

**DELIA  
AUSTRIAN**

WAYS OF  
WAR AND  
PEACE

**Delia Austrian**  
**Ways of War and Peace**

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*Ways of War and Peace:*

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**Delia Austrian**  
**Ways of War and Peace**

**THIS BOOK IS**

**DEDICATED**

**TO MY MOTHER**

**With Whom I Have Enjoyed  
Much of the Beauty and Charm**

**of Europe and Also, Unfortunately, Have Seen the**

**Honors and Sorrows of War**

# FOREWORD

As I advance in years I look upon life as a good deal of a paradox; at times it seems to be a mass of contradictions of love and hate, of friendship and enmity, of truths and falsehoods, of war and peace. In the same flash of time countries are throttling others; other nations are straining themselves not only to soften the hardships created by an international war, but to help feed, care for and dry the tears made by the havoc of slaughter.

A most striking instance of this statement happened a few days before the outbreak of the war. Through a mutual friend, while in Bavaria, I learned that Miss Anna Eckstein, an American woman, who has devoted her life to the world's peace movement was visiting her home in Coburg Saxe-Weimar. It was a short distance from where I was staying, and I asked Miss Eckstein if she would come to me. The answer to my invitation was that much as she would love to see me we should have to defer our meeting to some other time. She was starting to make a tour of the Rhine cities, where she was going to give important talks on the work that was being done to encourage the world's peace. This would take most of her time until the early fall, when she was going to a peace congress in Vienna. She said that I might help her by forming two local centers in Chicago for the signing of many petitions pledging ourselves for the peace idea platform. I had not much more than read this letter and put the petitions

away for safekeeping when the word came that the great war was declared.

Time and again during the storm and stress of war this incident appeared as the greatest of paradoxes. Here was a young woman who has consecrated her life, her talents, energy and friendships for the purpose of making the idea of world peace more than a chimera. Her efforts have failed for the time being, because monarchs and statesmen, goaded on by a foolish idea for stronger empires and more possessions, had thrown their nations against each other, resulting in the most cruel and disastrous upheaval of modern times. Many of the world's nations are hurling their tremendous armies with their siege-guns, bombs, mines, air-crafts, submarines and navies at each other. Awful and tremendous are these gigantic masses of destruction. What they accomplish or fail to accomplish will be forgotten when the work of such women as Miss Anna Eckstein and Baroness von Suttner are inscribed in glory.

It was merely by chance I had the pleasure of meeting these two brilliant women at the time of the World's Peace Congress at The Hague. Miss Eckstein had come as a delegate from America bringing petitions of three million names, signed by American men and women, including many of the foremost professors, students, writers, artists, capitalists and workers in all lines of industry. Though born in Germany, she had come to America because she realized that our country believes in peace more than it does in war. For many years she worked entirely with the peace

movement in Boston. But she soon saw the need of educating the young people to the ideals and principles of peace. She made a campaign of this country, talking from pulpits and platforms on what the peace idea and ideal would mean for society the world over.

This educational campaign was interrupted for a short time when Miss Eckstein went to take the American petitions to The Hague. She attended the round-table talks, afternoon teas and receptions, where time and again she showed that war, besides being futile was the most reckless extravagance of modern times. The cost of feeding and supporting a soldier would keep a child in school; the cost of a siege-gun would pay for the building of a school house, and the building of a battleship would give a country a new university. She showed them time and again that besides suffering, war meant the destruction of a nation's best manhood. It is the strong and energetic and the brilliant minds that are picked for soldiers. It is the weak and old men along with women and children that usually survive to suffer the hardships and the heartaches made possible by war. It was at one of these international receptions that I had the pleasure of hearing Miss Eckstein express some such ideas. She spoke of the work of The Hague Tribunal, and had such confidence in the sincerity of the governments and their representatives that she thought any question of vital importance might be settled there rather than that rulers should enchain civilization and throw nations to the dogs of war.

Later, through a foundation by Mr. Edwin Ginn, the publisher of Boston, Miss Eckstein went to Europe for the purpose of preaching the gospel of peace. She talked in schools, theatres and concert halls before large audiences composed of school teachers, and school children, government officials and working people. But her chief purpose was to educate the school children in the larger, more wholesome ideas of peace. Some of the most spacious and handsomest halls in Germany were put at her disposal, and some of the most influential German officials presided at her meetings. She was equally well received, and was welcomed with the same enthusiasm in France, Italy, England and the North countries. She hoped to carry this propaganda into Japan, India and Africa. At the same time she was working to carry a petition of thirty million names, signed in all parts of Europe and the United States, to The Hague. This stupendous work was almost finished when the war broke out.

It was at The Hague that I first heard Bertha von Suttner, a well-known Austrian writer and lecturer. She became world-famous as the author of "Lay Down Your Arms," which won for her the Nobel Peace Prize. Her theme at The Hague was "Combatting Dueling in Germany." She told of the way the sons of officers and of the aristocracy at an early age were instructed to look upon dueling as an important part of their education. The more cuts, the more glory, for it was splendid experience for the more terrible combat of war. A deep gash in a man's face made him better looking, for it showed that he had plenty

of courage. She was gathering a strong petition signed by men and women of many nationalities against this wicked pastime. It was a few years later, in Chicago, that I heard Bertha von Suttner speak on the war in the Balkans. She explained that it was only a small spark in a greater conflagration. It was being patched up, not settled, and unless the United States used her persuasive and moral influence these issues would burst forth in an international conflagration. This prediction has become a reality, though Baroness von Suttner did not live to see the day.

For many years America has had a large National Peace Society. Though it originated in Boston its members were composed of men and women living in all parts of the United States. Besides promulgating a philosophy of peace, through congresses and pamphlets, its delegates have gone to all the important European congresses. This organization was instrumental in influencing the United States to intercede in the Russo-Japanese war; it was instrumental in making The Hague Tribunal a well-organized body. It inspired Carnegie to give to The Hague Congress a building as beautiful as the ideals and purposes of the Congress were noble and just.

Many of our greatest American statesmen and scholars have combatted peace measures and advocated stronger armies and navies. Other men of prominence in all parties have striven to keep our country in friendly relations with other powers, making treaties a worthy substitute for strong, military forces.

On the other hand there are those who say that the only way

to safeguard our country is to have a navy and army in keeping with its size and dignity. Our present army and navy mark us as a second-rate power.

There are just as many thinking men and women who say that if a man carries a loaded revolver it is bound to go off some day. It may be justly used in self-defense, but it is more than likely to injure an innocent person. Mr. Bryan's recommendation of treaties backed up by a year of consideration when differences take place is considered a safer method.

These are all steps in the right direction, but they must be extended if this is to be the last war of any real importance that the world shall ever see. All action is based on thought, and much of our wrong acting of today is based on wrong thinking. There will always be different nationalities, just as there are various languages, religions, political parties and economic views. Only a fool can say that French is a better language than Italian or German. Only the narrow-minded will say that the Protestant religion is better than the Catholic or Jewish faiths. The same is true of nations. The French, the English, and the German all have their just place. The French lead the world in making certain articles better than all other countries. In certain other articles we must look for superiority to the Germans, while for others to England and the United States. The time has come when national jealousies must give place to internationalism. When the interests of all the countries must be greater than the interest of any one country. There is an energy and competition that is to be

recognized as healthy and praiseworthy and necessary, and there is a hectic energy based on envy that is short-sighted. We are so interdependent these days that few things can happen in one corner of the world but before night it is heralded to the other end. A great war cannot be waged on one continent but many of its bad effects are felt upon the others.

It is foolish to believe that the time will come when nations can carry out their work and plans without having their differences. Nations always have had and shall continue to have differences. But these shall be settled as amicably as they are between individuals. Just as there are courts and judges to listen to individual grievances, so there must be an international court and judges to settle international disputes and nations, like individuals, shall be forced to abide by their decisions. For nations must be trained to understand that the interests of humanity are greater than the interests of any one people. Until they can accept this point of view, naturally they should be assisted by international courts and by an international army and navy to enforce the decisions of such a court. Work must be constructive, for there is not enough money and natural resources in the world that so much shall be squandered for any such extravagant pastime as war. There is a moral force and conscience in the world, no less than in heaven. The noble, unselfish work done by Bertha von Suttner and Anna Eckstein are evidences of this fact. The Hague Tribunal is also an expression of the same ideal. Internationalism is higher than

nationalism, and must be the platform of civilization. But to make peace work and internationalism more than a byword they must be backed by an international court with its lawyers and judges and its decisions protected by an international army and navy to enforce the decisions agreed upon by the different nations and their representatives.

There were few men in America who did more for the peace work of this country than Dr. Edward Everett Hale. As Edwin D. Mead says of him, "He stood for citizenship, he stood for education, he stood for international peace and friendship. We called him in the later years of his life the Nestor of our peace cause in America." He made his church a temple of that cause. He said there should be no modern church which did not have among its regular standing committees a committee on International Justice, and such a committee he founded in this church. Baroness von Suttner and Baron d'Estournelles de Constant both occupied his pulpit.

Dr. Hale worked extremely hard to organize a Boston committee on International Justice.

Dr. Hale and Anna Eckstein were the two fountains of inspiration for Edwin Ginn, of Boston. Life had taught him that real riches and power only have value as they work for social uplift. He was sure of this after he met Miss Eckstein and saw the great work and effort she was expending to promote ideas of peace in the schools of this country and abroad. She influenced him to set aside one million dollars; the income of the money was

to be used for this purpose. He was so impressed by her work that he asked her to give all of her time to educating the teachers and children in Europe as well as in our country in the ideas of peace.

Dr. Hale was his other great inspiration in all the great peace ideas. His first address in behalf of the peace cause was made at Mohonk Lake, at one of the Mohonk Conferences in International Arbitration, and there his last address was made. His first address was made in 1901, although Mr. Ginn was present at the Mohonk Conference as a listener in 1897 and 1899. In 1901 he gave his first address, and he confessed that Dr. Hale had influenced him greatly in this work. In this talk he said that modern wars are due to mutual distrust on the part of the nations and great armaments. This distrust can only be removed by education and the right kind of co-operation. The great menace is the enormous armaments. The tremendous armies and monstrous navies have become far more a provocation and danger than a defense. He told the people at the Mohonk Conference: "We are confronted by the military class, the war power, with unlimited resources of wealth and men, and we can never overcome these obstacles except as we perfect a great organization to meet them. It will not do to leave this work to be done by a few. An adequate counteracting influence could not be exerted simply by men who could give to the cause only shreds and patches of their time. We must make this a well-organized crusade; there must be men devoted to the cause, as Sumner, Garrison and Phillips were devoted to the cause of anti-slavery:

men who would give all their time to it. And the cause must have a financial backing such as it had never had before. I should like to see a fund of one million dollars established before we marshal our forces. We spend hundreds of millions a year for war; can we not afford to spend one million for peace?"

He soon afterward gave fifty thousand a year for this work, and a million bequeathed for the cause at his death. He welcomed Norman Angell's great work, called "The Great Illusion," which brought home to the business men of the world the futility of war.

He was also a friend and admirer of Samuel B. Capen, the head of one of the two chief Boston peace societies. Mr. Capen was president of the Massachusetts Peace Society, and also a trustee of the World Foundation. It was as a representative of the World Peace Foundation that Mr. Capen went on his journey around the world.

Edwin D. Mead is also one of the great pioneers in America's earnest effort that has worked incessantly for international peace. He was at one of the peace congresses in Europe when the war broke out. He has been one of the prime movers of the Boston Peace Society, and president of the organization. He has attended most of the important congresses in this country and in Europe. It was also through his efforts that a branch of the National Peace Movement was founded in Chicago.

# STUDENTS' HOSTEL IN PARIS

Among the many pleasant reminiscences of Paris, few are nearer to Americans than the Students' Hostel. This home was founded by a number of wealthy American and English women.

It was started because art students and pupils of music had long felt the need of proper protection in Paris. This need was compelled for two reasons – the good hotels in Paris are expensive and they do not give the home life necessary to students in a foreign country.

To this end the Students' Hostel was founded. It began in a simple way, and it took several years of experimenting to put it on a sure foundation. The club was started as a lunchroom for American business women. Here they came and had luncheons at reasonable prices and found a place to rest. Before long the place was inadequate, and the Young Women's Christian Association, aided by a number of wealthy American women and a few English women, bought out this place with the idea of enlarging it. They had no sooner taken the place over when they discovered that the building was inadequate for their plans. They searched Paris for the right sort of accommodations, and were about to give up in despair when they found a large, roomy building in the Boulevard St. Michael. They negotiated with the owner, and after offering liberal inducements the building became their own. It was some time before they were enabled to take possession of

the place, as the entire building had to be remodeled.

It was only by chance that I came upon this organization one day in July, walking home from the Sorbonne. The name "Students' Hostel," written on a large poster placed at the gate, attracted my attention and I rang the doorbell. The door was soon opened by a maid, who explained to me that the "Students' Hostel" was a hotel for American and English girls studying in Paris. I asked if I might speak to the Secretary, and I was led up one flight of stairs to an attractive office. Miss Richards welcomed me in a kindly voice, saying, "We are always glad to meet American girls. I shall be pleased to explain to you the purpose of our work. This is a hotel, not a charitable organization, though it was founded through the aid of wealthy American and English women. We hope to make this hotel self-supporting in a few years, though it could not be accomplished in the beginning. We have more than a hundred girls living here. The greater part are studying French in the Sorbonne, though a few are devoting their time to the study of painting and music.

"Most of the girls who come here are delighted with our arrangements, for they enjoy all of the independence of a hotel and the comforts and the social life found in the home. They may come for the entire winter or stay a week, as they like. All we demand are letters of introduction from two people of influence and from the minister of the church which they attend. Three dollars and fifty cents per week is the price set on a room, though a girl may have more luxurious apartments if she wishes. A dollar

and a half more pays the weekly board, while we have spacious bathrooms where baths may be had for ten cents. Every day at four o'clock tea is served in the tea-house during the winter months, and in the gardens when the weather permits. This is given without extra charge.

"In order to make the Hostel as serviceable as possible to all, a fee of one dollar a year is set as membership. This entitles a girl to the use of the library, to take advantage of the French conversations held and to attend all the weekly entertainments. There is no limitation put on creed, excepting that the girls who live in the home are expected to attend Sunday afternoon services held here and prayer-meeting once a week. They pass their evenings as they think best – studying, reading, listening to lectures, and enjoying splendid concerts given in our home by well-known artists."

When this explanation was ended, I was shown through the home. The first room entered was the dining-hall. The room was filled with many small tables covered with snow-white linen and dainty china. A girl could not have wished for more in her own home. Across the hall was a small room with a comfortable lounge, called the rest-room, where girls can retire to rest after meal hours, or when they come home from their day's study. But the real rest-room is the library, furnished with plenty of lounges and large easy-chairs. The bookcases contain more than five hundred English and foreign books. Some of these were bought with money raised by private entertainments. But the greater

number were given through donation parties by friends invited to come and spend the evening in the Students' Hostel, some form of entertainment being prepared for them. The price of admission was a book they had read and were willing to donate to the library. The Secretary explained: "The first time we ventured on one of these donation parties we questioned the results, but our friends are so generous in supplying us with books that hardly a winter goes by without our having one of these with results that have far exceeded our expectations.

"Several nights in the week there are lectures given by well-known writers and scientists; some of these are only free to the boarders of the Hostel; to others, friends are invited. Weekly concerts are given. The programs are made up by professionals and students of the Hostel who are studying music. One evening a week and Thursday afternoon are set aside for receptions, when the Secretary and the students receive their friends.

"The second floor is given over to bedrooms. It would be difficult to find more attractive bedrooms in any American College. The rooms are large and well lighted, decorated with artistic wall paper and curtains to match. One part of the room is filled with a couch, used as a place of rest by day and a bed at night. The rest of the furnishings of the rooms include student's table, a lamp and several comfortable chairs. The remainder of the furnishing is done by the students themselves. Many of the walls are hung with gay posters, banners, and photographs of friends. Most of the girls have only one room, though a few

who are studying music find the sitting-room necessary. Before leaving Miss Richards, I inquired who were the women who had done most to make this delightful home possible. She answered that would be hard to say, as there have been many, and some do not care to have their work known. It was only after I pressed the question a second time that she answered, "Well, I suppose Miss Hoff is the American girls' best friend in Paris. Helen Gould (I do not know her married name) has always given our home warm support, and last year when she traveled in Italy she established a Students' Hostel in Rome. But one thing I wish you would tell our girls at home. That this is a hotel and not a charitable organization, and a woman who stops here need not feel she is sacrificing her spirit of self-reliance and independence. All we try to offer is a comfortable home at prices within the reach of most American girls who come over to study in Paris. We make an effort to do two other things; to try to give the right protection so necessary to girls who live in the French capital alone, and comradeship we all need when living in a foreign land. Five dollars a week is what a girl must count on to live here.

"Besides home and board, we have French classes for our girls conducted by able instructors for a small tuition; these teachers give private lessons, and when it is desired to coach girls for their examinations in the Sorbonne.

"The students of music are not neglected. Certain hours of the day are set aside for practicing. We have weekly concerts at home and make an effort to get reduced rates for our girls when

any of the great halls offer concerts that are worth while.

"Yes, we are trying to do much for our girls who come here to study painting. Many of them wish to live in the Latin Quarter and they find it really impossible to obtain the comforts that they are used to at home. Here they can enjoy the art student's life and have protection. Many discover that they are not ready to enter the Ecole des Beaux Arts; as for the large studios, they do not always offer enough individual attention for the student. For these we have a large, well-built studio of our own, where classes are conducted by some of the best masters of Paris."

Before leaving the Hostel I was invited into a garden gay with roses and carnations and the merry voices of happy girls. They were gathered in little groups, drinking tea, chatting French, and discussing the work they had accomplished that day. A pretty American girl approached me, saying, "Will you have tea, bread and butter?" In a few minutes she brought me tea on a pretty Chinese tray.

We laughed and chatted in turn, telling of our work and aspirations. As we sat in the beautiful twilight of that summer day we never dreamed that Paris would be threatened in a few weeks and the Students' Hostel, so dear to American artists and students, would become deserted.

# PARIS, PAST AND PRESENT

I hate to think of Paris in a sombre tone, for Paris likes to be gay at all times. It is the natural tempo of the city, for whatever may be the follies of this Parisian capital, she is always beautiful, lively and gay. Her large, wide boulevards are now deserted, except for an occasional regiment of French and English troops that hurry along, or now and then an auto-car speeding up the boulevard carrying some high officials on an important mission.

Most of the fine shops in the Avenue de L'Opera and the Rue de La Paix are closed and heavily shuttered while their handsome stock of pearls and other jewels, fine dresses and furs, are hidden in vaults and put away in packing trunks. Even at noontime, when the streets are usually thronged with the working-girls hurrying to their luncheon or out for a half an hour's exercise, the streets are deserted except for the appearance of some tired-looking shopgirl trying to earn a few cents in spite of present conditions. The beautiful hotels, always crowded this time of the year, are empty except for a few Americans who are lingering, waiting for a boat to take them home. The large cafés on the boulevard are all closed. It is only the small tea-rooms and bars that dare hope for any business.

The smart people who live out near the Bois have heard too much about German Zeppelins to venture out on a beautiful day, and forbid their nurses taking the children into the park. It is

only the poorer people in the Latin Quarter who insist in taking their children in the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg for an airing. As night falls, the people gather in crowds to watch the skies. They have let their imaginations dwell so long on Zeppelins and bombs that many imagine they see these awful implements of war when they are watching harmless stars.

At the other end of the city, they gather round the Eiffel Tower, which now bears the highest artillery in the world. Here are placed immense machine guns. Up at Montmartre, the people gather in little circles to read the letters they have received from their soldier boys and to discuss the possibility of Paris being captured. They have forgotten all about their once lively dance-halls and cabarets. There are but few artists left in this quarter now, for they have either gone home or to the front, while the women and children amuse themselves reading the last extra or listening to an organ-grinder giving them many patriotic airs for a few sous.

How lonely and sad these vacant streets and boulevards look, contrasted with their appearance on the 15th of July, which is France's national holiday. Then there was dancing on nearly every street corner, made livelier by the throwing of confetti, careless laughter and much kissing. The Queen of Beauty ruled then, while now havoc and the cruelties of war are in supremacy. Except for a few soldiers and officers moving up and down in the Bois, that splendid park is quite deserted. The famous cafés, such as Madrid and Armoneville, have closed their doors. It is

hard to imagine that these restaurants were visited by no less than five thousand people during an afternoon of the races. Less than two months ago, the great markets of Paris were crowded with country people hurrying in with their carts, horses and mules. In a short time they had distributed their splendid supply of meats, vegetables, fruits, flowers and small merchandise without and within. By seven o'clock the place was crowded with women of all social classes and wealth. Now the great crowds have dwindled, for the markets only display the barest necessities and the women only come and buy as they actually need them.

It is said that thousands of women have been thrown out of employment, for more than sixty per cent. of the women in Paris were working women. No sooner had war been declared than most of the small shops closed their doors and this threw hundreds of women out of work. A few of the leading dressmaking establishments carried their main business over to London, but they could not give employment to all their people. A few of the large stores kept open for a while, but soon their men were called to the front and so their business did not pay. I wonder what has become of the great numbers of designers and artists who were dependent on foreign purchase for their livelihood? Occasionally a pale, haggard girl passes by, as though she was seeking employment in a designer's studio or in an artist's atelier. But business is at a standstill and there is only employment for a very few out of many.

The flower markets which always made Paris so attractive

have vanished, even the famous flower market in front of the Madeleine. It is only an occasional old woman who has the courage to try to earn a few pennies by selling roses or lilies of the valley.

The streets lack all energy, even in the afternoon, when there is so much energy in Paris. The women have neither the courage nor the money to start off on any shopping trips. The French women now appear in simple attire and are limiting their shopping to the few things they need. Many have been deprived of their large incomes, are managing to do their own housework and are looking after their children, while those who can still afford things are busy working for the Red Cross, visiting the hospitals and *craches*.

Even more deserted is the Latin Quarter with the Sorbonne called the Medicine and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Usually at this time of the year they are busy with their annual house-cleaning preparatory to receiving the many students that come from America, England, Poland, Russia and Germany. Their doors are closed so tightly this year they certainly will not be opened. The gaiety of the Latin Quarter is now a thing of the past. A few soldiers sipping their coffee out of doors is a commonplace picture for the gay-hearted artists that once promenaded the street with their pretty models and coquettes. There is now no dancing nor merry-making up at Montmartre, the real artists' quarter. The streets are now so deserted they are excellent dens for thieves and robbers, for gone are even the venders with their

push-carts who made a noise as they hawked their wares. Even the museums and picture galleries are closed, and the only public buildings left open are those being used for military purposes. The few women and children seen on the street look frightened and worried. Any jar or noise seems to promise danger.

Sunday is like any other day, except that crowds of people hurry to the Madeleine or Notre Dame to beg for peace or for war to be over. All the stalls on the Seine are closed and the strand is vacant except for the soldiers that patrol up and down. All the cab-drivers left in Paris are either old men or women who find it hard to earn a few francs a day.

The country looks almost as deserted. Many a beautiful farm has gone to waste because there is no one to look after the harvest. Still, the women and children are doing their level best working on the farms and doing all they can to save their vegetables and grain.

Many of the vineyards have been trampled on by regiments of soldiers and most of the lovely champagne country is ruined. The hardest blow of all was the news that the famous cathedral at Rheims had been destroyed and all the famous buildings had either been laid in ruins or seriously damaged. The cathedral is supposed to have the finest rose window left in France and it was considered the finest piece of Gothic architecture. It was in this cathedral that Charles the Tenth was crowned and that the lovely Maid of Orleans saw the coronation of Charles VII which marked the fulfillment of her vision. The beautiful

Church of Saint Jacques has commemorated her life in beautiful stained glass windows, while the museum, rich in treasures that memorialize her life, has also been destroyed. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the poor French people who love their country so well are brokenhearted as they look out on the approaching night, wondering what will happen next.

# HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A REFUGEE?

How would you like to be a refugee for four weeks, fleeing from the horrors and hardships of war? How would you like to be cut off all this time by mail and cable from relatives and friends? How would you like to be many thousand miles from home, with little money and no credit, trying to meet your obligations and at the same time sharing the little you have with those less fortunate than you are?

This is a brief summary of my experience won from the war. The situation looked so hopeless because the war came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. I was at Bad Kissingen in Southern Bavaria when the news came that Austria was threatening Servia with war. Though some of the alarmists were confident that this meant the beginning of a world war, the German papers assured the nations that everything was being done to confine the war to Austria and Servia. Even the Austrian Emperor had said that his country had started the war and it was up to him to work out his own salvation.

I was therefore more surprised when the word came on Saturday that Russia had mobilized for the purpose of crossing the German frontier. This mere threat seemed to paralyze most of the Americans who were busy taking their cures in this

Bavarian resort, for until then they had only heard war spoken of at far range. Many of them went mornings and afternoons to the Kurgarten and tried to drown their sorrows in the beautiful strains of the Viennese orchestra, which they listened to in a listless way. The thought uppermost in their minds was how would we get out if Russia really declared war on Germany?

The most panicky and energetic got busy and left, but most of the Americans tried to pull themselves together and to wait for further developments. Our unsteady nerves and heavy hearts were reassured by the articles in all the German dailies saying that they were doing their level best to stay out of the fight and to keep the war confined to Austria and Servia. The foreign diplomats, even of England, gave the same reassuring reports. This promise of good faith and friendship was given out on Saturday, so on Sunday when word came that Russia had been mobilizing for three days to cross the German frontier, it came as a shock. But Germany still tried to ward it off by granting Russia twelve hours to give some sort of explanation for this work. This Russia did by sending some of her forces across the German frontier.

By noon on Sunday our sanitarium was in a pandemonium of excitement, as it became known that many German officers were being recalled and were busy packing their trunks to catch the first afternoon train back to the Prussian capital.

I tore down-stairs two steps at a time. In the hallway I met a German countess weeping in real sorrow while her grandmother

was trying to console her. When I inquired the reason for all this grief the grandmother said that her grandsons were officers and had been called to their different regiments.

In the dining-room that noon there were one hundred and seventy-five worried men and women of many different nationalities. They were plotting and planning how they could escape the war, or at least get to their homes. The Germans had soon decided to leave without any delay for Berlin, Frankfurt, Munich and other German cities so they could tell each other goodbye before the men started for war.

The Russian merchants and bankers were alarmed and they started for St. Petersburg and Moscow to escape being made prisoners in Germany. There were two Persian princes who hurried to the minister of war and obtained permission to take out their auto-car and started for Lucerne that very afternoon. Many Americans who had auto-cars with them made the same move trying to get to Berlin, The Hague or London, but most of these were shot at before they had gone very far. The two Persian princes barely escaped being shot as Turkish spies.

In less than two hours only thirty-five guests were left in the sanitarium; most of these were Americans and Russians who were wondering if they had not made a mistake by staying. They were comforted when they heard the next day that most of the people who had left had not gotten very far.

The thought that we were living in a military country on the eve of one of the world's greatest wars was just a little

nerve-racking. That afternoon we took a carriage drive through the woods to one of the neighboring towns. It was a beautiful summer's day, and it was hard to think that a terrible war was about to break over this placid scene. The picture was made more attractive by the many peasants out for their usual Sunday holiday in their large farm wagons. These carts were crowded with German families of the usual size, children, parents and grandparents. Though they did not look jovial, the expression of their countenances never indicated that they realized that a great war was pending.

It was after five when my mother and I returned to the sanitarium that afternoon. I had been resting less than a half-hour in the large hall when a head-waiter came and threw an extra bulletin in my lap, which read that Germany had mobilized and declared war.

The men seated near me turned pale; they were too stunned to make any comment on the situation. I waited until I had calmed myself and then I bounded up to my room. My mother was resting at the time, and by the way I tore into the room she must have thought a tiger was about to break loose from the zoo.

"It's all up! It's all up!" I cried, as I sounded a bell for a porter to come and help me pack my book-trunk. I cleared the bureau drawers and the tables and he commenced to pack with as much enthusiasm as though we were going off to join a regiment. Then I proceeded to take the dresses out of the wardrobe and began to pile everything high on the beds.

"Have you gone crazy?" my mother said, only to get the determined answer, "No, but we are off tomorrow," as I continued to add more clothes to the great pile. I proceeded to explain that I had engaged a Swiss man to take us across the frontier and then we would decide whether to go to Holland, Belgium or England.

While talking and working, I failed to notice that one of the nurses had been in the room giving my mother some medicine and had overheard the conversation. I was also unaware of the fact that she had gone down-stairs and told the head-doctor that I was informing the patients that Germany had declared war. He sent up one of his assistants, who said that I was creating a panic in his sanitarium. His remarks in German, translated into English, were somewhat like the following:

"You are an egoist to create all this excitement; don't you know that the maids are out in the hall crying?"

I answered that I was sorry if any of the women had been made hysterical by the news but I was in no way responsible for the war.

I soon saw that it was as difficult to combat the egotistical in peace as in war, so I decided to sit steady and await an opportunity. The next morning I went down at six-thirty to see what the fifty thousand guests were doing and how they took the situation. The place about the music-stand was packed with Germans and German-Americans who were listening to such strains as "Der Wacht am Rhein," "Deutschland über Alles," intermingled with our own "Star Spangled Banner." The only

comment made on these strains were the cries of "Hoch! Hoch!" from time to time. At the other end of the grounds was another mob of men and women reading the extra bulletin that a Russian regiment had crossed the frontier and Germany had declared war. The men had a worried look and the women were pale and anxious, but all showed magnificent control. There were no cries heard of "Down with Russia!" or "Down with France!" Many of these Germans were still filled with hope that Sir Edward Grey would bring these foreign powers to a satisfactory understanding.

It was not until Tuesday that the first men enlisted and martial law was proclaimed. A large part of the promenade was roped off and guarded by petty officers. Nobody crossed this plot of ground under penalty of being shot.

The proclaiming of martial law was a new experience for me, so I stood behind the ropes for hours at a time, seeing the young men come to the front, take the oath and enlist. The first regiments were only boys, still unmarried, living in romance rather than actuality. But I soon decided that it was not as hard for them to bid their sweethearts goodbye as it was a little later for fathers to bid their wives and several clinging children farewell. A week later it was even harder to see the old men, many of whom had served in the war of '70 and '71, gladly come forth again to join the rank and file. More than twenty-five thousand men enlisted in a week. They ranged from nineteen to forty-five and came from all conditions of life; the richest and the poorest alike were eager to go and fight and if necessary to die for their

country. They were impatient to change their civilian uniform for the earth-color uniforms. It was pathetic to see some of them hand over their old suits to their wives, for I wondered if they would ever use them again. But they seemed hopeful as they moved on, singing their favorite military strains. Each regiment had its favorite song; with one it was "Der Wacht am Rhein," with another "Deutschland über Alles."

This continued for a week, until twenty-five thousand men had been called out from Bad Kissingen and surrounding country. Most of these were farmers who had to drop their work before the harvesting of their grain. This work was turned over to women and children, while young boy scouts came and volunteered to work on the farms. The men were called into the different regiments mornings, noons and afternoons, until I wondered if it would ever stop. They marched off only to form new regiments. As I climbed the hill one day a middle-aged, kindly woman said to me in a choked voice, "I am giving everything I have in this world to this war, my husband and five sons. Four of them are to fight against France and two against Russia." She controlled her grief as she spoke, but it was not hard to see that her heart was broken. Many of the men working in our place were called out without getting a chance to tell wives or mothers goodbye, while one man confessed modestly that he was to be the father of a first child in less than two months. In a week's time the male population was so depleted that it was hard to find a man walking in town or out in the fields. The few

young men left were so ashamed they had not been taken that they hastened to explain that they belonged to the Landsturm and that they would be called out during the next two weeks. That most of them went willingly is shown by the fact that in a week's time Germany had over a million in arms. When a young man was refused by one ministry of war he applied to another and did not give up until he had been refused five or six times. Even the tear-stained faces of mothers and sweethearts did not influence these young men from rallying around their flag. These German women were perfect Spartans and were glad when they had four or five sons to give to their country. They are trying to do their best to fill the gaps made by husbands and sons in homes, in the fields and in the shops, taking their positions in stores, in banks and on street cars.

In a few days these peaceful Bavarian people settled down to their daily routine. They were not surprised when France as well as Russia declared war on them, for it was what they naturally expected. But the news that England also had declared war came as a terrible shock. This news fanned the fire into a terrible flame and goaded the Germans on to a point where they felt they must lose all or win all.

Although the Americans were sympathizing with all this sorrow they had plenty of worries of their own. By half-past eight in the morning and at three in the afternoon, there were such crowds of people gathered before the small banks and ticket agents that it was next to hopeless to get in without being crushed,

even if one wanted tickets or money. The Germans, Russians and English were foremost in these crowds, for the Germans felt they had to get home while the Russians or English wanted to escape being taken prisoners. Being an American, I felt that I was well protected until one morning I was stopped by a German and was accused of being a Russian. One day two of these men stopped me and I understood enough of what they were saying to know that they wanted to prove that I was a spy. Fortunately I had my passport with me, and that was enough to prove that I was an innocent American looking for friends and money instead of working with bombs.

The Americans in our sanitarium were fairly quiet until the word came that the banks were closed; at least, they would only give out money on German letters of credit. This information was aggravated by the fact that England had closed the cable in Germany. Paradoxical as it may seem, it was strange to us that the days moved on just the same, the days multiplied themselves into a week, and we had a board-bill staring us in the face with no prospect of money. I thought our host might be kind enough not to present us with a bill at the end of the week, but it came in just as usual. I was so angry that I left it there for a week without looking at it. I soon made up my mind if I could not get out of Germany the best thing to do was to bring some money into Germany.

I had some friends living in Frankfurt to whom I confided our distress. I do not know which was more difficult, keeping up a

German conversation over the telephone or assuring them I was hard pressed for money. After a dozen serious conversations over the 'phone, backed up by a number of German postals, I got two hundred and fifty dollars from one and seventy-five dollars from another. I also got two letters from friends, one from Berlin and the other from Dresden, asking if I needed help, and I hoisted the signal of distress in a hurry. Only a small part of this money could be kept as a reserve fund, as we now owed two weeks' board. Fortunately the banks had opened again and our government had sent instructions to give us money on our letters of credit, using their own discretion. I had to wait all day until I could get near a bank, and then the cashier said one hundred and fifty dollars was all we needed. When I explained it was not enough he became angry and accused me of calling him names. He made a terrible fuss in his bank and for a few moments I thought he would have me arrested. The question of money was only one of the many difficulties. Germany was so excited by the presence of spies in her midst that she at times accused the twinkling stars of being bombs thrown into the air. Determined to rid her country of spies, she sent policemen accompanied by watchdogs to search the Russians and to find out the whereabouts of the others. One morning we were notified we must all present ourselves at the schoolhouse where we were to exhibit our passports or other credentials. It was really a funny sight to watch nearly two hundred thousand Russians and Americans trying to force a way into a small schoolhouse. When the work first started,

the soldiers and first aides tried to arrange the throng in single, double and triple files, but after half an hour's venture the rope gave way and the people found themselves where they started. I was soon tired with the overpowering mob and went home to begin all over in the afternoon. After two hours hard work we had gone from the first step to the inner door. The actual work went more quickly, for when the recorder saw passports marked with the red seal of Washington, D. C., he was satisfied and asked few questions.

When the German mail man did not appear for a week it gradually dawned upon us that we were not getting our mail and we wanted to know the reason for this. We soon found out that if England had closed the cables Germany had closed the mail, and that we could not have our letters that were marked U. S. A. until they had been opened and read. Some of the more energetic Americans went to the German minister of war and complained. This complaint was sent on to Berlin. After a week's fuming and worrying they were told that they must go and have their pictures taken. Every one who wanted his mail had to pay fifty cents for a small, ugly-looking picture made payable in advance. They presented it at the ministry of war and only a small number were allowed through the gates at a time. The most daring of the soldiers teased the Russians about their names, and even had the impudence to tease the unmarried girls about their age. By the time they had pasted the pictures upon the papers, the funny-looking scrawl looked like certificates worthy

of a rogue's gallery. After these minor details had been attended to the question paramount in our minds was: "How could Uncle Sam bring all his children home?" There was a rumor that one of our warships, "The Tennessee," was to be dispatched to the other side to deliver money and good cheer. We heard that she was also authorized to buy ships, but we wondered if ships could be bought, and, if they could be, would not the other nations raise objections. A group of successful business men in our sanitarium delegated themselves as captains and pilots for an unknown ship and began studying the map of Europe. There was a great diversity of opinion as to which way we should go if we went in a body. First they recommended Switzerland, only to find out that Switzerland had closed her gates because she feared a food famine. Then they suggested Italy, but this was vetoed because Italy is hard to reach from Bavaria and the ships sailing from Italy are very small. One of their happiest suggestions was Belgium, until they heard that Belgium had been drawn into the war against her will. I think a few recommended England, but this was promptly vetoed because England was at war and the channel was choked with mines. Strangely, no one thought of Holland. In the leisure moments they busied themselves taking up a collection for the Red Cross and sending important messages to Gerard, our ambassador in Berlin. He consoled them by saying there was no immediate danger and recommended that we send for our consul in Coburg. After patiently waiting a few more days our vice-consul appeared.

He was shut up for several hours with a delegation who had invited him down. I have no idea what transpired at that important meeting, for no new work was undertaken to get us out of Germany. He was busy telling us about his hardships and that it had taken him thirty hours to make a five-hour trip. He got busy looking after the passports of those who were fortunate enough to have them and making a record of those who wanted them. He promised to get them emergency passports signed with the biggest red seals he had. As he spoke to each one of us in turn he asked for the name of some relative or friend in the United States, adding that if anything happened to us he could notify our friends at home. When the Americans worried him about how we should get home, he assured us that transports would be sent over in due time to get us all back safely.

On hearing this, my mother brought me before the vice-consul and asked him what he thought of our going to Holland by way of Berlin. The very question seemed to frighten him, for he argued that if it took thirty-two hours to make a five-hour trip, it might take weeks to go from Bavaria to Holland. He was sure that some of the tracks had been pulled up and that some of the rails and bridges might be laid with bombs. He argued that even if we escaped these difficulties we might be thrown out on the fields any time and might have to run miles crossing the frontiers. He said that the small coupés were so crowded with people that he had seen men and women stand at the stations for hours while the more fortunate ones were crushed into third-class coupés or into

baggage cars. My mother was then resolved not to move until our government should send transports to take us home and we should go home in a private car. I said nothing, but had my eyes set on Holland as my goal.

A few days later I happened to go into the Holland American agency and told the man to wire to Rotterdam and see if he could get us a room. To my surprise and delight I was informed the following week that we could have a whole cabin on the Rotterdam, sailing on the 29th of August. Then my mother refused to pay the fifty dollars down, for she was confident that the Holland American ships would not run. I kept her in the office to hold the telegram while I tore up hill to consult a successful business man from St. Louis as to whether I should pay fifty dollars down on what seemed to be a good chance. He argued that woman's intuition was often better than a man's reason and that I should follow out my original plan. I won my mother over to our way of thinking by telling her what she had still left in American Express checks and that she could use them instead of money. When we had secured a cabin I felt as rich as John Bull does since he has secured control of the English Channel. Hardly a day passed but I looked at the ticket to see that it had not been lost. Then I began to tell people at the sanitarium and wired my friends in Berlin advising them how to get out of Germany.

By this time the first mobilization was over and there was an interim of about ten days before the calling of the Landsturm,

which meant the boys from twenty-one to twenty-five and the men from forty to forty-five.

The ticket agent told us that we could go at any time, that the longer we waited the worse it would become, and that by delay we were considerably reducing our chances for getting away. He could sell us tickets for a stretch but that there were no more through tickets to be had. In contradiction to this statement, the doctor who had the sanitarium said that he had been at a committee meeting of the railroads and they admitted that there were many hardships in trying to get away at present. Every day I noticed men and women hurrying to the station carrying their hand luggage, and letting the maids from the pensions carry their small trunks.

There was an Hungarian couple at our sanitarium who had been waiting for weeks to get back to Budapest. One day the woman told me she had bought provisions for five days and they were going to start the next morning, for she thought they could make the trip in five days. This gave me new courage, for I believed that if she could get back to Budapest I could get to Berlin. At the same time I heard that long-distance telephone connections with Berlin had been reopened. After trying for some hours, I made a connection and got some friends who were stopping there. To my surprise, they told me that our Embassy in Berlin had chartered a special train and they were to be off in the morning. Still, I did not give up hope that I would meet them in Holland. The next morning I went off and bought two

dress-suitcases and a straw basket, which were to hold my most prized treasures. I put on my good spring suit, jammed three good dresses and more than a dozen waists, set aside one winter hat, and a cape to carry on my arm. Then I proceeded to unpack the jewelry case and put the jewelry into satchels.

By the time I was ready to get my Swiss courier he was gone, so I had to take a swarthy German, who had acted as interpreter at the post-office, as a substitute. When the doctor called that afternoon and saw a stranger in my mother's room he wanted to know what he was doing. I admitted that we were planning to leave the next day and intended taking him as our aide. Another storm broke on the calm, for the doctor argued that neither was my mother strong enough nor I courageous enough to make the journey alone. I said little but thought much, and was determined that it must be now or never. I ate up in my room that evening, for I did not want to talk it over with anybody and wanted to finish on my own impulse. Our chambermaid, Marie, was both surprised and worried when she heard that we were going, and said: "Think over it well, for the geheimrath knows best." That night I was so feverish that I could not sleep and I told my mother that she must decide for herself, but that my advice was for her to go. In the morning there was another discussion as to whether I should take my French books and notebooks. My mother and maid said that if they were found on me I would be arrested as a spy, but I was determined to take a chance and I am glad now that I did.

A strange incident occurred that morning when the Swiss man whom I had at first secured returned, and the German appeared a few minutes later. Our maid and a porter favored the Swiss man, so I compromised by paying the other man five dollars for his trouble. I left my mother to pack the odds and ends and to give the final decision that we were going while I went back to the minister of war to get the permission to leave. We took our luncheon in our room as we did not wish to be bombarded with questions, but a number of friends heard that we were going and they came to wish us Godspeed, brought us candy and cookies, and begged us to take letters to friends across the sea.

When we reached the station we found it guarded and patrolled by soldiers and no one could pass the gate without showing both a ticket and pass. It was even more difficult to get three seats in a coupé, for a Russian family was taking care of a sick man and said they had only places for their nurses. When we ventured into another compartment a German woman with her grandson tried to keep us out. After we had become friendly she admitted her reason was that I looked like a Russian and she refused to ride in the same compartment with a Russian woman.

We only rode a short distance when we had to get down and wait for another train going toward Berlin. We loaded up our compartment with six bottles of strawberry selzer, as we were more thirsty than hungry. At six o'clock we found ourselves seated in a small primitive station restaurant crowded with people. Among them were several active officers and a

number of retired officers on their way to Berlin. After supper I was talking with one of the petty officers, who said that they were hopeful though they knew they had hard battle ahead. Moreover, they would never forget the friendly attitude America had shown them in this terrible world war. It was twelve o'clock before we were allowed to go through the gates and another hour before our train pulled out. The conductor explained that we would have to wait an hour until an Italian train had passed. He suggested that we should take great care in crossing the railroad tracks and when we got into our seats we should not change, the reason I do not know. There were signs posted on the window, "Keep your heads in and beware of bombs." This frightened my mother so that she would not move, but I was too curious to see what was going on outside to obey orders. For one hour a half-dozen guards went over the tracks looking for bombs and then they came into our coupé looking for spies. At one o'clock we were wondering if we would ever reach Berlin without being blown up with bombs. I had a weird, strange feeling, for I saw heads now and then bobbing up in the distance. I thought they were ghosts at first, but finally discovered that they were only cavalrymen riding in the baggage car. It was nearly four o'clock when I became so exhausted that I could keep awake no longer and slept for an hour and a half in an upright position. My travelling companions, including my mother and a Norwegian woman going to Christiania, were more fortunate in this respect. We had breakfast at Weimar, and I could hardly think of this

lovely Saxon city and the center of German culture, the home of Goethe and Schiller, being disturbed by war. The large station was crowded with soldiers watching for spies. As usual, one of the soldiers believed that I was a Russian, and he was surprised to find my passport identified me as an American. I should not have minded being thought a Russian if they had not looked upon the most unsuspected people of Russia as spies. We reached Erfurt, which is known as the garden of Germany, for its beautiful flowers. Here my mother introduced me to a handsome German boy, seventeen years old, who had volunteered and was hurrying to Kiel to be accepted into the navy.

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