

GERMANY DENOUNCED BY GERMAN AUTHOR



TURKISH SOLDIERS
DRILLED BY GERMANS
TOOK PART IN THE
DEPORTATIONS OF ARMENIANS



MANY OF THE DEPORTED ARMENIANS WERE
MASSACRED BY KURDISH TRIBESMEN.



THE WOMEN AND
CHILDREN WERE ALWAYS
SEPARATED FROM
THE MEN.



TYPES OF TURKISH IRREGULAR TROOPS
EMPLOYED IN THE WORK OF WIPING OUT
THE ARMENIANS

Dr. Stuermer Fixes the Ul- timate Re- sponsibility for Massacre of Armenians by the Turks

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By DR. HARRY STUERMER.
ANY one who, like myself, set foot
on German soil for the first
time after years of sojourn in
foreign lands, and more particularly
in the colonies, just at the moment that
Germany was mobilizing for the great
European war, must surely have been
filled, as I was, with a certain feeling
of melancholy, a slight uneasiness with
regard to the state of mind of his fel-
low countrymen as it showed itself in
these dramatic days of August in con-
versations in the street, in cafes and
restaurants and in the articles appear-
ing in the press.

W Germans have never learned to
think soundly on political subjects.

Bismarck's political heritage, although
set forth in most popular form in his
"Thoughts and Recollections," a book
that any one opposing this war from
the point of view rather of prudence
than of ethics might utilize as an un-
ending source of propaganda, has not
descended to our rulers in any sort of
living form. But an unerring, un-
erring, and unerring lack of judgment
and of understanding of the point
of view of other peoples—who have
their raison d'être just as much as we
have, their vital interests, their stand-
ards of honor—have not prevented us
from the adoption of an utterly un-
sound system of Weltpolitik (world politics).

The average every day German has
never really understood the English,
either before or during the war, in the
latter's colonial policy, which accord-
ing to the German ideas has no other
aim than to encroach on our place
in the sun; in their conception of lib-
erty and civilization, which has en-
tailed such mighty sacrifices for them
on behalf of their allies; when we
thought England would stand and look
on; at the time of the debates about
universal service, when Germany
every German, even in the highest po-
litical circles, was ready to wager that
there would be a revolution in England
sooner than any general acceptance of
conscription; and coming down to
more recent events, when the latest
boon British war loan provided the
only fit and proper answer to German
frivolousness at sea.

Useless Sword Rattling.
Let me here say a word on the sub-
ject of colonial policy, on which I may
perhaps be allowed to speak with a
certain amount of authority after ex-
tensive travel in the farthest corners
of Africa and from an intimate, per-
sonal knowledge of German as well as
English and French colonies.

Germany has less colonial territory
than the United States. It is true. It
is also true that the German practice
for the most widespread, the most in-
teractive and lucrative employment of
the energies and capabilities of our
highly developed commercial land is
justified. But at the risk of being
dubbed an absolute lack of patriot-
ism, I should like to point out
that in the first place the resources
we had at our disposal in our own
colonial territory in tropical and sub-
tropical Africa, little exploited as they
were, would have amply sufficed
for our commercial needs and col-
lecting capacities, though possibly not
for our aspirations after world power!
And secondly, the very liberal char-
acter of England's trade and colonial
policy did not hinder us in any way

from reaching the top of the commer-
cial tree even in foreign colonies.
Any one who knows English colonies
knows that the British Government,
wherever it has been possible to do so
politically, that is, in all her colonies
which are already properly organized
and firmly established as British, has
always met in a most generous and
sympathetic way German, and indeed
any foreign, trade or other enterprises.
I am quite convinced that another
ten years of undisturbed peaceful
competition and Germany, with her
own very considerable colonial posses-
sions on the one hand and the possi-
bility on the other of pushing com-
mercial enterprises on the highest scale
not only in independent overseas
states but under the beneficent pro-
tection of English rule with its true
freedom and real furtherance of trade
"uplift," would have reached her goal
much better than by means of all the
swart rattling Weltpolitik of the Pan-
German.

German Blunders.
It was this English people, that, in
spite of all their egotism, have really
done something for civilization, that
the German of August, 1914, accused
of being nothing but a nation of
shopkeepers with a cowardly, nar-
row minded policy that was unpre-
pared to stand by any sacrifice for others.
It was this people that the German of
August, 1914—and his spokesman
Von Bethmann-Hollweg, who later
thought it necessary to defend himself
against the charge of "having brought
not only into politics"—regarded
as a nation of shopkeepers with a cowardly,
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And so it was with all the more
grimness, with all the more gravity,
that on that memorable night of Au-
gust 4 the terrible blow fell. The
English declaration of war entered
into the very soul of the German peo-
ple, who stood as a sacrifice to a polit-
ical mission that had its roots
less in a lack of thought and experi-
ence than in a boundless arrogance.
About the same time I was a wit-
ness of those laughable scenes which
took place on the Potsdamer Platz in
Berlin, where, in complete misjudg-
ment of the whole political situation,
Japanese were carried shoulder high
by the enthusiastic and worthy citi-
zens of Berlin under the erroneous im-
pression that these obvious arch-en-
emies of Russia would naturally be al-
lies of Germany. Every German that

was not blind to the trend of true
"world politics" must surely have
shaken his head over this lamentable
spectacle. A few days afterward Ger-
many sent its ultimatum against Kiau-
chow!

It was the same incapability of
thinking in terms of true world polit-
ics that led us lately to believe that
we might find supporters in Mexico
and Japan of the piracy we indulged in
as a result of America's intervention
in the war, the same incapability that
blinded us to the effect our methods
must have on other neutrals, such as
China and the South American States.
And although one admits the possi-
bility of a miscalculation being made, yet
a miscalculation with regard to Eng-
land's attitude was not only the height
of political stupidity, but showed an
absence of moral sense. The moment
England entered the war Germany lost
the war.

Naturally I did my military duty. I
saw the fearful crime Germany was
committing, yet I hurried to the front
with the millions who believed that
Germany was innocent and had been
attacked without cause.

How They Harried Belgium.
Of all the many episodes of my life
at the front none is so deeply im-
pressed on my memory as the silent
war of mutual hatred waged with
my immediately superior officer, a true
prototype of his race, a true Prussian.
I can still see him, a man of 55 or so,
who in spite of former active service
had only reached the rank of Lieuten-
ant, and who, as he told me himself
right at the beginning in very mis-
placed confidence, rushed into active
service again because in this way he
could get really good pay and would
even have a prospect of further pro-
motion.

This Lieut. Stein told me too of the
first weeks in Belgium when he had
been in command of a company, and I
can still hear him boasting about his
warlike propensities, and how his
teacher had said about him when he
was a boy "he was capable of stealing
an altar cloth and cutting it up to
make breeches for himself."
"When we wanted to do any com-
mandeering or to plunder a house," so
he told me, "there was a very simple
means. A man belonging to my com-
pany would be ordered to throw a
Belgian rifle through an open cellar
window, the house would then be
searched for weapons, and even if we
found only one rifle we had orders to
seize everything without mercy and
to drive out the occupiers."
I can still see the creature standing
in front of me and relating this and

"Two war years in Constantinople" is a sensational book. It was
written by a German whose conscience obliged him to turn against
Germany.

The author is Dr. Harry Stuermer. He served in the German
army for six months after the war began, was then discharged because
of severe illness, and from the spring of 1915 to Christmas, 1916, was
correspondent in Constantinople of the "Koelnische Zeitung," an in-
fluential German newspaper. What he learned there opened his eyes
to the truth about Germany's war aims and methods.

Of his book, he says:
"The undersigned hereby declares on his sworn word of honor
that in writing this volume he has been in no way inspired by out-
side influence, and that he has never had any dealings whatsoever,
material or otherwise, either before or during the war, with any
Government, organization, propaganda or personality hostile to
Germany or Turkey or even of a neutral character. His conscience
alone has urged him to write and publish his impressions, and he
hopes that by so doing he may perform a service towards the cause
of truth and civilization."

While the author of this work was waiting on the frontier of
Switzerland for final permission from the German authorities to
enter that country, Germany committed her second great crime, her
first having completely missed its mark. She had begun to realize
that she was beaten in the great conflict which she had so wantonly
provoked with that characteristic overconfidence in the power of
her own militarism and disdainful undervaluation of the morale and
general capacities of her enemies. In final renunciation of any last
remnants of humanity in her methods, she was now making a dying
effort to help her already lost cause by a ruthless extension of her
policy of piracy at sea and a gratification of all her brutal instincts
in complete violation of the rights of neutral countries.

It is therefore with all the more inward conviction, with all
the more urgent moral persuasion, that the author makes use of the
rare opportunity offered him by residence in Switzerland to range
himself boldly on the side of truth and show that there are still
Germans who find it impossible to condone even tacitly the moral
transgression and political stupidity of their own and an allied Gov-
ernment. That is the sole purpose of this publication.

The book was written in Switzerland last spring. The extracts
printed here relate to the Armenian massacres and Germany's re-
sponsibility for the deliberate attempt by the Turks to wipe out a na-
tion utterly. Succeeding articles will throw new light on the ex-
traordinary situation arising out of the ambitions of the Young Turks
to make over the Near East.

many a similar tale in these first days
before he knew me. I have never for-
gotten it; and I think I owe much
to Lieut. Stein. He helped me on the
way I was destined to go, for had I
not just returned from the colonies
and foreign lands, imbued with liberal
ideas, and from the first torn by grave
doubts?
The Lieutenant may be an exception
—granted; but he is an exception un-
fortunately; but too often represented
in that army of millions on its invad-
ing march into unhappy Belgium,
among officers and non-commissioned
officers, whom, at any rate so far as
active service is concerned, every one

Association" and ardent world politi-
cians of the ale bench type.

I found his stories afterward con-
firmed to the letter by one of the most
famous German war correspondents,
Paul Schweder, the author of the four
volume work entitled "At Imperial
Headquarters." With a naivete equal
to Lieut. Stein's, and trusting no doubt
to my then official position as corre-
spondent of a German paper, he gave
me descriptions of Belgian atrocities
committed by our soldiers and the re-
sults of our system of occupation that,
in all their horrible nakedness, put
everything that ever appeared in the
Entente newspapers absolutely in the
shade.

Atrocities Stories Confirmed.

As early as the beginning of 1916 he
told me the plain truth that we were
practically starving Belgium and that
the country was really only kept alive
by the Relief Commission, and that
we were attempting to ruin any Bel-
gian industry which might compete
with ours by a systematic removal of
machinery to Germany. And that was
before the time of the deportations!

Schweder's descriptions dealt for
the most part with the sexual morali-
ty of our soldiers in the trenches. In
spite of severe punishments, so he
assured me, thousands and thousands
of cases occurred of women and young
girls out of decent Belgian and
French families being outraged. The
soldier on short leave from the front
with the prospect of a speedy return
to the first line trenches and death
staring him in the face did not care
what happened; the unhappy victims
were rushed to the defence of Stam-
boul and hurled themselves in a bayo-
net charge against the British machine
guns under a hail of shells from the
sea.

I gained a high opinion of Turkish
valor and powers of resistance. I had
no reason to stint my praise or with-
hold my judgment. In meetings at
various observation posts I made
the personal acquaintance of crowds of
thoroughly sympathetic and likable
Turkish officers. Let me mention but
one—Essad Pasha, the defender of
Janina.
But even then I was beginning to
have my own opinion about much that
I saw; I was already torn by conflict-
ing doubts. Already I was beginning
to ask myself whether my sympathies
would not gradually turn more and
more definitely to those who were
vainly storming these strong Turkish
forts from the sea, under a deadly ma-
chine gun fire; for the cause of true
civilization, the cause of liberty, was
manifestly on their side.

In spite of all I returned to Constani-
nople from my first visit to the Dar-
danelles with very little diminution of
friendly feeling toward the Turks. My
first experience when I returned to the
capital was the beginning of the Ar-
menian persecutions. And here I may
as well say at once that my love for

Przemysl, regarded Austria. But the
scornful and biting commentaries
made behind the scenes in the edito-
rial sanctum at the fall of this strong-
hold stood in most striking contrast
to what the papers wrote about it.

Merits of Turkish Troops.

A few days after the fall of Przemysl
I set out for Constantinople. I left
Germany with a good deal of friendly
feeling toward the Turk.

In comparison with Abdul Hamid I
regarded the regime of the Young
Turks, in spite of all, as a big step in
advance and a necessary one, and the
parting words of one of our old edi-
tors, a thorough connoisseur of Tur-
key, lingered in my ears without very
much effect. He said:

"You are going to Constantinople.
You will soon be able to see for your-
self the moral bankruptcy of the
Young Turks, and you will find that
Turkey is nothing but a dead body gal-
vanized into action, that will only last
as long as the war lasts and we Ger-
mans supply the galvanizing power."
I would not believe it and went to Tur-
key with an absolutely open mind to
form my own opinion.

I got to know the Turkish soldier
with his stoical heroism in defence,
and the brilliant attacking powers and
courage of the Anatolians with their
blind belief in their Padishah as they
were rushed to the defence of Stam-
boul and hurled themselves in a bayo-
net charge against the British machine
guns under a hail of shells from the
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Effort to Wipe Out a Nation Described in a Sensational Book by Ger- man War Cor- respondent

present day Turkey perished abso-
lutely with this unique example in the
history of modern human civilization
of the most appalling bestiality and
misguided jingoism.

This, more than anything else I
saw on the German-Turkish side
throughout the war, persuaded me to
take up arms against my own people
and to adopt the position I now hold.
I say "German-Turkish," for I must
hold the German Government as
equally responsible with the Turks for
the atrocities they allowed them to
commit.

In this little book, which partakes
more of the nature of an essay than
an exhaustive treatise, my task will be
to denounce the system, the under-
lying political thought and the responsi-
bility of Germany in all these horrors
—massacres, the seduction of women,
children left to die or thrown into the
sea, pretty young girls carried off into
houses of ill repute, the compulsory
conversion to Islam and incorporation
in Turkish families, the persecution of
the wild lusts of roaming Bedouins
and Kurds—in a word, the triumph of
the basest brutality and most cold
blooded refinement of cruelty in a war
of extermination in which half a mil-
lion men, and according to some esti-
mates, ten million, victims were mowed
down, the remaining one and a half million
of this most intelligent and cultured
race, one of the principal pioneers of
progress in the Ottoman Empire, see
nothing but complete extinction star-
ting them in the face through the rup-
ture of family ties, the separation of
their rights, and economic ruin.

The Armenian persecutions began in
all their cruelty, practically unan-
nounced, in April, 1915. Certain events
on the Caucasus front, which no num-
ber of lies could explain away, gave
the Turkish Government the welcome
pretext for falling like wild cats
on the Armenians of the eastern vil-
ayets—the so-called Armenia proper,
and getting to work there without
deference to man, woman or child.
This was called "the restoration of
order in the war zone by military
measures, rendered necessary by the
connivance of the inhabitants with
the enemy, treachery and armed sup-
port." The first two or three hundred
thousand Armenians fell in the first
rounding up.

Nation Doomed to Death.

Every shred of justification for the
Turkish Government in its attempt
to establish this as an "evacuation nec-
essary for military purposes and for
the prevention of unrest" entirely
vanishes in face of such methods, and
I do not believe that there is a single
decent German connoisseur of the facts
of the case who is not filled with real
disgust of the Young Turkish Govern-
ment by such cold blooded butchery of
the inhabitants of whole districts and
the deportation of others with the ex-
press purpose of letting them die en
route. Any one with human feelings,
however pro-Turkish he may be polit-
ically, cannot think otherwise.

This "evacuation necessary for mili-
tary purposes" emptied Armenia
proper of men. How often have Turks
themselves told me—I could mention
names, but I will not expose my in-
formants—who were on the whole
decent exceptions to the rule, to the