

# "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

the war because it has brought us this advantage to me?"

"Then you would not be my Martha. I see you are thinking of the heart-finesses which can rejoice over material prosperity won by the destruction of another's good. Individuals are ashamed of such feelings, but nations rather delight in each other's destruction, and dynasties openly and vaingloriously admit them. Thousands have perished in untold misery—we have ruined them to win for ourselves territory and power. So let us thank Heaven for our victories!"

We lived in quiet retirement in a little villa, close to the shores of the lake. I was still so overwhelmed with what I had passed through that I had no desire to meet strangers. My sympathetic husband quite understood my desire to weep out the sorrow of my torn heart in solitude. It is quite fitting that those who have been so mercilessly thrown out of this beautiful world should have some sacred time allotted them in the memory of those who have been so cruelly robbed of their companionship.

Frederick often went into the city, making his study of the Red Cross. Of this period I have no daily record, and what Frederick told me of those days has nearly passed out of my recollection. My one impression of this time, given me by every element of my environment, was that of quiet ease and the cheerful activity of the neighborhood. Every eye seemed so peaceful and good-humored. Hardly an echo of the war reached us. It was already attituded to as an anecdote of history which had changed the map but slightly. The terrible cannonading in the Bohemian fields was an incident, a little more than a Bohemian opera, perhaps. His story had recorded it in its pages, but it was soon forgotten by those who lived outside the stricken boundaries. We saw merely French newspapers, and they were filled with the latest

beginnings in literature, drama, music and the coming exposition. The sharp duel between the Prussians and Austrians was an old story. What happened three months ago and thirty miles away, what is not in the Now and the Here, soon slips out of the memory and loses its hold on the heart.

October found us in Vienna settling the many affairs of my inheritance, and preparing for a considerable stay in Paris. The projected exposition offered Frederick the best opportunity to carry out his idea of calling a congress together with the idea of forming a league of peace.

"The professions of arms I have laid down through my convictions gained in war. Now I enlist in the army of peace. Truly, it is a small army, with no weapons save love and justice, but every great thing must have its small beginnings."

"Ah," I sighed, "it is a hopeless work. What can a single man do against this stronghold, backed by centuries of custom and millions of men?"

"What can I do? I cannot foolishly hop personally to bring about such a revolution. I simply remarked that I would join the ranks of the peace army. I did not suppose as a soldier that I could save my country or conquer a province. No, the single man can only serve. Still more he must serve. One inspired with a purpose cannot help working for it. He takes his life for it, even though he knows how little this one life counts. He serves because he must. Not the State alone demands allegiance; sincere, strong convictions also oblige compulsory service."

Before going to Paris we planned a visit to Aunt Cornelia in Berlin. We broke the journey at Prague in order to spend "All Souls' Day" at the battlefield of Sadova.

Was will have its charm so long as historians aerial is setting on the

casters monuments of glory built out of the ruins of battle, and crown the Titans of public murder with laurels. Tear away the mask of glory and show its horror, and who would be madly ambitious enough to grasp for such fame?

It was twilight when we arrived, and sadly and silently we proceeded to the dread battlefield, filled with depression and grief. The snow was falling, the bleak trees were swaying in the wailing November wind. The after tier the graves stretched out before us, but not as in the quiet, restful churchyard. These were not the graves of aged and weary pilgrims of life gone to their eternal rest, but of young men in the height of their youthful vigor, exulting in the fullness of their manhood, full of rich expectation in the future. Violently and mercilessly they had been hurled into the ditch and the dust of the earth shovelled over them. Who counts the broken hearts, the mangled bleeding limbs, the cries of despair, the flooding tears, the hopeless prayers, the agonizing pains, the shrieks, the mad despairing submission to death—all is entombed in the eternal silence.

We were not alone on this burial field. The day had brought many both from the home country and the enemy's country, both sought their loved ones in these acres of death. For hours we had heard the sobs and murmurs of lament, for many mourners had come with us on the train.

I heard a poor, heart-broken father say, "Three sons have I lost—each one more noble and better than the other—oh, my three sons! I can hear it yet above all the other lamentings for fathers, husbands, and brothers which were poured out around me. All about us blackened figures knelt, and some, with sobs of pain, staggered from place to place helplessly searching their dead. But few single graves were to be seen, and few were marked by stone or inscription.

Everywhere the earth was heaped up, and we knew that even under our feet the soldiers' bodies were mouldering.

Many officers and soldiers wandered among the other mourners. Evidently they had shared in the terrible contest, and were now making this pilgrimage to honor their fallen comrades.

We went to that part of the field where the largest number of friends and foes lay entombed together, in one enclosure. To this place the majority of the pilgrims found their way, for here, naturally, they might expect their lost loved ones to be buried. Around this spot they set up their crosses and candles, and here they laid their wreaths and flowers as they knelt and sobbed out their sorrowing hearts.

A tall, slender man, of noble presence, in a general's cloak, approached this central burial ground. All gazed reverently to him, and in hushed whispers I heard: "The Emperor."

Yes, it was Francis Joseph, the ruler of the country, the supreme war lord, and he had come on this All Souls' Day to offer his silent prayers for the souls of his dead children, his fallen warriors. There he stood, with his bowed head uncovered, in agonized and devoted homage before the majesty of Death. He stood long and motionless in profound meditation. I could not turn my eyes from his face. What thoughts were passing through his soul, what sentiments oppressed his overwhelmed heart? I knew he had a good and tender heart. I felt my mind yield to his thoughts, and I felt that I was thinking as he was thinking as he stood there with bowed head:

"You, my own poor, brave soldiers—dead . . . and for what? We did not conquer; and my Venice, too, is lost. . . so much is lost, and all your young lives lost too. And you offered them so devotedly—for me. Oh, if I could give them back, for I never desired this sacrifice! It was for yourselves, your country, that you were led out into this war. . . Not through me, though I was compelled to give the command. Not for me have my subjects fought. No, I was called to the throne for their sakes, and any hour I would have been ready to die for the good of my people. . . Oh, if I had but followed the impulse of my heart and never said 'Yes' when all about me shouted 'War!' . . . Yet could I have resisted? God is my witness that I could not. What impelled me I do not fully realize, but I know the measure was an irresistible force outside me—from you—reservists—my poor dead soldiers. . . Oh, what have you not suffered? And how sad—how sad it all is! And now you lie here—and on other battlefields, snatched away by shot and shell and grape and sabres—by cholera and fever. . . Oh, had I only said 'No!' And you, Elizabeth, begged me to! Oh, if I had only said it! The thought that—is unendurable that. . . Oh, it is a wretched, imperfect world—too much agony—too much woe!"

As I watched him, thinking thus for him, my eyes searching his features—just as I come to the "too much agony too much woe"—he covered his face with both hands and broke into tears. So passed All Souls' Day of 1866 on the Sadova battlefield.

### BOOK V. TIME OF PEACE CHAPTER I.

In Berlin there reigned an evident spirit of jubilation. Even the useless street-loafer had an air of conscious victory. "We have given the other fellows a good thrashing," seemed to give a certain air of conscious victory to every man. Yet nearly every family mourned for some never-to-be-forgotten dead, which lay on the battlefields of Germany and Bohemia.

I did not meet Aunt Cornelia again, for I suspected had been her idol, her all; to measure her sorrow, I had only to fancy losing my Rudolf, if he were a young man—no, I did not dare think it over.

With beating hearts we entered Frau von Tschow's house. Even in the entrance the deep mourning of the house was felt. We were led into my aunt's bedroom, which she seldom quitted, except to go to church on Sunday and for one hour each day, which she spent in Gottfried's little study. Here she took us, and showed us the letter which he had left on his desk:

My Own Darling Mother:—I know you will come here when I am gone and find this letter. We have already parted, and it will please you and surprise you to get these last words, so hopeful and cheerful. Have courage! I shall be back. We are two undivided hearts which hang on each other, and nothing can tear them apart. I prophesy that I shall win stars and crosses in this fortunate campaign, and then come home and make you a grandmother six times over. I kiss your hand, your dear benign forehead, my most adored of all little mothers.

#### YOUR GOTTFRIED

When I embraced the dear lady, we both broke into loud sobs. Frederick's eyes were wet as he silently pressed her to his heart. Tears were sufficient words to express all we felt.

Our visit was a most sorrowful one, but Frederick was able to give the poor mother the self same comfort he had brought to me, in assuring her of the instantaneous and painless death of Gottfried.

We were suddenly called from Berlin by the dangerous illness of Aunt Marie. Upon returning, we found her at the point of death.

"It is my turn now," she said, "but I am glad. Since my dear brother and the three children were torn away, I have had no delight in life. It has been a great comfort, my dear Martha, to know that you are happy, and since your husband escaped the dangers of two wars and the cholera, it is evident that you are destined to grow old together. Try to educate our little Rudolf to be a good Christian and a good soldier, that his grandfather in heaven may rejoice over him. I shall constantly pray for you from above that you may live long and contented."

After three days of lingering, this last friend of my childhood passed away, resigned, as she had lived, happy in the hope of heaven. She left her small fortune to Rudolf, and appointed our old friend, the Cabinet Minister, as trustee, and since business affairs kept us in Vienna for some months we saw much of him.

Twice a week he dined with us, and though he had now retired to private life was still fond of discussing politics. Frederick tried to turn the conversation away from political gossip, in which the other revelled upon the subject of the rights of humanity. The old gentleman could not follow Frederick, for he merely saw political science from the standpoint of gaining an advantage, and not of giving right and justice the first place.

I usually sat nearby with my needlework, but only listened. The old statesman would hardly think it proper for a woman to mix into such deep subjects. He little realized that I made it my business to record all these discussions in my notebook.

Frederick made no secret of his opinions, although he realized the thankless part one plays in defending theories which are generally thought to be impracticable and grotesque. "My dear Tilling, I have an important piece of news to-day," said the Minister one afternoon with an air of importance. "It is rumored in government circles that the ministry of war is recommending general obligatory military service."

"What? the system which before the war was so ridiculed?"

"Yes, we did have a prejudice against it, but Prussia has shown its advantages. From your enthusiastic, moral, democratic, and liberal point of view, it would seem the ideal thing to have every patriot give himself to his fatherland for service, then. . . If we had already introduced conscription, could little Prussia have vanquished us?"

"That simply means that with our added force we would have counterbalanced the enemy's forces. If conscription were introduced generally, we could it benefit anybody? The game of war would simply be played with greater numbers. This new game of war would actually be

HERE is no more reason for serving poor coffee than for making omelets of stale eggs.

Simply use reasonable care in making, and start with

## SEAL BRAND COFFEE

played with greater numbers. The proportion would be the same, and the destruction of victory would cost—in stead of hundreds of thousands of slaughtered—millions perhaps."

"But do you consider it fair that only a small part should be sacrificed for the benefit of another class, who, chiefly because they are rich, may stay at home? No, indeed; the new law will change all this—every one must serve and none can buy his freedom from it. Besides, the educated and intelligent make the finest material for soldiers."

"But the enemy will also have the educated class, both sides will suffer by the loss of such priceless material—the intellect from which civilization is to gain its inventions, arts, and scientific discoveries. Should they be set up as targets for the enemy's bullets?"

"Pshaw! What can rummaging of the scientists, the dreams of the artists and inventors, help to advance the power of a nation?"

"How can you say that!" exclaimed Frederick.

"Besides, these men need spare but a short period from their research, and a few years of strict discipline will do them good. In the present state of things we must pay the blood tax, and it ought to be equally shared. . . If through this it could be diminished, something would be gained—but it is only increased. I fully hope the plan fails. No one can tell where it will lead. Each Power will try to outdo the other, and we shall no longer have armies, but armed nations. Men will be drawn more and more into the service; the time will be lengthened, the costs will increase, and without actual battle and bloodshed, nations will be thrown into ruin, simply through their preparation for war."

"You look too far into the future, dear Tilling."

"One can never look too far ahead. We should think to the end in our undertakings—were we not just now comparing war to a game of chess? It is a poor player who only looks a single move ahead. Let us develop the thought of conscription to the extreme measure—what if, after the limit of number and age has been reached, a nation should recruit its women too? The others would imitate it. And then the children—and the rest would imitate it. And in the armaments, in the instruments of destruction, where would be the limits? Oh, it is a savage blind leap into the dark."

"You are a rash dreamer, Tilling. If war were preventable, it would indeed be a good thing, but since that is impossible, every nation must prepare to win in the struggle for existence," as your new-fangled Darwinism calls it."

"And if I did show you a practical way to wipe out war, you would consider me only a silly faddist, riding the humanitarian hobby, as the war party sneeringly calls it."

"There is no practical means of doing away with war so long as we have to deal with human passions, rivalries, opposing interests, the impossibility of agreeing on all questions—"

"Such agreement is unnecessary," interrupted Frederick. "Where differences arise, courts of justice, not the sword, can decide."

"Sovereign states appeal to such a settlement? Never! Nor would the people."

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