

# "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 "Disarm" 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

"May he wear the sword as his great-grandfather and his grandfather did; may he bring many sons into the world, who on their part may be an honor to their ancestry, and as they have done who have fallen, win fame on the field of honor. May they for the honor of the land of their fathers conquer—as their fathers and fathers' fathers—in short: Long life to Frederick Dotzky!"

The glasses rattled but the speech fell flat. That this little creature just on the threshold of life should be sentenced to the death-list on a battlefield did not make a pleasant impression.

To banish this dark picture, several guests made the comforting remark that present circumstances promised a long peace, that the Triple Alliance—and with that general interest was carried into the political arena, and our Cabinet Minister led the conversation.

"The truth" (Lori Griesbach listened with intense interest), "it cannot be denied that the perfection which our weapons have attained is marvellous and enough to terrify all breakers of the peace. The law for general service allows us to put into the field, on the first call, four million eight hundred thousand men between the ages of nineteen and forty, with officers up to sixty. On the other hand, one must acknowledge that the extraordinary attendant expenses will be a strain upon the finances. It will be an intolerable burden to the population; but it is encouraging to see with what patriotic self-sacrifice the people respond to the demands of the war ministry; they recognize what all far-sighted politicians realize, that the general armament of neighboring states and the difficulties of the political situation demand that all other considerations should be subordinated to the pressure of military necessity."

"Sounds like the usual editorial,"

The Minister went on calmly: "But such a system is surely for the preservation of peace. For if to secure our borders, as traditional patriotism demands of us, we do as our neighbors are doing, we are fulfilling a sacred duty and hope to keep danger far from us. So I raise my glass to the toast in honor of the principle which lies so close to the heart of Frau Martha—a principle dear to the Peace League of Middle Europe—and I call upon all of you to drink to the maintenance of peace! May we long enjoy its blessings!"

"To such a toast I will not drink," replied. "Armed peace is no benefaction; we do not want peace for a long time, but for ever. If we set out upon a sea voyage, do we like the assurance that the ship will escape wreck for a long time? That the whole trip will be a fortunate one is what the honest captain vouches for."

Doctor Brasser, our intimate old friend, came to my help. "Can you in truth, your Excellency, honestly believe in a desire for peace on the part of those who with enthusiasm and passion are soldiers. How could they find such delight in arsenals, fortresses, and manoeuvres if these things were really regarded merely as scarecrows? Must the people give all their earnings in order to kiss hands across the border? Do you think the military class will willingly accept the position of mere custodians of the peace? Behind this mask—the *si vis pacem* mask—glitters the eye of understanding, and every member who votes for the war budget knows it."

"The members" interrupted the minister. "We cannot praise enough the self-sacrifice which they have never failed to exhibit in serious measures and which finds expression in their willingness to vote the appropriate funds."

"Forgive me, your Excellency, I would call out to these willing men."

"Your 'Yes' will rob that mother of her only child; your 'Yes' puts out the eyes of some poor wretch; your 'Yes' sets in a place a fearful condemnation; your 'Yes' stamps out the brain of a poet; your 'Yes' would have been an honor to this country. But you have all voted 'Yes' in order to prove that you are not cowards—as if one had only one self to consider. Are you not there to represent the wishes of the people? And the people wish profitable labor, wish relief, wish peace."

"I hope, dear Doctor," remarked the Colonel bitterly, "that you may never be a member; the whole house would spit upon you."

"I would soon prove that I am no coward. To swim against the stream requires nerves of steel."

"But how would it be if a serious attack were made and found us unprepared?"

"We must have a system of justice which will make an attack impossible. But when the time for action does come, and these tremendous armies with their fearful new means of warfare are brought into the field, it will be a serious, a gigantic catastrophe. Help and care will be an impossibility. The endeavors of the Sanitary or Red Cross corps, the means of provision, will prove a mere irony. The next war of which people so glibly and indifferently speak, will not be a victory for the one and a loss for the other, but destruction for all. Who among us desires this?"

"I certainly not," said the minister. "You, of course not, dear Doctor, but men in general. Our government, possibly not, but other states."

"With what right do you deem other people worse and less intelligent than yourself and me? I will tell you a little story."

"Once upon a time a thousand and one men stood before the gate of a beautiful garden, longingly looking over the wall, desiring to enter. The gate-keeper had been ordered to admit the people, provided the majority wished admittance. He called one man up: 'Tell me honestly, do you want to come in?' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'but the other thousand do not care about it.'"

"The shrewd custodian wrote this answer in his note-book. He then called a second. He made the same reply. Again the wise man wrote under the word 'Yes' the figure one, and under the word 'No' the figure one thousand. So he went on to the very last man. Then he added up the columns. The result was: One thousand and one 'Yes' but over a million 'Nos.' So the gate remained shut because the 'Nos' had an immense majority. And that came about because each one not only answered for himself, but felt himself obliged to answer for all the others."

"It would be a noble thing," replied the minister reflectively, "if by general consent disarmament could be effected. But what government would dare to begin? There is nothing upon the whole, more desirable than peace; but, on the other hand, how can we maintain it; how can we look for durable peace so long as human passions and diverse interests exist?"

"Allow me," said my son Rudolf. "Forty million inhabitants form a state. Why not one hundred millions? One could prove logically and mathematically that so long as forty millions, notwithstanding diverse interests and human passions, can restrain themselves from warring with one another—as the three states, the Triple Alliance, or five states—the form a league of peace—one hundred millions can do the same? But, in truth, the world nowadays calls itself immensely wise, and ridicules the barbarians; and yet in many things we cannot count five."

Several voices exclaimed: "What barbarians—with our refined civilization? And the close of the nineteenth century?"

Rudolf stood up: "Yes, barbarians—I will not take back the name. And so long as we cling to the past we shall remain barbarians. But we stand upon the threshold of a new era—all eyes are looking forward, everything drives us on toward a higher civilization. Barbarism is already casting away its ancient idols and its antiquated weapons. Even though we stand nearer to barbaric ideas than many are willing to acknowledge we are also nearer to a nobler development than many dare even hope. Possibly the prince or the statesman is now alive who will figure in all future history as the most famous, the most enlightened, because he will have brought about this general laying down of arms. Even now the insane idea is dying out, understanding that diplomatic attempts to justify itself by the assertion—the insane idea—that destruction of one person is a security of another. Already the realization that justice must be the foundation of all social life is glimmering upon the world, and from an acknowledgment of this truth humanity must gain a nobler stature—that development of humanity for which Frederick Tilling labored."

Mother, I celebrate the memory of your devoted husband, to whom I also owe that I am what I am. Out of this glass no other toast shall ever be drunk—and he threw it against the wall, where it fell shattered to pieces: "at this baptismal feast of the first-born no other toast shall be offered but 'Hail to the Future!' We must not show ourselves worthy rather of our fathers' fathers—as the old phrase went—no; but of our great-grandsons. Mother—what is it?" he stopped suddenly. "You are weeping. What do you see there?"

My glance had fallen on the open door. The rays of the setting sun fell on a rose-bush, covering it with its golden shimmer, and there stood—the daughter of my dreams. I saw the white hair, the glitter of the garden shears. "It is true, is it not," he smiled to me, "we are a happy old couple?"

THE END

### Aeronautic Laboratories

There are six great aerodynamical laboratories in the world. The oldest of these is that directed by Doctor Riabouchinsky, at Koutchino, in Russia; next comes that of M. Eiffel, in Paris, a private institution where this famous engineer has carried out research work of inestimable value for years past. Paris possesses another laboratory, controlled by the University of Paris, and worked on an extensive plane. At Rome there exists a well equipped laboratory belonging to the Italian Aviation Corps, and there is the admirable aeronautical section of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

### "O Little Child: Lie Still And Sleep"

O little child! lie still and sleep!  
Jesus is near,  
Thou needst not fear;  
No one need fear whom God doth keep  
By day or night;  
Then lay thee down in slumber deep  
Till morning light.  
O little child! be still and rest!  
He sweetly sleeps  
Whom Jesus keeps;  
And in the morning wake so blest  
His child to be;  
Love every one, but love Him best  
Who first loved thee.

### The Charge of The Gallant 500

#### How the Worcesters Saved Calais

(London "Daily Mail.")

Only now, after the lapse of many weeks, is it possible to tell the story of how 500 British soldiers barred the Kaiser's road to Calais; how fewer than 500 English linesmen charged right into the mouth of a veritable inferno, drove back a twenty times stronger force of Germans, and for ever freed England from the menace of the Hun on Calais sands.

The story is told by an officer who is but now recovering from a wound received on that day at the end of October when 2,400 men of the "contemptible" British Army held the village of Gheluvelt, on the road to Ypres, against 24,000 of the War Lord's hordes. The British troops consisted of the sorely thinned battalions of the Scots Guards, the South Wales Borderers, and the Welsh and Queen's Regiments, which held hastily constructed trenches across the front of Gheluvelt village.

There had been no time to perfect these poor defences against the artillery and rifle fire of the enemy, but every British soldier knew that the position had to be held at all costs, for once the line was broken there was nothing to stop the Huns' march on Calais. Reinforcements had been promised; the Worcesters were on their way, but even then the odds would be nine to one.

From long before dawn the battle raged. The German artillery searched the British trench from end to end and shelled the Chateau of Gheluvelt, where the battalion commanders were quartered, causing their hasty removal to a dug-out in the chateau grounds. Men fell not by ones and twos, but by dozens and half dozens, but those who survived were as steady as if on parade. There was no random firing.

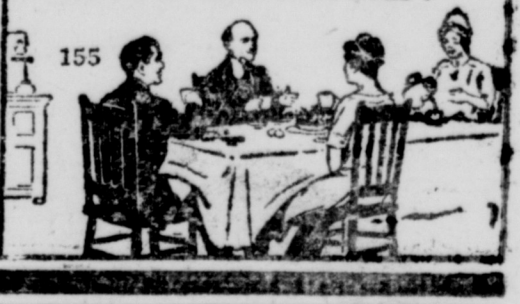
The officers, careless as usual of their own safety, ceaselessly patrolled the position from end to end, cheering and encouraging their men. Many fell, and those who could scrambled to their feet again, making light of their injuries, but many had fallen for all time, and had perforce to lie where they fell.

At last the shelling ceased and there was a stir in the German ranks. They were about to charge. Now the British knew that the time of their inactivity was passed—now they could take toll of the enemy—avenge their comrades who lay stark and stiff around them. The machine gunners looked to their weapons; there must be no hitch, no jam when the moment came.

And so the Germans charged. On they came without fuss and without hurry only to be mown down in thousands by rifle and gun. One moment there was a solid advancing mass of Germans, and the next there was still a mass of Germans, but they were farther away, while between them and the British was a carpet of grey heaps.



Afloat or Ashore  
**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**  
is still the favorite  
IT IS SUPERB!



Again the Germans came on climbing and stumbling over those grey heaps—those heaps which out a few moments before were the leaders of the advancing host. The carpet became thicker, but no living enemy reached that last-surfing trench and at last the Kaiser's soldiers fell back to cover.

The British held their line, but at terrific cost scores lay dead, and there was scarcely an unwounded man in the whole long line of trench. The Welsh Regiment in the centre had suffered heavily. Reinforcements from the scant reserve behind the chateau were hurried into the trench, and then the German shelling commenced all over again. The day wore on, men fell left and right, and as yet there was no sign of the Worcesters. Towards dusk the Germans could be seen massing for another attack, and the British troops prepared for a final stand; there were no more reserves, and if the Germans but persisted in their attack nothing could stop them.

The shelling redoubled in fury, and then came the second attack. The full fury was directed at the centre of the line, held by the Welsh Regiment. Horde upon horde of Germans pressed forward. Hundreds fell as they advanced but where one fell two filled his place. Right up to the trench they came; right up and in. Then it was cold steel. The Welshmen fought stubbornly, dying rather than give ground, but weight of numbers told, and as night fell the enemy commanded the trench from the centre.

No quarter was given to the British. Savagely the Prussians stabbed about them. Bayonets were thrust into dead and living, and many an English soldier, but wounded by a Prussian bullet, was murdered by a Prussian bayonet.

On the left the Scots Guards still held their line, and on the right the Queen's were at bay, and before the enemy could advance they had first to deal with these gallant remnants of gallant regiments. But now the Worcesters had arrived. An officer of the South Wales Borderers, the old 24th, which gained undying fame at Rorke's Drift, had at great risk to himself found and guided the Worcesters to the hard-fought field.

The Englishmen were only three companies strong, but these scarce 500 men charged right through the shot-swept streets of Gheluvelt, right up to the lost trenches, almost into the heart of the German host; and the Germans turned and fled—when the odds at this moment were more than twenty to one in their favor, and fleeing lost forever their chance of breaking through to Calais. Had they withstood that desperate charge, had they in turn borne down upon the Englishmen, sheer weight of numbers would have carried them through to the Calais road. But they fell back—back behind their original position, and were never again able to break the British line.

Of the 500 Worcesters who went to the charge but 200 unwounded men answered to the roll when the field was won, and of the 2,400 British soldiers hale and whole when morning broke but 800 lived to tell of that great fight.