

# "WAR"

## Our New Serial Story

THE MOST FAMOUS WAR NOVEL OF MODERN TIMES, SHOWING GERMANY'S RUTHLESS HAND IN FRANCE, AUSTRIA AND DENMARK



Under the title "Diarm" this novel won for its author, Baroness Bertha von Suttner, the Nobel Peace Prize

The story contains some passages strangely prophetic of the present world struggle, although the final scene of the story is the Franco-Prussian War of 44 years ago. The hypocrisy of a nation adopting conscription and a policy of huge armaments and pretending to hope for peace is proven to the hilt.

IT IS A WOMAN'S PROTEST AGAINST WAR

START WITH THE FIRST INSTALMENT

To me the news of the capture of a fortress brought relief rather than dismay. Were we not probably near the end? But after every defeat each side strains itself to the utmost for a fresh trial of strength; possibly the fortune of war may turn. Usually the advantage is first on one side next on the other; on both sides there is certain sorrow and certain death.

Tryhu felt himself called upon to arouse the courage of the population by a fresh proclamation, calling upon them with the motto of Bretagne, "With God's help for our native land." That does not sound quite new to me—I must have heard something similar in other proclamations. It did not fall at its effect, however; the people were encouraged. Next we were told Paris must be fortified. Paris a fortress! I could scarcely grasp the thought. This city, the lodestar of the whole civilized, rich, art and life-loving world; the radiating point of splendor, of fashion, of the latest—the city must fortify itself, that is, must be the aim of the enemy's attacks, the target of bombardment, and run the risk of destruction through fire and hunger? And these people proceeded to the work with gusto of heart, with the zeal of pleasure with self-sacrifice, as if they were bringing to completion the noblest most useful work in the world. Ramparts to be manned by industry were built with embrasures and openings were thrown up before the gates, canals were covered, and surmounted by parapets, powder magazines were built, and a flotilla of barges, carrying cannon, was put upon the Seine. What a fever of activity! What an expenditure of strength and nerve, what a squandering of labor and money! It all had only been so essentially and nobly devoted to works of true utility—but for the purpose of destruction, which had no object, except that of strategic advantage, it was inconceivable!

To be prepared for a long siege the city was amply provisioned. But it is the experience of ages that no fortification has existed which has been impregnable—capitulation is solely a matter of time. Yet fortifications are still erected, they are still provisioned, notwithstanding the mathematical impossibility of maintaining them, in the long-run, against starvation.

The precautions were made on an enormous scale. Mills were erected and stockyards filled; yet the hour must come when the corn would all be ground and the flesh all eaten. But so far ahead as this no one thought. Long before that the enemy would be driven from the country. The entire male force of the city was enrolled in the National Guard, and all possible weapons were taken from the country. What difference did it make if the provinces were laid in ashes? Such insignificant events were not to be considered when there was prospect of a national disaster. On the 17th of August thirty thousand provincial troops had already arrived in Paris.

With an ever-increasing activity events followed events. All around there was heard but one expression, "Death to the Prussians." A storm of the wildest hatred was gathering—it had not yet broken out. In all the official reports, in all the street disturbances we heard of but one aim—"death to the Prussians." All these troops, regular and irregular, all these munitions of war, all these busy workmen with spade and barrow, all that one saw and heard, in form or tone, surged and threatened "death to the Prussians!" Or, in other words, it sounds really like the cry of love, and inspires even tender hearts—"all for our country"—but it is one and the same thing.

"You are of Prussian descent," I said to Frederick one day, "how do these expressions of hatred affect you?" "You asked me the same question in the year 1866, and then I answered as I must do to-day, that I suffer under these demonstrations of hatred, not as a Prussian, but as a man. When I reflect upon the feelings of these people from a national standpoint, I can only regard them as justifiable; they call it the sacred hatred of the enemy, and this sentiment forms an important incentive to military patriotism. They have but one thought—to free their country from the presence of the antagonist. They waste no time in reflections. The misfortune is upon them, and every muscle, every nerve is strained to meet it, or with reckless self-sacrifice they will all go to destruction together. Believe me, there is untold capacity of love in mankind; the pity of it is that we were in the old rat of hatred."

"Why do the victors admire the vanquished, if they know all that victory means to those who are soldiers like themselves? Why do not the army reports of the losing party contain the sentence: The enemy has won a glorious victory?" "Why? I repeat, the war spirit and patriotic egotism are the destruction of all justice."

On the 28th of August all Germans were ordered to leave Paris within three days. I had the opportunity to see the effect of this order. Many Germans had been citizens of Paris for ten and twenty years, had married Parisians, but were now compelled to leave everything—home, business, and property.

Sedan! The Emperor had surrendered. "It is over," I cried. "Do not rejoice too soon," Frederick warned me. "This war has long lost

its character of a battle game of chess, the whole nation is in arms. For one army destroyed ten new ones will spring out of the soil." "That just? These are only German soldiers, not the German nation!" "Why always talk of justice and reason in the presence of a madman. France is mad with pain and terror, and from the stand-point of the love of country her rage is just, her sorrow sacred. Personal interest is not considered, only the loftiest self-sacrifice. If the time would only come when the noble virtues common to humanity could be torn from the work of destruction and united for the blessing of the race! But this unholy war has again driven us back a long way from the attainment of this goal." "No, no, I hope the war is at an end."

"If so, which I much doubt, the seeds of future wars are sown and the seeds of hate, which will outlast this generation."

On the 4th of September another great event occurred. The Emperor was deposed and France was declared a republic. With the destruction of

the throne, the leaves were torn out of the book of France which told the story of Metz and Sedan. Napoleon and his dismissed generals who rough cowardice, treachery, and bad tactics, had been responsible for all this disaster—but not France. France would now carry on the war if the Germans still dared to continue the invasion.

"How would it have been had Napoleon and his generals been victorious?" I asked when Frederick told me this latest news.

"Then they would have accepted his success as the success of France." "Is there any justice in that?"

"Why will you not break yourself off the habit of asking that question?"

My hope that with Sedan the war would end was soon dissipated. The frenzied orations, the atrocious pamphlets which were now made and published and rained down upon the unfortunate Emperor and Empress, and the unlucky generals, were absolutely disgusting. The rough masses held that they could lay upon these few the responsibility for the general disaster. The preparations for the defence of Paris were carried on with rapidity. Houses which might serve as protection to the approaching enemy were torn down, and the region around the city became a desert.

Crowds of country people filled up the already crowded city, and the streets were jammed with the wagons and pack-horses of these people, laden with the remains of their household goods. I had seen the same sight in Bohemia, and now was fated to see the like misery and a similar terror in the beautiful streets of the most wonderful city of the world.

There came at last the news of the prospect of better things, there was the chance that peace might be arranged.

On the contrary, the breach became much wider. For some time past German papers had suggested the re-annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. The former German provinces were to be annexed. The historical argument was not quite tenable, therefore the strategic reason was made more prominent: as a rampart they were absolutely necessary in case of future wars. It is well known that the strategic grounds are the most important, the most incontrovertible—the ethical reasons must take second rank.

On the other hand, as France had lost in the struggle, was it not fair that the winner should hold the prize? In case of the success of the French, they of course would have claimed the provinces of the Rhine. What is war for except for the extension of the territory of the one or the other antagonist?

In the meantime the victorious army did not halt in its march on Paris—the Germans were already at her door. The consent to the cession of Alsace-Lorraine was officially demanded. In response the well known reply was given: "Not an inch of our territory—not a stone of our fortresses."

We attempted to leave the city. We had succeeded in making arrangements for departure when I was seized by a nervous fever of so dangerous a character that the family physician forbade any attempt at removal.

I lay upon my bed for many weeks, and only a dreamy recollection of that time remains. In the careful hands of my husband, and the tender care of my children, my Rudolph and my little Sylvia, all knowledge of the fearful events then occurring was shut out, and when I recovered winter had set in.

Strasbourg had been bombarded, the library destroyed; four or five shots a minute were said to have been fired—in all, one hundred and ninety-three thousand, seven hundred and twenty-two.

Should Paris be starved into submission or bombarded?

Against the last the conscience of civilization protested. Should this rendezvous of all nations, this brilliant seat of art, with its irrecoverable riches and treasures, be bombarded as any common citadel? It was not to be thought of; the whole neutral press, I learned afterwards, protested. The press of Berlin approved the idea, considered it the only way to end the war and conquer the city. No protest availed, and on the 28th of December the bombardment began.



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At the first greeting it with terror. It was not long before the Parisians chose for a comrade the localities from which he could best hear the music of cannon. Here and there a shell fell in the street, but there was seldom a consequent catastrophe. Rarely could any news from the outside world be obtained, and that only through carrier-pigeons and balloons. The reports were most contradictory. One day we were informed of successful skilful, the next that the enemy was about to storm the city, set fire to it, and lay it in ashes; or we were assured that rather than see the German enter within the walls, the commandant would blow all Paris into atoms.

It became daily more and more difficult to obtain food. Meat was not to be had, cattle and sheep and horses were exhausted, and the period began when dogs, cats, rats, and mice were a rarity, and finally the beloved elephant at the Jardin des Plantes must be served up. Bread was scarce. People stood in rows, hours at a time, in front of the bakers in order to receive their tiny portion. Disease broke out, induced by famine. The mortality increased from the ordinary eleven hundred a week to between four and five thousand.

One day Frederick came into the house from his daily walk in an unusual state of excitement.

"Take up your note-book, my zealous historian," he cried. "To-day there is wonderful news."

"Which of my books?" I asked. "My Peace Protocol!"

Frederick shook his head. "Oh for that the time is past. The war now being carried on is of so mighty a character that it will drag its martial spirit long after it. It has

own broadcast such a store of hatred and revenge that future battle harvests must grow therefrom; and upon the other side it has produced for the victor such magnificent revolutionary results that a like harvest may be brought about by their haughty martial spirits."

"What is it that is so important?" "King William has been proclaimed Emperor at Versailles. There is now really a Germany, one single empire—and a mighty one. That is a new event in the world's history. And you can easily perceive how this great result will deduce to the honor of the work of war. The two most advanced representatives of civilization on the continent are the ones who from now on for some time to come will cultivate the war spirit—the one in order to return the blow, the other in order to maintain the position won. Shut up your peace protocols for a long time to come we shall stand under the bloody and iron sign of Mars."

"I will acknowledge that the union of divided Germany is a desirable thing, and that the readiness with which all these German princes joined in offering the imperial crown to the gray-haired victor is inspiring and admirable. Only it is a pity that the union was not brought about through peaceful rather than warlike measures. Religious hatred has about disappeared, but national hatreds form a part of the education of the citizen."

In the quiet of the next few days we had many discussions as to our future. With the establishment of peace, which we could now hope for, we might again dare to think of our personal happiness. During the eight years of our married life there had been no discord, not a dissension or