

"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

"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY
BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

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BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

At seventeen I was a very highly-strung girl. I should hardly realize this to-day, if it were not for the diaries so carefully laid away. In them I find again my long-lost enthusiasms, thoughts, and feelings now utterly forgotten, convictions of which now not a vestige remains, and sympathies which have long been dead and buried. I catch a glimpse of the emptiness and silliness which filled my pretty little head. But, as I painfully learn from my mirror, of the prettiness little trace is left, although the old portraits assure me that it once existed.

I can imagine what an envied little creature the Countess Martha Althaus must have been, pretty, popular, and rich. These quaint little red diaries, however, recorded more of sadness than of joy in her life. I think now, "How could I have been so silly not to realize how singularly blessed I was with privilege." Perhaps, I was only expressing an unbalanced sentimentalism, and I tried to express it in somewhat poetic prose. I had no

my discontent when I wrote: "O Jean of Arc! heroic, heavenly virgin! If only I too might have waved the oriflamme of France, crowned my king, and died for my fatherland!"

Alas! this modest ambition was never gratified.

Again, I longed to be torn in the arena by lions like the Christian martyrs. But the heroics were not for me. I must frankly admit that my life was a commonplace failure, and the glories for which my soul thirsted were for ever closed to me.

Often the little red book exclaimed, "Oh that I had been born a boy!" Then I should have been able to win fame. But feminine heroes are few. How seldom we have Gracchi for sons, and not often may we hope to carry our husbands on our backs through the Weinsberg Gates, or to be a queen and hear the sabre-swinging Magyars shout, "Long live Maria Theresa, our King!" A man need only gird on the sword and dash to fame and laurels, to capture a throne like Cromwell, or a world-empire like Napoleon.

My highest type of manhood was always a military hero. I had slight respect for mere poets, scholars, and discoverers. The heroes of many battles were the object of my adoration and devotion. Were they not the chief pillars of the state, the makers of history, the builders of empires? Did they not tower in God-like grandeur over all other heroes, as did the Alps and Himalayas over mere grass and valley flowers?

From all this it need not be concluded that I possessed an heroic nature. My enthusiasms and passions naturally took their bent from my education and environment. My father was an Austrian General who had fought under "Father Radetzky" at Custoza, and therefore adored him. I loved untiringly to the unending story of this campaign. My dear

father actually pined other men was had not had these proud and glorious experiences, and I always regretted that I, being a girl, would never have these magnificent opportunities; and, having heard some mention of the question of the equal rights of women, I felt sure that the only additional right I should ever keenly desire would be the right to go to war. How charmed I was with the story of Semiramis or Catherine II when I read: "She made war upon this or that neighboring kingdom, she conquered this or that people."

The history books are responsible for this warlike ideal of the young. That the God of Battles has constantly decreed wars stamps itself upon the mind from the first, and one early accepts the belief that war is necessary to regulate nations and is almost a law of nature. The terrible and barbarous which from this time cannot be avoided. History does not cover up the wickedness, the sorrow, the anguish of it all, but presents it as a part of the inevitable, brings it before the nation through the school histories and the books of battles, and gives, and sometimes false and poems of glory and heroism are told, for must not patriotism be taught, must not every boy grow to be a defender of his country? So he must be made a war-enthusiast early. His spirit must be hardened long before he questions through his natural sympathies why we inflict these horrors and sufferings upon others. Such doubts must be carefully repressed.

History as it is taught aims to warp the inborn, divine impulse to hate barbarism and inhumanity. The tale is so told as to belittle that part of the story which appeals to the sympathies.

And the same books, the same subjects, the same system, encouraging a like admiration for war and military

heroics, are given to the girls—delightful pictures for the tender souls, who otherwise are taught that they must be gentle and mild. The frightful stories of carnage and rapine from Bible days, from Mace Ionian and Punic times down to the Thirty Years' War and Napoleon, repeat the horrors of the thing until the senses become callous. To read of cities burned and the people put to the sword with the victims trodden under foot was a keen enjoyment, and to heap one horror upon the other blunted the perceptions till war no longer could be regarded from the point of view of humanity, but was received as something quite special, mysterious, majestic, and sanctified.

The girls could readily see that war alone could give the highest honor and dignity, so they learn at the military and glorifying odes, and they become, like the Spartan mother of old, the women who present battle flags and regimental colors, and are the admired and happy belles during the ball season, when they receive the attentions of the brass-buttoned officers' corps.

As a child I had tutors and a governess at home, and was not reared in a convent, as was often the case with children of my position. My mother had died early, and the four children were watched over by an elderly aunt. We spent our winters in Vienna, and our summers on the estate in Lower Austria. Having a good memory and being ambitious, I was the delight of my teachers. Since I was denied the career of an heroic female warrior, I made it my enthusiasm to extol all who had helped to make the world's history through war. I mastered the French and English languages perfectly. I learned all that was considered necessary for girls in natural history, physics, and astronomy, but in the reading of history I knew no limit. The ponderous records of wars and nations I fetched from my father's library and spent with them my leisure hours.

On March 10, 1857, I celebrated my seventeenth birthday. "Already seventeen," I set down under this date. This "already" was a bit of symbolism, and undoubtedly was meant to signify "and as yet I have done nothing immortal."

The Season was approaching, and it was arranged that I should be introduced into society, but the prospect did not fill me with the keenest pleasure. I felt that my aims were higher than those of conquest. I could not explain to myself what I longed for, but I was hardly aware of the romantic attitude which possessed me. I was full of glowing dreams and aspirations, such as swell the hearts of youths and maidens, and fill them with a longing to work out their ideals in all sorts of ways. It is at this age that the love of knowledge, action, travel, adventure, show themselves, and are perhaps only an unrecognized activity of the soul filled with desire to express itself.

Aunt Marie was ordered to try the waters at Marienbad during the summer, and found it convenient to take me. My coming-out in society was not to take place till the following winter, and this trip to the fashionable springs gave me a little preliminary practice in dancing and conversation, so that I could wear off some of the shyness before my first season.

Naturally at my first ball I had no regret for anything but the brilliant military uniforms which were present in such array. But of all the splendid Hussars, Count Arno Dotsky was the most dazzling, and with him I danced the cotillon and several waltzes.

The acquaintance quickly ripened into an attachment, and we were betrothed on my eighteenth birthday, after which I was presented at court.

CHAPTER II

After our marriage we took an Italian journey, having been granted a long leave of absence. Retirement from the army was never mentioned between us. We both possessed handsome fortunes, but my husband loved the military service, and was proud of my elegant Hussar, and looked forward to his certain promotion. He would rise unquestionably to the rank of major, colonel, or general. Who knew but he might even be called to the Emperor's court, and his name to the list of the country's great as a conqueror?

The little red book contains a brief, just at the beginning of my time, and that is a page "On for a little breath of those happy days to come back to me from between the leaves, in which I had written so much ink recording old poetings and bad humors. Still, my memory recalls these days like an old half-forgotten fairytale. What could have been added to my overflowing heart?—for I had love, riches, rank, health, everything. My dashing Hussar, whom I loved with my whole soul, was a manly, noble-hearted man, with a most cultivated and merry nature. It might have been otherwise, for our acquaintance had been so short, and it was not our own discretion and wise choosing which brought us all this happiness. But the little red-bound book bore no entry for a long time.

Wait a moment! Here I find a joyous event noted—my delight at becoming a mother. A New Year's gift—a son was born to us, the 1st of January, 1859. The diary was resumed to note with pride and astonishment this all-absorbing event, as though we were the first to whom such a happiness had ever come. The journal teemed with comments on the mystical and sacred event. The future world had to be informed as to the marvel of "maternal love," it was mine to magnify the office of motherhood. Was it not the greatest theme of art and literature of song and story?

I cultivated this ideal most carefully, collecting poems, baby songs, and illustrations from journals and picture galleries. As in one of our school books foster and develop an admiration for war heroes, so through my collections I developed from hero worship to baby-worship. My charming little man was to me the mightiest wonder of the world. Ah, my son, my grown-up manly Rudolf, the love of you in my maturer years led me in color the hours of childish wonder and worship. The love of my young motherhood is insignificant in comparison to what I feel for you to-day, even as is the babe himself in swaddling beside the full-grown man.

How proud the father was of his tiny heir, as he planned for him the sunniest, fairest future. "What shall he be?" This was the great question that we discussed as we hung over the cradle together, and we always decided unanimously—a soldier, of course. Sometimes the mother will protest: "Suppose he should be killed in battle?" "Non sense," the father would answer; "at the appointed time each one meets his end." Besides, Rudolf was not to be the only son, but being the first he must be what his father and grandfather were, the noblest of all—a soldier. So it was settled, and so the joke was persisted in, and on his third-month birthday he was promoted to the rank of a corporal.

On that same day a great foreboding came over me, something that made me fly with a heavy heart to my little note-book. Dark clouds had arisen in the political horizon, and the fears and suspicions were daily growing into comments wherever people met together.

"Trouble in Italy is brewing" was the frequent remark. I had no time now for heroics and politics, so it hardly touched me. But on the 1st of April Arno said to me:

"Do you know, darling, it will soon break out?"

"What will break out?"

"The war with Sardinia."

I was terrified. "My God, that will be terrible. And must you go?"

"I hope so."

"How can you say that? Hope to leave your wife and baby?"

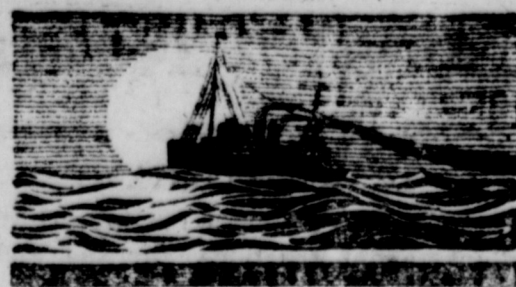
"When duty calls."

"Of course we can reconcile ourselves—but to hope—which means desire—to wish for such a bitter duty?"

"Bitter? Why, a jolly, dashing war like that would be glorious! You are a soldier's wife, never forget that."

I threw myself into his arms.

"Oh my darling husband, I can be content and brave besides. How often I have envied the heroes of history and longed to be one of its heroines. What a glorious feeling it must be to go into battle! If I could



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only be at your side, night, conquer, or even fall!"

"Such nonsense, little wife; but brave you are. Your place is here by the cradle of our little one, whom you must raise to be some day a defender of his country. Women must keep the fireside warm. It is to save our homes and wives from the attacks of the enemy and secure peace, that we men must go to war."

Why, I do not know, but these words, or similar ones which I had so often read with enthusiasm, this time struck me as mere shallow phrases. Where was the advancing army—were the barbarous hordes at the door? A political tension between the Cabinets of two nations seemed an intangible enemy. What was the pressing need of protecting wife and child and home? Much as my husband spoke enthusiastically of going to war for that, I failed to see it. Was it a mere burning desire to rush into adventure, with a promise of excitement, promotion, and distinction? "Yet," I concluded, "it is a noble, honorable ambition to delight in the brave discharge of duty."

I poured out my feelings into the little note-book, denouncing Louis Napoleon as an intriguer. . . . Austria cannot long look on. . . . War must come. . . . No, Sardinia will soon give in, and peace be maintained. Thus I commented on the course of events. My husband's eyes sparkled at the continued increase of the danger.

My father also gloried in the prospect, and retold the stories of the Radetzky campaigns, and discussed the impending ones, as to how the enemy would be easily routed, and all the advantages which would be "ours." Of the terrible sacrifices nothing was said. I was made to feel quite ashamed of my meanness when I found myself thinking thus: "Ah, how can any victory recompense the dead, the crippled, the widowed? How would it be if the enemy conquered?"

I was contemptuously crushed by my military friends if I ventured such a remark. Was it not most unpatriotic to have the shadow of a doubt about our certain victory? Is not the duty of a soldier to feel himself invincible, and must not a soldier's wife share this conviction with him?

My husband's regiment was quartered in Vienna. The view of the Prater from my window promised a wonderful spring. The air was warm and delicious with violets, the sprouting buds seemed earlier than in years before. How joyfully I might have looked forward to the coming weeks of delightful driving, for we had purchased a fine carriage and a four-hand team of dashing Hungarian horses—but oh, if only the war-clouds had not hung over all that!

Coming home from a parade on the morning of April 19, my husband broke the spell with the exclamation: "Thank God, at last this uncertainty is at an end. The ultimatum has been sent."

"And what does that mean?" I trembled.

Continued on page 5

David Lloyd-George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and M. Bark, the Russian Minister of Finance, are in Paris in connection with the making of a \$3,000,000,000 joint loan.