time: "That's another spoil-sport."

When Louis XIV started a standing army which was the model of that of the present day, the nobility and gentry became the officer class, while the good old times of "speedy death and quick promotion," of gambling and drinking hard six days a week and fighting hard on the seventh, still prevailed. It appears that Louis XIV did his royal line and the nobility and gentry a bad turn, as did other kings who had to organize forces of the kind, by extending to more of the population the privilege of practising the sport as first-class combatants. Men of the common people now learned that confidence in their own prowess which later defied their lords in successful rebellion. Today the adjective is elided. The



common people are just the People, with a capital P.

The aristocrat is necessarily a conservative. He may yield to progress; but he never initiates progress unless he is an exception among his kind. The professional officer class is either aristocratic or, by the nature of its occupation, potentially aristocratic. A gulf separates all officers from privates; a gulf separates the professional from the reserve officers. Before the late war a German regular officer would avoid sitting in a railway compartment with a civilian. From the professional officers are chosen the commander-in-chief and the generals. They are royalty and the nobility, and the reserve officers the gentry.

When war comes, a people again touch their forelock to monarchical feudalism. They return to serfdom. They subscribe again to the law of force. Tooth and claw are again master; and the experts in rending and tearing are the head coaches with autocratic authority.

Picture a crowd of refugees, including men of standing and accomplishment, as driven sheep along a road, looking up to a young lieutenant to show them the way to shelter and food, and giving him the godspeed of their prayers as he goes against the enemy! When he falters, their hearts sink; when he advances, their hopes rise. An officer in 1914-1918, son of a noble or of a laborer,



with his red- and blue-penciled objectives on his elaborate map, stood no less than the savage chieftain in his feathered warbonnet or a knight flying his banner, as the master of trained force who defended the people and compelled their unreasoning obedience. Though others go hungry, and shivering, he must be well-fed, clothed and equipped. He exacts their service and bounty. He is the individual above the mass on a pinnacle—the autocrat.

## 3

From the moment that he enters an officers' training school and all through his life, the officer imbibes the tradition of the necessity and the value of war; all his surroundings, every element that enters into the pursuit of his profession, can have no other influence. If he should find in after years that he had mischosen his profession, it is too late for him to change. If he is to earn his pay and be worthy of his uniform, he must be loyal to his cult. He must believe that war is coming or he is a poor soldier. He must "blood" his men by keeping the prospect of war ever before them. The nose of the war-dog must be sharp for the scent, his body lean, his mind eager for the chase, straining at the leash.

Abstract preparation is insufficient incentive. The soldier must be set against a definite enemy who is preparing against him. So France has

always been preparing against Germany, and Germany against France. In our early nationhood we prepared against England; before the World War we were preparing against Germany; after the World War against Japan. One enemy beaten, the soldier caste soon has another. There must always be one, for spirit's sake.

The naval officer wants, and must want, more battleships, cruisers, and destroyers; the army officer wants, and must want, more army corps, guns, and aeroplanes. The larger Poland is, the more officers her army will need. Greek officers and Jugo-Slav officers are feeling, since their national expansion, that they belong to armies that are of some account in the world, and will be of more account if war increases the territorial area of their nations. If the Italians have a foothold on the Dalmatian coast, they will need a larger navy to defend it; if Jugo-Slavia has a seaport, she will also require a navy.

Should we give up the Philippines, we would have less territory for our army to defend: so keep the Philippines. To guarantee adequate defense of the Panama Canal, we must have more naval bases. If Japan threatens us with her expansion, our naval officers want a larger navy; if our expansion threatens Japan, the Japanese officers want a larger navy. If Brazil, Argentina, and Chile are increasing in population, their

officers want more soldiers to keep pace with national growth.

So every army or navy is interested in national expansion as a reason for the increase of the military establishment, which to the selfish means more promotion, and to all officers, as citizens, patriots, and humanitarians, too, that they will go into a war prepared to win swiftly at a minimum of expense to the nation.

It has been said that if soldiers were allowed all the appropriations they desired for a few generations, they would fortify the moon to prevent an invasion from Mars. A few years before the World War when a regular British officer was sent to Canada as a military adviser to the Canadian forces, he asked a Canadian cabinet minister about the condition of the forts on the American frontier.

“We have none.”

“No forts—when the United States has ten times your population!” he exclaimed. “An astounding state of unpreparedness! It is high time that the Canadians had some expert military advice.”

“We do not do things in that way on this frontier,” he was told. “Nothing would induce the Americans to fight us, or induce us to fight the Americans. You guard your suggestion as the strictest military secret you have ever possessed

and never utter it again, or you may be 'called home.' "

## 4

I have in mind a rosy-cheeked young American naval officer who was a delightful mess comrade in a battleship cruise. His was a flaming, joyous, boyish patriotism. He desired nothing less than the largest navy in the world, because it was our destiny to be the most powerful nation in the world. If he had been Kaiser of the United States, he would have laid down twenty battleships a year, and Admirals would have become as numerous as Lieutenant-Commanders were then.

One day I told him that I was bringing off a most interesting man for luncheon the next day, an ethnological expert who had been enduring a good deal of hardship in studying a remote, dying primitive race.

"Now what is the use of work of that kind?" he exclaimed, true to his training from the days of his unformed boyhood when he had entered the service. "Who gets any good out of it? You could not even make coal-passers out of these natives, could you? It doesn't help me in learning French or Spanish to know how many vowel sounds they have, or whether they worship a carved stone or a carved stick of wood for their joss. That kind of thing is like trying to reach the Pole. There's no coal in the polar regions.



You can't grow anything there, and they're no use as a naval base because there's nothing there worth fighting for."

"Yet take this battleship, which cost many millions of dollars," I suggested. "It may be sunk by another battleship or sink another in half an hour, possibly in five minutes, after opening fire."

"One shot might do it," he put in cheerily. "The shots that hit are the shots that count. You can't drill too hard or shoot too accurately. You can't be too ready or too strong."

"But, as you say, what is the good of it?" I continued, becoming more explicit. "You have a thousand able-bodied bluejackets on board who are being trained for a battle in which they hope to destroy another ship, a battle that may never occur. They grow nothing; they produce nothing. They are commanded by officers whom we carefully choose for good minds and good physiques—the flower of our land—who might be of service in any walk of life. Their education is expensive; their pay a considerable item. They, too, produce nothing. They spend their lives training their men for that battle which may never happen. This ship earns nothing. It carries no cargo or passengers. It provides no one human being with clothes, food, comforts, or entertainment. Certainly it does not even give you officers any pleasure, except that of professional attainment. You are

separated from your families, and you work like galley slaves. This ship may become junk without having fired a shot; all the material and labor it represents as waste as those of a trip for polar exploration."

"I had never thought of that," he exclaimed, for my trite argument was new to him.

I wondered if, as a result, he might not go to his drills with less enthusiasm, perhaps even with a sense of disillusion. The next day he was felicitating me on the earnest and convincing way I had carried out my jest. I had almost succeeded in "pulling his leg."

"How would you protect our coasts without a navy?" he asked. "With excursion boats and private yachts? Why, a little two-by-four nation that had a few second-class battleships could run into the harbor and loot New York. I am thinking that about the time you had to fly inland along with the other refugees to escape shell fire, you would regret that Congress had not adopted the full naval program recommended by the General Board."

Clean living, devoted, abstemious, the officers of that ship, on the treadmill of their unending round of duties in that noisy, floating fort, exhibited a character which was to come as no revelation to me when they were guarding our troopships from submarine attacks. In all the many

weeks that I lived with them I never heard a story, an allusion, or a word which might not have been uttered with propriety in the presence of women. They longed for their homes and berated a naval man's life, but the pride and honor of the service to which they were habituated, glowing in their hearts, held them steadfast.

There was something magnetic, exhilarating, and reassuring in their solidarity. Their talk, in common with that of army messes, when it turned upon their own position in the scheme of things, always reverted to the dependable foundation of the old military dogma.

“The people forget us in time of peace. Then we are only a costly ornament. But when war comes, then how they need us, and how fearful they are lest we are not prepared. If we fail because we have not been supported by sufficient appropriations, it is our blame. We go to a thankless sacrifice.”

The regular army and navy are interesting examples on a large scale of a coöperative community. All the officers and men of the same grade receive the same wages, eat the same kind of food, wear the same kind of clothes, and drill the same number of hours. Be it the army or the navy, it is permanent, an institution ever renewing itself. Its officers, who serve for life, embody its permanency, formed on precepts of oneness of spirit

and purpose, enduring through centuries of tradition, which they mould into the privates who come and go. Rare is the civilian who is more than a politely received outsider to the inside world of an officers' mess afloat or ashore. Among themselves they may poke fun at a stuffy admiral or a fussy general, but no civilian may, unless he is an old friend. The first shaft of his irony closes the ranks of family cohesion in the name of the service. So it must be, as Alexander knew, Cæsar knew, and every leader of a band of men on a trail, in battle, or in any daring enterprise, well knows if you are to win victories.

## 5

The assumption of some laymen, that while the soldier is brave, disciplined, and honorable according to his lights, he is also stupid, is an underestimate which will only serve the purpose of the partisan of war. This may have been true in guardsmen days, when the gentry's only training for their pastime was the use of the sword: but no profession requires harder application to gain competency than that of modern arms, which embraces all the sciences, all the latest elements of progress in invention and organization of which man is master. Though he may seem strange to the ways of civil life, the officer who applies himself intensively at the Staff College, and learns his duties in a way to make him a



leader among his fellows, is an unsurpassed expert, as detached as a priest, in the decisive material and moral forces which change maps and the face of civilization.

All reserve officers who worked over battle maps and the intricate problems of either gunnery or transport in the World War realize the complexity of army technique. These maps may seem as distant to our purpose in civil life today as Egyptian hieroglyphics or Chinese classics, but to the regular army establishment of every country, which began to prepare for the next war the day after the armistice, they are only a stage in the unending, and to them ever fascinating, development of the art of war in its continual adjustment to new inventions and its present adjustment to the new distribution of power by the Treaty of Versailles.

The staffs are fighting battles in theory when they are not fighting them in practice. Their mills never cease grinding. All the arguments for the value of war are at the tongue's end. Staff studies are much broader than battle technique. Those that mean most to the soldier are never published. They are kept secure for the eyes of the elect. They consider every branch of human activity, mood, and thought, in relation to making it serve their purpose in time of war; they apply the lessons of the past in the fostering of war emotion

at the right time by developing controlled mob ferocity in trained men. The pacifists as well as the press, the church, the politicians, and the resources of the country are analyzed.

Banking, art, and science may be called international, but they have not the same community of spirit as the professional soldiers of the world, whose habit of fighting without prejudice as a part of the day's work is a fixture of their psychology. It is an internationalism as subtle and pervasive as that of music itself, this fellowship of the officers of different armies which are ever preparing to kill one another. . . .

"I have no personal feeling against the Boxers." I quote a few sentences from a talk I had with an American officer when the allied contingents were storming the native city of Tien-tsin. "They are fighting for the defense of their country, according to their lights. If I were a Chinese, I should be one of them. That should be the instinct of every red-blooded Chinese. This may be a lesson to China to organize an effective army. Some time I should like to have you read a copy of one of my lectures at the Staff College on 'The Military Origin and Defense of Civilization,' which is quite applicable to the present situation. By the way, the Chinese snipers are shooting more accurately. There is nothing like battle conditions to develop efficiency; and the

problem in peace is how best to approximate them. Unfortunately, inferior fighting of this kind is likely to get our soldiers into careless habits, which will mean waste of life if they should have to face a trained enemy."

"A trained enemy being much more educational and gratifying to a professional soldier."

"Yes, that's it. This is a disagreeable sort of police work, which interests the young soldiers but gives them a false sense of values." . . .

Even in the World War, when army staffs bred hatred of the enemy among the troops and the civil populations to strengthen their ardor, it was noted that a professional officer who was taken prisoner received the attention due Greek by Greek from the professional officers among his captors, which was not shown to reserve officer prisoners.

Before the ink on the signatures to the armistice was dry, many professional officers of the extreme type of either side could have found a common ground of reunion in discussing the campaign in strict professional terms. Thus they may be said to be more advanced in the spirit of forgiveness, which fosters the spirit of peace, than civil populations, embittered by the deaths of relatives, which must wait generations before they can sit at the same table and talk about the war without rancor.

“It’s been a bit stiff losing so many of one’s old comrades,” said a British regular officer after the first battle of Ypres in which his battalion had lost two out of three of its officers, “but now the officers of the new army are coming on, we shall not mind so much. For they are strangers to us.”

In the American Civil War, where the generals of either side were fellow West Pointers, the amenities of war were the more easily kept because it was a contest in which schoolfellows were pitting their skill against one another in the game that they had learned together. The fathers and mothers of the North and South who had bred the cannon fodder could not take such a dispassionate view.

Suggestive of this community of feeling was the view which I heard many professional officers express, and with which I had an instinctive sympathy, about the flight of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince from the front. The house of Hohenzollern, in common with other royal dynasties and noble houses, had been made on the battlefield; only by facing the dangers of the field could it be preserved. If the Kaiser or the Crown Prince, or at least one of the other princes, had died leading a charge against a machine gun nest, the Hohenzollerns would have kept the faith. By thus skulking they reflected upon the honor of all soldiers.



During the Peace Conference, while the League of Nations was under discussion, professional officers of the Allies on the Western front, when meeting one another, often said something like this:

“It’s all being arranged. They’ll not need us hereafter. The statesmen are going to run the world without war, just as they planned to run it after other wars in the past.”

They understood the situation as meaning that the civil authority now had its turn to reassert its power over the army autocracy. Again the soldiers must bide their time, as they trained for the day when external danger should threaten or revolution raise the ugly head of the mob spirit, and the one dependable thing to all sane men would be organized force. Meanwhile they were not idle. The armies were still under their control. Their propagandic bureaus were still in being. The staff heads of all nations instinctively united against a new common enemy. The instinct of self-preservation, making common cause, passed down through channels to the soldiers themselves the arguments inciting to nationalism and ridiculing the dream of a League of Nations. The French, Italian, or British officer was again uttering his old alarms about the penalty for unpreparedness. Each saw in the terms of the treaty an unanswerable argument that his

country required a larger army than before the war. The officers of my own country were not out of the fashion.

“We’ll have universal conscription—every man a soldier,” said an American staff officer in a moment of professional enthusiasm. “The nation needs the discipline and solidarity which conscription will bring. We will make the strongest army and navy in the world. When another row appears on the horizon in Europe, we will lay our cards on the table and tell the trouble-makers where they get off. That’s my kind of league. I don’t want my son to go through such a mess as we’ve just been through. Preparedness will prevent it.”

He was an able and industrious soldier, a just and kindly man of most exemplary habits and high personal ideals, whose zeal and ability would make him an honor to any calling. The sincerity of his belief that his program was for the good of humanity in both Europe and the United States was unquestionable. I hope that he feels better about it now. At least his country did not follow his suggestion.

There was another general officer, noted both as a student and a practical tactician, who said that the League might succeed in the sense of attaining the object of its short-sighted vision. It might bring disarmament, but it could not stop

fighting. The division of Europe by the Treaty of Versailles into an increased number of states was only the beginning of a process of disintegration, which must continue when no country was well enough armed, or had sufficient martial spirit left, to establish its will over others for the purpose of amalgamation.

We should have a Europe which was the scene of interminable small broils. The breaking of communications, the decay of patriotism, ambition, and the neglect of education and the manly virtues fostered by organized welfare would lead to another era like that of the dark ages that followed the fall of the Roman Empire. He was very gloomy indeed about the future. His argument found, as every argument against the League will find, ready disciples among fellow-officers. This one would forbid America entering the League in order to save her own civilization while too, feels better. Conditions have favored his cause. Europe was degenerating. I hope that this officer, valescence.

Silence is imposed upon officers by civil authority. They may not express opinions to the public; only to their superiors through regular official channels. Yet their influence never ceases. They are always there, united and convinced; always, out of instinctive professional incentive, nursing the causes and emotions which lure a people into

war; always pressing upon the government and upon the people the argument of the salesman of insurance against fire, accident, and sudden death; always as specialists, who beg the layman to accept their expert views, telling us that the alternative to denying their appeals for preparedness is national and individual disaster.

Such is the regular army of war. Where is the regular army of peace?



## VII

### NATIONALISM

IS PATRIOTISM to take a new form? Is nationalism as we know it today being sustained as a tradition after it has survived its usefulness? Is it now defeating the very object from which it formerly received its impulse and authority? Does today's patriotism require a different form from yesterday's to carry on the work that yesterday's began?

Nationalism, as we know it today, is comparatively young. So are large standing armies and national debts which grew apace with its rapid development in the Nineteenth Century in expressing with increasing vigor the increasing sense of solidarity of the different peoples. Before the steam engine and the printing press, when relatively few people could read and write or had any say as to how they were governed, nationalistic patriotism was largely the privilege and the enthusiasm of the few. If large armies had been formed, the nations could not have supported them. Bond flotations to pay war expenses were not yet conceived. Armies were small; war was made at the pleasure of the king who financed the campaign out of his own pocket. The average

human being was incalculably more immured than he is today in the five mile circle which limited his ethical, social and economic horizon. If there had been newspapers, he would have been unable to read them. The transmission of intelligence was slow and inaccurate to an extent difficult of comprehension.

National taxation in our modern sense did not exist. There was little compactness either of national organization or thought except among the ruling classes. The peasant's, artisan's and workman's contact with government and law was largely regional. Racial patriotism was subordinate to the patriotism of locality. Standards of living were so low that only the community overrun by an army felt the pressure and hardships of war as all the peoples of the combatant nations felt them in the World War.

In long wars the burden accumulated; only on rare occasions was a majority of the males of fighting age under arms at one time. We find evidence enough of this, without a more thorough reading, in the remarks in old diaries when the writer's country was at war. Mention is often made that there was no outward sign in town or village or by the roadside to indicate that the kings were on the war-path. In 1914-18 you could not go on board a train or travel five miles along a highway in Europe without realizing in other

ways than the absence of all the adult males at the front that a war was in progress.

War on a large scale is as young as democracy itself and one of the products of democracy which, though fully clothed with authority, is necessarily, because of its youth, in the stumbling stages between all fours and walking upright. A great influence on human destiny was born in the latter part of the 18th century and the early 19th century. We do not know how well it will use its powers until it has been through the schooling of longer experience and responsibility, or indeed, what sort of adult nature it will have. We are certain only that it has been a marvelously precocious infant; prodigal in creation as well as destruction; impulsively tearing down what it has built; often hailing change, the handmaiden of progress, as if the two were the same; and we know that its rule has been better than that of its predecessors.

A spectator who looks down from the gallery of the French Chamber of Deputies, where the voices of every locality, every angle of public opinion and every interest of France are heard in the somewhat depressing manner characteristic of all legislative assemblies, must bear in mind—as the Lady or the Soldier of Fortune would insist in their hopeful moments—that, although Great Britain then had her parliament and the United States her constitution, the continental European

countries were governed by unlimited monarchies only a hundred and fifty years ago.

↓ The awakening of democracy in France, through the French Revolution, made natural leaders into officers in the place of the hereditary class in exile. A people were aflame with an idea. Their army became a people's army resisting the kings of Europe who threatened to destroy that idea by invasion. [A Frenchman was a Frenchman in a new sense of solidarity and the common man had now been promoted to share nationalism with the privileged classes.

— The magnificent and irresistible spirit of the idea Napoleon was to gild with the glory of conquest. He formed a new nobility and decked it in the trappings of the old; but always his pose was that of the people's man, defending their idea which his necessities and his genius in part betrayed. The rest of the betrayal was due to human nature which could not make such a long leap ahead as the sane, progressive leaders of the Revolution had desired. France was not ready for it, humanity was not ready for it. The pendulum had to swing back, but not to where it was before the Revolution began. We must imagine that pendulum ever swinging, but in the last century, at least, it was hung to a moving platform which its oscillations were pushing in the right direction.



For the first time in Europe, the French Revolution made every man a soldier in the sense of a modern army; Napoleon applied conscription as we know it today as a measure which a devoted populace accepted, not only because it was the mighty emperor, but in the name of the idea which had awakened the new and universal nationalistic patriotism. It was superior to the "press gang" system in England, as the draft of 1917-18 in the United States was to our substitute and bounty jumping draft in the latter part of the Civil War, which Lincoln could apply only with the support of a majority of public opinion.

The stir that Napoleon gave the world, as I have mentioned, prepared the way for, if it did not promote the age of steam, electricity, invention, modern science, popular education and preventive medicine. Cheap printing, as I have also mentioned, gave men an incentive for literacy. They no longer heard their folk lore from the lips of story tellers. All the songs, all the history of a people, their triumphs in war, and their daily doings the average man might read for himself. This must develop a new sense of linguistic solidarity, of racial and national power. So the printing press fathered nationalism and all that nationalism as we understand it today means to us.

The great language groups after the Napoleonic wars were the English speaking, divided into two

nationalities; the French, the most homogeneous in Europe; the Germanic, divided into the different nations and states which later became the German Empire and a portion of Austria; the Russian, with its vast spread of territory; the Italian, divided into different states, and the Spanish, the mother of a number of Spanish-speaking peoples which were to become independent. In Asia we had the welter of racial and religious antagonisms, which requires no further illusion. China, with her baffling psychologic homogeneity, was the largest integral racial mass on the globe. Japan's racial and cultural solidarity was probably the most intensive of all the groups.

Excluding Spain, whose period of expansion was then over, I have mentioned all the races in Europe whose resources, population and area - must make them dominant by their force. There were, too, the smaller or neutral nations; Belgium, roughly half Flemish and half French, Holland with her proud and stubborn history, and the sturdy self-reliant stock of Scandinavia proper and Denmark. These were distinct racial units and Scandinavia had, in addition to racial unity, geographic isolation.

Another small, independent nation of a long heritage occupied a special position which might be - said to deny the precedent that race is essential to homogeneity if it were not for her unique geo-

graphic location, seated on her Alpine heights like a mountainous island amidst the storms of European nationalism. Switzerland's patriotism was of a class by itself as China's was, yet wholly different from China's; for in no people was the spirit of fighting self-defense stronger than in the Swiss. Three races and three languages held fast to their traditions within Switzerland's rugged area: the French, the German and the Italian. The sympathy of each in the Great War was with its blood and lingual kindred; yet though Switzerland was the common battleground of propagandic incitation of racial hates in the late war, there was never a moment when against the violation of Swiss territory by the German, the Italian or the French army every Swiss, be he of German, Italian or French blood, would not have united in a solidarity of resistance as complete and determined as that of the French on the Marne.

The foregoing are the states having a long history of integral independence. Aside from them were the Slav racial units, the Czechs, the Rumanians and the Hungarians, which had been overrun by powerful neighbors and with the development of democracy secured independence or a kind of autonomy as parts of the German or the heterogeneous Austrian Empire, or they had suffered the autocratic rule of Russia. These people stood between the Russian and German racial masses.



Before Napoleon and steam, poor roads and poor transport had been the physical obstacle, as illiteracy and poor means of communicating intelligence had been the ethical obstacle, to the full development of racial and lingual nationalism. Small armies, bent on conquest, were checked in their career not only by natural barriers but by incomplete organization, poverty of equipment and the attrition of moving far from their bases. There was no popular idea driving large masses of their countrymen forward. With provincial indifference back of them, if they met the active or the sturdy provincial passive resistance of the peoples whom they would overrun, the armies were usually stopped; but if they met only provincial indifference, these professional and ruffianly invaders were able to widen their dominion and again remake the map of Europe.

With the development of racial nationalism conquest by such small armies against large masses of people became out of the question. The military principles established by Napoleon effectually put an end to this practice. The remaking of the map of Europe after his time was largely along the lines of the unifying of racial groups into single organisms by the common cause of common language, the increase of literacy and quickened means of communication.

From Napoleonic tactics of the mass drive,



Prussia, then far outnumbered in population by France, learned that her defense from a repetition of the French invasion, was to make every man a soldier ready to exert the full military power of the nation at once instead of in detail. So the Prussian war machine, thoroughly and laboriously formed, sprang from the requirements of a new era, specifically adaptable to the Prussian situation. Napoleon was as surely the preceptor of Von Moltke as Miltiades and Leonidas were of Alexander, or Drake was of John Paul Jones.

It was in 1866 when the Prussian avalanche struck the Austrians that for the first time all the man power and war resources of a nation were massed in an initial onslaught. France did not take counsel of this telling exhibition. Under a tinsel Napoleon she rested upon Napoleonic prestige. Germany's attack upon her in 1870 exemplified the concrete demand of racial <sup>policy</sup> as well as economic solidarity which was disguised as self-defense and welded the Germanic states into an empire of common language and economic integrity under the forging mailed fist of Prussia.

How feeble the transmission of intelligence, how few persons read in detail news of Austerlitz, Leipzig of Waterloo! Sixty and seventy years later, in 1870, every five mile circle was reading, for itself, in its daily paper, the accounts of that swift march of the Germanic armies to Paris, of

the horrors of the siege, of the misery of the refugees, and the brave and futile efforts of the bands of the *franc-tireurs* sniping at this sweep of well-prepared forces.

Italians, would you safeguard your new found unity? Frenchmen, would you prevent the repetition of this disaster? Russians, would you hold your frontier? Germans, would you safeguard what you have won?

It was not the kings or the statesmen or the soldiers who established universal conscription in Europe; they were obeying the mandate of the people who realized—as you will learn if you will look up the old files which are most helpful to optimism in showing how fast we have advanced in half a century—from reading their newspapers, that “every man a soldier” was the only way to defend one’s country. The new spirit of nationalism, in its awakening of common self-interest among nationals, warned the man in the interior of a country that he had the same stake in a war as the man who spoke his tongue in a distant province on the nation’s frontier: a blow at the front door or back door or a prying at a window fastening was aimed at the nation’s parlor, dining room and pantry.

The young men of the nations of continental Europe, and of Japan, which had taken the lesson of the age so readily, offered their necks to the

yoke in barracks and on the drill ground which was to make Europe an armed camp for forty years before the outbreak of the Great War. Every conscript knew from first hand observation the increasing power and precision of the rapidly improving types of weapons which the triumphs of the scientist and inventor were giving to the world for taking life at the same time as new methods for preserving and enriching life. The feeblest imagination on the rifle or artillery range at sight of dummy targets peppered by bullets, or rent by shell bursts, could picture the horrors that awaited the fighters in the next war.

Fear of war was concrete to the conscript and sunk deeper in mind and in the very marrow of his bones by every report he read of some new and more terrible weapon. He knew from the instructions of his officers, if not through his own perception, that poor training meant defeat and heavier casualties than thorough training and victory. All this augmented his own willingness to endure the exactions and the drudgery of discipline for two or three years on a wage of a few cents a day, and the willingness of his family to pay their share of the taxes for the upkeep of the army, in order that the barrier against the enemy should be kept so strong that he would realize that an attempt to force it would fail.

Every recruit who took his place in an awkward



squad was there, and every improved weapon placed in his hands was there, for the sake of peace. All the alliances, as I have said, all the delicate turns of policy that corrected any threatening shift of the balance of power, were welcome as measures to preserve the peace.

What if a great European war should come! This was the dread presentiment overshadowing humanity. At every alarm humanity held its breath. The fear of war was the main factor in keeping the peace among the Great Powers for forty years, but it ran current with other factors which were the product of the age drift and of nationalism.

Nationalism was defending the very well-being of which to the public mind it was the promoting influence. People were in adolescent wonder as to what should be the next step in progress, the next mystery solved by science, the next victory won by invention as the answer to the unlimited ambitions of the period described in Chapter III as the McAndrew epoch. They were still relatively newcomers to this emotion, rejoicing as sharers of the patriotic exaltation in the form of nationalism which was once the privilege of the few. Each individual saw his nation's achievements whether as a whole or through its leaders in thought, in science, invention or organization, as



a personal tribute to him as a member of a racial, lingual or nationalistic caste.

The flag of his nation was at the head of his troops; it floated from his house and over the town hall on holidays in honor of national triumphs, usually victory in war, which had been taught him at school without too much reference to the triumphs of other nations; it flew from his ships which girdled the earth for trade in rivalry with the other nations. He was reminded of the value of nationalism in the strife for concessions in undeveloped lands and in the spread of his dominion over them; in the tribute from them which his ships brought home.

Tariff walls, as well as frontier lines, encircled all the nations except Britain. There was continual tariff warfare in that era of increased power, facility and cheap communications which exchanged in increasing volume the things that one part of the earth could best produce for those that another part could best produce, enriching life with an increasing variety of comforts and luxuries. What he held to be unjustly high and discriminatory foreign tariffs kept the producer of one nation from selling what he considered his rightful share of goods in another; too low home tariffs allowed his competitors to undersell him in his own markets.

Always his appeal for economic redress of any

kind was to the national government, whose flotation of new loans which bound the thrifty closer to nationalism as bondholders, and whose concentration and extension of authority in augmenting governmental bureaus was the natural result of the tightening of organization for home development or for international competition. The way to more national power was increased population which called for the inclusion of all outlying racial units under another government whose sentimental appeals to be a part of their own people had its most noteworthy example in Alsace-Lorraine. National taxation, becoming heavier with every increase of the cost of armament, had to be borne. Who was responsible for this growing burden? That rival nation whose increased war budgets forced an increase of your own.

It is very difficult to realize when one is well off or to discriminate between the sloth of content and the error of over ambition. Never had the world known such universal prosperity, not only material, but in all the things that should go to make civilization. We had skimmed the cream of the world's natural resources, taken out the richest and most accessible leads in the mines and the most available timber of the primeval forests. The first fourteen years of the 20th century, from the march to Peking until the beginning of the World War, had seen the Panama Canal dug at

a cost of less than that of a week for all the nations in carrying on the World War; ships in danger at sea were sending their calls of distress by wireless; at last man had taken wing; the automotive engine was sending horseless vehicles flying along our highways and furnishing power to pump the water for the farmer's flock and do his ploughing; the smoky locomotive was yielding to electric power in bringing trains into terminals; death rates were still decreasing and defective children being made effective by the blessed service of modern science.

What was the thing to do? To continue to study how best to apply that old law of self-preservation in terms suitable to our time; to go on making the earth more and more obedient servant of progress. All thinking men agreed on that point if they stopped to give it consideration. What we had won had been won by the arts of peace and little wars which spread order in the world. There was no disorder in Europe or the United States except of a transient character. Why should the great nations, the promoters of order, start an era of disorder among themselves?

There we were still in our five-mile circles within the circle of that powerful and insidious nationalism. The circles within the nation were realizing their interdependence and their common interest as they had never had before; but the national



circles were not realizing their interdependence and common interest. We had been going too fast for reflection upon the character of our motive power.

A family in a five mile circle in Germany where the Hohenzollern sword rattled, another in a five-mile circle in the heart of the United States where the eagle screamed, another in the heart of England where the lion roared, another in the heart of France where the cock crowed! (Each hearing the pleasing notes of its national spokesman announcing itself as the author, the sponsor and the defender of the family's well being!

Could we expect each one of these widely separated German, American, English and French families, or Italian, Russian and Austrian families, to realize that the proportion of its income it had above taxes for itself and all that concerned its daily life were now related to the prosperity of all the other families? This was impossible in flat world days; and it was expecting too much of democracy, only just out of the shell and feeling the wonder of its growing strength of legs and wings and the local irritation of sprouting pinfeathers, to grasp the idea which must be to the future what the democratic idea was to inherited autocracy.

Democracy was far from attaining the stage in its development which physiology had attained



when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood. It was unfamiliar in its generic thought with the delicacy of this new international organism which the energy of its age had built as the old leech of the middle ages with the delicate human machine. The changes in the map of the world in the last hundred years had been mainly due to the expansion of the Christian nations, and to the amalgamation of racial units. All the railroads which had taken the place of carts for transport had been built in reference to the old boundaries; all economic premises rested upon them in great measure, that is upon nationalism, which was becoming unconsciously internationalized in the increasing interwoven complexity of international trade, of international credits, the counter investment of capital and the exchange of ideas among the different nations.

A nation whose paper money was at a discount was a poor and backward nation which had usually been too partial to having its share in the epoch of small wars. An Englishman, a German, an American, or a Frenchman could not conceive of his currency sharing a like fate; but we already had examples enough that war was the surest recipe for such humiliation. Not owing to the ability of a great nation to pay in full its notes in gold from its carefully hoarded reserve—when all the world's business was a strife for the talisman

of gold—but owing to the credit of its created and natural wealth in all forms, its solvency was accepted in full faith by all other nations.

From year to year the relation of value of the sovereign, franc, mark, kroner, ruble and dollar remained practically the same as the basis in buying and selling upon which the world's vast business was conducted, in sharp competition upon margins of profit which a small percentage on the total would turn into a loss.

Democracy was the fuel and exchange and credits were the oil of that machine whose delicacy and elaborate complexity in its gradual assembling was formed of variable human factors rather than the dependable steel of a turbine engine or a power plant. It skipped a few revolutions, as many living men will remember, when the Bryan campaign of 1896 threatened that America might adopt silver as its money standard. It might bear the blows of a financial panic, a great disaster, a small war or over expansion resulting in a reaction and the calling of loans, but not poison gas and high explosive shells. It was a peace machine, which had been built in time of peace by the new force of practical internationalism whose demands we must not now resist as a king and his party resisted the French Revolution if the machine is to run well again; but the people who built the machine by common effort thought that it was

built by nationalism and thought only a nationalistic engineer was capable of keeping it in running order.

Under the mask of nationalism which had done such great service all the old causes were steadily luring Europe into war. Nations that felt their backs breaking under the burden of armaments saw the gamble of war as the one way to relief by either victory or defeat. The suspense of the long preparations was having its psychological effect. The increasing intelligence of democracy saw that every man a soldier and more and more guns were the only means to peace; and that intelligence was far ahead of that of the old days in that it did prepare and did comprehend in the superior national and social solidarity of the time that the battle was to the side of immense battalions swiftly mobilized for swift attack.

When leaders said that danger threatened, and gave the word, the mighty masses of trained flesh and steel machinery of destruction were to be set in motion. Democracy, in its varying stages of development, was to give such power to statesmen as only unlimited monarchs had enjoyed; to yield the control over the lives of all its able bodied men to several Napoleons who had command of armies numbering their thousands where his numbered their hundreds; to surrender all its processes of existence and freedom of thought to

its masters; to warp human minds for years to come by lies and hates for which the exaltation of war's self-sacrifice was a petty compensation.

## 2

On that August day of 1914 when, from a Belgian outpost, I looked across the fields toward the assembling German army which was about to begin its sweep through Belgium, I was thinking of these things while the impression freshest in my mind was that I, who had seen the refugees of so many lands, was now seeing European refugees. The Europeans were the highly civilized races; the masters of the world. They had been accustomed to the confinement of war's wrath to the small backward nations; but when it struck them their impulses were the same as those of the less fortunate races.

Orderly inhabitants who had been going about their daily routine in the complex affairs of our modern civilization, their lives and property protected by the accrued laws and customs of the centuries, became, in one day, the creatures of bodily fear and the simple passions that fear begets whether in the hunted human being or hunted animal. They were flying from the ravage of their women and the brutality to their children no less than the Balkan Christians in their flight from the Turk. If their side had been winning at the time, the people of the enemy would have crowded the



roads for the same reasons. Yet, before the war began, these same terrorized families would have crossed the frontier on their travels in the enemy country in perfect confidence in the security of their women and children. War had wrought that instant change of view of the character of their fellow human beings. Slowly they had taken the rounds of the ladder of peaceful achievement; now a single blow had precipitated them to the bottom round. A succession of such disasters, and so deep would be the discouragement of people, so calloused in indifference would their sensibilities become that generations might elapse before there was sufficient spirit to begin again the arduous climb.

Habituated to sharing the thoughts and feelings of armies in action, I was wondering what was in the minds of the German leaders and the German people when their army went into action. I had heard their officers talk of "the day." I knew that they were under the spell of a tradition; that they had inherited a recipe for victory. The system which had triumphed for von Moltke in his time would triumph for them in their time. The difference between them and von Moltke was that he made the tradition and they received it from him as a legacy, and nursing the pride of the legacy, as has so often happened in history, was to lure them to their fall.

The tradition told them that they, as leaders, knew what was best for Germany. They themselves were Germany. Their cure for all her ills was extreme nationalism. They had the old illusion that past victories were only the stepping stones to further victories. They saw Germany with no India for her sons to rule, no Australia or Canada whither her sons might emigrate, no South Africa rich in gold and diamonds. Her gold she must earn through the manufacture of raw material largely procured from abroad. Her merchants must conquer markets by infiltration into regions under the flags of rival nations.

*quest*  
How much greater rewards of well-being might she win, how much more nationalistic power might she enjoy if the odds against her were removed! Her rivals had placed a wall of steel around her. She must make a break through the wall. Britain had won an overseas empire piecemeal; Germany must win one by a single fell onslaught.

And the German soldiers? They had been trained in the idea that they were surrounded by designing enemies and that the military offensive was the true policy of defense for Germany. It was the offensive which had finally beaten Napoleon; the offensive that had won the wars of '66 and '70-'71. Their tradition was in the wisdom of trusting their leaders. We are loyal to those who bring us profit, security and comfort.

“Leave it to me!” Frederick the Great had said as he withstood attacks on all sides in the old days.

“Leave it to us!” Kaiser Wilhelm II, Bismarck and von Moltke had said.

Again the people obeyed. As a result, the Germanic states were united under one Emperor, galvanized into a new racial solidarity, and while they basked in the sunshine of the McAndrew epoch, they particularly gave credit for all their blessings to nationalism without understanding that the real causes of their prosperity was in themselves and the elements that made the epoch. They were under the old illusion that the things that they created were gifts from their lords; and the fact of their high intelligence and their literacy proves that this illusion may choose its victims among the educated as well as the ignorant.

“Leave it to us!” said the Kaiser Wilhelm II and his war lords in their time, “and we will lead you to still better things,” as they used all the old lures to cover their cupidity and dreamed of a dismembered France and a broken British Empire.

It was the traditional recipe for success. What were the people to do but to obey? How could they know better than to obey when to criticize their Kaiser was to commit *lese majesté*? While this rule held, a rule so symptomatic of a people's ailment, the German people must yet know misery

in place of the triumph of militarism before they could win the victory which the French had won in their revolution and which the French had made permanent after the German war machine had won a victory over Napoleon Third but not over the French people. France is through, we hope, with her old fashioned recipe; Germany would not dispense with hers until a Hohenzollern should cut as ridiculous a figure as a Bonaparte.

With every man a soldier the World War was to be a people's war in a far wider sense than the Napoleonic wars. German defeat must be democracy's victory. There was no doubt that it was a struggle to make the world safe for democracy, or rather to insure that democracy should have the means to save itself and be worthy of the future in peace after the war. One could not be neutral in the presence of an issue joined between Kaiserism and the old democracy of England, and that of France which, in a few days after that day at the Belgian outpost, I was to see fighting, not under the spell of imperial glamor but in the spirit of the idea that gave birth to the French Revolution. Having in mind the precept of the Soldier of Fortune, which chose rather to go with the army which had the balance of right in its favor, I knew that I could never go with the German Army.



## 3

*Lese majesté!* The great thought had not to do with refugees or putting myself in a German general's or German peasant conscript's place. It had to do with the war's effect on the freedom of the printing press which had been the main factor in the growth of democracy and in training democracy to nationalism. Feeble, indeed, were the regulations governing *lese majesté* in Germany in peace time compared to those governing all countries when Mars ascended the throne.

From the day of the declaration of war, the reporter, be his medium a daily or weekly paper, magazine, a book or the motion picture screen, had surrendered the functions and privileges which had been won through generations of effort and which had made him an instrument of progress as the purveyor of information which was the guide of social conduct and public opinion. Where the mirror which he held up formerly reflected photographic actualities, it now reflected a drawing out of focus to inflame the war spirit.

The press stood highest in countries which were most advanced in democratic civilization. In Russia it had been a lackey waiting for crumbs at the back door; in Germany it was still subservient. As yet unformed in its adolescence but improving in responsibility and intelligence, not

always accurate in its eager haste in response to public demand, often tricked by its informants and subtle influences, it was the watchman on guard ready to sound the alarm when flagrant wrongs appeared. Its standards meeting the market for its wares were always higher than that of its average reader. As a haunting conscience, it was at the statesman's elbow during his day's work which it recorded in cold type for his constituents at their dinner and breakfast tables.

The law givers and the clergy might go their ways after the soldier became master; but that fourth estate, whose birth and infant growth had been linked with democracy's, must take orders from the rulers as the dependent court herald and lickspittle gossip took his from the king's minions in the days when the office holders were not bothered by truth tellers, there was no sanitary plumbing, the ladies of the court used perfumes instead of soap and cabinet officers could occupy their minds entirely with public business without having to "waste time" reporting to the public the reasons for their policy.

As a correspondent, I wrote under the censorship; and, an officer, I acted for a time as censor. Two examples of the influence of censorship are among the few personal experiences of the World War which I find serve the purpose of my book

when experiences of the World War are common to such multitudes of men.

The British War Office had decided that the British press should have five correspondents accredited to the British Expeditionary Force. Our press associations chose me as the additional one who would be received as the representative of the press of the United States. The six had been kept waiting in London for many months when one day I had an illuminating and what was said to be an influential conversation with the Chief of Intelligence at British Headquarters in France.

He was a man of broad culture as well as a thoroughly trained and capable soldier. Our matter-of-fact exchange of views revealed all the hardness, the materialistic calculation of war's direction under modern conditions in contrast to the sentimental appeals in the daily papers to the old war emotions.

"If you have correspondents at the front," I said, "all they are allowed to publish will reach the enemy's headquarters. His intelligence branch will check up their accounts with knowledge already in its possession. Some innocent appearing item may confirm information from another quarter. So the correspondents may reveal your dispositions, your plans, the morale of your troops in a way that means the loss of your soldiers in battle. The best way is to take no such risks; to

keep your operations entirely shrouded in mystery.”

“Quite. That is my view. You make my points for me.”

“Gladly. They are obvious in the abstract.”

“Why, then, do you want to come when your coming, if you are to write, may mean the loss of the lives of our soldiers?”

“Might I ask if you have a general, a regimental, a battalion or a company commander who has not made mistakes which meant the loss of lives which might not have been lost if no mistake had been made?”

“No, naturally not. No officer is infallible. He can not foresee conditions until his attack is developed. He must act quickly according to his best information.”

“To put it bluntly, the best officer is he who kills a maximum of the enemy for a minimum of loss, who gains a maximum result at a minimum expense.”

“Quite. You seem familiar with the principles of war, stripped of display.”

“We are not fighting this war with professional armies who fight out of professional pride. All the manhood of the nations is being drawn into the struggle. This brings up the question of morale in a broader sense. Am I right in saying that no officer can make his men fight, however



carefully he has trained them? The staff can make its plans thoroughly and competently for an action. Officers in the field can give orders and an example, but finally it is the men who decide when they have endured enough. Often both sides may be wavering and a little access of spirit on one side or the other will turn the fortunes of the day."

"Yes, everything goes back to morale. All the drills and maneuvers have morale and fire discipline for their object. We want highly trained men who will endure thirty, forty or fifty per cent of losses and still hold their ground and respond to an order to charge."

"It seems to me that we must recognize the conditions of our time. The soldiers receive their spirit from the people; the people form their spirits from reading newspapers. Will the people keep up their spirit if they do not know what their soldiers are doing? We may tell them that they ought to keep it up. They may mean to keep it up. But will they succeed as human beings without the aid to which they have become habituated since the last great war was fought? With correspondents at the front the form to which they are accustomed is in operation. On that ledger of profit and loss in lives which every headquarters keeps, though the correspondents may share with the mistakes of your commanders in causing

some loss, will they not more than balance it in strengthening morale?"

"If you were amenable to instructions," he replied.

"To military censorship, yes, but as experts something may be left to our expert view. Otherwise we should sacrifice professional ethics too far even to gain the maximum of practical results which you desire. The public might become suspicious that we were too well instructed and our reports only another form of ex-parte official bulletins which they might even conclude were covering the mistakes of leadership. We could not be quite as dignified and brief as the communiques."

"It will require a nice discrimination," he said—a very nice discrimination as every surrender by conscience to the war devil always requires.

In every war which I had seen after the campaign in Greece, when correspondents had the freedom of the field to go where they pleased, the restrictions of censorship and the exactions of control of movement had continued to increase. More and more, perhaps, they were being used as the personal perquisite of generals and statesmen in war time to screen their errors and promote their individual ambitions. They were more stupid and severe in the Balkan War of 1912 than in the Russo-Japanese War.

At the outset of the World War the staffs of

all armies decided that the press should not be represented at the front. It was to be "fed out of hand." In loyal and patriotic conformity it accepted the mandate of the experts. But the new power which had come into being stood for an influence which could not be thus disregarded even with its own consent. The British command, in response to the warning sign from its old well rooted democracy, took the lead in a departure from the original plan which was eventually to be followed by the acceptance of accredited correspondents by all the armies and to more and more freedom of the press at the front as the principal medium for keeping the war pulse keyed to fever pitch.

During the campaigns of 1915 and 1916, with Robinson, Thomas, Gibbs, Philips and Russell—I should address each as "Sir" now that they have been knighted for their services—we went about the front, always accompanied by an officer, seeing actions and taking with commanders and soldiers. The censorial "Don'ts" became second nature to this group who were telling the English speaking world what the British army was doing. The things which we did not write were often more interesting than the things which we did write. Many of them have appeared in Sir Philip Gibbs' vivid "Now It Can Be Told."

Old-fashioned chivalry, long association with

professional soldiers, as well as my ethics, may have had their influence in my attitude, but I would not be a mouthpiece for invented atrocities, though they received the approval of eminent scholars and publicists, and I would not be a mouthpiece for hate or false witness against an enemy.

My war to the bitter end was against the Prussian officer type whom I later saw in his humiliation of defeat as a victim of well deserved retributive justice. Against the German private soldier himself, be he from farm, village or town, who exemplified the courage, loyalty and obedience which we were instilling into our men, I had no prejudice. He was a fellow-human being, a man-child, as we all are men-children in war under whatever flag we may fight. This did not mean that he must not be fought to the death, but that in proof of the ideals which we were defending against him, we should fight him without prejudice. If I had been born in Hanover I should have been on his side and under his illusion. I could not blame him for his place of birth, as that was not a matter of his choice.

Among the interesting things which one did not report were the remarks which I heard from a senior British staff officer and a junior French staff officer after a joint Anglo-French general attack which had failed.



“The Germans were magnificent in their resistance and admirable in their tactical prevision,” said the Briton. “They are our kind of people more than the French.”

“A trained army, the Germans,” said the Frenchman. “Theirs and ours are really the only trained armies. We are both Continental peoples. We have more in common with them than we have with the British.”

Either was expressing nationalism's sense of racial superiority in a form that the emotion of the moment prompted. The truth was, so far as one could tell, that the Germans had outwitted both allies on that occasion.

One's own instinctively trained partisan sense, as a sharer of the folly of nations for a common cause, permitted him to write nothing that showed the slightest rift in sentiment or opinion even between an individual Frenchman and Englishman. What the public did read from French and British sources were further tributes to the impeccable tactics and martial and ethical character of a brave ally and such disparagement of the enemy's character as would excite popular ardor to resist him with more and more men and material.

## 4

We must win the war; and war requires deception of self and others. My atomic self was in

the wise with the millions of other atoms. I was held to my part by my own illusion as others were held to their parts by their illusions. My illusion was that we were fighting a war to end war; that we were fighting for a new world. Others might smile at my illusion as I smiled at theirs. They might see me as a self-deceived pawn just as I saw them as self-deceived pawns.

Though the dream which I nursed does not come true, it justified for me as their illusions justified for others the means to the end; it gave me heart for my task in the period when I served as censor after I was commissioned in our army. Each of us must make that sacrifice which would be the fullest contribution in his power to the cause. I was to stand between the allied publics and that little band of pioneers under Pershing in the troublous days of 1917 when it was thought that a confession of our weakness would be fatal. The atom was offering his all as a stop-gap. If my inclination ran toward cynicism I should have material for irony without end at my command.

I had ceased to be a writer. I was in uniform. I was no longer a spectator on the "outside," but on the "inside" of things. All the allied suspicions and jealousies came naked to the censor's office to be clothed into brotherly love to walk abroad. (There, in obedience to regulations, one must suffer agony as he strangled the truth and

squirm with nausea as he allowed propaganda to pass. One must keep up all the illusions that made men fight; stifle all the information which would interfere with the illusions.

Enlightening and enjoyable discrimination about the qualities of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Italian, or an American as a human being and a unit of a great race ceased. Publicly, an ally had no faults. All his soldiers were undaunted warriors of spotless character and all his women saintly and beautiful; but the enemy's soldiers were all barbarous fiends and his women slatternly and unmoral. There was inter-allied lying as well as anti-enemy lying. Lying became a fine art. Their natural fitness for lying enabled some men to achieve honors "in organizing victory in the rear" while the one man who was not facing a lie was the Allied soldier or German soldier who fought a brave antagonist.

How the single minded forthright nobility of the fighting men and of the women who were knitting, sewing and scrubbing and urging their men on to death contrasted with the banal mouthings of the Greek Deputy type and of other types of slacking intriguers and with the petty selfishness of some leaders who saw the war as a source of glory, promotion and profit and whom the regulations of the censorship had to protect! I commend all to the censor's office who would like to

taste the distilled broth of the folly of nations. It revealed humanity magnificent in sacrifice and betrayed by its own emotions to self-destruction.

I should not mention the incident of the censorship service if it had not been for the first prisoner taken by the Americans, a German boy of nineteen who was in the Landsturm with the middle aged reservists because he was a physical defective incapable of serving with men of his years. The sector, where our pioneer division was to receive its first trench experience, was inactive and lightly held by the enemy. Our men had been drilled at a training camp for many months. One of their exercises was thrusting the bayonet into a stuffed bag which was supposed to be a German. The thing was to thrust promptly and thrust hard; you must overcome all your natural and civilized feeling against killing your own kind. You must want to kill that imaginary German and kill him instantly. He was pictured as a diabolically savage trickster who gave no quarter. The vise of war required that you must be as ferocious as he was. If you did not kill him he would kill you. So, kill him! Thrust in hate, thrust in joy, thrust in vengeance, thrust for your comrades' and civilizations sake!

That boy of nineteen was a mail carrier who lost his way in his lines and wandered behind our lines in the dark. His illusion was that, though



a weakling among his fellows, he might still be of some use in saving German "kultur" from us barbarians. When two of our soldiers saw him, both fired at him. One bullet passed through his forearm making a painful wound. He fell with an outcry.

Here was a real German. All the drills in thrusting at the stuffed bag called for a thrust at him; and a stab in his abdomen after he had yielded himself was the eventual cause of his death. There was no second stab because instinctive human mercy, due to generations of training in peace time, checked the killing instinct that had been developed at the training camp. Other soldiers came up and began cutting buttons off the uniform of the bleeding captive for souvenirs. Then officers and the fully recovered sense of decency, bred in peace, intervened, and the boy was treated with the utmost kindness and gentleness. Free the two soldiers and the German of their illusions and they might be friendly neighbors. The two were no more brutal by nature than other men, perhaps much less brutal than the average man. We say that wars must come because we cannot change human nature when we have to brutalize modern human nature back to primitive savagery in order that we shall have sufficient brutality to be efficient soldiers.

The taking of our first prisoner was an im-

portant bit of news. Our correspondents wanted to describe the event in detail. Ethically, right was on their side. The value of a free press is in holding up the mirror to our excesses of passion as well as our better moments. My own feeling was to allow the "story" to go in full; but I had to consider the "nice discrimination" in profit and loss on the ledger of slaughter!

What more telling propagandic item could the German desire for inspiring their own men to fight to the death than a copied account from an American newspaper showing how the wild western savages had bayoneted a weakling youth of the Landsturm and then submitted him to gross indignities in defiance of the canons of civilized warfare while America was boasting that she was fighting to save civilization! So I elided the apparent features of the correspondents' accounts. And what right had I to say what should be published? What right was there in any form of censorship?

A few days later the Germans made a night raid upon our trenches under cover of a box barrage. After it was over the correspondents were told that the Germans had wantonly cut the throats of our men who had already expired. Experience warned me that the Germans were too hurried on such occasions to pause to mutilate dead men in the dark in a dug-out even though it suited their

inclinations. At close quarters the trench knife was a supple weapon and the rifle a clumsy one. Slashing the carotid artery or jugular vein, which causes instant death, was no more barbarous to my mind than eviscerating a man by the burst of a high explosive shell or making him cough to death from poison gas. I called up the divisional operations officer who confirmed my hypothesis from personal observation with an emphasis reflecting not only his professional fondness for accuracy but his sense of professional chivalry. So I did not permit the reports to say that the Germans had mutilated our dead when official eye witnesses said that they had received no other wounds except those inflicted by the knife.

At the time that I made this decision I had on my desk a memorandum by a high staff officer in which he said that "Hate was a most important factor in promoting morale." Personally, he enormously admired the Germans. He thought that they had "the greatest army in all history." I think he even admired them for their "hymn of hate." From his point of view I was soft-minded and culpable, especially as at that time the United States had more than two million men in training in our camps. I had prevented their reading a piece of news which would "blood" them against the enemy and make their thrusts against the dummy bag more savage. It had seemed to me



that if we were really making an idealistic war to end war the inculcation of hate to fester in the minds of future generations was a poor way of attaining our object.

What mattered my compunctions? What mattered one lie more or less when all our lies were a means to a noble end? I had allowed my personal illusion to influence me in performing my official duty which was to encourage the war spirit in every one else through strengthening the illusion which most appealed to him.

The thing was to teach the public to rejoice in the brutality of our own soldiers, applaud them for not taking prisoners and incite them to all the bad practices which we hailed as atrocious in the enemy and as justifying our own excesses. We brutalized the public at the same time that we brutalized our soldiers, while we protested that we were not making war on the German people whom we would deliver from bondage into better ways. If the Germans exhibited chivalry or kindness, if we found their doctors in German thoroughness of detail gently caring for our wounded when a counter charge swept over lost ground, these facts must be censored out lest they weaken the war lust necessary to keep our determination steeled to our task. Logically, we should have rejoiced over these individual exceptions to German depravity as encouraging the Germans to



mend their ways and as proof of our faith in a new Germany once her people were freed from the blight of Kaiserism.

The German censors were taking the same attitude on their side of the line as we on ours. They were dealing in the brutality of a blockade that was starving their babies as an incentive for their soldiers to fight to the death; not in the brutality of submarines stabbing passenger or hospital ships or planes bombing women and children in Paris and London.

“What a lot you will have to tell when the war is over!” friends used to say when I was in the censorship. They made the same remark after the excruciating misery of the assignment was over and I was back at the front and still “on the inside of things.”

## 5

The era of “exposure” which followed the war is over. I desired no part in it unless to expose myself as one more anthropoid subject to the waste emotions which make sport of the constructive and lovable human qualities. I have no errors of tactics to reveal; I would disparage no generals by telling the “truth” about them; I would bring to the market place no backstairs gossip of times of stress when strong spirits were breasting the waves and weak spirits were clinging to life buoys.

There were no errors except those of humanity's folly when we were all in the vise and sharing our necessity of the means to the end. There were weak and tiresome generals and capable and interesting and great and high-minded generals, and generals whose fussy self-importance was amusing. I knew the inwardness of the pretensions of some of the weak; the chance of age and circumstance that gave them command; the hazard of fortunes beyond their control which brought them promotion or demotion. I saw some of the successful take on the manners and trappings of greatness which propaganda prescribed for generating the war spirit.

We had to give up the argument of the chapel and the form for the argument of the cockpit; the tedium of curing the crippled and insane for the exciting diversions of making cripples and insane. In order to defeat the Kaiser we created Kaisers of our own and set up a god of force on our altars. Happily, our generals were relatively inoffensive generals. They did not make and unmake nations for their own pleasure. No commander-in-chief in the field was also head of the state. So there were no Napoleons, Cæsars, Alexanders, Charlemagnes or Cœur de Lions.

In this people's struggle I must confess that I saw all the generals as part of the picture. We must have a few generals as we must have a few fif-

teen-inch guns, as well as many field guns and still more numerous machine guns and still more numerous rifles. It was incidental to the future of humanity what names the generals bore or whether they were short or tall. To indulge in personalities about them is beside the mark; to over glorify them is only to encourage the cult of heroism in order to evercise a spell over future generations.

Not one of them was indispensable. There were scores, hundreds, of equally able leaders, the product of the age in which education and opportunity had opened wide the doors to ambition; and all were insignificant in a sense that leaders had never been before in relation to the tremendous masses of troops whose intelligence was so superior to that of the troops of past wars and whose merciless attrition was to decide the day. Choose your hour when the enemy is weakening to mount your charger to ride to immortal fame and victory, which in this war, as in no other, was won by the people and the high intelligence that sent McAndrew's engines

“Through all thy seas of all thy world slambangin' home again.”

The woes of Pecksniffian diarists, or the expositions of officers who want “their side” to be told—we may leave all such to history—are useful only as they will reveal the truths that will scarify



the lies in our hearts which may bring on further wars. In previous wars all the population may have done some lying, but the major portion of the lying was done by the few. In the World War we all had to do our bit. Our nationalism turned the vast masses, which preventive medicine had enabled to survive, into primitive tribesmen, believing and exaggerating every lie which we were told about the tribesmen over the mountain range, when our great epoch had made us akin in common interest and self-preservation as surely as the first railroad tunnel through the range was a thrust into the darkness that brought the light of communications between the tribes who realized that their languages and race were really the same which were one day to unite them in the bonds of nationalism.

We called the old witches tales, the old plagues, the old leeches, the old sorceries out of the past as the necessary servants of our purpose. Should the conversation with that able and attractive Chief of Intelligence, the incident of the German prisoner or of the throat cutting seem far fetched, this may be only testimony to how our minds became distorted when we had to yield the freedom of the printed word which was the foundation of democratic government and progress. Month after month I watched the deterioration of minds and character under the censorship and our re-



version to the days of the lickspittle herald. Under military rule I saw the increase of intrigue, of lackeyism, hanging on a superior's nod, of devious instead of direct means to an end, of the weakening of individual intelligence and the capacity for independent and straight thinking. These effects the victor shared with the vanquished. Nationalism was compelled to turn a destroying hand upon the very elements which had created and fostered its values.

## VIII

### THE ANSWER

#### 1

LET us grant that the World War was inevitable. There is only one way to escape its repetition. We must not allow our minds and emotions to be lured into another international situation which will make another such a cataclysm inevitable. Guided by the lessons of the World War, we must free ourselves from the false sentiments and traditions which belong to another stage of human evolution and face the problems of today in frank self-analysis and with the simple courage of the soldier in the trenches.

Having hung the chapter on Nationalism as a lamp to illumine their pages and cast its light into the future I shall, in this chapter, consider the old values of war and the causes of war, chapters four and five, with reference to present conditions. First, the old values:

*Physical.* Never was the youth of the leading nations of the world so fit physically as at the outset of the World War after forty years of peace. This was true in Britain, in the British dominions and in the United States as well as in the conscript nations. Not merely a chosen few

but practically all the males of fighting age were under arms. They lived in the clammy and loathsome trenches instead of open camps, fought in battles lasting weeks instead of a few hours and endured physical strains in every way more exacting than in previous wars. It was peace not war that gave them the stamina equal to this travail. They went into the war strong and came out of the war impoverished in vitality if not crippled for life.

Picture a battalion of lusty men in the prime of life, representing the investment of maternal nursing in their childhood and of paternal earnings and sacrifices, the product of the doctors oversight of municipal sanitation of schoolroom calisthenics and of the fresh air of the playground, going into the trenches! Picture the survivors of that same battalion, who have not been buried in the muck of destruction or borne back in the procession of wounded, as they returned from the trenches, ashen faced, staggering and exhausted to a quiet spot behind the lines away from the sound of shells, where they might be inspirited and fattened to face the ordeal again and have the strength to bear its labors! In this contrast you have the contrast of the physical value of war and of peace. It was a contrast that we might not mention while the war was in progress lest it should discourage the people at home. I saw it

hundreds of times, and to some purpose, if I may burn the truths that the censorship excluded into the minds of readers who were too young or too old to be at the front.

Every man who served in long tours of the trenches on stabilized fronts or in any one of the long grinding battles drew on his reserve store of physical energy to an extent which he will more and more realize as he grows older. Did those fine physical types of free and upstanding men from Canada and Australasia require war to improve their physiques? The permanently disabled youth, looking forward to a deliberated and cramped existence, whose numbers in the first war "of every man a soldier" terrify us with their appeal and their burden, represent only a small portion of the whole of physical vitality lost to each combatant nation. Whether Frenchmen, Americans, Britons, Italians or Germans or Austrians I saw twenty men demobilized as sound who had been physically weakened by the war to one who had been physically improved, and this one gained nothing physically which he might not have gained in peace.

There was no physical advantage in service at a training camp for which there was not a peace substitute. We have the indisputable fact of the physical slackness of the average demobilized man



which must have been due to overstrain in active service if not in the training camp.

“Rest! Oh, God, for a little rest!” was the unspoken plea hovering on men’s lips when their last ounce of strength was commanded in grueling days of battle and long night marches. The conscript armies of Europe learned long before the war that military drills must be supplemented by other physical drills and pastimes to insure all round physical development.

War does not give babies milk but robs mothers of nourishing food for nature’s beautiful machinery to transfer into health and strength for future generations. Lungs are not filled with fresh air in stinking dug-outs unfit as dwelling places for the lowest order of savage: bodies are not made sounder by lying on wet ground in winter; or a tendency to heart disease cured by three or four sleepless days and nights under bombardments of gas shells and high explosive shells.

It is better to have a little dyspepsia in an Athenian age than physical toughness in a Spartan age. The healthy teacher, professional man or man of affairs or husband man is still more valuable to the world than the prize fighter though his fists are of flint, his skull of armor plate with sutures reinforced by steel rivets. A man who paints a great picture or writes a beautiful sonnet, though he is a trifle stoop-shouldered has more

light for us than a drill sergeant with his backbone a ramrod. But the painter, or the poet, need not be stoop-shouldered and rarely is these days, even though he was never in the trenches. I am more interested in knowing that a man who is doing good service as a human being has sufficient health for the purpose than in the amount of poison gas he can inhale before he chokes to death. But for the advances in hygiene and in preventive medicine, the trenches rank with the remains of dead—the stench still gags me—and infested by rats and flies, would have been charnel houses. Is the fact that the doctors and the scientists saved us from plagues in order that we might live to be killed in battle rather than die of disease a reason why he must fight again?

The incentive to physical excellence of a few warriors of the primitive human groups to repel the sudden descent upon them of their enemies has been replaced by an incentive to physical excellence for whole populations. We have ceased to fight in war as is the prize-fighters fight, hand to hand; we fight with machinery which is the product of mind and organization. That great bruiser, who holds the pugilistic championship of the world, though you drilled him for years, might not be as good a man with a machine gun as some little factory hand who had only a few weeks drill.

Every football, baseball and cricket field calls

youth to athletic prowess. The grandfathers of the boys in our summer camps took a very different view of exercise than their descendants who do not have to be threatened with war to make them indulge in out-of-door sports; the grandmothers of the freelimbbed and freebodied girls in our summer camps took their exercise in lacing their corsets.

Where the primitive man allowed his muscles to soften unless danger spurred him to stretch them as we now know our bodies well enough—thanks to other information than we received through the war *communiqués*—to realize the value of exercise for health's sake. The competition of modern life requires that we shall have sound bodies in order that we shall have the requisite efficiency for our daily tasks. Doctors prescribe exercises and fresh air. We have learned to enjoy both. We insist on both for the sake of our pockets, our families and our self-respect. Military discipline? Isn't the new kind of discipline better than the old? Isn't it better to keep well out of one's own initiative than to keep well under orders from a military autocrat? I should think so if the purpose of democracy is to develop self-reliance in the citizen.

## 2

*Moral.* What is it to be moral? Is it moral to foul your mind with lies and hates? To plot the killing of fellow human beings? To surrender



your freedom of thought to the drill master and the propagandist of war? If so then the late war was a true promoter of morality: and let us have another and then another war in perfect confidence that in two or three generations we can undo all that civilization has achieved.

The moral sense of the people of the leading nations was never so high—read history accurately if you doubt it—as it was after the long peace that preceded the World War. We warped and wasted this hard won asset in carrying on this war as I have shown in the chapter on Nationalism. Was the fortitude of the British, the Canadians, the Australians, the New Zealanders and the Americans who were unprepared and the French, who were only partly prepared, weaker than that of fully prepared Germany? Had we less continuity of purpose than the Germans? The result rather flies in the face of such an assumption.

Did your son exhibit less moral character because he had never been to slaughter houses to steel himself to the sight of blood and had never shouldered a rifle until he went to a training camp? Did you support him less fervently and less determinedly because you had been born and bred in peace and never even conjectured, in the days when you were teaching him the right and wrong of things and the value of good impulses, that he



would be called to battle on the soil of France?

In former wars only a small percentage of the people had a sense of the moral cause for which their nation was fighting; only a few mothers expected that their sons might be killed. In this war all the population rose to the heights of moral sacrifice without having been bred into this fortitude by other wars in their time. Moral support was given without stint out of that reserve which popular education, democracy, the ability of the individual to think for himself and all the influences of the epoch had created. To say that war or the prospect of war gave us the moral purpose to carry on the war is like saying that the gold reserve which stands the strain of a run on the bank was made by the bank rather than mined from the earth by hard labor.

Nor did we receive the moral purpose which was shown in the late war as the heritage of previous wars. All the traditions of previous sacrifice were petty beside this exhibition of universal sacrifice. Man had been thoroughly learning the value of morality for morality's sake, just as he had learned the value of exercise for exercise's sake, without having it inculcated by fear or oppression. Foresight and continuity of purpose were becoming essential for all rather than the few; the progress of their growth marked by the timekeeper who guarded our days labor in all the

constructive development which had its first breath of ambition in the voyages of discovery and which began coming into its own early in the twentieth century.

Perhaps imprisonment for debt and the hanging of thieves on gibbets and other harsh punishments may once have been necessary as examples to curb the inherently bestial instincts which dominated undeveloped minds. We know that we do not require them to maintain order to-day and that human nature has so far changed that we seek to appeal to self respect rather than fear. Wars may have been necessary in other days to exalt us to high emotion; but the World War has proved that they are not necessary in these days when all our surroundings are replete with calls to high emotion. Why demoralize ourselves by allowing our emotions to lure us into another war in order to prove a second time that we possess fine qualities which are the product of peace? We showed that we were adaptable enough to become as brutal as any swashbuckler of old when circumstances required a reversion to the primitive. If war brutalizes us and we do not want to be brutalized, why have war?

The "salt of life" is the enjoyment of life and the enriching of life; and war is death. The surgeon is as noble in operating on a crippled child in a public hospital as in trying to save a

wounded soldier from becoming a cripple and the nurse is as noble in nursing the child as in nursing the wounded soldier when possibly that child may be a hero, too, in his uncomplaining endurance of pain which may be an inheritance from an ancestry debilitated by war. The nobility of the surgeon and nurse was not developed in war. It had been on exhibition year after year in peace. Why glorify it only in war?

## 3

*Social, Communal and National.* Under this head there is little to add to what I have already said in chapter on Nationalism. We did not need the late war to teach us to think and act together. All the five mile circles within the nation had come to realize their common interest. The increasing sense of communal and national self preservation had been the outstanding sociological development of the epoch. Our railroads and steamships, binding us together in closer material relations, enabled us to speed the transport of unprecedentedly large bodies of troops; our enormous and intricate industrial organization, which was the product of peace, supplied the munitions of war whose quantity and complexity were beyond our conjectures. The facilities for the rapid communication of intelligence and the power of the printed word, in an era of popular education, led the people to respond to the electric call to

their country's service with the instant unity of throughgoing conviction which swept the faint hearted and the cavilling along with the current of general public ardor.

So enmeshed had we become in the web of centralized governmental control that we were already crying out for decentralization before we had to surrender our minds, our souls, our bodies and our property to the control of a war autocracy. So powerful had become the majority rule in its application of the principle of unity that as a result of the increased interest in improved standards of living and morals, the United States, against the protest of many of the regional groups of five-mile circles, passed a constitutional amendment abolishing the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic beverages, including wine and beer, which civilized man had drunk from time immemorial.

If we look at grandfather's globe to-day we find that in its portions which are occupied by the Christian peoples and other advanced peoples who are not of our religious faith, practically all the races are living under governments of their own choosing. Egypt, India, the Philippine Islands and Algeria have more say as to how they are ruled than the people of France had an hundred and fifty years ago. Few indeed of the regional groups of five mile circles within the integral



territorial boundaries of the progressive nations need to take grandfather's fowling piece down from the wall or sharpen their scythes against tyranny. If the people of France, Britain, Italy, the United States, and Germany, too, now as well as Japan, want a new set of rulers they have only to say the word at the next election. Bad government is our own fault. We may make it better if we will; and the business of making it better, considering present heavy taxation, seems more timely than to burden ourselves with further armaments.

Would Britain exert force to keep Canada in the Empire if the people of Canada decided by overwhelming vote to withdraw from the Empire? The foremost value of war is past. Times' changes, if not changes in human nature, have wrought the reform. Civil rebellion has become unnecessary to relieve a population or a section of a population from oppression. The Dantons, the Cromwells and the Patrick Henrys of to-day have only to announce their candidacy for office on a progressive platform. The work of the Boston Tea Party is accomplished by raising the tariff.

The unifying influence of the Spanish American war was only an emotional symbol in the reunion of the North and South which a new spirit of toleration and communication and trade were

already accomplishing. Our united effort in the World War was an emotional symbol of the same kind that called dramatically to mind the result of the same influences. Must we have another Gettysburg in order that we may have another Gettysburg speech? If Lincoln were living, what would be his answer to this question? Many of the values which we associate with war are due to human insistence in finding some compensation for a bad bargain.

Is it necessary in this age that men risk death and mutilation in order to realize our common interest as human beings which all the processes of peace emphasize?

## 4

*Economic.* Here satire, ridicule and irony may exhaust themselves and not do credit to the theme. In the days when the victors made slaves of the vanquished and appropriated all enemy property there was undoubtedly profit for the victors in a one day's spree of bloodletting. This was really a long time ago. Slavery has quite gone out of fashion.

The value of the economic expansion, which was won by the colonial wars of the last century, would hardly be duplicated by further wars in the conquered territories where peace and order now reign. As man has become richer in goods and structures through the blessings of peace the econ-

omic value of war has continued to decrease. We are living in the time of the devastated regions in France and Central Europe and a harassed Reparations Commission. There is no call for a Caesar to go to Gaul or Germany now to teach the natives how to increase the world's trade. The present occupants of those countries have shown that they are quite equal to the task themselves when they are not making war. Their resentment of outside interference would have the same results as the late German effort to reform France in destroying such industrial machinery as it did not throw out of gear.

Surely no German of to-day, if he reckons his debased currency in gold, finds that the late war brought him any economic reward except the warning of how easy it is for the weapons of modern warfare to destroy a comfortable home which had been laboriously built. The victors had Germany at their mercy. Her fleet was captive; her army had been disarmed. Yet what did the victors themselves win? What visible constructive asset from the war is theirs? There are a few stretches of military railway in France which is of relatively slight commercial service. There were the surplus war supplies which were sold at knock-down sales; and all the remnants of the barbed wire in No Man's Land and the fragments of bursted shells which were of the same metallic

value whether they had killed a soldier or not. We have not even Napoleonic highways to remind us that our period of glory was not entirely a luxury. The few hundred million dollars worth of property out of the hundreds of billions spent will not be equal to the reconstruction of the devastated regions.

Was Alsace-Lorraine worth the economic asset of France's dead if they had lived? Will it pay the interest on the French war loan? Was the territory which Britain won worth her dead, or will it pay the interest on her war debt?

For four years the nations were devoting their energy to the destruction of life and property and drawing on their reserves of wealth to carry on the orgy. We all realize this; but it is well to mention it again, even though the reminder of it is daily with us in the burden of taxation which the orgy has imposed upon us at a time when there is a world wide call for funds to carry on the progress of the epoch which we were enjoying before the orgy began. We may be certain that we may enjoy even more formidable destruction in the next world war not only because the era of 1914-18 gave us such a good start toward a stabilized state of universal ruin but because we have even more powerful weapons in sight. The economic value of war among the progressive nations of today is that of using a hammer blow



to repair a valuable watch which keeps time for your enemy as well as yourself.

## 5

*Religious and Ethical.* Christ's teachings remains the same. Can we change ourselves enough to obey them after nearly two thousand years of Christianity? They wait upon humanity to come up to their ideals which now is in the interest of economic self-preservation as well as our morals, our minds and our bodies and when all the glamor and sport of war is past.

If we Christians, or all who call themselves Christians, were to cut our war appropriations down to five-sixths of the present outlay our resources in war-power of every kind would still enable us to resist a Mohammedan invasion. So we need not arm to protect our freedom of worship. The churches, hampered for funds to carry on their work owing to the burden of our war taxes, realize that war has no value in expanding their every day peace time influence. There is that "Thou shalt not kill!" staring us in the face. There can be only one choice for religion between fomenting and restraining the war emotions; between the teachings that lead to war and those which will change human nature enough to realize that war is not a curse inherited from Cain which predestination compels humanity to endure.

The clergyman who brings a sinner to repentance in humdrum peace times deserves more honor than in bringing him to repentance when death hovers near him on the battlefield, and he may be more certain that the peace-time conversion is genuine not to mention that the peace-time convert will live to prove his faith by his acts on this humdrum earth. There are still enormous numbers of diseased people in the backward nations waiting to be cured by the magic of the medical missionaries; still hundreds of millions of heathen who have not accepted the Word, some of them possibly because our predilection for war seems contradictory to the commandment that "Thou shalt not kill!" We could endure the tedium of peace for another fifty years without the churches becoming idle for want of occupation.

Is it good religion or ethics to scourge yourself with hate and suspicion of your fellow men? to justify killing him by whipping your emotions to fever heat with intrigue and deception against your own interest? to brutalize your finer instincts in order that you may be hardened for war's brute excesses? to isolate youth, in a world of oaths and primitive passion, from the refining influences of woman, home and civilization? If so then there is still religious and ethical value in war.

## 6

Though the values of war are as out of date as bleeding for aenemia and touching the king's robe to cure the plague, though future wars will bring us neither spiritual, moral, political, economic nor sociological gain, the causes of war are still exercising their lure.

I shall now put the causes to the test of present conditions while I even imagine so pleasant a possibility as that an efficiency chart and common sense, instead of folly, should govern the relations among nations. In the light of the reader's own knowledge and experience of the World War I am hoping that he may realize, if he thinks as coolly about international as national and personal affairs, that many of the causes have ceased to exist and others are under our control.

It suits my purpose, in the answer, to place fear the last in the category, not because it has lost importance but because it is still the main influence which keeps alive the majority of the other surviving causes and is the guiding excuse for the others.

## 7

*Language, Race, Habits and Customs.* Suppressed nationalities have now achieved nationhood. The Poles are free to lead their own life and speak their own language, and so are the Czechs, the Hungarians, the Esthonians, the Lith-

uanians and other groups formerly under alien rule. All this represents the outgrowth of a comparatively young sentiment, in relation to other peoples who are of different ways, language and race from your own.

What Englishman would rob France of her language and customs? What Frenchman would rob England of hers? Does either want to suppress those of the Italian, the Czech or the Dane? I join with M. Hanatoux in his protest against Esperanto or any other laboratory made language if it will injure French literary tradition; but I am not sure that it will. A new *lingua franca* would enable other citizens of the world who do not speak French to understand better, on their travels, the merits of the French people and of other peoples.

It is not the war-power of the English speaking peoples which leads to the widespread use of English but their wealth which permits them to travel and their curiosity which calls them to travel. Only a few years ago when people considered Russia's war-power greater than France's our students were not learning Russian, but French, because French is the language with a long tradition spoken by a people whose contribution to civilization is unique, vitalizing and invaluable. Was it the Kaiser's preparedness programme which thrilled the ears of mankind as



we listened to Germany speaking the universal language of her music? Did autocratic Russia's war-power suffuse the world with the same friendly feeling for Russians as the music of her composers or the writings of Tolstoi, Turgenieff and Chekov? Italy may build a hundred battleships of unprecedented power and blow the coast of Dalmatia to bits, but their value will not make Italy greater than the prestige of her painters and poets. A Japan that swells with imperial ambition does not win the friends for Japan that her arts and crafts have already won.

How ridiculous it is to allow other people's languages to engender suspicions about their character! I remember being on the trans-Siberian express with two Frenchmen, who spoke no English, and an American of wide experience in western mining camps who spoke no French.

"Those Frenchmen have been talking about us," said my fellow American. "I heard them saying America and Americans. I don't believe I like them."

"They were really saying," I responded, "that they have been hearing us talk about France and Frenchmen, and wondering what we had been saying about them. I heard them express regret that they did not know English so that they could hear you tell some of your interesting stories."

The habits and customs which we find so strange

in other peoples are usually the result of climate. A tropical civilization would hardly dress in furs, or a Dakotan, Manitoban or Siberian civilization wear a single thickness of silk in brushing the snow left by the latest blizzard off the doorstep. I always change my diet and clothing when I come in winter from the chill houses of the Baltic and North Sea region to our own steam heated houses and our dry air. When spring arrives in Maine you take off your mittens, but you never need mittens in Mobile or New Orleans.

The varying climates of our own country are developing regional habits and customs, but no one suggests this as a reason for another civil war. Is it a reason for countries in which corn is not grown to declare war upon us because to foreigners we appear to be indulging in a peculiar pastime as we eat green corn on the cob? Is it a reason for us to declare war on France because a Frenchman puts as much milk as coffee in his breakfast cup or with a Japanese because he likes his fish so fresh that it is still squirming when it is brought on the table? Is it a reason for Americans to feel hostile toward Englishmen because Englishmen use the broad a; for Englishmen to feel hostile toward Americans because we have a nasal accent which is unfamiliar to their ears?

Other nations might make a note for their benefit from Japan's attitude toward foreign coun-

tries. After she came out of more than two centuries of exclusion to adopt foreign ways her "study boys", on their travels, analyzed all the customs, laws and methods of foreign countries. They adopted those from each country which were considered to be best suited to insure the progress of Japan. Perhaps the English-speaking peoples, including ourselves, have something to learn from foreign countries besides how to make war. Why not survey the field of their civilizations with that thought in mind? An exchange of ideas is better than an exchange of bullets. "I learned something from a foreigner," is a more constructive thought than "I feel my war fever is rising. Soon I must go forth to kill a foreigner."

It is wiser to send abroad a hundred thousand open-minded and inquiring merchants, teachers and tourists armed with guide books, cameras and fountain pens than a hundred thousand soldiers armed with guns, bombs, poison gas and the other paraphernalia of slaughter. Travelling in the former way will be much more pleasant and less costly than the latter, I can assure you, after having tried both ways.

"What you are saying is obvious," I hear a bored reader protesting. Then why not embrace the obvious, when it is so much less disturbing to



take in yours arms than the burst of a two-ton bomb?

When you read something scandalous about a foreign country, just single out the most scandalous things about your own country in the daily news, and consider that this is what the foreigner may be reading as characteristic of your own country. Consider, too, how picturesquely and variously the world is inhabited and how traveling among its peoples, whether in fact or in imagination as a free individual, will be more useful to your own and other peoples than being ordered about as a soldier of an invading army. Personally, I am glad, for variety's sake as well as for purposes of identification, that all the peoples of the world do not think alike, dress alike and look alike.

As I have explained in the chapter on Nationalism, the peoples of the progressive nations had been drawn closer together before the World War came than they realized. The facilities for travel had developed travel. Increased wealth, the product of the great epoch, had given us the money to pay our fares and hotel bills; and the study of modern languages was becoming widespread in all countries. In the middle of the last century Japan had not been opened to the world and not one man could read a foreign language or travel beyond his own country or his own five-mile circle



where fifty were traveling at the end of the century. We were beginning to exchange professors between universities, a practice that is yet in its infancy. I hope to live to see nations exchanging teachers between high schools. The thing is to forget linguistic and racial hates and suspicions, which the war revived, and return to a peace basis of international goodwill as a better salve for war wounds than the acid of hate.

Since we have applied the principle of self-determination, which means that each people is guaranteed by treaty in living its own life the cause of language, race, custom and habits has become an out-of-date cause if we will only think so. Why not think so?

## 8

*Economic.* To refer to this cause again is repetition of an unanswerable demonstration. Is there anyone on earth today who thinks that another world war will be a relief from hard times? Can we allow this cause to be the face behind the mask of the other emotions of the lure? We know that it profits no progressive nation to fight for territorial gain from another progressive nation; that racial intelligence, pride, self-respect and solidarity have so far developed that you cannot profitably rule highly civilized people against their will; and that the peaceful prosperity of one nation, in the close international commercial rela-

tions which the times demand today, contributes to the prosperity of other nations.

If the lesson requires further emphasis, consider the results that could have been achieved if all the energy expended in digging trenches and in making and using weapons of destruction in the World War had been expended in permanent construction that served the interest of our common comfort and civilization. As all culture and all progress rest primarily on an economic basis, why not try this method in the future? Every cent spent for war purposes meant economic and cultural waste if we are to apply the efficiency chart to civilization.

## 9

*Physical.* Only a man with steel armor for his cuticle, lungs as impervious to poison gas as a motor-car's exhaust and internal organs like a tank's, may regard modern war as the supreme physical test. It is a test in the manufactured power of killing; a test in enduring the odors of the sewer, the surroundings of the cheapest back alley lodging house, the sights of the slaughter house and the pest house and the vermin which crawls on the undershirts of the unwashed and the debased.

The athletic field is a far more joyous as well as a far cleaner test. A moderately fine sunset is more beautiful than the most brilliant spectacle of

artillery fire I have ever seen; a game of hockey, base ball, cricket, football, polo or tennis in grace and abounding variety of physical movement, surpasses anything you may see on the battlefield. In athletics you do learn which is the better player, yourself or your opponent, your team or the opposing team, and, after an initial defeat, you may return to the contest another day in full possession of your health and physique and in the hope that this time victory will be yours. You are your own master; you choose your game and how you shall play it.

What grace of movement is there in the modern, timed, slow mechanical advance of infantry which is burdened with rifles, ammunition, bombs, gas masks, blankets, spades and rations? The infantryman is not a sportsman; he is a pack animal who has to play the game the way that others tell him to play it. In place of the zest before the contest there is the excruciating agony of suspense as the zero hour for the attack approaches. He comes to no personal test except the tossing of a bomb around the corner of a trench traverse or a lunge with a bayonet; and the use of the bayonet is rare. He is in a game against men whom, for the most part, he does not see: the decision as to which is the better, man to man, yourself or your enemy, is often left to the shells which are fired by guns thousands of yards away. As a sport the

difference between war and the athletic contest of peace is that between being in a railroad wreck and a hard fight through three sets of tennis, a football or baseball game, or eighteen holes on the golf course.

Let grandmother retain her pride of how she led the field in her youth and grandfather boast of how he has preserved his physical powers! They will not be able to do so if their health has been ruined by war's privations or wounds in their youth. In war you do not always live to play a return match against your opponent. Cheering our professional athletes and working ourselves up to passionate partisanship for the home team in the deciding series for the championship need not promote the physical emotion for war. It may be the modern means of healthily expending this emotion where formerly we expended it on the battlefield.

## 10

*Courage.* I remember the remarks of a German attaché as he watched the survivors of a Japanese regiment charge for the third time in the Russo-Japanese war in the days when groups of war observers were always thinking of the dread possibility of a clash of the conscript forces of Europe.

"If we could depend upon our men to stand fire like that and yet charge again!" the attaché exclaimed.



His point of view was that of many professional officers who were always considering how they could "blood" the vast European armies to fight with the courage of the small armies of the past. There had been no great war for forty years to provide a nucleus of veterans who would keep the inexperienced, in their baptism of fire, up to the mark. It was feared that peoples had become softened by industrialism and comforts.

Yet the courage of that Japanese charge was repeated in the World War thousands of times and surpassed, too, by the soldiers of all the nations—soldiers who had had no previous hardening in war. Farmer, laborer, clerk, factory hand, all classes went into action, not in the expectation of their ancestors that they would be the lucky ones to escape death, but in the discounting of death as a conclusion which had been reasoned out of the higher intelligence, the universal education and the devoted and self-convinced patriotism of the age.

Reserve officers from offices and shops were as gallant as professional officers. I have in mind a slight, unimpressive little reserve lieutenant, a village apothecary in civil life, who, in his baptism of fire in the early fighting in Lorraine, after all his seniors had been killed or wounded, led the survivors of his battalion, whom he directed with rare

tactical skill through the sweep of machine bullets to the conquest of a position.

“I did it for France,” he said. “We all knew that we should have to give our lives for France in this war. It was not a question of courage or bravado.”

He was the peer of any gallant aristocrat of Louis XIV's Household Cavalry who ever charged, with a percentage of loss to his unit of one third of that of the battalion led by a druggist who did not think of himself as a hero. It is all right for gentlemen of leisure to be killed for sport if they choose, but why kill useful druggists? Why should it interest aristocrats to be killed in the future when courage is so common that homely village druggists, who are just as brave as they are, share, in the company of tinkers and cobblers, the honor of being heroic which has ceased to be aristocratic and exclusive?

In other wars an infantry unit, however well drilled, was expected to break when it had a loss of thirty percent. Units in the late war stood losses of forty, fifty and sixty per cent. Straggling, which was so common in the old days, had gone out of fashion. Under the spell and the self-imposed discipline of the fellowship of democracy men of all classes kept step in face of death; and never was the timid man so completely subject to the movement of the mass. Where it required

two or three years to make the illiterate clod of old into a competent infantryman, six months to a year was sufficient for the intelligent literate man of the twentieth century.

When we know that courage has become the inalienable instinct of men of all classes, why should we be lured into hell to prove that we have courage? It is as sensible a proceeding as searing your face with a hot iron to prove that you will not flinch from pain; as having your legs amputated to prove that you can manage as well without legs as other cripples; as setting a building on fire to prove that the elevator boy will keep his elevator running through smoke and flame; as a captain running his ship on a rock to prove that he will stick to the bridge as she sinks.

If we must have the war proof, why not choose by lot at intervals a thousand youths who are to take one chance out of two of survival by running a gamut of the concentration of the fire of modern weapons, and honor those who come out alive as reflecting a fresh assurance that the average modern man is not craven? This method would not mean a huge war debt and it would save millions of lives. Did anyone doubt that the troops of Holland, Switzerland, Norway or Sweden, if they had come into the World War, would have fought bravely? Not the knowing staff officers of the veteran armies.



Courage? The modern dark cave of the unknown which I mentioned as calling men by its mysteries, has been well explored. It is known to be a slaughter house, which is filled with poison gas and rocked by the burst of high explosive shells while bombs crash through the roof.

## 11

*Power.* We do like power. What is power? Is it in the quantity of poison gas you can stand before choking to death? In how many machine gun bullets your body can receive before you bleed to death? In how hideously your body may be maimed while you are still able to crawl about the earth? In how far your mind may be stiffened and atrophied by mechanical discipline without becoming a psychic wreck or insane?

This is thinking of the individual; and again the obvious thought is offered that a nation is a group of individuals. Power of the body is in supple muscles and good health, in well-nourished children and in eyes that shine in the eagerness of the sunrise for the day's work instead of being glazed by war fatigue. Power of the mind is in education, in intelligence, in brain cells that are fit for the day's work, not in cells which have been exhausted by war's agony and suspense.

I have come to think, as the result of my travels, that it is poor thinking that regards your nation's war-power as your personal power: the poor think-



ing of the man who depends upon friends for his support; of the snob who happened to be born of some well-known family, which was not a matter within his control; of the adipose which sits in jellyfish inanimation, except for its stout lungs, upon the spectator's bench and thinks that is is great itself because an athlete who is a fellow citizen is overcoming an athlete of another country; of the man who orates about his nationality, his family or his position to gain a favor which could be better gained by the exhibition of attractive personal qualities.

If a nation's war power means the individual excellence of its citizens then a Swiss, or Belgian or Dutchman must be inferior to a Japanese, and, of course, to all Englishmen and Americans. As soon as the humblest emigrant from the meanest part of Europe takes out citizenship papers in the United States he becomes the power-superior of a Norwegian who has invented labor-saving machinery or who is a masterly electrical engineer. If Nansen had been a citizen of a nation which had a hundred million population and twenty first-class battleships, would the Pole have come to meet him as his Fram drifted with the Arctic current, or would Ibsen have written better plays, or the average Norwegian have received more dividends out of life? If Switzerland, Sweden and Denmark each had a standing army of a million men,

would the Swiss make better watches, the Swedes make better steel or the Danes win more profits out of their clean dairies?

Is the powerful position of the United States today due to her naval preparedness? Did we add to our power in the deterioration of our railroads and property in general, the cessation of building and the dislocation of our industrial organization during the period when we were in the war?

“We would conserve this power by making our defense strong through complete military preparedness,” says the militarist. William II tried that system in his time and Napoleon I tried it in his time; and they failed. Full preparedness has to deal with one element of human nature which does not change: that which makes common cause of all peoples against the nation which falls victim to this illusion. It may win one war for you and it may give you a good start in another war; but until one nation is strong enough to conquer all other nations it must lead to eventual defeat. It is a threat to other nations, though the people of the nation which abet it may not think so, that was never so foolish as in these days when bravery is a common attribute supported by the intelligence of all democracies.

The principle of self determination having been established and many suppressed nationalities

having become nations, we are possibly in a new era when the small nations will have more influence in the world's affairs and we shall be less inclined to rank a citizen by the size of his nation's army and navy than by the kind of man he is himself. My observation of the League of Nations Assembly confirmed this idea. Some of the ablest men on the floor represented small nations. They made their nations seem great by the power of their intellects and character while some of the delegates from the great nations made their nations seem small. Why not feel the call of national power as something exemplified by the achievements of a nation's men and women rather than the amount of taxes each one pays for armament?

## 12

*Glamor.* This is a matter of fashion, the window dressing of our thoughts; a spell, a trance, Why not make it a delightful luxury? Why not an iridescent robe that charms our eyes with its soft, rich sheen which, when we lift it, reveals a beautiful figure rather than a monstrosity of war?

We have changed fashions in glamor considerably since man began walking upright. It is quite different among head hunting savages than in the welcoming of a new member of the French Academy or in the conferring of degrees by a university; quite different in the snake dances of the

Indians of the Southwest than in an evening of grand opera. Why should it be when human nature does not change?

An exponent of unchanging human nature in parts of Africa finds his glamor in the voodoo rites of chieftains, with rings through their noses and hung from the lobes of their ears, skins deformed by welts, a breech clout of gay pattern and in rings around the ankles; the glamorous whole being surmounted by a battered silk hat crowned by the skull of a slain enemy. In another part of the world an exponent of unchanging human nature, who may be proud of his ancestors' intellectual and peaceful accomplishments and who believes equally with the breech-clout contingent that you can not stop war, may see glamor in some scientist, poet, physician, law giver, teacher, banker, statesman or organizer of industry, clad in something even more extensive than the trunks of a college athlete, not to mention a breechclout, having the hood of a doctor of laws, letters or science fastened on his shoulders by a gentleman—of the same human nature as the savage—who has rings neither in his nose nor in his ears.

Oh, these sages of unchanging human nature! It is small wonder that they find peace tedious and war glamorous when they are blind to the very interesting variety of human manifestations of modern life which a single mind can not even



try to compass except at the cost of nervous prostration. Personally, I should like to see all wars fought by old bachelors, who had been luring young men into war by the false call of glamor, and by potential war profiteers, while the unchanging human nature exponents, with no weapons except those of the savage whose human nature they hold is the same as theirs, lead the charges.

Must we look up to military leaders, noble examples that they are of fine qualities, as best incarnating the virtues which we would emulate? Must their glamor call a nation's youths to service under their successors as the only form of triumph for a nation?

Strolling one day in Paris, that city of monuments, I was struck by the beauty, simple power and thoughtful repose of a statue which I saw in the distance when I turned a street corner. I hastened my steps to ascertain in whose honor it had been erected. The statue was to Pasteur, who might have made a poor drill sergeant though I am sure that he would have shared with other Frenchmen the courage of his race if he had had to go to war. It occurred to me that if I were a Frenchman I should thrill whenever I passed that statue with the thought: "Pasteur was a Frenchman. I am a Frenchman, too." I thrilled as it was in the pride that I was a fellow human being

with him. Towering over the Pasteur statue was the dome of Napoleon's tomb. Napoleon had to his credit the deaths of hundreds of thousands of soldiers. His glamor was the genius for matchless combination and led men to follow him to their death. Draped over his sarcophagus are the time-worn flags which were won by the heroism of his men in the days of swift marches and quick decisions. At St. Helena, when he spoke of the future beyond the grave, he visualized himself, Frederick the Great, Cæsar, Alexander and other famous commanders, comparing notes upon their tactics and the magnitude of their armies.

Pasteur had to his credit the saving of hundreds of thousands of lives. His glamor was that of the laboratory; his uniform his working gown which was stained by chemicals. The trophies of his victories, in place of battle flags, were of the gay colors of the playthings in the nursery which broken-hearted parents did not have to put away in the garrets after a funeral, but which the sick child was to enjoy again when Pasteur's magic had made him well again. If Pasteur contemplated what he should prefer to do in Walhalla it surely was to exchange notes with Aesculapius, Harvey and Jenner and other immortals of the healing art.

Why should not the adults of the world whose lives Pasteur saved raise a higher statue to him

in Paris than the veterans of the war to Foch? And honor Roux and Yersin, his great assistants, and Behring and Kitasato who built upon his foundations? If Foch had been fifteen years older the public would not have heard his name in the World War. He already would have been on the retired list. If he had been fifteen years younger, considering the number of able tacticians who would have outranked him, he would not have been old enough or had rank enough to have received an army command. Inter-allied politics required that if there were to be a supreme commander on the Allied side he should be a Frenchman. Foch happened to be his name and Foch is unquestionably a great tactician.

There did not have to be a Pasteur. A serum for diphtheria did not have to be discovered; and the discoverer, if there were one, did not have to be a Frenchman. Pasteur was a Frenchman who did not have to depend upon the advent of war for his triumph. Why should not the children of Paris make pilgrimages on Pasteur's birthday to his statue and bury it with flowers in honor of the Frenchman who, without having to wait on a war for his distinction, did the world such great service? Is there not as much glamor in such a pilgrimage as one to the statue of any military hero on earth?

It is time that I was reminded by the exponents

of unchanging human nature, who are sticklers for convention, that I am becoming sentimental, which is in bad taste in an appeal for peace. One should be sentimental only in war time in nursing suspicion into hate and hate into killing, in picturing the barbarity of the enemy in starving your women and children and maiming your soldiers with the same weapons that your own side employs.

I shall go on being sentimental about peace and the glamor of peace. There are other statues I would raise, to counteract the appeal of the captured cannon in front of the town hall or the county court house, and the general on horseback—when generals ride in automobiles these days, or sit at desks far from the battle line, poring over maps. If we wish to honor leaders of men, why not the builders of railroads and the captains of all the manifold branches of industry, who have cheapened the processes of material existence by their organization, and who create the things that the military leaders must destroy in waging war?

There is Rockefeller, for example. He may have taken more than his share of the profits of his masterful combinations. If so, that is our fault; we did not know how to use his ability properly. We may be able to regulate a more even distribution of profits if we think less in terms of the lure of war and more in terms of sound economic poli-



cies which will bring the maximum of good to all. Rockefeller has given vast sums for education, for medical research, and sent missionaries to cure plagues to the end of the earth. This is a better salvage from industrial warfare than old gas masks, broken bits of shell, wrecked altars from cathedrals crumbling under bombardment, and blood-spattered blankets from military warfare. Possibly some day we may build as high a memorial to Hoover, who, when he had not sufficient food for the adults stricken by war, insisted upon feeding the children, as we build to great commanders in war—and memorials to scientists, inventors, musicians and artists.

There was Howe, who perfected the sewing machine, which meant that a woman could press a treadle with her foot and do as much sewing as half a dozen seamstresses straining their eyes over their work. Was he not as much of a hero as the man who stands for the dumb suspense of women waiting for the lists of killed and wounded in battle? There are hundreds of the Pasteur and Howe type whose names we hardly know. Why not personify in bronze the trim, white gowned aristocracy who nurse us through sickness, the laborer or the hard-working mother, the athletes and graceful dancers, and all who bring knowledge, mercy, light and joy into the world?

What do the women say? Do they prefer the gleam of brass buttons to this kind of glamor? Women now have the ballot. Man, who always regarded his wife as his "better half," has recognized her as his political equal. The future is with the women. They bear the children who are to be slain; and the bearing is not so pleasant a diversion that it seems worth while for this object.

I can promise them that the glamorous call of the old-fashioned sporting thrills of war is as out of place today as the romance of frontier life in colonial days when mother had to rise at three in the morning to break the ice in the pitcher and start a fire with flint to heat water to care for a sick child. In all my experience of the World War, except when I was aloft in an airplane, I had only one old-fashioned sporting thrill of the kind with which I had been familiar in my early campaigns. Even this was second-hand, but it embraced the good old "hell-for-leather" elements.

For a year the British cavalry had been drilling and moving up and down behind the British lines. One day, in the midst of the Somme operations, I heard that a squadron of cavalry was about to exploit a break that had been made at a weak point in the German lines. It was not expected to go far; it was to be tried out. I hurried to the scene only to find that the charge had taken place even before I had received the news. The squadron

was already dismounted and back in camp after the "show."

Officers and men were chatting about their experiences. Their eyes glowed with the old joy of war, with the exhilaration of movement on horseback, and of their blood leaping in the veins as they were borne on to the hazard of an adventure as quickly over as it was in the old days. Casualties had been only one in six, just enough to salt reminiscence without the after depression of horror and utter exhaustion when every other comrade was down. I could understand the glamor of that kind of fighting.

These gallant troopers had had some emotional reward for their courage, which, to the average man, was more easily summoned than that of the infantry battalion which I saw an half hour later, as it moved toward the shell fire of the front line—a mechanical battering ram of human flesh which might lose half of its number without anything like an old-fashioned sporting thrill as a reward. It was the infantry men who stood for modern war; the cavalry clogged the machinery of modern war just as romance and glamor clog its merciless tactics. The soldier, day after day, week after week, and month after month, is the anvil under the hammer. Such is the glamor which calls the youth of the future to battle. The aviators have thrills enough; but we can not afford to

conduct wars for their delectation. Do even they want another war?

Will the veterans of the World War, as they become older, gild their experience of the trenches with romance for the younger generation, or tell the truth? Do they want their sons to endure worse than they endured? They might even cannily bear in mind, as their hair turns white and their recollection becomes more active in filling in their narratives with interesting details, that if there is another great war, there will be a new generation of story tellers who will force the elders to take a back seat.

It will be far more enjoyable for the elders, and far less expensive for the younger generation, if they remain in exclusive possession of the field for a long time to come. We might find our way for sixty or seventy years without another great war and still feel that we had not missed much if we had in the meantime developed a reasonable attitude of mind. There would be distinction in hearing people say about you when you were ninety years of age:

“Think of it! That old fellow was actually in the trenches in those barbarous old days. If we had caught him younger with our new serum for the old, he might live to be a hundred and twenty; but he had a bad start in his youth when we were just in the beginnings of medical science, and, of



course, the loss of fundamental vitality in the trenches was great."

In an age which will have far more interesting pastimes than going to war, we may still honor our war heroes as brave men who went to immortal sacrifice to play their part in human evolution toward better things, we may still read stories about fighting men of the past as we read "The Three Musketeers" in our own time. But who would like to have the wine-bibbing d'Artagnan swaggering about filthy alleys and picking quarrels and disturbing traffic today? He belongs to romance, and past romance.

If we will only think so, we may find more glamor in the prospect of having the lights in our houses the product of stored sun rays and of pressing a button to set the washing machine or churn to work by electric power, which is drawn from the mighty force of wave and tide, than in a bombfull of poison gas that can kill a hundred thousand people. If this is not sufficiently alluring, I recommend that the exponent of unchanging human nature take part in an historical pageant of the good old evil-smelling plague-stricken days; and should this not satisfy him, I recommend that he become a Thibetan monk who turns his prayer wheel all day, very slowly, in perfect confidence that there can be no change or progress on this planet as he waits for Nirvana.

*Rough Justice.* What kind of justice is that which leaves one's future or the future of one's sons to the hazard of such hideous destruction which holds court on a blood-spattered bench? Are you in the right because you win the war? Are you in the right because you kill another man instead of his killing you? Is there justice in the gamble of the difference of an inch's variation of flight of a fragment of shell which is the decision between life and death? Justice in able-bodied, brave men going into the shambles while slackers and propagandists urge them on and war profiteers make fortunes out of their necessities? Justice in one family left without support because its head was unusually brave or happened to be assigned to a shock battalion, while another family receives back its head because he happened to be with a battalion which was in reserve? This is the justice of a tornado, a typhoon, an earthquake. There may be justice in hell, but there is not in the principle of war. Can any human being want his life and fortune to be subject to such a court?

*Rivalry and False Patriotism.* Healthy rivalry remains the sharpest spur to ambition and achievement. Are contests in killing necessary to the healthy rivalry of nations? A better rivalry is in which can do the most for civilization; in

which can produce the strongest and worthiest men and the most beautiful and worthiest women; in which has the lowest taxation for what its government accomplishes for its people, the best schools, hospitals and living conditions.

What is true patriotism? To fight, if necessary, for relief from wrongs for yourself and fellow men; to fight, armed with steel if you must, but preferably with every day actions in peace; to be fair to your neighbors whether they live next door or across the seas; to love the soil which feeds you and make it rich and pleasing to the eye; to make your village a progressive village and your nation a progressive nation; to glow as much as you please in the "patriotic pride" of local and national excellence of this kind.

The patriotism which holds that, because you are born of a given nationality, you can lick three men of another nationality, should have received its final quietus in the World War. It is ridiculous and cheap boasting, and those who indulge most freely in it do not excell in their fortitude under the fire of modern arms. If you think in this old-fashioned way, keep your thoughts to yourself so as not to encourage your potential enemy to try to disprove your contention; for if he tries, you may be sure that, as you face your first artillery bombardment, your generals will be

calling for the superior numbers which to them still remain the prime essential of victory.

As the head of an industry analyzes his situation with a view to the decrease of working costs and the increase of production and making the maximum of profit for his stockholders, so should a nation analyze its assets, its record and its problems, having in mind the same end of reducing working costs and speeding up production, for a larger return on its investment. This does not imply minimizing the real achievements of a national past, only a sense of discrimination which would recognize established faults of character and previous errors of policy as a guide for the future. If a man makes a mistake and admits it, why not a nation? Does one thrill less when the national anthem is played for seeing his country as it is, for its own sake and the sake of other countries? I have heard the anthem in many lands and when I heard it, I have always been conscious of as large a lump in my throat as if I had been under the spell of old-fashioned brag-gart patriotism; and what it stands for to me is the wonder of our achievements since the aboriginal redskins were, according to the human nature exponent, demonstrating that human nature was the same in their lodges as it is in the farm house and in the city office, which are connected by telephone.



## 15

*Fear.* This, as I have already suggested, remains the foremost of the emotions that lure us into war. When other causes seem to be dying fear rekindles them; they, in turn, increase fear.

There is a general realization of the truth that another world war will be even more costly and horrible than the late war. The call of our minds, our hearts, and our instinct of well-being is to an era of peace; our surroundings and our debts remind us of its value in clearing away the wreckage that the late war left and in building new and better structures. Again precedent and tradition rise to confound our hopes and our logic. There have always been wars; so there must always be wars.

A slackness of emotion, an inertia of public thought, a touch of cynicism, which are the result of the late war's strain—after the riot of propagandic deception was over and we contemplated the wounds inflicted upon our idealism during those dreadful four years—incline many of us to scepticism or indifference with reference to all proposals for the limitation of armaments or any departure from the old ways.

In fear of the war's repetition, or of an even more terrible visitation, we fall back upon the old procedure of making ourselves secure by arming, and thus we renew the race of armaments whose

burden will increasingly chafe us until we seek the desperate remedy of easing it by war, which will complete another round of that vicious circle which is the path whereon the exponent of unchanging human nature exercises his wits. Since the end of the World War this has been the course of America whose own exceptional military position I shall consider in my final chapter.

If no nation can afford in the present state of human progress altogether to lower its guard, it can be reasonable and practical in its military policy while the sacrifices that it makes to encourage a better era will do much toward achieving a better era. On this score we must always bear in mind that no lesson of the extreme nationalism which brought on the World War is more clearly written in its history than that a nation which thinks in the terms of the military offensive as the best defensive policy must arouse suspicion and distrust which will require more and more arming. World public opinion will form against the exemplar of this policy as a possible aggressor, as for twenty years we saw it forming against Kaiserism before the invasion of neutral Belgium confirmed the conclusions of all who had had unusual opportunities of international observation.

It is rare, indeed, that an army is able to keep its secrets of preparation from a rival. The immense German howitzers which were used by the

Germans in reducing the forts of Liège were a surprise to the public but not to the French staff which knew of their existence many months before the war, but thought that they were meant to be used against the forts of Verdun; and the French staff also knew of the new German railway sidings that seemed to have been built with the Belgian frontier in mind, but this was considered a tactical blind to cover the German decision to concentrate on the French frontier.

France, despite her care, was unable to keep the secret of her rapid firing *soixante quinze* field gun until she had manufactured enough of the new type for the equipment of her own army. The truth was that all the precautions of the French and German staffs, reinforced by their ancient enmity and loyal devotion to race, failed of their purpose so far as safeguarding the character of the army equipment or training was concerned. France's relative unpreparedness was due to other factors. In war time, when frontiers are tightly closed and espionage lacks the ready disguises of peace time, secrets are sometimes kept for a brief time, but in peace time one may take it for granted that they will not be kept. Nations might well submit their military establishments to mutual inspection whose results might be published. Soldiers could easily arrange such a system which would remove one of the foremost

causes of distrust and suspicion in international relations. Each nation would be frankly telling the others the exact nature of its preparations, and it might go further and not conceal the reason for them by the specious old fashioned excuses.

## 16

The nature of the next war between nations whose territory is contiguous Will Irwin's book has pictured so graphically and comprehensively that I recommend it as a guide to all who would look facts in the face. The value of the book is deeper than its presentment. The war experience of the author impregnates its every line with conviction. In this relation I shall stress only the change wrought in the tactics and the character of warfare by the aerial arm, the development of which has been so rapid since the late war whose close left it still in its infancy.

Formerly the weaker of two navies kept its first line fighting ships in harbor as a fleet in being while it harasses the enemy's ships by any means at its command. This means now has definitely become the submarine with its increasing tonnage and gun power, and it is a weapon that has been in use only a quarter of a century. The stronger of two navies must openly hold the sea against all attacks of the enemy or it lost sea-command. Its cruising limit was the forts of the enemy's coast line. If the weaker navy sent forth raiders, they



must depend upon superior speed if caught between the enemy's superior force and home.

Civil populations were protected by the portions of their army between them and the enemy's army. Cavalry acting as the terrestrial counterpart of a sea raid, might be able to destroy communications behind an enemy's lines. As this meant passing around the enemy's flanks it was always very difficult, and it became impossible when a trench system extended for the length of a frontier.

An airplane can go as far in fifteen minutes as cavalry in a day, as far in an hour as the fastest cruisers in three or four hours. The old arms of the army, infantry, cavalry and artillery, are of themselves, as are the guns of the navy, powerless to prevent the passage of the "fourth arm" through the air. For their protection they must call in the "fourth arm" against the enemy fourth arm which has the cover of clouds and mist by day and of darkness by night. Between sunset and dawn an aerial bombing squadron can travel from three to five hundred miles and return to its base.

There can be no trenches and no stable gun positions above the earth, and an aerial screen, which is sufficient in numbers to detect and overhaul enemy air raiders in the night, means an immense force which must be ready at all hours the length of a frontier exclusively for this service.

The raider, coming on at ninety or a hundred miles an hour, gives little time for the arrestation of his flight before he is passing over the area of the civil population and the army's line of communication and the source of its supplies. The raiders carry explosive bombs which are capable of wrecking factories and railroad yards and gas bombs which are filled with a larger quantity of gas of much more noxious quality than those used in the late war. Aside from the screen along the line of the main army, there must be garrison squadrons of planes for the protection of regional zones over all the expanse of country within the enemy's flying radius.

Meanwhile, as the plane has not become a practicable carrier of goods or of large bodies of men, the command of the sea still rests with ships and the command of the land where men live rests with the other arms of the army. Command of the land requires, as it has always required, the physical occupation of the land by the infantry, and command of the sea still requires, as it has always required, that your fighting ships must be able to overwhelm the enemy's fighting ships.

Armies may face each other in long sieges while the airplanes, which will enormously increase the cost, casualties and destruction of war, by destroying communications, wrecking property of all kinds and killing and maiming the civil popula-

tion, will strive to wear down the enemy's morale and his man-, woman-, and child-power to the point where attrition at last enables your army to advance to the occupation of his soil. All the members of the civil population must be considered as combatant; the child as well as the woman who is doing work of any kind is supporting the war. At the outset of hostilities—always in this chapter I am speaking of progressive nations which are territorially contiguous—the application of the principle of universal service and the requisition of all private property will be far more severe and extensive than it was in the closing months of the late war. There will be less opportunity for war profiteers than previously; slackers will find that influence is less protection, and a larger proportion of the unchanging human nature exponents and the facile tongued gentry who do their bit by stimulating the war spirit will be put to hard work.

Every ounce of industrial energy must be coined into war force. Women and children who live within the enemy's flying radius will require gas masks. Guerillaism and a form of slavery will have returned to their own in a more horrible form than in the past; the very power of the weapons of destruction whose growth in power was due to the great epoch that began with steam, will lead to a reversion to human savagery and the aboli-

tion of the decent rules of conduct which slow effort had established.

The horror of this prospect, if we allow our emotions to be subject to the lure which makes war inevitable, will not prevent war. Nations may commit suicide if they will; they may fight on until only a quarter of the population of the victorious nation survives and the beaten nation has only one-fifth surviving. The means of keeping the peace through defiant nationalism, upon which the nations have previously relied, must mean that we shall one day find ourselves again in the vise whose teeth will press deeper into our vitals and very likely for a longer period than in the late war.



## IX.

### THE HOPE

WE MAY hope and we may dream. If our hope remains steadfast and it is supported by wisdom and labor, our dream may become partially true in our time; and this may be a useful start for the next generation in making it come entirely true.

After the last shot of the late war, the hopes of the tired men and women of the world turned toward the gathering of statesmen in Paris to make that dream, for which they had fought so long and valiantly in a war to end war, come true. In a life which has accustomed me to abrupt changes of surroundings which produce abrupt changes of emotion, I remember no contrast more suggestive than that between the army camps and Paris after the statesmen had foregathered. As a tired human being, who had seen four years of war and who was now on leave and waiting for the word to slip off his uniform, I looked on at the Peace Conference without becoming drawn into its details or its intrigues even as one of the innumerable minor assistants.

I wrote nothing about the Conference at the time. I have little to say about it now, and what

I have to say is in the illusion, which my reading of the history of emotions on such occasions induces, that I am looking back at it with the same perspective as if twenty years had passed. The result, I find, is most encouraging for my formula for making dreams come true.

“It is Vienna over again!” was my first thought; for Vienna was bound to assert itself as an historical parallel of Paris. The comparison was true in its repetition of human reactions after victory, but true in a different application of the reactions. Therein we have the distinction which, if the exponent of unchanging human nature would only see it, might convince him that he was reasoning from a half premise. It is the distinction which explains why the sayings that history never repeats itself and history always repeats itself, are both, in a sense, correct. In order to make my point clear for the sake of the unchanging human nature band, whose grammar school education is my particular interest, I may repeat some of the things I have already written in preceding chapters.

Vienna was a gathering of the representatives of the kings after the united royal armies had finally crushed Napoleon who had been setting up parvenu kings in place of the old line kings and recasting national destinies. Napoleon was down; so the democratic idea which had inspired his

armies must be down in Continental Europe. The world must return to its old ways, in which the elder statesmen of the time had been trained, and which would make rule by the inherited autocracy of divine right again secure.

The champions of the old dynasties even considered re-establishing the King of Spain's authority over his rebellious colonies on the American continent. This led President Monroe to declare our attitude toward such a threat in his Doctrine. Britain refused to follow her allies in an adventure which to the champions of unlimited monarchy was a stroke for idealism of the only kind that they understood.

It was quite natural that the delegates to Vienna should never stop to consider who had really won the war. They took it for granted that it had been won by the kings themselves who received their instructions direct from God by some unknown route which was concealed by secret diplomacy; but the soldiers of the different five-mile circles had been campaigning together and talking with the people in the five-mile circles on their marches up and down Europe. As happens in every war, the soldiers were young and the statesmen were old: a fact that statesmen are prone to forget, and the elders at Vienna had an excuse for forgetting, as in the future "better world" which they were arranging the soldiers

were expected to work hard, mind their manners and touch their forelocks when my lord passed by. The soldiers had realized that they must beat Napoleon; he was a wicked, vain-glorious invader. They had learned, too, that beating him depended largely upon their own efforts; and this spurred their courage to have the agony over as soon as possible as surely as it spurred the soldiers in the late war.

When they returned to their homes and had time to think over their experience—thinking was a formidable and slow business for the common man in those days—these men-children began to wonder if there were a real Santa Claus; to wonder if the kings did get their authority direct from God when only the king said so and God remained silent on the subject; to wonder if there were not something in that French idea, or in the British idea of which they had also heard, though possibly they did not associate either France or England, not to mention the distant, wildly radical American democracy, with the ferment in their minds. This ferment was to take care of the Holy Alliance. The culmination of its effect after one hundred years is that the kings who are still on their thrones receive their instructions from the people.

The victors of the World War, one hundred years later, were on the side of democracy against an



Emperor who had been dramatizing the divine right idea in our age. Though much bothered by the Reichstag, he had the war-making power in his hands. The elder statesmen at Paris were also bound to think of the old order of things as they knew it before the war as the right order; elder statesmen always do. It is the comfortable arm-chair of policy which resists too much movement without thoughtful direction.

During the war the statesmen who met at Paris had had to submit to the demands of the generals who insisted that if military requirements were not met, the war would be lost. Now the generals were out of the way. The statesmen had all their autocratic war-power in hand for making peace and they had formed autocratic habits. They were not supermen, but human beings, subject to jealousy, other human emotions and fatigue. I have met no supermen. It is only in war that we become obsessed with the idea of such mythical persons. The statesmen at Paris were surrounded by the old pre-war influences, by the men who had helped to organize victory in the rear. Each national group was thinking, as the old are more likely to think than the young who have longer to live, of immediate spoils from the victory which made the problems of the Conference the more difficult as there were so few spoils to distribute.

Just as the elders at Vienna overlooked who it

was that really defeated Napoleon, the elders at Paris overlooked the men in the trenches who had beaten the Kaiser. The soldier's part was over; and they were only soldiers now, these youth of all the great nations who were not professional fighters, but citizens who had put on uniform and who had fought with a continuity of valor and fortitude which surpassed anything in military annals. Their demobilization and return to civil pursuits formed one of the hard problems for the elders. The minds of these youths, who were to mould the world's future, were stiff from military discipline. Their thoughts were still in the leash of the censorship to which they had become habituated.

Sometimes I have thought that if Woodrow Wilson had gone to the soldiers to rally them to his banner, it would have been more to his purpose than to try to rally the recalcitrant elders in Paris. He was still the great man of the world in the hearts of the soldiers. I wonder if he knew it. The other elders knew it; and they were very worried lest he should profit by the fact.

I even imagined his going to Liege to look into the faces of the Belgian veterans as they marched past and to speak to them as they stood in close ranks before him; to the Ypres salient and to the Somme to meet the British veterans in the same way; to the fields of Champagne and Verdun to

meet the French veterans; to the Piave and the Isonzo to meet the Italian veterans; and finally, to the Argonne, where one hundred and fifty thousand of his young countrymen had been killed and wounded.

All had risked their lives, in unchanging dislike of filthy trenches and war discipline, for the idea of the new world which was seated in the logic of his stalwart mind and the determination of his stubborn heart. They who had tasted the enemy's steel were waiting for his word. He had for the moment the ear of the world. He could have forestalled the interallied enmity that was developing by his praise of all, and given tongue to their inarticulate thought which was the thought he desired to have written in his covenant. But it is easy to dream. Mr. Wilson had many troubles; and he knew precisely what he wanted to do.

So the elders in Paris, so far as they received instructions, were guided by the sentiment of the people at home, and not by the sentiment of the soldiers who were in uniform, and voiceless, and had to obey orders. The people did not know what their still absent sons whom they had sent to the hazard of death were thinking. They themselves had brooded over their sacrifices, had suffered discomforts and given of their energy and their money with a free hand. Now they thought of a return and retribution in kind. This was in-

evitable. If I had been at home all the time I should have felt in the same way. When the Armistice was signed, the World War was as completely over for me as the Civil War. The Kaiser was an exile; the Germans utterly beaten. Now we faced new problems. If we were to solve them we had no emotion to waste in hate; and no energy to waste in threshing old straw. This is, to me, still the sane and practical view.

I shall not forget my shock upon my return to America, three months after the Armistice, when I found my friends repeating the ideas which propaganda had so sedulously promulgated to keep up the war spirit. At a dinner party of very intelligent people who had nobly done their share in the war, I recollect one of our combatant officers who sat opposite me, telling of a German aviator whose plane had been injured when he was five thousand feet above the earth. It careened, glided and tumbled. At moments it seemed bound to descend helplessly to a crash; but the cool and dextrous aviator would right it again. All the soldiers in the neighborhood were looking aloft under the spell of this spectacle. They were not thinking in terms of race prejudice or battle enmity. With all the ardor that one wants a spent swimmer to reach shore, they wanted this German to win his fight. After he had landed safely, the narrator related how the officers of division head-



quarters surrounded him and shook his hand and made their prisoner at home in their mess.

There was silence at the end of the story. The narrator was embarrassed. He thought that he had been telling something that would thrill all present as it would have in an allied officers' mess during the war. His embarrassment hardly passed when someone broke the awkward silence by saying scornfully: "You did that for a German!" which expressed the feeling of all the others of the party except my heretic self.

"The German people were in wrong," as I tried to explain, "They were fooled by a faker. Other nations have been fooled in the same way."

Were we to exclude that young aviator, who was an exponent of the age in the cool way that he manipulated that broken-winged wonder of man's recent triumphant creation, from fellowship in the task of reconstruction when the world was so short-handed of youth?

"I returned only yesterday," said the narrator as we passed out of the dining room. "That's a lesson. I shall have to hold my story for a few years. It is like praising the courage of a Southerner to Boston people, or of a Northerner to Southerners, three months after the close of the Civil War."

He expressed the feeling of many soldiers upon their return to our country, and to other countries

whose soldiers had fought longer than ours, which accounted for their inarticulateness covering the thought "People don't understand. What's the use?" An outburst of nationalism in all lands followed the war which was fought to bring about international good will. The awakening minds of the returned soldiers were soft from the war's kneading and plastic to impressions. Who could claim to be more nationalist than they? They were lured to the view of their elders. An outburst of nationalistic protest by each nation that it had not received its share of the credit for the victory of the Allies was a natural reaction from the artificial and unsubstantial brotherly love which had been begotten by inter-allied propaganda. A wave of false prosperity further inclined us to resume the old standards.

Another adventitious circumstance played into the hands of the flat-world exponents. It gave them a phrase, that most deadly weapon in influencing public opinion: Bolshevism. Lenin's Third Internationale was the most insidious possible enemy of real internationalism. Nationalism of the Kaiserian school, after we had beaten the Kaiser, rose full armed to protect the progressive, literate nations, which had a wide distribution of property among the people, from the infiltrating communism from illiterate, unformed Russia

where the property had been in the hands of the few.

The other side of the shield was the idealism of the Paris Conference, which, in place of the idealism of the Vienna Conference, restoring kings to rule by divine right, established suppressed nationalities in nationhood. Precedent again! Human reactions repeating themselves! The cause of the Napoleonic wars had been the French idea as personified to the kings by Napoleon. Vienna put Napoleon where he could do no further harm. The cause of the World War was racial animosity. So racial animosities were exiled by treaty to their St. Helena. This off our hands, we might return to the old ways, forgetting that if racial animosities are fanned by the great progressive nations as in the past, the new boundaries will not prevent the lure of war from drawing us into another disaster.

However, the application of the principle of self-determination was one of the two mighty achievements of the Peace Conference. If this were due to Woodrow Wilson, all honor to him. The other achievement was the League of Nations. Reaction to precedent and tradition led the United States, which had stood as godfather to the League, to deny its own god-child. We had been drawn into a European war against the tradition of George Washington's warning against entang-

ling alliances. A lapse, from this tradition did not mean that we should necessarily desert the tradition but possibly hold it in higher respect.

At the time that the Constitution of the United States was drafted the war making power of all important nations, except Britain, was in the hands of monarchs. Our forefathers vested the power to declare war in the people's representatives in Congress; and the provision that all treaties must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate prevented the President from committing us to a policy which might draw us into a war which would be against public interest and desire.

Those senators who really believed that the League of Nations was a super-state which might order our army to Europe against our wishes, were loyal to Constitutional tradition in demanding a revision of the Treaty of Versailles. When the Senate discussion was at its height, the old spirit of racial animosity that brought on the World War was reviving in Europe, and America seemed to be regarded by some European leaders as a rich almoner whose League connections would require that she serve their nationalistic ambitions and intrigues rather than international comity. If, after all the talk about a new world during the war, we were to revert to former practices, then the nationalistic interest of America, who was secure in her wealth and isolation, was still to hold aloof from entangling alliances.



## 2

“Where is the regular army of peace?” I asked at the close of my chapter, “On Guard.” I found it in Geneva. Including all its clerks, stenographers and typists, its numbers were insufficient to make a modern army battalion. The name it bears is the Secretariat of the League of Nations which looks after the every-day routine functions of the League in the same way as the under secretaries and their assistants look after those of a government department.

A personnel of different nationalities, races and languages had been synchronized with a Norwegian as chief of the administrative commissions section, an Englishman of the economic section, a Frenchman of the information, a Dutchman of the legal, an Englishwoman, of the health and an Italian of the transit section. These men and women had a real spirit of corps based upon international service. They were not dreamers, it seemed to me, but intelligent and practical. No one of them whom I met, believed that human nature could not be changed or that the millenium was due to arrive in the immediate future.

I thought, as I looked down from the gallery of the League that if in the next twenty years I might see only seventeen, instead of eighteen of the nations, represented at war, this made the existence of the League worth while. The League

must be given credit for having already settled one dispute, that of the Aaland Islands, which probably would have led to war between Sweden and Finland. We heard little about this because keeping the peace is so much less interesting than stirring up a war. Finally, the disputed Silesian boundary line was left to adjudication by the Council of the League. Though the Council's decision aroused complaints from the interested parties, it, at least, had the moral prestige of having been given by a body which stood for the combined judgment of nearly fifty nations.

Shades of Talleyrand and Metternich! What a mad travesty was this scene on the floor of the Assembly on the old fashioned conduct of international relations. Delegates of nearly all the nations were gathered in a conventional legislative session. Small as well as large nations might speak their views publicly for all the world to hear through the press gallery.

I had been in nearly all of the countries that were represented. I knew their peoples. When a delegate mounted the tribune to cast a ballot or make a speech some scene from his own country formed a background for him out of my recollection. I knew that all shared the common human emotions; and this was a fact that they were coming to realize as the days passed, to the surprise of some of the more suspicious.

After all the folly of nations I had seen the League Assembly was a pleasant sight to me. It was a valiant experiment, not more satirized in its time by its critics than that of the gentlemen who signed a certain document in Liberty Hall, Philadelphia, by the wits of the European courts. Since 1776 it has been always wise to keep an open mind to experiments, especially if they are inexpensive. This is one to prevent war, which we all want to prevent, and it costs the world less for five years than one battleship.

There was something I missed at Geneva, however, which had been a familiar feature at the Peace Conference and at other international gatherings which I have observed: something which, I imagine, has always characterized international gatherings. It was the old fashioned back doors intrigue that "bloods" the dogs of war as it professes to hold them in leash. There seemed no room for the busybodies who bear tales that will make trouble between nations and who whisper bits of gossip to the press that will arouse old racial antipathies. These persons, who had rather be attached in any capacity to official delegations than do an honest day's work, curry favor by retailing imaginary or twisted information to their chiefs about the cunning deceits of other nations and by discovering secret plots against their own nation.

I am not saying that some such nuisances were

present at Geneva, for I did recognize certain attachés who had been trained in this old school. The thing was that their fancy was chilled by the League atmosphere of international good will; and they, who are always careful to be in fashion, found their practices as out of fashion in their surrounding as cheering in church or weeping tears of despair at a wedding.

This was a gain which did seem worth while. The chief gain was the effect of displaying your national irritation in public before the delegates of two score and more nations instead of nursing them in secret and using them to foment secret plots. Delegates from Scandinavia and Central Europe were detached from a South American question and delegates from South America were detached from a Central European or a Balkan question. The world is still so large that the majority of nations are bound to have no interest in distant frontier disputes except to prevent them from leading to hostilities. So detached delegates viewed a problem without prejudice in relation to the evidence in the case.

Delegates, who were speaking the voice of jingoistic sectionalism, were subject to the moral judgment of all the delegates, and, indeed, of the whole world. They realized that their arguments were not convincing their colleagues; they were becoming unpopular, they were injuring their nation's standing. They surrendered to the moral pres-



sure of the majority. A nation that had a real grievance to air had the ears of all detached delegates. Local wrongs and disputes came before the tribunal of the whole.

Nine-tenths of the business of the average legislative body never comes to the notice of the average citizen; but the forum is always open for any section to speak its mind, and at the first mention of a real abuse public indignation is aroused. The very fact that there is a forum is corrective of abuses; and this is one of the values of the League Assembly.

Yet to give too much power, too many legal sanctions, to an international body in its infancy means that an offended member nation or group of member nations becomes subject to all the emotions of the lure and falls back behind the old breastworks of arms, intrigue and secret alliances.

America was not in the League. Of no one fact was the Assembly as conscious as of this. Perhaps America had made a mistake in not coming in at once. Regardless of the Senatorial attitude, which was justified by the clear statement of our Constitution which all might read and by other considerations, our failure to enter the League cast the reflection of bad faith, in the minds of other nations, upon our refusal after our President had been the champion of the formation of the League. If we made a mistake I am not sure but that the movement of events and the swift-evolution of

moods since the war may have gone far to retrieve the mistake in a practical sense. At least the mistake is not irreparable. The League is in being and the door is open for America to enter when she chooses.

Geography makes America's interest in the League functions remote in a nationalist sense. We must consider our position in the light of intelligent self-interest which includes all that we can contribute to the aid of other nations which at the same time as ourselves must exhibit intelligent self-interest and world interest rather than tendencies to self-destruction. Only in the event of another such threat to the world as that which brought us into the late war would our people consider sending another army to Europe. This danger can not reappear until another preponderant aggressive military power shall endanger peace on the European continent. It can not be Germany, overwhelmed with debt, her navy destroyed and her army disarmed, war weary, beset on one side by the Polish army and on the other by the French army. It can not be France, or Italy, or prostrate and disorganized Russia. Immediate problems in other parts of the globe require too serious consideration for us to waste thought upon distant possibilities.

The United States has no contiguous enemies; not a single fort marks her land frontiers. There is no overseas base from which, a bombing attack

by planes could be made upon our soil. Have we aggressive aims overseas? Many other nations think that we have. It does not matter if we have not: What the others think is the thing for us to bear in mind. If I have not shown in what I have written that emotion and an attitude of mind are the most stubborn facts in international relations, I have failed of my purpose.

Europe sees us as the rich creditor nation and herself as our debtor. Foreign military men realize that we are invulnerable to attack even though we have a weak naval defense. Foreign exponents of the old school of nationalism, of unchanging human nature, of the hoary theory that nations must either grow or decay, think that the United States will go the way of empire which is to win more and more power by the time-honored aggressive methods. Is it to our interest or to world interest for us to play into the hands of these reactionaries?

Our natural resources and industrial war-power are rivalled only by those of the scattered units of the British Empire. France, Britain, Italy and the United States form the four most powerful nations of today. They have been first in democracy and freedom of speech, and they have survived the assaults of time, not owing to their aggressive military preparedness but to their situation and the vitality of their civilization and the character of their peoples. Their continued



survival is essential to world welfare and their mutual welfare from every point of view. Japan, by virtue of her rapid progress, occupies a special position and she has a specific share of responsibility.

The English speaking peoples, have a common language, common literature, common origins of laws and conduct and basically a common way of thinking. We may disregard these factors, however, as sentimental and personal and less to the point than another: Britain, the United States and all the English speaking peoples have their defenses on the sea. So the combined command of the seas is their present common interest. Why should we not reduce overhead charges? If the English speaking peoples wage a contest of armaments, can they expect the other nations and particularly the adolescent nations, who are jealously guarding exposed frontiers, to accept the principle of international good will in place of the old racial animosities and a race of armaments of their own which will lead to further wars?

The English speaking peoples are not only sea bound but blessed in the inheritance of rich portions of the earth. Theirs is a very direct responsibility in carrying forward the epoch of progress which was checked by the late war. In a practical sense they have a common responsibility in many parts of the earth. They have a reputation for being practical. Why not be practical about this?



The world's "sore spots" still exist. What I have written about them in my third chapter supplies the background to be filled in by present conditions. Added to their area, now, is all Russia. The future influence of her vast territory and population can not be negligible whatever form it takes. Whether our navy is strong or weak, Russia's destiny will affect us commercially.

One does not build a break water where nature has provided a natural harbor. Nature has provided the United States with a sea defense. One who calls upon a neighbor across the water, when that neighbor has no seaworthy boat, does not need to threaten him in any way to gain his ill will. Therefore common sense demands that officially, and in our general conduct as a people, we should avoid any semblance of a threat, when the world is in such sore need of salve for its wounds.

In 1776, three million colonists had the courage to take the lead in an innovation in government in face of practically universal monarchical rule. By appeal to human beings, and through faith in the ability of human beings to rise to their opportunities, that movement has spread far and wide. We were able to initiate it because of our isolation. America still has her isolation. Secure in her wealth and invulnerable position she might undertake another experiment. She might send a message to the nations which have contiguous frontiers, and which are suffering from the old

fears that she has no less faith in humanity than she had one hundred years ago. This does not imply disbanding our army or navy, but taking the lead in a practical limitation of armament which will be evidence of good faith. If the other nations will not follow, then we shall know that the future is to be tooth and claw and we must sharpen our own teeth and claws and gird our loins for combat.

Returning to the American attitude toward the League of Nations: the accounts of the second meeting of the Assembly, which I have read in relation to my personal observation of the first meeting, are most encouraging. The delegates acted as if they were becoming used to the League. They suffered real parliamentary boredom at times, but became indignant at the suggestion that the League was not a permanent institution. The most illuminating speech of the session was that of M. Noblemaire, French delegate, who said that France was ready to be friends with Germany if the Germans were ready; France was ready to lay her military cards on the table for all to see in proof that she was thinking in terms of self defense. This was sounding a different note than France sounded in the first meeting of the Assembly. It was a thrilling thing for a Frenchman to say only three years after the end of the war which cost France fifteen hundred thousand dead.

The mood of the whole world has been under-

going a swift change which means progress in the right direction. All the nations are suffering from hard times. It is strange that America, with all her gains in gold from the war is sharing them. We have resources that should make the epoch before the war the "take-off" for a greater epoch; yet capital, which was so enterprising in my youth, has become timid. It would seem as if something of our old energy and faith in ourselves were lacking for the moment. We have suffered a mental and physical lapse which seems common to the rest of the world: and that may be a symptom that the old forms of nationalism have indeed survived their usefulness.

Should we enter the League now, vitalizing it with our influence, it will be under the favorable auspices of the lesson which universal economic depression has made all peoples so keenly realize; that world prosperity and fellowship are in the interest of all nations and jealousy and unnecessary armament are against the interests of all nations.

Is the League a superstate? Could it force us to obey its orders by sending an army to police Europe? No construction that has yet been made of the Covenant indicates that it is. The Covenant is susceptible of amendment. No theorist, who thinks in terms of what human nature ought to be rather than what it is, can write a set of hard and fast regulations, discounting a future stage of



progress, without endangering reaction which may make us lose ground which we have already won.

It took one hundred years to build the German army machine which had all the war emotions in its favor. With those war emotions still deep in our natures we can not create a superstate out of hand. The Covenant was a start; the League exists; its International Court is established. We are not ready yet for a Constitution of the United States of Internationalism; but we may be ready for Magna Charta of Internationalism. We may depend upon the jurists to formulate rules that will keep step with the advance of public opinion. If the United States should take a seat in that forum of the nations after safeguarding ourselves by any reservations that will enable us to enter into full faith as a people, I do not think it will prove that the Senators who were loyal to our traditional policy are inconsistent, or detract from Mr. Wilson's achievement, when the issue is not one of partisan home politics but of foreign policy.

### 3

As I draw together the ends of my scattered thoughts, which refuse to be bound in a compact bundle, I am reminded again how difficult it is to be always on guard against the emotions which lure us into war. Only a few nights ago when I saw on the screen our submarines, seaplanes, de-



stroyers, cruisers and battleships appearing in turn, and then together in battle order in a majestic and dramatic climax of naval power, I found myself thrilling in true "Let 'em all come," fashion. Then I thought of the threat which a foreigner would visualize in that demonstration and how it would lead him to desire that his nation should arm in answer to what he would call our aggressive military ambition; and I thought of what the money spent on all this preparation might achieve if spent for other things.

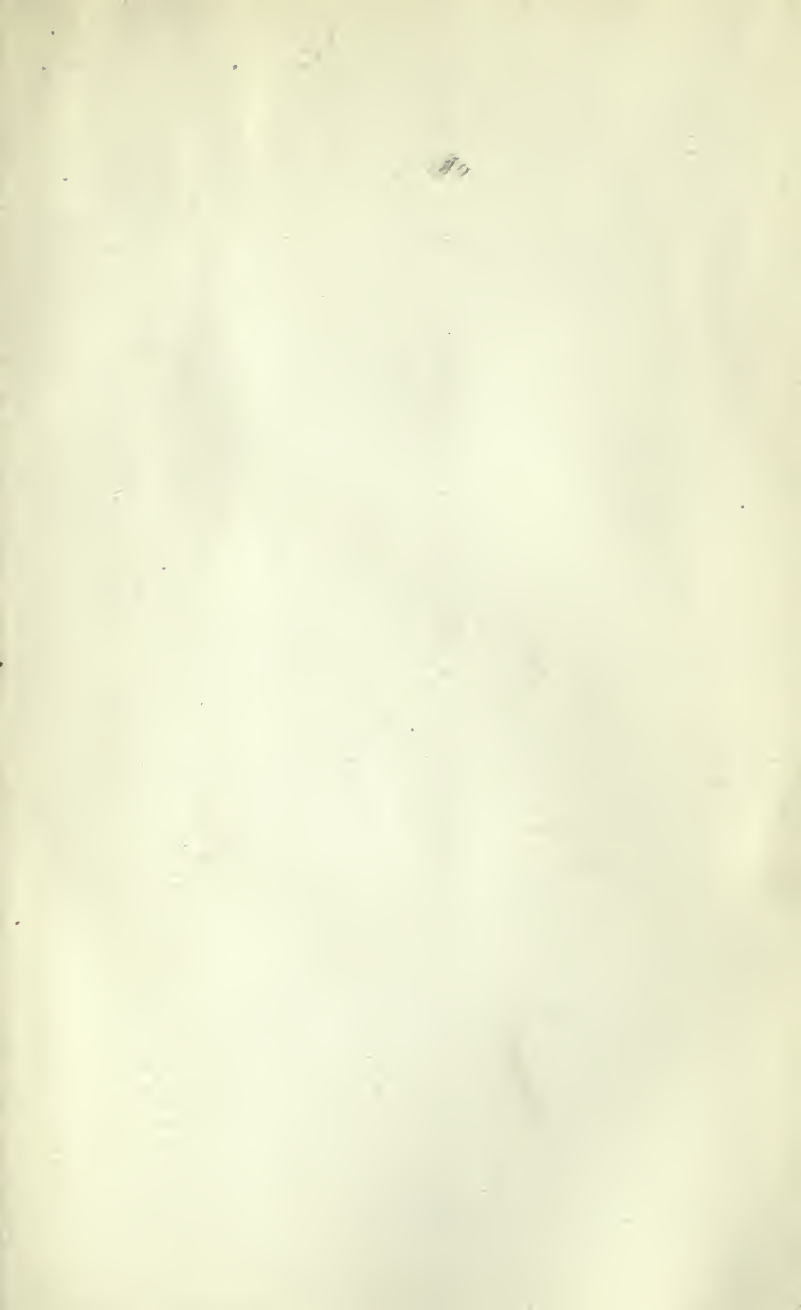
Why not the Answer as dramatically visualized as the Lure? Where were our Carnegie and other peace foundations with their retaliatory propaganda? Where were our millionaires who seek worthy objects for their benefactions? Why not the censored pictures of some of the war horrors in France? Why not the pictures of other triumphs of human organization? Why not pictures of children of all nationalities, showing how much alike children are? It is the children who will have to shoulder the burden of the heaviest war debt of all time, which we incurred, without their having engaged to do it when we brought them on earth. If we pile up more debts for them to pay they may feel warranted in making our old age miserable. The world of today thinks through its eyes looking at the screen; and only one side of the war picture is presented.

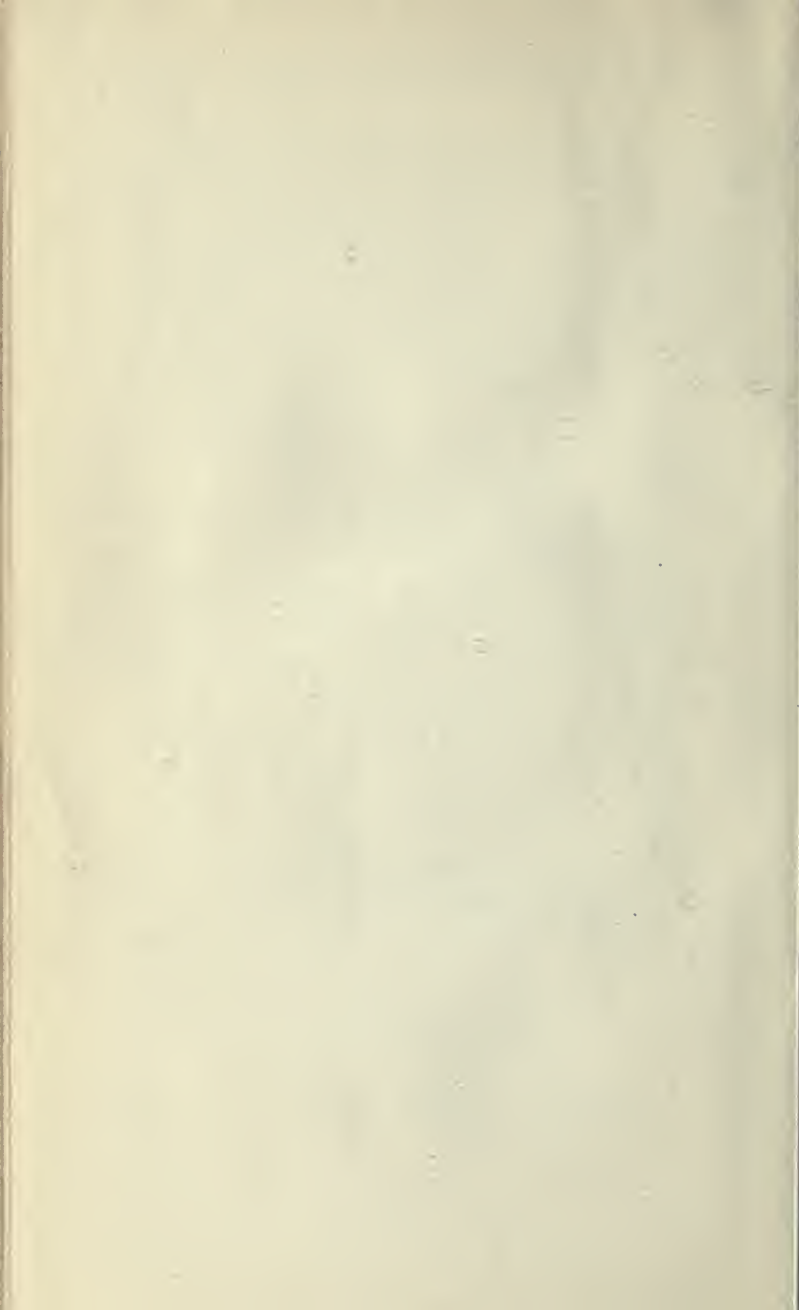
Then I was back with our group of '97 at the restaurant in Paris, and having spanned the years that I have spanned in this book, I was trying again to imagine that I was one of the group of 1919 and I was particularly seeing the fine fellow with the maimed wrist. The future, as we are always saying, is with the young men; the young men who were in the trenches; the young men who make the bones of us elders seem chalky and our minds set in the cement of tradition.

There are signs that the soldiers of the late war are "thinking it over" as they look back at their experiences. That young child, Democracy, is in their keeping. One likes to hope that even some of us elders may live to see the signs that their "thinking it over" is to be as salutary in their day as it was for the soldiers of the American Revolution and the Napoleonic wars in their day.

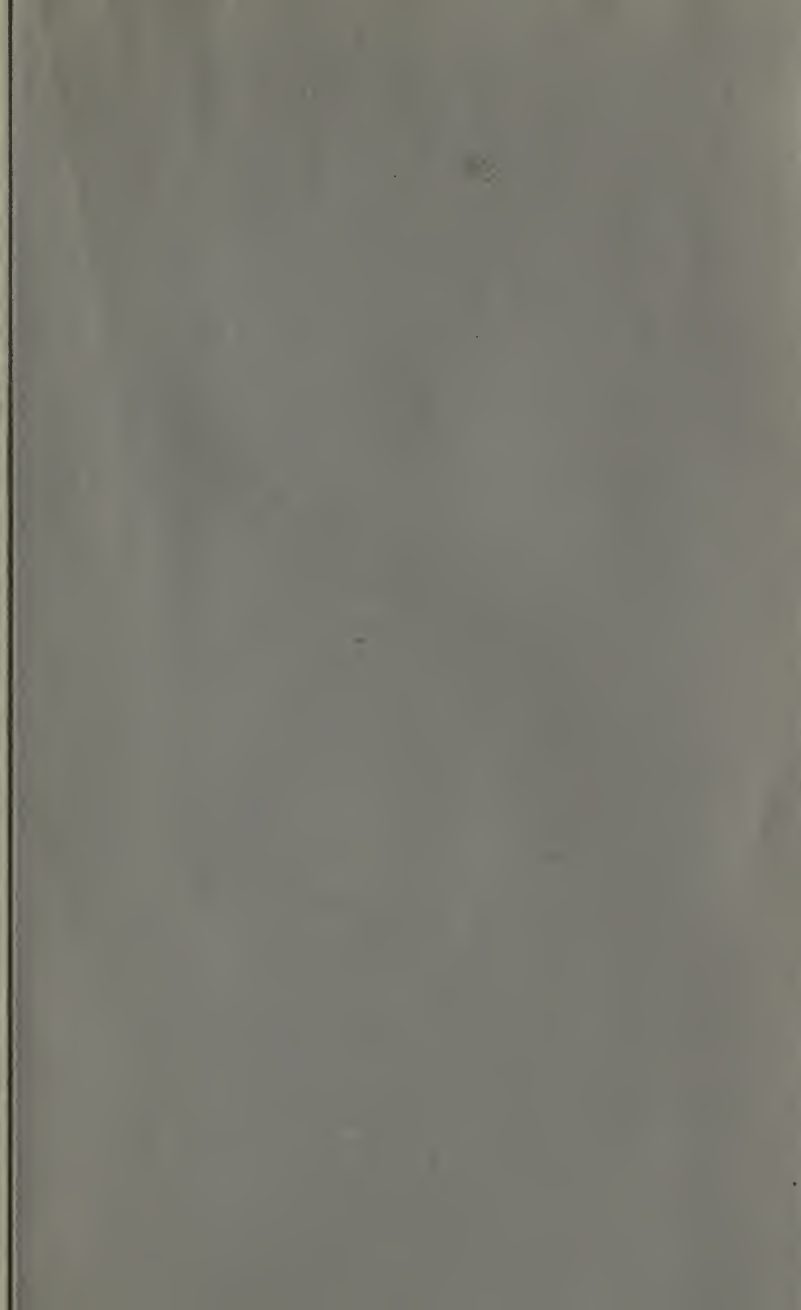
My soldier friends tell me that I am an incorrigible sentimentalist, when I think that they are really the sentimentalists. In return for their gibe, I will say that I like them so well that I do not want a single one of them to be maimed or killed as the penalty of having been drawn by the Lure into the Vise.

THE END









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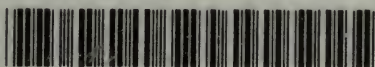
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