

TREITSCHKE, APOSTLE OF WAR AND GERMAN WORLD POWER

Conspicuous Figure in German Nation, He Has Been Frequently Mentioned As One of the Men Responsible for Prussian Militarism

BY SUGGESTED DUNBAR WEYER.

FOR A PERIOD OF TWENTY YEARS, from 1873 until 1895, there might be seen in the University of Berlin a strange conspicuous man, a part of a prophet in his own apostle, whose expression of orthodox faith was used in preaching the excellence of the Hohenzollern dynasty and its institutions. He did it with a luxuriance of imagery and a richness of style that contrasted strangely with the drabness of the subject. In flashes he recalled Thomas Carlyle.

One of his hearers, led by the virility of his expression, said that half of his words were too burning to be preserved by the printer's art.

This man was Heinrich von Treitschke, historian to his Majesty, the king of Prussia and professor of modern and contemporary history. When he appeared in the chair, large, strong and as he, his sympathetic features overspread with good nature, though a trifle grave, his visage mobile and the breath of loyalty on his lips, he made a profound impression.

As soon as he opened his mouth the effect was disconcerting. A voice, deep, sonorous, stifled like that of a deaf and dumb person, issued from his throat. His gestures were all alike. His head swayed continually as if he were suffering from a nervous affection. Often he would pause in the middle of a sentence, as if obliged to stop abruptly to regain his breath. Add to this a delivery jerky and brusque, and you might say yourself, in amazement, what it all meant.

The answer to the riddle: The speaker was a deaf man, who could scarcely hear his own voice.

His audience was always numerous; it was always applauded with frenzied acclamations to his defects of speech, one was drawn irresistibly by his words. He was surely not an orator. There was nothing about him to suggest Attic or Ciceronian eloquence. He himself said of his delivery:

"I do not talk fluently, and I do not make the task of my listeners easy. But I am certain that they will not hear me trivially from me. My words are from the heart, and it is there that after all I place my hope.

"Eloquent orator I never shall be, and the foolish praise of the papers hereabout do not deceive me in the least."

But Treitschke charmed by the vigor of his language and the originality of his style. No one knew so well the secret of filling an auditorium. Students, public officials, officers, crowded his lectures. Women alone were conspicuous by their absence, for this Prussian gentleman's opinions regarding the sex were the same as those of Schopenhauer; and he expressed them with a plainness that more than tickled the sensibilities of young Germans he addressed.

Throughout all through his remarks, there was inflammatory and loud in tone, and vibrating through all his discourses there was the echo of the fanfare of trumpets that was heard in earnest in 1870.

Was a deaf man had eyes that could see things, in delightful vivid pictures he sketched all the places where history was made, the cities, the countryside, the battlefields.

The general remark on hearing him speak was that he should become a writer. And he did. After 1879 he wrote a work of magnitude, "The History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century," published in five volumes and beginning with 1848.

In this work Treitschke gave his countrymen what they had lacked—a national history written in a lively and popular vein. His pictures, now and then glowing with color, are permeated with the ultra-Prussian point of view, often with a brutality that imparts a shock.

Prussian to the core, the historian was one of the leaders of the groups so numerous in Germany who saw in England the foremost enemy of their country. He detected the English in the seeds of the spirit of suspicion that had much to do with the gradual diplomatic estrangement of the nations, finally culminating in the present war.

Of late Treitschke in public discussions in this country of the causes of the war has frequently been mentioned as one of the men responsible for the development of Prussian militarism, with the end of conquering all of Germany's neighbors and eventually establishing a German world empire.

ever risen to the full height of German ideals."

If he discusses English politics, the Prussian historian sees not only commercialism and immorality, but pride and selfishness toward the weak. "It is Great Britain," he says, "which made the most hideous war a Christian people ever waged—the opium war."

"Among the English," Treitschke writes, "the love of money has killed every sentiment of honor and every distinction between right and wrong. They hide their cowardice and sensuality behind that unctuous, theological fine talk which is to us free thinking German heretics among all the sins of English nature the most repugnant."

"We fancy we hear the parson speaking with a nasal twang, when we see the English press turn up the whites of its eyes, full of indignation at the use of Christian, warlike nations of the Continent, as if the mighty God, in whose name Cromwell's Ironsides fought, commanded us Germans to let the invader march in peace to Berlin!"

"What hypocrisy! O cant, cant, cant!" In a chapter discussing "The English View," Treitschke deals with the principle of Macaulay that political freedom is incompatible with a standing army.

"This is a principle," he says, "which Macaulay gained from the experience of England, and which he now would proclaim valid for all Europe. It is a piece of arrogance on the part of an islander who arbitrarily makes the conditions of his island applicable to other countries."

"It is a defect of English culture that it does not know universal conscription," he wrote. "To some extent this defect is balanced by the fact that the fleet has been so powerfully developed; and on the other hand by the fact that the continuous small wars in the numerous colonies occupy and keeps fresh the many powers of a nation."

Yet Treitschke asserts that physical prowess in Great Britain is not what it should be. He speaks of "a lack of chivalry in the English character, so conspicuously contrasting with the naive loyalty of the Germans."

Treitschke explains this difference with the assertion that the English do not seek physical exercise "in noble arms," but in the arts of boxing, swimming and rowing. "It is a conspicuous fact that these forms of exercise, while having their worth, raise, together with the athletic spirit, the spirit of brutality, ever bent on winning the first prize," he adds.

Then in lyric tones, speaking of the great slaughter of men in battle and its moral significance, he would put his audience on guard against what he called the "bourgeois (middle class) sentimentalism" which preaches universal peace—in his eyes the most dangerous of utopian dreams.

"Every intelligent theologian understands," he says, "that the Commandment 'Thou shalt not kill' was not meant to be taken literally any more than the apostolic command to sell all and give to the poor. There are only a few dreaming Quakers who do not see in what lyrical tones the Old Testament speaks."

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ment glorifies the splendor of holy and righteous wars.

"As long as there are men on earth there will be war. The doctrine of the forbidden fruit and of original sin is a fact which history unfolds on every page."

Elsewhere in sombre language which recalls the implacable Hebrew poets Treitschke extols war.

"It is not to the Germans," he cries, "that it is necessary to repeat the commonplace of the apostles of peace or to the priests of civilization, nor to shut the eyes to the cruel necessities of the age. Yes, our age is an age of iron."

"If the strong gets the mastery over the weak it is only the inevitable rule of life. These wars of hunger, waged by starving tribes, which we still see among the blacks, are as necessary to regulate economic conditions in the heart of Africa as the holy war which a nation undertakes to preserve the greatest benefits of its moral culture. There as here it is the struggle for existence—here for a moral advantage; there for a material one."

In his "National Military Education and War," Treitschke says: "We have learned to recognize the moral majesty of just that in war which to the superficial observer appears brutal and inhuman."

"Not only his life should be a man's sacrifice, but also the material, deeply felt, of the emotions of the human soul; his whole self he should give to one great national idea. That is the morally uplifting thought about war."

"War, with all its sternness and brutality, also weaves a bond of love and affection among men. Here every difference of caste vanishes and the danger of death links man to man."

It is a queer irony of fate, viewed through the events of 1914 at least, that the immediate cause of the Austro-Prussian war, as represented by Prussia, was an alleged violation of a treaty by Austria, says Treitschke.

"At last the treaty of Gastein, which Austria had broken day after day ever since it was signed, has been buried in pieces at the feet of Prussia (so boasted the Vienna journals) when the Austrian vice-regent arbitrarily summoned the factions of Holstein to decide the succession."

He refers to the American civil war in the same article as follows: "We go further and say that the war is at the same time as the civil war in the United States, a war of culture against brutality."

Referring to a promise given to the Powers by Bismarck that the North German Federation would not extend its immediate domination over the Main, Treitschke wrote on August 10, 1866, after Austria had been conquered:

"In a great national crisis international conventions count but little. We were justified in breaking our word given to the foreigners in cold cash with into our confederation at the risk of a European war if only this undertaking could count upon the effective support of the South Germans and could bring the fatherland an expansion of power."

Another ship, in order to keep his connection with them a secret, had come to the attention of the British, and it was the man who had the last word as to where the money would be spent. Then started the series of plots and counterplots to discover who he was that made up the major part of this story.

It was when the French liner La Touraine was waiting in her dock on October 19 that the remark was dropped which caused all the trouble. In the group that gazed at the skyscrapers and expressed their astonishment with many gestures were Capt. De Balesse, Rousseau and Larfouilloux and Constant, the arrival of the business men who had received his invitation. They arrived, they arrived in squads first, then in companies, then in battalions, and finally in regiments. The chief clerk of the hotel estimated that not less than 500 sought admittance to the officers' suite in the space of a single day.

In "The Fire Test of the North German Confederation," one of the new Treitschke's books that have been translated, he says: "The flames of the people's holy indignation rise toward heaven, and 'Like a thief in the night this terrible war came upon us; there is not one of us who desired it; not one who did not fully estimate its importance."

"We were dragged into the war, and, nevertheless, every eye glitters at the thought that this was the very thing we Germans wanted!"

Toward the end of August, 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, Treitschke wrote a sensational article on "What do we demand from France?" It is one essay in a series entitled, "Ten Years of German Fighting," and in it he says: "The thought which, first softly whispering, like a bashful wife, during the four last weeks has grown to the mighty war cry of the nation, is in short: 'Give us back the old loot!'"

"Give us back Alsace-Lorraine!" And here again the theory of defeat.

"It suffices no longer that we feel ourselves strong enough to-day to resist an attack by France and even by a European alliance.

"The frightened world already sees rise upon the bloody seed of this war a new crop of wars."

"We owe the hemisphere a lasting assurance for the peace of the nations; and we will, as far as human powers go, achieve this assurance only when from the fortified passes of the Vosges German cannon look down into the West and announce our armies can descend by a few marches all the plains of La Champagne; when we have broken the teeth of the beast of prey, and when France has been so weakened that she may not dare again attack us."

"Our nation is peaceful. The traditions of the Hohenzollerns, the composition of our army; the burdensome Constitution of the German State, forbid every misuse of military strength. We need a generation of peaceful labor to achieve the hard but not unsolvable task of the unification of Germany."

An article which shows how erroneous is the notion of German world conquest (Treitschke was written by him in August, 1866, after Austria had been vanquished. It declares that this dream exists only in the wild phantasies of Junges outside of Germany, but not in the minds of Germans themselves. The "place in the sun" is all that Germany and the Emperor have ever had in mind.

"The conqueror," says Treitschke, referring to Prussia's victory over Austria, "bore no desire for the half Slavie neighboring provinces which would be a question of gain for a German State; he even refused his army the longest and well deserved triumph of marching into the capital of the enemy. He ended the war as soon as Austria declared itself willing to withdraw from the Confederation to leave the Prussian Empire intact in Germany, thus recognizing German independence."

Then, Treitschke, perhaps unwittingly, gives clearly and positively the basis upon which rests his doctrine of military power and his views concerning the war. He says that Emperor William was converted by the strange business that kept her rushing from one end of town to the other in her high powered machine.

Gradually the zone of the auto's activity seemed to narrow down. The French Consul's office was one of its most frequent ports of call. It is just here that the mystery becomes well nigh impenetrable. But one real fact stands clear from the fog of rumor and contradiction—the French Treasury agent was traced from the Consul's office to his hotel, and he was definitely identified as the real controller of the \$40,000,000.

But, alas! at the hotel he had not registered. Clerk confessed utter ignorance of any one who answered his description. At the game of hide and seek he was such an adept that while he was seen to enter the place he was never seen to leave it.

Soon the newspaper woman was not alone in her pursuit. A flying squadron of men took up the trail. But the Frenchman has so far outwitted all of them, all save the woman, she is said to know who he is. But of what advantage this will be to her employers is still in doubt. The mysterious stranger is just about as approachable as the north pole. That he acts as a most effective check upon the officers is evident. This much has been learned from the firms with which they have had dealings. But each and every man who has been lucky enough to make a sale thus far seems to have been bound by an oath of secrecy as to the identity of the man who actually paid the bills.

The officers seem to be buying according to a prearranged system. They are deaf to all suggestions. Their orders apparently come from the same mysterious man who places his "O. K." on the purchases. Back of every move these men make up the same undeviating directing hand. And up to the present time Big Business has been unable to guide that hand in the slightest degree. But Big Business has not given up the fight, and when the details are made public, if ever, there will be written one of the most fascinating romances of high finance on record.

Meanwhile certain worried capitalists are anxiously awaiting the return of Charles M. Schwab from his voyage in search of health, although some of them prefer to begin the hunt with a "W" instead of an "H."



Heinrich von Treitschke.

FRENCH "MAN OF MYSTERY" HERE WITH \$40,000,000 TO SPEND

Two Groups of Rival American Magnates Formed for Purpose of Cornering Unknown Agent of French Treasury Who Is Here to Purchase Army Equipment

FORTY MILLIONS of dollars, it is declared, is to be spent in this country within the next year by the French Government for war supplies, and forty millions in cold cash are being offered for which hundreds of manufacturers and wholesale dealers are playing a game that might well be called "Button, button, who's got the forty millions?" Somewhere in America, probably in New York, is a mysterious man who is believed to hold the purse-strings to this money, and so far no one except a woman, and she will not tell the secret.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle never devised a pricier mystery than that which surrounds the French war fund and its guardian. Through the complicated plot flit the figures of Charles M. Schwab and other American financiers, while the comedy relief is furnished by a group of distracted French army officers who gallop across the picture like the stars in a cinematograph chase scene, pursued by a mob of American salesmen.

The whole affair might be called "a six reel mystery feature," were it not for the fact that the end of the film is not yet in sight, and no one can tell how many reels of intrigue and plotting will be unwound before the forty millions pass from the grip of the French man of mystery into the accounts of the French dealers. The few persons who know the facts have little to say. Only by an accidental remark did it become known that the fund was \$40,000,000. After the first clue had been given by a talkative French officer, there was a sharp warning from headquarters that the officers had been sent here to spend money, not to talk about it, and soon thereafter the military men left their New York hotel and dropped out of sight.

It is known that some of them have gone to the Southwest to buy horses, and some to the South to buy mules. Others are said to be in the steel district, while some of their comrades have gone to the Chicago packing houses and to the textile centers. Their mission includes the purchase of everything used by an army in the field, from armored automobiles to shoe axes.

However, not one penny may be spent without the approval of an unidentified representative of the French Treasury, who has been exceedingly careful to keep himself in the background. The first American business man who reaches this modest individual may be expected to reap a golden harvest. It is an axiom of American business, especially when dealing through intermediaries, that the officers are, after all, mere purchasing agents. They do not control the funds. Their work may be undone at any time by a word from the unknown French Treasury agent. And that is why two rival groups of American magnates have been formed for the sole purpose of

cornering him of the lion's share of the forty millions.

To follow the tangled skein of the plot, one must begin at the very outbreak of hostilities in Europe. As soon as war was declared it became known that France would spend huge sums in this country for supplies. With every other great manufacturing nation at war, there was no other market, and when the war was only a few weeks old a commission of civilians from France quietly made their way into the United States to look over the ground.

They shunned publicity and their presence was known only to a few manufacturers. Just as the rank and file of American manufacturers were becoming aware of their presence they suddenly returned to France.

At first it was thought that they simply came here to report on general market conditions for the benefit of those who should follow them and that they had not actually made any purchases. But a short time after they were called for home it was announced that the Bethlehem Steel Company had received an order for \$2,000,000 worth of military motor cars. Now, the Bethlehem Steel Company does not make automobiles; it manufactures only the forged axles. Nevertheless, this immense order was placed with Charles M. Schwab's concern, to the chagrin of other manufacturers.

Of course, Mr. Schwab's company can sublet the contracts for the various parts of the machines and assemble them. This is not an unusual practice; many so-called automobile manufacturing concerns do the same thing. But the chief interest which attaches to this purchase is the possibility of subletting all the contracts could any one group of capitalists persuade the treasury agent to do his buying in this manner. If the Bethlehem Steel Company can sublet the contracts for automobiles, why could they not do the same thing with regard to all other supplies? Such an arrangement would result in a rich profit to any company or group of companies that could obtain the initial contracts and without the slightest risk to themselves.

This was the dream that was enjoyed briefly all too briefly by two groups of American financiers who got together as soon as the great size of the fund became known. But their awakening was unpleasant. For some reason the army officers were extremely shy of any such plan. They wanted to deal with actual manufacturers. Their orders were apparently opposed to those under which the civilian commissioners had operated. Before this attitude the financiers lost hope of getting a melon. Then suddenly the cloud lifted a little. Somebody learned that the army officers did not control the funds at all. On

another ship, in order to keep his connection with them a secret, had come to the attention of the British, and it was the man who had the last word as to where the money would be spent. Then started the series of plots and counterplots to discover who he was that made up the major part of this story.

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He had no idea what a strenuous person the American salesman is. He was accustomed to the quieter business methods of his own land, where it was customary to invite a few of the leading manufacturers and dealers to show the goods and where those who are not bidden do not show up. So the Russian let his business be known, little knowing what he was preparing for himself and his French friends.

The Russian went to the Biltmore with the French officers, and prepared to entertain the arrival of the business men who had received his invitation. They arrived, they arrived in squads first, then in companies, then in battalions, and finally in regiments. The chief clerk of the hotel estimated that not less than 500 sought admittance to the officers' suite in the space of a single day.

The Russian took one long look at the lobby, where the mob of salesmen were clamoring for a chance to show their wares, and fled to the street through a side door. He sent back for his trunk that night, and he has not shown his face since. It is being buying anything now he is sending out no more invitations.

But the French officers did not fare so well. Those who attempted to flee were waylaid. Finally they locked themselves up in their rooms and refused to see a man.

At the height of the commotion a stout man shouldered his way through the mob and addressed the clerks. Without looking at his card they gave him the same quick "round up they had meted out to all the others who had been tried to get in. But one clerk took a second look at the man's round, good humored face. He had seen it somewhere before and a glance at his card brought him to the decision that

or, if not a conspiracy, yet a constant desire to prevent the unification of the different sections within Germany.

These countries, Treitschke explains, are against a union of the German States.

The world is speculating on the changes the map of Europe will undergo as a result of the war. Not the least important question to be considered when the final settlement comes is: What will become of Belgium?

Treitschke says in "The Future of the North German Middle States," in dealing with Prussia's attitude toward the conquered States to the north, which she was then occupying:

"The three countries were conquered in a just war, for never was an indulgent and patient Power provoked more arrogantly by blustering weakness."

"The three States are occupied to the last village; and, therefore, according to a thousand year old provision of the laws of nations, the conqueror has the right to make such disposition of them as he sees fit, and without asking their former sovereigns."

"The expelled princes may protest; they may refuse to release the officials from the oath of allegiance—all such protests and complaints are legally naught."

"Those who have not learned from the past of all European nations that the small States have no place in nature 'History's work' (of actual States) and that the trend of history is toward the amalgamation of great natural masses will at length have their eyes opened by the happenings of these eventful weeks."

French officers, but he was in this country for the sole purpose of discharging the great war fund. No one at least no one who would tell knew his name or where he was living. But the group who had been so annoyed at Mr. Schwab's sudden departure for France in search of his health, engaged the newspaper woman to find the man of mystery.

Friends of the woman sleuth first got wind of her unusual employment through her sudden affluence. She was seen riding about town in a big motor car driven by a French chauffeur. At all hours of the day those who knew her were mystified by the strange business that kept her rushing from one end of town to the other in her high powered machine.

Gradually the zone of the auto's activity seemed to narrow down. The French Consul's office was one of its most frequent ports of call. It is just here that the mystery becomes well nigh impenetrable. But one real fact stands clear from the fog of rumor and contradiction—the French Treasury agent was traced from the Consul's office to his hotel, and he was definitely identified as the real controller of the \$40,000,000.

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STEADY DRAIN UPON HOTELS

Caused by Souvenir Frenzies.

IT is quite impossible to restrict a large portion of the loss of the souvenir in hotels," said the steward of a big New York hotel. "While much of it is due to deliberate theft by souvenir fiends quite as much can be charged to carelessness and hurry on the part of the maid and men servants of guests, who carry off the teaspoons and the like which have been in use in their rooms, pack up the hotel towels and napkins by mistake and break a good deal that is missed only when an inventory is taken."

"A large hotel in the course of a season collects in the rooms of guests spoons, napkins, towels and often dishes stamped with the names of distinguished marks of the country and even of hotels in Europe. The spoon, for instance, packed away with a child's medicine brought to light in a New York hotel among other alien hotel belongings in the room of a New York guest. This small but costly loot, either accidental or of theft, travel about and defy safe keeping."

"A great deal of loss is sustained by hotels through the thieving of its own servants. Maids wrap tablecloths and sheets around their persons and manage to take them away for their own use. They make of them. Doubtless every hotel has in its employ maid and men servants who are in league with thieving gangs, and occasionally one is detected. Waiters pocket napkins, spoons, knives, forks and pieces of silverware that can be readily converted. They get away, if undiscovered long enough, with many a dollar's worth of liquors, wines and cigars. Even where his help is fed and lodged by a hotel the annual leakage would be a more comfortable endow. I know of one instance, among not a few of less amount, where a clever waiter in one of our big hotels established his wife at the head of a prosperous boarding house, the extensive table furnishing of which was from the linen and silver and other articles he had managed to steal from various hotels and restaurants, here and elsewhere, where he had been employed, the collection having been patiently gathered during several years."

Captures Herd of 150 Elk.

By Brockway, Cal., Nov. 14.—The largest herd of big game ever made was assembled near here, George S. Palmer, head outfitman for Miller & Lux, sprang the great trap and caught 150 elk. At a signal fifty hunters closed in behind nearly the last of the thousands in the San Joaquin. Dr. Eversman, director of the California Academy of Sciences, will distribute the elk to parks in the State.