

## BOOKS

BY

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

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(\*under the pen name of George F. Corners)

# THE KAISER ON TRIAL

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

THE  
KAISER  
ON  
TRIAL  
PENALTIES.

ARTICLE 227.

The Allied and Associated Powers publicly arraign William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offence against international morality and the sanctity of treaties.

A special tribunal will be constituted to try the accused, thereby assuring him the guarantees essential to the right of defence. It will be composed of five judges, one appointed by each of the following Powers: namely, the United States of America, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan.

In its decision the tribunal will be guided by the highest motives of international policy, with a view to vindicating the solemn obligations of international undertakings and the validity of international morality. It will be its duty to fix the punishment which it considers should be imposed.

The Allied and Associated Powers will address a request to the Government of the Netherlands for the surrender to them of the ex-Emperor in order that he may be put on trial.

ARTICLE 228.

The German Government is denied the right of the Allied and Associated Powers to bring before military tribunals persons accused of having committed

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## PREFACE

ONCE MORE the world stands at the edge of war. It is, therefore, of the greatest interest in judging events today and their probable results, to study the period immediately before the World War.

It cannot be denied that at that time the central figure in the whole world was the German Kaiser and he occupies that place in this extraordinary book of Mr. Viereck.

Of course I knew the Kaiser personally. He was possessed of much charm and a nimble brain. He loved to appear in the martial array of the Black Hussars with the skull and cross bones in the front of his busby; but that did not mean that he loved war. Perhaps he felt as Marshal Foch once told me that war was "a dangerous adventure."

Shortly after the outbreak of the war von Gwinner (now deceased) head of the great Deutsche Bank, confided to me that, at the last minute, the Kaiser had refused to sign the declaration of war, but that the officers of the General Staff, threatening to break their swords over their knees, had forced him to consent.

When I wrote this after the war, von Gwinner denied my statement, but I have always felt that the Kaiser, having had a great slice of the power and glory of the world handed to him on a silver platter, would be loath to risk all in the adventure of war.

Mr. Viereck's book is a supposititious trial of the Kaiser; the author induces evidence on both sides for the benefit of the Jury and the High Court of History—whether he has presented the evidence or all the evidence, is another question. It would take too much of research to answer that. But the Kaiser is fortunate in having the issue presented by so skilled an advocate as Mr. Viereck.

There is always a veil mysteriously thrown over the birth of great and fearful events; even the best-informed are liable to err and, as I have said, we may form some idea of what is to happen in this much-troubled world, by studying these lessons of the immediate past.

For instance, the supposed and much talked of Crown Council at Potsdam just before the war, I believe never took place and I agree with Mr. Viereck on this. I reserve my disagreement with many of the matters set forth as facts by him; but I recommend the reading of this



book, because I believe that the old gentleman at Doorn has been too harshly treated by modern historians.

In judging the Kaiser it is worth recalling that Ballin and other men of his type were among William's intimate circle of friends and that, if he had remained on the throne, there would have been no persecution of a peaceful and industrious people.

In appraising the Kaiser's acts we must remember that like all Emperors, Kings and Presidents, he was surrounded by "Yes-men" and those who either concealed the truth or distorted it to accord with their own feelings and prejudices. Haroun-Al-Rashid, sneaking about the streets of Bagdad in nightly disguise, was perhaps the only ruler who obtained a fair measure of the sentiments of his subjects.

And as Emperors are surrounded by "Yes-men," so the plain citizen is beset by propaganda. Perhaps in reading Mr. Viereck's book both the Kaiser and the citizen will find the solution of many problems.

JAMES W. GERARD

## IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN

ONCE AGAIN, as in 1914, the War God casts his shadow over the earth. The "Haves" and the "Have-nots" among the nations, to use a phrase immortalized by Colonel House, are preparing for the impending conflict on a scale unprecedented in the annals of humankind.

Russia, itching to push the borders of Bolshevism into the heart of Europe and of Asia, assembles an army surpassing in numbers the hosts of Alexander and Genghis Khan. Armed to the teeth, Germany, mourning lost provinces and possessions, casts longing glances at the granaries of the Ukraine. Mussolini dreams visions of reviving the Roman Empire upon the wreckage of Britain. Japan sets up puppet states in China, but her ultimate objective is the conquest of the Dutch East Indies and Australia. France and her satellites sharpen their knives to defend French hegemony and the loot of the World War. Great Britain, grimly preparing to defend against all comers the spoils of centuries, faces not only these three hungry nations, but constant threats of armed revolt in Africa and in India, and the loosening of imperial ties.

Like the City of the Apocalypse, the world is divided into three parts, Fascists, Communists and those who, vacillating between the two extremes, cling to the remnants of democracy. Spain may be the proving ground of the new Armageddon. The Spanish episode may be to the second World War what the Balkan squabbles were to the first. In the meantime Germany, Italy and Japan eagerly strive to consolidate the anti-Bolshevist Bloc. France and Czechoslovakia, in spite of sober misgivings, have listened to Russian enticements. Under the soft persuasion of Moscow, Communists in the two countries render lip-service to Parliamentary government, but their dagger is ever poised to knife their comrades of the Popular Front at the psychological moment.

England is half committed to France, but powerful sectors of public opinion, reaching into the Cabinet itself, prefer Hitler and Mussolini to Stalin. This should be a safeguard of neutrality—unfortunately it is a doubtful one. England was similarly divided in 1914, but the "gentlemanly" agreements of Sir Edward Grey tipped the scales in favor of war. Who knows what secret commitments repose today in the archives of foreign offices or in the private files of Ministers? Every day the battle-line assumes more definite contours. The War of

Ideologies, intensified by the hunger for raw materials and by the wounds left by the last war, tends to culminate in a cataclysm that may spell the end of civilization.

"When," I recently asked a distinguished American historian, famed on both sides of the Atlantic, "do you think the next World War will burst upon us?" The scholar looked at me quizzically. "I am an optimist. I do not think it will come for another two years." If a thousand years are as a day before God, two years are but a minute in the life of a nation. Mankind, like a beaten cur, still licks its wounds from the last war. Even America, richest of nations, is only beginning to dig her way out of the wreckage that followed the false prosperity of the war. The generation that fought in the trenches is still living. They fought the war "to end war." They swore "never again!" But their voices grow dimmer and dimmer. Innumerable forces, ideological, economic, social, racial, political, geographical, conspire to provoke a new conflict. Statesmen quake at the thought; nevertheless they lie and intrigue; they jockey for position and vie for prestige, driven by some demon over which they have no control, exactly as they did in 1914.

There is probably no one who really wants war. But, ensnared by their own propaganda, led astray by the will o' the wisp of idiosyncrasies, shibboleths and illusions, their feet will stumble into the pit as they stumbled twenty-three years ago. Already some siren voice lisps: "Can America refuse to make common cause with the democracies of the world?" "Can America," other voices rumble, "fail to fight the Red Menace?" In news dispatches from European capitals these suggestions and insinuations appear with alarming frequency. Learned pundits, unable to read the lesson of Woodrow Wilson's tragic failure, gravely consider Uncle Sam's duty to make the world once more "safe for democracy." A smaller group, forgetful of our futile and unsuccessful intervention in Russia, urge us to make common cause with the enemies of Communism.

The most sinister symptom of all are the trial balloons, filled with vain promises by our defaulting debtors. Under certain conditions, they hint, they might resume the payment of War Debts so shamelessly repudiated by them. In the coming conflict, as in the last, victory—however Pyrrhic—belongs to the side that wins the support of America. No group of nations can wage a long war successfully without American engines, American oil and American metals. Even if our European friends fail to lure us into hostilities (in the beginning), they will im-

plore us to overbuild and to oversell. In the end we shall hold the bag for victor and vanquished alike, as we did in the World War.

Once upon a time, three thousand miles of ocean afforded a formidable protection against involvements in the quarrels of Europe. That day is past. Radio, television, airships and airplanes, annihilate distance. We have, however, three bulwarks against being drawn into the maelstrom: our neutrality legislation; the Johnson Act, forbidding loans by banks and individuals to defaulting debtor nations; and our common sense. With every chicanery possible, by every form of persuasion, the prospective belligerents attempt to break down these safeguards. They cajole us and flatter us to wrest from us promises of support for one side or the other. Yet the complete abstention of America from the quarrels of Europe and Asia is the only policy that can still prevent a world conflagration.

If, led by the United States, the two Americas utterly refuse to have dealings with either group of belligerents in case of war, the quarreling nations may—though the hope is faint—find a peaceful solution of their difficulties. At any rate, if America abstains, it should be possible to confine the flames to the Old World. We have paid in blood and we have paid in gold to the tune of 45 billion dollars (according to General Hagood) for Mr. Wilson's dream of world peace. What have we earned? Disappointment, ingratitude, disillusionment. The after-effects of the war have shaken our economic system to its foundation. It is doubtful whether we or any country could sustain, without complete social and material disintegration, another World War, fought more desperately, with more terrible weapons and with more iron determination than the preliminary engagement that began in 1914 and has not ended to this day.

Now more than ever before it is vital for our well-being to recall the events that led to the conflict. Unless we understand thoroughly the errors of the past, we cannot act wisely now. The present volume dramatizes in the person of William II the events that preceded the World War. It is an attempt to probe the mystery of what happened and an admonition against its repetition. In *Roosevelt—A Study in Ambivalence* (1919), I dissected one phase of the war psychosis that temporarily paralyzed our intelligence and our sense of fair play. *Spreading Germs of Hate* (1930), recognized as an impartial study by Edward M. House, who graciously consented to write the foreword, enlightened the American people on the ways of the war propagandists.

I am pleased to note that Walter Millis, author of *The Road to War* and other courageous writers have drawn inspiration from its pages. In the meantime propaganda has assumed gigantic proportions undreamed of by Northcliffe and Creel.

In a third book, *The Strangest Friendship in History—Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House* (1932), I demonstrated how Woodrow Wilson was sucked into the whirlpool of war against his inclinations and against the solemn pledge that won his re-election, by the blandishments of propagandists, the pressure of money lenders and his own heroic illusions. *The Kaiser on Trial* reveals how William II was drawn into the war as was Woodrow Wilson, by masters of intrigue at home and abroad, by accidents, blunders and misunderstandings, by madmen parading as statesmen, by lying friends and hypocritical foes. The recital of what went on in the foreign offices, royal palaces and embassies of Europe, should open our eyes to the menace of secret diplomacy and international embroilments.

The same intrigues that flourished before 1914 are going on today; the same surreptitious whispers make the rounds at dinner tables and in the clubs; the same obscure plots are being spun from continent to continent, from ocean to ocean. The men whose idiosyncrasies, blunders, bickerings and ambitions make war inevitable, are not necessarily villains. They may be dreamers, they may be madmen or honest men impelled by confused motives to lead their nations into abysses. But must we follow them on the road to ruin like rats led to destruction by the Pied Piper of Hamelin? We followed in 1917. The Piper then, as today, played the tune of democracy; then, as today, he promised to save the world from the nightmare of militarism. We all know the dénouement.

I have cast the story of William II in the form of a trial before the High Court of History at the suggestion of my brilliant friend, Fulton Oursler. In 1937, Adolf Hitler, in the name of the German Government, solemnly repudiated Germany's signature to the War Guilt clause of the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Such unilateral declarations have no universal validity until, or unless, they are confirmed by the High Court of History. Moreover William II was charged at Versailles not only with the War Guilt, but with divers crimes against international morality. He has been accused, even by German critics, of destroying the German Empire by innumerable personal and political malfeas-

ances, official and unofficial, from his dismissal of Bismarck to his crossing of the Dutch border; even his marriage to Princess Hermine is a count in the indictment against him.

All these accusations are aired in the trial. The case of William II is heard by international judges before an international jury. Both the Prosecution and the Defense state their case emphatically. As in *The Dybbuk*, witnesses for and against the Defendant are cited from the living and the dead. The statements of the Prosecution are borrowed, sometimes literally, from state documents and the writings of hostile historians. The arguments of the Defense are drawn from a vast literature presenting Germany's case. The sentiments and observations attributed to the witnesses are historically and psychologically authentic; they are abstracted from books, memoirs and personal confidences. Every statement placed in the mouth of the imperial Defendant is taken, with slight stylistic adjustments required by literary exigencies, from the Emperor's written and oral communications, from authorized interviews, and from books published with his sanction. Those who are interested in my sources, will find them in the Appendix.

*The Kaiser on Trial* is not a pedantic attempt to reproduce the imaginary proceedings word by word from court records. If such had been my intention it would have been necessary to write ten volumes, not one. This volume is a summary of the trial as seen by one reporter according to his lights. Like the Judges of the High Court, this reporter is more interested in justice than in the technicalities of the law, more concerned with psychological currents and undercurrents than with external events. But the importance of accuracy is not underestimated. Although this book is a portrait of a man, not a textbook, every endeavor was made to ascertain not only the psychological, but the historical truth. The trial form is a novel literary device for presenting the case effectively; it is not essential to my argument. The validity of my facts will not be impaired, if the historical student chooses to ignore my allegorical framework.

I have not come to my task unprepared. I have freely drawn upon innumerable archives and books listed in the back of this volume. I have waded through oceans of newspaper clippings. These sources are, for the most part, available to others. Unlike most others, I have been privileged to stray behind the scenes of vital events. Historian I am not, but I have brushed elbows with history. William II has honored me with his confidence. Armed with the knowledge gained by personal

contact with the Emperor and his entourage, I have reconstructed the events that led to the war and the motives, unconscious and conscious, of him whom the world called "The War Lord". The Emperor's letters to me, another unique source of information, cover a period of many years.

"My relations with Mr. Viereck," the Emperor explained in a letter to Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, "date from 1921. Since then,"—I am quoting the Emperor literally,—"I have regularly sent him material, partly in form of articles which he edited or used or prepared for the press. . . . In his valiant and strenuous fights for my person, he slowly converted many Americans from their mistaken attitude toward me as the Devil who let loose the war. No American newspaper or syndicate or individual has been allowed to publish anything about me except through Mr. Viereck. . . . Thus he has become the center of all material relating to my work, the sole exponent of my ideas, with my full confidence in the way he thinks best fit for their dissemination."

"You are," the Kaiser wrote me three years later, "so far, the only newspaperman who ever entered Doorn as my guest, and you are to remain an exception from the rule." To this day there has been no change in this rule. I have been His Majesty's house guest on many occasions, and have remained in touch with House Doorn.

I have learned much, not only from His Majesty the Emperor, but from members of the imperial family. I know or knew personally many of the actors who played a part in the tragedy of the War and the travesty of the Peace. I have talked and corresponded with the great German leaders, war-lords, foreign ministers, diplomats, Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, General Erich Ludendorff, Field Marshal August von Mackensen, Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, Dr. Alfred Zimmermann, Friedrich Rosen, Count Johann von Bernstorff, etc., etc.

My contacts have not been confined to the German side. I discussed the war from many angles with Marshal Joffre and with Marshal Foch. I talked to the Tiger Clemenceau shortly before his death. Sir William Wiseman, head of the British Secret Service in the United States during the war, told me astounding things. I received first hand information from Italy's one-time Premier, Francesco Saverio Nitti, from Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden and others who struggled vainly for peace, from William Jennings Bryan, who encouraged and advised me in my battle against the war, from Theodore Roosevelt, whose friendship, temporary estrangements notwithstanding, I shall

always treasure, and from Edward Mandell House, who unfolded to me some of his secrets. Though never on terms of familiarity with Woodrow Wilson, I had access to his unpublished letters reposing in the House collection at Yale. Ambassador Gerard surprised me with startling disclosures. I tilted lances with Robert Lansing, Wilson's Secretary of State, in public, and broke bread with his successor, Bainbridge Colby.

I am indebted to various historical students for personal aid. Professor Friedrich Thimme who edited, with Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy, *Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette 1871-1914*,—forty volumes of Germany's diplomatic history, from the founding of the German Empire to the outbreak of the World War—, guided my steps through labyrinths of German diplomacy. Baron Ulrich von Sell, the Emperor's spokesman in Berlin, prepared for me a list of one hundred books and patiently replied to many inquiries. I am beholden to both Dr. Kurt Jagow, the Emperor's historical adviser and to Lt.-Colonel Alfred Niemann, the Emperor's aide and his most sympathetic interpreter, to Baron Leopold von Kleist, to General Wilhelm von Dommès, to Count Detlef von Moltke and others, who faithfully serve their Emperor in exile. My correspondence with Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, Foreign Minister in 1914, and my conversations with Friedrich von Rosen, one-time Foreign Minister of Germany, have enlightened me personally on many phases hardly touched upon in their reminiscences.

I must share with others the credit for whatever virtues this book possesses. I must bear alone the blame for its faults. My interpretations are entirely my own. Irrespective of my relationship with the Kaiser, the present venture is neither authorized nor inspired by William II. Frequently my conclusions are at variance with those of the Emperor and his circle. Some of the secrets I shall disclose are known only to a few historians; some—bearing on his own psychology—are probably not even known to the Kaiser himself, for what man can look into his own soul? Few men, for that matter, can look into the souls of others.

The German leaders who dominated the scene under William II may seem a particularly eccentric and unmoral lot. That conclusion is unwarranted. They were neither more nor less eccentric and unmoral than their opposite numbers in other lands. Nor is there any reason for believing that international morality has improved since their day. The world is governed neither by reason nor by justice. "Open covenants



openly arrived at" are still derided by diplomats. The price of peace is incessant scrutiny by the governed of the actions of their governors.

The case is not without parallel in history. Members of Abraham Lincoln's own cabinet attempted to sabotage his policies; his Secretary of War openly intrigued against him. Military leaders looked upon their Commander-in-Chief with extreme skepticism. The newspapers carried on against him a violent campaign of vilification. Yet Lincoln was almost always right and his critics were almost always wrong. History has justified Lincoln. Will it justify William when the whole truth is known? Is there one truth, or are there many truths? Ultimate truth, I take it, is a veiled Goddess, and it is given to no man to remove the last veil. I am content to wrest even the fragment of one veil from her face. Perhaps, after many men labor as I have done, the outline of her features will be at least faintly discernible.

I concealed neither my German blood nor my German friendships during the War. I make no secret of them now. I am proud of the Emperor's friendship. My affection and admiration for William II is one of the reasons for writing this book. I have striven hard to present his case objectively. There are times when, perhaps, I have leaned backward too far. Irrespective of the success of my efforts, my warning is as timely today as the alarums I sounded from the advent of the World War to April 6, 1917. My principal motive in releasing this volume at this time, is not to exonerate the Kaiser or to whitewash Germany, but to save America, the land to which my grandfather came in 1848, the land where my mother was born, the land of my children, from the peril of yielding to the insidious wiles of foreign influence and of disregarding, for the second time, the last will of Washington.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

NEW YORK,  
NOVEMBER 1937.

# THE KAISER ON TRIAL

CHAPTER I  
PROLOGUE

THE STATELY AVENUES OF VERSAILLES. Men in uniforms glittering with stars and decorations. From the walls of the historic old palace, the time-dimmed portraits of the French monarchs look down in astonishment. Not since the grandiose fêtes of Louis XIV, has the ancient edifice beheld so colorful a scene.

Squadrons of troops. Nimble Japanese, dusky Egyptians, Arabians in white draperies, English, French and Italian diplomats with miles of gold braid. In this riot of color, sombre-garbed Americans seem black specks in the sun. All the nations of the world, all colors and all creeds, commingle.

It is eleven o'clock. The huge doors of the Hall of Mirrors open slowly, affording a glimpse into the diplomatic Holy of Holies.

Long rows of tables covered with green cloth. Vast mirrors repeating each image to infinity. They reflect the unaccustomed spectacle with studied indifference. With a similar haughty stare, the mirrors of Versailles threw back the reflection of Madame de Pompadour's powdered minions and the uncouth revels of the Jacobins.

Maybe they recollect other brilliant occasions. Perhaps they could conjure up the figure of William I, announcing to an assembly of kings and generals the rebirth of a German Empire.

Forty-eight years have streamed down to that sea whose waters are formed by the River Lethe since William, the White Beard, proclaimed the resurrection of Barbarossa, the Red Beard, who once ruled a united Germany. Once more the Hall of Mirrors overflows with a gala assemblage. The emissaries of twenty-eight warring nations are gathered to dictate peace terms to a Germany crushed and deceived.

The delegates are in a serious mood. The exultation of victory is sobered by the solemnity of this fateful occasion. Woodrow Wilson's face is pale and drawn. Twitches pass crookedly across his features, preliminary lightning flashes foretelling a storm. At his right stands the man whom he called his "other self"—slight of figure, yet commanding attention, with his blue luminous eyes. Today his eyes are clouded. He knows the Peace Treaty promulgated at Versailles lays foundations not for peace, but for war.

Lloyd George shakes his white mane. He shares the secret of Colonel House. But his mind bubbles with new catchwords for the next election. He is not now concerned with the next generation—the generation that may have to pay with its blood for the folly of its progenitors.

But there is one old man, seated at the President's table, who has no misgivings. Every line of his body, every wrinkle of his face, the very twist of his bushy eyebrows, proclaims triumph. His eyes flash with concentrated fury. His stocky frame somehow conveys the impression of a tiger springing upon his prey. For forty-seven years Clemenceau has awaited this hour of vengeance.

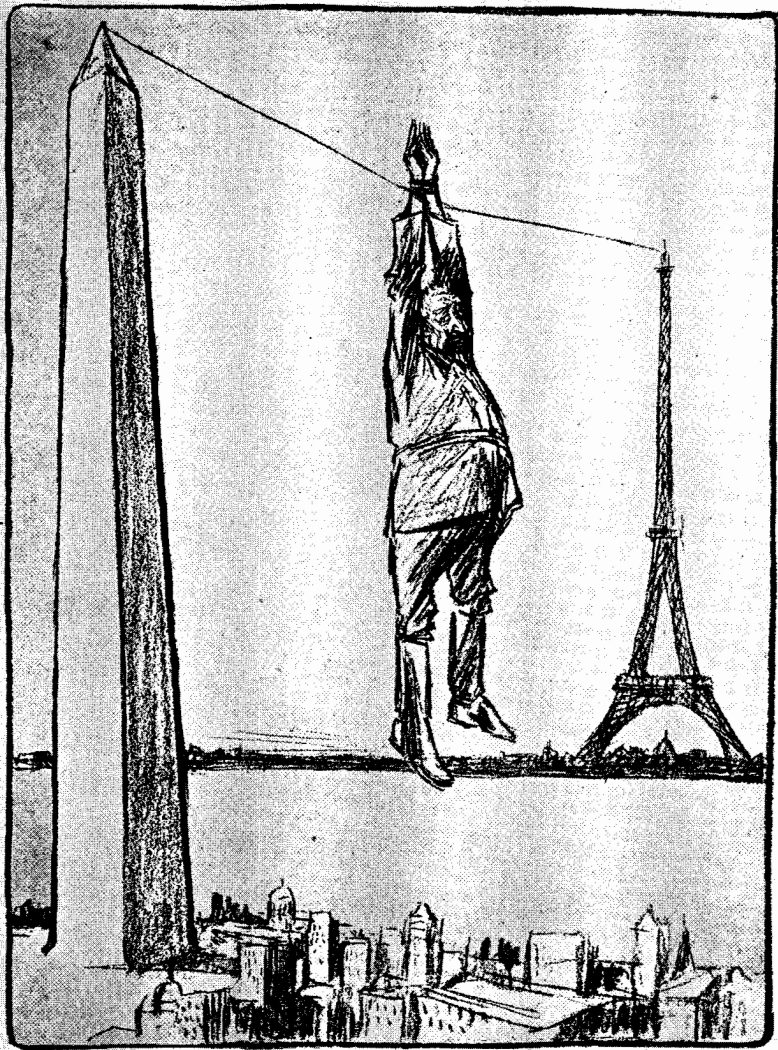
The French Premier rises to his feet and begins his speech. His unctuous phrases cannot hide his joy as he demolishes with one blow the hope of the Germans and Woodrow Wilson's vision of a new morality among nations. He affixes his signature to the Peace Treaty of Versailles.

Herded together like prisoners, pallid and worn, waits a group of men, led into the room by a side-entrance. It is the German delegation. At their head, chalk-white in his black morning coat, stands the Foreign Minister of the new German Republic, the Socialist Hermann Müller.

No places are reserved for the German delegates at the long green tables of the council hall. It is not a peace between equals that is being concluded here. Both in form and content, it is a dictated peace, violating in every one of its innumerable provisions the solemn assurances made on behalf of the Allied and Associated Powers by the author of the Fourteen Points.

Three weeks before, Germany's plenipotentiary, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, had hurled a fiery protest into the teeth of the men who made the peace, with the calm white anger and the contemptuous poise of a Gothic chieftain marching in chains in a Roman triumph. Brockdorff-Rantzau disdained to lend to the treaty the dignity of his honest name. More courageous than his parliament, he resigned. Germany, disarmed by trickery, torn by internal dissension, has no choice save surrender. The German delegates sign on the dotted line and file out, leaving the victors to their celebration.

Twenty-four hours later, the official printing establishments of nearly all nations are busy and spit out a bulky volume. "The Peace Treaty Between Germany and the Allied and Associated Powers",—the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan,



“Hang the Kaiser”

The cartoonist takes up the election cry of Lloyd George. The British Premier climbed to political success on the prospective scaffold of William II



“Sign on the Dotted Line”

Clemenceau, flanked on the left by Lloyd George, and on the right by Woodrow Wilson, asks the German Delegation at Versailles to accept the judgment of the Allies

Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, China, Cuba, Ecuador, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, the Hedjaz, Honduras, Liberia, Nicaragua, Panama, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Roumania, the Serb-Croat-Slovene State, Siam, Czecho-Slovakia and Uruguay.

Consisting of sixteen sections and numberless paragraphs, the enormous compendium makes its way to desks and libraries. Countless curious hands finger the pages. Innumerable eyes glue themselves to the paragraphs and stipulations that ostensibly herald peace on earth to men and nations of good will.

Among the thousands of articles and paragraphs of the celebrated Treaty, stands out Article 227:

The Allied and Associated Powers publicly arraign William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties.

A special tribunal will be constituted to try the accused, thereby assuring him the guarantees essential to the right of defense. It will be composed of five judges, one appointed by each of the following powers: namely, the United States of America, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan.

In its decision the tribunal will be guided by the highest motives of international policy, with a view to vindicating the solemn obligations of international morality. It will be its duty to fix the punishment which it considers should be imposed.

The Allied and Associated Powers will address a request to the Government of the Netherlands for the surrender to them of the ex-Emperor in order that he may be put on trial.

Holland refused to deliver the imperial exile to a jury of his foes. The trial of William II still waits.

What would have been the procedure if the Kaiser had appeared at the judgment bar envisaged in the Treaty of Versailles? Five plenipotentiaries, acting as judge, prosecutor and jury in one, would have arraigned the accused, in a courtroom re-echoing with the cry of the street: "Hang the Kaiser."

From beginning to end, five thumbs pointing downward would have anticipated the verdict before it was uttered. Such a trial would have been a rape of truth, a violation of the spirit of history, an insult to human intelligence. Nevertheless, in justice to the Kaiser, in justice to Germany, in justice to mankind, the trial must transpire somewhere, somehow. Sooner or later every man is tried.

Some philosophers hold that the human mind can imagine nothing that does not somehow translate itself into reality. Every word becomes flesh. Every thought eventually incarnates itself. Somewhere, somehow, will take place the trial of William II. The world's mind will be the courtroom, the world's conscience the jury. History will don alternately the robes of Defender and Prosecutor. She will summon as witnesses the quick and the dead. Before such a court, the dead may call the living, the living summon the dead.

Five judges preside over the trial, as envisaged in the Peace Treaty; but they are not political puppets. Shrewd, but not too shrewd to appreciate candor; wise, but not too wise to be human; old, but not too old to be indifferent, they take their accustomed places. Every one of the five is a jurist distinguished for his impartiality and his profound knowledge of the law beyond the law. It is the spirit, not the paragraph of legal procedure, that rules this court room. The Presiding Justice, whose silver hair contrasts vividly with his sombre robes, is a learned Hollander. Of his colleagues one, somewhat bald, is a German; another whose blond hair is slightly gray at the temples, an Englishman. The fourth judge, aristocratic and graceful, is a Frenchman. The fire of his eyes outshines his blue black beard and hair as he vivaciously debates doubtful points with the fifth, a tall narrow-faced Yankee, around whose mouth and gray-blue eyes laughter and hard work have left a net-work of crinkly lines. When the task becomes too heavy for the Presiding Justice, his associates will, in turn, conduct the trial.

After the judges the twelve Jurors, men and women selected from the intelligentsia of many countries, enter. It is not the Jury of his Peers, of which the Kaiser had dreamed. Monarchs make history, but the final verdict upon them is pronounced by the people. The Jurors are divided by no prejudice of race; the common purpose to do justice binds them together. Juror One is a Frenchman who talks gravely to Juror Two, a German. Juror Three, an Italian with deeply furrowed brow, discusses some mooted point with a Chinawoman, Juror Four. Juror Five, a Scandinavian woman and Juror Six, a gray-haired Jew, looking like one of the inspired prophets of the Old Testament, shake their heads in disagreement.

A vivacious Argentinian, Juror Seven, and a Russian woman, Juror Eight, are engaged in an animated controversy with Juror Nine, an



American with piercing eager eyes. A robust, but thoughtful Swiss, Juror Ten, grasps the hand of an Irishman, Juror Eleven, whose high forehead suggests a cathedral. Masked, watching the proceedings eagerly, unidentified and unknown for the time being, the Twelfth Juror sits by himself.

The Public Prosecutor and the Public Defender are ready with an immense array of witnesses, living and dead. Before this tribunal William II, one-time German Emperor and King of Prussia, will plead his case.

Led by his son Herbert, the shade of the Iron Chancellor, Prince Otto von Bismarck, will tap with his cane impatiently against the Bar of Justice. Still elegant, still the dandy, Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg, once the Kaiser's best friend, will wring his perfumed hands. There will be the Emperor's governor, Hinzpeter, and his chancellors, Caprivi, Buelow, Hohenlohe, Bethmann-Hollweg, Prince Max von Baden, etc. Soldiers, statesmen and diplomats galore will be witnesses and spectators. Sinister, secretive as ever, Holstein—the Man with the Hyena Eyes—will blink in the glare of the candelabra. Waldersee will watch the proceedings with a mocking smile. Moltke and Hentsch, the men who lost the Battle on the Marne, will be there in uniform. Hindenburg and Ludendorff will consult as of old. The Prime Ministers of many foreign nations, historians of many lands, will add their evidence. There will be Georges Clemenceau, still furiously himself, the agile-minded Lloyd George, Nitti, the temperamental Italian, the shrewd Edward Mandell House, the self-righteous Robert Lansing, and Woodrow Wilson, the Icarus whose wings melted at Versailles.

Many royal personages will appear either as witnesses, or as observers. We shall see the aged Queen Victoria, still moved by sympathy for the Defendant and still at odds with her son, Edward VII. Francis Joseph will listen, observing all that happens through half-closed lids. Nicholas II, the last of the Czars, Abdul Hamid, the last of the Sultans, will attend, bewildered by the spectacle. The Kaiser's grandfather, William I; his parents, Emperor Frederick III and his mother Victoria, Princess Royal of England, known to history as Empress Frederick; Empress Augusta Victoria, the Emperor's first wife; Empress Hermine, the wife of his Exile; Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, his heir, will raise their hands and swear in due form to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Private letters and secret archives will be ransacked by the Defense

and the Prosecution. Historians will wrangle over the evidence. Now and then the present writer, who reports in his own way the gist of the trial, will offer personal information to confirm the testimony of the Emperor and his contemporaries.

The Trial of William II will be the trial of an epoch.

Where is the scene of the trial? It is the majestic edifice of the Peace Palace of the Hague, raised from its earthly foundations to a metaphysical plane. Free of mundane affiliations and fixations, in magic isolation, the spectacle begins.

The spotlight plays upon willing and unwilling witnesses as they enter the stand and as they make their exit. Now and then it shifts to the Attorney for the Prosecution or the Defense. The Court and the Jurors listen intently. They know that this trial will make and unmake history. Occasionally the Chief Justice or one of his associates will question a witness directly. It will be no easy matter, he knows, to sift the contradictory evidence and to pierce the clouds of false imputations and half-truths that surround the enigmatic figure of William II. Legal quibbles, invented for the sole purpose of gagging the truth, will not be tolerated. Technical procedure will be cast to the winds.

The court criers announce the arrival of the five Justices.

Hear ye, hear ye!

The Judges take their places.

The trial commences.

After a few brief preliminaries, the Public Prosecutor begins to speak. The Kaiser, William II, listens without flinching to the articles of indictment. The indictment incorporates not only the impeachment of the Allies, but equally grave accusations made against the Emperor by his own people.

Garbed in black, the Prosecutor cites a long list of crimes imputed to William of Hohenzollern. "The Kaiser," (so runs the impassioned exhortation) "called to the throne of a powerful and prosperous realm, dissipated his patrimony. He disregarded the bland preachments of his gentle father, and broke the heart of his mother. He supplanted the wise giant whose shoulders had borne the burden of Empire, with sycophants and parasites.

"When, at the last, he stole across poor ravished Belgium like a thief in the night, he left behind him ruin and wreckage. Millions of his subjects laid down their lives for their Sovereign. After leading his

people into a sea of carnage, he deserted them, unwilling to face their judgment.

"Actuated by morbid delusions of greatness, vacillating between weakness and ferocity, at once blustering and irresolute, William II blasphemously claimed partnership with the Almighty.

"Felonious or foolish, he unleashed a world conflagration. Folly or no, the World War was not an accident. It was a premeditated and malicious plot concocted by William II against humanity, against law, against civilization. Like Attila, like Genghis Khan, like his vandal ancestors, the Kaiser was actuated by blood lust. He stopped at nothing however criminal to achieve his goal—world domination.

"Gliding underseas, his submarines slaughtered innocent women and children, while his Zeppelins, sailing in the clouds, wrought havoc among the dwellers of peaceful cities. Borrowing arms from the arsenals of hell, William II spewed forth poison gases, blinding and suffocating the defenders of civilization.

"Not content with making a scrap of paper of his most solemn engagements, the German War Lord demolished hospitals and cathedrals. Great libraries went up in smoke to satisfy his sadistic rage.

"Striding over the bodies of the slain and the smoking ruins of temples, the Kaiser trampled under his bloody heel the whole peace-loving and civilized world. He demolished good faith among nations and saddled pestilence, revolution and famine upon the human race.

"For these countless crimes we demand the supreme penalty this court can impose:—to make his name anathema forever among all just men."

The indictment is damning. Among those who watch the trial there are some who are convinced that it states the case against William with complete fairness. Others shake their heads doubtfully. William is not without friends. The Court possesses resources denied to any earthly tribunal. The Defense, like the Prosecution, invokes strange forms, apparitions and ghosts from heaven and hell. Phantoms lurking in the Emperor's subconscious mind bear testimony for and against him. Ere Defense and Prosecution rest, what a procession of men and masks make their bow before the Court!

The trial will not be short. Serious charges merit serious consideration. It will be days and weeks before the Jurors, sifting contradictory evidence and conflicting depositions, can determine the guilt or innocence of the Defendant.

With every word, every bit of evidence, the darkness slowly dissolves. Truth emerges. The speeches are incantations.

In the midst of these esoteric events, once more the cynosure of all eyes, dignified, erect, proudly wearing his field-gray uniform, stands William II of Hohenzollern.

## CHAPTER II

### THE DAWN OF ARMAGEDDON

ON THE FIRST DAY of the trial, the Public Prosecutor, swarthy, monocled, shrewd, eloquently restated the familiar argument attributing to Germany and her Emperor the guilt of the World War. Germany herself, the Prosecutor insisted, confessed her guilt when she accepted Article 231 of the Peace Treaty of Versailles. "The Allied and Associated Governments affirm and Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies."

"But," interrupted the Public Defender, his eyes flashing with the fire of truth-seeking, "on January 30, 1937, Adolf Hitler solemnly withdrew Germany's signature from the War Guilt clause of the Peace Treaty of Versailles." Tall, alert, rosy-cheeked, stern, he defiantly faces his adversary.

"A unilateral repudiation is not," the Public Prosecutor rejoined, "legally or morally valid. It will not be effective unless the intelligent opinion of the world acknowledges Germany's innocence."

"It is to determine this matter," the Public Defender retorted, "that my client is now standing trial before the High Court of History."

"Until the Jury reverses the verdict of Versailles, mankind will hold Germany and her one-time ruler guilty of the greatest crime against humanity that any nation calling itself 'civilized' has ever consciously committed."

Borrowing literally from the note addressed by the Allied and Associated Powers to the German Peace Delegation at Versailles, the Prosecution once more vehemently launched its attack.

"For many years the rulers of Germany, true to the Prussian tradition, strove for a position of dominance in Europe. They were not satisfied with that growing prosperity and influence to which Germany was entitled, and which all other nations were willing to accord her, in the society of free and equal peoples. They required that they should be able to dictate and tyrannize over a subservient Europe, as they dictated and tyrannized over a subservient Germany.

"In order to attain their ends they used every channel in their power through which to educate their own subjects in the doctrine that might was right in international affairs. They never ceased to expand German armaments by land and sea, and to propagate the falsehood that this was necessary because Germany's neighbours were jealous of her prosperity and power. They sought to sow hostility and suspicion instead of friendship between nations. They developed a system of espionage and intrigue which enabled them to stir up internal rebellion and unrest and even to make secret offensive preparations within the territory of their neighbours whereby they might, when the moment came, strike them down with greater certainty and ease. They kept Europe in a ferment by threats of violence and when they found that their neighbours were resolved to resist their arrogant will, they determined to assert their predominance in Europe by force.

"As soon as their preparations were complete, they encouraged a subservient ally to declare war against Serbia at forty-eight hours' notice, knowing full well that a conflict involving the control of the Balkans could not be localized and almost certainly meant a general war. In order to make doubly sure, they refused every attempt at conciliation and conference until it was too late, and made inevitable the World War for which they had plotted, and for which alone among the nations they were fully equipped and prepared."

Then, analyzing minute by minute, hour by hour, the events which followed the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, the Attorney insinuated that the Emperor had staged an elaborate deception when he went forth on his northern trip. "William II and his advisers," the Public Prosecutor continued, "had decided upon war. The conduct of Germany is almost unexampled in human history. The terrible responsibility which lies at her doors can be seen in the fact that not less than seven million dead lie buried in Europe, while more than twenty million others carry upon them the evidence of wounds and sufferings, because Germany saw fit to gratify her lust for tyranny by resort to war.

"The war against the Allied and Associated Powers cannot be treated on any other basis than as a crime against humanity and right."

"The Public Prosecutor," bitingly retorted the Attorney for the Defense, "has not introduced a single new argument. The repetition of a falsehood does not make it true." He then proceeded to picture for the



William I



Frederick III



William II

Three German Emperors



Two Emperors on Horseback  
William II and his aged ally, Francis Joseph



Count Berchtold, Austria's  
Foreign Minister  
He dispatched the ultimatum to  
Serbia



The Kaiser and his murdered  
Friend  
(Archduke Francis Ferdinand)



High Court of History, with many references to authorities, the Dawn of Armageddon.

JUNE 28, 1914

Through the narrow streets of Sarajevo rings a shot. That shot proclaims the end of a millennium. With the body of Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, an entire social order tumbles. Thrones, empires and dynasties, armies—perhaps even the supremacy of white civilization—totter.

It was a Serbian, Princip, patriot or assassin, who fired the fateful shot. The hapless ultimatum to Serbia originated in the brain of Count Berchtold, Foreign Minister of Austria. The first gun roared in the Balkans. The first important declaration of war was implicit in the mobilization of Russia. Yet, persuaded by deft propaganda, whom did the world anathematize as the aggressor?

Not Count Berchtold, not Princip the Serbian, not the sinister cabal of Grand Dukes behind the Czar, not Isvolski, his ambassador in Paris, who proudly proclaimed: "This is my War"; not France, aching for vengeance, not the vacillating Sir Edward Grey, caught in the trap of his own secret commitments, not the stupidity of statesmen in all countries, concealing their blunders and idiosyncrasies under the mask of Machiavelli, but—William II. With a curious perversity, blind alike to psychology and truth, Germany's enemies at once accused the one man who had kept the peace of Europe for a generation.

They singled out the Kaiser as the author of the World War. Yet, on the day of the assassination he was sailing peaceably in the waters of the Baltic Sea. The week preceding the declaration of war also found him in the Baltic where—if his enemies had acted more quickly—they might have captured the royal bird.

The younger generation, fed on mendacious propaganda, blithely assumes that, when Princip's shot was fired, all the slumbering hatreds and passions of Europe burst into flame at once. The reality is very different. June blossomed into July. The sultry summer days of 1914 succeeded one another peacefully without the beat of the war drums. There were alarms, but Europe had trembled so long that it no longer believed in war. The cry of "wolf" had ceased to startle.

"One should not," remarked the aged Francis Joseph, referring to the assassination of his disliked nephew, "provoke the Almighty." At the obsequies of his heir, the aged monarch did not appear. In pouring

rain, the Archduke and his morganatic wife were borne to their destined resting place in a distant castle.

Perhaps the only person outside the circle of his immediate family who entertained one spark of human feeling for the luckless Archduke was William II, his hunting companion of many years. His first impulse was to rush to Vienna for the funeral. The Kaiser abandoned this plan only because it was politely conveyed to him that it was fraught with needless danger and would embarrass the Austrian government.

The assassination of the Archduke ceased to enliven the headlines. Kaiser Wilhelm cancelled the races at Kiel. The Czar plunged his nation into three weeks of mourning. Russia suggested that the Hague Peace Tribunal be summoned to apportion the responsibility for the crime. The Serbian Government, which had tolerated the terrorist organization of which Princip was a member, anxiously watched the Chancelleries of Europe. Parades, diversions, receptions, pursued their wonted course.

Having decided not to attend the funeral in person, the German Kaiser returned to Potsdam, and instructed his Ambassador in Vienna to support the representations of the Austrian Government to Serbia. The Kaiser's viewpoint on the Balkan situation was well established. Nearly two years before the present crisis, when Balkan troubles threatened to embroil Europe in war, the Kaiser, for the third time in his reign, had saved the peace of Europe.

"Austria," he scribbled on the margin of a naval report in 1912, "has unexpectedly adopted a sharp dictatorial claim in her demands on Serbia. This may have a provocative effect and induce complications. Russia appears disposed to support the aspirations of Serbia and might thus come in conflict with Austria-Hungary. This will constitute a *casus foederis* for Germany, in accordance with the Treaty; for Vienna would be attacked from St. Petersburg, mobilization would ensue, and Berlin would be compelled to fight on two fronts. Paris would doubtless be supported by London. Germany would thus be forced into a struggle for her very existence against three great powers in a war in which she would stake everything and the end might be ruin." No German Emperor, William wrote, could reconcile with his conscience risking Germany's existence for such a reason.

Twenty months after William II penned this statement, Princip's gun flashed. If the demons of the infernal regions, the dark powers

that invisibly labor for the destruction of humanity, wished to alter the Kaiser's views, they could not possibly have found means better suited to their purpose than the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne.

The shock of the shot was calculated to convert the twentieth-century statesman into a monarch with medieval traditions. The victim was not only William's friend, but a scion of the most ancient and venerable dynasty in the Western world. The murderer sprang from a nation whose throne was held by an upstart regicide. The very generosity of his character, his conception of fidelity and kingly comradeship, impelled William II to avenge the murder of his royal friend. He envisaged punishment for the regicides, not a World War. Serbia to him was not a state but a nest of assassins.

"This time," he exclaimed after the murder of the Archduke, "they will see that I shall not give way." At the Ballhausplatz in Vienna, in the stately halls of the Foreign Office, this imperial remark was freely repeated. "This time," Count Berchtold opined, "when the army is mobilized, it will not be in vain."

In the brain of the Count the idea that a small war with Serbia was needed to untangle the snarl of the Danube Monarchy, took root. Berchtold confidentially inquired in Berlin if the German Government would support Austria's measures to exact retribution for the murder of Franz Ferdinand. The posing of this question at this fatal moment fore-ordained the world conflagration. Without inquiring what demands Austria intended to make upon Serbia, Bethmann-Hollweg rashly replied: "Germany will stand by her ally."

With Bethmann-Hollweg's assurance in his pocket, Berchtold proceeded with his plan. Neither the German Chancellor, nor his sovereign, William II, foresaw that this assurance paved the way to the collapse of all Europe. The idea of a World War did not at that moment seriously suggest itself. Perhaps Austria would make war on Serbia. That was looked upon in the light of a punitive expedition, to which Germany could raise no objection—in view of the ruthlessness of the crime, the involvement of the Serbian officials, and their systematic anti-Austrian agitation. War on an extended scale was considered unlikely.

"I do not believe," the Kaiser remarks to Admiral Capelle, shortly after the Chancellor's answer had been conveyed to Berchtold, "that the war will spread any further. I cannot imagine that the Czar will ally himself with the assassins of princes." The Kaiser, nevertheless, asks

his Chancellor: "Bethmann, I'm worried by the tension in the Balkans. Do you think I had better abandon my northern trip?"

The question dumbfounds the Chancellor.

"On the contrary," he retorts, "I strongly advise Your Majesty to take your customary holiday. There will be no war. If you were to change your plans, it would only create the impression that we desired or contemplated hostilities."

William II starts north. He never dreams that this will be his last excursion into his beloved northern seas. The Foreign Office is equally unsuspecting. Gottlieb von Jagow, the Foreign Secretary, prolongs a belated honeymoon in Luzerne. Nor is there the slightest evidence of alarm in Army Headquarters. The Chief Quartermaster (an office later held by Ludendorff) is on leave of absence in Hanover to fulfill the pious duty of burying an aunt.

The heads of the army and navy are recuperating in foreign spas. The head of the civil government, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, plans a prolonged vacation on his private estate.

All this hardly warrants the assumption that the government machinery was gearing itself for the conflict. The suggestion that it was all part of an elaborate game to deceive the world is preposterous. If the Germans had a talent for that sort of thing, they would have stage-managed their entrance into the War itself with more ingenuity.

On the day of his departure, the Kaiser once more receives his Generals. Some curious intuition forewarns him of evils that might arise when his hand is withdrawn from the steering wheel. Lank and professional, Bethmann-Hollweg pooh-poohs his alarm. "War," he categorically assures His Majesty, "is out of the question." In view of this assurance the Kaiser and his Minister of War agree that it is unnecessary to make any special arrangement for provisioning the army. Contemplated purchases of large food consignments in Amsterdam are cancelled. When, a few days later, the World War begins, the Allies snap up the provisions.

"Shall I," General von Falkenhayn, Minister of War, asks the Kaiser, "make any new disposition?"

"No," the Kaiser replies, "the possibility of war is remote."

With that powerful right arm of his, he slaps his Minister of War on the back in the friendly fashion peculiar to him, and conveys a message to General Moltke, Chief of the General Staff, not to curtail his vacation.

Temporarily relieved from anxiety, the Kaiser speeds to Kiel. He waves aside the offer of the Admirals to make some special provision for his protection. Soon his yacht, the snow-white *Hohenzollern*, plies tranquilly among the fjords of Norway and Sweden. The Kaiser stands upon the bridge. His glance roves across the green expanse. In the distance the Swedish cliffs dissolve in the ominous light of a blood-red sun.

The Kaiser's forehead is wrinkled. Troubled by some inner voice, he again inquires in Berlin: "Shall I break off my journey?" Again Bethmann-Hollweg advises him to continue his cruise.

Alone with the ocean and himself, the Kaiser reviews the panorama of his reign. It was not without good reason that he had been christened "The Peace Kaiser." The epithet was applied as often in derogation as it was with respect. There were generals who shook their heads at the Emperor's pacific propensities. Wearing resplendent uniforms glittering with decorations, they formed a circle around him. The message that lurked in their glances spelled War. "You have the finest army in the world—test its mettle. The best sword will rust if it is not drawn from its scabbard."

"I have always," the Kaiser says to himself, "warded off the fateful suggestion. Three times in the last twenty-six years I have averted a World War." Gazing at the blood of the sun, the Kaiser recalls the saber-rattling days of the Boer War. "At that time," he murmurs, "all Germany was clamoring for action. It was, perhaps, its supreme opportunity to seize the mastery of the world. I was probably the only German who was pacifically disposed towards England."

The picture of his worshipped grandmother, Queen Victoria, intrudes itself. He sees himself as a little lad, heroically keeping still, while the mighty Queen with those stubby royal hands of hers, draws his picture in water colors. The picture remains with him; it is his dearest possession. It is with him at Doorn.—

"I closed my eyes against the saber-rattling of the army and navy. I refused to receive Krueger, the Boer President, when he made his tour of Europe. No one thanked me for that—neither England nor Germany. Yet it was I and none other, who prevented an encounter which would have ensanguined five continents and seven seas."

In his mind's eye, the Emperor sees Morocco—Europe's Box of Pandora. "If I had acted then as Holstein advised, the whole world would

have gone up in flames. England, France, Russia, Austria, even Germany, all were ready to fling themselves with sudden frenzy into a World War. For what? A sand pile—on the Atlantic Ocean. France was spoiling for a fight. Delcassé, her Foreign Minister, looked upon war as the culmination of all his policies. Russia was ready to assist—in return for a new French loan. How clumsily that fellow Buelow had managed! How often I was forced to caution my Chancellor and to insist upon peace!”

An angry cloud blows across his forehead at the thought of Prince Buelow. “I preserved peace, even at the cost of my prestige. My courage was questioned, my wisdom denied. It is easy enough for statesmen to play with war, but it is hard for a sovereign who feels keenly his responsibility to God. It is this personal responsibility,” the Kaiser mutters to himself, “not Parliaments, that safeguards peace.”

1912

On his apocalyptic horse the War God rode through the Balkan states. Turks, Bulgarians, Serbs, Montenegrans enacted a World War in miniature.

“Austria-Hungary,” the Kaiser muses, “had proclaimed a partial mobilization. I intervened. I refused to unchain the demons of a World War, on account of Albanian and Montenegrin quarrels. Perhaps Bismarck’s words reverberated in my brain. It was he who said: ‘All the Balkans are not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier.’” Again, at the thought of the great Chancellor, a cloud darkens his features.

What was happening now was an echo of a Balkan War. It was a minor dispute between Austria and Serbia. “Bethmann and Jagow have vowed to me that they will adjust the matter without serious trouble. The worst that can happen will be a war between Serbia and Austria. I have no obligation to intervene in this argument between two neighbors. Nothing compels me to save the murderers of my friend from punishment. After all, the world cannot be governed by assassination . . .”

Slowly the ship glides through the waves. The Kaiser is deeply sunk in thought. Suddenly he starts. Someone is approaching. Voices become audible. An aide stands before him with a Norwegian newspaper. Hurriedly the Kaiser’s eyes traverse the pages. His brows contract. His hand trembles slightly. Then it drops to his side. Austria-

Hungary's ultimatum to Serbia falls to the deck. The Kaiser recovers his self-possession. In the deathly stillness his voice assumes an almost ghostly sound: "I must go back at once or there will be war." He so informs Bethmann-Hollweg.

The Chancellor begs his sovereign to postpone his return to Berlin. He, the Chancellor, will achieve a master-stroke of diplomacy and avert the impending conflict. Conscious of the constant criticism of his "meddling," the Emperor allows himself to be persuaded. "I shall wait at Odde in the Utne Fjord for the Serbian answer. "The Serbs," he adds gloomily, "cannot accept Austria's demands. No nation can accept such conditions . . ."

While the Kaiser, tense and excited, waits at Odde for the Serbian reply, Baron Giesl, the Austrian representative in Belgrade, delivers another devastating ultimatum to the Serbian Government. The whole city knows in two hours that Austria means to destroy Serbia. Rumors fly to and fro; all the leaders are alternately condemned to death, deposed or banished. There is universal confusion.

The next day the aged Serbian Prime Minister, Pashitch, arrives in Belgrade. He is closeted all day with the Cabinet. But no decision is reached. Within twenty-four hours, on July 25th, the ultimatum expires. Belgrade appeals to the Little White Father in Moscow. How will he respond to the plea of his fellow-Slavs? Serbia is no match for Austria-Hungary. The dynasty, the nation itself, is endangered. But Moscow is silent. At the zero hour Pashitch proposes surrender. Except for several unimportant modifications he unconditionally accepts the humiliating conditions. But he protests against the conduct of judicial investigations by Austria on Serbian territory.

Pashitch himself delivers the document at the Austrian Legation. The Austrian Minister, Baron Giesl, hardly takes time to read the reply. Before Pashitch is back at the Foreign Office, diplomatic relations are severed. Thirty-five minutes after the interview with Pashitch the Austrian Minister, homeward bound, crosses the bridge over the Danube. At the same hour, at the gate of St. John in Jena, a poplar falls, the last of the three Peace Poplars, planted at the Congress of Vienna one hundred years before . . .

At the Odde in the Fjord of Utne, the Kaiser paces the deck feverishly, convinced that Serbia's answer must be "no". Unable to banish gloomy forebodings, he gives orders to return home at once. Two ships cleave the Northern waters. One bears the Kaiser, alarmed and

sick at heart, returning with all speed to Berlin. The other carries the French President, Raymond Poincaré, flushed with hope of revenge for 1871, hastening back to Paris from his visit to Russia. Somewhere, somehow, the paths of the two ships were bound to cross. What if the two men had met! What a grimly fantastic spectacle if the heads of the German and the French nations had exchanged friendly greetings on the high seas on July 25, 1914!

Landing on German soil, the Kaiser learns that Serbia has accepted the ultimatum with few minor exceptions. He draws a breath of relief. In large characters he scrawls in the margin of the dispatch: "A brilliant achievement in the brief space of forty-eight hours! This eliminates every reason for war."

"Plessen," the Kaiser calls to his aide, "send a telegram to von Moltke. Tell him that Austria now lacks any pretext for war. Serbia has complied with all the demands of Vienna."

When, a few hours later, the Kaiser arrives at Potsdam he is received by a broken man in parade uniform. Bethmann-Hollweg, helpless and befuddled, informs him that Austria, ignoring Belgrade's concessions, has broken off diplomatic relations with Serbia. War is now inevitable. The Chancellor is at the end of his rope. Bethmann-Hollweg owed his elevation largely to the recommendation of his predecessor. Sharp tongues called Bethmann-Hollweg "Buelow's revenge on William II."

Interrupting the formal reception and the Chancellor's speech, William inquires angrily: "How did all this come about? You told me that war was out of the question."

Completely crushed, Bethmann-Hollweg admits: "Sire, I was mistaken. With Your Majesty's gracious permission I shall at once place my resignation in your hands."

William replies with asperity: "Resign, of course not! You have cooked this mess for me, now clean it up."

The Emperor moves fast to save the situation. But events move faster. In vain he urges his cousins, George and Nicholas, to localize the struggle. "Nicky" is helpless. When, in response to an urgent appeal from "Willie," he wants to stop the mobilization, his order is calmly ignored. Russian mobilization proceeds.

The Emperor offers to refrain from military measures against France, if England will unconditionally guarantee French neutrality. This England confesses itself unwilling to do. King George, it is true,





The Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg



"You have cooked this mess for me; now clean it up"



"I know no Parties, I know only Germans"

The Kaiser speaking from the balcony of the Palace in Berlin, August 1, 1914

in a formal telegram asks William not to attack France. But England has dallied too long. As always, since the days of Elizabeth, her attitude has been equivocal.

The Kaiser makes an heroic attempt to avert the juggernaut. He is influenced by dispatches from his ambassador in London, Prince Carl Max Lichnowsky who, misunderstanding a dubious statement by Sir Edward Grey, believes that England will remain neutral if Germany pledges herself not to attack France.

In a telegram of August 1st to King George, the Kaiser informs his cousin that

On technical grounds the mobilization which has already been proclaimed this afternoon must proceed against two fronts, east and west, as prepared. This cannot be countermanded, because unfortunately your telegram came so late. But if France offers me neutrality, which must be guaranteed by the British fleet and army, I shall, of course, refrain from attacking France, and employ my troops elsewhere. I hope that France will not become jumpy. The troops on my frontier are being stopped by telegraph and telephone from crossing into France.

The Kaiser, still hoping to avert a universal war, asks Moltke to direct his mobilization solely against the East.

Moltke shakes his head.

"A mobilization once in progress cannot be stopped without causing hopeless confusion and exposing Germany to the mercy of her vindictive foes, for unlike Russia and France, Germany is menaced on two fronts.

"The advance of millions of men," the distraught Moltke argues, "cannot be improvised. If Your Majesty insists in directing the whole army to the East, they will be converted presently to a hungry rabble of armed free-booters."

"Your uncle would have given me a different answer," William retorts icily.

"It is absolutely impossible," Moltke counters, "to advance otherwise than according to plan—in force towards the West, in moderate numbers towards the East."

Smashed by technicalities, the last prospect of peace fades.

All that can be done is to delay the advance. "The 16th Division," the Emperor peremptorily orders, "will not move to Luxemburg."

"I felt that my heart would break," Moltke reporting this incident, writes in his diary. "Once more there was danger of disorganizing our

advance. When I reached home, I was crushed and shed tears of despair. I sat thus inert in a gloomy silence in my room until eleven o'clock, when I was again summoned by the Emperor."

Moltke sighs with relief when he is told that the die is cast. France and Russia have proved recalcitrant. Austria-Hungary, fearing for her existence, insists upon punishing Serbia. William's last hectic effort to stop the World War has failed. Russia and France prepare to pounce upon Germany. Germany, with a chivalrous gesture, uncalled for under the circumstances, officially declares war on St. Petersburg and Paris. If the Germans were capable of Machiavellian politics, they would have left the onus of declaring war to others; they would not have put themselves in the wrong.

The Kaiser's intervention on behalf of peace broke Moltke's spirit. "I have the feeling," he confides to his diary, "that I shall never overcome the effects of this experience. Something was destroyed in me that can never be restored."

There is no doubt that French and Russian mobilization preceded Germany's, but France had agreed not to approach within ten kilometers of the German border. Confronted with this fact by the Prosecution, the Emperor cites Telegram 222 from Isvolski: "The order to withdraw all French troops ten kilometers from the German border," he exclaimed, "was given solely for the hypocritical purpose of making France appear to British eyes as the injured party, ruthlessly assailed by Germany. Maurice Paléologue, French Ambassador to St. Petersburg, betrays in his memoirs the sinister truth that the secret mobilization of the entire Russian Army was ordered on July 29, 1914."

"Germany," the Emperor continues, "has revealed all her secrets. When all the other archives are thrown open with equal candour it will be seen that, two years before 1914, certain powers in Russia, controlling both the Government and the Czar, were resolved to embroil the two Empires, Russia and Germany, against the will of both their rulers, and that men high in power in other countries were accessories before the crime."

AUGUST 1, 1914

Excited groups surge up and down Unter den Linden. Officers, soldiers, civilians, workers, women, children, throng the great square before the Old Palace. Germany is united. Poor and rich, young and old, all are one, certain of victory. The Palace is unguarded by the

police. "No mounted constabulary, no palace guard, nothing," says the Kaiser, "shall intervene between me and my people on this historic day."

For hours the people mill and shout and burst into patriotic songs. Suddenly the crowd grows silent, as if a magician had waved his wand. From the balcony of his Palace, William II speaks to all Germany.

As William gazes upon the surging crowds, he is moved by an unwonted exultation. Tears rush to his eyes. At last he is one with his people. The intrigue and the chatter are gone, dissolved in the fire of patriotic devotion. Workers, householders, officers, all parties stand before his Palace, eager to renew the old oath of fidelity.

Slowly William II raises his hand. Slowly he speaks. His words ring across the square with the solemn assurance of an old church bell. He finds the one word Germany needs: "I know no more parties—I know only Germans."

For decades William had contended with a phantom, the phantom of Bismarck. Today the long duel is ended. For decades the ominous heritage of Bismarck's hate had weighed on his shoulders. No matter what he did, there was always the murmur: "Bismarck would have acted differently! . . . If Bismarck were still here!"

Hosts of officials, courtiers and citizens fixed menacing and admonitory eyes upon William. They noted the slightest misstep, the narrowest deviation from the path of the angry old Giant. At last the titanic ghost of the dead magician is laid by the exorcism of war. At last William is Emperor. In that epic moment William forgets his anger at Bismarck's unhappy successor, Bethmann-Hollweg. William is not merely the monarch but the incarnation of Germany. The man William has vanished; he is the Caesar of the Germans. Carried away by the current, he is indeed for the time being the embodiment of his people, their leader.

Events whirl past him as in a dream. He stands in the great salon of the Palace, receiving his Generals. The eyes of the Generals glitter. "War," they seem to say, "war at last." There has been no war in Germany since 1871. Since 1871 the Army had been drilled and drilled until it was the best in the world. No wonder some of the leaders were tired of waiting. Those who harbor presentiments of evil, lock up the secret in the Emperor's presence.

Moltke's features are pale but resolute. Falkenhayn's tense coun-

tenance bespeaks grim determination. The long beard of Tirpitz waves triumphantly. "We shall win the War," the Generals and Admirals advise their master, "and bring lasting peace to Europe."

Schlieffen's old plan flies from mouth to mouth. That plan provides for the quick elimination of France, followed by an equally swift conquest of Russia. The regiments disposed on the carefully drawn maps submitted to the Kaiser, look like peaceful sheep grazing in a meadow. With pedantic exactitude, the old Field Marshal has made careful provision for every day, every hour of the war on two fronts.

The Kaiser listens and is convinced. Both his father and his grandfather had won glories in the field. He would have preferred to build up Germany like the father of Frederick the Great, who gave his son the wherewithal with which to defend his country. He did not wish to fight. But fate had determined to place the sword in his hand.

The Kaiser draws some mystic consolation from the fact that the man at the head of his army bears the name of von Moltke, a name rendered glorious by the hero who won three wars for his grandfather.

"The war will last three months at the longest," one of the Generals declares. The Kaiser's eyes grow misty with gratitude and pride.

The wheels of the vast machinery of the German Army revolve with clock-like precision. Trains roll into the railway stations filled with men in gray uniforms. Men who fling away the tools of their trade proudly wear "the Kaiser's coat." In the City of Coblenz, near the border, quarters for the General Staff are made ready. The personnel of the High Command races to the front in eleven packed trains.

Detachments of troops march singing through Germany's cities. Thousands of volunteers, including many from Alsace-Lorraine, flock to the colors. Women toss flowers and cigarettes to the soldier boys. Flags are waved. Bands play "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz". "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Deutschland über Alles", resound from sixty million throats. The German people pay homage to their Caesar!

Similar scenes take place in Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg. All Europe dances to the tune of the Pied Piper—War. Italy, though nominally a member of the Triple Alliance, has already made secret pledges to stab her allies in the back. On August 4th, England enters the War, citing as her reason the invasion of Belgium, an essential part of the Schlieffen Plan. Yet no one in Germany, least of all the Kaiser, seriously believed England would declare war because of the breach of Belgian neutrality.

"England will never fight a nation that is her kin by blood," Bethmann-Hollweg repeated again and again. "My whole policy," later declared the chancellor apologetically, "was based upon peace with England."

Poor Bethmann-Hollweg!

After portraying the plight of Bethmann-Hollweg, the Attorney for Defense called upon his first witness of the day: David Lloyd George, former Premier of England and one of the Big Four at Versailles.

All eyes centered on the rugged, stocky little figure of the witness. Well the assemblage knew that this brilliant orator's actions were always unpredictable, that his words always entailed some surprise. Would the surprise redound to the favor of the Defendant or of the Prosecutor? The spectators settled back in their wooden chairs and waited. Visibly delighted at the size of his audience, Lloyd George, with imperiously folded arms, also waited.

"Mr. Lloyd George," began the Attorney for Defense, "at Versailles you insisted on the inclusion of the war-guilt clause. During the English elections of that time, you not only proclaimed the guilt of the Kaiser but were good enough to suggest the suitable punishment. Your slogan then was, 'Hang the Kaiser!' Do you still hold those opinions now? You may dislike the Defendant personally, but do you still hold him guilty of starting the war?"

"The last thing the vainglorious Kaiser wanted was a European war," replied the spirited Welshman, simply and bluntly.

"Then upon which of the world's statesmen would you place the blame? That is a problem of the highest interest to the Jury."

"If I were on a jury trying any of the men who were in control of affairs at that date, I should bring against most of them a verdict of manslaughter rather than of murder. Among the rulers and statesmen who alone could give the final word which caused great armies to spring from the ground and march to and across frontiers, one can see now clearly that not one of them wanted war; certainly not on that scale."

"Was there no exception to this, no statesman upon whose back history will place the appalling burden of guilt?"

Lloyd George pondered a minute. "The possible exception," he declared, after considerable hesitation, "is the foolish Berchtold, the

Austrian Minister, upon whom must be fixed the chief personal responsibility for most of what happened. As to the rest, they all shrank from the prospect. Least of all could it be said that the aged Francis Joseph wanted war."

"How would you summarize the general cause of the disaster?"

"Aimlessness and muddle! In looking back upon the incidents of those few eventful days one feels as though one were recalling a nightmare, and after reading most of the literature explaining why the nations went to war and who was responsible, the impression left on my mind is one of utter chaos, confusion, feebleness and futility, especially of a stubborn refusal to face the rapidly approaching cataclysm."

Having gained his point, the Defense made way for the Prosecution.

"I take it that you place the chief blame on what you call 'muddle,'" summarized the Prosecutor, fixating the former Prime Minister with his monocle. "But a muddle-headed man who stumbles into war is just as great a menace to society as the criminal who starts a war deliberately. Can you point out any traits in the Kaiser's notoriously muddled character which led him into war?"

"Yes, I can," shouted Lloyd George, almost with glee. "The last fatal days before the War present the pitiable spectacle of a man torn between fear, common sense, and vanity, the two former pulling him back from the chasm—the latter pushing him relentlessly over the brink."

"And exactly why did the Kaiser's vanity push him over the brink?"

"His popularity with the Army was definitely on the wane. They realized that he had not the heart of a soldier, and that he was not the man who would lead them into battle—if he could avoid a fight. He knew that any symptom of shrinking or shuddering at the prospect of a great fight would finally forfeit the last remnant of respect for him in the breasts of the soldiers he adored. This he could not face."

"Would England have entered the war if the Kaiser's armies had not marched through defenseless Belgium?"

David Lloyd George shook his flowing white locks in furious denial. Burning with indignation, throwing his fiery gaze over the heads of the twelve Jurors as if he was again addressing the millions of his constituents before Election Day, he roared, "The Germans had signed a treaty not merely to respect, but to protect the neutrality of Belgium. Great Britain was a party to that compact. If any one broke its terms, Britain was bound to throw in her might against the invader."

Lloyd George was the smallest person in the court-room, yet by the



sheer dynamic energy of his personality he dominated the scene. He seemed to recapture the first fine careless rapture of his youth. Once again he was the magnetic Welsh spellbinder. "The threatened invasion of Belgium had set the country on fire from sea to sea. Before then the Cabinet was hopelessly divided—fully one third, if not one half, being opposed to our entry into the War. But Belgium," he thundered, "was responsible for the change. After the German ultimatum to Belgium the Cabinet was almost unanimous."

With a flush of triumph, the Prosecutor dismissed the eloquent witness.

"Before this session is done," snapped the Defense Attorney, "we shall present overwhelming proof that England was pledged to come to the aid of France and Russia regardless of Belgium. This Gentleman's Agreement, about which Sir Edward Grey lied like a gentleman, left England no choice. We have all listened with great interest to Lloyd George's testimony. How seriously are we to take it? That is what we have all been wondering.

"May I point out that another great English Premier, who understood him well, has called Lloyd George 'a weathercock sensitive to the slightest change in the wind of popular fancy.' He has declared, 'Lloyd George has been on all sides of all questions. His mind is like a pendulum, constantly swinging from one side to another.' The man who said this is Ramsay MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald, will you please take the stand!"

Amid murmurs of curiosity along the aisles, uniformed ushers conducted one of the star witnesses for the Defense. Less dynamic than his predecessor on the stand, less the orator, more the man of contemplation, the gray-haired ex-Socialist M.P. and ex-Premier took his place.

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald," remarked the Defense, "as the leader of the English Peace Party in Parliament, will you describe the state of affairs in your country when the war broke out?"

"The hard immovable fact," replied the witness addressing himself straight to the Jury, "is that Sir Edward Grey had so pledged the country's honor without the country's knowledge to fight for France or Russia that he was not in the position even to discuss neutrality. That was the state of affairs on July 20th and it did not depend on anything Germany did or did not do after that date."

"How was England's honor pledged to France?"

"There were first of all the 'conversations' between French and British naval and army experts from 1906 onward. These produced plans of naval and military operations which France and we were to take jointly together. It was in accordance with these schemes that the northern coast of France was left unprotected by the French Navy. When Sir Edward Grey evoked our sympathy on the ground that the French northern coast was unprotected, he did not tell us that he had agreed that it should be unprotected and that the French Fleet should be concentrated in the Mediterranean. These 'conversations' were carried on for about six years without the knowledge and consent of the Cabinet."

"Did Germany give Grey any fair opportunity to keep England out of the war?"

"So anxious was Germany to confine the limits of the war, that the German Ambassador asked Sir Edward Grey to propose his own conditions of neutrality. Sir Edward Grey declined to discuss the matter. This fact was suppressed by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith in their speeches in Parliament. Sir Edward Grey declined to consider neutrality on any condition and refrained from reporting his conversations to the House. Why? It was the most important proposal that Germany made."

"In view of the accusation that the Kaiser's actions forced England into war, I now wish to ask you an extremely important question. Do you believe England would have stayed neutral if Grey had told Parliament this proposal of Germany's?"

"Had this been told us by Sir Edward Grey, his speech could not have worked up a war sentiment," replied the earnest ex-Premier in a voice vibrant with anger. "The country had been so helplessly committed to fight for France and Russia that Sir Edward Grey had to refuse pointblank every overture made by Germany to keep us out of the conflict."

"Then what was the significance of Belgium?"

"When Sir Edward Grey failed to secure peace between Germany and Russia, he worked deliberately to involve us in the war, using Belgium as his chief excuse."

"Fascinating speculation," the Prosecutor smoothly interjected, "fascinating speculation! But the fact remains that Germany did invade Belgium, and only *after* this invasion did England declare war on Germany. What England would have done if Germany had not so

brutally invaded Belgium is something history will never know. Here we deal with things that have happened. Consequently, I assume a Jury so intelligent as this one will consider the charges of Mr. MacDonald and the Defense against Grey not as objective evidence but as prejudiced speculation in a vacuum of make-believe."

"On the contrary," objected the Public Defender, stung to action as he saw that some Jurors were obviously impressed with the Prosecutor's statement, "I can cite Grey's own words in support of our so-called speculation."

"Nothing," retorted the Prosecutor, "can change Mr. Asquith's official declaration to Parliament of August 6, 1914, 'We are fighting to fulfill a solemn international obligation, to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed.' The head of the British Government and his Foreign Minister were of one mind on the subject of Belgium."

"Exactly four days prior to this pious explanation of Mr. Asquith," resumed the Defense, "his colleague Grey had written to the French Ambassador, 'I am authorized to give an assurance that if the German Fleet comes into the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against the French coast or shipping, the British Fleet will give all the protection in its power.' These words were written before Germany invaded Belgium. England would have gone to war whenever the German Fleet was employed against its enemy France, even if the German Army had never crossed Belgium. Belgium was only a pretext, for the English Navy was already secretly committed to France."

"Nonetheless," interrupted the Prosecutor, "Asquith officially told the House of Commons on April 6th: 'England has been kept free. We are not tied by obligations to any power.'"

"And on August 2, 1914," continued the Defense, ignoring the interruption, "before the invasion of Belgium, Grey explained to the British Ambassador at Paris: 'It was essential to the French Government, whose Fleet had long been concentrated in the Mediterranean, to know how to make their dispositions with their North Coast entirely undefended. We therefore thought it necessary to give them this assurance. It does not bind us to go to war with Germany *unless* the German Fleet comes through the North Sea or into the English Channel.'"

"That little word *unless*, Gentlemen of the Jury, is one of the crucial

points of evidence in the whole war guilt question. It means that the British Fleet would have fired on a German Fleet entering the North Sea—*before* England's Declaration of War and *before* Germany's invasion of Belgium. Yet how, I ask you, could the German Navy attack France, with whom it was at war, except by entering the North Sea? The question before us this morning is whether the Kaiser is guilty of forcing peaceful England into war by sanctioning the invasion of Belgium. Gentlemen of the Jury, that one word *unless* damns the apologists of Sir Edward Grey."

Sir Edward Grey listened with a supercilious smile but did not venture to contradict the testimony. Instead of Sir Edward, it was Nitti, Francesco Nitti, one-time Prime Minister of Italy, who took the stand. Noticing the restlessness of the Jurors as the morning session neared its close, the Attorney for the Defense hastened to the point.

"Italy has been Germany's ally and has been her foe. You were Premier both before and after the schism. In the light of all your knowledge of events before and after the World War, do you hold the Defendant responsible for the conflict?"

"Documents published at Berlin, at Petrograd, at Moscow and in neutral countries," replied the former Prime Minister without hesitation, "prove that the responsibility for the world conflict can not be laid exclusively at the door of Germany and Austria-Hungary, but that it lies at least in equal measure with France and Russia. Mr. Lloyd George has felt bound to acknowledge this truth honestly [in his writings]. Before 1914 France and Russia were preparing intensely for war. In 1913 their armies were larger than those of the Triple Alliance."

"If the Kaiser is innocent, then who is guilty of provoking the War?"

"Monsieur Poincaré always advocated violence and war. France incited Russia to prepare a large army and a large navy."

"Every crime must have some motive. What was Poincaré's?"

"France never resigned herself to the defeat of 1870. Worsted, she had no other aspiration than to revenge her defeat."

Satisfied, the Defense turned the witness over to the Prosecutor who was busily thumbing a sheaf of Italian documents.

"Signor Nitti, you have just laid the blame on your faithful comrades and allies of the war. Yet I have documents in my possession which record a different position. Were you, or were you not one of the official signatories of the Treaty of Versailles?"

"I was."

"Is it not true that you yourself have repeatedly accused Germany and her Kaiser of being responsible for the War?"

"I myself," replied Nitti without the slightest sign of embarrassment, "in order to exalt the spirit of the Italians, have said and written that the responsibility of the war belonged to Germany. During the war we proclaimed that Germany and her allies were alone guilty and that Germany was guilty of unbelievable outrages."

"Consistency, 'the hobgoblin of little minds' " drawled the Prosecutor pleasantly, "is clearly not one of your vices. However, I fear that will hardly persuade twelve intelligent Jurors to take such contradictory evidence seriously. Has the Defense any more questions to ask of this witness?"

Startled into confusion from his premature elation, the Emperor's Attorney gasped, "How does the witness explain his self-contradictions?"

"When a nation is at war fighting for her life," said the Italian, unruffled, "any means that kindles hate and increases resistance seems justified. While the struggle is going on, only one thing is necessary—victory. The enemy must be made as black as possible, inhuman in cruelty, wholly evil in purpose."

"What has changed your attitude?"

"When the war is ended and danger is over, truth should return. The truth has been too long suppressed or ignored since the war."

"Come to the point, please. Do you now agree with Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty—Yes or No?"

"Once and for all—NO!"

"Come, come," purred the Prosecutor. "You are one of the signatories of that much discussed Treaty. It ill becomes you to denounce your own handiwork. You of all people know that Germany formally acknowledged her guilt and the guilt of her ruler, the Defendant."

"In the Peace Treaty the victors forced the conquered to declare that Germany was alone to blame for every crime—an acknowledgment without value because made under duress. The Treaties concluded after the European War are founded on rapine and on fraud—a disgrace to humanity. The victors kept none of the promises they had made in the hour of danger; they forgot all principles of 'liberty' and of 'self-determination' ". Nitti raised his voice. "The Treaties of Versailles, of Saint Germain-en-Laye, of Trianon, of Neuilly and of Sèvres are the shame of modern civilization!"

Leaving neither the Prosecution nor the Defense wholly satisfied and the Jurors debating heatedly among themselves, Francesco Nitti strode out of the court room.

"A shot from a gun fired on June 28, 1914," concluded the Attorney for the Defense, "killed a man. But on June 28th five years later the scratch of a pen under the Peace Treaty of Versailles killed a dream—the dream of a new law among nations, self-determination and justice. Princip's crime began a world war; the signers of Versailles perpetuated that war and turned the whole world into an armed camp. Such it will remain until the last provision, the last article, the last tittle of that Treaty is expunged from the record."

"Whose fault was it that the local conflict between Austria and Serbia became a world conflagration?"

"England's," maintained the Defense.

The English people, the Public Defender conceded, is one of the most peace-loving and most civilized peoples in history. It was Grey's and Asquith's problem to convert their peaceful nation to supporting the war. They solved it expertly by dinning into the public ear, through press and parliament and pulpit, the shameful "rape of Belgium." Instead of confusing the public with complicated explanations about trade and the navy and the secret entente with France and Russia, Grey and Asquith singled out a moral issue, simple and intelligible to everyone.

The British people, and the American people as well, were convinced by this argument. Whether rightly or wrongly, the Jury of the Court of History alone can decide. The British people did not know that their government had no intention of interfering if France, in accordance with the plans of her own General Staff, had marched into Belgium. They did not know that Belgium, by commitments even more secret than those of Sir Grey, had already compromised her own neutrality in favor of France. They did not know that Germany would have been willing to respect Belgian neutrality completely if only the English government had officially affirmed the neutrality pledge given informally by King George. They did not know that Germany offered Belgium territorial guarantees and full reparation for any damage done if Belgium, having made its formal protest, would permit the transit of German troops.

They knew none of this. They knew only the phrase "a scrap of

paper," which Englishmen, Australians, Canadians, dusky turbaned Indians, naked black Somali, illiterate Egyptian soldiers, in fact the whole vast British Empire, repeated and repeated ever since, until it became a phrase on which the sun never sets. America, still neutral, carried the phrase over another three million square miles. The Anglophile Bethmann-Hollweg had based his whole policy on friendship with the great Empire. The offensive phrase occurred in his last, pitiful, frantic plea to England to refrain from entering a World War.

"Germany desires nothing more than your friendship. Are you willing to shed rivers of blood, to bring untold calamities upon the world, for a phrase, a technicality, a *scrap of paper*? Was there," Bethmann added, "a war in which neutrality has not been violated?"

Shortly afterwards the Allies violated neutral Greece. Their military plans demanded access to Greek territory in order to strike the Central Powers from the rear. Unlike Germany, they did not admit their wrong by a blundering phrase or, if they did, there was no one skilful enough to exploit it.

Returning to the Kaiser, the Attorney for the Defense reconstructed his client's state of mind on August 4, 1914. "William," he said, "received the British Declaration of War with shocked surprise."

"What warrant," sneered the Public Prosecutor, "did the Defendant have to be either shocked or surprised?"

"The word of his royal cousin, King George V," snapped back the Public Defender. Then, unexpectedly he asked his imperial client to take the stand.

Brushing back his shock of white hair, the startled Emperor obeyed the summons of his Attorney.

"Will Your Majesty explain to the Court the reasons which induced you to believe that England would not intervene?"

"His Royal Highness, Prince Henry," the Emperor eagerly replied, "was received by His Majesty King George V in London, who empowered him to transmit to me verbally, that England would remain neutral if war broke out on the Continent involving Germany and France, Austria and Russia. This message was telegraphed to me by my brother from London after his conversation with His Majesty the King, and repeated verbally on the twenty-ninth of July."

"Your Majesty was sufficiently familiar with the British theory of government to know that the King could not commit his government," interjected the Attorney for the Prosecution.

William smiled.

"My Ambassador in London transmitted a message from Sir Edward Grey to Berlin saying that only in case France was likely to be crushed England would interfere.

"On the thirtieth my Ambassador in London reported that Sir Edward Grey in course of a 'private' conversation told him that if the conflict remained localized between Russia—not Serbia—and Austria, England would not move, but if we 'mixed' in the fray she would take quick decisions and grave measures; i.e., if I left my ally Austria in the lurch to fight alone England would not touch me.

"This communication being directly counter to the King's message to me, I telegraphed to His Majesty on the twenty-ninth or thirtieth, thanking him for kind messages through my brother and begging him to use all his power to keep France and Russia—his Allies—from making any war-like preparations calculated to disturb my work of mediation, stating that I was in constant communication with His Majesty the Czar."

"What," asked the Attorney for the Defense, "was the reply of the British monarch?"

"In the evening the King kindly answered that he had ordered his government to use every possible influence with his Allies to refrain from taking any provocative military measures. At the same time His Majesty asked me if I would transmit to Vienna the British proposal that Austria was to take Belgrade and a few other Serbian towns and a strip of country as 'main-mise' to make sure that the Serbian promises on paper should be fulfilled in reality. This proposal was in the very moment telegraphed to me from Vienna for London, quite in conjunction with the British proposal; besides, I had telegraphed the same to His Majesty the Czar as an idea of mine, before I received the two communications from Vienna and London, as both were of the same opinion.

"I immediately transmitted the telegrams vice versa to Vienna and London. I felt that I was able to tide the question over and was happy at the peaceful outlook."

"What happened to destroy that last chance for peace?"

"While," replied the Emperor, "I was preparing a note to His Majesty the Czar the next morning, to inform him that Vienna, London and Berlin were agreed about the treatment of affairs, I received a telephone call from His Excellency the Chancellor that in the night



before the Czar had given the order to mobilize the whole of the Russian army, which was, of course, also meant against Germany; whereas up till then the southern armies had been mobilized against Austria."

"What," the Emperor's Attorney continued his query, "was the British reaction?"

"In a telegram from London my Ambassador informed me he understood the British Government would guarantee neutrality of France and wished to know whether Germany would refrain from attack. I telegraphed to His Majesty the King personally that mobilization being already carried out could not be stopped, but if His Majesty could guarantee with his armed forces the neutrality of France I would refrain from attacking her, leave her alone and employ my troops elsewhere. His Majesty answered that he thought my offer was based on a misunderstanding; and, as far as I can make out, Sir Edward Grey never took my offer into serious consideration."

"What was Sir Edward Grey's answer?"

"He never answered. Instead, he declared England had to defend Belgian neutrality, which had to be violated by Germany on strategical grounds, news having been received that France was already preparing to enter Belgium, and the King of Belgians having refused my petition for a free passage under guarantee of his country's freedom."

"Thank you, Sir."

The Emperor stepped down from the witness stand, flushed by the recollection of those tragic events.

"We shall," the Attorney for the Defense continued, "probably refer again to the genesis of the message transmitted by Prince Henry from George V. For the present we are satisfied to record the events as they were mirrored in William's mind in August 1914."

"Is it not possible," suggested the Attorney for the Prosecution with gentle sarcasm, "that the Defendant is reconstructing events in a manner advantageous to himself? What proof have you that the explanation of the witness is not an ingenious after-thought?"

"Fortunately," the Emperor's Attorney replied, "the testimony of the witness coincides word for word with a personal dispatch in his own handwriting to the President of the United States, entrusted to Ambassador James W. Gerard, on August 10th, 1914."

"Why was this statement, apparently so favorable to Germany, never published?"

The Public Defender threw up his hands.

"It was suppressed, according to Mr. Gerard, by request of the German Foreign Office."

In the light of these revelations, the Emperor's Attorney continued his resumé, it is not difficult to understand the Emperor's psychological reaction. So the English nation was making war upon the grandson of Queen Victoria! A fratricidal strife! This, then, was their gratitude for his refusal to strike England in her hour of weakness during the Boer War.

Bismarck's "nightmare of coalitions" had become a reality. William's own secret fears were confirmed. He clearly perceived each separate thread of the huge spiderweb that had been tightening about him for so many years. In the centre of the web, grinning triumphantly, he saw the face of his late uncle, Edward VII.

"So," William mused, "the famous encirclement of Germany has now at length become an accomplished fact, in spite of all our political efforts. A tremendous achievement, inspiring admiration even in him whose destruction is implied. Edward VII, although dead, is yet stronger than I, who am living. And we walked into the trap on the touching expectation of thereby pacifying England! All my warnings, all my entreaties were in vain and unheeded."

Soon, from the boundless steppes in Russia upon the East, from the industrial cities of England and France on the West, from the lovely Italian countrysides to the South, her foes converge upon Germany. Many races unite in the fateful struggle. Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey, are pawns in the game, Serbia an incident, Belgium a pretext. Before the war ended 46 million troops were to march against William.

Years before a British periodical proclaimed that there was not an Englishman in the world who would not be richer if Germany were destroyed. The statement of an exuberant journalist becomes the *leitmotif* of those who rule Downing Street. It is accepted, with variations, by Russia and France. There is not a Russian nor a Frenchman, it is argued, who will not profit from Germany's destruction. The master propagandists of London and Paris now proclaim Germany the villain of the piece. In the center of the upheaval, draw-

ing thunder and lightning upon his head, the most hated figure in the world, stands William II.

In the United States, completely dependent for its news services upon London, the Emperor is portrayed as disporting himself in a pool of blood. While German youths, with songs on their lips, meet death like heroes in the fields of Flanders, the newspapers of the world publish screaming headlines about German "atrocities."

Henceforth all atrocities committed by either side will be blamed on the Supreme War Lord. He is no longer a man, but an ogre, no longer William II, but Attila the Emperor of the Huns.

The World War has begun.

### CHAPTER III

## THE WOUNDS OF YOUTH

ONCE MORE the Court assembles. The Chief Justice addresses the Jury. "Many witnesses," he says, "have been called and you will hear much conflicting evidence. Misinformation, error, distortion, personal idiosyncrasies, will becloud the issue. But as you proceed there will eventually emerge the figure banished from many court rooms by legal procedure—the Truth.

"You, men and women of the Jury, must differentiate between the factual and the psychological truth. In determining a man's motives, what he believes to be the truth is more important than the truth itself. Unfortunately our personal beliefs are subject to fluctuations. There is no absolute continuity of personality. The only man who is always consistent with himself is the man who always acts a part. Only masks never change. The most disingenuous, the most honest witness, is most likely to contradict himself. So warned, examine all the evidence that will be submitted to you."

"I submit to you," the Public Prosecutor announced, "a portrait of William's youth. William II revealed the brutality of his nature by his treatment of his dying father and of his heartbroken mother. When on June 15, 1888, Emperor Frederick died after a reign of ninety-eight days, companies of soldiers surrounded the palace. No one was permitted to leave by order of his successor. Every letter was censored, every parcel examined. With indecent haste search parties ransacked the apartment of the late Emperor. William, dressed in the red uniform of the Hussars, sabre in hand, searched his mother's rooms.

"William's behavior in that hour epitomizes the ruthless spirit of Prussian militarism. A militarist almost from the cradle, William rejected the civilized attitude of his parents, seeking the companionship only of those who fed the flame of his egotism. His high opinion of himself was not accompanied by a high sense of duty. In vain his Governor, Professor Georg Ernst Hinzpeter, tried to inculcate in him a conscientious devotion to the task that faced him. He failed his teacher, as he had failed his parents and as, in the end, he failed his people."

Among those who are called to the witness stand, still a pedant

and a prig, is the shade of Hinzpeter, the Kaiser's tutor. Most witnesses, including Queen Victoria, her daughter the Empress Frederick, and Waldersee—one-time Chief of Germany's General Staff—are not subjected to cross examination. They are merely asked to acknowledge their letters and diaries, which are quoted by both the Defense and the Prosecution.

Emperor William and his mother listen calmly to the tragic echo of their disagreements. Royal personages are accustomed to think of themselves in the third person. "The Queen wants," Victoria wrote to her ministers. "His Majesty the Emperor commands," wrote William. Their sorrows and squabbles are history. Even the Empress Frederick hardly winces when the Attorney for the Defense, replying to the charges of the Prosecution, dissects her heart in the court room.

Huge, old-fashioned candelabra of the Biedermeier period illumine a large room with windows opening upon a quiet courtyard. In the flicker of the candlelight three elderly men in white aprons pace the floor excitedly. The odor of chloroform imparts to the air a cloying and disagreeable sweetness.

Upon a handsome bed lies a woman in agony. Her face, drawn with pain, is whiter than the pillows. The woman's eyes are closed. Every now and then she moans.

The doctors readjust the chloroform mask which covers the face of the patient. The sounds of pain that proceed from her lips grow fainter. The doctors are ready with the instruments.

Crowds surge around the low building which houses the Prince Frederick and his consort. The cold January breezes chill their long vigil. If anyone leaves the Palace a thousand questions challenge him. In whispers, loyal subjects discuss their handsome Prince, who paces the halls of the Palace with the same agitation as the humblest of them.

Suddenly the bloodless lips of the patient move.

Somehow the meaning of a conversation, between her physicians, conducted in Latin, penetrates through the thick walls of chloroform. Her mother instinct, asserting itself, shapes the words: "Save my—child."

Fortunately fate did not demand from the blonde Princess the supreme sacrifice of motherhood. Both mother and child were saved. Guns announced to the populace the birth of a prince, assuring the succession to the throne for three generations. No one except the doctors

knew that the spark of life hardly stirred in the little lump of rosy flesh that was William II. Nor was there any portent to foretell that the new-born child would be the last King of Prussia.

While the mother lay back in her pillows, the doctors fought a battle with Death. Even at the threshold of William's life, according to the Public Defender, fate manifested itself. He was destined always to be the center of struggle. This time the battle was not between arrogant ministers and ambitious generals. It did not involve world power or Germany's place in the sun. Only three elderly doctors wrestled with the dark shadow that hovered over the lifeless form of the helpless babe. One and one-half hours passed before the battle was won, one hour and one-half before the first cry of the new-born prince pierced the stillness of the palace hall.

In the excitement of the first few days after William's birth, little attention was paid to the physique of the child. Princes of Prussia were expected to be strong and hale. The heroic mold of the boy's father, Crown Prince Frederick, seemed to assure physical perfection in his successor. Victoria, though delicate, was a vivacious and healthy woman.

Several days after the birth, the parents were terrified by the discovery that the little prince could not move his left arm. The left leg, too, was not properly co-ordinated. The child cried a good deal. His face was distorted with pain. His little head always turned toward the left.

The specialist discovered that the birth struggle had left indelible marks on the body of William II. The instruments had mutilated certain tendons and nerve centers in the shoulder blade.

Today there are various mechanical manipulations and remedies which might have altered his fate. In those days, the Kaiser surmises, this technique was still undeveloped. The doctors were helpless. Their helplessness imparted itself to the parents. The paralysis of William's left arm was a blow to the professional pride of the physicians. For the parents it was a wound that festered forever. For the child and Germany it was—Destiny.

Whenever William's mother looked upon her son, bitter disappointment mingled with maternal solicitude. She did not deliberately withhold her love from her first-born, but the shock shaped her attitude unconsciously. The day came when the mother denied William access

to his father's death bed. Frederick himself, at times, looked upon his eldest son with animosity. The antagonism that almost invariably exists between father and son, especially in ruling families, was intensified by the imperfection of the young prince. By the law of ambivalence, love assumed the form of its opposite. Psychological difficulties complicated the situation. Politics and court intrigue made a play-ball of mother and son.

Nevertheless, the family atmosphere was not always cold and hostile. The correspondence of the Princess Victoria with her mother, Queen Victoria, reveals that, consciously at least, the Princess Royal was devoted to her son, although his impairment cast a shadow upon her heart.

"I feel very proud of him and very proud of being a Mama," Victoria writes shortly after the boy's birth. Grandmother Victoria, when she first saw William at the age of four months, cried out: "What a fine fat child, what a beautiful soft skin! What fine shoulders and limbs, what a very dear face, with Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and what very fair curly hair!" To Queen Victoria he was "dear little William" and "darling child." The Queen ever preferred young William to her own son Edward.

"The poor arm," the Crown Princess replies in response to an inquiry from the Queen a few years later, "is no better. William begins to feel himself behind much smaller boys in every exercise of the body—he cannot run fast, because he has no balance, nor ride nor climb, nor cut his food, etc. . . . I wonder he is so good-tempered about it. His tutor thinks he will feel it much more, and be much unhappier about it as he grows older, and feels himself debarred from everything which others enjoy, and particularly so as he is so strong and lively and healthy. It is a hard trial for him and for us."

Nothing, the Crown Princess assures her mother, is neglected that can be done, and sighs that there is so little. "Whenever we have the good fortune of going to England again, Mr. Paget and the first surgeons must see him, although I know that it is but little use. We have Langenbeck's advice, and he is one of the best surgeons of the day."

The Crown Princess is disquieted by the many hopes that are even now set on this boy's head. "How great a responsibility to the Fatherland we have to bear in the conduct of his education, while outside considerations of family and rank, court life in Berlin and many other

things make his upbringing so much harder. God grant we may guard him suitably against whatever is base, petty, trivial, and by good guidance train him for the difficult office he is to fill!"

Still later, a critical note intrudes. This note becomes more and more bitter as the years march on. At first maternal affection still has the upper hand: "I am sure," the Princess Royal confides to her mother, "you would be pleased with William if you were to see him—he has Bertie's pleasant, amiable ways, and can be very winning. He is not possessed of brilliant abilities, nor of any strength of character or talents, but he is a dear boy, and I hope and trust will grow up a useful man. He has an excellent tutor, I never saw or knew a better, and all the care that can be bestowed on mind and body is taken of him. I watch over him myself, over each detail, even the minutest, of his education, as his Papa has never had the time to occupy himself with the children."

These next few years, the young Victoria realizes, will be very critical and important for him, as they are the passage from childhood to manhood. "I am happy to say that between him and me there is a bond of love and confidence, which I feel sure nothing can destroy. He has very strong health and would be a very pretty boy were it not for that wretched unhappy arm which shows more and more, spoils his face (for it is on one side), his carriage, walk and figure, makes him awkward in all his movements, and gives him a feeling of shyness, as he feels his complete dependence, not being able to do a single thing for himself."

His infirmity, Crown Princess Victoria complains, makes his education more difficult and is not without effect on his character. "To me it remains an inexpressible source of sorrow! I think he will be very goodlooking when he grows up, and he is already a universal favorite, as he is so lively and generally intelligent. He is a mixture of all our brothers—there is very little of his Papa, or the family of Prussia about him."

The Crown Princess, in her confidences, blames the Governor Hinzpeter, her mother-in-law, the Empress Augusta, and Prince Bismarck for the estrangement between herself and her son. Princess Victoria failed to recognize the forces in her own subconscious and those powerful impulses in the soul of her son which struggled to overcome his physical inferiority. No one can hear the Kaiser's story of his youthful trials without being moved. When the boy was eight and a half years old, he was afraid of horses. To overcome this fear,



Hinzpeter adopted heroic measures. He placed the crying Prince on the horse without a saddle and compelled him to continue his riding lessons. Again and again the lad, incapable of keeping his balance, fell. Again and again he was put back on the horse. The sight brought tears to the eyes of his little brother Henry. But after a long struggle, William conquered his physical incapacity. He became a great and accomplished horseman. But who can gauge the emotional shock inflicted upon the young Prince by the Spartan discipline of Hinzpeter?

The boy strove to exceed all his comrades in the physical feats which tradition demanded of a Prince of Prussia. In his mother's house, where such virtues were not held in high esteem, his efforts induced ironical appreciation, tintured with contempt. Was it surprising that William turned more and more from his father and his mother to his grandfather, the Emperor, who was delighted by the boy's efforts to triumph over his handicaps? Theodore Roosevelt, to whom he has often been compared, was constitutionally a weakling. But Roosevelt's efforts to build up his physical strength were praised by his family, while the Kaiser's struggle was disparaged as an expression of that "Prussian militarism" which was anathema to his mother.

Peculiar conflicts constantly arise from the antagonism between father and son. Psychoanalysis may not draw the ultimate veil from the face of Isis, nevertheless, no one can venture into the ocean of psychology without charting the strange currents and cross-currents of family life. The case of William II is rendered extraordinary by the fact that not the father, but the grandfather was the head of the family. Young William's first obedience was to the old Emperor William I. The grandfather held the purse strings. His word was final.

Young William's imagination was dazzled by the glamour of the crown upon the head of his paternal grandfather and his maternal grandmother—a glamour his parents lacked. The pomp and circumstance of empire increased the boy's mental and emotional confusion. Nevertheless, both William I and Queen Victoria understood young William's temperament better than his parents and were more lavish with their affection. Was it surprising, then, that William's heart veered from his father to his grandfather, from his mother to his grandmother Queen Victoria?

Ordinarily the conscious or unconscious antagonism of a child is neutralized by conscious or unconscious filial affection. In William's case there were periods when this balance was absent. William was

not an unfeeling, unnatural monster, but circumstances diverted his love from its natural channels. This explains the unaccountable harshness with which he treated his mother when she assumed widow's weeds and he the imperial purple.

The vagaries of the human heart are too complex to be expressed in one formula. William did not hate his parents or love his grandparents at all times, but the peculiar displacement of his affections played havoc with his life. Many contradictions in his own character, of which the Emperor remained blissfully unconscious, including his ambivalent love-hatred for England, are explained by these conflicting fixations.

William was nearly twelve when his grandfather, William I, was proclaimed Emperor at Versailles. William's father, Crown Prince Frederick, was condemned to inactivity, like his brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales. But whereas Edward VII ruled long enough to affect the destiny of the world, the briefness of Frederick's reign deprived him of the opportunity to prove his mettle. Petulantly he once confided to Hinzpeter that his was a "lost generation"—a generation skipped by destiny. Crown and scepter would pass directly to his son, William. Crown Princess Victoria harbored the same gloomy visions in the secrecy of her heart. William became the scapegoat of the frustrated hopes of his parents.

The same gulf that separated young William from Frederick divided Frederick from his own father, the Emperor. Both Frederick and his Princess curried favor with the cliques opposing Bismarck. Victoria surrounded herself with men who had drunk deeply from the fountain of British Liberalism. Her father, the late Prince Consort, who embodied all these ideals, was the pattern after whom she desired to fashion her eldest son. William fought against this determination, activated not only by that filial stubbornness which every child wears as an armor to protect its integrity against parental authority, but by the realization that the British ideal of parliamentary government was not adapted to Germany, storm center of Europe, cockpit of all nations.

In spite of his struggle against maternal influence, young William could not entirely escape the heritage of Prince Albert. Two strains ever battle in the character of William II. At times his ancestors, the Great Elector and Frederick the Great, dominate the scene; at other times, we see behind the lineaments of the Kaiser a sober figure clad in the civilian garment which received its name from Prince Albert. In



How William looked to his Grandmother  
Water color of William made by Queen Victoria, one  
of the Kaiser's most prized possessions

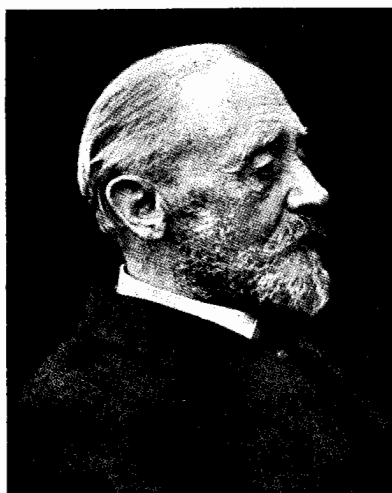


in a baby carriage



in Scotch uniform

The Future Emperor



Hinzpeter, the harsh taskmaster



The sad boy



Pressed into uniform



Mother and son

Wounds of Youth

such moods, William II embodies the intellectual pedantry and the bourgeois virtues of the consort of his illustrious grandmother. Albert, though dead, was an active force in the life of William II. However the Hohenzollerns, too, contribute a strain of pedantry through the father of Frederick the Great.

William's paternal grandmother, the Empress Augusta, frequently intervened in his education. She, too, received some of the tenderness which his mother was unable to give or elicit. As a child, Augusta had sat on the lap of Goethe. It is a pity that she did not transmit the Weimar tradition to her grandson. However, her own actions were influenced by the immemorial conflict between mother and daughter-in-law which does not halt at a throne.

The young Crown Princess resented the interference of the old Emperor and Empress with her educational theories. "The Emperor's interest," Princess Victoria wrote to Queen Victoria, "is warm, but alas, his influence with the child's education, whenever he enforces it, is very hurtful. The Empress," she adds, "means most kindly." The "but" that follows, unexpressed in this letter, comes to the surface in numerous others.

Introducing more letters of the Crown Princess, the Counsel for the Defense explained how Victoria grew more and more estranged from her son as young William fell under the spell of Prince Bismarck. She felt like an old hen that had hatched a duckling instead of a chicken. "Only," the Crown Princess sadly added, "ducks know how to swim and the poor hen's anxiety is needless, whereas here, it seems to me that he rushes in where angels fear to tread."

In another letter she describes both her sons, William and Henry, as selfish. "Both," she says, "hold the most rubbishy political views—rank retrograde, and chauvinist nonsense in which they, in their childish ignorance, are quite fanatical, and which makes them act as they do, each in his way. It pleases the Emperor, Bismarck and his clique and the Court, so they feel very tall and very grand."

Hinzpeter, though Victoria's own choice, deliberately widened the gulf between mother and son. The private secretary of the Crown Princess, Baron Ernst von Stockmar, more alert than his mistress, in two letters to Sir Robert Morier, voiced objections to Hinzpeter's personality and methods: "I have seen your friend Hinzpeter and talked to him for three hours. He is a very superior man, but I have

my doubts whether he is the right man. I am afraid he wants "Gemuet" and is a hard, Spartan idealist. As to his ideals, I am afraid they are somewhat unpractical. He says that a king is doomed to live a solitary life, a life entirely devoted to duty, and among the conclusions drawn from this proposition are the following: That he is not to be brought up with other boys; that he is not to have drawing or music lessons, because a king has not time for these things, because he has not time to be a dilettante."

A cold theorist, Hinzpeter could not supply the biological warmth which young human princes need no less than kittens, the affection for which William looked in vain to his mother. Hinzpeter's preposterous attitude increased the barriers which etiquette interposes between a prince and his subjects. He prevented William from acquiring ordinary human contacts, from looking at life through the eyes of other boys in the years that determine our pattern of conduct. By the time William attended the gymnasium in Kassel, he was no longer a pupil among pupils, a boy among boys, but already the future sovereign.

To Hinzpeter's grim Calvinist conscience, pleasure was tainted with sin. When young William's uncle, King Leopold of Belgium, sent delicious tropical fruits to the imperial children, Hinzpeter forced them to give these tidbits to other children without tasting them themselves, as a lesson in self-denial. When other princes came on a visit, young William was taught to play the gracious host, plying his guests with cake, but forbidden to eat a crumb of the cake himself. He must not become a "sybarite!"

A more enlightened age, declared the Defense Attorney, would put such an educator behind the bars of a lunatic asylum. It would not entrust to him the education of a prince. The Defense ridiculed Hinzpeter's letter to Sir Robert Morier, in which he speaks of "abysses" in the soul of his pupil. Hinzpeter, in a later day, made the assertion that William had never learned the first duty of a ruler—devotion to work. That statement, if true, is the most complete condemnation of Hinzpeter's system.

William's breakfast consisted of dry bread. That hardship might be borne, but Hinzpeter's teaching was equally dry. Study was a God-imposed task. The schedule of the young prince called for twelve hours of work every day with only two brief pauses for recreation. Hinzpeter saw no necessity for praising the boy if he acquitted him-

self well of his studies. Hinzpeter's gastronomic abstemiousness characterized William all his life, but he retained an insatiable appetite for the appreciation denied to him in childhood. Lack of appreciation bred lack of confidence, overcompensated occasionally by spurts of recalcitrance and over-insistence upon his own opinions. Hinzpeter defeated his purposes by demanding from his pupils more than was humanly possible in the hope of stimulating their efforts.

Every effort necessarily fell short of perfection. William's youth was spent in the straightjacket of Hinzpeter's discipline. In spite of the abuses suffered by William, he cannot, even to this day, find it in his heart to condemn Hinzpeter. Though Hinzpeter's sense of duty may have been highly developed, his character was by no means impeccable. While flattering William to his face after his accession to the throne, Hinzpeter did not hesitate to speak unkindly behind his back.

In one respect, the Attorney conceded, urged by his client, Hinzpeter's influence was beneficial. He aroused the social conscience of William II. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon the Governor took the future Emperor and his brother Henry to factories and workshops to give them an insight into the lives of the proletariat. It may also be said to his credit that he did not attempt to make William a Calvinist. His teaching placed spirit above dogma. The absence of dogmatism was essential in a ruler whose subjects were divided between two great religions. Nevertheless Hinzpeter's religious influence was not altogether wholesome. As a boy William was tortured by fears of eternal damnation.

The Defense makes no attempt to deny the influence upon William of his military environment and education. In accordance with Prussian traditions, he was made a Lieutenant in the Prussian Army at the age of ten. His grandfather presented the young militarist with a high decoration. "Prussia," the Attorney interposed, "has fared well under these militarists." However, William's mother watched the scene with conflicting emotions. The British hen had hatched a Prussian eagle.

Hinzpeter's desire for domination, concealed perhaps even from himself by the mask of duty, jealously guarded the young prince from any softening cultural influences of the Crown Princess. There was no attempt to adapt his rigid system to individual requirements or to harmonize the contradictory elements inherited by William from his British and his Prussian forebears. When Hinzpeter taught history, he failed to convey to his pupil a proper perspective of England. "Wil-

liam," the Crown Princess complained to her mother, "always misjudged England."

As the Prince grew older, he fell more and more under the spell of the wizard of Friedrichsruh. Bismarck and his son Herbert deliberately exploited and enhanced the tension between William and his parents. Young William's soul was a pawn in their game.

Irritable, ailing, prodded by malevolent tongues and his wife's ambition, Frederick deprecates his son in public and seizes every opportunity to expose William's "immaturity." The Crown Princess, even more temperamental, plots (after a violent scene in 1885) to banish William from Potsdam. "If," notes Waldersee, "the Crown Prince should suddenly become Emperor, there would be no recourse except to transfer the Prince (William) to some distant Army post." Victoria calls her son uncouth and graceless. "If," she exclaims after a bitter quarrel, "your father should die, I shall go away. I shall not remain in a country where I receive nothing except hate and not a glimmer of love."

Victoria's unnatural attitude left in William's heart scars that time could not heal. Violent forces within her compelled the unhappy Princess to transfer to her oldest son her animosity against the land that had thwarted her hope, to be Empress and Queen like her mother, to rule an Empire through her husband. But Frederick's mysterious hoarseness increased. Ever closer crept the shadow of death. Victoria knew in her heart that his reign, at best, would be brief.

When Victoria had first come to Berlin, the German capital had hailed her with joy. The echo of those acclamations had died long ago. After the victories of the Franco-Prussian War and the conquest of Paris, Germany's race pride asserted itself. The Germans resented Victoria's preference for her mother tongue, her English porcelain, her English kitchen, her English friends. Although purely German in origin, she, and all Queen Victoria's children were entirely English in manner and attitude.

William II, called to the witness stand by the Attorney for the Defense, made no attempt to conceal the historic estrangement between himself and his parents. In response to the questions of his Attorney, he portrayed his father as a kindly, but stubborn man, unable to brook contradiction, and haunted by forebodings.

"My father," William averred, "lives in the mind of his own and



of succeeding generations as the victor of Königgrätz and Wörth who helped to forge Germany's Imperial crown; as the amiable and popular Crown Prince; and, as Emperor, in the brief reign that followed his long waiting, touched with a sort of tragic radiance, as the man of sorrows, who bore with noble fortitude sufferings that carried him off before his time.

"It is common knowledge," the Emperor continued, "that my father was more or less a Liberal in politics: so far as concerned relations with the States, a centralist; and, in foreign affairs, inclined to England rather than to Russia. Whether he would have developed these ideas in action if his reign had been longer I cannot say. I do not believe it. His was a deeply religious nature. He frequently took part in my religious instruction, and often took me with him to service in the Cathedral. I always noticed that such hours were uncommonly congenial to him. In his extreme tolerance and genuine respect for other creeds he followed the traditions of our house; at the same time he never concealed his own Protestantism.

"My father's goodness of heart amounted to tenderness, and even to softness. He had the most genuine sympathy with any and every form of suffering. Kindly and friendly in personal relations, he was full of jokes and a great tease. At the same time he was an authoritarian to his bones, and not too tolerant of opposition. A sort of presentiment of his terrible fate seems to have visited him. He was subject to fits of depression, and what he used, laughing at himself, to call 'Weltschmerz.' In such a mood he said to Hinzpeter, in the 'seventies, that he would never rule: the succession would skip a generation. My tutor told me of this long after my father's death: the words still held the tragic echo of the doom that was to translate them into actuality.

"My mother," William went on to say, "was a much more complex character. Endowed with a keen and penetrating intelligence, and by no means devoid of humour, she had a remarkable memory, and a singularly well informed and cultivated mind. A woman of unwearied energy, she was passionate, impulsive, argumentative, and had an undeniable love of power. Hinzpeter told me that during the first ten years of her married life she was wrapped up in the husband she adored; she was the wife rather than the mother, and her three elder children had a stern upbringing. Not till the Crown Prince began to be drawn into politics did she turn to her nurseries. Her younger children, who knew her as a tender mother, idolized her. The death of my

brother Sigismund may have helped to bring this transformation about after 1870: her tender heart never recovered from the pain of his death and that of my brother Waldemar, thirteen years later."

Dispassionately reviewing his youth, Emperor William portrayed his mother's unenviable position. "Coming to Prussia as she did as a very young English princess, my mother had to learn to adapt herself to entirely new circumstances. In this she never quite succeeded. There was a want of give-and-take, on both sides. Her qualities were inadequately appreciated; her contrariety remained. Only too truly did her brother King Edward say of her that in Germany she praised everything English, in England everything German." William was unconsciously painting his own portrait, as well as his mother's.

"Her interests were extraordinarily comprehensive, ranging, as they did, from politics, philosophy, arts and crafts, social questions and the education of women, to charity and gardening. Her political views, being those of English Liberalism, were bound to bring her into collision with the old Prussia of her day. Unlike many German princesses married to foreigners, the home of her birth stood first with her to the end. Even one like myself, purely German and Prussian in thought and feeling, can understand and even honour such faithfulness: but it did lead to difficulties such as should be avoided between mother and son. On this I need not dwell."

William, continuing his analysis, traced to his mother his love for flowers and horticulture. He did not realize that, for better or for worse, his indebtedness was far greater. Certain traits, common to both, necessarily made them antagonists. On the witness stand the Emperor struggled hard with himself to be just to his mother.

"Assuredly," he concluded, "my mother was a woman of great gifts, full of ideas and initiative. If, however, she was never quite appreciated as she deserved, the fault was not wholly that of others. I am convinced that history will give her the full recognition that, like so much else, was denied her in her lifetime. The tragedy of my father's life was hers: perhaps hers in even greater measure."

When Bismarck persuaded the Emperor to permit young William, who was now twenty-seven, to spend some time at the Foreign Office to learn the secrets of foreign policy, the Prince's parents were furious. Frederick, the Defense recalled, wrote a very unkind memorandum in which he called his son "immature" and "unprepared" for such tasks.

The old Emperor, very properly, swept aside Frederick's objections, whereupon the Crown Princess dolefully complained: "William's judgment is being warped and his mind poisoned." He was not, she felt, "sharp enough or experienced enough to see through the system, nor through the people, and they do with him what they like. He is so headstrong, so impatient of any control, except the Emperor's, and so suspicious of everyone who might be only a half-hearted admirer of Bismarck's that it is quite useless to attempt to enlighten him, or persuade him to listen to other people, or other opinions! The malady must take its course, and we must trust to later years and changed circumstances to cure him."

It annoyed the Crown Princess that William's new work meant "spending half the day at the Foreign Office, with the great man's son and satellites, and the evening with the Empress. Fritz [Crown Prince Frederick] was much annoyed." Intriguing courtiers insinuated that it was necessary for the Crown Prince to be in Berlin as a "check" on William. "But Fritz cannot and must not go to Berlin. His voice is much hoarser again and the throat not so well . . ."

Princess Victoria's letters become more bitter; she rails against the old Emperor and against her mother-in-law, and is annoyed when the Emperor entrusts young William with a mission to Russia. "Such things," she petulantly exclaims, "are always arranged with the Emperor and William, without consulting or informing us. William is as blind and green, wrong-headed and violent in politics as can be."

Victoria reiterates her husband's annoyance because William "comes forward" to take his place without his permission. She is willing to bear all this without murmur, if only Frederick's throat gets right and if she may rely on Dr. Mackenzie's diagnosis. "Count Bismarck," she adds, whistling to keep up her courage, "is not eternal. He will be as quickly forgotten as the poor Emperor Napoleon [III], who is now scarcely remembered."

Queen Victoria, more understanding than her daughter, attempts in vain to reconcile mother and son and to lessen the dangerous antagonism of her daughter to Prince Bismarck, although she herself detests the Chancellor. More and more conflicts emerge. When the Crown Princess desires to affiance her eldest daughter to Prince Battenberg,—a match favored by Queen Victoria, who wishes to strengthen the influence of Bulgaria against Russia, William sides with Bismarck against the alliance. Later Queen Victoria adopted William's position.

Five years before he was permitted to work in the Foreign Office, at twenty-two, William had married Augusta Victoria. The marriage was intended to reconcile the house of Holstein to the loss of its duchies. The love of the prince and the princess was not that of Romeo and Juliet, but there was never the slightest doubt of Augusta Victoria's affection and William's devotion. Augusta Victoria bore William seven children. She supervised his diet and she shared his religious interests. The fiery breath of the World War forged their souls together. In adversity Augusta Victoria grew in stature.

But Augusta Victoria did not bring into William's life the romance and the passion every son of Adam needs to be wholly human. There is, however, no record of amatory adventures in the *chronique scandaleuse* of William's Court. Unlike his uncle, King Edward VII, William was not cast for the role of Casanova. Probably, it would have been better if he had sown a generous crop of wild oats. It would have made him more understanding, and would have dislodged his soul from the chill ivory tower of Hinzpeter's asceticism.

William's marriage dramatized for his mother the advance of the years. She saw young William founding a family of his own, while his grandfather, the old Emperor, gave promise to round out the century. Every year diminished Frederick's opportunities and dimmed her hopes. Flanked by the colossal figure of the Iron Chancellor, himself almost a legend, William I completely overshadowed his son. Frederick was praised as a general, but the laurels of 1871 were fading. To the court and his family the woman he loved was an "alien intriguer," accused of "pride" and "cold calculation." Her influence, even more than his insidious ailment, was held responsible for weakening the ruggedness that was his Prussian heritage.

Shrewd, cold, venomous, Count Waldersee, the political general, who hoped to supplant Bismarck, expresses in his diary the prevailing opinion: ". . . The mental superiority of his [Frederick's] spouse is a great misfortune. She [Victoria] has taken a simple, brave and honest prince . . . and has made him a weakling . . . She has even deprived him of his firm [religious] faith . . . His grown-up children envisage the situation without illusion. If the father is pliant, the son will be unbending . . . If the Emperor survives a few years longer, the Crown Prince will consume himself completely, will be completely exhausted. Even now he has attacks of melancholia and lacks confidence in the future."

Waldersee records William's conviction that his mother was working deliberately for England against Germany and Prussia. But underneath his rebellion against his mother, William still craved her love. One word of maternal affection might have built a magic bridge from mother to son and from land to land. That word was never spoken. The future German Emperor resented the fact that his mother remained an Englishwoman. By a curious paradox he transferred to England both his hate and his love for his mother. William's attitude toward England was a combination of admiration and envy, animosity and affection. Here is the explanation of apparent inconsistencies in his diplomacy and in his character.

While Victoria and Frederick lived in a whirlpool of hopes and fears, plots and counterplots, the life of the old Emperor and his octogenarian spouse presented a placid lagoon. Seated in her wheel-chair, Empress Augusta received her intimates in a little salon known as the *Bonbonnière*. The Emperor, nearly ninety, visited the theatre frequently and went hunting. When he joined the guests of his wife, he spoke fondly of the days of his youth—the overthrow of Napoleon and the triumph of Talleyrand. To some extent William I still lived in the Napoleonic era. His words reinvested the shades of rulers and soldiers long dead with a semblance of life.

Even Waldersee, for all his malice, finds no evil in the old Emperor. "He stands in the center like a rock against which the waves toss themselves; from sublime heights he surveys the miserable mischief around him. He looms even higher in this sorry day, because he is a man who knows not falsehood, whom intrigue cannot even approach." The Emperor meditatively watched the dark clouds over Europe; again and again he discerned flashes of lightning; but he knew that Germany's sword was ready in its scabbard and, deeply religious, he trusted his anthropomorphic God. William II's faith is a heritage from his grandfather William I.

The Empress Augusta grumbled against the fate that condemned her to submission, while her ancient antagonist, Bismarck, held the fate of Germany firmly in his gigantic hands. The Iron Chancellor occasionally chided the exalted lady for disturbing the Emperor's equanimity with her tantrums. "Our most gracious Chancellor," she sarcastically replied, "is most ungracious today"—but Bismarck triumphed. By the right of his genius and the confidence of his sovereign,

he remained in the saddle, despite the protests of the old Empress, the intrigues of the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, and poison shafts from Buckingham Palace.

To young William, Bismarck was the pillar of Prussian Royalism. "The Prussian crown," Bismarck had declared in a speech to the Diet, "is not a mere decoration on the edifice of the Constitution." If Bismarck had guided William's steps, he would have been better equipped for his imperial task. Bismarck would have taught him to conquer the moral and sentimental scruples which, again and again, paralyzed William's arm when ruthless action alone could save the State.

Young William spends his time among young officers who teach him nothing. Inhibitions make him courageous; embarrassment, bold. Both inhibition and embarrassment vanish under the persuasion of flattery. Young bloods, anxious to make a career, truckle to their future ruler; they have scant respect and no understanding for Frederick. "How long," they ask themselves, "will Frederick reign, if he reigns at all?" Rumors hint that his malady is cancer. Such rumors are not always reliable. Life frequently makes a mock of prophets and predictions. There were rumors that young William had inherited the fatal disease. He suffered from inflammations of the ear which defied medication and which trouble him even to this day in Doorn. Eventually, it was hinted, his brain might be affected. Subsequently William developed trouble with the throat. Fortunately, the ailment was not malignant. In the face of the menace of mortal illness, William behaved with exceptional courage.

William's life under the parental roof had been without warmth. In his own home he found devotion without understanding. Wherever he looked he saw malice, envy, the struggle for power, intrigue, ingratitude and animosity. He calmly surveyed the bickerings of his father's court. Disgusted, he played his part in the dismal reality while attempting to create for himself in the realm of the imagination a new and heroic world.

In a search for guidance he turned to Alfred von Waldersee, who was his senior by thirty years. Waldersee did not fit into William's ideology, but he fascinated him by his wit and his mordant criticism. Recognizing the vacillating currents in William's unconscious, Waldersee ingeniously strove to harness them to his ambition. Waldersee looked upon politics as an absorbing game. His comments, combining

malice with shrewdness, revealed to the young prince the dancing skeletons of international intrigue. Bismarck overawed him. Waldersee took him into his confidence. Waldersee was no friend of Bismarck's, but at first his whisperings in William's ear failed to break the Chancellor's enchantment.

To win William to his side, Waldersee flattered the young man in every conceivable fashion; then, being a proud man, revenged himself for the self-imposed humiliation by entrusting to his private diary the most venomous observations. The difference in age between the two men precluded a genuine friendship. Moreover, William—while enjoying Waldersee's repartee—disapproved of his amoral attitude. The moral teachings of Hinzpeter had sunk into William's heart too deeply for his own comfort and, it must be said, for his success as a sovereign. Morality is a liability in rulers. When, after Frederick's ascent to the throne, Waldersee suggested to young William the desirability of sabotaging his father's orders, William, now Crown Prince,—to Waldersee's astonishment—rebuked him sternly.

"Recently," the Prince replied, "at the head of my brigade, with my officers and grenadiers and fusiliers, I swore on our standards the military oath of loyalty to my father. To that, come what may, I shall adhere! That obviously implies strict execution of every command of His Majesty the Emperor coming from Charlottenburg. Even if such a command were to run, say: 'Having attempted to seduce the brigade commander of the 2nd Infantry Brigade of the Guards into disobedience to his Emperor and breach of his military oath, Count Waldersee is to be placed in front of a sandheap and shot,' I should execute the command to the letter—with pleasure." He turned his back on Waldersee. This ill-timed suggestion cost Waldersee the chance of becoming Bismarck's successor. William's world was based on loyalty. He would never again give his heart into Waldersee's keeping.

Fortunately there was at least one, who seemed to share his romantic impulses and ideas. Philipp zu Eulenburg was closer to him in years than Waldersee. His admiration, unlike Waldersee's, free from the taint of self-seeking, satisfied William's craving for praise. Eulenburg asked no preferment. He was more devoted to the Muses than to his career. Independent, equally at home in the realm of music and poetry, he possessed the adaptability characteristic of the bisexual temperament. William, never suspecting the secret of Eulenburg's strength and weakness, warmed himself in the sunshine of his affection. He found in

Eulenburg's friendship the genial warmth that both the parental roof and his domestic hearth lacked.

Eulenburg recognized, under William's resplendent uniform, the heart of a dreamer. He responded to the repressed sentiments and the reveries which the young Prince had locked up in his bosom. Together they dipped into the heroic music and the heroic myths of Richard Wagner. Eulenburg dedicated to his friend his song to the God of the Sea. While Waldersee gave William a cynical insight into worldly affairs, Eulenburg set sail with him upon shoreless oceans in search of the Holy Grail.

In March 1887, William I celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The festivities were clouded by the critical condition of his son. Frederick's peculiar hoarseness could be concealed no longer. The German surgeons insisted upon an operation scheduled for May 21st. On the eve of the operation the Crown Princess, doubtful of the skill of the German physicians, whom she held responsible for the crippled arm of her son, summoned Sir Morrell Mackenzie from her English home. Mackenzie contradicted the diagnosis of the German physicians. He denied that the growth in the throat of the Crown Prince was "malignant." The battle between doctors, assuming fantastic proportions, ended with the victory of Mackenzie. Accompanied by his wife, the sick Crown Prince journeyed to San Remo and did not return to Germany until salvation was beyond medical skill.

The motives of the Crown Princess were undoubtedly mixed. An operation would jeopardize not only the life of the man she loved, but her own ambition to rule as his Empress. Her dislike of her Prussian environment and her ambition embittered the battle. She refused to see unpleasant facts. She even scolded her beloved for being "soft." She could not bear the thought that the son she now detested might soon wear the crown denied to her husband. Unable to bear realities, the Princess Royal sought refuge in hysteria.

An operation before the disease had entrenched itself irremediably might have saved the patient's life. It might have saved Germany. Frederick's reign would have provided a transition between the new and the old. It would have enabled young William to mature mentally before destiny thrust the sceptre into his hand.

Count Herbert Bismarck, even more brutal than his father, denounced Frederick as an "incubus" and an "ineffectual visionary." An



Emperor who could not talk, young Bismarck insisted, was unfit to reign. Rumors scurried thick and fast. It was said that some dynastic laws forbade the succession to the throne of any prince suffering from an incurable malady.

Young William knows two graves are yawning to swallow his grandfather and his sire. Daily the old Emperor grows feebler and feebler in Berlin, while Frederick wrestles with death in San Remo. It is a hideous race with fate. Who will die first, the ancient Emperor or his son? Will the vitality of the Crown Princess, imparting itself to her invalid husband, triumph over disease? Will she ever wear the imperial diadem upon her troubled head?

The rivalry between mother and son assumes tragic proportions. "William," she complains to her mother, "fancies himself completely the Emperor." There are shocking scenes between Victoria and her progeny. Nevertheless young William was not the unfeeling monster he has been portrayed. The Attorney for the Defense introduced a letter, written by William to his tutor, Hinzpeter, from San Remo in November 1887:

The sentence of the physicians has been given; the frightful fate which for a few initiated persons has long been standing a threatening spectre in the background, has fulfilled itself! According to the verdict finally given today by the doctors, my father is incurably sick of cancer, and no human power can now save him! It has, indeed, gone so far that the great operation which Bergmann wanted in the spring could do no good. This morning his fate was clearly announced to him by the assembled gentlemen. Standing upright, unbowed, looking the speaker straight in the eye, he received the announcement. Without a tremor or the slightest movement he thanked them for their care and attention, and dismissed them; dumb and astonished they departed from the hero, still engrossed with his character, as he showed himself the true Hohenzollern and great soldier. When we were with him later, it was he who comforted us with gently smiling looks, as we, no longer masters of ourselves, were dissolved in tears! What a man! May God but grant him as little pain as possible in this frightful, unexampled end to his life! I would never have believed that tears are a relief, for I never knew tears before; but today I have felt how they lighten the frightful pain! Must it needs be he, just he, who is to suffer this agony? A blow, a bullet, anything would be better than this most horrible of all evils; I can hardly comprehend it yet. Enough for today.

Your truly devoted pupil,

WILHELM, Prince of Prussia.

But the mother stands between the dying Crown Prince and his son. William, in turn, tells Eulenburg: "Father has always been a stranger to me." He deploras his mother's "alien sympathies" and the possibility that Germany might be ruled by this "Englishwoman." Waiting for death at the two sick-beds, William spins dreams of new greatness for Prussia. He sets down his political ideas in a memorandum for the Iron Chancellor. The Chancellor admonishes him to burn it, but slyly makes a copy for his archives.

At last the tragic bout approaches its ending. The venerable Emperor dies like a soldier, on his iron cot. When William arrived in Berlin from San Remo on March 17, 1888, the doctors were counting the life of the old Emperor by hours. "It is impossible to describe what I felt," records William, "as I approached the death-bed, after just leaving another."

"The old Emperor's flame of life," he goes on to say, "flickered for yet two days. He was surrounded by all those most devoted to him, especially the Empress Augusta, who remained constantly at his bedside reclining in her wheel-chair, and the Grand Duchess Louise, who had just lost her son. My grandfather was still able repeatedly to talk to me, mostly about military matters; he was, above all, occupied with the spring parade, and he gave me exact instructions as to the disposition of the troops. The last thing of which he spoke to me, clearly in the belief that my father was standing before him, was the question of the relations of Germany with Austria-Hungary and Russia, which he saw again in the light of bygone years: I was to hold fast to the alliance with Austria-Hungary, but to preserve and cultivate friendship with Russia. Then there rose up in his dying imagination pictures of his youth, of the family life with his mother Queen Louise, of the War of Liberation. And then he bowed his head in eternal sleep.

"The memory of the passing of the great Emperor is for me a holy and inviolable legacy."

Frederick, sick unto death, grasps the reins of government in Italy. His first imperial edict is a threat to his son. He wants to deprive his heir of the right to act in his place. "Such a step," Bismarck retorts, "is unconstitutional." The embers of Frederick's vitality, briefly fanned by the shock of the succession, grow dimmer and dimmer. Returning to Germany, he determines to secure the future of his widow. Bismarck, for once accommodating, removes all legal obstacles, and enables Fred-

erick to dispose in his will of eleven million marks from the Imperial Treasury.

William makes timid attempts to show affection for his dying father in a letter written on May 28, 1888:

DEAREST PAPA:

I take leave to trouble you with a most respectful question. My brigade manoeuvres to-morrow for the last time in the district of the Tegeler Heath, and finishes with the storming of the Charlottenburg Bridge over the Berlin to Spandau Canal. May I, perhaps, if this would amuse you, without disturbing you in any way, on the way home lead my troops past your window? Either in front of the Castle, or better perhaps through the park, along the road? No one knows anything of this plan. We could begin the fight at 7:30 and be able to pass about 10:30. May I beg for a simple Yes or No by the orderly?

At last death comes.

On the fifteenth of June William finds his father completely exhausted, shaken by violent fits of coughing. Soon after William enters the room, Frederick scrawls with trembling hand: "Victoria, I and the children—"

William consoles himself with the thought that his father wanted to express his satisfaction that his dear ones were assembled about him. But Frederick left no message for his successor. In a last audience, shortly before his death, he had commended his wife not to his son but to Bismarck.

William suspected that his mother had spirited away state documents of vast importance to Buckingham Palace.

"We now know," the Attorney for the Defense goes on to say, "that William's suspicions were justified. Could William, could any German ruler," questioned the Attorney for the Defense, "permit such goings on?"

Even hours before Frederick's death, a military cordon is spread around the Imperial Palace. The new master reveals his power. After Frederick's death, the Defense admitted, the widowed Empress was practically the prisoner of her son. No more state secrets are to be smuggled to London. No one, therefore, is permitted to leave the house of death unsearched. Against his mother's protest, William insists upon a post-mortem. The autopsy reveals that the diagnosis of the German physicians was right. At last Victoria is beaten.

To complete her mortification, William, two days after the death of his father, dissolves the engagement of his sister to Alexander of Battemberg. The burial of Frederick is lugubrious. No foreign monarch salutes his coffin. The people are not admitted. It lacks the reverence men owe to death. "It was terrible," Eulenburg, the Emperor's friend, confided to his note-book.

Yet it is not well to judge either William or his mother too harshly. Queen Victoria, loving both her daughter and her grandson, urged William to "bear" with his "poor Mama." She wrote: "Let me also ask you to bear with poor Mama if she is sometimes irritated and excited. She does not mean it so: think what months of agony and suspense and watching with broken and sleepless nights she has gone through, and don't mind it. I am so anxious that all should go smoothly, that I write thus openly in the interest of you both."

English witnesses admit that William tried hard to meet his grandmother's wishes, but his mother, now and hereafter, was too prone to construe into personal and intentional slights the changes in her position which her widowhood rendered inevitable. She was reigning Empress no longer, and she blamed her son and his wife for much of the suffering which destiny had brought on her. For years she and William, strong-willed and autocratic, had been in constant antagonism, and the tragedy of her future life, partly self-inflicted in that she clasped it and clung to it, was by no means entirely of his making.

William's own memoirs, the testimony of many witnesses, and the correspondence between the Empress Frederick and her mother, Queen Victoria, attest the strange confusion of William's heart; the contradictory and inimical forces which alternately possessed him. William's youth, recaptured for the Jury by the Defense, was loveless and stormy. Storms will accompany him to the end of his days. We are now prepared for a monarch who will be driven by the conflicting impulses of his nature. He will be overcome by a sense of persecution and by a sense of inferiority. He will vacillate. Pitilessly, cruelly, if not undesired, the limelight of history illumines his figure. His head filled with idealistic visions, his heart glowing with love for his country, a youth of twenty-eight, he holds in his hand the fate of sixty million people.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE SHADOW OF BISMARCK

WILLIAM'S REIGN was a long duel between himself and the shadow of Bismarck. That duel did not end with the giant's death. It did not even end when the grandson of William I crossed the Dutch frontier. It was fought out anew before the High Court of History.

"William II," commenced the Public Prosecutor, pointing at the Defendant, "dishonored and disowned the legacy of his grandfather, William I. With the same brutality, the same lack of reverence, the same irresponsibility, the same ingratitude, which characterized his attitude toward his mother, he dismissed the wise old man who had steered the ship of state safely through perilous waters." As on a magic screen there appeared before Judge and Jury and every one in the court room the most famous cartoon ever published in "Punch."

"William II," the Prosecutor continued, "dropped the pilot and assumed his place at the helm, without the slightest knowledge of navigation, without policy or chart, now going in the same direction as Bismarck, now erratically reversing himself, he began that zig-zag course which doomed his Empire to disaster. It is not surprising that the new captain wrecked his boat. It is only surprising that he did not wreck it sooner.

"Bismarck's dismissal," the Prosecutor argued, "could be justified if William, adopting the liberal advice of his mother, had broken with the Bismarckian tradition. But William's policies were not a whit less unscrupulous than Bismarck's. They were only less skillful. An amateur on the seas of politics, confusion and collision marked his path. The world, for its own safety, could not rest until the captain had followed the pilot."

Both Prosecution and Defense called upon Bismarck. But the answers of the Iron Chancellor were laconic. Preferring not to rely on his memory, he referred them to his reminiscences. Other witnesses called to confirm or refute his testimony, grew smaller and smaller; Bismarck's figure was not diminished by the ordeal.

Taking up the challenge of his opponent, the Emperor's counsel drew a picture of Germany under Bismarck.

The clock of History points to the end of the ninth decade of the Nineteenth Century.

Wilhelmstrasse 67, a horribly depressing three-story building, designed with exaggerated austerity. A single entrance, long dark corridors, gaping with countless doors. Beyond those doors, plain interiors, heavy office furniture, cabinets bulky with books, tables piled with confidential reports. Bent and withered Geheimrats, laborious secretaries, dapper young attachés.

For generations Prussian policies have been spawned in the musty, ill-ventilated rooms of this great barracks-like structure, but every century has added to the territory of Prussia and the stature of its monarchs.

It is late in the morning. The air itself shivers with unendurable tension. The excitement communicates itself to the very briefs that flutter in the hands of the Geheimrats. The couriers cough nervously. Old *Legationsraete* button up their frock coats. Young attachés cast about them looks of alarm. An anxious whisper runs on the grapevine route from room to room as Bismarck's shadow darkens the threshold. "The Old Man is coming. He's coming. He is here."

From a carriage at the gray portal emerges a Cyclopean figure in martial uniform. Everything about this man is large and inordinate, his stature, the gray, bushy over-hanging eyebrows, heavy with sinister menace, the great piercing eyes, in which blue lightnings slumber, the heavy tread, whose impact, like that of Mars, shakes the earth. The years have stamped their seal upon his face, but the square shoulders, the white, sharp carnivorous teeth and the muscular hands betoken indomitable vitality.

A stately mastiff presses up against the giant's knees. This animal is also of inordinate size; he also has fiery and sinister eyes, powerful teeth and an unmistakable gait.

Tremulous attendants fling open the doors. The Imperial Chancellor and his mastiff enter the Foreign Office. For decades Bismarck has piloted the Ship of State without interference; now the old Captain is dead and a young man, zealous to test his strength, watches with feverish intensity the gnarled hand at the wheel. Young William occupies the throne. But Bismarck is not merely an Empire-BUILDER; he is the Empire itself. Bismarck's fame has waxed with the years. His deeds are legendary—he strides across the earthly scene like a visitor from

Valhalla. A living monument to his own fame, his contemporaries, especially those who were more remote from him, refuse to descry any human trait in the ancient hero. To most Germans Bismarck was, and is, a supernatural figure, an immortal demigod, a myth among mortals.

But the irascible old man produced a different impression upon those few with whom he came into close personal contact, including the young man whom destiny made his titular master. In the beginning, the youthful Kaiser had accepted Bismarck as the benign god of popular fancy, descended straight from the Germanic heaven. But in the course of years, the features changed to those of Loki, the evil spirit of the Northern gods, temperamental and unpredictable. Everything about this man, except his voice, was colossal. His voice was as disappointing as Theodore Roosevelt's. Future historians will determine whether his virtues outweighed his shortcomings. One thing is clear: both were superhuman.

Bismarck's appetite was as enormous as his deeds. The master of diplomacy was also a gastronomical expert. Among his intimates Bismarck held forth for hours about the precise bouquet of different vintages. But for all that he washed down his evening meal with huge pitchers of a barbaric mixture of ale and champagne. Bismarck's breakfast table almost caved in under the load of huge sausages, enormous cheeses, immense hams, gigantic loaves of bread. Huge steaks, poultry, roasts, smoked fish and, last but not least, the famous Bismarck herring, comprised his modest luncheon. The Titan complained of the hardship he was forced to endure when he was invited to dine with his sovereign. State dinners, in spite of their endless succession of courses, were wholly inadequate for his Gargantuan appetite.

Bismarck surrounded himself with heavy objects. His desk was huge, his pencils, made for his special use, were of extraordinary length. Vast and hideous, his furniture dwarfed every beholder except Bismarck himself. Aesthetic courtiers exclaimed that the tables and couches looked as if they had been acquired from dealers in junk. Otto von Bismarck was not an aesthete. He composed no songs; his words could sear, but he knew no pretty phrases. "He has no sense of beauty," complained the sensitive Philipp zu Eulenburg. When the discussion turned to art, the Iron Chancellor's features froze into an ironic smile.

Eulenburg mockingly asserts in his Memoirs that Bismarck had no

understanding of modern literature, music, poetry or painting and took no interest in them. But Eulenburg exaggerated. Bismarck's love of music, it is true, ended with Beethoven, his love of literature with Goethe. "I could live," he said somewhere, "on a lonely island with Goethe." In his youth the Iron Chancellor enjoyed the misanthropic drippings of Byron's pen. But that time was long past. No place was reserved for the Muses on Bismarck's overladen desk or his overladen table.

Bismarck's origins were relatively humble. The psychological difference between the monarch, born to the purple, and the self-made Bismarck appeared at every juncture. William II took money for granted. Bismarck regarded it as a gift of God to be eagerly wooed. The Iron Chancellor held that all men had itching palms. He never scrupled to buy, when needed, the adherence of his ministers. He was lavish with his donations from secret funds; more than once he settled the debts of persons who were useful to him politically. He had been Prime Minister nearly thirty years before one man scorned his bribes. "You don't want money!" he exclaimed in astonishment to a newly appointed dignitary. "You are the first of my ministers to refuse it."

The first, hardly perceptible, discord between the Old Chancellor and the New Kaiser sprang from petty financial considerations. Bismarck was less generous with his sovereign than with his ministerial colleagues. At the first official interview the topic of William's coronation arose. To the young monarch, imbued with medieval romanticism, the ceremony seemed the greatest experience that could come to any Heaven-appointed king. To receive the crown from the hands of God, to swear the solemn oath on the Constitution, to confirm the mystical bond between monarch and people—what could be more awe-inspiring? But Prince Bismarck refused to encourage William's youthful enthusiasm. Drily, with pedantic exactitude, he tabulated just how much the state carriages, liveries, ceremonies and entertainments would cost. Schooled to accept Bismarck as infallible, the young Emperor heroically smothered his disappointment.

"William I was crowned," the Chancellor insisted, "there is no necessity for another coronation. Nor," he added, "is it necessary for Your Majesty to swear allegiance to the Constitution and to reconfirm the covenant made on behalf of the dynasty by Your Majesty's exalted grandfather."



Sadly William II permitted himself to be overpowered by the arguments of the old man.

"Your Majesty," Bismarck remarked approvingly, "has saved the country 10,000,000 marks."

It did not occur to the old skinflint that a gala occasion, bringing to Germany kings and special ambassadors of all nations would be politically as well as financially a profitable investment.

Perhaps he did not wish William to meet so many fellow sovereigns before he was certain of having the young man completely under his thumb. At any rate, he cheated the youthful monarch of the satisfaction of being crowned Emperor and King, with the same ruthless disregard for psychology with which Hinzpeter had deprived him of Leopold's hothouse grapes. The effect of the renunciation upon the Kaiser was greater than he himself ever admitted. It accentuated his doubts and enhanced his irresolution. Paradoxically enough it defeated even Bismarck's own designs for a Revolution from Above. Such a revolution would have served to abolish certain features of the constitution which conflicted with Germany's imperial destiny. But the Emperor refused to be budged. "Again and again," the Kaiser has said, "I recalled that I had taken no oath on the constitution. For this reason I hesitated to put through some needed constitutional reforms. Bound by a gentleman's agreement, the oath I did *not* take weighed heavily on my soul."

"Your Majesty," sneered the Public Prosecutor, "has insisted upon explaining your devotion to the constitution. Is there any proof of this devotion in Your Majesty's actions?"

"Of course," the Emperor smiled. "I made most of my mistakes by following my constitutional advisers. One of my very first acts as Emperor reveals my determination to abide by the Constitution.

"The Minister of Justice, Friedberg, an old and intimate friend and adviser of my parents, whom I often met in the house and whom I learned to honor and value highly, called my attention to the fact that in the event of my father's death, an important document would be laid before me, to which I should give ripe consideration. I will at once mention what it was to which he referred. It was a sealed letter of King Frederick William IV, on the envelope of which were the seals of my father and grandfather, with notes that they had read it.

"In the letter the King exhorted his successors to abolish the Con-

stitution which had been forced from him by the Revolution of 1848 and to restore the old form of government, as this was the only form in which it would be possible to rule in Prussia.

"When Friedberg handed me this document after my accession to the throne, I at once saw that it might easily work the greatest harm if it were to come into the hands of an inexperienced heir. I therefore had no hesitation in tearing the letter up and burning it in my stove. On the envelope I wrote, with my seal and the date of the day below it: 'contents read and destroyed.'

"And what," queried the Attorney, "became of the envelope?"

"The envelope," the Kaiser replied quietly, "was returned to the archives."

"Robert Zedlitz Trützschler, formerly Lord High Chamberlain of William II," interjected the Attorney for the Defense, "notes in an entry of December 24, 1904, in his Diary, that William II related this incident to him and to the Empress in almost identical words."

Having gained this point, the Public Defender resumed the thread of his argument.

Bismarck's stinginess was soon to engender more friction. Prussia now presided over the German Empire. As no arrangement had been made to pay the imperial expenditures from federal resources, Prussia alone provided the civil list of the Emperor-King. William I had perpetuated the Spartan simplicity of his ancestors. Such simplicity was appropriate in a principality, it was not in consonance with the prestige of a great European power. But when the young Kaiser aspired to give outward expression to Germany's new splendor, when, for instance, he wished to provide new liveries for his flunkies, Bismarck again protested sharply.

Was it lack of understanding, or was it, consciously or unconsciously, the old man's desire to put the young man in his place? At any rate he made the question a transcendent political issue. "New uniforms," he exclaimed, stamping up and down with an indignation entirely out of proportion to the importance of the occasion, "what for? They are ill-timed, unpopular, politically inopportune, a needless extravagance."

Again the Emperor surrendered. Again the old man triumphed—for a time.

Shortly afterwards, the Emperor asked for an extension of his civil

list. In vain he pleaded: "Times have changed." The old Chancellor did not want times to change. For every man time stands still at some point of his life. Bismarck, for all his genius, did not, in that respect, rise above other mortals.

"Remember," the Emperor continued, "there are three Empresses living, the Empress Augusta, the Empress Frederick and my own wife." But the old giant shook his recalcitrant head. He convinced the young man that his request showed great temerity and was bound to have unfavorable political repercussions. Bismarck knew how to flatter and he knew how to bribe, but something in him made it impossible for him to make the slightest concession to his imperial master.

Thus slowly, the Iron Chancellor himself undermined William's fidelity and affection. No rupture appeared on the surface. The fissure was psychic; it was not, at first, evident even to the Kaiser himself. "I loved Bismarck," the Kaiser said, "I admired him. I knew how deeply I and my House were in his debt."

Bismarck had waged three wars and carried off victory in all three. He had placed the imperial diadem on the head of a Hohenzollern. Bismarck made Germany one of the great powers, but it should be remembered that long before Bismarck, the Prussia of Frederick the Great had dealt as an equal with Russia, England and France. Under a great King, Prussia was great; under a weak king she could not play a part commensurate with her history. Bismarck created a Germany that could not be ignored, even under incompetent leaders, but his faults increased with his virtues, his errors multiplied with his services.

Bismarck was a patriot. But his tremendous achievements were inspired not merely by patriotism. He was motivated almost equally by his egocentricity, the fanatical urge for personal domination. There was a time when Bismarck did not side with those who urged a Greater Germany. In 1848 Bismarck was the most bitter opponent of the act to which he owes his immortality. If Germany had united then, the event would not be forever linked with his name.

Bismarck's empire was only the incomplete realization of every German's dream. If German unity had been accomplished in 1848, Austria would have been incorporated. It may be that Bismarck feared this consummation. In those days Bismarck was a Prussian before he was a German. Perhaps the time was not ripe for a united people. It may be that Bismarck did not wish to harness the new German Em-

pire to the Dual Monarchy. The Empire founded by Bismarck perpetuated German disunion, and was tied, in spite of his misgivings, politically to the decaying corpse of Austria-Hungary.

Bismarck eventually evolved a German conscience, but he never entirely outgrew his origins, never entirely cast off the Prussian Junker. The Prussian Junker, like other feudal lords, hated all who thwarted his wishes.

*Und der Koenig absolut  
Wenn er unsern Willen tut.*

Even as a young Minister he meddled with all sorts of matters outside his own sphere—with military affairs and with the family concerns of the King. With the sovereignty of genius, he imposed his wishes so ruthlessly that hatred for him personally kept pace with admiration for his achievements.

Fundamentally Bismarck was solitary, as solitary as William II. But the Kaiser's isolation and Bismarck's were of a different nature. Bismarck was a misanthrope who shunned and rebuffed his fellow men. The Kaiser sought friends but was unable to find them. There was no bridge from the loneliness of the one to the loneliness of the other.

Bismarck was a man of few pleasures. His affection for his wife was a deeply ingrained habit. But she could not play Aspasia to his Pericles. Women meant no more to Bismarck than cards, the theatre or social diversions. Age destroyed whatever tenderness he may have harbored. Until the end the lust for domination enticed his libido. Every other pleasure paled in comparison. Other men seek wine, women, song. Power was the one mignon Bismarck adored, the one mistress whose caprices completely subjugated this giant. Unconsciously, at heart, he hated the Kaiser because the lady who claimed his fancy was William's legitimate and divinely appointed spouse.

As Narcissus admired his image in the pool, so Bismarck gazed spellbound at his handiwork—the German Empire. It was a mirror reflecting his personality. He was annoyed when the mirror gave back the image of the youthful Kaiser, when the lustre of the crown was more dazzling than the laurel of the Empire-Maker.

Even when Bismarck stabbed him in the back, the Kaiser was bound to the old man by the double tie of attraction-repulsion. After the break, the Emperor still looked with admiration upon the grave

elder statesman to whom his grandfather owed his imperial crown and new Germany its importance. As a youth, the Kaiser had seen only the heroic side of the Iron Chancellor; the very hatred which Bismarck inspired in his mother, seemed to add to the old man's stature. Young William did not realize that, in spite of its subjective and egotistical roots, her antagonism was not entirely unjustified. He did not know how despotically and inflexibly the old Chancellor crushed all who came in his way, even empresses and queens, how he buried all talents except his own, how he shoved aside even the King, his master, until his own mighty form cast its forbidding shadow over all Europe.

Not until William II mounted the throne, not until the cloistered prince became the ruler, did he sense the weight of Bismarck's iron hand, and recognize behind the lineaments of his ideal the irascible old tyrant.

"Bismarck," it has been said by an English statesman, "makes Germany great and Germans small." An immense void surrounded the Iron Chancellor. He stood at the head of the Empire. Millions of light years intervened. Then, far below, came the horde of his subordinates, without form or feature, indecipherable, like smoke in a distance. Bismarck's Europe was shockingly deficient in political talent—especially in Germany. Whoever rose above the average, whoever even threatened to touch Bismarck's shoulders, was smashed by Bismarck's fist or overwhelmed by his intrigue. He could dispose of men like Arnim, he could hold Holstein in vassalage. But he could neither destroy nor control the young Kaiser. Here lurked the one peril to his omnipotence. There were times when he seriously considered ways and means of dethroning William.

In the decades of his rule Bismarck failed to set the government on a solid foundation. Every institution was cut to the measure of his own mighty frame. Bismarck never stopped to consider that the mantle would some day rest on shoulders frailer than his. As a consequence, the office he had created in his own image hung like a shapeless bag upon his successors.

That was Bismarck's greatest fault—he lacked the perspective of time. The Empire stood on Bismarck's feet; if Bismarck fell, the Empire must fall likewise. The fact that the German Empire, nevertheless, survived its founder is one of history's inexplicable marvels. Future historians must determine to what extent William II, the innate virility of the German people, or both, contributed to this outcome.

On quiet afternoons at his castle at Friederichsruh, on his long solitary rides, and at his work table, Bismarck, projecting himself into his sons, considered the future of his family. "Whatever I have done, I have done for my house," he would occasionally confide to his intimates. The more complicated foreign affairs became, the more impenetrable his gambits or his moves were to others, the more confident the old King-Maker felt of the ascendancy of the Bismarcks. No one but a Bismarck could play at this spectral game. The one person in the world to whom the ancient magician imparted the secret of his strategy was his eldest son, Herbert. If Herbert should one day succeed him, alongside the House of Hohenzollern would rise the House of the Bismarcks, Mayors of the Palace.

It is difficult to determine to what extent this policy was conscious or unconscious at first, but Bismarck could not have managed the affairs of the Empire differently if such had been his deliberate intention from the beginning. His political measures became ever more and more complicated and he did not choose to take William into his confidence. Frequently he would write on important state documents, in his own hand, "Not to be shown to the Kaiser." Documents submitted by him to the monarch were carefully "edited" or falsified. When the old man died, the Kaiser, unable to decipher the hieroglyphics of Bismarck's foreign policy, would be forced to make Herbert his father's successor. Bismarck utilized every means to advance the fortunes of his own dynasty. The young Emperor's opposition to Bismarck was not the caprice of a despot, or the incompetence of an inexperienced youth, but a public and dynastic necessity. There was no place in a constitutional monarchy for a Mayor of the Palace.

To his ferocious urge for power, Bismarck sacrificed not only his sovereign, but the happiness of his own son. When Herbert fell madly in love with the beautiful Princess Carolath, a Catholic and a divorcée, Bismarck was irritated beyond endurance. Such a match, equally unpopular in Vienna, London and Berlin, would have impaired Herbert's ability to step into his father's shoes. Failing to receive paternal consent, Herbert summoned up enough courage to defy the old lion. His threat to resign as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs induced paroxysms of rage in the aged giant. Toying with suicide, the Iron Chancellor cursed his own handiwork.

"I am a miserable wretch," Bismarck shouted into the ears of the horrified Holstein. "What do I care about the damned Empire. Empire-

building be hanged, if it ruins me. What have I done all these years? I build for my own house. . . . I am not an inheritor, but a progenitor. I want to sustain my house."

Faced with the threat of his father's suicide or resignation, Herbert surrendered obediently. Bismarck regarded Germany as his chattel. In one of his many quarrels in the Reichstag, like a child threatening to overthrow the castle built with his toy blocks, he exclaimed furiously, "Then I'll break up the whole Empire."

In the stuffy workroom in Friederichsruh or in the Chancellory, bending over great masses of paper, by the dim light of an oil lamp, armed with his long, thick pencil—the old Prince, in secrecy and retirement, wove a fantastic and intricate net, which no one but himself could uphold or repair. Invisible threads ran into innumerable directions. His fingers slid over the papers, his fancy toyed with the marionettes at the ends of these threads. He forgot that his marionettes were living beings capable of hating the remorseless hands of their aged manipulator.

Bismarck was like a magnet of hate: hate from every source fastened itself upon him. Everyone hated the old Chancellor—his own officials, the party leaders and the princes whom he had deprived of half of their sovereignty when he founded the Empire. To a certain extent this hatred was merely the reverse face of admiration, to a large extent it was due to the ruthlessness of Bismarck's character and the arrogance of his genius.

The universal hatred of Bismarck was not confined to his own countrymen. The Czar hated him as much as the Queen of England; the Prince of Wales no less than the aged Francis Joseph. This hatred of the strong man of Europe was transferred unconsciously to his creation, the German Empire, and to its young ruler, William II. Bismarck weighed upon Germany and Europe like a nightmare. Every Foreign Office watched his movements with apprehension. Unconcerned by their criticism, the Iron Chancellor stirred the kettle of international intrigue.

With the assurance of a somnambulist Bismarck walked on steep and narrow paths. Perhaps Germany could have reached a permanent understanding with either England or Russia. Bismarck's ambiguous policy necessitated an alliance with the decaying power of the Hapsburgs and untrustworthy Italy, the Italy that never won a war or lost

its spoils! Bismarck needed these alliances. If he was Europe's nightmare, his own nightmare was the fear of war on two fronts—war with France and Russia. With all the shrewdness of age and all the ingenuity of his extraordinary brain, Bismarck strove to prevent such a war. Secretly he made a treaty of mutual defense with the Czar. If Russia were to attack Austria, Germany was obligated to defend her, but if Austria should attack Russia, Germany was bound to aid Russia.

Technically the treaty was defensible. The two engagements were not mutually contradictory. It was, nevertheless, a crafty arrangement, which left Bismarck's hand free to act in accordance with Germany's interests. Bismarck did not know that Austria-Hungary was double-crossing him likewise. For Austria, too, had some private arrangement with Russia which was not known to Germany until Emperor Francis Joseph disclosed it to William II in 1904.

Bismarck's attitude towards France was equally equivocal. In 1871 Bismarck advocated moderation and opposed the more drastic demands of the General Staff. Subsequently he humiliated and weakened the French. But, when it suited his purpose, he held out to them the allurements of vast stretches in Africa as a consolation for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Later, long after Bismarck's demise, with the aid of black warriors from her African Empire, France was to regain Alsace-Lorraine and to subject Germany to the ignominy of being garrisoned by African savages.

Only Bismarck or his son could master the details of his wilfully intricate policies. Disingenuous, fraught with divers perils, they grew more and more unintelligible to his ill-chosen subordinates. Germany's success depended solely upon the skill of the Master Juggler. When, after his fall, Bismarck asked his successor, Caprivi, if the latter intended to continue his policies, the new Chancellor retorted: "Your Serene Highness can keep five balls in the air at one time. We common mortals must be content if we can play with one."

The same craftiness, the same ingenuity, the same ruthlessness which Bismarck displayed in his relations with foreign powers characterized his actions toward his sovereign. Exploiting his own legendary reputation to the utmost, Bismarck practically excluded the Kaiser from participation in the government. At the same time the aged Chancellor, far less skilled at home than abroad, imparted an anti-



quoted brutal and ferocious stamp to the domestic policies of the Empire. His social ideas were unsuited to the industrial age. But with indomitable energy Bismarck subjected the whole nation to his despotic will and loftily sidetracked the Kaiser's attempts to modernize his regime.

Neither the kindly old William I, nor the dying Frederick had ventured to oppose the irate giant. It never occurred to Bismarck that the young and inexperienced new master would be capable of such temerity. And yet this youth had the audacity which his elders lacked; he gave battle to Bismarck.

Trusting to his omnipotence, Bismarck endeavored to treat William as if he were one of his puppets. William was ignorant of the government's business transacted in his name only a few doors away from the palace. Bismarck withheld even important treaties and vital agreements from William. If he had ten or twenty reasons for a policy, he acquainted the Kaiser with only two or three, secreting the rest in his bosom. But when the Kaiser drew logical inferences from the reasons alleged by Bismarck and arrived at equally logical but necessarily erroneous conclusions, the old man rubbed his hands with glee at the rawness and inexperience of his young master, who was meddling so irresponsibly in world affairs.

No weapon was too despicable for Bismarck in his battle against the Emperor. Bismarck religiously kept a secret file of biting comments and wounding observations upon the Kaiser, gathered by his secret service and talebearers in every quarter of the globe. If the young ruler grew overconfident, Bismarck recalled him to a sense of his basic inferiority by placing these documents into his hands.

Yet the Kaiser had a clear program of government, comprehensive plans, firm principles, and he desired to rule in accordance with them. These principles, these plans and that program were frequently opposed to everything Bismarck did and desired. Frequently, however, Bismarck and his young master were not far apart in their thoughts. It would have been easy with a little good will to reconcile their differences. But William lacked the finesse and Bismarck the good will to bridge the gulf between them. The Kaiser was obliged to contend for his realm with the Prince like a medieval emperor with a powerful vassal. It was youth against craft, the battle of King Arthur against the aged enchanter Merlin.

JANUARY 1890

Through the streets of Berlin rages a blizzard. The hard snow crunches under the feet of pedestrians. The carriages of court officials roll through the snowdrifts of Unter den Linden. Stout guardsmen in snow-powdered headpieces render punctilious salutes. The carriages cross the bridge that curves over the Spree to the stately square flanked by the Cathedral, the Museum and the Imperial Palace.

At the gates, guards present arms. The carriages stop. Onlookers pause for a moment despite the blizzard to identify the venerable ministers who descend from the coaches. But the crowd observes them with apathy. In the German Empire there is only one Minister. The rest are little more than his lackeys—leaves in the imposing garland of his fame.

Suddenly the crowd surges back instinctively. From the carriage which has just driven up to the entrance steps the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Bismarck. He comes reluctantly in response to a summons from the Kaiser. For eight months Bismarck has avoided the capital, transferring the seat of government to his country estate in Friedrichsruh.

The other Ministers wear formal court dress with the requisite decorations. Bismarck's gigantic form is clothed in military trappings. He leans heavily on his stick. The ministers regard one another with surprise and embarrassment. They are puzzled by the ceremonious preparation for this Crown Council, convoked so mysteriously by the young Kaiser. What historic words will be spoken, what epoch-making decisions announced? All eyes are riveted upon Prince Bismarck. But although the master of Friedrichsruh has dictated the agenda of all cabinet meetings and Crown Councils for twenty-eight years, he is ignorant of the reason for the abrupt imperial summons. The Secretary of State for the Ministry of the Interior, Count Boetticher, is the only minister who seems to have an inkling of the Emperor's plans. But his sly face is a frozen mask.

The doors swing open. Spurs clank. The young Kaiser enters the room. He is covered with orders and, like Bismarck, is in uniform. The ministers rise, the Kaiser acknowledging their salute, takes his station at Boetticher's side. When, at a nod from the monarch, the ministers have taken their places, the Emperor begins with suppressed excitement:

"I have chosen this day, the birthday of Frederick the Great, be-

cause it is destined to be of great historic significance." The Kaiser passes to Boetticher two sheets written in his own meticulous hand. Boetticher reads with much gravity. A flock of startled birds, the ministers listen. With mounting surprise and consternation, they learn that the New Master contemplates a social reorganization of the German Empire. He proposes to introduce legislation protecting workmen, establishing compulsory hours of rest and abolishing child labor. The ministers, educated in the reactionary school of Prince Bismarck, can scarcely disguise their consternation. Not a muscle moves in the Chancellor's face.

When the reading is completed, the Kaiser speaks once more. His voice is staccato; now and then his tongue seems to stumble against an "s." "Employers," the monarch avers, "squeeze the workers like lemons and then cast them into the dustbin. But the worker is not merely a machine to be discarded at will; he is entitled to participate in the earnings made possible by his labor. His relationship to his employer should be that of a co-worker. The strikes which are now in evidence reveal the lack of sympathy and understanding between the two camps. As a result Socialism emerges. There is a kernel of truth in the doctrine of the Social-Democrats, but this kernel will decay and anarchists will gain control unless we establish social justice. Industry is demoralized; it is in the condition of a regiment neglected by its colonel. In the next strike the workers will be better organized and imbued with a more fanatical spirit. There will be riots and we shall be compelled to use force.

"It would be a dreadful thing if the opening of my reign were to be stained with the blood of my subjects. Every loyal man is bound to make every effort to forestall such a disaster. I wish to be the King of the rank and file. My subjects must understand that I, their King, am concerned for their welfare. To international socialism we must oppose international conciliation. The proposed labor conference in Switzerland has been wrecked, but if I, the Kaiser, were to call such a conference, it would be quite a different matter. My program derives support from the information and the advice of authorities: Privy Counselor Hinzpeter, Count Douglas, and Counselor von Heyden. I have drafted these proposals submitted to you in three evenings. I desire that they be used as the basis for a stirring proclamation to be issued on my birthday, the day after tomorrow."

The ministers exchange dismayed glances. Prussia had been gov-

erned by geniuses and by fools. There had been martial and peace-loving monarchs, men of talent and men without talent. But the throne had never been occupied by a revolutionary. All eyes turn toward Bismarck. What will the old man say? His whole life has been a struggle against the obnoxious social principles enunciated, since his regal elevation, by William II.

Bismarck's blue eyes gleam with an evil light. The Titan rises slowly, lumberingly, leaning upon his cane. Casting a withering look upon the naive youth who seems resolved to annihilate the pillars of society and his throne, in cool, even tones, all the more insulting for their assumed equanimity, he hurls against his imperial master his pointed interpolations: "From whom is the worker to be protected by enactments preventing work at night and on Sunday? From his own avidity for work? Has His Majesty paused to consider that the worker, if he worked less, might be compelled to content himself with less pay? Softness"—the old man upraised his forefinger—"only aggravates the greed of the masses. The worker is never satisfied. To please him exceeds even the power of the Czar of Russia. Only God in Heaven could solve the question of labor. The proposed legislation will only enrage men of property, while giving aid and comfort to the Socialists!" The old man raised his voice threateningly: "I see dangers ahead for the Monarchy."

Deep silence.

The ministers, never having ventured to hold opinions of their own, warily regard the two antagonists. Who will prove stronger? Chancellor or Emperor? Bismarck was incapable of compromise. He would not yield an inch. But could the young Kaiser invoke his royal authority against the man who for twenty-eight years had held Prussia in the hollow of his hand?

Already it seems the Emperor is wavering.

"Far be it from me," he explains, obviously embarrassed, "to fling my limited experience into the scales against the mature wisdom of Your Serene Highness. But men loyal to the crown and to the government have urged me to enact these laws."

A sarcastic smile flashes like crooked lightning across the stony countenance of the Iron Chancellor. Then, still smiling, he unsheathes his claws. He had not fought Liberalism tooth and nail to protect a Socialist monarch. "Even to create the impression of pliancy," he cuttingly retorts, "is a grievous error. I cannot demonstrate that pliancy

would prove fatal to Your Majesty, but the evidence of my past experience leads me to believe that it will."

"If the decree is not promulgated," the Emperor objected, "the tide of Liberalism will rise higher and higher."

Bismarck shrugs his shoulders contemptuously. "But"—he stresses every word as if he were driving a nail in the coffin of Liberalism—"there will be the possibility of a showdown."

The Kaiser flushes.

What is the Chancellor driving at? Is he determined to unleash Civil War?

"I"—each word from the Emperor's lips is a sword-thrust at Bismarck—"choose to forestall by preventive measures the catastrophe at which you hint."

"If," Bismarck parries, "there are riots and bloodshed, that will not be your fault, but the fault of the Revolutionists. Bloodshed"—he now speaks in almost sepulchral tones—"can hardly be avoided even if we give ground. The longer we delay, the bloodier will be the reckoning."

Perhaps the Chancellor's gaze penetrated years still unborn? Perhaps he beheld, behind the veil which enshrouds the future, the bloody November of 1918. Bismarck's Prussia would have been safer, perhaps, had the youthful Kaiser consented to mar the inauguration of his reign by a blood bath. Perhaps he could have drowned Socialism in blood before certain Socialist leaders cut the throat of the Empire. Yet, in terms of his own epoch, the Kaiser was right. Newly come to the throne, conscious of the misery of the proletariat, William sought to establish justice, happiness and well-being, even at the risk of offending Bismarck.

Bismarck was not a fiend, proposing to suck the blood of the workers. He was willing to sponsor certain improvements as a free gift, not as a concession, as the bounty of the Patriarch, not as a tribute to social justice. "Prince Bismarck," the Kaiser said many years later, "did not oppose welfare work as such, but he believed in a benevolent paternalism irritating to labor."

But at this moment he was battling for power. The amelioration of the condition of the workers, even the menace of Socialism, were convenient pretexts. The battle was not between two points of view, it became a battle for prestige and power between the Emperor and the Chancellor.

The Emperor's patient attempts to interpret his point of view only

stiffened Bismarck's antagonism. Purple with rage, the Chancellor glared at his sovereign. His lips shaped sentences he would never have ventured to fling at his old master.

"Your Majesty's proposal," he shouted, "is a surrender to the rabble. My knowledge of affairs compels me to dissuade you from this course. May I not remind you that since my association with the Government, the crown has steadily gained in prestige. A concession such as Your Majesty now contemplates would be a fatal deviation from my policy—

"If"—the Chancellor paused to give added emphasis to his words—"Your Majesty attaches no importance to my advice, it is not plain to me whether I can continue to bear the responsibilities of office."

It was a familiar maneuver. How often Bismarck had browbeaten the old King with the threat of retirement. The trick always worked. Horror-stricken, William I had seized the hand of his ancient minister and written a categorical "No" across his letter of resignation.

William II, not wholly unprepared, remained silent for an interval. Then, turning to his ministers for advice, he said, in a low voice: "That places me in a dilemma." But under Bismarck's hypnotic eye, his marionettes dared not wriggle. When they spoke, they parroted Bismarck's words. The decision went against William. In his first great bout with the Chancellor the Kaiser was routed.

Mastering himself with a heroic effort, the Emperor shook hands with the Prince. Bismarck departed in triumph. When he reached home, the Chancellor threw himself wearily on a couch and poured into the ears of his son a violent tirade against his young Master. "I have always predicted," he groaned, "that William II will be his own Chancellor." Meanwhile William, no less angrily, assailed Boetticher. "Why did you leave me in the lurch? You all acted like beaten curs. I have no ministers," he added gloomily. "They are all the ministers of Prince Bismarck."

William's interest in the working class was no sudden caprice. For years he had studied their problems under Hinzpeter's guidance, before his accession to the throne. In 1887, aided by Court Chaplain Stoecker, by the wife of Field Marshal von Waldersee, and others, William had determined to found a Home Mission designed to benefit the workers materially and spiritually, while winning back their loyalty to the crown. He wished to gain for this Home Mission the support

of the powerful Chancellor, but Bismarck refused to countenance the experiment. He could not reconcile the plan with his conception of the Prussian tradition. William received a reprimand for his pains.

The Chancellor's negative attitude astonished William. It did not accord with his conception of Bismarck. When he inquired among his friends to discover the reason of Bismarck's hardness of heart, Count Waldersee intimated that the old man was senile. He also hinted that the Chancellor was addicted to drugs. The Kaiser, not realizing that Waldersee lied, was shocked by the revelation. The only basis for the story was the occasional injection of morphine by his doctor to ease Bismarck's unbearable rheumatic pains. Nevertheless the remark impressed itself on William's mind. One of Waldersee's bon mots which made the rounds at that time must have reached William in some way. He doubtless stored it away in the rubbish heap of the subconscious. "Frederick would never have been 'The Great' if, at his accession to the throne, he had found and retained a minister like Bismarck." Remarks such as these rankle and fester.

Two years after the failure of the Home Mission plan, in May of 1889, William having succeeded his father, had the opportunity to translate his humanitarianism into action. Germany was experiencing her first great strike. One hundred thousand workers in the Ruhr region had laid down their tools, demanding equitable wages and tolerable living conditions. Enraged at such impertinence, Prince Bismarck sent government troops to the affected area.

For the first time since the storm and stress of 1848 the internal situation looked ominous. The great operators were uncompromising. The workers declared that they would rather starve than abandon their demands. Discontent blossomed into riots. The outbreak of civil war was no longer a remote contingency. The aged Prince did not regard such disorders as a serious problem.

A few emergency enactments, a few arrests, a dose of shrapnel, and all would be well. The workers' opposition must be crushed. He proposed a measure empowering him to precipitate a gigantic holocaust in the strike area. Armed with such a bludgeon, Bismarck could overwhelm all opposition.

While the details of the enactment were being worked out in the Chancellory, the door suddenly opened and the Emperor appeared unannounced. His spurs clicked. Attired in the resplendent uniform of the Hussars, his breast sparkling with decorations, the Kaiser shoved

the draft of the proposed law aside. Then, laying down the law to Bismarck, he said: "Operators and shareholders must yield. The workers are my subjects. I am responsible for their welfare. Yesterday I warned the industrial leaders of the Rhineland! If wages in the mines are not immediately raised, I shall withdraw my troops. Once the villas of the rich owners and directors are in flames, once their gardens are ravaged, they may no longer consider themselves so important."

No King of Prussia had ever taken this tone. If this spirit prevailed, the old Prussia was doomed. The Chancellor gazed silently at the Kaiser. "I was under the impression," he retorted patly, "that the owners also were Your Majesty's subjects."

Checkmated, the Kaiser went away without reaching a decision about the new legislation. But a new spirit of opposition to Bismarck raised its head in the land as well as in the palace. In the press, in public assemblies, in all ranks and classes of the nation, there were voices expressing admiration for the self-denying hardihood of the workers, wonder at the brutality of the mine owners and approval of the young monarch whose heart belonged to his people.

On the day following the interchange with Bismarck, two deputations waited upon the Kaiser, one from the striking workers, the other from the mine owners. Contrary to custom, the workers were received first. In shabby clothes, concealing their horny hands in their pockets, they gazed with surprise at the splendor of their surroundings. They were startled when William addressed them with the benevolence of a father. "It is the natural right of every subject to be heard by his king. You have my assurance that I will study your petition with royal solicitude."

Bismarck, informed of the tenor of William's speech, closed his eyes in horror. A little more, he reflected, and the German Emperor will be waving the red flag and singing revolutionary songs, while leading the workers to his palace!

After addressing the workers, the Kaiser icily informed the frock-coated deputies of the owners: "My impression of the workers was most favorable. It is only human nature for everyone to endeavor to earn what he can. The workers read the newspapers, they know the relationship between their wages and the company's earnings, and they wish to share those earnings."

These events were the prelude to the Crown Council.



The strike had been settled, but the larger question of social justice was still the bone of contention between Bismarck and the Kaiser. Bismarck had won, but he was afraid of his victory. "I fear," he remarked shortly after the Council, "that I am an obstacle to Your Majesty." The Kaiser did not reply. Perhaps Bismarck realized that he must not drive William too hard. Having won a victory, he now made a gesture of conciliation. His yes-men in the Cabinet assented as usual.

Under the Chancellor's direction, the astonished Cabinet drafted the text of the contemplated imperial decree, a decree thirty years in advance of the times, recognizing the rights of labor and inaugurating a workers' trade council. Again the Kaiser was announced; again his spurs clicked and uniforms glittered. Flushed with victory, William twirled his moustachios, and adorned the document with his familiar flourish.

After these formalities, Bismarck pressed his views once more upon the Kaiser. "I have drafted this decree in obedience to Your Majesty's orders, but I deeply deplore the measure and advise Your Majesty to throw it into the fire." When William refused to relent, Bismarck promulgated, but did not himself sign, the document. Both public and press acclaimed the measure. In the struggle between the Kaiser and the Chancellor, the people supported William.

New elections to the Reichstag were impending. Bismarck, attempting to frighten the Emperor with the bogey of revolution, proposed martial law to hold sway on election day in the capital. The Emperor rejected the suggestion. But events seemed to justify Bismarck. The Emperor's liberal pronouncement only served to increase the Socialist vote. Of seven million votes, one and one-half million were cast for the Socialist ticket. It is not difficult to surmise that the Chancellor was secretly pleased by the confirmation of his dire predictions. Now the whole world could see that the inexperienced youth on the throne was leading the nation to destruction. Only a blood purge could save Germany!

Bismarck played with the idea of dissolving his own creation. The German Empire, he held, was the result of a compact between sovereign princes. With their consent this compact could be cancelled. Then the Reich could re-constitute itself minus universal manhood suffrage. There were times when the Kaiser, too, played with such thoughts. He was bitterly disappointed by the election. It was difficult for him to

comprehend that after decades of depression and class hatred, intensively cultivated, no mere royal pronouncement could cure the ills of deep-seated social and economic maladjustments. But in reply to Bismarck's vehemence, he still refused to shoot. "I don't want to be known as the Shrapnel Prince."

In 1848, William I, then heir presumptive to the Prussian throne, had given revolutionists a taste of grapeshot. He was forced to take refuge in London from the rage of the people. In spite of the affection he earned in the course of his long reign, the sobriquet of "grapeshot" clung to his name to the end. William II did not emulate his grandfather in this respect. The salvos remained unfired. There was no coup d'état.

Bismarck's eyes were bloodshot, his face haggard from lack of sleep. He questioned the sanity of his sovereign. Had he taken leave of his wits like his grand-uncle Frederick William IV? Was it possible to have him declared insane like Bavaria's Ludwig? Persistently the old man debated with himself, how to punish the obstreperous youngster.

William, meanwhile, considered how to keep Bismarck within bounds, how to reconcile reverence for the Bismarck legend with the character of the Prince. But the Chancellor was even more feared than he was hated. Behind his back all were saying "Bismarck has become senile." But the moment he entered the room, they were once more under the spell of the old magician.

The atmosphere was charged with explosives when Czar Alexander paid a long-deferred visit to Berlin. The Czar had been reluctant to visit Germany. He disliked both the Kaiser and the Prince, yet both made every effort to win his friendship. Both succeeded in a measure. The Kaiser, remembering the admonitions of his grandfather, eagerly strove to renew the traditional friendship between the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs, into which Bismarck had driven a wedge at the Congress of Berlin. The Chancellor attached more importance to political guaranties than to dynastic ties. The vast Empire, whose proximity menaced Germany on the east, worried Bismarck. If the two countries could not be friends, every effort must be made to divert the Czar from military aggression.

William employed all his youthful charm to win the Czar and he did so successfully. Count Witte tells how Alexander, though originally distrustful of William, was impressed by his engaging qualities: "I can

see he is well disposed to live at peace with us." William always had the ability to fascinate, a gift that has not left him in exile. The young monarch spared no pains to please his exalted guest. When the Russian left, William accompanied him to the station and made it quite plain that he would be glad to return the Czar's visit. Alexander promptly invited the Kaiser to hunt with him in Spala. Though suspicious of Germans and disliking Bismarck, Alexander III under the soft persuasion of the youthful Emperor, considered a friendly re-orientation of his policies in the direction of Germany.

When, returning from the railroad station, the Kaiser joyfully and impulsively related his first diplomatic triumph, the Czar's invitation, to Bismarck, the Chancellor maintained an obstinate silence. Perhaps he resented the Kaiser's meddling in foreign affairs. Perhaps he was annoyed that the young man had accepted the invitation without consulting him. At any rate, his tongue could find no word of praise.

Later Bismarck related how, in the course of this drive, he had pictured to himself the complications which might ensue as a result of the projected trip. He convinced himself, in all seriousness, that the Kaiser, thrown together with the Czar, would wreck all his policies.

The Kaiser, ignorant of the nature of Bismarck's meditations, cried impatiently: "Why don't you congratulate me?" Instead of congratulating William, the old man attempted to dissuade him from his proposed visit. It was now William's turn to be silent. At the Chancellory, the monarch parted coldly with Bismarck. He refrained on this occasion from accompanying the old man to the door and angrily drove home.

A break could not long be averted.

Bismarck plotting to hamper the Emperor's prerogatives, while William fumed and fretted, dug out from musty archives an Order in Council issued by King Frederick William IV in 1852. This long-forgotten enactment specified that no Minister was permitted to render a report to the sovereign except in the presence of the Premier. Bismarck informed the members of his Cabinet that henceforth they were forbidden to talk with the Kaiser, render reports to him or receive his instructions. Hereafter no member of the Cabinet could be consulted by the Emperor without Bismarck's approval and presence. Not merely his shadow, but his person, would stand, a menacing spectre, between the monarch and his ministers.

Thus the Kaiser found himself practically excluded from all governmental transactions. His ministers stayed away. If he asked for information, he received polite excuses, but no reports. The only activities which did not require Prince Bismarck's permission were military and court functions. He disregarded the Kaiser's request for a revocation of the Order in Council. In a stormy colloquy, the Chancellor again and again threatened resignation. He did not even disdain tears as a weapon. In response to the Emperor's temperamental explosions, Bismarck wept but refused to budge. William, in spite of his mounting indignation, was moved by the hero's tears. When a Bismarck sheds tears, they weigh heavily in the balance. Bismarck's tears, it seems, always flowed easily. But, Nowak points out, they flowed only in the presence of royalty. Bismarck wept only before Kings. Age accentuated his lachrymose disposition.

But in spite of tearful interludes, the aged wizard was preparing a new assault upon his sovereign. In his duel with the Emperor, Bismarck committed what theologians would call the Sin against the Holy Ghost; he violated his own deepest conviction. All his life Bismarck had sponsored the authority of the Monarchy against the encroachment of Parliament. Democracy was his *bête noire*. But now, in a frenzy of rage, he sought Parliamentary allies in his war against the Emperor. That was not his only inconsistency. For decades Bismarck had opposed political Catholicism in Germany. He had combated and banished the Jesuits; his conflict with the Church, the *Kulturkampf*, had rent Germany in twain, and had almost provoked Civil War. It now came to an abrupt termination. In order to bring about the defeat of the Protestant Kaiser, the aged Chancellor welcomed the assistance of a Jesuit and a Jew.

Bleichroeder, Bismarck's venerable financial adviser, arranged a meeting between the Chancellor and his inveterate enemy Windhorst, leader of the Catholic Party in Parliament. The two foes met surreptitiously in Bismarck's home. Wild rumors flew through Berlin. The Emperor got wind of the nocturnal meeting between the old wizard and Windhorst. Talebearers, passing from camp to camp, constantly exploited the tension between the two men. Bismarck spied upon his master. William set a watch upon Bismarck.

At 9 o'clock the next morning the Emperor appeared much disturbed at the Foreign Office. Dismounting from his horse the monarch strode up the stairs and sternly asked for his Chancellor. Bismarck,

still heavy with sleep, was ready for an explosion. It was the Chancellor himself who brought up the subject of Windhorst, pretending that his visit had been merely a social call. William, knowing that Bismarck was lying, overwhelmed the old man with reproaches.

"What do you mean by secretly receiving Windhorst?" he exclaimed. The old Prince, unperturbed externally, no matter what storms were raging within, sarcastically regarded his liege lord.

"You are plotting against me with Jews and Jesuits," the Kaiser angrily shouted.

"May I not," Bismarck replied, "respectfully point out to you, Sire, that it is my own affair whom I receive in my home? Your Majesty has no occasion to be exercised about my callers."

"And if I command you, by virtue of my imperial authority, to refrain henceforth from such transactions, will you obey my wishes?"

"No," Bismarck answered curtly, "not even then, Sire."

Remembering both his constitutional limitations and the ancient prestige of his aged antagonist, the Kaiser altered his tone. Humanly, ingratiatingly, he pleaded. He reasoned. But Bismarck was deaf to reason. William stared in dismay at his Chancellor. But, still anxious to avert an open break, controlled himself. Dropping the Windhorst affair, he reverted to the preposterous Order in Council which excluded him from the advice of his ministers.

"I beg Your Serene Highness to revoke this decree."

Bismarck was as unresponsive to the Emperor's request as he was to his command. Cold anger flamed up within him. Forgetting all political considerations, the Orders in Council, Catholics, Parliamentaryism, elections, etiquette, even his office, only one thought animated the brain of the angry giant—to crush the youth who opposed him, to inflict upon him an irreparable wound.

Fumbling among his papers, he suddenly shifted the conversation to Russia. Dumfounded by this maneuver, the Emperor started. The Chancellor's face assumed a funereal expression. "I adjure Your Majesty," he said, "whatever you may decide, to forego the proposed visit to St. Petersburg."

"But why?"

"I dare not tell Your Majesty."

The Kaiser was astonished.

"But what has happened?"

The Chancellor did not reply. From the pile of documents on his

desk, he extracted one, carefully read it and shook his head sorrowfully.

"What is this paper?"

With well-simulated horror, Bismarck declined to answer.

"As a loyal subject of Your Majesty, I cannot bring myself to utter what is in that document."

"But I insist—" The Emperor was white with anger.

"Then as a loyal subject I cannot disobey Your Majesty's order. But do not ask me to read it."

He handed the document to the Emperor and watched intently his reactions like an infuriated tiger waiting to pounce upon his prey. The Kaiser alternately blanched and blushed. The document was a confidential report from one of Bismarck's secret agents citing piquant passages from the correspondence of the Czar with the English Court. Written before the meeting in Berlin, they portrayed William as a badly brought-up boy.

The poisoned arrow went straight to the heart. The ill-tempered remarks of the Czar rankled deeply because they invoked from the under-layers of William's consciousness the sense of inferiority instilled in his mind by Hinzpeter. He knew that the old Chancellor had chosen this method to insult him with impunity. But the long training of princes stood him in good stead. He put on his helmet awry, but he bade the Chancellor a courtly farewell.

From that moment on the breach could no longer be healed. The next move was the Kaiser's. He sent his military aide, General von Hahnke, to the Chancellor with the command to nullify the Order in Council. Bismarck replied with a categorical "No." This roused in William all the princely pride of the Hohenzollerns. Hahnke returned once more to the Chancellor with a summons for the Prince to appear at the Palace immediately to tender his resignation.

But the Chancellor proved stubborn. He refused to go to the Palace. "I shall hand in my resignation in writing." He was determined to make the epistle a withering indictment of William, a burning monument of his hate.

While aides were dashing back and forth between the Imperial Palace and the Chancellory, Count Shuvalov, Ambassador Extraordinary of His Majesty, the Czar, arrived in Berlin. In Shuvalov's heavy portfolio rested a proposal for the renewal of the secret Treaty of

Mutual Defense. This instrument, generally referred to by historians as the "Re-insurance Treaty," was considered by Bismarck the master-stroke of his diplomacy. To William, its contents were only vaguely familiar. The Treaty was soon to expire, but the Czar wanted to extend it and perhaps convert it into a permanent alliance.

On the day before his resignation, Bismarck received Shuvalov. Through his son Herbert, who occupied the post of Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, he intimated to the Kaiser the importance of renewing the Treaty. Herbert insisted that the Czar's envoy had been instructed to discuss the treaty with the Iron Chancellor himself. Bismarck learning that his tenure of office could not be much prolonged, suggested to Shuvalov the advisability of transferring negotiations from the hostile atmosphere of Berlin to Moscow.

But the Chancellor's attention was diverted once more to his own affairs by a call from von Lucanus, Chief of the Emperor's Civil Cabinet. Von Lucanus was the one minister who had refused Bismarck's bounty. Now he appears as William's messenger, with a categorical demand for Bismarck's resignation. But Bismarck remains obdurate. "His Majesty," he informs Lucanus, "can dismiss me at any time without waiting for my resignation. I have no intention of taking upon myself the responsibility of retirement. I refuse to be hurried. After twenty-eight years in office, years which for Prussia have not been barren of achievement, I need time to justify my resignation before posterity."

The tension that followed Bismarck's refusal was almost unbearable. It lasted 24 hours. Outraged, the Kaiser anxiously paces the Palace. Would the oldest servitor of his house compel him to show him the door? To soothe William's nerves Eulenburg sings romantic ballads. At last! An aide enters the room. The resignation has come. The Kaiser glances over the six pages of the document and writes in large letters "Genehmigt"—"Approved"—"W. I. R."

The text of Bismarck's resignation was not published. Bismarck's reasons contrasted too strongly with the official explanation of his retirement—illness and old age. In spite of Bismarck's discourtesies, the Kaiser accorded every honor within his gift to the irate giant. As a parting present he bestowed upon him the title of "Herzog von Lauenburg." When Bismarck received the imperial decree giving him ducal rank, he laughed. "I shall always," he cackled, "use this title when I wish to travel incognito."

Eager to appease the Iron Chancellor and to preserve a bridge between the House of Hohenzollern and the House of Bismarck, the Emperor implored Herbert to remain at his post as Secretary of State. The Bismarcks curtly refused. "When," Prince Bismarck snarled, "a man is convinced that a vessel will founder, he does not entrust to it the safety of his son." Bismarck's prophecy was somewhat premature. The ship did not founder for more than a quarter of a century. Bismarck's resignation was accepted on March 18, 1890. The Kaiser crossed the Dutch border on November 11, 1918.

After the Chancellor's resignation, Germany breathed a sigh of relief. Few except Bismarck's personal cronies had a word of sympathy or regret. A ghostlike silence prevailed at the Chancellor's farewell dinner. His leavetaking from the officials of the Foreign Office, imprisoned by Bismarck's tyranny like Djinnns in a bottle, was equally frigid. Geheimrat Holstein, once Bismarck's favorite, now his foe, was conspicuous by his absence.

Conservatives and Liberals alike hailed Bismarck's exit. "The nation," to quote one characteristic comment, "is calm. Without apprehension—though not without emotion—the German people have witnessed the divorcement of the strong man from that predominance which had been an insuperable obstacle to their internal progress. The nation will soon number the 18th of March among those days to be remembered with satisfaction."

While the Imperial Chancellor was vacating his official town residence, conveying with him for his consolation in banishment 13,000 bottles of wine and 300 boxes of cigars, an active and sinister conflict developed around the "Re-insurance Treaty" with Russia. Caprivi, the new Chancellor, knew less about politics than Bismarck about Chinese grammar. He was a most unfortunate choice. Yet Bismarck himself had suggested Caprivi when the question of dividing his responsibilities had been discussed. Caprivi had been his choice as Premier of Prussia. It may be that Bismarck's advice still echoed in William's brain. Though fighting Bismarck, he could not overcome his respect for the Chancellor's judgment.

Caprivi, ignorant of the ways and strategies of diplomacy, depended completely on the wily Holstein. Caprivi was an efficient officer, but a poor diplomat. The renewal or non-renewal of the vital treaty depended entirely on subordinate officials—especially Holstein. Holstein



could not fail to perceive that the treaty, however dubious ethically, was a guaranty of German security. But Holstein was more concerned with his own foibles than with Germany's future.

If the treaty were renewed, Holstein feared, Bismarck or his son might return to power. That would mean the end of his activities. He no doubt convinced himself that his elimination would be disastrous for Germany. He threw the whole weight of his influence and his dialectics against renewal. The Treaty was not renewed. Russia, piqued by the rebuff, flew into the arms of France. Thus began the fatal encirclement of Germany, subsequently completed by Edward VII, against which every chancellor after Bismarck has striven in vain. The Kaiser was not then aware of the fatefulness of his decision. But throughout the remainder of his reign, he constantly struggled to repair this initial error by his personal influence.

Not until 1890 did William begin to be German Emperor in reality as well as in name. But he was handicapped by a difficult heritage. Chained to Bismarck's policy, like Prometheus to his rock, he was unable to break his bonds. Constitutionally the Kaiser must share with Bismarck the responsibility for many errors of German policy. But historically we must blame more than either, Germany's unfortunate geographical position and her belated awakening, which denied to her more than the crumbs from the banquet of the Great Powers.

Europe was not prepared to accept a strong Central Europe. Aside from this salient fact, Bismarck's personality left the German Empire encumbered by the hatred of its neighbors. No one assuming control could untangle the maze of foreign treaties, secret understandings and disingenuous measures evolved by the old Wizard. The delicate threads by which he had maintained the equilibrium of Europe, broke immediately after he retired. With Bismarck's retirement began the spectral duel between the Prince and the Kaiser.

The Kaiser was plagued by shibboleths. Because Bismarck had once said, "Germany is saturated" and because he had advised against the risk of "preventive wars," the Emperor was condemned to stand idly by while the campaign to isolate Germany continued without abatement. If he had remained at the Emperor's side, the Iron Chancellor would probably have advised his master to break through the iron wall against Germany in the fashion of Frederick the Great. The Kaiser could have provoked war by Machiavellian tactics. But he abhorred deceit. William turned his face to the Prince of Peace, not to Mars.

The German people, unable to think in terms of world politics, ignored propaganda, the most powerful weapon of the modern state. Bismarck ruled through intrigue, bribery, barter and brute force. He did not systematically manipulate public opinion—except against the Kaiser. Hatred gave him the clairvoyance his genius lacked. Until the advent of Adolf Hitler the German people were too provincial to meet propaganda with propaganda. Last-comers in the realm of Empire, they were not accustomed to think in large figures. "When," the Kaiser once said, "my government asked for political funds to be disbursed without accounting, the Reichstag refused to vote even 500,000 marks."

The Kaiser inferred, correctly, that public opinion was predominantly with him, not with Bismarck. It *was* in the beginning. But popular antipathy had been focused on Bismarck's personality, not on his myth. When Bismarck retired to the shadow of Friedrichsruh, the Bismarck myth assumed gigantic proportions. His retreat became his shrine. A clamor from all ranks and all quarters, carefully nursed by Bismarck's partisans and the Emperor's foes, insisted with increasing emphasis that only the old Pilot could bring the ship safe to harbor.

With diabolical ingenuity, Bismarck marshalled the Emperor's enemies, marching upon Germany from Friedrichsruh like an invisible army. He was, in a sense, more potent than in the height of his glory. The malediction of the dishonored Chancellor flitted through homes, palaces and government offices. Daily and hourly the dimensions of the mythical Bismarck increased. William, struggled his whole life long in vain with the spectre of the enraged titan who, to the end of his days, pursued him with implacable hatred. Immune behind the Bismarck myth, the Old Chancellor directed his attacks upon the Young Kaiser. He even permitted himself to be elected to the Reichstag, although he never appeared in the role of Parliamentarian. He committed indiscretions, he betrayed official secrets, he soiled his hands with intrigue, he lied, knowing that he was the one man who could be reached neither by the Emperor's vengeance nor by the law.

Bismarck is not the villain of this tale. He, too, was a victim. The Attorney for the Defense, in response to a sharp query from the Prosecution, admitted that he did not impugn the honesty of Bismarck's intentions. The rage in his own soul convinced the Iron Chancellor that the Kaiser must be destroyed to save his handiwork—Germany. Malice and envy, but also sincere, if misguided, patriotism thronged to the standards of the Anti-Kaiser in Friedrichsruh. Daily the Opposition

invented new reasons for blaming the ruler who had ruthlessly dropped the Old Pilot. Hate of Bismarck assumed the mask of love; no, not the mask, it transformed itself into love. Fear, ambivalently, became pity. Love and pity for Bismarck incited the German people against the Kaiser. It did not occur to anybody that William was paying the piper for Bismarck's errors and the unhappy destiny that thrust upon Germany the role of being a parvenu among nations.

The records of the proceedings before the High Court of History clearly set forth that with every allowance for Germany's internal and external hardships, the unstable political situation in which the Reich ultimately found itself was, in a large measure, the consequence of Bismarck's faults. Yet, the Attorney for the Defense observed, Bismarck's conservative partisans and, strange to say, his liberal camp followers, including the equivocal Maximilian Harden, were unable to forgive the Kaiser's dismissal of Bismarck. They accused him of weakness and lack of wisdom. The prejudice against youth, which dominated Germany before the advent of National Socialism, explains the universality of this attitude. The Germans might have condoned Bismarck's dismissal by Frederick or William I, but they could not forgive the "young Emperor" for taking the only course reconcilable with his dignity as a man and his duty as a monarch.

Bismarck's fall created a breach which divided the nation. Henceforward the Emperor's subjects—including some of his own counselors—observed with malicious and sardonic amusement every error made by Bismarck's successors. They refused to recognize that Bismarck himself had created a void around himself in which William was lost. For twenty-eight years, as we have seen, Bismarck had alienated all able and vigorous men from public life. After Bismarck's retirement, William was compelled to choose between spiritless mediocrities, brilliant intriguers and crackpots.

Only Bismarck (in his prime) could have remedied the mistakes of Bismarck's policies. The generation of German officials, who had grown up under Bismarck, evinced no dazzling qualities. They were accustomed to follow the Chancellor's direction mechanically and uncritically. Only one man in the Foreign Office rose above the indeterminate mass of officials, only one man was able to mimic the genius of Bismarck in his own devious fashion, only one man was familiar with the intricacies of Bismarck's policies, only one man possessed the almost superhuman energy that characterized the great Chancellor—

Holstein. Under luckier stars, Holstein might have been Bismarck's successor. He became instead—ably assisted by Buelow—the grave-digger of three empires, including the Empire of William II.

Attempts to reconcile the Emperor with Bismarck were made. Wrestling with his soul, William consented. He dispatched Kuno von Moltke to Friedrichsruh to bring to the Iron Chancellor as a peace offering an ancient bottle of noble vintage. Moltke arranged the reunion between the Prince and the Kaiser. Bismarck came to Berlin as the guest of his sovereign. All Germany rejoiced. But the reconciliation was only external. The opposition to William in his own country and abroad still gathered around Bismarck and Bismarck's shadow.

Even after the fatal November of 1918, Bismarck's arm struck William once more from the grave. Suppressed chapters of Bismarck's memoirs leaped into print. Every word was cunningly contrived to belittle William II. The exiled Emperor proved himself both a philosopher and a gentleman. "I have a tough hide," he said to one of his English friends. "Posthumous diaries of historical personages," William explained on the witness stand, "call for severe critical tests. Everything they contain in the way of memory, personal impressions, judgments born of emotion and written down without an objective examination, should be carefully weighed by the editors before they perpetuate them in print.

"Unfortunately a bad example was set by the premature publication of the third volume of Bismarck's memoirs. *Gedanken und Erinnerungen* (Thoughts and Recollections). It is obvious that the book was written without documents. It is far from me to cast any doubt upon the importance of this last composition of the Prince as a revelation of his remarkable personality. But the great public who reads these memoirs is by no means in the position to discriminate between what was dictated by malice and embitterment and what is to be treasured as historical truth.

"Take, for example, the description of the departure of the Prince from Berlin. In the memoirs, and no doubt in the memory of the Prince, it was cruelly humiliating to him. He completely forgot that immediately after the incident he himself expressed to his Pastor, Dr. Dryander, high praise for the delicate consideration shown to him by his successor, Caprivi!

"It is very risky," the Emperor added, with a sigh, "to publish writings of this type before the necessary time has elapsed which en-



William II and Bismarck  
Before the breach that outlasted death



DROPPING THE PILOT.

The Most Famous Cartoon in Modern History

ables the reader, upon the basis of his knowledge of actual happenings collected from many unprejudiced sources, to hold the balance between truth and fiction."

The shade of the Iron Chancellor listened, unperturbed, to William's revelations. He refused to comment upon them. Under fire from the Defense he admitted that, when he bade leave to the diplomatic corps, he had done so with the threat: "Le roi me reverra" (The King shall see me again). He admitted with equal candor that he had remarked to Count von der Goltz at Biarritz in 1865: "I have served the King (William I), because I am devoted to him personally. I should never agree to serve the Crown Prince (Frederick). He and the dynasty are of no interest to me."

"Your Serene Highness reserved for yourself the part played at the Court of Frankish Kings by the Major Domus. It was your purpose to rule, not merely the household, but its master."

Bismarck at first made no answer. After a while he said slowly, deliberately: "I was guided by my conscience. My conscience was always aimed like a pistol at me."

At the commencement of William's reign, two paths were open to the nation—Bismarck's and the Kaiser's. Bismarck's conservative political philosophy was Prussian. The discipline of his system, its disregard for the human factor, was integrally related to Bismarck's attitude toward life. William was a humanitarian and a reformer, trying in vain to heal the age-long conflict between Capital and Labor with his sceptre. The two viewpoints remained unreconciled. "Fate, perhaps his own temperament," concluded the Attorney for the Defense, "conspired to frustrate his attempts to harmonize the irreconcilable. Only a miracle could achieve this. A cleavage appeared in William's Empire and in William's own soul. Bismarck's conservatism and William's vision of state socialism remained antagonistic. The gap was not bridged.

"Germany, to save her soul, needed Bismarck's blood and iron no less than the social conscience of William. Only the organic welding of German idealism with the Prussian spirit, the wedding of Weimar and Potsdam, could impart to the German Empire the stability necessary to weather the hurricane of the twentieth century. The human and political tragedy of William II was his inability to consummate this synthesis. Perhaps Germany could not achieve salvation until the German nation had passed through War and Revolution.

## THE MAN WITH THE HYENA EYES

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

The Judges take their seats.

In the witness box, blinking through heavy glasses, Fritz von Holstein strokes his white beard. Shunning public honors and responsibility, this eccentric genius directed for nearly a generation the foreign policy of the German Empire from a cubby-hole in the Foreign Office. Through his hand passed every thread of international intrigue. He knew by heart the most secret clauses in Germany's secret treaties. Chancellors came and went. Bismarck. Caprivi. Hohenlohe. Buelow. The enigmatic Councilor in the antiquated frock coat outlived and outwitted all but the last. Thirty years he worked in the Foreign Office.

Both the Defense and the Prosecution cross-examine Baron Fritz von Holstein. Both cite his letters. Both delve into the reminiscences of his collaborators and his victims. There is little difference between the two. His collaborators were his victims! Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia tumbled into the pit dug by Holstein with the aid of his fellow henchmen in the foreign offices of other lands.

The hair and beard of the Gray Excellency in the Wilhelmstrasse turned from gray to white. But he never relaxed his stranglehold on the foreign affairs of the Reich. Daily he issued orders to ambassadors, frequently superseding those of the Chancellor and of the Emperor. Bismarck himself had granted to him the extraordinary privilege of communicating personally with the representatives of the Reich in foreign countries. By devious methods, peculiarly his own, Holstein maintained himself in power. Like Fouché, the dreaded police commissioner of Napoleon, whom the Corsican feared though he found him indispensable, the food upon which Holstein fed was political blackmail. He was on speaking terms with every skeleton in every closet. Now his own skeleton steps rattling from its hiding place.

"Holstein," opens the argument of the Public Prosecutor, "is described by some as a genius, by some as a madman. Whatever he was, he influenced the foreign policy of William's empire more profoundly than the Emperor or his Chancellors. If he was a madman, William



should have dismissed him. If he was a genius, he should have followed his counsel.

"The Defendant stands before you accused of having started the World War. It may be argued from Germany's point of view, that he would have acted more wisely if he had started the World War eight years sooner. William played with fire at Morocco, but did not dare to face the consequences of his game. The pusillanimous attitude of the Emperor condemned Holstein's ingenious plans to futility."

The whitebeard in the witness box grimly nodded approval. He was less pleased by what followed.

"I do not," the Prosecutor continued, "hold a brief for Holstein or his policies. I merely wish to point out that William should have selected other advisers and modified his own behavior if he seriously believed in the ideal of peace. As a matter of fact William objected not at all to the unscrupulous schemes hatched by Holstein, he merely lacked the intestinal fortitude to carry them out. Holstein was Bismarck's tool for his dirty work; he was William's maid-of-all-work.

"The Defense will tell you that there was no direct contact between the Emperor and the Geheimrat. Men and women of the Jury," the Prosecutor exclaimed, "what an Emperor is this, who never meets his most important adviser face to face? Only through tortuous channels could Holstein reach the ear of his imperial master. William, it is true, made one historic attempt to find the 'Herr Geheimrat' in his lair but, when that failed, lacked the initiative to compel Holstein's attendance. Holstein continued to spin his intrigues in the Foreign Office with William's connivance.

"When finally Holstein himself requested an audience with the monarch, William had nothing to say to him except platitudes. It seemed more important to him to punish the recalcitrant Geheimrat for a breach of court etiquette than to establish a close intellectual contact between himself and the man who, for better or for worse, was the brain of his Foreign Office."

The Emperor's Attorney, rallying to the defense of his client, cross-examined Holstein and established that he was a hostile witness. Holstein never replied to any question with a definite "yes" or a definite "no," but squirmed, fenced, evaded and elaborated his answers, modifying every assertion with innumerable "ifs" and conditions.

Among the witnesses called was the charming wife of Prince Buelow, followed by four diplomats: her husband, Prince Buelow,

Prince Eulenburg, Baron Hermann von Eckardstein, once attaché of the German Embassy in London, and Friedrich Rosen, German Minister in Lisbon and for a short time after the fall of the Empire, Foreign Minister. Eulenburg and von Eckardstein were obviously biased against Holstein. Buelow blew now hot, now cold. Rosen affirmed his solemn conviction that the gray-bearded counselor loved his Fatherland passionately, that he possessed an immense knowledge of foreign affairs, and an enormous capacity for work, but that he was, nevertheless, quite mad!

Night lies like a cloak over Berlin. The broad avenues of the Tiergarten are only dimly illuminated. Autumnal leaves whisper underfoot and overhead like the voices of evil spirits. Two pedestrians pass through the night, a man and a woman.

The woman is well known in Berlin. All her friends, including the Emperor, caressingly call her "the Contessina." It is the Italian Princess who, after a divorce that stirred all Rome, married Chancellor von Buelow.

The pretty Contessina leans lightly upon the arm of her companion. She had accepted his offer to take her home gratefully, for she looked upon him as a friend. For reasons known only to himself, the figure in gray at her side had smoothed the path of her marriage to Buelow, in spite of the objections of Herbert Bismarck, who ungallantly referred to the charming lady as a "squeezed-out lemon."

Silently the two cross solitary alleys and footpaths. The darkness grows darker. The Contessina looks at her companion from under her long lashes. Here in the shadow of the trees, with only now and then a dim light from a lantern, he no longer resembles the man she met in the bright lights of the party. The long white beard scarcely contrasts with the bloodless white lips. His face, too, is chalky white, like a ghost's. Her escort amuses himself by telling stories of ghosts and drowning men. He himself seems like a spectre returned from the grave.

Maria Anna Zoe Rosalia von Buelow hardly listens to his words. Terrified, she gazes into the gray piercing eyes hidden behind thick lenses. Every now and then it seems as though a veil passes over them, as if the tremulous lids droop to prevent anyone from penetrating too deeply.

At times in the midst of the conversation, her companion's eyes

bore like gimlets into her very soul. Hatred, even madness, seems to glow in those eyes. They seem scarcely human. Betraying nothing, while assailing her from behind the ambush of his thick glasses, his glances cause her an almost physical pain. All gooseflesh, but unable to avert her gaze, she watches her vis-à-vis with horrified fascination.

Where has she seen such weird, expressionless, blinking eyes? Suddenly she remembers. It was in the Roman "Zoo."

Her breath almost deserts her nostrils. The sombre Tiergarten, the rustling wind and the gruesome eyes paralyze her brain. Reminiscences of mad tales, stories of vampires, werewolves and homicidal maniacs precipitate themselves into her brain.

Panting for air, she at last reaches her home. Half fainting, she holds out her hand to her companion to thank him, although the effort required is almost super-human. However, in the light of the lantern she sees a keen, intellectual face, framed by white hair and a white beard. The eyes no longer cast an uncanny spell.

But her nerves have reached the limit of human endurance. She hurriedly enters the house, happy at last when a wall intervenes between her and her ghastly escort.

In her husband's room she sinks upon an armchair and sobs hysterically.

"Who," asks von Buelow, frightened by this unexpected manifestation of nerves in his accomplished wife, "escorted you home?"

"Privy Councilor von Holstein," gasps the Countess. "That man has the eyes of a hyena."

"Strange," von Buelow replies, "that's exactly what Bismarck said."

If William II ever asks himself what names history will associate with his reign, it might never occur to him to mention the evil genius who wrecked his foreign policy and his throne.

Yet the mysterious life of the ghostly Privy Councilor is intertwined strangely and tragically with the rule of William II.

Once the Emperor compared Holstein to Colonel House, because, like the Colonel, Holstein loved to direct great political actions behind the scenes, exercising the power, without assuming the responsibility, of a ruler. But, whereas Edward Mandell House played his part in accordance with the ideals of Woodrow Wilson, von Holstein was actuated by the dark demonology of his own frustrated soul.

Fritz von Holstein was called "the Gray Excellency" by the initiates,

a reminder of the "Gray Eminence" who ruled France and her King. Officially, the Emperor and his Chancellor were rulers of the Reich. But, behind every movement, every word, every gesture of the Emperor and his chief advisers, there appears somehow the sombre shadow of his Privy Councilor. The ruler of the Political Division of the Foreign Office lived in old-fashioned lodgings in the Southwest end of Berlin. He accepted no invitations, except to two or three homes. He was seen at no state functions. In the course of his long career he received distinguished decorations, domestic and foreign. But he never wore them. His Excellency perversely refused to supply his wardrobe with evening clothes, with which alone such insignia are worn.

To understand Holstein's crippled soul, we must delve into his past. The past of the Man with the Hyena Eyes is filled with dark and ugly secrets. But once, many, many years ago, fortune smiled brightly upon Holstein. In various minor posts the young diplomat had shown such transcending ability that Bismarck himself prophesied a great future for him and adopted him as his protégé. But it was the same Bismarck who crushed Holstein's life. After Bismarck had done with him, Holstein was (in Heine's phrase) a young man with a brilliant future behind him.

If Holstein ever loved anyone in his life, it was the Iron Chancellor. For many years Bismarck was his political idol, and was acclaimed by him the greatest political genius of all time. The young man's adoration, like everything else, was grist in Bismarck's political mill. One day the Chancellor summoned the young diplomat, who was then Second Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris under Count Harry Karl Kurt Eduard von Arnim.

"Holstein," the Iron Chancellor remarked, beaming with kindness, "I want you to render me a very special and confidential service. Your chief, von Arnim, has the impudence to correspond directly with His Majesty the Emperor. In his letters he criticizes my policies and supports the cause of the French Royalists. The Kaiser in his kindness is led astray by such advice. It is necessary to put an end to this intolerable situation.

"I also suspect that Count von Arnim misuses the privy funds of the Embassy to subsidize a newspaper hostile to me. Moreover, I have reasons for believing that he exploits official information for private speculations on the Stock Exchange.

"It will be your task, my dear Holstein, to ascertain the facts. If you succeed—" Prince Bismarck looked at the young man with the most ingratiating of smiles, "—you may be sure of my most distinguished consideration."

On that day young Holstein bartered away his honor as a gentleman for a mess of Prince Bismarck's pottage.

The scene shifts to Paris. It is night. With cat-like tread the young attaché steals silently over the heavy rugs of the Embassy, intent upon secret and sinister doings. His friends refuse to admit that the young diplomat opened the secret drawers in the Ambassador's escritoire with a skeleton key, and unsealed envelopes with his pen-knife. Holstein himself denied under oath that he played the part of spy to discredit his chief. But Berlin society looked upon Holstein's denials as "diplomatic." Holstein furnished the weapon Bismarck needed to annihilate the inconvenient Ambassador—evidence of secret financial negotiations, confidential messages passing between the Ambassador and his bankers, and memoranda which justified Bismarck's suspicion that the Embassy fed funds to the opposition press.

The evidence in his hands, the Chancellor struck swiftly. In spite of powerful contacts in court circles, and the friendship of the old Empress Augusta, wife of William I, von Arnim was ignominiously relieved of his post. Subsequently Bismarck ordered the arrest of the former Ambassador. Count von Arnim fled.

From his exile in Switzerland, von Arnim attacked the all-powerful Chancellor. Bismarck, striking even harder, indicted the former Ambassador for betraying state secrets, and secured his conviction. Arnim was sentenced in absentia to prison for nine months.

A year and a half later, in 1876, Holstein returned to the German metropolis to collect his reward. That, the Attorney for the Defense assured the Jury, was the beginning of his martyrdom and his revenge. Berlin society snubbed him. Arnim's influential relatives and the aristocracy of the capital never forgave Holstein, a nobleman of rank, for having condescended to do the dirty work of a spy. Wherever he showed himself, he was surrounded by a social vacuum. Bearing the brand of Cain on his forehead, young Holstein strayed through the streets of Berlin. The Bismarcks still remained friendly. So did a few women friends, Frau von Wedel and Holstein's cousin, Ida von Stuelp-

nagel. But society and the court, dominated by the Empress Augusta, who was a friend of von Arnim, maintained their ostracism. The city was crowded with acquaintances. But few condescended to greet him. Even those who justified Bismarck, despised his tool. An icy wall rising between him and his fellows, condemned Holstein to solitude.

Baron Holstein moved to a humble flat on Grossbeerenstrasse. He began to shun human society, and refrained from social intercourse even when time softened the animosity of his enemies. Resentment festered in him like a sore, until it assumed an almost demoniacal aspect. Some visual trouble, culminating in cataracts on both eyes, completely embittered for him the routine of existence.

Yet he did not forswear all earthly pleasures. In his youth Holstein had been a passionate huntsman. In later years he dabbled in the Bourse. But the man who risked the destiny of a nation in the game of diplomacy, played for pennies in the stock market. Holstein, like his victim, the unfortunate von Arnim, has been accused of exploiting official information for private gain. The stakes for which he gambled were so insignificant that it is difficult to look upon his speculations except in the light of a minor diversion.

Love he denied himself. Women played no important part in his life, after the von Arnim affair. At one time Bismarck had considered him a prospective husband for his daughter Marie. Later he wooed another woman, without success. After the failure of this suit, he divided his energies between politics and his stomach. Fritz von Holstein loved to eat well at Borchardt's, a fashionable Berlin restaurant, either by himself or with a few chosen companions. Food was the only thing, with the exception of international affairs, that stimulated his imagination. At least one of his biographers gives him credit for inventing a dish known the world over as "Schnitzel à la Holstein." This distinction is denied him by others. Even in the realm of culinary delights, fate was unkind to Holstein by plaguing him with a rebellious stomach. Bismarck, who was a Gargantuan eater, scoffed at Holstein's moderation.

His luncheons at Borchardt's were as celebrated as they were dreaded. Generally he was accompanied by one of the numberless young attachés who had suddenly attracted his interest, but from whom that favor was likely to be withdrawn with equal suddenness. Somewhere in the unconscious of this eccentric must have lurked a deep-

buried love for well-groomed young men with handsome profiles and clear young eyes.

Nevertheless Holstein managed in masterly fashion and with unerring instinct to smell out the weaknesses of his guests. When he found a young man he liked, he lavished attentions upon him. He unveiled to his youthful admirer the most recondite mysteries of the kitchen. The young attaché would be forced to listen patiently to the lore of the truffle and the pedigree of a favorite vintage. But the recipes of his political hell's kitchen he kept for himself.

The friendship invariably came to a quick and abrupt termination. A heedless word, a careless gesture, an awkward smile, was enough to awaken Holstein's distrust. If the unhappy youth called upon Holstein the next day, he would learn that the Geheimrat was engaged. "When will the Geheimrat be free?" the young man would ask unsuspectingly. "Most likely never," was the reply. After that the luckless one might work in the next room for ten years without catching a glimpse of the Herr Geheimrat.

Holstein inspired positive terror in the Foreign Office. "We froze at the sight of him as though at the poisonous glance of a basilisk," one of the young men, favored by him, wrote of Holstein.

Holstein shared his table with few, his secrets with none. Huge, malignant, solitary, he wove his web in the Foreign Office. Sooner or later everyone who rose to power, general or courtier, chancellor or monarch—found himself caught in his web.

No one is evil by his own choice. The veriest villain rationalizes his villainy and accounts it a virtue to himself. In his way Holstein loved Germany. But like Bismarck he was convinced of his own infallibility. Whoever crossed him was the enemy of his country.

Gradually the void that surrounded him spiritually became haunted by ghosts and delusions, wild fantasies and no less wild emanations of hatred. An emotional trance kept the Baron his whole life long in that singular state in which a man is not morbid enough to be committed to an asylum, yet not sane enough to see people and events in their true perspective.

A single passion gave substance to Holstein's, as to Bismarck's, existence—the hunger for power. Unhappily he lacked Bismarck's genius. Power was Holstein's device for showing to the aristocrats,

whose doors were shut in his face, the error of their judgment. The Baron had ample time to indulge his appetite for power. With no social obligations, no friendships, no entanglements with the fair sex, he could concentrate his terrific energies upon foreign affairs. No one arrived earlier or stayed later at the office than Holstein. He was soon acquainted with every intricacy in the mechanism of diplomacy.

The Baron made it a hobby to collect systematically scandalous data affecting the men and women who peopled his world. A big safe stood in his gloomy quarters on Grossbeerenstrasse. Those "in the know" referred to it as the "Poison Cupboard." It was a repository of private information about German public figures. Industriously the Baron assembled details about the secret vices, the youthful peccadilloes, the debts, and the profligacies of all who crossed his path. He preferred to aid men with a past because he could make them his tools. He advanced the ambitions of Buelow, whose marriage with a divorcée made him unpopular in straight-laced circles of Prussian society, and he encouraged the ambitions of Prince Eulenburg because he knew he could hold over him his erotic vagaries. The two men were the pillars of his rule.

The ageing Bismarck delegated more and more of his power and authority to the Baron. He knew that Holstein could never be his successor. From his musty little office, with its yellowed wallpaper, the Baron, completely unnoticed at first, directed the course of the ship of state. Power—not dignity, but power and more power—was amassed in his hands.

Hunched over his table, reading papers and smelling out new morsels for his Poison Cupboard, Holstein felt in himself the capacity to rival his master. His one-time affection for Bismarck underwent a sea-change in the abysmal depths of his being. It is difficult to tell when his love turned to rancor. Rancor must have existed in the sub-caverns of his mind long before it emerged into consciousness. Holstein ascribed his subsequent break with Bismarck to differences of opinion on Germany's Russian orientation and to the immoderate temper of the Iron Chancellor. To the student of psychology, these reasons are merely rationalizations of obscure complexes brooding in Holstein's unconscious. His affection and admiration for Bismarck compensated Holstein for his social ruin. But when he began to doubt Bismarck's devotion to him, his whole life was torn loose from its anchor.

Holstein's curiously twisted mind harbored odd ideas and eccentric



fancies. Some of his plans were ingenious. In general his stratagems and treasons recall medieval poisoners and the intrigue of ancient courts. In the heyday of his devotion to Bismarck, Holstein entrusted all his plans, even the maddest, to the Chancellor, until, in one instance at least, Bismarck not merely betrayed the confidence of his servitor, but made him the target of his ridicule.

When the obsequies of William I were being solemnized, his heir, Kaiser Frederick, lay dying in Charlottenburg Palace. Frederick's imperial days were numbered. But in the brief interval of power, Frederick was Emperor. Kaiser Frederick's antipathy to Bismarck, fanned by his wife and her royal mother, Queen Victoria, was known. That was a sufficient reason why morbid fancies should begin to haunt Holstein's sick mind. With one stroke of the pen, the bedridden Emperor could dismiss the omnipotent Chancellor and his favorite—Holstein!

With great perturbation Holstein called on Bismarck. He winked hideously and made a horrid grimace. Then he asked in a whisper if it would not be wise to end the tortures of the ailing Kaiser. Bismarck gazed silently at his disciple, then burst into loud peals of laughter. The founder of the German Empire had no need to stoop to such measures. Thank heaven, such proceedings were not in vogue at the Court of Prussia! The Geheimrat's proposal, therefore, was shelved.

Bismarck, however, found the suggestion that he should poison his Emperor so grotesque that he repeated it to his friends as a jest. "This Holstein must be completely mad," he would say, "he recently proposed that I should murder the Kaiser!"

Bismarck's indiscretion, evoked in Holstein, according to Eulenburg, paroxysms of rage and fear. He had borne obloquy with patience, sustained by his faith in the friendship of Bismarck. Now his sacrifice was in vain. Was it not enough for the Chancellor to have ruined his life so that he stood condemned before the world as a spy and an informer? Must he also go down in history as Prussia's Borgia! The Geheimrat shook in every limb. "Bismarck treats me like a dog!" From that moment on the Iron Chancellor began to assume in his eyes the aspect of an ungrateful monster.

When William II ascended the throne, Bismarck, for some reason, warned the young Emperor against Holstein. Undoubtedly Eulenburg, or some other talebearer in the entourage of the Emperor, repeated Bismarck's admonition to Holstein. The fact of the warning is con-

firmed by the Emperor himself. It was in a conversation with William II that the Iron Chancellor first called Holstein "the Man with the Hyena Eyes."

Outwardly Holstein's life continued unchanged. He made his accustomed appearances at his office and buried himself in his papers. He did not leave the room before evening. He did not venture outside his workroom in office hours, even to attend to the most human necessities. In the corner of his office stood a replica of the humble domestic vessel which Xanthippe emptied over the head of the unfortunate Socrates. With no outward sign, the Baron set his snares for the Chancellor. Like a weasel he plotted with forethought. With silent sadistic pleasure he savored the death stroke in his imagination. Except for Holstein the inexperienced young monarch and the dictatorial Bismarck might yet have reconciled their many differences by mutual concessions. In that case, Germany would have retained her greatest statesman and with him the Re-insurance Treaty on which rested her security.

When Emperor Frederick died, Holstein sensed, with the sure instinct of the beast of prey, that this young prince, whom he did not know and did not wish to know, would not work long in harmony with the Iron Chancellor. In the beginning, he sedulously evaded a meeting with the Kaiser. After ascending the throne, William II once paid a surprise visit to the Foreign Office, chiefly to meet Holstein. Holstein, forewarned of the visit, fled and did not return until after he was sure that the imperial visitor had departed. A grotesque hide-and-seek game followed. He refused an invitation to court with the preposterous excuse that he did not own a dress suit!

It was part of Holstein's technique never to fetch his chestnuts out of the fire himself. In Frau von Lebbin's salon, where he could warm his feet in peace, Bismarck's Man Friday met leaders of the aristocratic Fronde against the Chancellor. A secret pact was concluded between Holstein and Bismarck's foes. By devious stages that led through the salons of aristocracy, over aides-de-camp and friends of the young heir-apparent, Holstein tunnelled a pathway to William II.

Holstein literally oozed political wisdom when he conferred or dined with the Kaiser's friends. These friends were his only means of communication with his monarch. The Geheimrat selected his tools with infallible insight. He entangled the victim in a complicated network of

intrigue. Male Trilbys, they were forced to sing Holstein's tune into the ear of the Kaiser. He mesmerized high court officials distinguished by the Emperor's friendship until they repeated his ideas, plans, counsels and requests, as if they were the progeny of their own brains.

While these contact men served his purpose with unquestioning obedience, Holstein's disposition was friendly; at least, he concealed his fangs. But if the victim thus chosen dared to disagree, he found himself presently a ruined man. An unexpected attack would be made on him from some quarter, not, of course, directly by Holstein. Forgotten misdeeds rose from their tomb. The press gave tongue to scandalous rumors. The public clamored for retribution. Amid all the hue and cry, the old Geheimrat would complacently rub his hands.

The most important liaison officer between the Geheimrat and the Kaiser under four chancellors was the hapless Prince Phillip Eulenburg. While the Prince was Ambassador at the court of Francis Joseph, Holstein made known his wishes, plans, and projects through the embassy in Vienna. It was a grotesque situation. The ideas of the real ruler of the Foreign Office traveled from Wilhelmstrasse to the palace in the Lustgarten by way of the Austrian capital!

William II knew nothing about these approaches, he had no knowledge of the Geheimrat's conspiracy. He was ignorant, furthermore, of the rapidity with which his most intimate words, thoughts, and plans were communicated to the sinister Gray Excellency waiting with grim patience for his plans to mature. And Holstein's prognostication was justified. The relationship between the Kaiser and his chief official of the empire grew slowly worse and worse. Simultaneously a similar estrangement developed between Bismarck and Holstein.

Bismarck scented danger. The old Chancellor felt himself encircled by enemies. He knew that the confidence of the Kaiser was slipping. By virtue of a sixth political sense, he recognized Holstein as the most formidable among his foes. But it was now too late to cast forth the Man with the Hyena Eyes into the wilderness.

In 1890 Holstein felt the time was ripe. Bismarck's position was undermined. Only one more push was needed to bring him down. Holstein knew his chief's most vulnerable spot. A few words dropped in confidence were enough. Holstein could then calmly go off to dine at Borchardt's. His insinuations, spread through various channels, did not fail to have their effect on the youthful Kaiser. With the aid of Eulenburg, who still posed as a friend of Bismarck, the fall of the Iron

Chancellor was accomplished. But Bismarck's dismissal was not sufficient for Holstein. He must worst Bismarck at his own game.

Bismarck has resigned. But his son Herbert is still Secretary of State. He has remained in office to save the keystone of Bismarck's political arch—the Re-insurance Treaty with Russia. Bismarck hopes to use this treaty and the Czar's apparent disinclination to renew it with another Chancellor, to bludgeon his way back to power. Priming himself for an audience with the Kaiser, Herbert traverses the long corridor from the Chancellor's palace to the Foreign Office.

"Give me," he busquely demands from the custodian of secret documents, "the Russian Treaty."

All underlings bustle officiously to the files and make hurried search. The treaty is not there. They tremble. Herbert Bismarck can be formidable in his anger. The big vein in his forehead swells. The chief of the Central Bureau enters.

"Geheimrat Holstein," he informs Herbert, "has taken the original of the treaty."

Without speaking a word, Herbert von Bismarck leaves the room. He goes to the ground floor where Holstein's office is. A servant refuses him access. "The Geheimrat is engaged." Herbert Bismarck waits in the corridor. The door opens. General Count Waldersee, Bismarck's sworn enemy, emerges. He is carrying a large portfolio. He nods coldly and spitefully at Herbert and vanishes down the passage.

Herbert Bismarck bursts into the room. The thunder of his voice penetrates through felt doors. Lackeys listen hungrily, with their ears pressed against the partition, as the two belabor each other with words.

"The treaty," Holstein remarks icily, "is in the hands of the new Chancellor, Caprivi."

"You have no right to transmit the treaty to him except through me!" young Bismarck growls.

"I have no choice," Holstein replies, "except to obey the command of the Chancellor."

"A rat leaving the ship!" roars Bismarck.

Half an hour later Holstein's swaying form passes down Wilhelmstrasse. Passers-by turn around to stare. The Geheimrat today looks even more spook-like and hideous than usual. His day has come. He is revenged on Bismarck.

Years pass, and behind the Kaiser's back, behind the backs of the whole of officialdom, an evil, half-mad old man becomes the most potent figure in Germany. New chancellors, new secretaries of state come and go, and, along with their ministers and ambassadors, they are often, wittingly or unwittingly, puppets in Holstein's hands.

The old Geheimrat knows and understands everything. His whims have the force of laws, for no one else is able to cope with the Bismarckian legacy of confusion. The most fateful bequest in that legacy, however, is the Geheimrat himself.

Holstein's power becomes slowly all-inclusive under Caprivi and Hohenlohe. The Chancellor is in constant demand for occasions of ceremony. He must figure at court. He must hold receptions. He can make little headway against the terrible pressure of treaties and correspondence that had beaten impotently against the broad back of Bismarck. Holstein, therefore, intervenes, and bit by bit loads upon his shoulders all the cares of the chancellery. He prepares the reports to the Kaiser, he works out the treaties, he reads the diplomatic correspondence, and, an able disciple of Bismarck, he determines what portions of this correspondence shall be imparted to his sovereign.

Bit by bit the figure of Holstein assumes legendary proportions. Public men quake before him. Whoever does not parry his blows is struck down, for there is something pathological in Holstein's frenzy. With morose intensity he longed to destroy by every means—including recourse to his poison cupboard—every one who enjoyed a reputation for greatness, nobility, and brilliance.

Holstein, in his troubled mind, regarded himself as the heir of Bismarck. But where the master juggler Bismarck could keep five balls in the air with ease, Holstein fumbled all of a dither. Fascinated by the intricacies of his own bizarre diplomatic game, he often lost sight of its purpose—the well-being of Germany. Secure in the anonymity of his comparatively humble rank, he recklessly exposed king and queen like pawns to satisfy some whim of his eccentric brain. Playing thus with the fate of nations appeased his hunger for power. Suspicious to the point of persecution mania, von Holstein sacrificed to his wounded ego his Emperor and country.

Germany's safety lay in an alliance with Russia or in an alliance with England. Holstein thwarted both. He attempted to supplant the complicated system of weights and balances created by Bismarck with an alliance embracing England as well as the Triple Alliance. But the

methods by which he sought to accomplish this goal were so devious that the original intention was lost in a morass of intrigue. Rather than take the straight path, Holstein preferred to wind his way through a labyrinth.

There were times when he passionately desired an understanding with England, but a morbid dread of commitments, rising from the pathology of his own nature, impelled him to rebuff all British overtures for an alliance. Chamberlain's proffered hand was rejected by Holstein and his pupil Buelow. Holstein and Buelow are the god-fathers of the Entente Cordiale against Germany. Discouraged by Germany, England sought new ties with her ancient enemies, Russia and France. England's offers were not always ingenuous. British statesmen always had several irons in the fire. But in spite of his own ambivalence, in spite of Buelow's duplicity and the ambiguity of British statesmen, William could have reached an understanding with England except for the sullen opposition of Holstein who in turn influenced Buelow. Holstein, oblivious of gathering storm clouds, would not tie his hands. That phobia is the dominant note of Holstein's policy and Germany's doom.

In the beginning of William's reign, the relations between him and his councilor were impersonal, but not unfriendly. Bismarck's warning against Holstein was a recommendation in the Kaiser's eyes, while Bismarck's discomfiture charmed Holstein with his young sovereign. "At last," he writes to his cousin, Ida von Stuelpnagel, "one feels that we have a monarch, not merely a Chancellor." This was in 1888. In 1889 he is still "satisfied" with his imperial master. However, a few years later, in 1892, he expresses worry over the Kaiser's "restlessness" and "instability." The Emperor had a warm spot in his heart for the adviser he had never met. "Holstein," he said to one of his military attachés, "is exceedingly well posted; he has extraordinary sources of information everywhere and supplies me with news; he is an excellent fellow, who asks for nothing."

But they did not meet. Only once, according to a rumor related by Kuerenberg, did Holstein himself knock at the door of the Palace. When Prince Hohenlohe resigned as Chancellor, there was some rumor that he would suggest Herbert Bismarck as his successor. This menace overcame Holstein's ordinary discretion. According to Kuerenberg, he rushed out of the Foreign Office like a madman and sprang into a

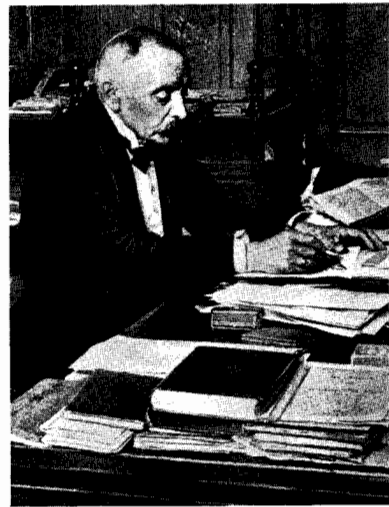


### The Man with the Hyena Eyes

Privy Councillor Holstein, who dominated the policy of the German Empire under three chancellors, and his victim, von Arnim (upper left)



Caprivi



Hohenlohe



The Son of the Giant  
Herbert Bismarck refused to remain  
Foreign Secretary after his father  
resigned

Bismarck's mantle was too large for them



carriage. The driver glanced at his queer passenger. "A maniac," he thought. The official on duty refused to admit the belated guest who was staring wildly about him. "I am Geheimrat Holstein!" the old man roared. "I must speak at once with His Majesty!"

The voice sounded so determined that the officer consulted the chamberlain on duty. The slim, elegantly attired functionary staring at the ungainly Holstein, toyed with his monocle. "I am sorry, Herr Geheimrat, but I cannot accede to your unprecedented wish at this hour. I am aware that you have never been presented at court, and that you preferred not to be. Under the circumstances, I must suggest the usual course—that you apply for an audience with His Majesty tomorrow morning between eleven and one o'clock. I shall be very glad to convey your application to the proper authorities. Ask for—" and he mentioned a name closely related by blood to Holstein's victim, von Arnim.

Holstein drew back as though someone had struck him across the face with a whip. The only time he wished to see the Emperor, the shade of Arnim had fallen across his path. Fortunately for Holstein, the Kaiser did not appoint young Bismarck. It was Buelow who succeeded the aged Prince Hohenlohe.

When, some years later, the Kaiser, on his own initiative, conferred an order on Holstein, the latter wrote a rapturous letter of thanks. Between the lines of that letter one can read for the first time a cautious plea for a private audience. That wish was never to be fulfilled. Both Eulenburg and, later, Buelow, for reasons of their own, did not wish their dangerous friend to reach the ear of the monarch. Holstein was compelled to rely on Eulenburg for his contacts, even after he ceased to trust the Prince. Holstein wrote innumerable important memoranda on the questions of policy intended for the Emperor. Buelow appropriated these ideas, but forestalled any direct communication between the Emperor and the Geheimrat.

Chagrined, Holstein quarrelled with Eulenburg over his methods of maneuvering the Kaiser. He resented any interference by the Emperor with the complicated clockwork of the Foreign Office. Holstein regarded the foreign affairs of the German Empire as his private preserve. He was annoyed by the caustic remarks made by the Emperor at the expense of the Foreign Office. The imperial marginalia, with their sometimes robust humor, enraged him. "Phili," in turn, informed

the Kaiser of Holstein's increasing excitability. The Emperor began to cool. In 1893 the Emperor called Holstein "a brilliant fool."

Before Buelow became Chancellor, the Kaiser, recollecting Bismarck's admonition, warned Buelow against Holstein. In later years it was Buelow who warned the Kaiser. The Kaiser suggested Holstein's retirement. But Buelow needed Holstein, and Holstein remained, though he was never placed officially in charge of the Political Division. He himself had repeatedly refused promotion. He had refused, on two occasions, the office of Secretary of State, offered to him by Prince Hohenlohe.

The Geheimrat observed with dismay that the Kaiser was not disposed to indulge every personal whim of his sinister servitor. All too often, with the common sense inherited from his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and his immortal ancestor, Frederick the Great, he demolished the diplomatic spider webs woven of the old man's hallucinations.

Through means of his own, Holstein discovered that the Kaiser was carrying on a spirited correspondence, uncensored by the Foreign Office, with Czar Nicholas of Russia. The Kaiser used his powers of fascination upon his Russian cousin. And lo! the Kaiser succeeded where every Chancellor had failed. Relations with Russia, which had been cool for years, began to improve. That was a mighty stroke for Germany's safety. But a great blow to Holstein's prestige. The young imperial dilettante actually ventured to do himself things which should have been left entirely in the hand of the Herr Geheimrat.

Holstein, blinking his uncanny eyes, now almost sightless, went to Chancellor von Buelow, and said he was through. It was intolerable that the Kaiser should be writing letters to foreign potentates, which, containing God knew what, might run counter to the policies of the Foreign Office.

The Chancellor, completely enmeshed by Holstein, put on gala attire and reiterated the councilor's lecture for the benefit of His Majesty. The Kaiser, remembering the Constitution and the Chancellor's responsibility, felt constrained, with a heavy heart, to concede the point.

"I have always," the Emperor has said, "scrupulously observed my Constitutional duties. On many occasions, I yielded against my convictions to the advice of my responsible ministers."

After that incident, the Kaiser's private letters to the Czar were com-

posed largely by Holstein. His claw-like hand seized the pen and wrote, "Dear Nicky." The Kaiser, though protesting, almost invariably accepted Holstein's drafts. The Czar, sensitive to nuances, remarked with astonishment to his associates, "What extraordinary letters Willy writes me recently! Such a nasty, obsequious tone!"

The Geheimrat in Berlin, however, was still unsatisfied. Slowly Holstein's tolerance for the Kaiser changed to detestation. In time he came to hate his imperial sovereign with every convolution of his sick brain. Holstein had inherited the Bismarckian talent for hatred.

Steadily his hate for the Kaiser increased—this favorite of fortune, who had inherited the power for which Holstein had bartered his soul. Holding brilliant reviews in a dazzling uniform, mounted on a prancing steed, youthful, sportsmanlike, the soul of candor, William II was the complete antithesis of the inhibited Holstein, tortured by his thousand complexes. One thought emerged darkly in the mind of the Herr Geheimrat: William must be destroyed—for Germany's sake.

Holstein began to undermine the imperial throne. The Kaiser was popular. His popularity must be impaired. Holstein suddenly displayed a surprising perception of his sovereign's personal weaknesses. With morbid joy he indited long letters to the Kaiser's most intimate friends, in which he cunningly directed mortal barbs at the Kaiser. "His Majesty is consuming the royal capital," he wrote to Eulenburg. "What he squanders today will be sorely missed by his sons and even, in a few years, by himself."

When the poisoned arrows of the old Councilor glanced off the Kaiser, Holstein recalled that he held in his hand a far more effective instrument—the foreign policy of the Emperor. Upon this rock he would wreck the imperial galley.

But he worked, as always, by indirection and without responsibility. For that reason it is difficult to prove and easy for Holstein and his partisans to deny his share in the monumental blunder of the Krueger telegram. While the Secretary of State, Marschall, was persuading the Kaiser to sign the telegram, the real arbiter of the foreign policy was nowhere in sight. Instead, Holstein was hiding in a near-by room behind dusty archives. He did not wish to meet his Emperor face to face, nor to be forced to a decision, except when he chose. This grotesque situation, during the formation of one of the most important

and disastrous decisions in German foreign policy, illustrates the vast gap between power and responsibility in the foreign office. The story of the Krueger telegram will be resumed at a later stage.

At last, once, but only once, in 1904, Holstein and William met. It came about as follows: The Emperor was annoyed with the Foreign Office for overwhelming him with innumerable documents on the eve of his annual Mediterranean trip. Availing himself of the picturesque if drastic vocabulary of Frederick the Great, he referred to his advisors in the Foreign Office as "Schweinehunde" (pig dogs).

Holstein, who was not responsible for the slovenly manner in which the routine of the Foreign Office was conducted, pounced on this occasion to complain to Buelow against Freiherr Oswald von Richthofen, another of the innumerable Secretaries of State in the Foreign Office, who at one time or another were officially Holstein's superiors. Buelow, whose relations with Holstein had perceptibly cooled at this time, advised Holstein to resign if he could not live in peace with Richthofen. He added that the Emperor desired to make a change in the personnel of the Foreign Office.

Holstein, once more, handed in his resignation. Simultaneously he made energetic efforts to secure a personal interview with the monarch. He requested Buelow to arrange for an audience. Buelow, who did not dare to deny the request categorically, ingeniously evaded definite action. Finally Holstein turned to his friend, Ambassador Radolin, who was the guest of the Kaiser in Wilhelmshaven. Radolin called the Kaiser's attention to Holstein's resignation, upon which no action had been taken. The Kaiser's mind had been poisoned against Holstein by Buelow and Eulenburg. Radolin assured him of Holstein's loyalty. "If," he said, "Holstein retires now, it would make him happy to be received by Your Majesty to prove his loyal devotion and to spike the insinuations that he does not wish to meet Your Majesty. Holstein is a faithful servant and it will not be easy to replace him."

William II replied, "All this is news to me, but I shall write to Buelow not to let Holstein go for the present." When the Chancellor expressed himself in an unkindly way about Holstein, the Emperor rebuked him. "Bernhard," he said, "you must leave my good old Holstein in peace. He is the only one who stood by me faithfully in my battle against Beelzebub Bismarck."

The Kaiser expressed the desire to meet Holstein at last. Buelow, who did not want the monarch to meet Holstein alone, arranged to

give a dinner for the purpose, but did not invite Holstein until the noon of the day for which the dinner was set. This made it impossible for Holstein to procure the formal evening attire required for the occasion. However, with the specific permission of the Emperor, he appeared in his famous frock coat.

Holstein himself, in a letter to Ida von Stuelpnagel, relates what took place at the dinner. "The Emperor," he said, "was very gracious. When I came he gave me his hand and jested about my dress suit. I said, 'Your Majesty, it was impossible to produce one in six hours.' After the dinner, the Emperor talked to Buelow, Tirpitz and to me for three-quarters of an hour. He asked several questions, to which I replied." But there was no opportunity for discussing any important topic. The Emperor himself did most of the talking. Actually, according to one version, the conversation revolved chiefly about duck shooting.

Holstein inwardly shook with rage, but he nevertheless withdrew his resignation. The Kaiser himself has explained that his sense of propriety prevented him from discussing politics with a subordinate in the presence of the Chancellor. William's attitude, the Attorney for the Defense frankly conceded, was not free from a touch of resentment against the queer old fellow who, under various pretexts, had snubbed his sovereign so long.

Holstein, now more than ever thwarted the Kaiser's initiative at every step. He began to speak of the Emperor as being "not a politician," but an "actor." And in one of his letters he quotes a statement attributed to Friedberg, one time Minister of Justice, who said that the Emperor possessed "genius," but lacked "common sense." Did Holstein possess either? He was alternately for and against the Treaty of Bjoerkoe made between the Kaiser and the Czar. However, other factors, over which Holstein had no control, tended to nullify that treaty. But Holstein, more than any other man, was responsible for the shipwreck of Germany's policies in Morocco. Morocco was Holstein's débâcle.

The Kaiser for the first time clearly fixed the responsibility for the defeat of his policies on Holstein. In all likelihood, Buelow, who was the arch villain in the case, blamed Holstein for Germany's disastrous diplomatic defeat at the Algeciras Conference which united Europe against her. France had been in a conciliatory mood, but Holstein

rejected her advances. He brought about the fall of the French foreign minister Delcassé. His instructions to Radolin, the German ambassador in Paris, were diametrically opposed to those of the Emperor. The Emperor ordered a peace policy. Holstein ordered a war policy and Radolin obeyed—Holstein. He created the impression not only among Germany's enemies but among German diplomats that Berlin wanted war.

When these machinations became clear to the Kaiser, he was furious. Buelow relates a conversation with the Emperor in which he calls the old Geheimrat "a son of hell" (*ein Hoellensohn*). The Emperor is no less explicit in his marginalia intended for the guidance of the Foreign Office. He accuses Holstein of twisting and perverting his instructions. William had looked upon the Conference as "a stepping stone to a lasting understanding between Germany and France." Holstein, he insists, needlessly injected venom into the negotiations.

Holstein, it appears from the Emperor's remarks, so badgered and confused Buelow that the Chancellor actually asked the Emperor whether or not he wanted war with France. If Holstein had been permitted to carry out his intentions, the World War would have started in 1906.

"The Defense," the Emperor's Attorney announced sarcastically, "pleads guilty to the charge made by the Prosecution that Emperor William prevented a World War over Morocco. His conscience, for better or for worse, would not permit him to begin a preventive war when the military situation was favorable to Germany. Is it likely that William's psychology changed in eight short years and that in 1914, when Germany's enemies were equipped to the last button and Germany herself was inadequately prepared, he would drag his people deliberately into the bloody whirl-pool?"

Holstein fell into the pit he had dug himself. For once the Emperor's eyes were opened. But he did not realize that this was not an isolated incident, and that Holstein had pursued his venomous way, poisoning Germany's relations ever since the fall of Prince Bismarck. However, the Emperor was so sensible of his constitutional limitations that Holstein might have escaped if fate had not, for once, stacked the cards against him. Informed of the Emperor's displeasure, the Gray Excellency reiterated his offer to quit. Knowing that he alone knew the ins and outs of the labyrinths of the Foreign Office, he expected that his resignation would be declined once more.

Holstein's resignation was placed on Buelow's desk on a morning when the Chancellor was slated to make an important speech in the Reichstag. While addressing Parliament, Buelow swayed and became unconscious. It was generally suspected that he had suffered a stroke. Tschirschky, who by some shift was at that time secretary of state in the Foreign Office, temporarily took the Chancellor's place. Tschirschky harbored resentment against Holstein for various reasons. In the confusion caused by the Chancellor's illness, Tschirschky, secured the consent of the Kaiser to Holstein's resignation. There was no one to intercede for the aged Geheimrat. Thus almost over night, Holstein was stripped of his omnipotence. But if his official career was ended, his power for mischief remained.

Malicious tongues later declared that Buelow, who knew of the antipathy between Holstein and Tschirschky, had staged the whole scene of his fainting-spell in the Reichstag. It may be that, goaded beyond endurance, the suave Chancellor neatly disposed of the sinister councilor who hung about his neck like the Old Man of the Sea. But he soon found out that he could not free himself from his friend and tormentor.

The evening after Holstein's resignation there was a ceremonious dinner at the palace. In the middle of the dinner the Kaiser remarked to Eulenburg: "By the way, I endorsed Holstein's resignation today. I know he is your friend—But there was no getting along with him. The man has gone completely out of his mind now." Thus William casually dismissed the evil genius of his reign, and unwittingly signed the warrant for Eulenburg's doom.

On the witness stand Emperor William confirmed the statement that he had warned Buelow against Holstein. "In spite of my warning, which was only a repetition of one given me by Bismarck, Buelow collaborated, or was compelled to collaborate, much with Holstein. Holstein," the Emperor insisted, "was looked upon as the carrier of the Bismarckian tradition." The Kaiser admitted that, at various times, Holstein had dominated the Foreign Office. "Unfortunately," the Emperor insisted, "Holstein preferred to remain and to work in the dark. He refused every responsible post—many were open to him—; he rejected every title, every preferment. He lived in complete retirement. For a long while I vainly tried to make his personal acquaintanceship. I attempted to meet him by inviting him for dinner, but

Holstein refused every time. Only once, in the course of many years, did he condescend to dine with me in the Foreign Office.

"The secrecy which surrounded his activities, so that he could evade responsibility, characterized his memoranda. They were," William remarked, "doubtless brilliant and seductive, but were as cautiously phrased and as equivocal as the oracle of Pythia at Delphi. It occasionally happened that after a policy was adopted upon the basis of Holstein's suggestions, he was able to prove with meticulous precision that he had meant the opposite of what had been read into the statement.

"To me the powerful influence exercised by the irresponsible counselor behind the scenes, ignoring responsible and official departments, seemed fraught with mischief. It happened to me repeatedly, especially in the era of Baron von Richthofen, that a foreign ambassador, when I suggested a conference with the Secretary of State, replied: 'I shall talk it over with my friend Holstein.' It seemed to me incorrect for an official of the Foreign Office to negotiate with foreign ambassadors over the head of his superiors. That Holstein was regarded as their 'friend' seemed to me of doubtful usefulness. Things had come to such a pass that Holstein actually determined our foreign policy to a large extent. Up to a certain point he took into account the opinions of the Chancellor, but his Emperor's suggestions and comments were to him practically of no consequence. If a policy succeeded, the Foreign Office earned the laurels; if things did not go according to their wishes, the blame was saddled upon the 'impulsive young master.'"

"But why," the Attorney for the Defense asked, "did Your Majesty fail to force the dismissal of Holstein?"

"Because," the Emperor replied, "in spite of all this, Buelow seemed to consider Baron von Holstein indispensable for the time being. He worked with him until the pressure which this uncanny personage exerted became unbearable. Von Tschirschky deserves credit for ending these intolerable conditions. In response to my questions, he declared that he considered Holstein's continuance in office impossible, since he brought confusion into the Foreign Office, disregarded his superior (Tschirschky), and caused much trouble to the Chancellor. Thereupon I ordered von Tschirschky to take in hand the resignation of Holstein. Holstein's removal took place with the consent of Buelow, after the latter recovered from his physical breakdown.

"Holstein," the Kaiser concluded, "showed his true nature by going



to Harden immediately after his resignation and placing himself at the latter's disposal for a campaign against me."

In his dingy rooms on Grossbeerenstrasse, the old man went on spinning his crazy political web. The dark secrets he shared with Buelow survived his fall. The sinister councilor attracted the Chancellor to his obscure lodgings. Here Holstein, now almost completely blind, continued to pour his advice into Buelow's ears.

And yet Holstein's day was over. The old man had ordered his existence without love, without marriage or friendship. His only outlet was intrigue. The Foreign Office had been his mistress, his life. It was true that the secrets of his Poison Cupboard were still potent enough to destroy enemies and to fortify his hold upon Buelow. But the two strongest impulses of the embittered old man, his ambition to dominate the empire and his hatred of the Emperor, remained unsated.

In the silence of the sleepless nights, the aged Geheimrat would slip away from his dark room. Restlessly he would make his way to the Foreign Office building. For hours, it is said, he would stand before the portals of power that to him had been finally closed. Passers-by, meeting him, started back in fright from the blinking apparition.

Several years passed in this fashion. In May 1909 Holstein died. Prince Buelow and the Principessa attended the funeral. The Foreign Office was represented; however no representative of the Emperor accompanied the coffin of the old man whose weight had hung like an incubus upon the Empire. "But," the Defense averred, "the evil he did lived after him, flowering into fiery bloom five years later in the World War. Holstein's insane political hallucinations helped to destroy the Empire of William II. A great Swedish Chancellor, Oxenstierna, once said: 'My son, you do not know with how little wisdom the world is governed.'—Holstein's life makes one fear that the world may be governed by madmen. How many Holsteins are there in the foreign offices of the world today? How many half-crazed bureaucrats, utterly removed from the realities, spin that web of fate which may extinguish the whole world in fire?"

## CHAPTER VI

### THE JEKYL AND HYDE OF THE IMPERIAL COURT

NO EPISODE in the checkered history of the empire of William II is more startling than the rise and fall of Prince Eulenburg. No chapter reveals more dramatically the malevolent forces playing about an imperial throne, ready to sacrifice the throne itself in the pursuit of their obscure machinations.

Ambassador, liaison official between the Foreign Office and William II, Knight of the Black Eagle, born a Count, raised to princely rank by his friend the Emperor, Eulenburg, though not the most powerful man in the empire, basked more luxuriously than any contemporary in the sun of imperial favor, only to be hurled from the heights in the evening of his life by the paradox of his temperament and the vengeance of three men he had thwarted.

The Oscar Wilde trial disturbed England, but left her social and political structure intact. The Eulenburg scandal rocked the foundations of the German Empire. William II, in spite of the unimpeachable orthodoxy of his private life, was the ultimate victim of the cabal against Eulenburg.

"The Emperor," derisively remarks the Attorney for the Prosecution, "was unlucky in the choice of his friends. It does not speak well for his capacity as a ruler that he did not recognize the peculiar psychology of Prince Eulenburg. And it does not speak well for his fidelity as a friend that he cast him off without mercy before there was any evidence whatsoever that he had violated the penal code. His relations with Eulenburg characterize his weakness both as a monarch and as a man."

Both the Prosecution and the Defense closely and unrelentingly question Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg und Hertefeld when he takes the witness stand. He testifies for both. The very complexity of his nature, the contradictions inherent in his character, and the peculiar fascination he was always able to exercise, lends additional support and weight to the importance of his testimony in the trial of William II.

From his early youth the Emperor sought two boons: an unselfish friend and a competent premier, the premier to adorn his official life, the friend to grace his private life. Fate denied to William II the fulfillment of this dream, but until the end the Kaiser pursued the phantom in vain. Even his Draconian schoolmaster, the pedantic Hinzpeter, could not destroy in his royal pupil the divine faculty of enthusiasm. The faithful, intelligent and well-informed officials who surrounded him were incapable of ministering to the poetic side of his nature. It was only to the poetic Count Eulenburg that the monarch could reveal the hidden ecstasies of his youthful heart. Several years before he succeeded to the throne, William introduced Eulenburg to his tutor as his "bosom friend."

Eulenburg captivated the Emperor's imagination. What noble sentiments his letters exhaled!

"From the deeps of my heart mounts a paean in praise of friendship; for a man without friends is a musical instrument that gives forth no sound. A friend inspires our purest and most sublime heart-beats. Friendship is a music which lifts us above ourselves. Even love is capable of this magic only when it is transformed and transfigured into friendship." Expressions such as these, thought young William, could emanate only from a noble soul. Of such souls the young monarch had need.

It was only natural that the impressionable young Prince should be attracted by the winsome personality and flattered by the kindly and considerate attentions of Count Eulenburg, who was twelve years his senior. The scion of an ancient Protestant family, "Phili" was what naturalists would call a "sport." His youth, like the Kaiser's, was hedged in by the severe and relentless Prussian tradition of discipline, self-control and obedience, the unimaginative and rigid atmosphere of the barracks. There was plenty of room in this atmosphere for an inflexible sense of duty and unremitting industry, but not for the gentler phases of life.

William, half-English by blood or, at least by tradition, was oppressed by the pedantry of his surroundings, in spite of the fact that it was part and parcel of his own temperamental inheritance. "Phili," cursed or blessed with an artistic soul, was appalled by the dreary round of never-ending exactions and duties. The old Prussian world was no home for the Muses. Its stringent rules required and created hard men. Stray wanderer from a pagan world, Eulenburg's natural

habitat was the soft, bright, joyous sphere of Hellas. "Our friendship," he once wrote to von Buelow, "is modeled on the antique."

Eulenburg had inherited from his female forbears a sense of intuition rare in the sterner sex. Life and art opened their secrets to him without struggle. He painted, composed music, played the piano with exquisite skill, dabbled with architecture, and was by no means undistinguished as a poet. "Phili" could sing his own songs effectively, and he designed his own house at Liebenberg. But the military or diplomatic career for which he was destined by family tradition did not entice him.

Eulenburg's intellectual integrity has often been challenged. One of his enemies said of him: "Prince Eulenburg lies even when he tells the truth." This states the case inadequately. Eulenburg was a poet. He saw everything through the colored glasses of his imagination.

In his own way Eulenburg was faithful to the Kaiser, although the sinister influence of Holstein led him along dark paths of intrigue. It was Wilde who said that every great man has his disciples and that it is usually Judas who writes his biography. Most of the Kaiser's friends wrote biographies of the Kaiser, and most of them proved to be Judases. Waldersee, Eulenburg, Bismarck and Buelow make the Kaiser the central figure of their reminiscences. He has never replied to the attacks made upon him. He has never complained of the injustice inflicted upon him by the men who owed him fealty.

"Those who make history," William II said on the witness stand, "must accustom themselves to becoming legends in their own lifetime. They are defenseless if these legends are libelous. Most contemporaneous portraits," the Emperor continued, gazing thoughtfully at the spectators, "are libelous." If he was wounded by the indiscretions of Eulenburg, he succeeded in masking his feelings completely. Eulenburg's lapses from loyalty sprang from the duality of his nature.

William's ministers, generals, and his titled entourage personified obedience, breeding, discipline and tradition. With the eyes of Philistines they gazed through tedious spectacles dismally at the world. How welcome in this monotonous scene the appearance of one who knew the mysterious meaning of friendship, whose simple and human affection melted away the barrier of the throne!

Eulenburg, according to many witnesses before the High Court of History, sought little for himself. In spite of occasional infidelities, he

was genuinely devoted to the young Kaiser. He used his influence very moderately in his own behalf. More often he asked favors for a friend. Like Holstein, he repeatedly refused to accept the responsibility that came with the office of Secretary of State in the Wilhelmstrasse. After he left the diplomatic service, shortly before catastrophe overtook him, it was his ambition to become Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. Probably the idea of acting as the Emperor's Viceroy appealed to him; possibly he considered it necessary to strengthen his position, which was being sapped by gossip. The urgent necessity of protecting himself from the consequences of his temperamental vagaries compelled him at times to resort to deception.

Biologists hold that a bi-sexual strain persists in all human beings. It appears in vestigial organs which each sex inherits from its opposite. Originally, according to Aristophanes, male and female were welded into one body. Then the gods, for reasons of their own, separated men into male and female. The divided halves forever seek each other. It is thus that Plato explains the mystery of love. But the division is not complete. Something of the feminine half persists in the male, some aspect of the male remains in the most feminine of women.

The forces of evolution, taking little account of such fanciful theories, tend to emphasize the difference between the sexes in the course of human development. The sign of the opposite sex is repressed or sublimated, but it is never completely eliminated. Both physically and psychically, all men are, in a sense, sons of Hermes and Aphrodite. In some the dual heritage is more pronounced than in others, inducing certain vagaries of behavior. This leads to conflicts between the individual and the law which makes no allowance for sex variations.

A normal person reacts sexually in harmony with his or her primary and secondary sexual characteristics. The man or the woman who receives a balanced sexual constitution when the male and the female chromosomes leap together, whose glands secrete the requisite sex hormones and who achieves sex maturity without being sidetracked from the path of evolution by some psychic or nervous disturbance, is normal.

But there are infinite variations within the norm. A celebrated sexologist writes that there are more than 46,046,721 sexual types. Every human biped passes through a stage of undifferentiated sexuality. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred the bisexual or homosexual component evaporates by sublimation or sinks to the bottom of consciousness,

not to be dislodged except by accident or by the analyst probing the depths of the subconscious.

In Eulenburg the masculine and feminine ingredients were curiously mixed. Eulenburg was feminine without being effeminate. In fact, both the masculine and the feminine strains were strongly pronounced in his temperament. Yet in spite of his unorthodox attachments, "Phili" was the father of eight children.

For a period of twenty years, from their first meeting until Eulenburg's tragic fall, the friendship between the Count and the Kaiser continued. In the beginning the word politics was barred from their conversations. William II sought no political advice from Eulenburg and his circle. Eulenburg was to the Kaiser the representative of the Muses. Musical recitals, readings, companionable journeys, constituted the routine of the youthful friendship between the Emperor and "Phili." The human sympathy, the sparkle of his conversation, was a relief to the Kaiser. Seeking neither power nor honor, neither decoration nor high office, "Phili" was the only personage in his entourage who was satisfied with the intoxicating but dangerous title of being the Kaiser's friend.

Often at Sans-Souci, in the entranced stillness of the New Palace at Potsdam, the Kaiser read and re-read "Phili's" epistles. What pleasing contrast between "Phili's" letters and the ordinary petitions, complaints and memoranda of his daily routine!

I thought of Potsdam, of our sleighing parties, of our trustful companionship, and a feeling of such warm friendship so overwhelmed me that suddenly all the splendors of my surroundings became an intolerable torture. How close I am to you humanly, and how tormented I am by the thought that the chasm which separates us socially and which our friendship has bridged will become ever wider and deeper with your accession to the throne!

With unchanging love and fidelity

PHILIPP EULENBURG

The sentiment was doubtless genuine. Eulenburg's pliable and dependent temperament was irresistibly attracted by the strong and virile personality of William II. Eulenburg, in turn, could make the Kaiser forget his cares of state. At Eulenburg's country home, the picturesque Liebenberg Palace in Uckermark, at the Rominten hunting lodge, and on the yearly trips to the frozen north in Eulenburg's company, William II relaxed. Here he could be completely human.

At the Emperor's festive board, on those occasions, foregathered not only "Phili" and his inseparable companion, Kuno von Moltke, the delicate sprout of a sturdy tree, but also scholars and artists, with a sprinkling of more robust table companions. Through the mystic silences of German forests, in the enchanted world of remote castles, the tinkle of jests, merry laughter and song intermingled with the clink of glasses. Court ceremonial was abolished at Emperor William's Round Table.

Sprawling in a chair sat Philipp Eulenburg, while on the arm of the chair, one hand resting on the Count's shoulder, lolled in simple hunting attire William II, German Kaiser, King of Prussia. But if the Kaiser fancied he could make men forget the purple under his hunting costume, he sadly deceived himself. His guests were painfully aware that Caesar was their host.

The Kaiser himself, speaking with complete candor, enjoyed the informality of his Round Table more than anyone else. He did not perceive how his guests hung on his words, nor how their eyes sparkled with malicious joy when, on the spur of the moment, he would drop a sharp word about one of his aged ministers. Neither did he know that this word, magnified a thousand times, would soon re-echo through the length and breadth of his realm. Alas, the most important ingredient of King Arthur's Round Table was lacking—chivalry.

The only one who possessed chivalry in the medieval sense was the Kaiser himself. The only one who appreciated the knightliness of the Emperor was Philipp. Philipp's friendship, nevertheless, was not unaffected by the fact that his friend wore a crown. "What pride," he candidly exclaims in his memoirs, "is not flattered by the Emperor's friendship!" The greater this friendship became, the stronger waxed the hankering in Eulenburg's soul to be not only the Kaiser's friend but his only friend.

Eulenburg's heart was the battleground between Muses and demons. The Kaiser knew only the Muses. The demons remained concealed from him. Now and then, in the midst of a talk with the Kaiser on the sublimities of the soul or in the rapture of musical composition, the Mr. Hyde in Eulenburg's soul would call irresistibly to Dr. Jekyll. Fierce forces rising from the unconscious paralyzed discretion. At such times Philipp disappeared for hours. No one was able to trace his steps.

While his intimates believed that somewhere in silence and retirement "Phili" was laboring over a poem, he was drawn irresistibly to

some epicene rendezvous. With equal suddenness the spell snapped. Hyde became Jekyll again. The elegant Count reappeared at the dignified palace once more the exemplary husband, the unimpeachable friend, and the sensitive artist.

But in the long vigils of the night, after a dinner with his imperial friend, and after some new mark of honor had been conferred upon him, abysmal doubts tortured the Count. The world lay before him like a broken mirror, reflecting two images: the stern face of Hermes and the tender features of Aphrodite.

Which was the true face of God?

Which was his own true face?

Eulenburg quailed at this question.

Destiny had made him what he was. But destiny was inscrutable. Perhaps he could discover the truth by rending the veil which shrouded God's countenance. The cold, dry Protestantism of his youth did not answer his problem. Philipp Eulenburg, like many a sensitive searcher before him, resolved to extort the answer he sought by resorting to the occult.

On the romantic peak of the Semmering, where the Count frequently summered, a strange circle assembled around him; doors and windows were screened; a table was placed in the center of the room. With half-closed eyes, Philipp would spread his long delicate fingers and listen to the voices which arose in the darkness. These voices spelled the solution to the mystery of God. The spiritual equilibrium of the Count depended on solving that mystery.

Participants in secret spiritualistic seances are united by ties much closer than those of ordinary friendship. With the zeal of a fanatic, Eulenburg endeavored by cautious and tentative overtures, to draw the Kaiser into the circle of his magic experiments. At the same time he warned the Emperor to conceal any interest in spiritualism. "Because," Eulenburg writes to the Chancellor, von Buelow, "the Emperor's mind moves in this direction, I have punctiliously avoided even approaching a theme that is so perilous to a monarch whose mentality inclines toward the fantastic." In all likelihood Eulenburg lies or attempts to cover the traces. It would have been surprising if the Kaiser had not been interested at one time or another in spiritualism.

Interest in such matters was common enough at the courts of Europe. William's cousin, Nicky, was deeply imbued with the belief that it was possible to knock at the portals of the world beyond and



conjure spirits from the vast deep. The Kaiser, who regarded himself as an intermediary between his people and God, understood Eulenburg's and Nicky's supernatural enthusiasm. But there was something in his healthy nature and robust common sense which rebelled against Eulenburg's preoccupation with the occult. "I never," the Kaiser once averred, "felt the need of a go-between for the human soul and God. If God wishes to communicate with us, He does not employ the services of a professional medium."

If the Kaiser had been as pliable as he is painted, he would not have resisted the soft persuasions of his friend to dabble with spiritualism. He remarked to Eulenburg with a touch of scorn, "I cannot understand your enthusiasm, your fervor. Why should I, the Lord's anointed, resort to magic obscurity to put me in touch with my God?"

Eulenburg's exertions to convert his master proved fruitless. The Kaiser rejected demonology. He followed his friend in the realm of the Muses. But he avoided the pitfalls of his séances.

While the Kaiser stayed inside his own preserve and Philipp Eulenburg battled with his demons, the two friends were unaware of an ever-tightening net spun by Eulenburg's evil demon—Holstein. Holstein gained his ascendancy over Eulenburg by playing upon his vanity and his fears. There is no doubt that Holstein knew the peculiarity of Eulenburg's diversions.

Eulenburg's friendships were not only with his social inferiors. One of his intimates was an attaché of the French Embassy, Count Lecomte. Eulenburg was indiscreet enough to introduce the French diplomat to the Emperor. The young Frenchman kept his ears open and certain things he heard—according to Holstein—were mainly responsible for Germany's defeat at the Algeciras Conference. Holstein claimed that this scandal was brought to his attention by Eulenburg's great and good friend, the double-tongued Chancellor, von Buelow.

Without his hold upon Eulenburg, Holstein could not have maintained himself in the Foreign Office. Eulenburg admits in his memoirs that he could have forced the resignation of Holstein on various occasions, but he offers the lame excuse that Holstein was indispensable, that he was the only man able to checkmate the interferences of the Emperor with the foreign policy of the Empire.

It may be that this is what Eulenburg made himself believe. Until the final break, no unkind word ever fell between him and Holstein.

Never was there the uncouth suggestion of blackmail. Both Eulenburg and Holstein were gentlemen and diplomats. Neither was crude enough to mention the unmentionable. But that which was left unsaid weighed more heavily in the scales than that which was said.

Slowly but surely the old Geheimrat gained ascendancy over Eulenburg, even before Prince Wilhelm succeeded to the throne of his father. Sometime in November 1888, when both William I and his son Frederick were dead and buried, Holstein invited Eulenburg to one of his famous luncheons at Borchardt's. There were oysters, which every German loves and considers a great delicacy, ancient vintages of Bordeaux and Schnitzel à la Holstein. Among the other guests were Eulenburg's cousin, the Grand Master of Ceremonies at the court, and two aides of the young Emperor.

After the meal, Holstein delivered a long lecture to Eulenburg on the policies of the Great Powers. After that time the two men met frequently. There is a record of a luncheon between them on December 31, 1888, after a visit of Eulenburg to Bismarck in Friedrichsruh. A pact was made between the two men, according to which Holstein promised Eulenburg the support of the Foreign Office, and Eulenburg in turn became the personal ambassador of the old councilor at the court of William II.

Philipp Eulenburg became the bondsman of Holstein.

Eulenburg's position as an intermediary between Holstein and the Emperor came at a time when the internal political situation in Germany was clouded by the forced resignation of Bismarck. The Kaiser had just dropped the recalcitrant pilot, but powerful friends of the old man occupied strategic positions in all departments of the government. These men hoped for the return of the old Chancellor. Friedrichsruh to them was Elba, not St. Helena. Every hitch in the machinery of the government enhanced their hopes. Consciously or unconsciously, they sabotaged every measure of the government. Where direct opposition was inadvisable, they fought for every inch of ground with passive resistance.

The new Chancellor, Caprivi, and his Secretary of State, Baron Marshall, were too inexperienced to dominate. A historian of the period compares the German Empire at that time to a carriage drawn by old and young horses not used to pulling together. There was no experienced driver on the box. The old coachman, ousted from his job, lost no opportunity to throw sticks and stones between the wheels to

frighten the horses. Everyone expected the carriage to overturn at the next bend in the road. The fact that no such accident occurred in the early reign of William II was almost a miracle under the circumstances.

It was no miracle, on the other hand, that the ambitious young Kaiser desired to take the reins into his own hands, including the Foreign Office, once the fortress of the Chancellor, and still occupied by some of his henchmen. Holstein, yearning to exercise the power once wielded by Bismarck, set himself the task, with Eulenburg's aid, of frustrating the initiative of the Kaiser. The Kaiser himself, conscious of the handicap of his inexperience and the vendetta of the old crowd, was delighted when "Phili" offered himself as a go-between between himself and the Foreign Office. It had not previously occurred to the Kaiser to confer an official post upon Eulenburg. Eulenburg himself, though fascinated by its glitter, abhorred the responsibility of office. But now the Foreign Office conveyed to the Emperor that it considered "Phili" well suited to fill an ambassadorial post and to accompany the sovereign on all his travels as its official representative.

The Kaiser thought that he was bestowing a gracious favor upon his friend. Eulenburg, unlike the Kaiser, knew that he was more beholden to Holstein than to his sovereign. Nor did the Emperor perceive the gradual change in Eulenburg's manner. The sentimental poet became the political mentor. Hiding under the mantle of his affection for the Kaiser, "Phili" endeavored to further the intricate designs of the cunning Geheimrat. Not all the spirits he invoked could save "Phili" from the black magic of Holstein!

Holstein poured the drop of political poison into the cup of an unselfish friendship. Outwardly the metamorphosis was not evident. Sentimental assurances, lyric ebullitions, musical evenings followed one another in uninterrupted succession. But whenever the Emperor wished to indite a personal telegram, a shadow darkened "Phili's" face. He shook his head and declared in the most mellifluous manner his inability as Representative of the Foreign Office to endorse this passage or that, unless His Majesty would deign to accept his suggestions for altering the text.

At first the Kaiser was pleased that "Phili" took his duties so seriously. Gradually he began to notice that all too often, by some dexterous change, his thoughts and intentions were converted blithely into

their opposites. When the altered telegram excited anger, shocked surprise or antagonism in the recipient, it never occurred to anyone that its real author was not the Kaiser but Holstein. The hand was the hand of "Phili," but the voice was the voice of his sinister adviser.

Gradually the Kaiser began to feel as though he were the prisoner of his Foreign Office. The bars of his prison, to be sure, were painted bright with slogans of Friendship and Loyalty. That did not alter his determination to break his chains if he could. But, strange to say, he did not transfer to Eulenburg his resentment against the machinations emanating from the men entrusted with the task of shaping the foreign policy of the Empire.

Eulenburg took himself and his mission very seriously. Even when, in later years, his personal ties to Holstein loosened, he still implicitly obeyed the instructions of the Foreign Office. And the Foreign Office was Holstein.

The news of the Boxer Rebellion (1900), and the murder of the German Ambassador in China reached the Emperor while cruising in northern waters. The enraged monarch jotted down a dispatch to the Foreign Office, demanding a defensive and aggressive alliance with Japan, and a punitive Anglo-German expedition against China, without waiting for the reaction of England or Russia. This did not agree with the ideas of the Foreign Office.

Seated in his workroom cabin on a swivel stool surmounted with a saddle, the Emperor received Eulenburg. "Phili," he remarked, "I have written this telegram. Will you be good enough to endorse it according to custom and forward it at once to the Wilhelmstrasse?"

Eulenburg glanced over the text. His features grew dark and forbidding. "Your Majesty," he said, suavely but firmly, "as the representative of the Foreign Office, I am in duty bound to take exception to the dispatch of this message."

The Kaiser looked up in astonishment. It was as if Eulenburg's hand had tightened the strings of the invisible straight-jacket imposed upon him by his own officials. Slightly raising his voice, but still friendly, William II replied: "I wish to send the telegram, nevertheless."

"Sire," countered Eulenburg, "forgive me, but I cannot sanction this message."

The Kaiser leaped from his saddle. Broad and powerful he towered over Eulenburg. This was mutiny! His blazing eyes almost seared

Eulenburg's face. "As German Emperor and King of Prussia, I command you to send the telegram at once!" he shouted hoarsely.

To escape the Scylla of disgrace at court and the Charybdis of Holstein's vengeance, Eulenburg summoned to his defense all his dramatic gifts. His eyes lighted up with ardent devotion. "Sire," he replied, "there are two hundred loyal sailors on this ship; everyone of them will instantly obey an order from Your Majesty to pitch me overboard. But so long as I remain here in an official capacity, I shall not permit the dispatch of this telegram."

The Kaiser, in spite of his anger, was deeply impressed. Here was devotion to duty worthy of his Prussian forebears. The dispatch remained unresent.

For several days the Emperor sulked, but the following Sunday he presented "Phili," as a propitiary offering, with an autographed picture of the Empress. Far from destroying their friendship, the incident had confirmed it once more.

"Phili" accepted the picture with mixed emotions. He had little affection for his sovereign's consort.

In the beginning Eulenburg spoke of the Empress Augusta Victoria with kindness. He flattered the royal lady and sent to her innumerable letters describing in detail the northern trips of the Kaiser. Under the surface, however, he cordially disliked the wife of his sovereign.

Augusta Victoria detested "Phili." With the unerring instinct of woman, she sensed something vaguely alarming beneath the Count's conventional mask. Eulenburg's feminine insight discerned the antipathy of the Empress. Until 1900, he concealed his own antipathy. After that, he waged an unrelenting campaign against his imperial mistress.

In the silence of sleepless hours, Eulenburg was perturbed by the mystery of femininity. Woman's attitude and woman's power baffled him. He himself, to be sure, was married. His wife bore him many children and stood by him faithfully in his hour of trial. He was, presumably, fond of her. But he could not understand the mystic union which sometimes exists between husband and wife. To Eulenburg, woman was either the Mother or the Circe, never the soul companion. Inwardly he rejected woman because her existence reduced his, Philipp Eulenburg's, to an absurdity.

Medieval theologians seriously disputed that woman had a soul. Eulenburg considered most women irrational, if not insane, especially the wives of his friends. With an insinuating and catlike slyness, and with the diligence of one obsessed, "Phili" applied himself to the mission of persuading his men friends that their wives should be immured in asylums.

"Phili's" first attempt was directed against his own brother's wife, Countess Clara Eulenburg. Reports began to circulate in the inner court circle that Countess Clara was mentally unbalanced. The author of these rumors was "Phili." They grew constantly more specific. Not until after his brother's death and the re-marriage of his widow, did Eulenburg lose interest in the project of having his sister-in-law interned in an insane asylum.

Eulenburg's second attempt of this nature was against the wife of his closest friend, Count Kuno Moltke, Military Governor of Berlin, who played the piano with extraordinary finesse. Again and again "Phili" debated with considerable concern the deplorable mental derangement of Moltke's wife, and suggested her incarceration in a sanatorium. With a great show of learning he would quote instances of similar maladies and overwhelm poor Kuno with new medical catchwords in the effort to ruin a perfectly normal woman.

Eulenburg's highest ambition, the greatest spiritual triumph of his life, would have been achieved if he had been able to banish the first lady of the land from the side of the Emperor. In "Phili's" letters to his friends the mental and physical condition of the Empress suddenly became of crucial significance. Bernhard Buelow, that prince of tactlessness, repeats in his memoirs certain remarks concerning the high "nervous tension" of Augusta Victoria. Eulenburg suggested at least a temporary separation between the Emperor and his consort. He was not in the least put out by the fact that the only possible criticism that could be made of Augusta Victoria was her complete normality. Everywhere around the court Eulenburg whispered to friends and acquaintances solemn confidences concerning the "sudden seizures," "excitements," and "rages" of the Empress.

People who were not personally acquainted with this calm, even-tempered woman, began to shake their heads dubiously. Once, when Bernhard Buelow, shortly before his appointment as Chancellor, was invited to Hubertusstock Castle, Eulenburg leaped into the carriage and, almost beside himself, insisted that the Empress had definitely

taken leave of her senses and must immediately be separated from her imperial consort.

The one error in Eulenburg's calculations, an error springing from the paradox of his own temperament, was his failure to take into account the absolute normality not only of the Empress but of the Emperor. There was, it is true, affection, but no intellectual affinity, between the Emperor and his wife. There were times when the Emperor, possibly influenced to a certain extent by the promptings of Eulenburg, seized every occasion to absent himself from home. But such temporary escapes from matrimony occur in every marriage. Eulenburg was unable to make a dent in the armor of the Emperor's ultimate loyalty to August Victoria. The Emperor brushed aside "Phili's" intrigues like cobwebs. William II required no medical certificate to convince him of the perfect physical and mental soundness of his devoted lady.

Eulenburg's subtlest plans were shipwrecked against the rock of the Kaiser's faith. William was, above all, a Prussian and a Protestant. The ideal of Christian religion was more important to him than the favor of the Muses. The poet in William valued the poet in Eulenburg. But the pupil of the Calvinist Hinzpeter never forgot the stern words of the ceremony which joined his life for better or for worse to Princess Augusta Victoria of Holstein. No artifice could impair his basic affection for his consort. He was equally impervious to the bombardment of the diabolic visitants from Eulenburg's spirit circle.

While Eulenburg discovered hysterical strains in all his friends' wives, he failed, at least for many years, to recognize the ravings of the most dangerous psychopath of his acquaintance, Baron Holstein. The domination which Holstein exercised over Eulenburg was not unlike the peculiar sex vassalage which characterizes certain relationships immortalized by Sacher-Masoch. "Phili's" Masochistic feminine dependence complemented Holstein's despotic temperament.

Occasionally, nevertheless, "Phili" rebelled against Holstein's yoke. Once, in April 1898, after receiving a letter from Holstein, he exclaimed despairingly: "I often have the feeling that I am living in a madhouse! What insane idiosyncracies! What insane contradictions! What insane conceit!" A few months later, the two friends had an animated controversy about the Emperor's tendencies to take the reins in his own hand. But again and again "Phili" fell under Holstein's sway.

Toward the end of their close affiliation, it was fear that predominated in their relationship and that made Eulenburg obey, sullenly though it be, when Holstein cracked the whip. But upon the face of that fear, Eulenburg, if only to save his self-respect, set the mask of friendship. In December 1899, "Phili" writes to his master:

DEAR FRIEND:

We have not met for an eternity. It was a deep sorrow to me that I failed to see you in the fall.

When at the turn of the century and the year I look back upon my work and all the struggles and difficulties which I have experienced, I encounter again and again your image, lending me counsel, support and sympathy.

I feel myself constantly beholden to you and I would rather alter my attitude toward any question than permit a difference to come between us. I am eager that you should understand this.

I cling with great zeal and fidelity to my old friends and especially to you.

The same "zeal" and "fidelity" sustained Eulenburg in his aversions, especially when they coincided with Holstein's hates. We know that Bismarck was the principal object of Holstein's antipathy. Though as a youth befriended by Bismarck, Eulenburg shared Holstein's feeling. However, he expressed his dislikes in a manner quite different from Holstein's. Where Holstein appropriated letters and colored reports, Eulenburg inflicted painful and poisonous wounds with the stiletto. He was most happy and most devastating when he could serve both his masters—Holstein and the Kaiser—at once, when his intrigues promoted the dark purposes of the councilor and ingratiated him with his imperial sovereign.

The Kaiser, like many great rulers in history, was not insensible to the value of gossip. "Phili," on his daily visits, carried a cargo of malicious tidbits about Bismarck and his clan. His tales spared neither Bismarck's children nor his relations by marriage. The constant barrage proved effective. Eulenburg's responsibility for the fall of the Chancellor was second only to Holstein's.

Informed of these machinations by his talebearers, the old man in Friedrichsruh began to collect heavy ammunition against Count Eulenburg. The Bismarcks did not hunt big game with birdshot. When, long after the death of the Iron Chancellor, the hour of revenge struck,



they produced the most formidable weapons against the unfortunate "Phili."

The Kaiser, not realizing to what extent he was influenced by "Phili's" gossip, would laugh boisterously at the tales regaled to him. "Phili" plundered his poetic arsenal to strike blows at the exiled Chancellor. He wrote a symbolic tale bearing the title "An Egyptian Legend," which depicted the fury of the bull Apis. This bull had won the gratitude of the ancient Pharaohs by breaking down the barriers of the Empire. But when his powerful horns ripped up one barrier after another, the bull became completely deranged and began to lay claim to divine honors. Renegade priests and foolish philosophers supported his demand and began to make life intolerable for the brilliant heir of the senile reigning monarch. The young Pharaoh refused to tolerate the presumption of the bull. He deftly put a ring in his nose and drove him, along with his two sons, into a stout-walled stall where they could do no more damage. Then bright and merry days returned to Egypt, and the young Pharaoh reigned, cheered by the applause of his devoted subjects.

The significance of this clumsy fable was obvious to all. The ranting bull was Bismarck, his sons, William and Herbert, while the young Pharaoh who chained the monster and his progeny was William II. The court clapped enthusiastic approval, and the Kaiser laughed at the amusing fantasy.

But while Eulenburg was exercising his pen and his wit, and imparting political advice, he also observed his friend the Kaiser with a penetrating and often unfriendly eye. It may be that Holstein's influence dominated his soul in those moments. Possibly it was his unconscious revenge for his subservience to a younger man; possibly it was, equally unconscious, the retaliation of a thwarted affection. It may be that he felt toward his imperial friend the curious duality composed simultaneously of love and hate which Freud calls ambivalence. There is no doubt that his affection for William was genuine, neither can there be any doubt that in describing the Emperor he dipped his pen in acid.

In his letters and in his talks with his cronies, especially Holstein and Buelow, "Phili" depreciated the Kaiser in the same manner in which he talked to the Kaiser about Prince Bismarck. With undisguised boredom he would narrate incidents of long journeys with his

imperial friend. He would deplore the lack of esprit at the imperial court, the ennui he was compelled to experience in the Kaiser's society, and would direct the shafts of his sarcasm at the dull virtue of William's private life.

The most innocent remarks dropped by the Kaiser in Eulenburg's presence received wild and immediate currency and were turned to serious political purposes. William's most casual *bon mot* launched complicated intrigues and fantastic campaigns.

When Bernhard Buelow became Secretary of State, Eulenburg inducted him into the mysteries of his office by giving him a thorough and somewhat discursive account on the life of the palace and its perils. On taking his leave, "Phili" slipped a small note into Buelow's hands. "This," he explained in a whisper, "is my last word, my final injunction to you. It springs from a heart truly friendly and a genuinely patriotic soul. You can never be of service to the country unless you make the right psychological approach to the Kaiser."

When he found himself alone, Buelow unfolded the note and read:

William II must be spared irritations. He enjoys instructing others but is incapable of learning himself. Dullness he cannot endure. Substantial, thorough, inflexible men irritate and never succeed with him.

William II wants to shine. It is his desire to do everything himself, to decide everything for himself. Unfortunately, his own projects often turn out badly. He is jealous, ambitious and avid of fame. In order to win him for a plan you must act as though the idea had originated with him.

He often encourages others in rash enterprises, but abandons them in a crisis. Never forget that His Majesty needs now and then a word of praise. Occasional expressions of approval from qualified sources are essential to his well-being. You will find him ready to fall in with all your wishes if you do not neglect now and then to give His Majesty, when he deserves it, a word of appreciation. He is as grateful for such favors as a good little boy.

It is obvious that it was Eulenburg who coined the phrase "His Majesty needs sunshine." With this excuse, the Emperor's entourage kept from him all disagreeable matters except those which, for purposes of their own, they wished to bring to his attention. Every ruler is surrounded by such a wall. It was a triple wall in the case of William.

In spite of all maneuvers to keep the truth from him, Eulenburg's "good little boy" discerned more and more that he was being excluded from exercising the full sway of his sovereignty. William II considered it the duty of an Emperor to rule, but realities were concealed from him by an iron screen of Egyptian legends, solemn and meaningless court circulars, and obsequious but perfunctory reports. Invisible hands seemed to pervert his acts and thwart his intentions.

"Some day," the Emperor despairingly exclaimed, "the German people shall see my deeds!"

Immediately a look of apprehension clouded Eulenburg's features. Noting this, the Kaiser remarked with a smile, "I presume you fear that it is my intention to make a violent attack upon the Reichstag."

"No, Sire," Eulenburg hastened to assure his monarch, "I am not afraid of that. I remember how often Your Majesty has told me that you would effect a change in the constitution only if the people through their Parliament expressed such a wish. You are too modern and too intelligent not to realize that the German Empire neither can nor will exist without Parliament."

"If only," the Kaiser replied, "the Germans knew and understood the purpose of my speeches and admonitions. But they are too narrow and short-sighted, too absorbed in petty pursuits and passions."

"The passions of the Germans," retorted "Phili," "are aroused against absolute monarchy and anything that even suggests such a contingency must be avoided."

"I, an absolute monarch!" guffawed the Kaiser, unable to curb his merriment.

Eulenburg immediately leaped to the conclusion that the Kaiser proposed to abolish Parliament. He wrote a number of alarming letters to create the impression that the catastrophe had been averted only by his extraordinary diplomatic ability.

In spite of such encounters and in spite of constant interferences with his plans, the Kaiser's friendship for Eulenburg remained unaltered because he was convinced of his unselfish devotion. He continued to enjoy the touch of lyricism which Eulenburg brought to politics, the rhythmic oscillations of "Phili's" artistic soul.

On the very eve of the scandal that engulfed Eulenburg the Count appeared in Berlin to receive, at a magnificent court convocation, the order of the Black Eagle. William II honored "Phili," his friend, as

he had honored Bismarck, by conferring upon him the title of "Prince." Not once was there, in twenty years, a serious breach between the two men. But, unknown to William, storm clouds were gathering.

Holstein no longer put his trust in "Phili." The two men had grown apart in spite of occasional hypocritical pretensions of friendship on Eulenburg's part. Buelow, now Chancellor for some years, grew tired of propitiating "Phili." He feared that "Phili" was looking about for his successor. So the Councilor and the Chancellor conspired together to ruin Eulenburg.

Behind them hovered the revengeful shade of the Iron Chancellor. Bismarck had been dead for years when the blow fell. But it was he who had accumulated much of the evidence against Eulenburg; it was he who assailed Eulenburg's reputation in his talks with Harden. Striking at Eulenburg, he aimed at the prestige of the Kaiser. Cunningly calculated, the blow hit him in the most sensitive spot.

The hatred of the Bismarcks requires no explanation. Bismarck had never forgotten Eulenburg's "Egyptian Legend" and the bull Apis. "Phili" was to pay for that flight of imagination. Holstein's case is more complicated. After the death of Bismarck, his hatred concentrated itself with full force upon the Kaiser. It was the wish of his life to bring about the abdication or the abject surrender to his designs of William II. This dream could be realized only if it was possible to sling mud at the imperial crown and its wearer.

Eulenburg, once Holstein's instrument to dominate the Kaiser, was now a means to bring about his destruction. There were times when Eulenburg had the effrontery to ignore orders of His Gray Eminence that conflicted with his own wishes. Sometimes he acted even in opposition to Holstein's plans. Eulenburg, in his private conversations, still referred to Holstein as "indispensable," in view of the peculiar conditions prevailing at the court and in the Foreign Office, but he did not hesitate to speak of him as "pathological." The slave, in a word, was revolting.

When Holstein detected Eulenburg's defection, he began with his habitual skill to set snares for Eulenburg and the Kaiser. Eulenburg realized that he was only a pawn on the chessboard. The game of Holstein and Buelow was to checkmate the King.

A trap was set for Eulenburg. Holstein enumerated his misdeeds and demanded his dismissal. But Eulenburg's ingenuity enabled him

to escape once more before the trap was sprung. For the time being he slipped through Holstein's fingers.

But Holstein could wait.

Holstein waited three years. Then he girded his loins for the decisive struggle. The occasion was his own downfall, which he attributed to Eulenburg. Holstein, the Defense recalled, had resigned in one of his tantrums. For once, through a chain of circumstances beyond his control and through Buelow's feigned or actual illness, the resignation had been accepted. Holstein suspected, rightly or wrongly, that "Phili" was at the bottom of these doings.

On May 1, 1906, Holstein indited the following lines to Eulenburg:

MY DEAR PHILI:

This address is no term of affection, for "Phili" betokens no good among contemporaries. Your long-desired end has been achieved finally. I am shelved. I am told that the vulgar attacks upon me in the press are also in accordance with your wishes.

Every case has two aspects. I am now free. I need not place a curb upon myself and can deal with you as one should with a contemptible person of your peculiarities. I am acting accordingly and I am prepared to face the consequences. I suggest that you do whatever you please or whatever may seem appropriate.

Holstein wrote this letter deliberately to challenge Prince Eulenburg to a duel. Eulenburg did not wish to fight a duel. He pledged his word of honor that he had never attempted to injure Holstein, either with the Emperor or with the press. "I assume," Holstein remarked in one of his letters, "that Prince Eulenburg lies. But I have no evidence."

Holstein's second, an expert in such matters, explained to him that Holstein's refusal to accept Eulenburg's word of honor would be tantamount to a declaration that he (Eulenburg) was not a gentleman. If he was not a gentleman, he was not capable of giving "satisfaction" in a duel. Thus "Phili" escaped a physical encounter with the old Councillor.

Holstein, leaguering himself with Buelow, now struck a blow in the underhanded fashion characteristic of all his works. One morning, a gentleman called on a small, black-haired man who wore a high-standing collar and spectacles with thick lenses. It was Privy Councillor von Holstein, himself at one time the target of attacks in the *Zukunft*, who called on Isidore Witkowsky, better known as Maximilian Harden.

One by one Holstein produced ingredients drawn from his poison cupboard to discredit Eulenburg. Harden accepted Holstein's aid with delight. "Of course," he asked, "I may count upon your testimony in court, if necessary?"

Holstein shook his head. "No. If you call me as a witness, I shall deny everything."

Then the master of intrigue sat down and mapped out with Harden a plan of campaign against Prince Eulenburg. Holstein did not tell the journalist that the Chancellor of the Empire was his ally in the battle against "Phili."

Harden took Holstein's material home and reinforced it with additional ammunition derived from the arsenal of the Bismarcks. Aided by Hamman, who handled publicity for the Foreign Office, more mysterious evidence about Eulenburg and his coterie reached the editor of *Die Zukunft*. Moltke's ex-wife, who had escaped the fate of being locked up in a sanatorium, strengthened Harden's position by telling tales out of the boudoir, discomfiting to both Moltke and Eulenburg. Harden was particularly enraged when he learned that Lecompte had been permitted to participate in the intimate gatherings of "Phili," when state secrets were tossed across the table.

On December 8, 1906, little Harden launched his attack on the great "camarilla." On that day the *Zukunft* printed the first important article against Kuno Moltke and Philipp Eulenburg. Anyone with a feeling for style and an instinct for politics readily perceives: *one*, that the language of the effusion was borrowed largely from the vocabularies of Holstein and Bismarck; *two*, that the ultimate object of the campaign was not merely the ruin of Moltke and Eulenburg, but the destruction of William II.

Powerful friends, including Walter Rathenau, attempted to dissuade Harden from continuing his campaign. But the little man remained obdurate. Forgetting that he was only a tool in the hands of others, he envisaged himself as a Roman censor defending the state and public morals.

Harden's attacks on Eulenburg and Moltke on the ground of a biological anomaly were in flagrant contradiction to his own scientific convictions. Harden offered the explanation that he did not attack Eulenburg because of his temperamental deviations, but because men of Eulenburg's type, in the environment of the monarch, constituted a

danger to the state and the policy of the Emperor. He promised to break off his revelations if the men involved would quit. This they could not or would not do. Pride and circumstances forbade.

When the first attack began, "Phili" went to Italy and promised to stay away from court, but somehow he could not withstand the fascination which the Emperor exercised upon him. When he returned to Berlin and solemnly accepted the Order of the Black Eagle, his fate was sealed.

The human brain is a curious instrument. It relegates to the subconscious incidents the mind does not wish to remember. Perhaps Eulenburg, now in his sixth decade, hoped that the memories of others would be equally complaisant. Perhaps Eulenburg felt, as Wilde did in a similar predicament, that his position was too secure to be destroyed by Harden. Perhaps he did not realize the scope of Harden's knowledge. Perhaps he underestimated the editor's courage and the powerful forces that egged him on. He did not know that Harden's inspiration was the Imperial Chancellor and Holstein.

All Berlin was agog about the articles in the *Zukunft*. Rumors reached even William II, but not the fact that his friend Eulenburg was involved. No one at the court wanted to burn his fingers by bringing the scandal, which assumed ever graver proportions, to the ears of the monarch.

Finally the Crown Prince summoned the courage to speak to his father. It was a chilly May day in 1907 when the Emperor visited his son at the Marble Palace. Walking up and down the garden with his father, the Crown Prince, cudged his brain how to break the news.

After beating about the bush for a while, he finally said: "Papa, there is something I must tell you in connection with the scandalous articles in the *Zukunft*."

"A terrible business," the Kaiser replied.

"It is being said," the Crown Prince went on, "that the conditions in our army recall the depravities of imperial Rome. Harden may be a skunk, but he certainly has given convincing proof of the abnormal proclivities of high officers of the army."

"I have already," the Emperor retorted impatiently, "directed the summary dismissal of Count Lynar and Count Hohenau."

"There is something else," the Crown Prince said hesitatingly. "It is about Philipp Eulenburg."

"What about him?" the Kaiser asked in surprise.

"I don't think it is suitable for him to have the freedom of the Palace and your presence."

"What do you mean by that?"

The Kaiser looked sharply at his son. In his bosom pain fought with astonishment. He sensed the imminence of a terrible and irreparable disaster.

"The public may misinterpret these visits at this time," the Crown Prince remarked. "Especially," he added in a lower tone, "in view of the friendship between Eulenburg and Kuno Moltke, who has not yet cleared himself from the suspicion cast upon him by Harden."

"What do you mean by that? They are friends no longer," the Kaiser answered with ill-concealed agitation.

"Papa," said the Crown Prince, putting his hand gently over his father's, as if to console him, "I have sad news for you."

Then, speaking in a low monotone, as though reading a prepared speech, the Crown Prince continued, "Harden has extended his attacks in the *Zukunft* to Philipp Eulenburg. At first he only darkly hinted at Eulenburg's transgressions. Now he unmistakably points to him as a person of abnormal tendencies.

"The press has taken up Harden's accusations. It is affirmed that you are surrounded by a secret camarilla. This camarilla, known as the Round Table of Liebenberg, is described as a group of persons bound together by abnormal instincts under the leadership of Philipp Eulenburg."

The Kaiser breathed heavily. He was not prepared to sacrifice the friend of a lifetime to the word of a disreputable scribbler, just as on another occasion he loyally defended the great cannon-maker, Alfred Krupp, against similar aspersions. It was perhaps unfortunate that Krafft-Ebbing's "Psychopathia Sexualis" was not among the reading recommended by Hinzpeter to his imperial pupil. The nature of Eulenburg's alleged offense was not very clear to him. All his chivalrous instincts longed to deny the charge.

"It can't be true!"

"Then Eulenburg must call Harden to account," replied the Crown Prince. He quietly placed a copy of the *Zukunft* in his hand and went away. Alone with himself, his head throbbing as though it would burst, the Kaiser unfolded the detested periodical. An ocean of filth overwhelmed him. The tide of hatred and calumny threatened to



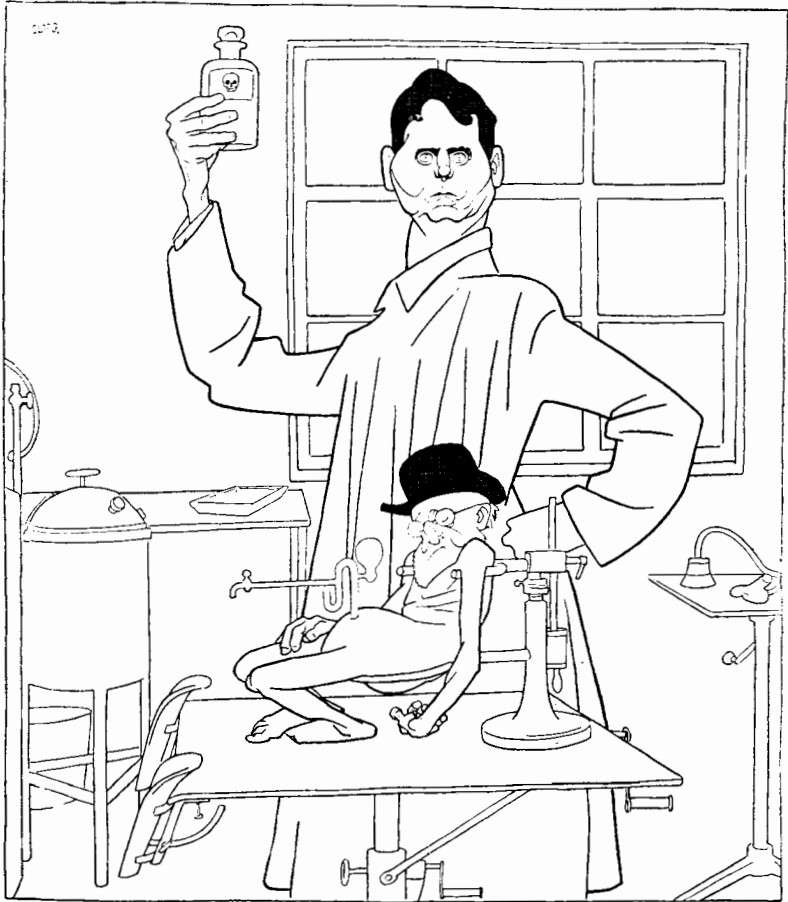


The Kaiser's Friend

Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg, "the Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the Imperial Court"

# Ein merkwürdiger Fall

(Zeichnung von O. Gulbranfen)



Nachdem Harden ihm all sein Gift abgezogen hatte, starb Holstein.

“A Strange Case”

“After Harden extracted all his poison, Holstein died”—*Simplicissimus*, 1909, Muenchen

close over his head. He could plainly perceive how the slimy flood mounted till it nearly touched the hem of his own cloak.

William II buried his face in his hands. The blood pounded in his temples and every heart beat seemed to reiterate with agonizing insistence. "Eulenburg, Eulenburg, Eulenburg . . . !"

Twenty years of friendship and his faith in humanity tottered. The whole edifice of his life so painfully erected was shattered abruptly. Friendship became a hideous grimace. Sacred memories were bespattered by Harden's venom.

Then, setting aside his own grief, he bethought himself of his duties as a king and issued the following rescript to Chancellor von Buelow:

I expect Eulenburg to offer his resignation immediately. If the accusations of perverse inclinations brought against him are unjust and if his conscience with regard to me is absolutely clear and unimpeachable, I look forward to an unequivocal statement to that effect. Otherwise, I shall expect him, after surrendering the Order of the Black Eagle, and avoiding any further publicity, to leave the country at once and take up his residence elsewhere.

Days of agony followed. Eulenburg, protesting his innocence, returned the Black Eagle. In a pointed letter he moaned that without the Emperor's confidence these marks of his favor were meaningless to him. He fervidly avowed, however, his gratitude to William II. To a relative of the Emperor he wrote:

I could always say to myself that he was faithful to me, but never without the mental reservation that any day might bring a sudden end of our relationship in spite of a friendship of more than twenty years.

Prince Eulenburg was seen no more at the court. But now everybody avoided the stricken Kaiser, while the newspapers day by day dwelt with sadistic pleasure on new aspects of the Eulenburg scandal. In the middle of the scandal, unnamed, but apparent to all, despite the stainlessness of his private life, stood the Kaiser.

Day by day the tide of filth continued to rise. The details of the affair became more and more scandalous. There was no one to call a halt. Powerful forces in the government itself directed the pen of Harden.

Eulenburg's fall was a mortal wound to the Kaiser. Until that time he had dreamed of two men who, complementing each other, should

adorn his reign, the friend and the Chancellor. Now the friend had been taken from him, victim not to the clean sword of death, but to the slimy snare of intrigue. The Chancellor was to follow.

"Eulenburg," William wrote in Doorn many years later, "was a faithful friend, which weighs heavy in the scale of character. When he set foot in our Potsdam home, it was as if the common day was flooded with sunshine. The friend that he was then to me, he loyally remained through decades. History will decide what there was in the charges of all sorts which were brought against him. I, for my part, shall always remember him gratefully."

"Phili's" loss was not the only shock to the Kaiser. It was followed by a flare-up of hatred and abuse in every part of the empire. An army of Philistines, petty bourgeois preachers, fools, and vindictive foes triumphed over William II. They thundered denunciations of the guileless monarch who had ventured to seek the society of aesthetes instead of confining himself to uninspiring ministers of state and privy councilors.

Harden was now determined to overthrow with his pen William II and the "Camarilla." But mightier forces than Harden's pen were needed to accomplish his purpose. Emperor and empire withstood his attack. He only succeeded in bespattering his country's flag and preparing the vendetta against the Jew after the fall of the Empire. But he also succeeded in undermining the confidence of the Germans in their leaders. The full effect of his campaign appeared in November 1918 and in April 1933.

Holstein, like Bismarck, did not live to see the downfall of the detested Kaiser. He did not realize to what extent his attacks, culminating in the Eulenburg scandal, had weakened the fabric of the empire. But the Man with the Hyena Eyes won a complete victory over "Phili."

Soon after the exposure in the *Zukunft*, there began a series of libel suits involving His Serene Highness, Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg and Hertefeld, hereditary member of the House of Lords, Knight of the Black Eagle, and favorite of the Kaiser.

In the final suit William II's close friend was branded as a perjurer by the court. The Prince collapsed, while the witnesses for the prosecution were cross-examined. Trial followed trial. Like a hunted animal, the sick man was driven from court to court. In view of his illness,

sentence was never pronounced. But from 1908 he remained a prisoner in his estate, outliving even the fall of the empire, harried to the day of his death in 1921 by the threat of persecution.

Eulenburg's attachment for Holstein sprang, according to his own interpretation, from his admiration, not for his cunning, but for the subtlety of his spirit, his political and literary education, and his powers of divination. Beyond that he pitied "this self-tortured invert in the thumbscrew of a pathological disposition." He was also touched by Holstein's occasional kindness. "There are moments," he said, "when I feel that he had a real affection for me." "Holstein," Eulenburg insisted in one of his letters in later years, "cannot be judged in the proper perspective of one does not take the pathological element in his nature into consideration:

(1) He suffered from political delusions. Nevertheless, out of ten of his plans, six to seven were useful, and frequently very subtle. But the rest were completely without foundation, hallucinations, with which he nevertheless proceeded as if they had a basis in reality, and upon which he erected his projects and conspiracies. Some of his obsessions were so nonsensical that I did not even take the trouble to discuss them with him.

(2) Another highly dangerous pathological trait was his urge to kill off people. Buelow and I called him "The Marten," because that animal is not content until it has slaughtered an entire chickenyard. This slaughter was the expression of Holstein's smothered passions.

I notice the same peculiarity in Holstein's great model, Bismarck. I knew this strange man for years, and knew him intimately as I have known few other men. The deadly enmity which eventually separated us and led to the tragic conclusion of my public and social life is a part of his picture—the picture of a genius twisted by a pathological disposition which spelled his doom and mine.

At times, Eulenburg admits in another letter, he and Buelow suffered the torture of the damned, between the outbursts of the Kaiser and the machinations of Holstein. Perhaps it would have been better for the Empire if Holstein, Buelow and Eulenburg had quaffed the cup of hemlock which Holstein suggested at one time to end the sufferings of Emperor Frederick.

After the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, Eulenburg exclaimed: "How horrible it is to have lions at the front and to be governed by monkeys at home!" That was his revenge on the Foreign Office.

Holstein's letters blame Buelow for the Eulenburg scandal. Buelow and his friends blame Holstein. Neither enjoyed the fruits of victory. Holstein died and Buelow, forced to resign a few years later, never regained the Emperor's favor. Eulenburg forfeited position and prestige, the Kaiser lost more—faith in his own generation and faith in himself. His prestige suffered a deadly blow. The Daily Telegraph Affair in November 1908 would not, the Attorney for the Defense concluded his analysis of Prince Eulenburg, have united public opinion against William if it had not been preceded by the reverberations of the Eulenburg scandal. After Eulenburg's fall, William II proceeded upon that solitary path which ended in Spa with his abdication.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CHANCELLOR WITH THE SERPENT'S TONGUE

"BERNHARD VON BUELOW," called the Court Attendant. Debonair, affable, smiling, the former Chancellor responded. With the air of a pleased peacock, Buelow watched the battle that now ensued between the Defense and the Prosecution. The Public Prosecutor, treating the witness with great deference, delved into the memoirs of the Prince. He accepted Buelow's portrait of himself as a brilliant statesman, driven to desperation by the infantile antics and the amateurish interferences of the Defendant. "I grant," he remarked at the conclusion of his harangue, "that Prince Buelow's policies were not, in the end, crowned with success. Whenever he was ready for a master-move, the neurasthenic monarch spoiled the game with his tantrums. Bernhard von Buelow was condemned to fritter away his genius. Half of his time and vitality was exhausted by the necessity of protecting himself against intrigues at the Imperial Court, arising from the peculiar temperament of William II. Half of the time which he could have devoted to constructive statemanship was wasted by the efforts required to repair the blunders of his imperial master."

The Emperor listened without comment to this bitter diatribe, but the Public Defender, stirred into indignant action, dealt ungently with the princely witness. Mercilessly he exposed Buelow's serpentine trail through the mazes of William's reign. Even while he held high office under William, Buelow's fangs struck viciously at William II in the dark. He held his peace in public until six feet of earth protected him from vengeance. Then, wrapped in his shroud, the Chancellor with the Serpent's Tongue posthumously discharged the most deadly venom against his exiled King.

Buelow's smile as he listened grew sickly, but still he smiled.

Like his friend Philipp Eulenburg, Buelow was a scion of the old Prussian nobility. His ancestors for generations had been high military and civil functionaries of the Kings of Prussia. At the court, in the civil administration and in military affairs one constantly runs across the name "Buelow." Buelow's father was Secretary of State under

Bismarck. One of his nephews served the Third Reich in a similar capacity under Hitler. Buelow's brother was an accomplished general. From the outset all doors were open to the young aristocrat. But noble blood did not teach him *noblesse oblige*.

Bernhard von Buelow grew up in the atmosphere of intrigue which characterizes the diplomacy of the past. Ingratiating smiles and significant silences were part of his hereditary equipment. He studied at Berlin, Lausanne, etc., served in the army for a time, and took part in the Franco-Prussian War. After the war he entered the diplomatic service in deference to his father's wishes.

Fortune favored Bernhard from the beginning. He won his diplomatic spurs in Bucharest, in Rome, St. Petersburg and Berlin, attracted the Kaiser's attention and enlisted the powerful aid of Holstein and Eulenburg. After that, his rise was spectacular, until he became Bismarck's successor.

Buelow complemented the part played by Eulenburg in William's life. If Eulenburg attracted the Emperor by his dithyrambics, Buelow held him spellbound by his mental agility, the apparent diversity of his knowledge and the suavity of his manner. He seemed to the Emperor the most brilliant representative of the age, the ideal interpreter of his policies and ideas. With Buelow in Bismarck's place, the Kaiser did not hesitate to renounce a great part of his personal power. "Buelow," he once said, "shall be my Bismarck." That was in 1895, five years before Bismarck's mantle descended on Buelow.

Buelow captivated men more experienced than William II. An accomplished actor, he enticed even his political enemies. He gracefully wore the mask of the cavalier and the student. It was only posthumously that the shallowness of his mind and his lack of moral fibre was pitifully revealed. "It is," the Kaiser remarked after reading Buelow's *Memoirs*, "the first case in my experience of a man who committed suicide *after his death*." Buelow's *Memoirs*, for all their polished *bon mots* and their poisoned arrows, expose a Lilliputian soul. But in his lifetime Buelow pulled the wool over everybody's eyes, with the exception of Holstein.

A master of pyrotechnics, his appearance was dazzling, his conversation superficially sparkling. Buelow's elegant figure, the immaculate dress, the well-shaped head, the agreeable voice, bespoke the grand seigneur. Buelow combined in his personality the sophistication of the



twentieth and the eighteenth centuries. He was both the twentieth century realist and the charming poseur of the eighteenth. Wherever Buelow held forth, he scattered pearls from the storehouse of his mind. No one knew that his treasures were borrowed!

If the Kaiser journeyed to some remote quarter of the country, Buelow would ply him with recondite information. He would cite musty chronicles and relate local legends. It would seem as if he had spent a lifetime to acquaint himself with the vicinity. When he talked to the Kaiser, he embellished his talk with a line from Homer, an anecdote of Russian life, or some apt quotation from an early Italian poet. Challenged, he cited chapter and verse with perfect exactitude. It seemed as if everything that had been written anywhere or at any time found a niche in Buelow's retentive mind.

It did not occur to Buelow's contemporaries that this wealth of allusion screened his intellectual vacuity. No one surmised that Buelow prepared his allusions punctiliously like a schoolboy cramming for his "exam." Every evening the Chancellor consulted encyclopedias and reference books; he made careful search of whatever allusion or information was needful for the next ball, or the next report, then copied the wisdom thus gained into his note-book. The next day he slyly managed to introduce his newly acquired knowledge into the conversation.

Buelow's words intrigued, his quotations astonished—like the rabbits out of a conjurer's hat. Greek, Latin, French, and English flowed mellifluously from his lips as he practiced the magic of words. His listeners, entranced by his spell, were convinced that the destiny of the Empire was safe in the hands of this omniscient Prospero. Whenever he conversed with the Kaiser a seductive smile played about Buelow's lips, but his eyes, steadfast like a hawk's, carefully watched every reaction, however slight, in his sovereign's features. When the great medicine-man talked he seemed to transcend terrestrial things, but he never for a moment lost sight of his personal objectives.

Buelow's literary allusions cloaked spiritual barrenness, lust for power, cunning, perfidy, indolence and the cold emptiness of his soul. Conscious of his historic role, every sentence that rolled from his lips was designed for the ears of posterity and the world. Aware of the power of winged words, every speech he made in the Reichstag, carried an epigram. With the power of his incantations Buelow convinced William and his compatriots that he alone could save Germany. For years

he kept this illusion alive. For years the old mesmerist retained his hold. After the dull Caprivi and the elderly Hohenlohe, the dynamic Buelow seemed to personify that youthful freshness which had been lacking in public affairs.

Unlike Caprivi and Hohenlohe, Buelow enjoyed the full confidence of the Kaiser. Both the politicians and the general public were delighted that the perpetual tension between the Chancellory and the Palace had ended. William, on the other hand, was overjoyed at finding a Chancellor who possessed not only his confidence but the confidence of the nation.

Buelow exploited this feeling. He lost no opportunity to enhance his popularity in both quarters. Articles and interviews at home and abroad testified to his brilliant gifts. Every word uttered by Buelow had a definite purpose. It was aimed to proclaim his greatness, and every eulogy published was somehow brought to the attention of his imperial master.

Buelow assembled at his house the intellectual and social élite. Every guest was of consequence. Each played a definite, if limited, role in the Chancellor's studied drama. For each he found the right, the pre-considered, word. Buelow was all things to all men. When a conservative politician asked him why his house was guarded by so many detectives disguised as lackeys, the Prince whispered: "There are several Liberal members of the Reichstag among my guests. I must watch my silver spoons." To a Liberal who expressed some apprehension that the Chancellor was unduly influenced by Conservative forces, he confided: "Compose yourself, my friend, Reactionaries may enter my salon, but not my heart."

In pursuit of his usual tactics, Buelow once remarked to a clergyman who was scheduled to make an important speech in the Reichstag: "I never consider my day well ended, until I have read a few passages from your book of devotion on Christian virtue." The clergyman who had reason to doubt the Chancellor's religious fervor, replied with more candor than tact: "I trust Your Serene Highness does not consider me stupid enough to believe a word of what you are saying." The truculent clergyman revealed a power of analysis, lacking in most of Buelow's visitors.

When Buelow talked with an historian, he cited passages from the most recent opus of his guest, intertwined with long quotations from Tacitus or Thucydides. He would flatter a journalistic visitor by re-

membering a phrase from one of his articles and enlarging upon the momentous role of the press in modern history. In return, Buelow's guests, the historian, the journalist and (with one conspicuous exception) the parson, intoned paeans in praise of the Chancellor.

It was important in Buelow's game to convince the nation of his personal influence over William II. Lavish in his gestures of friendship, the Kaiser conferred upon him every decoration at his disposal, made him a Prince, and always kept open for him the door of his inner circle. Not satisfied with formal evidence of the Emperor's friendship, Buelow required and received marked private indications of imperial favor. William II, like many a paterfamilias, was in the habit of sending picture postcards to his friends from his travels. Buelow was the recipient of innumerable souvenirs of this type. The message, scribbled in the handwriting of the All-Highest, was frequently unimportant. It might read: "Many heartfelt greetings," or "We are thinking of you." But the gay postcards with pictures of mountains, railway stations and landscapes, bore the signature: "Wilhelm, Emperor Rex."

The Chancellor carefully catalogued and numbered these favors, and whenever there was a reception at his house, the imperial postcards would lie—spread out fan-wise—on a little table near the entrance. This little bit of stage-play convinced everyone that the monarch's mind dwelt on his Chancellor even in his moments of relaxation. Near the table were posted two detectives who guarded the collection from souvenir-hunters.

In politics Buelow considered himself the direct heir of the Iron Chancellor. Caprivi and Hohenlohe, his immediate predecessors, were episodes; they were elevated to their high estate by the Kaiser in the embarrassment of the moment. Buelow, in his own eyes, as well as William's, was the new Bismarck—a Bismarck who had received on his forehead the kiss of the *Zeitgeist*. In quiet waters, Buelow's dexterity and intelligence might have sufficed to steer the ship of state, not in troubled days. He was not fit to step into Bismarck's enormous shoes.

To be Bismarck's heir, one must inherit his genius. Bismarck's intuition was almost infallible. The swiftness with which in his prime he could carry out a policy or reverse it, was the envy of Europe's statesmen. We cannot blame Buelow for not being a genius, but we blame him for adorning himself with purloined plumage, a political cuckoo flaunting the pinions of the dead eagle.

Bismarck juggled with five balls at once, each ball being one of the great powers of Europe. To intensify the illusions of his Bismarckian stature, Buelow, aided by Holstein, attempted to imitate him. But whereas Bismarck could indulge in this pastime without losing his equilibrium and without making his own country the playball in another man's game, Buelow fumbled. At best he succeeded in tossing each ball to another player before the next one returned to his own hand. He never knew when one of the balls would fly from his unsure hand and hit a spectator or himself in the face. Bismarck played with genius, according to a grandiose system conceived by himself; Buelow managed merely to keep one step ahead of disaster.

Buelow continued the Bismarckian tradition of isolating the Kaiser. The favorite grandson of Queen Victoria, the cousin of the Czar, was bound by ties of friendship or kinship to all the ruling houses of Europe. Common sense dictated the exploitation of this circumstance. The Kaiser could have been the make-weight in Germany's balance. His timely intervention could smooth the path of the Chancellor. But such intervention was precisely what Buelow deprecated. He wanted the Chancellor to rule, as in Bismarck's day, while confining the Kaiser to the gestures of royalty. Like Bismarck, but without Bismarck's justification, Buelow jealously strove to exclude his monarch from political activities. Time and again, as in Bismarck's day, the Kaiser was kept wholly or partially in ignorance of important measures and decisions.

When too late, William II realized what had happened, he resented and deplored the attitude of his Chancellor, who treated him as if he were an irresponsible child. In spite of brave protests, he reluctantly succumbed to the impression that he was ill adapted to meddle with his own government. His self-confidence, already seriously impaired by his education at the hands of a crabbed teacher, suffered a staggering blow at Buelow's hands.

Prince Buelow was a polished billiard ball skimming gracefully over the green cloth; the curved surface reflected a distorted but glittering image of the world. Unlike the billiard ball, Buelow was conscious of the gracefulness of his movements and the iridescent qualities of his personality. The Empire was to him a pedestal, the world a background, for his own stature; history merely a footnote in the autobiography of Bernhard von Buelow. If Bismarck was a great man,

capable of petty gestures, Buelow was a petty poseur with the gestures of a great man.

From 1900 to 1909 Buelow conducted the affairs of the nation as Chancellor. Before that he was Secretary of State in the Wilhelmstrasse. In this period many new conflicts were engendered and many old friendships broken, a legion of enemies forced an iron ring around Germany. But Prince Buelow smiled complacently, quoted poets old and new and, with an elegant wave of his delicately manicured hand, swept the responsibility for his errors upon the backs of Bismarck, Tschirschky, Hohenlohe, Holstein and his King. It was Buelow who etched upon the mind of contemporary Europe the image of the Kaiser as an unrestrained and unrestrainable orator.

Whenever the Emperor spoke, Buelow, even before he was Chancellor, listened with an apologetic smirk belittling the Emperor's efforts. In the semi-darkness of his workroom, by the fireside, surrounded by an illustrious circle of his admirers, the great raconteur permitted his tongue to dart back and forth with subtle ridicule of his master. When the Kaiser made a speech, Buelow's face darkened. When the Emperor was finished, Buelow plucked the journalists gently by the sleeve and forbade them to put the speech on the wires until it had been blue-penciled in the Chancellory. If the echo of the speech was favorable, Buelow claimed the glory; if the impression was negative, he forgot his share in the document and condemned it with a meaningful shrug of the shoulders.

On one celebrated occasion the Foreign Office, then in charge of Buelow, was unable to bowdlerize one of the Emperor's speeches. That was in Damascus at a festive banquet to William. For one day the glamor of the Arabian Nights invested once more the ancient city of the califs. In the midst of this oriental splendor the prince from the Occident pledged to Islam the good will of his Empire. His eloquence, unedited by Buelow, reached the remotest recesses of the Mohammedan world. In Syria, in Arabia, in Egypt, in India, princes and camel-drivers, robbers and merchants, chattered delightfully about Islam's new friend, while Buelow, embittered and dismayed, predicted ruinous consequences from the rashness of his imperial master. It was largely William's gesture at Damascus which assured to Germany the aid of Turkey in the World War. A few days later William made another important speech at Jerusalem. This time the Secretary of State in-

tervened in time. Under his basilisk gave the Emperor's words shriveled to insignificant patter. Buelow heaved a sigh of relief.

Some of William's speeches which, distorted by his enemies, may have harmed both him and Germany, were what the psychoanalysts call, in a phrase hackneyed by over-use, over-compensations of his inferiority complex. In his heart the Kaiser did not feel the faith in himself that his lips proclaimed. He saw the public acclaim enjoyed by his clever Chancellor. Every word uttered by Buelow was received as if it were an oracle. Thus, circumstances conspired to impress upon William II how fortunate it was that his government rested in the hands of the brilliant Buelow.

William ceased to pit his own safer instincts against the sophistries of his Chancellor, and even after Buelow's exit he rarely forced his counsels upon his councilors. In the World War he yielded rarely to his own brilliant intuitions, but often to the ill-fated suggestions of others. The Kaiser's diplomatic instinct, imbibed literally with his mother's milk, could not be suppressed entirely. At rare intervals, when Buelow was obviously at fault, the Kaiser issued stern warnings, but his utterances were checked by a flood of quotations spurting from the smiling lips of the Chancellor. Dazed, the Kaiser again and again yielded to the verbal hypnotism of Buelow.

While laboring ever to undermine the Emperor's prestige, Buelow resented any diminution of his own nimbus. A writer in the *Kreuzzeitung* remarked that Bismarck was "like an old tree with roots reaching deep into the earth," while "Buelow's suave personality flourished largely on the polished hardwood of the salon." After lauding Buelow's diplomatic skill and his immeasurable services, the writer expressed surprise that Buelow had risen to such intellectual heights in spite of his indifferent record in school. As a matter of curiosity the author of the article quoted a characterization of Buelow by one of his teachers which was not flattering to the future Chancellor.

Within twelve hours after the publication of the article, the author was summoned to the Chancellory. The atmosphere of the ante-room was as heavily laden with gloom as if the end of the world were at hand. Secretaries with long pallid faces walked to and fro unhappily. The unfortunate journalist was received as if he were a pestilential bacillus. The Prince, one of the attachés grimly informed him, had spent a sleepless night with cold compresses over his feverish heart

after reading the article. Buelow suspected a sinister plot behind the story. He accused the hapless journalist of having sold his pen to the enemy for thirty pieces of silver and insisted that the quotation from the old schoolmaster in Halle was a brazen forgery.

An investigation of the archives unfortunately revealed the authenticity of the statement. The great man spent a few more sleepless nights. He composed himself when he realized that the old schoolmaster's verdict had in no way dimmed his reputation. The narrowness of Buelow's outlook made it impossible for him to master, or even to comprehend, the great problems confronting him. His energy was frittered away in picayune intrigues and squabbles. In any emergency words took the place of deeds. While the world built cannons and dreadnoughts against Germany, Buelow apparently believed that he could demolish her enemies with apt quotations from Buechner's *Geflügelte Worte* or Meyer's *Konversationslexikon*.

Buelow feared any clash between the outside world and the magic realm conjured up by his verbal felicities, and he resented the voice of the Kaiser which occasionally called him back to reality. In the trouble over Morocco and during the Russo-Japanese War, when energetic intervention might have saved the situation for Germany, the Prince preferred circumvention, circumlocutions and conferences to action. The thought of war filled him with panic terror but his indolence, or his illusion, or both, prevented him from taking any positive step to escape from the menace. An experienced diplomat, unfamiliar with bird lore, compared Buelow's policy to the strategy of the ostrich. Buelow buried his head in the sand like an ostrich, or rather, unlike the ostrich, for it seems that popular superstition deprecates unjustly the intelligence of that gawky bird.

Buelow's opinion of the Kaiser varied with the occasion. In *tête à tête* with the Emperor he oozed Byzantine flattery. On state occasions, Prince Buelow referred to his imperial master as "Our All-gracious Lord and God-given Ruler." When discussing the Emperor with parliamentarians, Buelow attempted to reveal his fairmindedness. "William II," the Chancellor remarked confidentially, "has the endowment of a very great mind; he is perhaps the keenest mind in the long line of Hohenzollerns. I consider myself fortunate to be living in his gracious reign. However, it is necessary to direct the excellent talents of the Emperor into salutary channels. Under the proper influence,

His Majesty's abilities can be of inestimable service to the nation."

A fourth view, expressed in private letters and on some pages in his memoirs, runs thus: "I love the Kaiser as though he were my son. I am proud of his successes and saddened by his failures, but I cannot be angry with him, for at heart he is only a child. Even when he reaches the half-century mark, the Kaiser will have less understanding of life than a normal man of twenty. Fundamentally, I am his nursemaid. I must punish and reward, but I must never forget that I am dealing with a child." This attitude appears occasionally in Buelow's communications with Eulenburg. It was suggested to him originally in the confidential letter entrusted to him by Philipp Eulenburg.

Locked up in his heart of hearts, revealed only to his most intimate cronies, and unlocked in his posthumous memoirs, appears an entirely different picture of William, as a "despicable worthless liar." "I believe,"—I am quoting at random, "he is even mad . . . a pathological prevaricator, suffering from pseudologia phantastica, and a neuresthenic. God grant me the strength needed to bring Germany unscathed through the Wilhelmian era." While occasionally injecting half-hearted apologies, Buelow portrays the Kaiser in the four volumes of his reminiscences as a malevolent simpleton. Holding such an opinion of his chief, Buelow could pursue no consistent policy.

In the sub-cellars of Buelow's unconscious must have lurked a sense of his own ineptitude and spiritual impotence. To revenge himself for his defect, Buelow imposed his will on his master, convincing himself by such maneuvers of his strong unbending will and his inherent ability. Incidentally, he wrecked Germany's ship of state.

In reality Buelow's will was neither strong nor unbending. The great mesmerizer never emancipated himself from Holstein—the evil genius of the empire. Behind every move of the ostensibly powerful and energetic Chancellor lurks the uncanny Geheimrat. Many inexplicable vagaries of Buelow's policy could originate only in a mind half-unhinged.

There were profound reasons for Buelow's vassalage. Holstein's hold on Buelow was stronger than warranted by the (probably) apocryphal encounter in the epicene sailor's tavern, related by the picturesque, but unreliable Kuerenberg, who imputes to Buelow an interest in Eulenburg's Attic diversions. The courts sentenced another writer to prison for attributing such unorthodox proclivities to Buelow. Buelow's salutation of Eulenburg in one of his letters as a "sister soul" was



perfidious but not perverse. Holstein's resources were legion. Holstein gently blackmailed Buelow with his knowledge of a chapter in the life of Buelow's wife, the beautiful Countess Doenhoff, née Princess Camporeale, who, incidentally, was closely related by blood to the great Italian statesman Minghetti. The Contessina was a devout music lover. Her musical evenings in Berlin, no less than in Rome, were unfailing sensations. In her youth the lovely Italian had been a pupil of Liszt and a friend of Chopin. A whole generation of musicians had fallen in love with the Princess Camporeale. The most famous composers of her day wrote glowing love letters. These, it is said, did not fail to evoke replies. It was whispered in Berlin that Holstein secretly gained possession of some unconventional letters of the Princess. Buelow knew this. He knew that the Holstein's poison cupboard contained enough evidence to set evil tongues wagging against his lovely wife. The fear of some deliberate indiscretion by Holstein explains in part Buelow's subservience to the every whim of the crackbrained old demon.

In time the Chancellor accustomed himself to this intellectual servitude. Buelow was like a man who, having made a pact with the Devil, can no longer pursue his path without the familiars and the elementals pressed into his service by the Prince of Darkness. Indolent, incapable of sustained effort, he came to rely upon the old man's maniacal energy. Holstein, like Mephistopheles, asked no personal glory. He was satisfied to remain the master of the game and of the players in the obscurity of the wings. He fastened his claws into Buelow's soul, but left untarnished his nimbus before the world.

To the Kaiser, as to the world at large, these complicated entanglements were unknown. Nor was the monarch aware of the cunning, the ambition, the callous egotism which the amiable mask of the Prince so effectively concealed. He did not know that the Chancellor regarded neither the nation nor the sovereign, but himself as the kingpin of German policy. The mesmerized Kaiser often chose against his better convictions the dangerous paths pointed out by Buelow. A man of wide horizons and keen political sensibility, the Kaiser discerned sooner than his advisers the storm clouds gathering against Germany. When he expressed his anxiety about the future, Buelow merely smiled. This stereotyped smile too often paralyzed the Kaiser's will. It did not suffice to scatter the clouds!

Germany's relations with England were bad. The Russian situa-

tion grew worse from day to day. Under Buelow's immediate predecessor Hohenlohe, "Uncle Chlodwig," Germany had at least added Kiaochau to her possessions, with the aid of Russia. Hohenlohe understood the French. Under Buelow the French desire for "revanche" mounted steadily. The mantle of Bismarck grew heavy on Buelow's shoulders. Even his optimism could not obscure the troubled state of affairs. He hypnotized himself and hypnotized Germany with the formula of the Triple Alliance. To the Entente Cordiale between England, France and Russia, he opposed the Triple Alliance, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy. Under the spell of his own rationalizations, he deliberately shut his eyes to the antagonism between Rome and Vienna. Buelow's love for his Italian wife, coupled with warm recollections of the Palazzo Caferelli in Rome, enhanced his affection for Italy and blinded his eyes to the yawning abyss.

Buelow's chief concern was to conceal reality from the German people and their monarch. For a long while, he succeeded. In 1902 Italy was making secret colonial and neutrality treaties with France which made the Triple Alliance little more than an unreal German hallucination. Yet that same year Buelow swore to a worried Reichstag that Italy's faithfulness was beyond question, that a "husband" should not be jealous whenever his "wife" takes an "extra dance."

When in 1904 the President of France visited Rome, he was welcomed and entertained with such enthusiasm by the government that even Buelow was worried and secretly threatened to dissolve the Triple Alliance. The Germans knew nothing of Buelow's secret threat, and the Italians only laughed at it. Thereupon, with a lazy shrug of his shoulders, Buelow continued to base Germany's foreign policy on the now useless Triple Alliance rather than expose his failure.

He did this—to quote Buelow's own words—because otherwise people "would say that, since Prince Bismarck's retirement, our policy first forfeited the alliance with Russia, then the good relations with England, and finally the Triple Alliance." Consequently, to prevent a public reaction, Buelow insists that "the façade of the Triple Alliance be kept intact if possible." Nothing Buelow, the master of epigram, ever said shows greater insight than that passage. Nothing sums up German foreign policy more succinctly. Nothing his opponents can bring against him damns him more completely before the High Court of History. With "façade," in the sense of false front, the Chancellor



He saved his face but wrecked an Empire

Prince Buelow, "the Chancellor with the Serpent's Tongue," riding in the Tiergarten, accompanied by a military aide. He managed words even more dexterously than he managed his horse

Das franke Kind



The Sick Child

Germany is the sick baby; Buelow the Doctor. How the situation seemed to Germany's great comic weekly, *Simplicissimus*, after the *Daily Telegraph* episode in 1908

with the Serpent's Tongue found the word with which his name will forever be associated in history.

Buelow once said that his motto was never to worry but to let others do the worrying. When the Kaiser was worried by the possibility of England and Russia reconciling their ancient differences, Buelow dismissed this as an absurd impossibility. Façade! When the Anglo-French entente of 1904 finally made public opinion nervous about the hollowness of Germany's security, Buelow soothingly announced that the entente was "natural and inoffensive. From the standpoint of German interests we have no objection to raise to it." Façade! By the secret "Windsor" treaty with Portugal, England deprived Germany of the African colonies she had promised her. Somehow Buelow learnt of this treaty but never summoned up enough courage to inform the German people how their government had been duped. Not until Buelow ceased to be Chancellor did the Germans learn of the so-called "Windsor" treaty. Façade! Throughout his long Chancellorship, Buelow, not the Kaiser, was the most idolized statesman in Germany,—and the German people dwelt in the most fantastic dream-palace of false fronts and false international security that has ever been imposed on a literate nation.

Sometimes, with a start, the Kaiser recognised the menace. But he also saw the blind trust of the public in Prince Buelow. The Constitution was ever present in his mind. Except for occasional warnings in marginalia and personal outbursts, he kept his silence. Premonitions of dire events, however, cast a shadow over the last years of Buelow's regime. The Kaiser was gloomy and reserved, but too doubtful of his own capacities to replace the accomplished Buelow.

Whenever the Kaiser sought to take an active share in a foreign policy of his empire, Buelow and Holstein defeated his endeavors. The Kaiser's crime against himself was his failure to combat the machinations of his advisers, while assuming responsibility before the world and his people for their actions. This compliance was not without compensation. For the first time in his life, the German people approved of both the Emperor and his Chancellor.

From his accession to the throne, the Kaiser had coveted the affection of the German people. At last the coveted prize seemed to be his. The ghost of Bismarck was laid. In spite of anxieties and disappointments, the Kaiser believed himself (as the German anthem assured

him) the "darling of his people." That conviction sustained him. It was the pivot of his spiritual being. So long as that remained, he could bear much discomfiture, including the Chancellor's steadfast refusal to accept his collaboration.

In the seclusion of his palace, William brooded over the mystic properties of kingship. The medieval symbol of consecration by divine right he felt, was now fortified by the sanction of popular affection. But no disappointment, no disillusionment was to be spared William II. His faith in his own popularity was to be shattered. And it was Buelow who directed the blow.

When his term of office was ended, Buelow made no attempt to aid his successors, who were compelled to accept the liabilities of his legacy. For him the history of the world came to an end on the day of his resignation. He looked upon all statesmen who remained as louts, criminals, or idiots. He never considered that he, like Bismarck, had discouraged independence or originality in others, but that, unlike Bismarck, he lacked those qualities himself. The War of 1914 was in no small degree a consequence of the dialectics of the clever Prince, of his superior smile and his predilection for conversations and conferences, long after Germany's foes had resolved upon war.

Oscar Wilde tells a story of a man who, during a fire in a theatre, waves a lily-white hand and urges all those present to remain quietly in their seats. He succeeds in calming the alarm of the audience, with the result that every mother's son of them is burned to death. Wilde uses this story to illustrate "presence of mind." Buelow's diplomacy was of the same order. But while the spell lasted, Buelow was considered a statesman. The debacle of the World War revealed the hollowness of his pretensions and the inadequacy of his statesmanship.

The character of the Prince explains the most incredible events of William's reign: the destruction of the Emperor's covenant with the Czar, and William's betrayal by his own Chancellor when the *Daily Telegraph* interview lashed every inkpot into fury. The unhappy coalition between Buelow and Holstein, coupled with the Chancellor's abysmal lack of the global perspective, was responsible largely for the tragic schism between Germany and England.

In some circles Buelow's reputation, nevertheless, outlived the fall of the Empire. After Ebert's death, Stresemann looked upon him as the best available candidate for the Presidency of the German Republic. This is all the more curious, since Buelow did not win a single im-

portant diplomatic success for Germany. Shortly before the War, when appointed once more Ambassador to Rome, he failed to prevent Italy from joining the Allies in spite of his Italian wife, his Italian villa and his long sojourn in the Eternal City.

The moment he lost the Premiership, Buelow's animosity against the Kaiser assumed pathological intensity. His rage filled four volumes of memoirs with insulting insinuations and accusations against the man to whom he owed his career. The knightly sovereign never replied to these attacks. He never, except for the witticism about the Prince's posthumous suicide, expressed an opinion on Buelow. At Buelow's funeral a representative of His Majesty placed upon his sarcophagus a wreath: "To My Unforgettable Chancellor."

The Court Room is stirred by the Public Defender's recital. When Buelow leaves the witness box to resume his seat among the spectators, his neighbors unconsciously edge away. Buelow smiles. When at the end of the session he departs in a cloud of sulphurous ink to the Inferno of Unfaithful Servants, the smile still lingers on his pallid features, but he cannot conceal his discomfiture.

## WILLIAM AND THE CONSTITUTION

"**A**POLOGISTS for the Emperor," the Public Prosecutor begins, "claim that he was unable to carry out his policies because his powers were limited. We hold, on the contrary, that they were practically unlimited. There was a time when he held the fate of Germany in the hollow of his hand. His whims were more important than vital issues, deeply affecting the future of his people. *Lèse majesté* was considered an offense, almost more deadly than murder.

"Prancing up and down the empire, William made blood-thirsty speeches. His sabre-rattling and his vacillations made foreign powers reluctant to conclude alliances with Germany. His tactlessness aroused the resentment of Russia, France and Japan. His delusions of grandeur induced him to covet supreme rule on land and sea and to arouse the deep distrust of Great Britain. Brooking no contradiction, he proclaimed the King's word the law of the land.

"Not content with working havoc in the Foreign Office and the General Staff, William—desiring to excel in all fields—set himself up as the arbiter of literature and art, of religion and morals. Convinced of his omniscience, he lectured learned professors on abstruse problems, repeating by rote scraps of information carefully prepared for him by technical experts.

"Speaking and traveling became a mania. His restlessness made it impossible for him to digest thoroughly any problem. Consistent only in his inconsistencies, it was difficult even for his closest friends to adapt themselves to his vagaries. Though filled with morbid fears for his own safety, he knew no consideration for others. Hypersensitive where his own dignity was concerned, he offended old servitors by his arrogance and ill-considered jests. His ego was the center of the universe. In time he developed the same symptoms which we associate with the Caesars of decadent Rome. His changeable moods and his pathological vanity led many to question his sanity and troubled all his advisers. When Professor Ludwig Quidde, humanist and historian, published his essay 'Caligula,' every German recognized in the deranged Roman Emperor the picture of William II."

The Emperor's Attorney, leaping to the defense, admitted that there



was a time, after Bismarck's death, when S.M. (*Seine Majestaet*) was written across the face of Europe. That, he pointed out, was no illusion on William's part. William was at that time the avatar of his country. Men are ideas incarnate. Besides our natural parents we have spiritual progenitors to whom we are born in mystical marriage. Strange bed-fellows breed strange offspring. The fruit of the marriage between Faust and Helen was Euphorion, a spirit of unstable and rarified composition. When the Twentieth Century wedded the Middle Ages, William II flashed into life. He combined, without reconciling, the diverse meanings of two inimical epochs in the brilliant paradox of his being.

It is easier to understand the Sphinx than to understand the Kaiser. It was not difficult for the Sphinx to be mysterious—its greatest mystery was its silence. But the Kaiser was not silent. His many speeches induced *Simplicissimus* to substitute a parrot for the Imperial Eagle that broods over the entrance to the Foreign Office.

Interviewed, photographed, painted more than any other contemporary, the Kaiser still left the world puzzled. William, psychologists agree, reconciles in his person the most incongruous traits. He was the most impulsive of monarchs, yet he could be Machiavellian in pre-meditation. And yet the Kaiser was and is not a hypocrite. He is temperamentally incapable of deceit. We must accept him as several distinct personalities.

Monarchical to the bone, he opposed Bismarck's anti-socialist legislation. The official head of the Protestant Church in Prussia, Roman ritual and Rome possessed for him a strange fascination. He made a friend not only of the Pope, but of the Sultan. He loved pomp, but reared his children with bourgeois simplicity. His preoccupation was military science; nevertheless he was a staunch champion of peace. He hated and loved the English. A seeker of God and a mystic, he was as familiar with the intricacies of a gunboat or an engine as with the most knotty theological problems. He would have been capable of restoring an ancient castle, famed of Minnesingers, and of establishing a wireless station on its ramparts! He was the only monarch who could have done this without being absurd. The legitimate heir of romanticism and modernity, at once imperial and bourgeois, one of his natures belonged to the Twentieth Century, one to the Middle Ages.

William II would have been, those who know him intimately

agree, conspicuous in any profession. The Kaiser's endeavors in manifold fields would have made reputations for men of lesser calibre. But he still remained His Majesty the Emperor.

Whatever secret fears Buelow, Waldersee and Bismarck or Holstein may have entrusted to their diaries, the German people were unaware of these trepidations in the hearts of their statesmen. These same statesmen proclaimed William a genius when he agreed with them; they doubted his sanity only when he failed to fall in with their plans. The Germans who encountered the Kaiser greeted him with devotion and with affection.

In spite of constant sniping in the press, in spite of the tittle-tattle, the sly innuendos and professorial quips, the Emperor's broad, well-knit figure represented to Germany world prestige at home and abroad. Especially after the death of Bismarck, when the ghastly campaign against William subsided for a time at least, or was waged in secret, his subjects were fond of the Kaiser. They luxuriated in the splendors of his uniforms; they were thrilled by the plumes of his helmet. But no profound understanding of his nature prevailed among the small shopkeepers he met in the Tiergarten.

Occasionally the people would watch William reviewing the Garde du Corps, the first regiment of Christendom. When, to the strains of martial music, the élite of the army goose-stepped before the Kaiser, the eyes and hearts of Berlin would overflow with patriotic fervor. Germany cried *Hoch*, as it now cries *Heil*. But when they returned home, many of the Philistines would figure out the expense of the plumes and the helmets of the Cuirassiers and draw the anxious conclusion that it cost a pretty penny to maintain Germany's place as a world power. They would scratch their thrifty pates. "The Kaiser certainly looks very fine and impressive," many of them would reflect, "but doesn't his devotion to the Army and to the Navy—especially the Navy—place a heavy burden on the taxpayer?"

Sentiment abroad was equally mixed. Divers incidents connected with his peregrinations and his quick changes of uniform became world news. Individual foreigners of intelligence appreciated the Kaiser's picturesque personality, his intellectual mobility and his love of peace. The majority, however, remembered only his resplendent uniforms. Exuberant sentences, torn from his speeches, rhetorical flourishes, born of the hour, like "whosoever opposes me, I shall

smash"—one of William's less felicitous outbursts—thundered around the world. Men would shake their heads. "Good heavens," they would exclaim, "what devilry is this young fellow up to with his uniforms and his speeches?"

In the years intervening between Bismarck's fall in 1890 and the *Daily Telegraph* explosion in 1908, the Kaiser stood externally at the peak of his power. No one, not even William, realized that evil spirits, many of them unleashed by Bismarck,—like the Lemures in the second part of Goethe's *Faust*—were digging a grave, the grave of Germany's greatness. He was young, popular, ambitious, versatile and, so at least he fancied, surrounded only by friends. His army was the best in the world; his nation the newest and most brilliant among world powers. There were clouds on the horizon, but they did not threaten shipwreck. Rich, perhaps too rich, complacent, perhaps too complacent, sixty-five million souls paid homage to William II.

Fortunate heir of an unfortunate father, in his veins happily commingled the strains of two great royal houses. Never a day passed that William did not remember that he was not only the heir of Frederick the Great, but also the grandson of Queen Victoria. Goose-stepping obedience, Prussian discipline, was the breath of his nostrils. But somehow the salt of the sea had gotten into his blood. The British Navy was the pillar of England's power. If Germany was to be a world power she, too, must seek her destiny on the seven seas. "*Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser.*"

To German officialdom the Kaiser's naval enthusiasm was alien and unintelligible. Few men in Germany remembered the glories of the "Hansa" when Hamburg and Luebeck vied with great naval powers. Their mentality was too earthbound to suit the roving spirit of Victoria's grandson. Accustomed to govern small principalities, engaged primarily in continental ambitions and intrigues, never thinking further ahead than five years, they were disagreeably startled by far-sighted projects and globe-encircling ideas. William thought in terms of the world, not in terms of Europe. He thought not merely in years, but in decades and centuries.

Gazing far beyond the boundaries of his empire, he saw the spectre of inter-racial war rising from the emergence of Japan, the Prussia of the East. With prophetic foresight, he envisioned gigantic conflicts shaping themselves. In a drawing made or inspired by him, he en-

visaged a Ghengis Khan leading Buddhist Asia to destroy Christian Europe. "Nations of Europe," he admonished Europe in 1895, "guard your most sacred possessions."

Berlin received this speech with astonishment and alarm. People cudged their brains to discover the source of William's apparent hostility to Japan. The Kaiser soon elucidated the point. In countless talks, discreetly and indiscreetly reported, he sketched the fate of Europe, shattered once more by the blow of a power energetic enough to mobilize the East. "Is it Germany's business," his startled subjects asked themselves, "to protect Europe from Japan?" The cordiality existing between England and the Mikado seemed to prove that Japan was not a menace. When the Kaiser announced to his ministers that a league between England and Japan constituted a betrayal of white civilization, they withdrew to their chancellories like snails to their shells and confided to one another in fretful understones that the Kaiser's mind was subject to curious aberrations.

Fifty years have not yet passed since the Kaiser fathered the famous drawing. Yet, there is hardly a single statesman of the Caucasian race on either side of the Atlantic, who does not admit the peril sweeping upon the western world from the East. If William's admonition had united Europe, western civilization could have slept in peace. It may be ground to dust between the twin millstones of Asia: Russian Bolshevism and Japanese Imperialism.

Unfortunately William's splendid heritage was marred, as has been brought out by evidence previously introduced, by his tutor, the petty and narrow-minded Hinzpeter. From his illustrious forebears the Kaiser derived far-flung ambition and lightning flashes of vision. His first reaction to any event, almost invariably revealed the intuitive insight of one born to rule. But on second thought, rising from the nether layers of consciousness, Hinzpeter warningly uplifted his finger. The schoolmaster's sharp eyes, penetrating to the core of his being, robbed him of faith in himself. Hinzpeter's world revolved around precise, narrow, literal, unimaginative probity. In the world of large events, where emperors dwell, flashes of insight are more valuable than copybook maxims. Unhappily, the Calvinist Hinzpeter, lurking in William's unconscious, often proved stronger than William's great ancestors. The pedantry of Hinzpeter, transmitted to his pupil, helps to explain the miscarriage of negotiations with England which, had they succeeded, might have forestalled the World War.

A nation that dispenses with a written constitution dislikes written alliances which hamper its freedom in vital decisions! But there was always the possibility of a "Gentleman's Agreement." It was a "Gentleman's Agreement" that brought England into the War on the side of her hereditary enemies, Russia and France. There were several moments in history when Germany could have had a similar informal agreement, equally binding, even if it left a back door open. No treaty, no matter how formal, can obligate a nation to commit suicide. Certainly an informal understanding with England was preferable to a formal alliance with Italy. But to the German statesmen an agreement between two nations other than in the form of a treaty approved by Parliament and sworn to by both parties with pedantic punctilio, was distressing. The prejudice of the Geheimrats, thanks to Hinzpeter's influence, found an ally in William's soul.

In spite of his hankering for the medieval, William was drawn by an equally irresistible force toward modern inventions and science. He was probably the first monarch to adopt the automobile as a method of transportation. Dynamic himself, he worshipped the dynamo. Every technical innovation enlisted his intellectual interest. For hours he would bend over blueprints for new machinery. Every ventilator, every new electric device opened boundless perspectives of maritime and industrial expansion. More clear-eyed than his countrymen, William saw the fleet as the symbol of modern power. Intense devotion to the task of making the Germans once more a maritime nation impelled him to be an expert in various complicated phases of naval technique. Even as a school boy he could explain to his grandfather's hoary generals Germany's maritime history and the difference in the policies of its great shipping lines.

It has sometimes been said by William's critics that his technical knowledge was superficial. This is contradicted by the experience of Cecil Rhodes in the course of a long and searching conversation with the Kaiser. Rhodes was embarrassed by the monarch's intimate knowledge of various technical problems connected with telegraphy and found himself without an answer to his questions. Englishmen like Rhodes could understand the Kaiser even if they fought him. They appreciated his insistence upon strengthening his naval power. They knew that Germany's future was bound up with the sea. The Kaiser merely expressed this thought more epigrammatically. The argument

that England would never have turned against Germany if her naval plan had been less ambitious has been described as a piece of propaganda invented by some British statesmen and endorsed by the small navy men in Germany who lacked William's courage and vision.

Germany would have been more respected as an ally and more feared as a foe, if the plans of Tirpitz and the Kaiser for a strong German Navy had not been sabotaged by a parsimonious Reichstag. Under the given conditions, all that Germany could do was to make her fleet sufficiently formidable to make it risky for England to attack her. Her plans were not sufficiently advanced in 1914 because of the snail's pace to which the provincialism of the Germans condemned the evolution of her naval power. If the fleet had reached the maximum contemplated by William and Tirpitz, both England and France would have thought twice before making war on the German Empire. The battle of Skagerrack, instead of being only a moral victory for the Germans, might have transferred the trident from British to German hands.

The "have-nots" among the nations: Germany, Italy and Japan, will receive no recognition from the "haves" until they are sufficiently formidable at sea to compel attention. Yet, as every friend of peace, including Colonel Edward M. House, clearly recognizes, there can be no permanent peace in the world until the injustice in the distribution of colonies and raw materials is corrected and all great nations have a proportionate share of the world's fruits and its sunshine. This the Kaiser clearly foresaw; for this he was condemned. Germany lost the World War, not at the Marne, but in the parliamentary debates in which, the Defense maintained, niggardly provincialism triumphed over William's far-seeing statesmanship.

It was William's misfortune that his constitutional rights were not clearly defined. Neither he nor the Chancellor was responsible to the Reichstag. If, as in Great Britain, responsibility belonged solely to the Chancellor, the person of the sovereign would not have been dragged into parliamentary debates. In Germany the Chancellor held his office by the grace of the monarch, not of Parliament. But Parliament held the purse-strings. The Emperor could declare war, but he could not finance it without the consent of the Reichstag. He considered himself King by the grace of God. In some respects he was responsible only to his conscience, in others he depended upon the good will of the Diet. The German Empire was so young that the separate functions of the

executive and the legislative branches of the government had not crystallized. That accounts for much confusion and many conflicts. The Kaiser, while feeling that he was Emperor by divine dispensation, nevertheless found himself conscientiously bound to obey to the letter an inadequate constitution, on which he had taken no oath, but which he had accepted.

The singular mating of the medieval and the modern in William's psychology explains certain inconsistencies in his policies and his speeches. The technical enthusiast could change in a flash into the theologian or the archaeologist, kneeling before the Cross, or standing in reverent silence before a pagan statue dug from the debris of long buried civilizations.

Throughout his whole life William sought to harmonize the throb of the automobile engine with Wagnerian leit-motifs. When regiments filed past him, goose-stepping, and the Princes of the Empire assembled to pay homage to their Chief, William II would feel for a fleeting instant as though he had accomplished the synthesis between the two poles of his being and the disparate elements of his empire. But the charm was of brief duration, and once more the Kaiser would resume his search for that firm link between the past and the future, which he could not find because it did not exist. In this brooding quest his constant oscillation between the Old and the New, William exemplified a struggle that went on in Germany. He was not merely the first man of his empire, he was, to that extent, the symbol of his nation and his epoch.

The Kaiser's speeches have been criticised both at home and abroad even by friendly historians. They constitute a part of every indictment of William. The Kaiser, it must be admitted, spoke frequently and with zest; he loved shining words as he loved shining swords. He had a natural fluency for epigrammatic statements and extemporaneous eloquence. Curbed in action by political conditions and difficulties, speech offered a welcome escape. Some of the alleged indiscretions of which he is accused were carefully calculated by his advisers and promulgated with their approval. Still others were deliberate perversions of his intentions by malevolent critics. There is no doubt, however, that at times his tongue ran away with him. But William's speeches focused the attention of the world upon Germany. There may have been occasional lapses of taste and errors of judgment

but, all things considered, the Kaiser fulfilled ideally the functions thrust upon monarchs in an industrial age.

Constant attacks and stabs made William feel that the world misunderstood and misjudged him. Wishing to set the world right, he overwhelmed it with a flood of words to dislodge any possible misapprehension. His volubility was at times terrific. He conversed with equal vivacity with sailors, ministers, professors, monarchs and merchants. He was noted once, by a shocked court official, pouring out his heart to a fireman. Perhaps he hoped to break down in this fashion the wall that surrounds all princes. While he talked and talked, he failed to observe how the people who came to him gave their attention and their flattery, but not as a rule their confidence. They were spellbound by his words, but they rarely had the courage to express their private opinions. Returning home, they would study and not infrequently magnify or distort his words in accordance with their own vanity or their own advantage. Then the world would be enriched by some new sensational statement attributed to the Kaiser.

Disfigured and transformed in the press, remarks that were perfectly innocuous in private conversation, seemed monstrous indiscretions. To efface the impression thus made, the Kaiser was compelled to burst into speech again. The result was a vicious circle of misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The Kaiser was too optimistic, too confident of human nature, perhaps, in the language of a later day, too "extraverted," to draw the obvious conclusions from his experience.

There was another and deeper reason for his volubility. A moralist, inspired by the wish to improve and educate, he could not resist the temptation of preaching. This led him at times into petty didacticism. Like most monarchs, he was surrounded frequently by ignoramuses and fools. Even men of distinction whom he sought out were so overcome by the glamour of the ermine and the purple that they lost both their tongues and their courage. Afterwards, ashamed of their surrender of manhood in the presence of royalty, their resentment against themselves turned against him. The Kaiser did not realize this, nor did he appreciate that fools and ignoramuses could be mischievous, particularly when they interpreted his confidences in their foolish and ignorant fashion.

Sometimes William talked like a Sunday school teacher; at other times his conversations were shot through with brilliant flashes of in-



tuition and astonishing insight. To that extent both his admirers and his detractors were justified. His most brilliant flashes occurred in his most impulsive and unguarded moments. Unfortunately, he did not possess the patience and the tenacity to carry out some of his inspirations against the constant barrage of opposition from his own Foreign Office and his own Chancellors. The pedantic stupidity of his education and the sly insinuations of advisers who labored to undermine his confidence in himself, while pretending to flatter him, robbed him of the courage to smash the mediocrities who opposed him. Sublimating or repressing his impulses, he at times sought a substitute for action in dramatic entrances and resonant phrases.

In spite, or perhaps because of these faults, William charmed all his friends. Even his worst enemies were captivated by his personal magnetism. He was the most attentive of hosts. Unlike most engaging talkers, he was capable of listening. Buelow, Eulenburg, Hohenlohe, even Bismarck, were at first stampeded into admiration. Prince Buelow describes his first meeting with the Kaiser in terms that are almost lyric. In a letter to Eulenburg, on February 15, 1898, Buelow writes: "I grow more and more attached to the Emperor, he is so significant; he unites, in a fashion I have never witnessed before, genius in its purest and most crystalline form with the plainest good sense. Combined with an imagination that soars like an eagle above all pettinesses, he possesses a sober perception of the possible and attainable. And what energy! What a memory! What quickness and sureness of apprehension!"

Similar rapturous remarks could be culled from the recollections of many who were conquered the moment they saw him by the fascination that William could exercise. Unfortunately, no man can always live up to the best in himself. After the too dazzling first impression follows inevitably the anti-climax. Intrigue played its part, aided by the resentment which exists in every human mind when it is captivated or captured. Repeated contacts brought out the inconsistencies and inadequacies. Both William's virtues and the defects of his virtues became apparent in his moments of relaxation.

A passionate huntsman, he could wander for days, rifle in hand, through the East Prussian game preserves, fascinated by the mystical voice of the forest. At home or abroad, in palace or in a forester's hut, this Caesar rendered unto his God that which was God's. Like many of his forebears, the Kaiser read and sang devotional hymns with much

gusto. He was not the least disturbed by their lack of literary polish.

Hinzpeter completely destroyed William's liking for verse. Poor William was compelled to learn by heart unending verses by the sublime but tiresome Klopstock. He never overcame the dislike of verse instilled by Hinzpeter's method. Verse, unless it possessed a religious significance, depressed him. The great poets of his reign failed to interest him. He approved of Lauff, because he glorified the Hohenzollern tradition, and he admired Wildenbruch, morganatic scion of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, but his judgment was not always valid. He knew the names of the great writers of his era in Germany; he even forced himself at times to read some of their works, but he lacked literary perspective. "Of course I know," he once said to Eulenburg, "that Gerhart Hauptmann is the greatest poet of modern Germany." But his indifference was so apparent that his sensitive aesthetic mentor never broached the subject again. For literary beauty the Emperor turned not to rhymed utterances but to the Bible, with an uneasy feeling, induced by his Calvinist training, that the morals of the authors in the Old Testament were by no means above reproach.

Sports, regattas and travel appealed to William's electric temperament. In his sports, his excursions and his journeys William manifested extraordinary courage. In spite of his crippled left hand, he rode spirited horses. In his walks in woods and fields, the Kaiser always went unarmed. When a rumor was current that an attempt would be made on his life on his pilgrimage to Palestine, the Berlin Police dispatched an official to assure his safety. The Kaiser, recognizing the man, laughingly ordered him to return home.

Residents of Berlin saw the Kaiser riding daily through the Tiergarten without retinue or protection, accompanied only by his aide. Though twice attacked by would-be assassins he discouraged the elaborate precautions of the police. He accepted such incidents calmly as the vicissitudes of kingship. William II never permitted fear to come between him and his people.

"Kings," he once said, "are ever in danger. They cannot afford to be afraid. They cannot even afford to take precautions permitted to others." An English friend once said to the Emperor: "If I saw a revolver raised against me, I would throw myself down flat on the ground." "I could not do that," the Kaiser retorted simply.

William evinced courage not only in the spotlight of history, but in the privacy of his home. One morning he awoke with a peculiar hoarse-

ness in his throat. The condition lasted all day and continued the next day. The doctor, rather tardily summoned, discovered a growth in the throat of the patient. Such a diagnosis, alarming to anyone, was bound to be devastating to a man whose father and mother had both died of cancer. His father's illness had been heralded by the same symptoms.

The specialists, unable to determine whether the growth was malignant or not, imposed silence upon the patient. The Court was set agog when it saw William compelled to convey his wishes, like his father, by writing on slips of paper. The only one who was not petrified with horror was William. He gave orders not to keep his illness a secret, but to communicate it to the nation in the usual form to avoid mischievous gossip. Calmly he pursued his duties, taciturn but smiling, received ministers, diplomats and courtiers.

"Your Majesty," said one of the great specialists, "we must remove the growth before we can determine its nature." Without wincing, the Kaiser consented. Fortunately the growth was not malignant.

Unlike many other monarchs, William respected intellectual attainments. Genius was a passport to his attention. Unfortunately it was not easy for an outsider to gain his ear. A throng of courtiers surrounded the powerful monarch and courted his friendship, expecting payment in orders, titles and honors. William's relationship with these people was determined by the peculiar mixture in his soul of the medieval and of the modern. William yearned for unrestricted human relationships, but he invested his friendships with the medieval spirit of chivalry.

Fond of surrounding himself with men of his own generation, he did not demand blind intellectual submission. He desired freedom of expression from his intimate friends. Whoever replied intelligently to his questions, received courteous attention. His imagination, kindled by recollections of vanished knighthood, invested his friends with a romantic halo. The silent forests, where he retreated with his intimates, evoked the spirit of King Arthur and the Round Table. But even in such surroundings William permitted discussions of social problems and debates on the inconsistencies of the Bible!

Jokes, even practical jokes, were relished. The Kaiser's amusements were sometimes of a robust nature, but he did not resent it when he was repaid in the same coin. Only one theme was banned from the Round Table: the pornographic. William never remotely alluded

to any erotic adventure. Calvinism had so deeply taken possession of his heart that he denied himself the relaxation of the ribald jest, the obscene *bon mot*.

William was pleased to see his own generation replace the generation of Bismarck and Frederick but he did not suspect their failings. The homely title, "the Kaiser's friend," which William regarded as the highest honor, was to most of his intimates not an end in itself, but a means to various small and not always reputable ends. Some of his knights of the Round Table were plighted not to the King, but to Merlin, the wily enchanter. In the salons of Berlin, the reception rooms of the diplomats and the government offices, these friends of the Kaiser would laugh and shrug spitefully. Rubbing their hands complacently, diplomats and courtiers ridiculed William's high conception of "duty," his "talkativeness," his "childish" addiction to medieval reveries and his "fanatical" devotion to blueprints.

Gradually in Berlin society an illusion grew up around Kaiser William. This illusion seeped from above to more humble levels, till at last it found lodgement in the minds of the people. It attributed to the Kaiser autocratic inclinations, subservience to cliques, ignorance and a host of other absurd and sinister traits. The source of all these rumors, anecdotes and witicisms was the Round Table. William was the only knightly Knight at that table. The whispers of the coterie, inimical to the Kaiser, furnished the intellectuals with weapons against him. Some, like Ludwig Fulda, who retold the famous tale about the Emperor's clothes in his "Talisman," sought to warn him. Others, like Professor Quidde, published satires against him under the guise of historical studies. Harden's dagger was poised against him.

Blinded by their prejudices, disappointments, tortured by envy, certain intellectual cliques made a sport of lampooning the Emperor. The Emperor rarely resorted to the special protection of the law. In the latter years of his reign, even before the World War, there were practically no trials for *lèse majesté*. The Emperor was far less protected from unkind and disparaging criticism than the democratic ruler of England or the German Republic.

The time came when the Emperor, in spite of superficial assurances of devotion, was respected more abroad than at home. Foreigners with perspective, appreciated him more keenly than his own subjects. Men, whose first impressions of his magnetic personality were not impaired by the disenchantments and trivial irritations of daily contact,

considered him a monarch with more than a spark of the divine fire of genius.

Theodore Roosevelt attested that the Kaiser was the only European monarch who had won his respect. "If Germany were a Republic," asserted Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, on the occasion of the Emperor's twenty-fifth Anniversary as a ruler, "the unanimous choice for President would fall upon William II."

In the winter of 1905, the great Russian statesman Witte, who was not at all German in sympathy, concluded the Treaty of Portsmouth in the United States. Upon his return from America to Russia, the Kaiser invited him to be his guest for a few days at the Castle of Rominten. Witte came, spent a few days in the Kaiser's intimate circle and among his friends and departed. Eulenburg, the beloved "Phili," in a letter to Buelow, describes the conversation as "utterly banal." But Witte, whose intellect was keener than Eulenburg's, was enchanted. "Never," he confessed, "have I confronted a finer, more fascinating personality than William II." The Russian was particularly impressed by the candor which seemed to prevail in William's entourage. He was astonished by the Kaiser's grasp of naval technique, which made him in fact as well as in name the head of his fleet. "Alas," Witte concludes, "I have never witnessed such a scene at the Russian Court as at Rominten."

Witte, like Eulenburg, Buelow, Bismarck, Waldersee, who were to become his most captious critics, fell under the irresistible spell of William's personality. Yet somehow not one of the countless mortals he overwhelmed by the magic of his personality became his permanent friend and collaborator. In some measure the Emperor's mercurial temperament was at fault. It was difficult for ordinary mortals to follow the kaleidoscopic changes of the imperial mind. His complexities baffled, his apparent inconsistencies offended, less mobile personalities. They called him "William the Unpredictable," and "William the Impulsive," because they were unable to follow the swift mental processes. He lost in this manner many who might have been loyal friends and wise counselors. And when he recruited friends from the narrow ranks available to him, he did not always choose well.

William's education, even more than his temperament, made him a difficult friend. His failure to recognize the baseness of which human nature is capable, his blindness to the human frailties of his entourage, plus the deplorable deficiency of distinguished human material which

signalized his era, produced an atmosphere of insecurity around his throne. Scarcely anyone felt equal to the tasks imposed on him. Unsure of their ability, they wrangled for position. It seemed more important to dislodge a favorite than to carry out a policy. Small minds blackened others to shine by comparison. The knowledge that all was not well increased William's native restlessness. He had been taught to distrust his intuitions but he could not entirely subdue the admonitions of his unconscious. This made his temperament even more mercurial and compelled him to seek an escape in travel and oratory.

William could grasp quickly every intellectual problem, but he could not read men's hearts. That, not autocracy nor delusions of greatness, was the rock on which he foundered.

## THE PURPLE INTERNATIONALE

"WILLIAM II," urged the Prosecutor, "looked upon history largely as a quarrel between dynasties. Even the World War was to him largely a family affair for settling some differences between himself and his cousins. This absurd and antiquated view colored all his actions and frustrated his policies because it was based upon premises that no longer existed. Kings and Emperors may start wars, as William did, but the events that follow reveal their impotence to control the forces they have unleashed. Autocracies can breed wars but they cannot lead their people to victory."

"No," William replied furiously, "not the monarchs, nor one monarch of Europe planned, initiated, willed, the World War. The guilt for this fearful crime against mankind lies elsewhere." He then, underscoring his meaning, indicted the great "democracies," England and France and America. He blamed primarily England and France, but attributed the final collapse of the old order to the entrance into the War of the United States.

"Two democratic countries, England and France, beguiling the Czar, caused him to turn traitor by attacking his imperial colleagues—the rulers of Germany and Austria-Hungary—from the back. Allying themselves with the assassins who were instrumental in the murder of Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Apostolic throne of Francis Joseph, they committed diabolical crimes against the sovereigns by the Grace of God in Central Europe.

"For what purpose?" William asked dramatically.

"To provide sinister forces, with the means to fill their coffers with the loot pressed from the enslaved peoples of Central Europe. That," cried William, viewing the past, as Marius surveyed the ruins of Carthage, "is democracy in its shameless, filthy nakedness!"

"No guilty man," the Public Defender observed, "can speak with such sincerity. His Majesty's words certainly establish the conviction of his own innocence." From the cross examination of the Emperor and of numerous other witnesses, including Abdul Hamid, Ruler of the Faithful, emerged a clear picture of William's mind.

Without denying the forces of economic and ethnic factors, William envisages the World War as a conspiracy of the Red Internationale, aided by certain Masonic organizations, and the Golden Internationale, the Internationale of Capital, for the overthrow of the Divine Order, represented by Heaven's vicars on earth, monarchs by the Grace of God. To the Red and the Golden Internationale he opposes, without giving a name to it, a Purple Internationale, the Confederation of Kings.

The Purple Internationale was disrupted by treason and intrigue; its failure plunged Europe into chaos. Three Emperors and a Caliphate, the German Empire, the Dual Monarchy, Holy Russia, and the realm of Abdul Hamid, were engulfed in the ruin. Thrones fell in Spain, Portugal, and Greece. The King of Italy was robbed of all but the semblance of power. The British Empire suffered a sea change. Authority everywhere crumbled, necessitating the rise of dictatorships upon the ruins of the old order.

Like the sparkle of God's grace on the ocean of humanity shone in William's mind the crowns of all terrestrial monarchs. A monarch—the word rang in his ears like an old church bell—must be worthy of his high designation. He was a mediator between man and Deity; he stood nearer to divinity than his subjects and must bear himself accordingly. In the quiet of Potsdam's parks, at official receptions in Berlin, hunting in Donau-Eschingen, or on one of his manifold journeys, the Emperor was constantly aware of a magic tie, uniting him with all other anointed heads. It was a supernatural, a mystic sacrament.

He was, to be sure, affiliated by blood with most rulers of Europe, but consanguinity did not bestow membership in the sacred order of royalty. His relationship with crowned heads differed fundamentally from his relationship with his uncrowned kinsmen, such as, for instance, his brother. The Kaiser took it for granted that his brother, Henry, in saying goodbye to him, should actually kiss his hand, for the salutation was offered not to a brother, but to the Emperor—divinely appointed. The mystic fellowship of monarchs was heaven-ordained. William saw no contradiction between a civilization that expressed itself in dirigibles and dynamos, and his medieval conception of kingship.

In a letter written seven years after the War and seven years before Hitler's assumption of power, the Emperor expresses his philosophy clearly:



According to the longstanding tradition in our house, the sovereigns regard themselves as the chosen tools of Heaven, to whom alone they feel fully responsible in their capacity as the First Servants of the State, as Frederick the Great expressed it. This implies work for the welfare of their people to the utmost of their power and absolute independence from any party or caste or their programs. That is what Germany wants now and yearns for. It is a principle which the American Presidents would do well to adopt, if they could, or were allowed to do so, because it is really democratic. Therefore the German Emperor will, and must always call himself "by the Grace of God," implying his remoteness from party influence and party strife and intrigues. It means government by conscience, which a sovereign *must* have, his ministers *ought* to have—and generally have had—and a modern Western Democratic Administration *never* has.

The King's responsibility, according to William, is twofold. Like his ministers and officials, he is answerable to history and to the people, but his primary responsibility is to—God. The fact that William recognized the responsibility of monarch to the people as well as to God, appears from his reflection that the Kings are *fully* responsible to Heaven alone. The accountability to God is the common trait uniting all monarchs in the Purple Internationale. Monarchs of the Purple Internationale bore supernatural burdens. It was their high duty to lend support to every member of the fellowship that was as ancient as it was divine. William was profoundly shocked when neither the Czar nor King George was able or willing to stop with his sceptre the Juggernaut of War. Unfortunately, he, too, failed. The Kaiser himself could not halt the machinery of war after mobilization.

Few of William's contemporaries accepted his mystic conception of kingship. Sadly the Kaiser looked about him and discerned in the members of the great royal family not the ideal figures he dreamed of, but ordinary human beings who, like everyone else, had their defects and their virtues. One who was inclined to agree with him, Nicholas, was not in touch with reality. William would have been no apt pupil of Hinzpeter if he had not discovered in himself the impulse and the disposition to play a didactic, an apostolic, an evangelical role in the family of monarchs. Unfortunately, his fellow monarchs showed little inclination to accept his leadership.

William was pained and oppressed that the one monarch, predestined by kinship and policy to be his friend, rejected his doctrine.

The lifelong antagonist of the Kaiser, who should have been his lifelong friend, was Edward VII, King of England, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas. Standing together, the two monarchs could have preserved the peace of the world.

Never were two men less congenial than King Edward and Emperor William. Edward was kindly, practical and unassuming. The Kaiser stern, fanciful and at times overbearing. The King spoke calmly, prosaically, but never without due reflection; the Kaiser brilliantly, fluently, but not always wisely. The King loved Puccini; the Kaiser Wagner. The King was a *bon vivant*; the Emperor a Pietist and a Puritan. Edward was enticed by Paris; the Kaiser preferred the glacial Northern Seas. The King surrounded himself with lovely women; the Kaiser sought discussions with scholars. William, even in civilian attire, looked as though he were wearing a uniform; Edward, even in uniform, looked like a civilian.

The two, nevertheless, had been brought up similarly. It is one of the ironies of history that two human beings alike in their origins and subjected to the same training, should have developed into two monarchs so diametrically opposed temperamentally. William and Edward confirm the opinion of Dr. Alfred Adler that it is not heredity and environment, but primarily some dynamic quality in the child itself, which determines the evolution of character.

Hinzpeter's pedantry resembled the moralistic narrowness of Edward's father—Prince Albert. Both princes were exposed in their boyhood to the rigor of Protestant strictness. In their education the same purpose was apparent. Both were kept short of pocket money, even after adolescence. The object was highly moral, the result disastrous. Edward fell into the hands of the money lenders, William never learned the value of money at all, vacillating all his life between parsimoniousness and extravagance.

Both mothers, Queen Victoria and Empress Frederick, attempted to fashion their sons according to the prim pattern of Albert. Neither succeeded. But here the resemblance ends. William's mind remained divided against itself. He oscillated continually between the pedantry of Hinzpeter and the broad point of view commensurate with his imperial tradition. Edward VII, revolting completely against the severity of his upbringing, turned to its opposite. William, perhaps to his disadvantage, adhered to the moralistic precepts of Hinzpeter and Albert. He would have been more human if he had had ten mistresses!

The private life of Edward was a blatant offense against the Calvinist morals instilled by William's teacher, the miserable Hinzpeter. The young Prince of Wales plunged into all those worldly pleasures from which he had been so diligently guarded the moment he escaped from the school room. His contacts with the world and with the half-world taught him more about human behavior than all the educators in Christendom. It also accentuated the cleavage between himself and his nephew. His *joie de vivre*, combined with his native cleverness, made it easy for him to impose his will on his environment, in spite of his democratic manner. William II, for all his imperial gestures, never succeeded in impressing his will upon his ministers or his entourage.

The antagonism between the two appeared in their early youth. According to a story related by Sanderson, Victoria's Chief Steward, young Edward was very much annoyed because his nephew William always seemed to be favored by the Queen. One day Edward caught William unawares on the grounds of Osborne House and gave his nephew a thorough licking. When the Queen heard of the incident, she severely reprimanded her son. The episode was hushed up diplomatically, but who knows to what extent the battle royal at Osborne House on the Isle of Wight predetermined the relation between the two sovereigns and their countries?

The dislike of the two men was mutual. Everything about William offended Edward. Most of all he resented that the younger man actually ruled, while he—Edward—was condemned to spend three-quarters of his life in the shadow of his mother's throne. The nephew's diverse knowledge and his desire to impart information, intensely annoyed the urbane uncle. "God knows everything," it was spitefully said in Edward's circle, "but the Kaiser knows it all better." The Kaiser's love of travel was ridiculed by Edward and his cronies. William's exalted signature, the "I. R." [Imperator Rex] which he never omitted, was interpreted as Edward's court as "Immer Reisefertig"—(Always ready to travel). "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz" became "Heil Dir im Sonderzug."

William and Edward belonged to different generations. William ascended the throne five years too early, Edward twenty years too late. It was only natural that in the conflict between William and his mother, Edward identified himself completely with his sister, the Empress Frederick. Edward's attitude does not seem unreasonable. It must have been a shock both to his dignity and to his fraternal affec-

tion when, arriving in Berlin for the obsequies of the Emperor Frederick, he found his sister, the Princess Royal of England, practically a prisoner.

Edward wrinkled his nose in distaste when he read the new Emperor's first proclamation to his Army. To his mind, detesting over-emphasis, the document seemed bombastic. Yet, William had merely expressed his deepest conviction and the oldest tradition of Prussia when he said: "The Army and I, we belong together, we were born for one another."

After the funeral, Edward did not display his usual tact, for it was then he asked Count Herbert Bismarck whether it was true that Emperor Frederick had intended to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France and Schleswig to Denmark. When this report was brought to William, he shook with rage. At the next opportunity, the unveiling of a monument at Frankfort on the Oder, he retorted truculently: "There are people who have the impudence to maintain that my father intended to renounce what he had won by the sword. We all knew him too well to be able to let pass for even a moment such a travesty of his viewpoint."

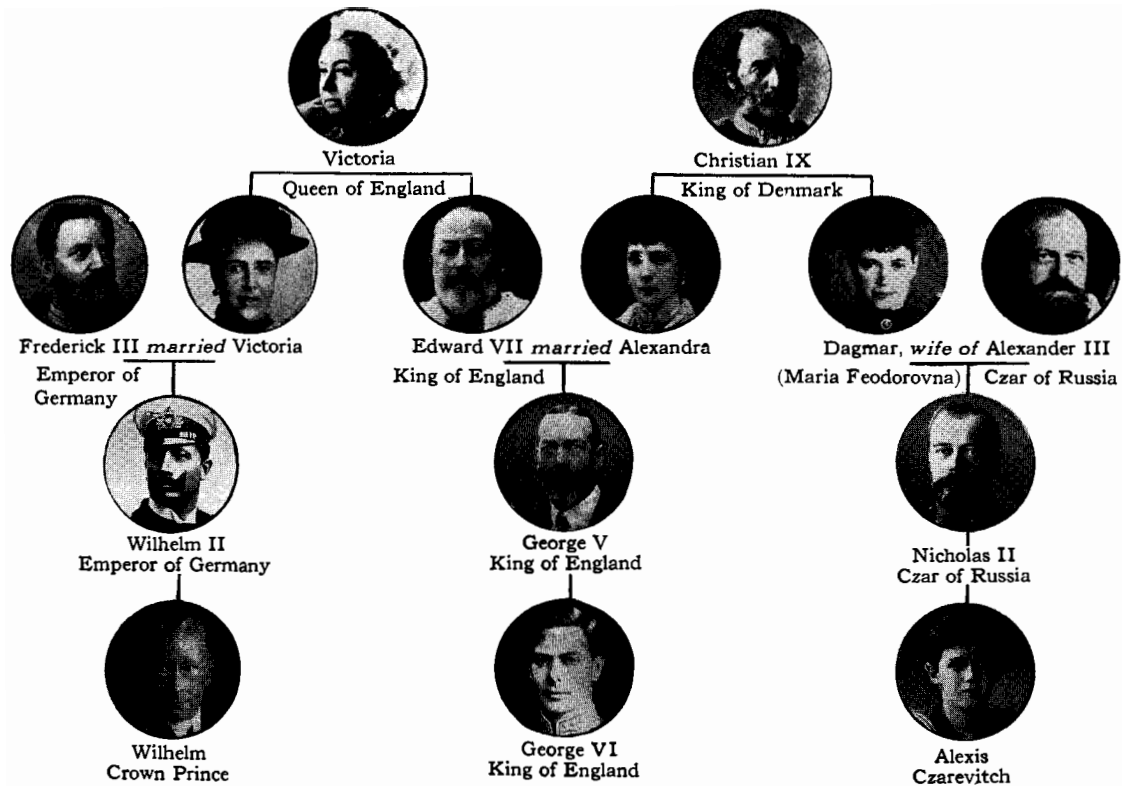
William II did not have the gift of forgetting or forgiving his uncle's witticisms. Edward never forgave nor forgot William's strictures upon his morals. In spite of half-hearted attempts on either side, William and Edward never established friendly relations. The antagonism between England and Germany which ended in the World War was due largely to forces beyond the control of individuals, vicissitudes of fortune and economic friction. Nevertheless the encirclement of Germany largely arose from the domestic rift between Uncle Edward and Nephew William. The bloody conflict might have been averted, if uncle and nephew had been able to see eye to eye. Though formally condemned to impotence by the British Constitution, Edward exercised more weight, influence and power on the policies of his government than his legally less restricted imperial nephew.

William underestimated his uncle's mental equipment. His youthful self-confidence must have made him, at times, an irritating companion. Did he not speak English better than the King of England? The King's English suffered from his early German training. William's proficiency in his mother's tongue was amazing. But William's linguistic gifts were ineffectual against Edward's indubitable superior-



### The Purple Internationale

Queen Victoria's relatives assembled at her court, including the royal families of England, Germany, Russia, Portugal, Spain and Denmark



Inter-relationship of the Royal Houses of Germany, England and Russia

ity in the art of swaying the hearts and the minds of men. Though lacking some intellectual qualities highly prized by William, Edward was capable of subtleties undreamed of by his nephew.

Too often William wore his heart on his sleeve. In 1884 he candidly wrote to Czar Alexander III: "The Prince of Wales' visit has borne singular fruit and continues to bear them. I see them developing in due course under the care of my mother and of the Queen of England. But the English lose sight of one trivial circumstance—the fact that I am in the world." A year later, he writes to his royal cousin in Moscow: "We shall have the pleasure of receiving the Prince of Wales here in a few days. I am, however, not pleased at the prospect of a guest of so false and sly a nature. There will surely be concocted some sort of conspiracy behind the scenes with the ladies."

William, to be sure, would not have written with such frankness if he had not counted upon the traditional enmity between England and Russia and the mutual obligation resting upon two members of the Purple Internationale. He forgot that Alexander III and Edward were allied through the Danish Court. The Czar lost no time in sending William's letters to Edward with the comment: "He is not quite responsible, ill-bred and insincere."

Incidents of this type widened the gulf between the idealistic William and the practical Edward. Edward considered the divine right of kings a remnant from the rummage chamber of the past, but even without the support of that concept, he made masterly use of his dynastic power. Petty disagreements, tittle-tattle, family quarrels and personal irritations, also doubtless serious consideration of politics—for Edward was no fool—impelled the whilom Prince of Wales to ally himself from the first with anti-German sentiment in England.

If William did not apply the right measure to Edward, Edward in turn, underestimated his nephew. He looked upon William as an exuberant youngster in need of avuncular discipline. He did not recognize William's deep sincerity, his moral integrity, and the flashes of intuitive genius which, from time to time, illuminated the personality of his nephew. Solid, substantial, shrewd, Edward lacked that spark. The very absence of genius made him perhaps a better, certainly a safer, monarch.

When William was annoyed, he spoke of his uncle as "the old peacock," whereas Edward referred to William invariably as "my illustrious nephew." Yet, his eyes would twinkle so eloquently and so

amusingly as to belie the tenor of his words. Officially, to be sure, the relation between uncle and nephew was one of cordial affection. After he became King, the uncle conferred uniforms and orders galore upon the nephew, and the nephew invited the uncle to his naval regattas. Uncle Edward would appear at a ship christening and make jovial speeches, then he would return home and frighten British statesmen with stories about Germany's naval ambitions.

To William, Edward's private life seemed an offense, not merely against morals, but the freemasonry of kings. Now and then William would lose patience with his uncle. He condemned the violation by Edward of the decorum of a future monarch, his trips to Paris, his association with gamblers, and scandalous rumors that the Prince had shared his table with "paying guests!" William's indignation outran discretion. It induced one of his ministers to convey a hint to Vienna, without specific instructions from William, that when two Emperors were engaged in a parley, a mere heir to the throne, even if it were the Prince of Wales, would be considered *de trop*. Francis Joseph, perhaps the only monarch in Europe to whom royal rank was as sacrosanct as to William, recalled his invitation to Edward. Edward never forgave this slight in spite of William's assurance that he was not responsible for the deplorable incident.

Vienna always exerted a powerful attraction over William. He was particularly attracted by the venerable ruler of the Dual Monarchy. William was fond of old people. Queen Victoria, whom he held in veneration, a veneration that has not diminished even to this day, was a very old lady. Perhaps he saw in Francis Joseph a replica of William I. His grandfather complex expressed itself in his devotion to Francis Joseph, the most exalted old gentleman in Europe. Francis Joseph was the only colleague of the Kaiser whom he never presumed to lecture.

Despite his own fondness for playing a leading role, William freely conceded the man who had inherited the tradition of the Holy Roman Empire precedence before God and man. He was deeply impressed by the ritual of the Hofburg. If the Hohenzollerns counted their might in centuries, the Hapsburgs went back to the Holy Roman Empire. The grandeur of the etiquette of Vienna, inherited from the Spanish Court, dazzled the Kaiser. It may be that the peculiar combination provided by his deference to old age and his reverence



for the purplest of purple wearers blinded him to intrigues spun by the sly old diplomats of the Dual Monarchy. Ultimately Germany and the Emperor found themselves obliged against their will, and certainly against their interest, to pick up the gauntlet flung at the First Gentleman of Europe and the divine right of kings by the king-killers of Sarajevo.

"Does Your Majesty," questioned the Public Defender, "admit that it would have been possible to conclude a firm pact with Russia if Germany had abandoned Austria-Hungary? It seems to me that your relations with the Hapsburg Monarchy rested more on sentiment than on reason."

"There is perhaps an element of truth in what you say," the Emperor replied thoughtfully. "Austria-Hungary, torn by racial conflicts, was certainly no adequate ally. She might, and she should, have developed her defensive force quite otherwise than she did. We neglected the exertion of any proper pressure upon her. On the other hand, you must realize clearly that the abandonment of the Triple Alliance would have left us in perilous isolation.

"Pan-Slavism, drawing sustenance from the French alliance, might have conceived the idea that it could divide the Hapsburg monarchy with Germany, and later, with the help of France, divide the German Empire up as well, or at any rate fall upon Germany. Nor must you forget the powerful national ties that bound us to the German element in Austria that was loyal to the Hapsburgs.

"No—I always put such thoughts as you suggest away from me. Our loyalty was rewarded. King Edward VII sought vainly to influence Emperor Francis Joseph to help in the work of isolating Germany by a ring of unfriendly powers."

William's affection for Francis Joseph was not unreciprocated. The old Emperor, generally cold and stiff, evinced a real tenderness for his youthful ally. Almost eighty, he regarded William as a mere child and refused to visit upon his head the sins committed against the Dual Monarchy by his fathers. He forgave Koeniggratz, the expulsion of Austria from Germany, he even forgave him his Imperial Crown, although in some remote recess of his mind he looked upon all other emperors as upstarts. Bismarck's doctrine of Prussian hegemony was, to his mind, damnable heresy. However, William's obeisance before the Holy Roman Empire, which was neither "holy" nor "Roman," nor an "Empire," rejoiced the aged heart of Francis Joseph. Trusting his old

and experienced diplomats to attend to the practical details, he abandoned himself to a friendly and confidential intercourse with his young imperial colleague.

In spite of his sentimental attachment to Francis Joseph, William's Austrian policy was not lacking in shrewdness. Neither was his friendship for Francis Joseph's successor. He wished the successor of Francis Joseph to escape from the pitfalls that had entangled his youth. The hiatus of one generation which left such a gap in Germany, was duplicated in the Dual Monarchy. No living link connected Emperor Francis Joseph with the present. His heir, Franz Ferdinand, was a comparatively young man. The generation which should have had access to the throne, the men who, on the high road of time, stood between Francis Joseph and Franz Ferdinand, were doomed to frustration and inaction because the Emperor preferred to rely on his own aged contemporaries in all important decisions. The future of the Hapsburg Empire, with its divergent national currents, was a source of constant concern to the Kaiser. It manifested itself in his intimacy with Francis Joseph's heir.

William sympathized with the latter because he foresaw for him a repetition of his own tribulations. In his desire to please Franz Ferdinand, he permitted himself to deviate from the highest law of the royal confederation, the principle of joining only purple to purple. He not only hunted with Franz Ferdinand and accompanied him on his rambles, but offered his arm to Franz Ferdinand's wife as an equal, although the Countess Chotek was not of royal rank. He befriended Franz Ferdinand in spite of the old Emperor's hatred of his nephew's son. William's courtesy to the heir of the throne and hismorganatic wife reflects his kindness; it was also an act of political wisdom, likely to bear fruit for Germany's benefit after Franz Ferdinand's succession to the throne.

In the high fellowship of monarchs there were, besides Queen Victoria, who occupied a unique place in William's heart, only two fellow members whom William considered of equal rank: one was the Emperor in Vienna, the other that autocratic ruler of one-sixth of the world, the Czar of all the Russias. William dreamed of an indestructible friendship between these three emperors, haunted all his life by the ghost of the Holy Alliance of 1815 and its brief revival by Bismarck. Though despising Nicholas intellectually, William respected his place

in the hierarchy of monarchs. The Czar's vast Empire formidably impinged upon Germany's Eastern border. William, in spite of his failure to renew the Re-insurance Treaty with Russia, desired to cement the historical friendship between Prussia and its powerful neighbor. The Russian theory of monarchy by divine appointment, the absolute power of the Czar, and the patriarchal organization of Russian society delighted his fancy.

The Czar was, at least in theory, what William would have liked to be. Perhaps it would have been better if Nicholas II had ruled in Germany and William II in Russia. Certainly it would have been better for Russia. William had all the qualities the Czar lacked, strong will, capacity and the strong urge to govern personally. William's enthusiasm for the czaristic conception of government, as well as family tradition, determined William's attitude toward the Russian reigning family.

Nicholas' predecessor, Alexander III, was astonished by William's unaccountable fondness for him. Whenever William was in Russia his exaggerated courtesy and respect made the Czar suspicious. In his heart Alexander III detested all things German, including Germany's rulers. When he learned, for example, that William as a young man sharpened his grandfather's pencils, or held his coat for him, Alexander's face was a picture of royal disdain. To young William, service for his grandfather, the Emperor, was a consecration. To the Czar it seemed servility.

In spite of the intense antagonism prevailing between himself and his father, the Emperor Frederick, William was shocked beyond measure by a suggestion to disregard the commands of his dying sire. Nevertheless, the moment the Royal Purple descended upon his own shoulders, he set aside and completely ignored the wishes of his predecessor, because he was now the Emperor. The responsibility for his actions was an issue between him and His Maker. The absolute loyalty which he gave to his father as Emperor he now asked, unsuccessfully, for himself. This explains some of his more fervid speeches to Army recruits.

When William, accompanied by Herbert Bismarck, made his first appearance at the Court of St. Petersburg, he encountered various painful surprises. The wife of Alexander III, the Danish Princess Dagmar, took great pains to spoil William's wooing of her husband. Realizing Alexander's feelings toward him, William intensified his efforts to

win the friendship of his youthful heir, Nicholas. Whenever Nicholas came to Germany, the Kaiser received him with the rarest courtesy. He bestowed uniforms upon him, presented him with pictures—and played the part of Cupid in Nicky's life.

The marriage between the Princess Alix of Hesse and Nicholas was largely the outcome of William's arduous efforts. When the Kaiser's sister, Princess Margaret, married the Grand Duke of Hesse, there was a large gathering of purple bloods at Coburg, including Princess Alix, the bridegroom's sister, and William and Nicholas or, as they called each other, "Willy" and "Nicky."

The Czar was no more efficient in love than in statesmanship. After the Princess Alix and the heir to the Russian throne had passed several embarrassed hours together in the old castle, William compelled Nicky to assume the offensive. He led Nicky to his room, placed a sabre at his side, made him take his fur cap in his hand and thrust a bunch of roses upon the bashful lover. "Now," he said, "go and ask for Alix." The betrothal was announced the same evening.

Neither Czar nor Czarina, though happily married, permitted gratitude to color their relations with William. Prince Bismarck had discovered, and the Kaiser himself regretfully records the fact, that German princesses are not, as a rule, an asset to their country when marrying foreign monarchs. Princess Alix entertained no warm feeling for Germany, with the exception of Hesse. She was deeply distrustful of the Kaiser and his dynasty. Under his wife's influence, the mind of Nicholas was poisoned against William. The Czarina entertained her husband with recitals of alleged injuries and insults inflicted by the Kaiser upon her brother, the Grand Duke of Hesse. As a result, the Czar, when traveling in Germany, visited not the Kaiser at Berlin, but his brother-in-law in Hesse.

None of the Czar's children was tutored in German. The Czarina forgot her mother tongue. The high officials of Russia who, by an irony of fate, had mostly German names, vied with one another and with the Empress in anti-German activities. William saw himself forced to make a direct counter-attack against the formal bulwark of Russian disfavor. William's encounter with the Czar marked various stages of this offensive.

To the Kaiser's dismay and disappointment the realization was forced upon him that the Czar in no way measured up to the ideal of

the Purple Internationale. When, on one occasion William somewhat grandiloquently signaled to Nicholas the famous message: "The Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific," the poor Czar was too much taken aback to find an appropriate answer. But England did—it doubled its naval expenditures. The Czar's weakness enraged William. He felt called upon to bring this hesitant mortal to a realization of his absolute power as Czar and its obligations. Weakness, he felt, would lead to the collapse of the last great autocratic Empire and undermine the prestige of monarchy everywhere.

This anxiety inspired the celebrated Willy-Nicky letters. In a tone of earnest benevolence, William, speaking as one member of the Purple Internationale to another, supplied the Czar with lengthy dissertations on the nature of the Russian people, the deep-rooted devotion of the peasants to their Little Father and the evils of compromise with revolutionary elements. The tone of these letters was not improved by the fact that some of them were written or edited by Holstein.

William irritated the Czar. Nicholas needed no lesson from an outsider in the theory of despotism. He was imbued with the principle of "absolutism," and he did not take seriously the concessions to popular rule occasionally made for reasons of expediency by his ministers. The only consequence of William's letters was that the Czar, conscious of his own weakness, became distrustful and took decisive steps to emancipate himself from the tutelage of his too energetic neighbor.

The difference between the Czar and the Kaiser is the difference between Teuton and Slav. The Kaiser poured out his heart with aggressive frankness, while the latter replied with mild, Byzantine indirection, with kisses and embraces and unremitting distrust. When William looked into the gray eyes of Nicholas, when his virile right hand clasped the Czar's soft womanish hands, when he enlarged on the long friendship between the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs, he was convinced that he had made a permanent conquest. William did not understand either the subtleties of the Eastern temperament or the treachery of the weak. Nicholas, the Czar, was both an Easterner and a weakling. While apparently reciprocating the Kaiser's regards, Nicholas secretly informed his ministers that war with Germany was inevitable.

Trivialities caused festering wounds and excited recurrent rages in the heart of the Russian monarch. Once, when the Kaiser and the

Czar were walking together, their picture was taken by a newspaper photographer. This picture accentuated the difference in their stature. The Kaiser with his arm around Nicholas, seemed to tower over him like a giant. The Czar, trembling with rage, considered the picture a deliberate affront maliciously plotted by William. On another occasion, the Kaiser sent the Czar a group picture of many monarchs. The Kaiser appeared in full riding costume, mounted on a spirited horse. The Czar, in an antiquated court dress, looked like a private citizen included in the picture by accident. Here again the Czar scented a deliberate insult.

Similarly the King of Italy was greatly annoyed when the Emperor sent to him certain of his aides whose tallness accentuated the diminutiveness of his own figure. The King of Italy kept his anger to himself. But at an appropriate moment Italy stabbed William in the back. The Czar likewise kept his wrath to himself. William could not believe that Nicholas would be so forgetful as to make joint cause in Europe's hour of destiny with the French Republic against a fellow monarch.

Under William's personal spell, Nicky's suspicion melted away like ice and snow in the sun; in spite of his innate distrust, the Romanoff could not escape the magnetism of the Hohenzollern. There were times when he reciprocated William's cordiality. But the spell lasted only so long as they were together. Returning to Russia, his wife and his ministers regained their ascendancy over the weakling by proving to him how he had been entrapped once more by the wily Kaiser! The pleasanter the meeting had been, the ruder would be the awakening.

Nicholas angry, not with himself, but with the Kaiser, gradually began to bring to bear against the Kaiser the complicated resources of Byzantine intrigue. Intrigue and indirection were deeply implanted in the soul of Nicholas. The embarrassed hesitancy of his letters, the very clumsiness of his answers were often only refinements of dissimulation.

Privately, when the spell of William's presence was removed, Nicholas considered himself greatly the Kaiser's superior. What if all the nations of the world regarded the brilliant German ruler with admiration? At bottom he was the monarch of a small country. Nicholas was the ruler of one-sixth of the globe. Moreover the Hohenzollerns were upstarts. Nicholas never forgot for an instant that he was the thirteenth Romanoff to bear the imperial purple, whereas the Hohenzollern Empire was a recent vintage. Nicholas, moreover, was an auto-

crat; William only a constitutional monarch. Though he addressed the Kaiser cordially as his friend and royal cousin, he did not in his heart consider William his equal.

The Kaiser's enemies assiduously foster the lie that William at various times, especially when England was engaged in the Transvaal, attempted to engage the Czar in an anti-British coalition. A letter published by the Soviet Government from the secret archives of the Czar to his sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia, proves that the opposite was true. Nicholas deliberately plotted to stir the Kaiser's anger against England. In a missive, dated October 21, 1899, the Czar expressed his delight that two British battalions had been captured by the Boers.

"You know, my dear," he writes, "I am not proud but it is an agreeable feeling that it is I who in the last analysis will determine the course of the African War. How? Very simply. All I need is to telegraph an order to all troops in Turkestan to mobilize and to advance to the border. That is all!

"Not even the mightiest fleet in the world can prevent us from hitting England where she is weakest. But the time is not yet ripe for this. We are not yet sufficiently prepared for serious engagements, principally because Turkestan is not yet connected with inner Russia through an uninterrupted line of rails. I am yielding to temptation, but you will understand that there are times when our wishful dreams clamor for the light and we cannot resist the urge to clothe them in words.

"Even here in peaceful Darmstadt, the utmost excitement prevails as it does everywhere, against England and one sympathizes heartily with the fate of the African Hollanders. *On our return trip we shall probably spend a whole day in Potsdam and I intend to arouse the Kaiser's ire in every way against the English, by recalling to his mind the well-known Krueger telegram.*

"Farewell my dear Xenia . . . also Sandro and the dear children, not excluding the fourth, which is now on the way. Christ be with you!

"Loving you with all his heart, your old

NICKY."

Obviously, while Willy was under the impression that he was beguiling the Czar, Nicky in turn employed his stratagems to enmesh Willy. In the tangle of political intrigue, the Byzantine dissimulation of the

Russian Czar was often a more effective weapon than the unguarded candor of the German Kaiser. For all his expressions of affection, Nicky contrived to deal his wife's cousin a number of telling blows.

When William made his extended tour of the Orient, he wrote many letters overflowing with praise for the land of the Sultan. He took occasion to ask Nicky to assent to the Turkish aspirations in Crete, insisting that Turkey deserved to govern this beautiful island. The Czar replied to this friendly advice with equal politeness, but not with equal honesty.

"As for Crete," he concluded, innocently, "you know why Russia took so important a part in this solution [the occupation of Crete by European troops]. Even if it endangers our good and cordial relations with Turkey, I intend to see that a stop is put to any further bloodshed. The question could not be solved any other way and our troops will remain *as long as England leaves hers there.*" If the English remain, then Willy will quarrel with the English and come to Nicky for consolation!

Outwardly there was every appearance of friendship between Nicky and Willy. But the friendship was genuine only on Willy's side. The Kaiser, in spite of conscientious objections, supported—"mildly"—Nicky's dream of universal disarmament. The Peace Conference at the Hague was a ruse contrived by Witte to halt the excessive armaments of Russia's potential foes, but the Czar took it seriously; at least he did not allow his mental reservations to enter his consciousness.

Candidly, without William's assistance, the conference would have been a complete failure. With William's aid, he won the Platonic victory of establishing the World Court at the Hague. William, not being a hypocrite, did not pretend to be a pacifist. "I promised the Czar at Wiesbaden," William noted, "to help him to a satisfactory result! So that *he* shan't make a fool of himself before Europe, *I* have to agree to nonsense! But for my part I'll go on trusting and appealing to God and my sharp sword!"

The other great powers, including England, rendered only lip service to the Czar's pacific experiment. Nicky never sincerely reciprocated the Kaiser's kindness. He was no more faithful to the English than he was to the Germans, but he liked Uncle Edward better than Cousin Willy.

Nicky was far more closely related to the British ruling house than the Kaiser. King Edward did not irritate him with didactic advice.



When Edward visited Russia, he had so much to tell about beautiful France and passed so lightly over revolutionary developments in Russia, that Nicky could not help being grateful for the tact of his British cousin.

In spite of the equivocal attitude of the Czar revealed by post-war publications, the Emperor to this day preserves a kindly attitude towards Nicky. It was William, rather than cousin George, who made an attempt to save the Russian Imperial family from extermination. Faithful to the canons of the Purple Internationale, he attempts to shield the Czar and blames his advisers for the cataclysm of 1914. He piously passes over the Czar's deceit, but calls his ministers "liars" and "scoundrels."

William realized only too well the limitations of royal power. He, nevertheless, believed that by virtue of some inherent mystical faculty, the members of the Purple Internationale could stem the tide of war by chivalrous co-operation. Perhaps he would have been less willing to leave important conclusions to his ministers if he had not believed that in spite of constitutional limitations the ultimate decisions rested with the sovereigns. Perhaps the Purple Internationale was the day-dream into which he fled from the unpalatable reality. It was not, however, entirely a figment of his imagination. Knowing the secret currents that flow from courts to foreign offices, who can say that, with more *esprit de corps*, with more chivalry and determination, the monarchs of Europe might not have prevented the catastrophe for which the world is paying today and will continue to pay for generations to come?

However, personal and political motives paralyzed the monarchs of Europe. The rewards of William's labor were rebuffs and disappointments. Even his uncle, the King of the Belgians, refused to conclude an alliance. But in the Eastern extremity of the world the Kaiser discovered a ruler willing to play the part designed for members of the Purple Internationale. This exemplary monarch was Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. His title alone could not fail to delight the Kaiser. Abdul Hamid modestly called himself "God's Shadow Upon the Earth." Perhaps he saw in his friendship for Abdul Hamid a replica of a similar relationship that existed between another German Emperor and Haroun-al-Raschid.

The Kaiser's first visit to the Orient was a tale from the Arabian Nights. The artful Grand Turk neglected nothing that could fortify

the sudden friendship of the Teutonic Caesar. When Emperor William arrived in Turkey, all the splendors of Haroun-al-Raschid unfolded before his astonished eye. The Sultan's emissaries who surrounded him were tall and handsome Turks, martial in appearance and bearing. Everything he saw was eloquent of the medieval devotion of the Turks to their ruler. The splendor of Constantinople with its mosques and veiled women, the silent obedience of the Sultan's officers, for whom his word was law, the theocratic background of Abdul Hamid's empire struck sympathetic chords in William. Here was a monarch served by vassals as faithful as djinns, a power not from the people but directly from God. Abdul Hamid was God's Regent on Earth, potentate and priest in one.

Abdul Hamid was a clever and artful old man. Foreseeing ruin, he knew that the Kaiser's friendship was his last chance to save his empire. To win this monarch he employed the ancient wiles of the Orient. Savage Bedouins performed warlike dances before the Kaiser. Albanian bandits pledged themselves to tear to pieces anyone passing a disrespectful glance at the imperial guest. The Sultan facilitated in every way the Kaiser's pilgrimage to Jerusalem to worship at the shrines of all Christendom, which enjoyed his, the Sultan's, protection.

The decay of Turkey was studiously kept from the imperial visitor. How could the Kaiser know that Hassan Pasha had been made Minister of the Navy primarily because he was a great thief? The Sultan rightly believed that Hassan's influence would so demoralize the revolutionary navy that the guns of its armored cruisers would cease to menace the marble balustrade of his palace. Dazzled by his glamorous figure, the Kaiser failed to discover this and much more. The Emperor resented the slaughter of the Armenians. He even contemplated punitive measures against the Turkish monarch. But William discerned under Abdul Hamid's corruption and cruelty, the spiritual greatness of the strange Sultan. He must have realized that Abdul Hamid was fighting for a tradition which had been shaken to its foundations and threatened to topple. The fanatical struggle of this solitary man contending at an abandoned outpost against a world of foes, moved William profoundly. He admired Islam's courage and its age-long dream of uniting all true believers under the green banner of the Prophet. More than any other Western ruler he appreciated the monumental edifice of theocratic power, reared by Abdul Hamid's predecessors, upon which his throne rested.

William knew, of course, that in the opinion of most statesmen Turkey was the "sick man of Europe." But when someone prophesied the collapse of Turkey, he recalled the anecdote of the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Andrassy. Andrassy received from his envoy in Constantinople a report in which the latter, after spending two weeks in the Turkish capital, predicted the immediate and unavoidable collapse of the Osman Empire. Count Andrassy replied: "I have studied your report with great interest and find much that is pertinent in it, but I remember reading in the archives of the Hungarian Foreign Office the report of an Hungarian emissary to the Sublime Porte in the Seventeenth Century, in which the downfall of the Osman Empire was declared with equal definiteness to be immediately impending."

Behind the thick curtain of oriental color, behind the screen of ceremony of the Sultan's court, William II saw a glimpse of the vigorous face of the true Islam. That face seemed to bear a strong resemblance to the stern countenance of ancient Prussia. Here and there he saw marked instances of self-abnegation for the sake of an unattainable ideal. The puritanical traits of ancient Islam recalled similar traits in ancient Prussia. He saw in Turkey the Prussia of the Orient, and in the collaboration between Abdul Hamid and himself he envisaged a guarantee of peace. In Abdul Hamid he saw a member of the Purple Internationale, the Internationale of Monarchs, and he did bring with him Turkey's consent to permit Germany to build the great Bagdad Railroad, over which food and raw materials were to roll into Central Europe.

In spite of all disappointments, William saw in every legitimate monarch a spokesman of God. When the Shah of Persia, the savage Nasr Eddin, who could neither sit at the table nor converse in the Persian language, came to Berlin, William treated him with almost as much distinction as if he were his most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, springing from the loins of Europe's most ancient rulers. To him the Sultan of Morocco was a consecrated ruler. Among the ruling princes of Germany he looked upon himself as the first among equals.

To William every individual ruler was the exponent of that Divine Will which had created the monarchical principle; he expected the monarch to be imbued with the sanctity of his mission. If he lacked this consciousness, he was guilty of a mortal offense. His sin was more flagrant than that of the iconoclast and the rebel. With terrific

energy, by letters, personal persuasion and symbolic gifts, he endeavored to bring stray sheep back to the fold.

The failure of the Emperor's doctrine to gain ground did not influence his attitude toward his colleagues. In the bloody confusion of war, William never forgot that he was bound by supernatural ties to all monarchs, even those who were hostile to him. His mystic devotion to the principle of royal solidarity was one of the motives which induced him to forbid the bombing of Buckingham Palace. The commanders of German airships were disgusted because the orders of the Supreme War Lord rendered so many important areas in London immune to bombardment.

The Kaiser's sublime vision of the Purple Internationale was not realized. There were, the Defense admitted, monarchs good and bad, clever and stupid, energetic and weak, but there were no supermen, measuring up to William's standard. In their souls burned little of that romantic fire which illumined the soul of the German Caesar. William dwelt among the rulers of his day, misunderstanding and misunderstood.

## CHAPTER X

### THE GRAY INTERNATIONALE

“THE DEFENSE has more than once stated that William II was wiser than his advisers, that his constructive plans were thwarted by bureaucrats and the Gray Internationale. Will the Defense point out a single such act of constructive statesmanship in the course of his entire reign?”

The challenge of the Prosecution brought out of the limbo of forgotten things the Treaty of Bjoerkoe. Both “Willy” and cousin “Nicky” took the stand. William answered all questions in the straightforward manner characteristic of him. Nicky’s bearing was proud, but his speech halting. At various junctures, his memory seemed to desert him and he helplessly turned to his assistants for aid.

Germany, the Emperor’s Attorney explained, alternately wooed England and Russia. The voice of the blood inclined William toward Great Britain, but philosophy and family tradition drew him toward the East.

Holstein’s and Buelow’s policy was based on the hypothesis which proved illusory, that England and Russia could never reconcile their differences. This theory, if true, gave Germany a decisive voice in Europe and made her in Buelow’s flattering phrase the “arbiter mundi.” For Germany held the balance of power between the two nations controlling respectively one-fourth and one-sixth of the globe. William, nevertheless, attempted to befriend both Russia and England. When England proved coy, he sought closer ties with the Czar and familiarized himself with several tentative drafts of treaties between Germany and Russia, contemplated at various times by the Foreign Office. A Foreign Office, like a General Staff, must prepare in advance different plans of campaign envisaging every possible contingency.

No one can deal adequately with the reign of William II without analyzing the history of the secret treaty negotiated personally by William II and his Russian cousin. If the Treaty of Bjoerkoe had not been sabotaged by their own ministers, William II would still reign in Berlin, and Nicholas II in Moscow, the world would have escaped the World War and the economic cataclysm that followed. Lenin would have died an obscure Swiss exile; not a footnote in the annals of our age would record the names of Trotsky and Stalin. If William and

Nicholas had been their own chancellors, Russia would not have fought against Germany; Germany would not have been caught between the upper and the nether millstone of British navalism and Franco-Russian militarism.

Unlike Bismarck's Re-insurance Treaty, the pact between William II and Nicholas II involved no betrayal of Austria-Hungary or of France. The ultimate consent and inclusion of both was taken for granted. Thus, nine years before the World War, William II and Nicholas II laid the foundations of Pan-Europe. Two monarchs insured the peace of the world for a generation: two ambitious ministers nullified their achievements. The Czar himself, always weak and vacillating, cannot escape inclusion in the indictment of his ministers.

Each year when the summer sun melted the icy marshes around St. Petersburg, His Majesty Czar Nicholas II, supreme potentate of Russia, ordered his yacht for a cruise in the Gulf of Finland, accompanied only by his family and one or two intimate friends. The steep cliffs of the rock-parapeted shores gave pleasure to Nicholas II. He picnicked with his wife and children in the green fields of Finland and bathed in the cool northern waters.

In the summer of 1905, the yacht *Polarstern* received its customary sailing orders. But on the day set for its departure neither the Czarina nor her children appeared. The Czar arrived accompanied only by Admiral Alexei Birilew, his newly appointed Minister of Marine, and the chief of his civil cabinet, Baron Fredericksz. Important reasons must have induced the Czar to make the voyage in this particular summer, and to make it alone. After the disastrous war with Japan and a narrowly averted revolution, the Czar's mood was melancholy. His defeated troops were still in Manchuria; in the provinces rumbled echoes of insurrection. It was no time for relaxation.

But in those dark and difficult hours of defeat and revolution, when the ruler was stricken and his empire tottered, word came to "Nicky" that his cousin "Willy" wanted to talk to him confidentially. Nicholas, hungry for sympathy and for effective support, expected both from William II.

The intimacy of the tryst was accentuated by the absence of the ministers responsible for foreign affairs. To emphasize the private character of the meeting still further, Nicky set out unaccompanied

even by his family to the trysting place—the small Russian Island of Bjoerkoe.

While preparations for the Czar's journey were going forward on the river Neva, aboard the imperial yacht *Polarstern*, seamen at Swinemünde scoured and polished the *Hohenzollern*. The small and sickly Czar need only have boarded his yacht and commanded the attentions of Admiral Birilew. The Kaiser was caught in all sorts of entanglements because his plans disturbed the spider webs of Buelow and Holstein. The news of the projected meeting agitated the initiates.

Buelow schemed at once to circumvent the Emperor's efforts to open the stuffy rooms of the Foreign Office to the fresh winds of a new idea. The idea, which animated the Emperor, was not entirely new. It had been discussed, but the Foreign Office resented the initiative of the monarch. William had intimated that he would deny himself the society of Chancellor Buelow. His plans had called for no representative of the Foreign Office except Heinrich von Tschirschky.

On a small yacht near Ruegen, Buelow had several conversations with William in July of 1905 before the fateful interview between Willy and Nicky. Buelow knew that, guaranteed by no treaty, the endless Russian border constituted a menace to the German Empire. He also knew that, having just lost a war and barely escaped a revolution, Russia would be sufficiently mellowed to conclude a treaty on terms gratifying to Germany. Here at last was the opportunity of a century to safeguard the interests of the two countries and the peace of Europe.

The personality of William II, who united in himself the traditions of German-Russian friendship, was Germany's trump card. Prince Buelow, jealous of his personal prestige and accustomed to underrate the abilities of his sovereign, though interspersing his harangue with fulsome flatteries, begged the Kaiser to avoid ultimate decisions and to leave final negotiations to the Foreign Office. Hemming and hawing, he suggested that it would be wiser if the impetus for the treaty contemplated by William came from the Czar and urged the Emperor to confine himself to "general assurances."

The Kaiser listened patiently, but he was pained. He became increasingly conscious that whenever he attempted to take the reins into his own anointed hands, he collided with the system of warnings and taboos elaborated by Buelow and Holstein. Buelow, vainer than a peacock, was disturbed by the thought of losing whatever laurels might

accrue to the man who negotiated the treaty. The Kaiser, from sad experience, knew the course which negotiations usually took in the hands of the Foreign Office, where every vital idea was inextricably entangled in red tape or done to death by the *Geheimrat*. William II did not wish to see the Russian alliance perish in this fashion. Russia had a military alliance with France. The danger of war on two vast fronts had haunted and oppressed him for years as it did Prince Bismarck. Here at last was the opportunity to repair the greatest political error of his regime—his failure to perpetuate Bismarck's legacy, the Re-insurance Treaty with Russia.

Sitting in the twilight on board of his yacht, the Kaiser recalled the scene preceding the dismissal of the Iron Chancellor. He saw himself studying a document, tasseled and sealed, that had been placed into his hands mysteriously by Holstein. Few persons in the Empire were acquainted with the contents of the treaty, or its existence.

William saw himself unfolding the document. Its contents had been vaguely explained to him, but not its full implications. He had never seen the document itself: "The Treaty of Mutual Defense between the German Empire and the Russian Empire." His eyes ran hastily over its provisions. "So this," he exclaimed to himself, "is what he has been keeping from me!" Eager to destroy Bismarck and all his works, Holstein had no difficulty persuading the naively idealistic young ruler that this treaty was an infamous betrayal of his aged ally, the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Holstein worked on the Kaiser, not directly, but through his advisers, who argued that while Austria-Hungary relied on the good faith of the German Empire, Bismarck had made a secret covenant with Russia, the Dual Monarchy's natural and geographical enemy. In case of a conflict between Austria and Russia, William must betray either Nicholas or Francis Joseph.

This picture, which was presented to the horrified Kaiser, falsified the situation. Since both the Re-insurance Treaty and the Austro-German Alliance were strictly defensive, there was no contradiction or betrayal involved. In case of an Austro-Russian War, Germany was bound (by the Austrian Alliance) to help Francis Joseph if Russia was the aggressor. If Austria was the aggressor, Germany was bound (by the Re-insurance Treaty) to neutrality. Thus, far from being betrayals, the two treaties complemented each other in preserving peace and



handicapping an aggressor nation. By making allies of both Germany's Eastern neighbours, the two treaties frustrated France's century-old policy of encirclement.

In one respect, however, the Kaiser's advisers were right in calling Bismarck's treaty immoral. This was the argument that finally determined the Kaiser's decision: namely, that, at Russia's request, the treaty must be kept secret from Austria. This meant the Kaiser would have to deceive, in fact lie to, his closest ally, Francis Joseph. Moreover, doubly secret provisions of the treaty offered Russia a free hand in the Black Sea, the Straits of Marmora, and the Bosphorus. This was certainly not honorable, inasmuch as Austria had pledged herself with England and Italy to preserve the status quo against Russia in those same regions—and had done so *on Bismarck's advice*. To be sure, such dishonest double-dealing, with its checks and counter-checks, kept the peace of Europe by stalemating all rivals. But Caprivi, who was to be the Kaiser's new Chancellor, insisted that no statesman except Bismarck could juggle so many balls at once. In short, for whatever reason, the Re-insurance Treaty must go! He must drop both the pilot and the chart. Henceforth, he must be his own chancellor!

Once he was his own chancellor, the Kaiser realized only too soon that an understanding with Russia was the bulwark of German security. Germany, as a central power, could have no security, once her two great neighbors, Russia and France, were allied. The Re-insurance Treaty had prevented this dreaded "encirclement" because it kept Russia and France apart, and pledged Russia to neutrality if France should attack Germany. By an inexorable logic, the Franco-Russian Alliance was a direct consequence of Holstein's successful conspiracy to destroy Germany's friendship with Russia. The keystone of Bismarck's arch, the Re-insurance Treaty, disappeared into limbo like Bismarck. But, like Bismarck, it continued to plague the Kaiser. Year after year, after that fatal decision, William had courted the Russians, hoping to revive, on a more open and honorable basis, the "Three Emperors' Agreement" between Austria-Hungary, Russia and Germany. Alexander III died and was succeeded by "Nicky." William redoubled his efforts to draw Russia into Germany's orbit.

In the past, the price asked by Russia had been too great. Now at last, on the yachts *Hohenzollern* and *Polarstern* the time was more propitious. If William succeeded, the spectre of a war on two fronts could be banished at last, together with Bismarck's ghost. Knowing

the peculiar temperament of the Czar, he felt that he alone, speaking emperor to emperor, royal cousin to royal cousin, could overcome the Russian suspicions and inhibitions. The moment they were accompanied by their ministers, there would be hedging and evasions until initiative was strangled once more by red tape. When Buelow arrived once more the following morning, he tactlessly inquired, "Would it be better if I accompanied Your Majesty after all?"

The Kaiser felt that he was no schoolboy and needed no tutor. "My dear Buelow," he answered, "your society is always and everywhere agreeable to me; it is, in fact, more than welcome, but in the present instance I am confident that I shall accomplish more if I meet the Czar alone."

This ended the discussion.

The *Hohenzollern* sailed the next day without Buelow. The Kaiser stood on the bridge in naval uniform. His face shone with expectation. For the first time in his life he was setting out alone to settle, as kings should, the affairs of empire.

The official meeting of the two monarchs took place with the customary observances. Sailors in gala uniforms played the national hymns of the two nations. Flags waved. Cameras clicked. The little Czar fell into the arms of his robust colleague.

The Kaiser applied healing salve to the Czar's smarting wounds. Nicholas felt once more that he was a courted member of the community of monarchs. William dwelt on the ancient friendship between Russia and Prussia. He invoked Alexander I and Frederick William III, and the friendship existing between his own grandfather, William I, and the Czar's great-grandfather, Nicholas I.

Perhaps William recalled memories of Tilsit, where Czar Alexander I chivalrously aided Frederick William III, driven to the edge of his country by the victorious cohorts of the Corsican. The fortunes of war had changed, but the friendship between the two royal houses remained unaltered. Nicholas was touched.

More conferences followed, some on board the *Hohenzollern*, some on board the *Polarstern*. Finally William saw that he had overcome the Czar's last suspicions.

"Shall we," he said, "set a definite seal upon the peace of Europe by expressing our friendship concretely in form of a treaty?"

"But," the Czar stuttered, "I have a treaty with France."

"I know," the Emperor retorted, "that you have a treaty with the French Republic. To some extent that is unnatural. *I* am your natural ally. But I have not ignored that complication. My draft takes that angle and your obligations into account."

With these words he handed the Czar a document in his own handwriting.

Though apparently spontaneous, the proposed treaty was based on a version discussed by the Wilhelmstrasse. But the original version seemed to obligate Germany to come to the Czar's defense in case of a clash between Russia and England in the Far East. The Kaiser had no desire to be drawn into the whirlpool of Russia's Eastern ambitions; no wish to be forced into a conflict with England. Wiser than his Foreign Office, he had added a phrase limiting the treaty to Europe.

His pencil poised in his hand, Nicky perused Willy's draft:

Their Majesties, the Emperor of all the Russias and the German Emperor, have established the following articles constituting a treaty of defensive alliance to secure the permanence of peace *in Europe*.

*Article I:* In case one of the two empires should be attacked by a European power, its ally will come to its aid with all its competent strength on land and sea in Europe.

*Article II:* The high contracting parties obligate themselves to make no separate peace with any common enemy.

*Article III:* The present treaty will go into effect as soon as peace between Russia and Japan has been concluded, and shall continue in operation until terminated by either party on one year's notice.

*Article IV:* After this treaty goes into effect, the Emperor of all the Russias will confidentially inform France of his agreement and will request it to join as an ally.

Slowly the Czar read the treaty; slowly he considered it, comparing its provisions with the treaty that bound him to France. He failed to discover any legitimate objection to William's proposal. It was, of course, annoying to sign a treaty so abruptly—but the circumstances were exceptional.

Musingly the Czar set his pencil in motion and traced in the upper right hand corner of the paper automatically, that old magic sign, the pentagram—a five pointed star. Little did the luckless monarch dream that twelve years later, under this five-pointed star, the sign of the Soviet, Imperial Russia would crumble.

Crossing himself piously, Nicky took up a pen and placed his signa-

ture under the treaty. As William joyfully added his own, a ray of sunshine fell straight through the cabin window, illuminating the treaty and its two signers.

William embraced the Czar.

"Nicky," he said proudly, with deep emotion, "I feel as if our sires, William and Nicholas, were clasping hands in heaven and looking down with satisfaction upon our friendship. You know that the last message from my grandfather enjoined me always to maintain cordial relations with Russia."

The Czar, moved to tears, pressed the Kaiser's hand.

To make the treaty even more impressive, William desired the counter-signature of a high dignitary. Tschirschky signed it for Germany; this, in view of Buelow's foreknowledge, was in accordance with the German Constitution. The most important Russian official accompanying the Czar was his Minister of Marine. The autocrat of all Russia did not need the signature of his minister; nevertheless, the Czar sent for the elderly Admiral.

"Birilew," the Czar asked in Russian, "you have confidence in me?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," replied the Admiral with deep devotion.

"Good, then sign your name here," said the Czar, covering up the text of the treaty with his imperial hand.

Birilew saluted. "At Your Majesty's service," and placed his signature under Tschirschky's.

The Czar kissed his imperial cousin.

Nicholas was sincere, at least for the moment. "My dear Willy," he said, "if ever you are involved in a war with another country, I shall never be your enemy. I shall remain either neutral or fight on your side. I give you my sacred word of honor as a sovereign and a gentleman that I shall certainly never in my life aid the English in any war against you, in which they may some day wish to engage."

Thus the two sovereigns parted. The Purple Internationale was vindicated. The treaty was valid. The Kaiser dispatched a telegram to the Chancellor, followed by a long epistle, the proudest and happiest of his life. William had every reason to be satisfied with himself. He had accomplished in a day what German diplomacy had vainly attempted to achieve in twenty years. After the expiration of the "Three Emperors' Agreement" and the "Re-insurance Treaty" Germany was

constantly exposed to unknown perils rolling out of the East. With the Treaty of Bjoerkoe in William's pocket, Germany could sleep in peace. It guaranteed the nation against French aggression. It removed the threat of a war on two fronts and assured in perpetuity the peace of Europe. And it checkmated Great Britain, for it was inevitable that France and Germany's partners in the Triple Alliance would be drawn into its orbit. In case of war, Great Britain would be faced by a revival, more dangerous than it was in Napoleon's day, of the Continental Blockade.

When Buelow studied the peace treaty, he was furious. It was an outrage that the Kaiser had succeeded where his attempts had been frustrated. His loss of prestige weighed more heavily on his mind than the fate of the empire. Feverishly he examined the treaty for any flaws, inexactitudes or omissions. The Kaiser must not be allowed to imagine that two monarchs, sustained only by heaven's sunlight and beatific visions, could transact business more satisfactorily than the properly constituted authorities of the Foreign Office.

Burying himself in the treaty, he at last found the flaw for which he was looking. Paragraph Two limited the application of the treaty to Europe.

"Aha," Buelow hissed, "in case of a conflict between England and Germany, Russia would be under no obligation to carry the war to India."

Buelow, for all his superficiality and his colossal mental indolence, knew that the day of localized wars was over. The long-cherished dream of all the Czars and England's perpetual nightmare was a Russian campaign against India. There was little chance that, in the event of war with England, Russia would neglect the opportunity of attacking the British Empire where it was vulnerable. Yet Buelow tenaciously fastened on these brief words: "in Europe."

He at once sent the treaty to his accomplice, Holstein, certain that, with his eternal fear of specific commitments, the Geheimrat would pick out the same flaw. Ever cautious, he did not wish to assume responsibility for any action without the support of Holstein's Machiavellian mind. But Holstein, feeling out of sorts with Buelow for some reason or other, coldly replied, "The treaty in its present form is still very favorable to us." But a few days later the temptation to snub the

Kaiser vanquished his reason. Reversing himself, he wrote to Buelow: "The public will consider the treaty in its present form a diplomatic defeat for Germany."

While William II proudly sailed for home, full of pleasant and lighthearted thoughts, Buelow worked out his premeditated revenge. The Kaiser must be cured of the itch to rule. The child must be taught a lesson! Working for once with feverish concentration, Buelow indited page after page to castigate the childish naiveté with which the Kaiser had permitted himself to be hoodwinked by the perfidious Czar. Writing like one possessed, he unearthed ever new arguments to convince William II of his incapacity.

On August third Buelow delivered a knock-out blow to his master. It assumed the form of a ten-page memorandum for the Kaiser's "immediate attention." Ignoring the fact that the agreement safeguarded Germany from the French thirst for revenge, Buelow cunningly confined his attentions to England. Dipping his pen in the blackest ink, he outlined the catastrophic situation in which a war between England and Russia would place Germany, and the joy of the rascally Russians because the Kaiser had walked into their trap.

In spite of Buelow's misgivings, Russia was in no position to attack England in the Orient without German support. A case in point was Russia's backdown in 1907, which eventually led to the Anglo-Russian Alliance of 1914. Buelow made it appear that the Emperor's imprudence had created a situation so difficult that even he, the clever Chancellor, could see no way out. The memorandum ended with the hypocritical request: "I, therefore, with the most profound respect, beseech Your Majesty to confide the direction of foreign affairs to other hands."

Before the fateful memorandum was placed before him, the Kaiser was in the most buoyant of spirits. He felt rightly that his treaty with the Czar was a master stroke. Casually he tore open the envelope and buried himself in its contents. Then the earth seemed to yawn under his feet. Buelow's sentences stung like whips. The Chancellor's words, escaping from the paper and floating in the air before him, assumed mocking shapes. "Silly fool!" they jibed, "you think you can rule without me, the resourceful Buelow? Just try it! See how far you'll get!"

Past and present seem merged before William's eyes. The mocking

Bjoerkoe 24/VII 1905  
11/VII

Leurs Majestés les Empereurs de toutes les Russies et d'Allemagne, afin d'assurer le maintien de la paix en Europe ont écrit les articles suivants d'un Traité d'alliance défensive.

Article I.

En cas où l'un des deux Empires serait attaqué par une Puissance européenne son allié l'aidera en Europe de toutes ses forces de terre et de mer.

Article II.

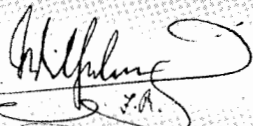
Les hautes parties contractantes s'engagent à ne conclure de paix séparée avec aucun adversaire commun.

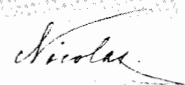
Article III.

Le présent Traité entrera en vigueur aussitôt que la paix entre la Russie et le Japon sera conclue, et restera valide tant qu'il ne sera pas dénoncé une année à l'avance.

Article IV.

L'Empereur de toutes les Russies, après l'entrée en vigueur de ce traité, fera les démarches nécessaires pour inviter la France à cet accord et l'engager à s'y associer comme allié.

  
F.R.  
von Bismarck und Rejnsdorf

  
A. Kiriloff

Two Emperors envisage Pan-Europe  
The Treaty of Bjoerkoe, made by William II and Nicholas II, and sabotaged by their Foreign Offices



The Kaiser and the Czar who pledged his imperial word never to make War on Germany  
(With Grand Duke Nicholas, at a parade in Russia in 1913)



voices become clearer and clearer. Wasn't this his father's voice, protesting against Bismarck's intention to permit the "immature" Prince to work in the Foreign Office? Then again, he heard Hinzpeter's cold and dispassionate voice urging his pupil "Renounce, obey, suffer. Never trust your own judgment."

Deep down in his heart the Kaiser knew that the four articles of the treaty were the greatest achievement of German diplomacy in many years. Yet on the table before him lay a memorandum by one whom he regarded as a master strategist in world affairs, analyzing trenchantly the abysmal folly of his action. William felt as though he were being driven naked through the streets, while his people pointed their fingers at him, bawling, "There's the foolish Kaiser who wants to govern without the clever Chancellor!"

William's cheeks burned.

The voice of Buelow joining the spectral voices of his teacher and of his father, overwhelmed him. The Kaiser did not question Buelow's motives in making this unsparing attack. He knew only one thing: he, the constitutional monarch, must yield to his constitutional adviser.

The nation, the Kaiser knew, stood behind Buelow. Once more in the Kaiser's soul the modern man overcame the feudal monarch. The feudal monarch would have concluded the treaty with the Czar on his own royal authority. The modern man was restrained by the idea that the will of the people, expressed through the Chancellor, was the supreme law of the land.

With trembling hand the Kaiser wrote to Buelow one of the most extraordinary letters ever received by a prime minister from his monarch:

MY DEAR BUELOW:

Your letter just received by messenger. After mature reflection I am wholly unable to see that the expression 'in Europe' has so serious or dangerous a bearing on our situation compared with what it was before as to justify the tender of your resignation.

I have imparted to you two facts which in themselves represent such enormous progress that they must be evaluated highly from our point of view: one, His Majesty solemnly declared that the question of Alsace-Lorraine was a closed incident for Russia; two, he promised me with his handclasp that he would never enter into an agreement or an alliance against us with England.

If Bismarck had succeeded in extracting either of these assurances

from Alexander II or Alexander III, he would have been beside himself with joy and would have accepted the plaudits of the nation for his signal success . . .

I thought I had labored for you and had won an exceptional victory, and you send me a few tepid lines and your resignation!!! I trust, my dear Buelow, that you will spare me the necessity of depicting my state of mind. I am completely prostrated and fear that I am on the verge of a nervous collapse . . .

I appeal to your friendship for me and beg of you to let me hear no more of your intention to resign. Telegraph me on receipt of this letter just, 'All right.' Then I shall know that you will stay . . . For the *morning after the arrival of your resignation would find the Emperor no longer among the living*. Think of my poor wife and children . . .

P. S. I have prepared a code telegram to the Czar proposing the changes you recommend.

WILLIAM

It is difficult to comment upon this letter. Buelow had succeeded in breaking the spirit of the man, as Hinzpeter had broken the spirit of the boy. The completeness of William's nervous breakdown, his absolute spiritual collapse, appears from the threat of suicide. To many philosophers, suicide seems the most dignified exit from life. The Greeks and Romans were no cowards. The Japanese are second to none in bravery. Yet they look upon self-chosen death with approval. But suicide was certainly contrary to the teachings of Christianity, to the deepest convictions of William II. Nowak suggests that possibly the Emperor may have attempted to meet the theatrical claptrap of Buelow with methods equally theatrical. That does not seem to be in accordance with the Emperor's sense of his own dignity. Whatever may have been the motive, William forgot religion and dignity; he was, for the moment, only a wounded human being whose world had crashed about him.

The Chancellor, on reading the letter, rubbed his hands, pleased with the effect of his stratagem. A confidential inquiry assured him that the Emperor was seriously considering suicide or abdication. Neither suited his plans. Certain now that he would be able to overawe the Emperor and to retain his hold upon the government more firmly than even Bismarck, Buelow sent the reassuring message requested by William.

In spite of William's humiliation, in spite of the artful memorials and telegrams of his adviser, the secret treaty of Bjoerkoe was an

unparalleled diplomatic triumph and its rejection a crime. To anyone who examines the text impartially it seems inconceivable that men charged with the responsibility of Buelow and Holstein could fail to profit by a treaty of such vital importance to Germany, except for the purpose of "taking the starch" out of the Kaiser. The reaction of Russian statesmen evidenced in the memoirs of Count Witte shows what winning cards Buelow threw into the discard to gratify a personal pique.

While the crushed and despairing Kaiser appealed to Buelow's friendship, the Czar received his little foreign minister, Count Lambsdorff.

"Ah, by the way," Nicholas remarked, "I have concluded a treaty with the German Emperor. Here it is. Read it over and then put it on file in your archives."

Russia was an autocracy, and if the Czar had signed a treaty, there was nothing more to be said. Least of all by the unprotesting Lambsdorff, who owed his portfolio largely to his low voice and his diminutive stature. Yet when, the audience ended, this quiet little man read over the treaty, he boiled over with wrath. Never in his life had he seen such a thing. He clutched his forehead and paced up and down his room like a madman.

"Almighty God!" he murmured. "What a scandal! What an outrage! What a catastrophe! How could he do a thing like that? What shall now become of poor Russia?"

Unlike Buelow, Lambsdorff did not tender his resignation. He knew how important at that precise moment his services were to his country. Impatiently he waited for the return of the Prime Minister Witte from the United States, where he was negotiating the Treaty of Portsmouth. A man of huge stature, brutal voice and blunt manners, he could perhaps overawe the Czar.

Witte, on his arrival, read the Treaty through with indignation. He agreed with Lambsdorff that Russia had the short end of the bargain. "It's the worst deal Russia has received in a hundred years. There is," he muttered, "no equivalent. The treaty is dishonorable toward France and is impossible for that very reason. It is absolutely necessary to nullify this treaty, even if it should delay ratification of the Treaty of Portsmouth."

Enlisting the aid of the Grand Duke Nicholai, Witte laid siege to the Czar. "Your Majesty," he said, "may do what no one else may

dare. Your Majesty may renounce existing treaties, but the Czar may not and will not deal falsely with his friends. Your Majesty cannot break a promise that binds Russia. This secret treaty is such a breach. Your Majesty did not realize this. Nevertheless if this document were to be validated it would be tantamount to a deed which no self-respecting man could either defend or approve. It would discredit Russia in the eyes of the world. This treaty is impossible. Your Majesty cannot possibly promise sincerely to defend France against Germany, and Germany against France." Witte was joined by the pro-French Grand Duke. Both talked long, loud and insistently. The Czar was not accustomed to such language. With each sentence it became clearer how the sly and cunning Kaiser had bamboozled his poor trusting cousin.

Nicholas became more and more silent. Morosely, reflectively, he gazed at his minister and the Grand Duke.

Witte was right. He had been victimized by the Kaiser.

"Gentlemen," Nicholas finally said, "you have convinced me. I have acted too hastily. The treaty is disadvantageous to us."

There was a pause.

The ministers exchanged anxious glances.

"Since," Nicholas continued, "I have signed the treaty, I cannot go back on my sovereign promise. I assume that neither of you expects me, the Czar, to break his plighted word. Difficult as it may be, we must punctiliously observe the Treaty of Bjoerkoe."

The Kaiser was a stronger man than the Czar, but Nicholas was the autocratic ruler of all the Russias. Although he had spoken quietly, modestly, almost shyly, at that moment, neither his ministers nor the Grand Duke ventured to contradict him. But somehow they drew from the Czar's attitude the right to sabotage the treaty.

Departing without a word, Witte and Lambsdorff and their Grand Ducal accomplice resolved to shelve the treaty by every method known to diplomacy. Fortunately for their plans, they were aided by the Germans. Buelow made no effort to hold the Czar to his promise.

A stout though invisible tie binds together the Gray Internationale, the officials of the foreign offices of all nations. Rumors, secret reports, intimations, flow from capital to capital mysteriously. A minister's ear is like a seismograph. In some enigmatic way he catches the wishes and perturbations of his "opposite numbers." It is plain that Buelow knew from the start how Lambsdorff would be affected by a treaty so

beneficial to Germany. It is less plain through what channel Lambsdorff learned that Buelow, for some inexplicable reason, was against the agreement.

The bureaucratic machine functioned with extraordinary precision. By numerous negotiations, five months after it had been signed by the two emperors, the secret Treaty of Bjoerkoe was wiped off the slate. Neither the Czar nor the Kaiser could prevent its sabotage.

The secret of Bjoerkoe remained buried in the archives of the Foreign Office. Bismarck's Re-insurance Treaty may have been immoral. But it worked. The Treaty of Bjoerkoe was highly moral but, alas, was never allowed to function. If Bismarck had been chancellor instead of Buelow, it would have functioned. The story of Bjoerkoe, insisted the Public Defender, proves, in any event, the Kaiser's honorable effort to safeguard the peace of Europe and bares the obscure mechanism of the Gray Internationale by which he was thwarted.

"But why," interjected the Public Prosecutor, twirling his monocle, "did not the Kaiser or the Czar assert their autocratic powers?"

"Because," the Attorney retorted, "neither the Kaiser nor the Czar was a genuine autocrat."

The Kaiser, smiling at the Czar, whispered, off the record, to the Attorney. "In the olden days men were less humane, less reluctant to use drastic methods to perpetuate authority. When Diaz was the Dictator of Mexico, one of my admirals visited him with a message from me. The Admiral expressed his surprise at the lack of opposition existing in Mexico. Diaz replied with a smile: 'I have no enemies.'

"How can that be?" the Admiral asked.

"There is none,' the Dictator dryly reiterated.

"Why, where are they?" the Admiral asked.

"They are all dead!' Diaz chuckled.

"During the reign of Ivan the Terrible," the Kaiser continued, "the Dutch Government instructed its minister to ascertain the reason for the severity of the Czar. The minister, speaking through an interpreter, inquired somewhat clumsily of the Czar why he treated his people so badly.

"Ivan replied: 'Tell the fool I cut off their heads because I know my people. If I didn't they would cut off mine.'

"My cousin, Czar Nicholas, and I were too humane to act upon such precepts in order to retain the reins of government."

This little intermezzo was not overheard by the Jury.

If Ivan the Terrible and Porfirio Diaz had made the Treaty of Bjoerkoe, they might have chopped off the heads of their ministers. But the instrument they had drawn would have been valid. Pan-Europe would have been a reality. Both the Czar and the Kaiser permitted themselves to be victimized by their ministers. Kings may come and kings may go, but the Bureaucracy goes on forever. The professional diplomat, in his frock coat and his gray-striped trousers, by passive resistance and polite evasion, wins out against the wearer of the purple. The Gray is mightier than the Purple Internationale.

## THREE TIMES BETRAYED

"WILLIAM," begins the Public Prosecutor, "was accustomed to strut across the stage in shimmering armor, Germany's Lord in War and Peace, but whenever failure threatened, the knightly monarch sought refuge behind the skirts of his chancellor. The three greatest blunders of German policy, the Morocco Affair, the Krueger Telegram and the *Daily Telegraph* Interview, were the handiwork of the Defendant."

After consulting briefly with Prince Buelow, the Prosecutor continues: "William II was guilty of tactlessness and of arrogance; he officiously meddled with matters that concerned him not, until, after stirring up the hatred of the world against his country, he provoked the bloodiest war in all history. These facts are a matter of common knowledge. History itself is our witness."

"The Defense," replies William's Attorney angrily, "welcomes the opportunity to subject the assertions of the Prosecution to a searching examination. In all three cases cited by the Prosecution, William was traduced and betrayed."

"If a man is constantly traduced and betrayed, the fault must necessarily lie in himself," mockingly retorted the Prosecutor.

"Need I," replied the Attorney, "recall the precedent of one infinitely greater than the Kaiser, one to whom even my learned opponent can impute no fault? I shall not, except for brief confirmations, call upon the Defendant. I prefer to tell the whole miserable story of a trust betrayed through the testimony of William's advisers."

Both sides cross-examined Baron Fritz Marschall von Bieberstein, one of Buelow's predecessors as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Holstein, blinking as ever through his thick glasses, testified, followed by Prince Buelow, debonair, immaculate, smiling.

Before the diplomats, in strict accordance with etiquette, appeared a dusky monarch, with large luminous coal-black eyes, whose white fez and cloak contrasted piquantly with the olive hue of his skin. The witness salaamed to the Court and pressed his hand to his forehead. "My name," he said, "is Sultan Sidi Abdul Aziz, Sherif of Morocco." In even tones the Sultan conjured up the country over which he ruled peacefully until foreigners usurped his dominion.

It was a great realm—peaceful and beautiful—traversed by wise old elephants. White snakes, coiled upon burning rocks in the desert, gazed abstractedly into space. Caravans moved across the steppes. Tattered beggars and holy men stood in the bazaars, praying and begging alms. Judges, sitting cross-legged in the cool entrances to the mosques, proclaimed a simple and venerable law which exacted the right hand of the thief and inflicted a public beating upon the adulterer. His Majesty Sultan Sidi Abdul Aziz, the Sherif, ruled the width and breadth of the land with its deserts, fortresses, elephants, snakes, judges and holy men. Every Friday the Sultan led his Black Guard to solemn worship through the thronged avenues of his capital. His subjects praised Allah and bowed before their sovereign. However, almost imperceptibly, yet irrevocably, the power in the sacred territories of the Sherif slipped through his helpless fingers.

European traders appeared on the coast of Morocco. Diplomats followed the traders. The diplomats were followed by diplomatic proposals. Behind the proposals appeared cannon with menacing mouths, and officers in the gay uniform of France, powerful ruler of North Africa. French emissaries visited the Sherif. Their tunics were blazing with precious gems and gold; their voices were hard, their greed unquenchable. They hinted that the land of the Sherif was administered poorly, so poorly indeed that it was dangerous for a European to set foot on its soil. Then, in the name of white civilization, France claimed control of the armed forces, the finances, and of the law in the Sherif's domain. In the good old days a Sherif, encountering such barefaced impudence from barbarians, would have impaled them in the market-place in the City of Fez. But Sidi Abdul Aziz, being wise, said nothing. He averted his eyes and reflected upon that great continent of Europe and its emissaries with gold-bedecked uniforms and bejeweled bosoms.

And then, on a solemn day at the Divan of State, his ministers imparted to him glad tidings. Europe, they swore, was not a dependency of France. Frenchmen, in spite of their gleaming decorations, were not its masters. And they would tell of a land far in the North, in perpetual snow, called Germany. The Sultan of that country was a clement prince, with more gold, more diamonds and more soldiers than France. This Sultan was no friend of the French. Some of his subjects dwelt contentedly in the land of the Sherif, where they acquired much wealth, and found no fault with the laws or their administrator. The Sultan of



the Germans therefore would not suffer shame to come upon the Moroccans. These words reassured Sultan Sidi Abdul Aziz.

In the evening, pacing the flat roof of his white palace, he gazed at the inscrutable stars, while his thoughts wandered to the powerful unbelieving Sultan of the Germans.

William II, the subject of the Sultan's reveries, delighted in travel. Exotic foreign lands, wide deserts and brown peoples animated by strong simple feelings, wrought upon him a powerful enchantment. In 1898, when the Emperor with his retinue made his fairy-tale journey to Jerusalem, he had said to the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, Buelow, who accompanied him on his trip: "After being in Asia, I would like to visit Africa." The African territory which the Kaiser yearned to visit, was the Moroccan seaport of Tangier. Although there was no reason why William should not visit this city, Buelow, ill at ease in the tortuous atmosphere of the Orient, urged his immediate return. The Kaiser, listening as ever to his constitutional adviser, contented himself with a brief visit to the Island of Malta.

Some years later, in 1904, the Kaiser once more expressed a desire to visit Tangier as a sightseer, in the course of a Mediterranean tour. On this occasion, too, Buelow—now Chancellor—admonished the Emperor. "The Kaiser," he declared, "remains a political personage even as a sightseer. At this particular moment we must avoid any move likely to focus the attention of the world upon Morocco." For Morocco had become a pawn in the game between the Great Powers. Ever prodigal with other men's lands, England was on the point of surrendering Morocco to France, in return for France's surrender of her claims in Egypt.

The atmosphere was charged with tension. Admitting the cogency of the Chancellor's argument, the Emperor struck Tangier off his visiting list. The Moroccan sand-pile was not worth a quarrel between him and his Chancellor; it certainly was not worth an embroilment with England or France.

A year passed. Once more a steamship, this time the *Hamburg*, was awaiting the Kaiser for a short cruise in the sunny Mediterranean. He would go to the south of Italy, to picturesque archipelagoes, but would avoid any landing likely to lead to international complications. Just before the ship sailed, an excited sailor, dashing across the deck, carried in a sealed envelope an urgent telegram from the Imperial

Chancellor. The Kaiser tore the envelope open. His face darkened as he read the communication urging him to touch at the port of Tangier and to call upon Sidi Abdul Aziz, sovereign potentate of a sovereign nation. On two previous occasions the Chancellor had discouraged him from making such a visit on the ground that it might imperil the peace of the world. Now he asked the Emperor to make the call!

William realized the provocative nature of such a move. For some time France had been seeking a protectorate over Morocco, in defiance of the treaty which forbade such an arrangement. William II had a keener sense of reality than his Chancellor. Now that France and England had agreed about Egypt, the French Republic would encounter no serious opposition in Morocco. Only united action by the Great Powers could check French ambition. Such action was, at the moment, impossible. There was no object in raising the issue of a dead treaty. "Then why," asked the Kaiser, "is Buelow sending me to Tangier?" He thought of the French newspapers which had been discussing the possibility of such a visit. The tone of their discussion had been distinctly hostile.

Was it necessary to provoke French sensibilities? Could not Buelow safeguard Germany's commercial interests on the African coast without pulling the Kaiser like a toy fish on a string from Cuxhaven to Tangier? The Kaiser wrinkled his brow. Could it be that Buelow wished to make this African sand-pile the excuse for a "preventive" war? Buelow did not know what he wished. But Holstein and Schlieffen knew. The sinister Geheimrat and the ingenious Chief of the General Staff were prepared to throw the sword into the scale.

The idea irritated the Kaiser. Responsible before God and men, he could not permit the Foreign Office to pay with German lives for the blunders of German diplomacy. Besides such a war would be senseless. Germany needed no land in Morocco; her Colonial Empire had grown with her navy under his wise regime, without resort to war. There was nothing to be gained by force.

As the *Hamburg* was leaving the pier, the Kaiser wired to Buelow that the proposed visit to Tangier was foolish. "Nothing," he argued, "can shake the Franco-British Alliance in North Africa. No one should play with matches who does not wish to start a fire."

The Chancellor's answer was immediate. Knowing his sovereign's weak spot, the agile Buelow appealed to the sacred principle of monarchy, the divine right of the Sultan of Morocco was jeopardized

by a republic—France. In that difficult hour it was the duty of a great monarch to rush to the aid of a fellow-monarch—the unfortunate Sidi Abdul Aziz. The appeal to the Purple Internationale by his constitutional adviser confused the Kaiser. Moreover, Prince Buelow argued, Germany must “save face.” It would be unwise to “back down.” Overwhelmed, William announced to the festive company, officers, learned men and professors, who formed his entourage, that he would pay a visit to the Sherif of the sovereign state of Morocco.

While the *Hamburg* ploughed its way through the Mediterranean, frenzied messages sped through Europe and Africa. “The Kaiser is visiting Tangier,” proclaimed scareheads in the newspapers. On the Quai d’Orsay in Paris, Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, rejoiced. The visit to Tangier might mean war! War and *revanche* were not unwelcome to Delcassé.

Sultan Sidi Abdul Aziz, in the distant city of Fez, assumed a haughtier tone in his conversations with French diplomats. He had seen it written in black and white that he, the Sultan was a sovereign monarch, whom the powerful Sultan of the North intended to honor with his visit. Such a visit was paid only to rulers of equal rank. It is true the monarch would not visit him in his capital, for some incomprehensible reason of state. In fact, he was not to meet the Sultan from the North face to face, but the Emperor would set foot on his soil and accept his hospitality.

“Take the best, the wildest, horses of my stable, take my favorite uncle, take the wisest men in the Empire, and send them to Tangier,” the Sultan commanded his ministers. “For joy shall reign in the heart of our brother from the North.”

On board the *Hamburg* the brother from the North read the telegrams, press-dispatches, and the reports about the preparations for his reception with increasing anxiety. His sense of reality re-asserted itself; he was almost prostrated by doubt, although eager to carry out Buelow’s wishes. Was it wise to set the world by the ears about Morocco? On March 21, 1905, ten days before landing at Tangier, the Kaiser sent a warning message to Buelow. “Observe that the Moroccans are preparing to exploit my visit. Cables should at once be sent to Tangier that it is extremely doubtful if I will land, that I am traveling incognito and only as a tourist, therefore no audiences, no reception.”

But William’s appeal was futile. It prevented a meeting with the

Sherif, but not the visit itself. Buelow and Holstein willed that he should land at Tangier.

A sovereign's life abounds in fatiguing work as well as in satisfaction. But landing at Tangier under the circumstances afforded William the maximum of fatigue and the minimum of satisfaction. The huge Hamburg-American liner could not dock at the pier. Standing in gala attire, the Kaiser looked dubiously at the rope ladder, by which he was to descend to a little boat, bobbing like a cockleshell on the turbulent waves. Even for a normal person, without the Emperor's handicap, the landing presented a problem. For the Kaiser in his heavy uniform, with his useless left hand, it offered exceptional difficulties. Aside from the personal risk, he could not afford a precipitate cold plunge under the curious eyes of the Moroccans. "Not I alone," the Kaiser said to himself, "all Europe would go hurtling down before those gaping Moors."

But duty called inexorably. Supporting himself on the shoulder of the future Secretary of State, Dr. R. von Kuehlmann, William, stepping with the utmost precaution, succeeded in reaching the frail vessel without disaster.

Arriving on the shore, at a dusty, sun-baked square, another painful surprise awaited the monarch. As a sign of his special consideration, the Sultan had sent his illustrious guest the most spirited Berber stallion of his kingdom. It was Sidi Abdul Aziz's idea that the mightiest monarch of Europe should be borne by the mightiest steed. William II was an excellent rider. But even the best rider with only one hand, would think twice before mounting a Berber stallion. To fall from this horse during the state entry into Tangier would be even more discreditable than a public ducking.

The Kaiser mounted the horse and rode through rows of Africans into the city of Tangier. Holding his animal in check with terrific exertion, he calmly surveyed the crowd. Maybe he was thinking of the Spanish anarchists and the riff-raff of many lands who had long made Tangier their refuge and who might well select that day to hurl a bomb at the German Emperor. But not a line of his face betrayed the slightest agitation.

At last the painful trip was ended. He arrived in the city. The Sultan's uncle salaamed, and the Kaiser—slightly out of breath from the rapid ride—made a characteristic speech, extolling Sidi Abdul Aziz, the free and independent ruler of a free and independent land. Then,

mounting his horse, he rode back without accident and, sighing with relief, returned to his ship.

The luckless Kaiser must have suspected that the land was neither free nor independent, even if he was unfamiliar with the secret treaty, partitioning the realm of the Sherif. The directors of Germany's foreign policy, Buelow and Holstein, must have been informed, but they were too absorbed in their schemes and their archives to concern themselves with realities!

A storm of anger exploded in France and England. Ink pots seethed. Newspapers raged. "Monarchic despotism," "tactlessness," "blundering," "German usurpation" were among the milder denunciations.

Shocked, the Kaiser telegraphed Buelow, whether this was the object he had envisaged. Consternation reigned in the Foreign Office where dispatches from His Majesty were arriving in rapid succession. Holstein, the chief instigator of the visit suffered a hemorrhage that forced him to take a leave of absence. While away, he continued his active correspondence with Schlieffen. The cauldron of international politics began to boil. Diplomatic reports piled high on the Chancellor's table. The Kaiser's expostulations became more and more earnest. Never before was Europe so near to the brink of a World War as in the days that followed the imperial visit to Tangier. England, it is claimed, would have sided with France. Conversations had already taken place providing for the landing of an army of 100,000 Englishmen in Holstein, Germany.

The Anglo-French Colonial Entente was formed in 1904. It was answered in 1905 by Holstein's (and Buelow's) sabre-rattling Moroccan policy. Holstein's purpose was to split the entente and to humiliate France. His bludgeon only drove the two countries closer together and estranged England's public opinion from Germany.

It will never be explained, whether Buelow and Holstein merely played with the idea of a war with the object of bluffing France, or whether they actually wanted to provoke hostilities. From the point of view of statesmanship, or from purely military considerations, there was much to be said for a preventive war. But it involved a gambler's risk and moral responsibilities which the Emperor was unwilling to take. He did, however, take upon himself the full and undeserved blame for the Morocco incident and its painful sequel, bearing with imperial

dignity the full weight of the responsibility that Buelow had so carelessly laid upon his shoulders.

The entire episode is characteristic of the confusion in German policies; typical of the world that enmeshed the Kaiser. It indicates the tragic conglomeration of private intrigue and public blunders marking the pathway to catastrophe. Holstein and Buelow desired to humiliate the French by bringing about the fall of Delcassé. That was one of their reasons for sending the Kaiser to Tangier. It was their motive for rattling the sabre and invoking the grim spectre of war. The Kaiser, unconvinced by their arguments, deprecated a martial solution. Daily he summoned the Chancellor and daily advocated caution. Daily he patiently waded through long reports full of irrelevant phrases and trivial data, for Buelow—like his predecessor Bismarck—frequently withheld from the Kaiser the most significant and essential facts. This was the period when Holstein reached the very height of his secret power and was successfully countermanding the Kaiser's peaceful instructions to his Ambassador at Paris.

Germany's statesmen were not the only ones who were ready to go to extremes. Delcassé harbored the same desire. But war was not his only wish. He desired even more to retain his post. The mounting war frenzy threatened his tenure of office. For France, in spite of her jingoism, was unwilling to resort to arms. Delcassé determined to sacrifice his martial ambitions to save his portfolio. Through the French Ambassador at Rome and an Italian intermediary, he made to Count Monts, the German Ambassador in the Italian capital, certain highly advantageous proposals.

If Germany would agree to a French protectorate over Morocco, her commercial interests would be safeguarded and she would receive the African seaport of Casablanca and another seaport on the Atlantic. In view of the jealousies of Europe, Germany could not have exacted more favorable terms even in the event of a victorious war. The German bluff, if bluff it was, had succeeded. Anyone else in Buelow's place would have eagerly accepted. But Buelow was not like other people. Holstein scented a trap. Inspired by Holstein and his own ambition, Buelow determined that he must exact as a symbol of his diplomatic victory—the head of Delcassé!

Perhaps Buelow was fearful that Count Monts, the bearer of such delightful news, might covet his post. At any rate, whatever his motive,

he dispatched a grotesque reply to Delcassé stating that Germany, as a champion of the monarchist principle, could not consent to the infringements of the rights of a sovereign ruler. The idea originated in Buelow's brain, but the Chancellor knew that the public would attribute it to the Kaiser. The Kaiser had not even been informed of Delcassé's tempting offer. Delcassé fell.

He fell because emissaries from the German Foreign Office had promised the French government a more conciliatory attitude in Morocco if Delcassé were dismissed. That promise was inexcusably broken, a fact which French patriots never forgave nor forgot.

When, somewhat later, William asked Buelow: "Has France made no counter-proposal?" Buelow lied with a scornful smile: "Delcassé proposed that Germany should renounce Morocco. In return Your Majesty was to receive the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Of course, I did not assent to this proposal. The matter must obviously be settled by an international conference of the powers concerned."

Irritated by the suggestion that he would sell Morocco for a decoration, William consented. The international conference at Algieras was Buelow's most serious blunder. It was a link in the long chain of conflicts leading inevitably to the World War. But already the cards were stacked against Germany. Count Carlo Sforza, the former foreign minister of Italy, recollects a conversation between the American Ambassador, Henry White, and Arthur Balfour which illuminates the devious plans in the sub-cellars of the diplomatic mind. White considered Balfour's remarks so important that he embodied them, word for word, in his diary.

**BALFOUR:** What fools we are, not to make war on Germany before her fleet and her trade increase any further.

**WHITE:** You, a man with your principles, you a philosopher, to say that! If you want to overcome German trade, you should work more.

**BALFOUR:** But, my dear White, that would lower our standard of living. And would it not be simpler to go to war at once? It may be the only way to maintain our supremacy.

This colloquy took place shortly after the Algieras Conference.

The conference drew the battle lines of the World War and revealed Germany's isolation to the world. England and Russia reinforced by Italy, sided with France at this conference, although Italy remained a member of the Triple Alliance.

Germany found herself alone except for Austria. Unhappily for her, Austrian loyalty proved more expensive than the enmity of the others.

Even before the conference opened, France, England and Spain had partitioned Morocco by a secret treaty, with the connivance of Russia and Italy. The conference itself was an empty gesture. There was also the element of personal treachery. The Spanish Ambassador at Paris, Leon y Castillo, Marquis del Muni, was a most intimate friend of his German colleague, Prince Radolin, favorite of Buelow and slave of Holstein. Prince Radolin confided to him the intricacies and complexities of Germany's policy in Morocco. The Marquis promptly repeated the Ambassador's confidences to the French. The French knew from him and from certain other indiscretions, that the Kaiser was determined to avert war, and acted accordingly. True, Delcassé's head had fallen in the meantime, but it was a barren victory. The conference was the greatest diplomatic disaster in the history of pre-war Germany. The Kaiser gained the odious reputation of being a trouble-maker and a sabre-rattler.

No one suspected, until the archives were opened and diplomatic papers blew about the world in the storms of the post-war period, that William's visit to Tangier had been forced upon him, over his protest, by his Chancellor.

William II, in the troublous days that followed, never "spilled the beans" about his visit to Tangier. Though accused of loquacity by his enemies, he could be discretion itself. How carefully he could nurture a secret, no matter at what price in suffering to himself, was revealed by an episode which almost led to his abdication ten years before 1918. The concerted assault at home and abroad upon him in connection with the notorious *Daily Telegraph* interview left in his heart a wound, deep and abiding, that has not healed to this day. The episode marks a turning point in his life; he was never the same after the shock.

William was pictured before the world as a liar and a braggart, his enemies pointed their fingers at him with laughter and jibes. Among those who led these jeers and sneers stood his Chancellor, Prince Buelow, the one man in the world who knew that the Kaiser had neither lied nor boasted, and that he had in no way exceeded his constitutional limitations.

The story of how William almost lost his crown through a venture in journalism, cannot be told without exploring certain antecedent cir-





The Diplomatic Corps awaiting the Kaiser on the quay  
at Tangier



The Kaiser riding through Tangier

THE  
**GERMAN EMPEROR**  
 AND  
**ENGLAND.**

PERSONAL INTERVIEW.

FRANK STATEMENT  
 OF  
 WORLD POLICY.

PROOFS OF FRIENDSHIP

We have received the following communication from a source of such unimpeachable authority that we can without hesitation commend the obvious message which it conveys to the attention of the public.

Discretion is the first and last quality requisite in a diplomatist, and should still be observed by those who, like myself, have long passed from public into private life. Yet moments sometimes occur in the history of nations when a calculated indiscretion proves of the highest public service, and it is for that reason that I have decided to make known the substance of a lengthy conversation which it was my recent privilege to have with his Majesty the German Emperor. I do so in the hope that it may help to remove that obstinate misconception of the character of the Kaiser's feelings towards England which, I fear, is deeply rooted in the ordinary Englishman's breast. It is the Emperor's sincere wish that it should be eradicated. He has given repeated proofs of his desire by word and deed. But, to speak frankly, his patience is sorely tried, now that he finds himself so continually misrepresented, and has so often experienced the mortification of finding that any momentary improvement of relations is followed by renewed outbursts of prejudice, and a prompt return to the old attitude of suspicion.

As I have said, his Majesty honoured me with a long conversation, and spoke with impulsive and unusual frankness. "You English," he said, "are mad, mad, mad as March hares. What has come over you that you are

uppermost in his mind—his proved friendship for England. "I have referred," he said, "to the speeches in which I have done all that a Sovereign can to proclaim my goodwill. But, as actions speak louder than words, let me also refer to my acts. It is commonly believed in England that throughout the South African War Germany was hostile to her. German opinion undoubtedly was hostile—bitterly hostile. The Press was hostile; private opinion was hostile. But what of official Germany? Let my critics ask themselves what brought to a sudden stop, and, indeed, to absolute collapse, the European tour of the Boer delegates who were striving to obtain European intervention? They were feted in Holland; France gave them a rapturous welcome. They wished to come to Berlin, where the German people would have crowned them with flowers. But when they asked me to receive them—I refused. The agitation immediately died away, and the delegation returned empty-handed. Was that, I ask, the action of a secret enemy?"

"Again, when the struggle was at its height, the German Government was invited by the Governments of France and Russia to join with them in calling upon England to put an end to the war. The moment had come, they said, not only to save the Boer Republics, but also to humiliate England to the dust. What was my reply? I said that so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to put pressure upon England and bring about her downfall, Germany would always keep aloof from politics that could bring her into complications with a Sea Power like England. Posterity will one day read the exact terms of the telegram—now in the archives of Windsor Castle—in which I informed the Sovereign of England of the answer I had returned to the Powers which then sought to compass her fall. Englishmen who now insult me by doubting my word should know what were my actions in the hour of their adversity."

"Nor was that all. Just at the time of your Black Week, in the December of 1899, when disasters followed one another in rapid succession, I received a letter from Queen Victoria, my revered grandmother, written in sorrow and affliction, and bearing manifest traces of the anxieties which were preying upon her mind and health. I at once returned a sympathetic reply. Nay, I did more. I bade one of my officers procure for me as exact an account as he could obtain of the number of combatants in South Africa on both sides, and of the actual position of the opposing forces. With the figures before me, I worked out what I considered to be the best plan of campaign under the circumstances, and submitted it to my General Staff for their criticism. Then I despatched it to England, and that document, likewise, is among the State papers at Windsor Castle, awaiting the serenely impartial verdict of history. And, as a matter of curious coincidence, let me add that the plan which I formu-

The Interview that upset the world

cumstances. It cannot be told fully without probing the problem of Anglo-German relations. For the present purpose it is sufficient to begin with the events of January 3, 1896 when the Emperor's historic telegram to President Krueger set the whole world agog.

From Napoleon's day until the third day of January of that fateful year, England maintained the tradition of being Germany's benevolent neighbor. That benevolence was occasionally tempered by commercial jealousies, naval rivalries and by divergent policies and dynastic bickerings. But these disagreements were largely quarrels between friends. In the difficult period of the Boer War, judging by the public and private avowals of some of her statesmen, England yearned for an alliance with Germany. Unfortunately, England's world interests were so diversified that it was difficult for the English government to make any covenant without devious reservations. The knowledge of these reservations dampened William's enthusiasm for an Anglo-German entente.

The German people, less versed in world politics than their Emperor, were not keen about a pact with Great Britain. Holstein was unwilling to tie his hands in any event. Public opinion was excited by the plight of Germany's fellow-racials in South Africa. The Germans did not realize that they were more closely allied in blood and in spirit with the British than with the Boers. The "Teutonic fury" which even the Romans feared had been aroused against England.

During the Boer War, hawkers in Berlin sold cuspidors decorated with pictures of Chamberlain, Great Britain's Colonial Minister. The newspapers printed cartoons picturing President Krueger as a smith, knocking the head of the Kaiser's grandmother, the aged Queen Victoria, with a hammer. Columns were devoted to lurid discussions of British "atrocities" in South Africa. Even in the years preceding the war, German sentiment was overwhelmingly against England. Baron Marschall, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, decided to let the anti-British winds that swept German sentiment before them swell his sails, to overcome with one master stroke his own unpopularity, and enhance the prestige of the Kaiser. Marschall's view prevailed. Hohenlohe, the Kaiser's uncle by marriage, Buelow's predecessor, was Chancellor, but his frail aristocratic hands did not grasp the reins very firmly.

On the morning of January 3, 1896, when he arrived in Berlin from Potsdam, William received an urgent message from Marschall asking him to call at the Foreign Office. Marschall jubilantly submitted to the Emperor the first draft of the historic Krueger dispatch. When Wil-

liam, scenting the reaction in England, objected strenuously, Marschall enlisted the aid of Chancellor Hohenlohe. The Prince urged his sovereign to sign the message. Holstein, whose part in the proceedings is somewhat obscure, managed to evade responsibility as usual. Overwhelmed by the unanimity of his constitutional advisers, William, after suggesting some verbal ameliorations, bowed to the Chancellor's wish. There was, as a matter of fact, nothing else for him to do unless he desired to provoke a crisis in the cabinet and in the Foreign Office.

The dispatch, addressed to Krueger, President of the Boer Republic of South Africa, expressed the Emperor's sincere congratulations that "Oom Paul had restored order by his own exertions without appealing to friendly powers to help" in the face of the "armed horde which was invading and disturbing the peace," and felicitated the old man on maintaining the independence of his country against "foreign aggression." It was signed: "Wilhelm, Emperor Rex."

The message was evoked by the armed raid on the Boer Republic, inspired by the great empire-builder Cecil Rhodes and led by Dr. Jameson, an English physician. Two men, John Hays Hammond, the distinguished American mining engineer, and Cecil Rhodes' brother were arrested as conspirators and tried for treason by the Boers. Justification for the uprising was the intolerable repression of the enterprising "Uitlanders" by the bigoted Boers, but the impetus behind the movement was England's urge for colonial expansion.

William's telegram, however reluctantly sent, was technically correct. The German Emperor had a perfect right to congratulate the head of a friendly nation on squelching a rebellion. England was not then a belligerent. Nevertheless, the telegram twisted the tail of the British lion excruciatingly. It made the Emperor popular in his own country, but it did not save the Boers.

In London the windows of the German Club were smashed. But more than glass was broken. The tradition of Anglo-German amity collapsed. What had formerly been whispered only in the clubs, except for an indiscreet editorial in the *Saturday Review*, then edited by Frank Harris, was now blazoned forth. War with Germany became a familiar subject. Hate raised its head and the conviction gained ground that Germany must be destroyed. "Delenda est Germania."

Neither Hohenlohe nor his successors were able to regain England's confidence. The incident rendered even more difficult Germany's momentous task of holding an even balance between England and Russia.

Whenever England's hostility became too overt, William dashed over the Channel to save the straddling policy of his Chancellor from ruin. The Kaiser's visits became recognized as part of the machinery of the Wilhelmstrasse.

In judging the Kaiser's actions in this critical period, it should be remembered that England was divided on the South African issue. Queen Victoria, reluctant to sacrifice British blood and treasure to the policies envisaged by the empire builders, as the Kaiser testified through *Ereignisse und Gestalten*, was herself opposed to the impending African conflict. She candidly detested Chamberlain. If William had not suspected his grandmother's attitude, he would have objected even more vigorously than he did to dispatching Marschall's ill-fated telegram. Sentiment against the South African policy of the British Government, even after the commencement of hostilities, ran high in England. One of its most militant opponents was the man destined to save England in the World War—Lloyd George.

William loved his grandmother with extraordinary intensity, his affection for England was subject to the cross-currents and counter-currents engendered in the human heart by thwarted affection. Never forgetting that he was the grandson of Queen Victoria, William remembered no less vividly that his mother, the Princess Royal, had wrought havoc with his youth. His peculiar relationship with his mother, based on love and hate, parallels his relations with England. Nevertheless, the voice of the blood in his heart clamored for England again and again.

There were times when William thought of himself as an Englishman and behaved like an Englishman. Even when he criticized England, he merely exercised the independence of mind which the Englishman regards as his most cherished heritage. William was charmed by the world-wide horizon of English policies; he observed with wonder the power of the British Empire; he was proud of being an Admiral of the British Navy, and prouder still of his skill in his mother's tongue.

The Kaiser loved British country life, which contrasted pleasantly with the Prussian habits. After an official visit, he loved to linger in England and to mingle with English society for intimate exchanges of thought. Occasionally, he eschewed the splendors of Windsor for the genial atmosphere of Highcliffe House, which belonged to the worthy Colonel Montague Stuart-Wortley.

Around the hearth in the great hall of Highcliffe House, an informal company of landlords, officers, and scholars, while imbibing their cherished port, would frankly advise the Kaiser of the revolution in British sentiment precipitated by his message to Krueger. William, thoroughly alarmed by the antipathy of the governing classes, depicted his struggle to create an understanding of British customs in Germany and stressed the intensity of his personal desire to see England emerge victorious from the South African conflict. Colonel Stuart-Wortley's guests hung on the Emperor's lips. Their anger melted.

William spoke freely—perhaps too freely. His candor, flattering to his hosts, accounts in part for their amicable reaction. When, three weeks later, William prepared to return, the English assembled in Highcliffe House were his friends, but the large body of public opinion in England was still violently anti-German. "Would it not," the admirable Colonel Stuart-Wortley respectfully ventured, "be advisable to publish Your Majesty's remarks in form of an interview to allay the alarm and the hostility of the public?"

The idea appealed to the imperial guest. He consented in principle and the amiable Stuart-Wortley began to exercise his labored pen. These revelations, the Colonel felt, would reverse British sentiment in favor of the Kaiser. No amenity was neglected. The Colonel dutifully submitted his manuscript to the Emperor for revision in accordance with the proprieties before he took the article to the *Daily Telegraph*. The interview appeared on October 28, 1908, with the announcement that the communication had been received "from a source of unquestionable authority."

Dazzled by the Kaiser's personal magnetism, poor Stuart-Wortley had completely misjudged the effect of the Emperor's revelations in England. The Emperor had accepted Stuart-Wortley's judgment so far as England was concerned and had completely miscalculated the echo elsewhere. It reverberates to this day. The effect could not have been more terrific if Stuart-Wortley had exploded a bomb in every foreign office. The world held its breath. Everywhere windows crashed. Instead of pleasing the English, the article trod on their corns. It was equally offensive to the Boers, the Dutch, the French, the Russians, the Japanese and the Germans. It won sympathy in no quarter. It was an irreparable blunder.

William told too many tales out of school. He revealed a Franco-Russian conspiracy to humble Great Britain and save the Boers. The

Emperor, it seems, had spurned the offer and revealed the plot to his grandmother. This revelation was greeted neither in Russia nor in France with satisfaction. It led, indeed, to indignant denials.

The Kaiser had portrayed himself as England's only friend in Germany. This admission was singularly maladroit. The greater the truth, the greater the damage. Still faithful to his adviser, he had not told the origin of the Krueger dispatch, but he attempted to neutralize its effect by an astounding tale. Alarmed by British losses in Africa, he himself had drawn up a plan of campaign against the Boers, submitted it to the General Staff, and dispatched it to Queen Victoria. The original, it was hinted, reposed in Windsor Castle. By a curious coincidence, the Kaiser's plan closely resembled the strategy successfully adopted by Lord Roberts. The obvious, if unintentional, conclusion was that it was not Lord Roberts but the Kaiser who had conquered England's enemies in South Africa. This boast was unpalatable to the English. It aggrieved the Boers and infuriated the Germans. To the Kaiser's own countrymen it seemed a base betrayal of his co-racials in South Africa.

Still more indiscretions emerged from Stuart-Wortley's nest of bees. William had vouchsafed to him an explanation for Germany's naval increases. William, it seemed was not building against England but against certain perils in the Far East and in the Pacific, a statement that, without placating the British, roused unpleasant reverberations in Asia.

The Emperor's remarks, effective as personal confidences, could not be restated publicly without arousing violent antagonism. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, considering William's claims a personal attack, could hardly be dissuaded from returning to the Kaiser the Order of the Red Eagle. In the House of Commons, the question was asked: if it were true that a plan of operations against the Boers, worked out by William II was preserved at Windsor Castle? The Ministry indignantly denied the imputation. Peals of hilarious laughter shook the House when the grandson of Queen Victoria was branded as a braggart and a liar.

There is not the slightest reason for doubting the Kaiser's word. He did prepare a military plan, which he modestly called a collection of "aphorisms," and dispatched it forthwith to Windsor Castle. After that its fate is obscure. Perhaps it disappeared in the files of some ministry. The fateful document may have been lost through some blunder or sidetracked on purpose before or after it reached army headquarters. It seems incredible that a plan, however informal, suggested by the

Commander-in-Chief of the greatest army in Europe, the favorite grandson of Britain's queen and scrutinized, if not approved, by a member of the most astute General Staff, was not called to the attention of the military authorities and that it was dismissed without serious discussion.

Embarrassing everywhere, in Germany the publication of the imperial interview was a major catastrophe. William's following crumbled. The Iron Chancellor triumphed in the grave. Bismarck dead, had won his long duel with William living! The whole nation averted its face in exasperation from William. From the extreme Right to the extreme Left, rose a single outburst of rage.

In the Reichstag a conservative deputy, Liebermann von Sonnenberg, publicly announced that the Kaiser's behavior was "un-German." The Emperor's Jewish friend, Albert Ballin, head of the H.A.P.A.G., advised William to abandon a projected visit to Hamburg to avoid "hostile demonstrations." The paragraph protecting the sovereign from libel was disregarded by general consent. Newspapers, dwelling on William's unfitness for his high destiny, demanded his abdication.

The whole world watched the singular spectacle of an emperor hurled almost overnight from the height of popularity to the uttermost depth of execration. The world did not know the personal and political undercurrents in Germany, the camerillas and conspiracies against William, the duplicity of his advisers, the unreliability of his friends. It seemed as if there were no monarchists left in Germany. A peaceful people turned overnight into a pack of savage hyenas, only waiting for an opportunity to leap upon the unfortunate William.

When one faithful parliamentarian, Oldenburg-Januschau, proposed to make a speech in defense of the Kaiser, the leader of his ultra-reactionary parliamentary group replied in a sepulchral voice: "Oldenburg, give it up—you will only injure yourself and us."

"Very well," retorted Oldenburg, "then I shall withdraw from the Party and speak for myself."

The old Junker made up in loyalty what he lacked in tact. Oldenburg's speech, more trenchant than diplomatic, wound up with a pointed allusion to Germany's five million soldiers.

But sentiment could not be budged. One of Oldenburg's colleagues exclaimed: "finis Germaniae" in the Reichstag. Three days later, Harden orated in the *Zukunft*: "The crisis of the Kaiser has become



apparent to all; there is no instance in modern history of a man who so signally destroyed all faith in his ability to discharge even the simplest task. Will the Kaiser and King give up the throne? He is free to choose. But he should not dodge the fact that his compatriots are now hostile to him; no chancellor, old or new, can remain in power unless he assures the public of the Kaiser's authority of unvarying discretion in the future. Germany and the House of Hohenzollern must exact this pledge from him now or it will be too late."

All eyes turned toward the Imperial Palace. If the voluble monarch had no word to say in his defense, he was a self-confessed bankrupt politically. But no word, no sign emerged from the Palace. The Kaiser was silent. Silence shrouded his entourage. The eyes of the Empress were red with weeping. But still the silence continued. Even the Emperor's few friends were taken aback. His Chancellor was equally tongue-tied. The Emperor's silence could only be a token of guilt or of superhuman self-control—a virtue not generally imputed to William.

William's silence is the most fantastic chapter in his whole history. He did not have to be silent. There was much he could say; enough to make feathers fly. It was only gradually that the true story of the *Daily Telegraph* affair with all its extraordinary details sifted through layers of falsehood. William himself, motivated by a false sense of loyalty, protected the state secret with his person. Even today it is not generally known that William's utterances at Highcliffe House were not hasty improvisations, but were approved, if not inspired, by Buelow. Every night after retiring, the Kaiser sat at his desk and dutifully reported to the Chancellor word for word of what he had said at Stuart-Wortley's fireside. In return William received long letters from the Chancellor with specific suggestions for more revelations.

Prince Buelow's responsibility for the interview was more pronounced than the Kaiser's. The *Daily Telegraph* interview appeared on October 28th, but ten months sooner, in January 1908, the *Strand Magazine* in London had published an article which paralleled the utterances attributed by Colonel Stuart-Wortley to his imperial guest. This article, which somehow attracted almost no attention, was written by Buelow's London agent, an English journalist named Bashford. Its publication was sanctioned by the Chancellor. It was not public knowledge until after the War that the publication of the *Daily Telegraph* interview had been duly authorized by the German Foreign

Office and by the Chancellor. This fact releases William from the charge of irresponsible meddling with the policies of his advisers; it does not mitigate his errors of judgment.

When Colonel Stuart-Wortley submitted the draft of his article to the Kaiser for approval, William immediately sent it to Buelow with the request to examine it closely and to make all necessary revision. Relying on his advisers, he hardly glanced at the script.

Prince Buelow was disporting himself at the seashore at Norderney. What then did this faithful servant of His Majesty do? He himself explained it afterwards to his wife, the Principessa: "I have no time to read everything this fellow sends me." She, in turn, related this explanation to the wife of her dentist! Whatever Buelow's excuse may have been, he passed the article to a subordinate official of the Foreign Office. This official, reading with shy and anxious reverence the words put into the Kaiser's mouth by the Colonel, did not venture to suggest any alteration in the monarch's utterances. Assuming that the general effect of the interview had been carefully considered by both the Emperor and his Chancellor, and remembering doubtless the article in the *Strand Magazine*, he saw no objection to its publication.

Buelow returned it to the Kaiser with his endorsement. Having conscientiously fulfilled the duty of consulting his minister, imposed upon him as a constitutional monarch, William released the wretched concoction. Burdened with other labors, he did not himself examine the interview before it proceeded upon its fatal journey across the Channel.

How did Prince Buelow, that knight without fear or reproach, act when popular indignation threatened to sweep his Imperial master from the throne? Did he interpose his person like a shield between the monarch and his enemies? On the contrary. The sophisticated poltroon in the chancellory hastened to hide his own incompetence behind the purple. The official gazette of the Foreign Office, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, published a lame explanation. The public learned that the Chancellor technically accepted responsibility for the unfortunate interview. The manuscript was written so illegibly on such indescribably bad paper that Prince Buelow, overwhelmed with other affairs of state, had instructed a subordinate to decipher and scrutinize its contents. This left the responsibility for its release in the air, but inferentially, at least, exculpated the Chancellor.

After making the declaration, Buelow hastened to the Kaiser and advised the monarch, crushed by the avalanche of hostile criticism, to leave the capital for a time. It was the same fateful advice which the Kaiser received and, to his own misfortune, followed in 1918. The Chancellor assured William that he, the clever Buelow, would pour oil on the turbulent waters.

The Kaiser, refusing to make Buelow his scapegoat, made no attempt to evade responsibility. He did not remind Buelow of the extent to which the interview reflected the Chancellor's own policies, nor did he blame him for authorizing its publication. William took it for granted that Buelow would extricate him somehow from his predicament. He had heaped many honors upon the Chancellor's head. There was no question in William's mind that Buelow would pay the debt of gratitude, if necessary with the sacrifice of his portfolio. He hoped that the Chancellor's agile mind would find a way to avoid such a catastrophe.

"You'll pull us through?" he asked hopefully.

Buelow turned upon the Kaiser an encouraging smile, such as doctors have for their patients.

"Your Majesty may rely on me."

It was arranged that the Emperor was to pay a visit to Franz Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Francis Joseph. After that he was to spend a few days with his friend, Prince Fuerstenberg in the Castle of Donaueschingen. The storm clouds would be dissipated by Buelow while the Emperor lingered in the remoteness of the Black Forest. The following day, under a downpour of hostile glances, William left his capital, like a fugitive.

After a brief sojourn with the Austrian heir, the Emperor repaired to Donaueschingen. His face was ashen, his eyes sunken. The sudden surge of popular hatred shattered a world of illusion. It was tragic enough for a powerful sovereign to be branded as a liar unjustly, with no one knightly enough to pick up the gauntlet for him. But it was a spiritual catastrophe to find oneself hated by one's own people after twenty years of conscientious devotion to duty.

At Donaueschingen the Emperor spent the saddest days of his life. Nothing had prepared him for the upflare of antagonism. Reports from Berlin became more and more confusing. Rumors of abdication, deposition, revolution, insurrection, circled over his head like black vultures.

Prince Fuerstenberg, his host, made several ghastly attempts to divert his imperial guest with gaieties. The Emperor, overcoming his emotional nausea, tried to enjoy the robust fare offered for his amusement at Fuerstenberg's hunts and stag parties, but he was not successful. For the first time, the "young Emperor"—for such he was to all Europe—began to show signs of aging. Grief sprinkled gray like ashes in his hair. But court life had to go on. Fuerstenberg arranged a cabaret.

It was the evening of November 14, 1908. At eight o'clock the Emperor, entering the brilliantly lighted ballroom, forced himself to laugh at the rough entertainment. The last number, the climax of the evening, was a solo dance.

Ghost-like, grotesque, a heavy, wrinkled old face, grimacing through a mask of cosmetics, emerged into the limelight. Fair, false curls hung down luxuriously over withered shoulders. The ballerina was an elderly man who assumed the masquerade in the hope of bringing a smile to the stern features of the disconsolate monarch. That old man was General Dietrich von Huelsen, Chief of the Military Cabinet.

Von Huelsen dances in a little skirt, exposing a masculine chest above and thick legs below. Hairy calves fly through the air. The Emperor's entourage doubles up with laughter. The ballerina, making a low curtsy tosses a flower with mock modesty at the Kaiser's feet. Merriment, more hysterical than genuine, rewards the tripping gait.

Suddenly the dancer's smile freezes into a mask. The features assume a bluish hue. He exits. Behind the stage, he gasps for air. Too late! General von Huelsen, aged fifty-six, Chief of the Military Cabinet and military aide to the Emperor, has danced himself to death! A stroke ends von Huelsen's life. His demise adds a macabre touch to the tragedy at Donaueschingen.

Distorted tales of the monarch's frivolous diversions fly through Germany. While the body of the dancing General is lowered to the grave, political passion rises high in Berlin. Holstein, himself with one foot in the grave, half insane with rage at his recent dismissal, bursts into terrific activity. In his element, once more, he conspires with Buelow. The day, his day and Buelow's, has at last arrived. It is within the Chancellor's power to dethrone William II. If he remains, he will be Emperor, not by the grace of God, but by grace of Buelow!

Buelow adroitly extricated himself by transferring the entire odium

for the interview to his imperial master. A cad always has an advantage in dealing with a gentleman. He knows the gentleman will live up to his code. The cad will do likewise. Between the two—the cad wins.

Buelow knew that the Kaiser would not betray his secret. The history of the interview was so involved that the truth would never gain credence. Fortune, with loaded dice, favored Buelow. The correspondence between Buelow and the Kaiser when the latter was the guest of Colonel Stuart-Wortley at Highcliffe House mysteriously disappeared from the files of the Wilhelmstrasse.

The Kaiser, still unsuspecting of Buelow's intention, and relying on his resourcefulness, expected the Chancellor to clear him before his people. The atmosphere on November tenth, when the Reichstag met, was tense. Interpolations fluttered continuously.irate questions were tossed at government benches. Indignation, feeding upon eloquence, mounted higher with every speech.

At last Prince Buelow, sombre and mournful, appeared on the tribune. Now was his chance to save the Kaiser, shame the devil and publish the truth. But England was too unpopular and Buelow loved popularity too much. The Chancellor breathed deeply, then before the eyes of the gaping world, dealt William a blow, less fatal, but no less crushing than that dealt by Brutus to Caesar. Unctuously, the honorable Chancellor reiterated once more that he accepted formal responsibility for the fateful interview and stood squarely behind his subordinates.

"How noble!" ejaculated the Reichstag.

"How chivalrous! How splendid!" repeated the nation.

The publication of this interview, Prince Buelow admitted, had failed to have the effect anticipated by His Majesty in England. In view of the profound agitation created and painful regrets in German, evoked by the interview, he had received assurance from His Majesty that "hereafter the Emperor would preserve, even in his private utterances, the reserve which is indispensable to a unified policy and the authority of the crown." Thus Buelow muzzled the Emperor and placed a fool's cap on his head! But for this, the Chancellor added, "neither I nor my successors would be able to support the responsibility of office."

No word of his criminal negligence, no attempt to shoulder the burden. Instead of defending his sovereign, the Chancellor suddenly pretended to become the champion of constitutional government against

a garrulous autocrat. Buelow saved his skin, but the monarchy received a blow from which it never recovered.

Buelow resolutely suppressed another notorious interview given by the Kaiser to the late William Bayard Hale. Purchasing the sheets of the *Century Magazine*, in which the interview was scheduled to appear, the German Government collected them on board a German warship and dropped them into the ocean where it is deepest. Here, too, fate—or the duplicity of men—cheated the Kaiser. Hale had kept a copy of the interview. By some sleight of hand, never fully explained, it was published shortly afterward in the *New York World*.

It is obvious that the Chancellor had adopted the expedient of using the Emperor as a sounding board for the policies of the Foreign Office. When the stratagem failed, he sacrificed William. It seemed to William as if the world and his own people were conspiring against him. It was in this mood, wrestling with himself and the dark angel of despair, that he summoned Crown Prince William to his bedside.

“My son,” the Emperor asked, “do you wish to take my place?”

Crown Prince William says of this interview:

“I realized that my father’s stern sense of duty, which governs all his actions, would reassert itself on the morrow, that on due reflection he would prefer to bear manfully the burden which destiny had placed upon his head. An emperor’s crown is sometimes spiked with thorns! I also realized that under my father’s reign Germany had reached the acme of power and wealth and that the storm which threatened now would subside. It was not sportsmanlike to accept an offer born of temporary discouragement and despair.

“I refused.”

After a few days the Kaiser recovered from his nervous breakdown, but something within him was broken beyond repair.

What was William’s reaction to Buelow’s betrayal? Not a sound emerged from the Palace. No one, except his wife and his eldest son knew the havoc wrought in William’s soul by Buelow’s treason. Too proud to quarrel with his first servant, the Emperor tried to convince himself that Buelow had taken the only course politically feasible. But his confidence in his Chancellor was shattered. With it, unfortunately was shattered William’s confidence in himself.

On November 17th, William, once more completely master of himself, received Buelow. He knew that he had been tricked and betrayed, although he did not realize the nakedness of the betrayal. He also knew that at the moment retaliation was futile. Even had he been disposed to quarrel with Buelow, he could not, at the moment, dismiss the Chancellor—borne higher than ever on the waves of public approval. After the meeting between the Emperor and Chancellor, the following, clumsily worded, bulletin appeared in the official gazettes:

In the audience accorded today to the Chancellor, His Majesty, the Emperor and King, listened for several hours to a report from Prince von Buelow. The Imperial Chancellor described the sentiment aroused by the *Daily Telegraph* interview and explained the position he had assumed in reply to parliamentary interpolations. His Majesty received the Chancellor's remarks and explanation with great seriousness and announced his decision as follows: "Undisturbed by the unjustified excesses of public criticism, His Majesty regards it as his most important imperial duty to preserve the continuity of the Empire's policy and constitutional responsibilities. His Majesty, therefore, endorses the statement of the Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag and assures Prince Buelow of his continued confidence."

What if the Kaiser had rejected Buelow's explanation? Any attempt to dismiss Buelow might have been the signal for revolution. The nation regarded Buelow as its defender against absolutism. Bloated by conceit, Buelow displayed the pettiness of his character by undermining the monarch's prestige in every possible way. When, five weeks after the November scandal, an inconspicuous notice in the newspapers stated that the Kaiser had "instructed" the Foreign Office to acknowledge a greeting by President Castro of Venezuela, the Chancellor immediately announced that the word "instructed" was inappropriate, since it was the Wilhelmstrasse, and not William that decided what form of acknowledgment should be sent to a foreign ruler.

Buelow used his new power ungenerously, but not ably. The strong ramparts he had seized with so much subtle strategy did not long remain in his hands. In a debate on finances a few months after the scandal, the Chancellor found himself helplessly at the mercy of the Reichstag. According to the constitution of the German Empire, the Chancellor was responsible to the Kaiser, not to the Reichstag. But the Kaiser's support, formerly a tower of strength, failed him. William had turned from Buelow.

Buelow did not give up without a struggle. Swallowing his conceit, he went to the Kaiser and begged him for some token of personal friendship "for the good of the Empire." William's face stiffened. He pursed his lips. But, after Buelow abjectly apologized, William forgave his erring Chancellor. Persuaded that duty required compliance and unaware of the abysses of Buelow's baseness, he accepted the Chancellor's invitation, dined at his house, kissed the hand of the Princess and laughed at the Chancellor's jests.

The comedy was repeated week after week. William was too proud to acknowledge in public, or even to himself in the privacy of his study, how deeply he had been hurt by the Prince's betrayal. But Buelow's position was now seriously impaired. Even the public displays of imperial favor could no longer save him, partly because Buelow's machinations had weakened the imperial prestige. Overpowered by an amazingly hostile majority, Buelow faced sudden shipwreck.

Six months after the November storm, the Reichstag, growing cockier with every victory, rejected Buelow's financial reform. It was clear now that Buelow must go the way of Caprivi and Bismarck. Again the Kaiser revealed his innate generosity. He bestowed solicitously all available honors upon the departing Premier.

Even after Buelow's fall, William held his tongue and his peace. That was a fatal mistake, but his sense of imperial dignity made it impossible to engage in controversy with a subject, and to acknowledge how his confidence had been abused. Here and there, shyly, the truth raised its head, but the Chancellor's enemies received no encouragement from the Kaiser.



## THE SEX OF NATIONS

"IF RUSSIA rejected William's advances, why did he not," the Prosecutor scornfully asked, "consistently woo Great Britain? Why did he not seize the opportunity of a close alliance when his revered grandmother was on the throne? Why did he reject the blandishments of Great Britain? Four British statesmen offered alliances to Germany. In each case Berlin spurned the offer. I refer to Rosebery's offer between 1893 and 1894. At that time England wanted some sort of neutrality pact for mutual security from France. In 1895 Salisbury made a different approach, coupled with a suggestion for the partition of Turkey. In the years between 1898 and 1901, Joseph Chamberlain again stretched out a friendly hand, not only once, but three times, to be three times rejected. Lord Lansdowne, walking in Chamberlain's steps, attempted to entice Germany into an alliance with Great Britain and Japan. Again England's advances were rebuffed.

"Even after the conclusion of the Entente, Haldane in 1912, wrestled desperately with the German Foreign Office for a naval understanding. Even Sir Edward Grey, the *bête noire* of German diplomacy, made valuable concessions to William shortly before the outbreak of the war, in the hope, frustrated by Germany's delays and suspicions, of assuring the peace of Europe. The Bagdad Railway and an option to the Portuguese Colonies, opportunities to intensify the German sphere of interest both in the Near and in the Far East, were in Germany's grasp, but the Kaiser or his advisers looked the gift horse too long in the mouth. The great opportunity passed.

"After the death of Queen Victoria several other overtures died still-born. William's unreasonableness, his personal quarrels with his uncle, vitiated all attempts to reach an understanding. Even the Emperor's most friendly biographer, Carl Friedrich Nowak, admits that the most serious blunder of the imperial regime was its failure to come to terms with Great Britain. Nowak chides the Kaiser's advisers, but it is obvious where the blame belongs. William himself was guilty. His tactlessness, his shilly-shallying, made impossible a union which would have guaranteed for a century the peace of the world."

"Most historians," countered the Attorney for the Defense, "fail to

emphasize that Germany, in turn, made numerous attempts to come to an understanding with England, which were scorned or ignored in London. The two nations were constantly wooing each other, but each time blunder, accident, misunderstanding, intrigue, red tape, or the exigencies of empire, intervened. It was a case of 'Love's Labor Lost.' Like the unhappy sweethearts of Heine's poem:

*Sie konnten zusammen nicht kommen,  
Das Wasser war viel zu tief . . .*

"Propositions and counter-propositions were made by both London and Berlin. Each side played for its own advantage and each side, at times, played false. The English suggestions were not always ingenuous. William, while not unwilling to be 'England's sword on the Continent of Europe,' demanded for Germany 'a place in the sun.' Blunders and dishonesties in both camps, intrigues and counter-intrigues, claims and counter-claims, misunderstandings and deliberate perversions, blocked the path to an understanding. There were constitutional difficulties and the inborn disinclination of the English to commit themselves in black and white.

"Anglo-German relations were too complex to be disposed of in a phrase. Many different elements entered that changed the situation almost from day to day. In the flux and flow of policies and governments there was more than one moment when even a formal agreement with England might have been possible. But it is doubtful if Holstein, to whom the idea of tying his hands was intolerable, would have accepted a formal treaty of alliance. In the Kaiser's mind there was always the spectre of a Russian invasion. 'Of what avail,' he said, 'will be the entire British Navy against an attack on East Prussia?'

"German-British relations were complicated further," William's Counsel admitted, "by the curious antagonism between Queen Victoria's eldest son and her favorite grandson, of which we shall hear more anon, and by the blundering tactics of diplomats in Berlin and London."

There was a rustle in the Court Room as all spectators craned their necks to look at William II and Edward VII. Edward, with a professional smile that could not quite hide his embarrassment, turned to his royal mother. But Queen Victoria, gazing into the eyes of her consort,

did not notice her son. The Kaiser, approaching impulsively, kissed his grandmother's hand.

In the cross examination that followed various royal persons gave their testimony. It was obvious that, although they held strong opinions on every subject, they were never in the confidence of their Foreign Offices; they certainly never controlled them. Even mighty monarchs are pawns in the hands of their ministers.

Among the royal witnesses was she of whom William speaks to this day as "the Great Queen," and his mother, her daughter Victoria. Edward VII and his son, King George V, appeared briefly. Emperor William and his brother, Prince Henry, took the stand. Cross-examined, William repeatedly interjected his own observations. The rulers of Downing Street followed: the Marquess of Salisbury (formerly Lord Robert Cecil) and his political enemy, William E. Gladstone, temperamental Archibald Earl of Rosebery, one-time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and blunt Joseph Chamberlain, one-time Minister of the Colonies.

Sir Frank Lascelles, England's Ambassador in Berlin, aroused more than one stifled laugh by the candor of his recollections. Henry Charles, Marquess of Lansdowne, recalled his attempt to create a Quintuple Entente, combining the Anglo-Japanese and the Triple Alliance. He testified that even after the outbreak of the War, he sought to end "the senseless conflict" between England and Germany. Sir Edward Grey confirmed the statement of the Prosecution that he had sought to insure the peace of Europe by yielding to Germany's demands in the Near and the Far East. He avowed that he had moved heaven and earth to prevent the World War without—he was careful to stress that fact—neglecting to take steps calculated to protect the interests of Great Britain and her Allies.

The British statesmen constantly contradicted themselves, but refused to see the inconsistency of their statements. They made no apologies for their actions. Burying personal differences in the Court Room, they painted the British Lion as the Dove of Peace. The Germans disagreed among themselves and did not conceal their differences of opinion. Prince Bismarck, imperturbable as ever, carried conviction. Prince Hohenlohe did not convey the impression of strength. The oily Buelow, the half-mad Holstein, the resolute Marschall, Count Paul von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg and Count Paul von Metternich, Germany's

Ambassadors in London, and the blunderer Eckardstein, strove to expose the curious web of Anglo-German relations. The last German witness was Friedrich Rosen, poet, globetrotter and diplomat.

Queen Victoria was not pleased by the testimony of her ministers. She constantly whispered to Albert and glanced disdainfully at Gladstone. But in the witness box no query, however adroit, succeeded in wresting from her an admission that could be distorted into a criticism of England. William II, likewise, attempted to cover with his royal shield the blunders of his advisers. After all the witnesses had spoken, the Jury was more bewildered than ever. Great statesmen, diplomats, monarchs, contradicted not merely each other but—themselves. Anglo-German relations did not resemble a pattern but a series of crazy-quilts sewn together by a platoon of demented seamstresses.

The Attorney for the Defense attempted to disentangle the strands from Wilhelmstrasse to Downing Street. "Most students of history," he remarked, "ascribe the frustration of an Anglo-German Alliance to the 'love-hate' or 'hate-love' existing between the two nations and to the mistakes of German diplomacy. We admit ambivalent flutterings in the Emperor's heart; we concede the blunders of German statesmen, Buelow's astounding lack of global perspective, Holstein's neurotic aversion to binding commitments, the tactlessness of Marschall, the misunderstandings of Germany's emissaries in London, who permitted themselves to be mesmerized by the charm of British statesmen with the same fateful abandon that has characterized so many American Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's. But we hold that this is not the whole story. The misunderstandings, the blunders, the tactlessness, the disingenuousness were not only on the German side. They were mutual.

"His Majesty, Emperor William, is fond of quoting the statement of a great Swedish statesman: *Parva cum sapientia regitur mundus!* Unfortunately it is not only lack of wisdom, but lack of honesty that is conspicuous in the conduct of nations. Both deficiencies characterize the history of Anglo-German relations. This does not imply that all the statesmen involved were either scoundrels or fools. The situation arises largely from the failure of humanity in its brief history to evolve a satisfactory international code of morals. Statesmen may do things for which ordinary men go to jail. Praise, not ignominy, is the reward of diplomatic duplicity."

"Even the Defendant," protested the Prosecutor, "does not claim for Germany the golden rose of virtue."

"I nevertheless," burst out the Emperor, "claim that we were more candid than our British cousins. Perhaps," he added—"too candid. It was an English writer who said 'manners open the doors to British society; morals those of Heaven.' The English," William continued, "have political manners, but no sense of political morality. Where the welfare of the British Empire is concerned they stand with Nietzsche beyond good and evil.

"When the British Fleet came to the regatta at Kiel as my guest immediately before the outbreak of the War, its chief purpose was to reconnoitre. In the course of conversation I remarked to the British Admiral: 'It is a pity that your country has never attempted to utilize the fact that the grandson of Queen Victoria happens to be the German Emperor. No happier constellation for the co-operation between the two countries has ever existed in History.'"

Queen Victoria nodding approval, exchanged glances with Albert. William caught the look. "The Admiral," he continued, "assented with distinguished politeness. Yet he knew at that moment that one month before this conversation, the British Admiralty had already selected the transports that were to carry Russian troops to Pomerania.

"When, after the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, I hurried back from Northern waters, information reached me from private sources that the British Navy intended to waylay me, although Germany and England were not then at war. Remembering the fate of the Danish Navy, destroyed by a British Admiral in the midst of peace, I immediately issued the secret word by wireless that called every German ship in Norwegian waters to its home port. I raced for home on the *Hohenzollern*, accompanied by a cruiser with decks cleared for action. Never," the Emperor chuckled, "had the old boat traveled so fast in her life. I escaped capture."

Here the Prosecutor objected to the evidence, as irrelevant and immaterial. The Court overruled the objection. "These reminiscences," the Presiding Justice remarked, "no matter how subjective, reveal the psychological and historical background for the decisions of the Defendant."

The Emperor, slightly annoyed by the interruption, picked up once more the thread of his argument. "The English," he reiterated, "fight

you bitterly, often with the most contemptible means, even if they entertain the highest regard for your person. At other times they ally themselves with you politically even if they despise you at heart. They would use the Italians during the War, but as one of them explained to a relative of mine, they would not shake hands with them. The Germans, on the other hand, insist upon examining closely the ethics of their bed-fellows. They refuse to make their bed, even politically, with anyone they cannot respect.

"The Anglo-Saxon," His Majesty continued, "adheres to the Ten Commandments in private life, he ignores them in politics. The German insists upon applying to his private life and his politics the same moral standard. That is not the way to succeed in politics. Nevertheless," His Majesty added, "I would not wish my people to succeed by unsavory methods. In fact I hope that they will never adopt such reprehensible policies."

Queen Victoria frowned. Albert looked non-committal. King Edward smiled sarcastically. The Prosecution called to the stand British diplomats to counteract the impressions created by William's testimony. After listening to them, Berlin's policy seemed no less reprehensible than London's.

"Trickery and equivocation," the Defense Attorney conceded, "were used in Berlin as well as in London, but the Emperor was not a part to such machinations. His deeply religious nature out-weighed his worldly wisdom."

"His advisers," snapped the Attorney for the Prosecution, toying with his perennial monocle, "were not equally handicapped."

"Lack of candor and deliberate deceit are not," the Emperor's Attorney averred, "solely responsible for the peculiar entanglements of Anglo-German diplomacy. Men seemed to work at cross purposes, not only in opposite camps, but in the same camp. The right hand never seemed to know what the left was doing. They took with the one hand what they gave with the other. The motives that actuated them were always ambivalent. Even the same men were guilty of contradictory actions."

"Perhaps there can be no absolutely unified policy, because there is no such thing as a unified personality. Even in the same individual brain, divers tendencies constantly battle for domination. The resultant of the opposing forces determines the action of the individual. That action is always a compromise. But there may be, at least, the illusion

of consistency. If one or the other of the opposing forces in the same individual remains in control, his movements will be in the same direction.

"Where powerful forces pull the same individual emotionally or mentally in different directions, his actions become unpredictable. In the presence of such a schism, it is difficult even for an individual to pursue a consistent policy. It is almost impossible to achieve uniformity where the government is in the hands of many different individuals, at war not only with themselves but with each other.

"This is what happened in London and Berlin.

"Every German and every English government was composed of opposing factions moving in contrary directions. If fortune had smiled upon the two countries, some of their contradictory forces would have cancelled each other, and the remainder would have been a force moving consistently in one direction. Such was not the case. There was no consistent course, but constant fluctuations and simultaneous movements in different directions. The stars, accident, or whatsoever governs mundane affairs, willed confusion.

"The complex situation was rendered even more complex by England's world-wide entanglements which constantly upset the calculations of British statesmen. Germany's interests were less complicated, but she had a difficulty unknown to the English. She was surrounded on every side, not by neutral seas, but by potential enemies and unreliable friends. Protected by no natural barrier, the ability to mobilize quickly was the only element of security in her position. England's far-flung Empire, Germany's menaced circumference, introduced elements which made difficult any consistent and straightforward policy between the two nations.

"Always some outside factor suddenly deranged the scale and introduced unwelcome surprises. The weight of William's personality and the powerful extra-constitutional influence of Queen Victoria immobilized some hostile forces. But the family quarrel between Edward VII and William II confounded the existing confusion. If William II and Edward VII had been friends, England and Germany might have resolved their conflicts. But the hostility between these two men was only one of the many factors determining the tragic outcome of the rough course of Anglo-German wooings.

"A brilliant improvisation at the right time by a statesman on either side, some lucky concatenation of circumstances, might have

brought the two nations together. The preponderant interests of Great Britain and the preponderant interests of the German Empire were almost identical, their differences were reconcilable. England and Germany were never more friendly in some respects than shortly before the rupture. But here, as always, somebody blundered, somebody misunderstood."

"It is peculiar," remarked the Chief Justice, "that most historians speak of Anglo-German relations in terms of a love affair with its tantrums and squabbles. Can it be that sex in one form or another determines the reactions of nations?"

This remark, made more or less offhand, led to an interesting interlude in the trial. "The Kaiser," explained his Attorney, "is the last person to drag Freud into international politics. Nevertheless, he has given voice to the theory that the antagonism and the attraction between nations may have a sexual basis. He was no doubt influenced by his friend, the celebrated anthropologist and explorer, Leo Frobenius."

"According to Frobenius," interrupted the Emperor, "not only individuals but races and civilizations are endowed with sex."

"Will not Your Majesty," the Chief Justice suggested, "explain the theory on the witness stand? It may have an important bearing on the problems involved in this trial."

William, pleased to air one of his favorite theories, readily assented.

"There are," he said in response to a question from his Attorney, "distinctly masculine and feminine civilizations. The conflict between the two explains much that has happened since the World War; it was also, possibly, at the root of the World War. It is analogous to the conflict between Culture and Civilization. Climate and geography largely condition the character and the reactions of nations. Races peopling the valleys incline to the feminine; nations from the highlands and the mountains, foster masculine attributes. Frobenius concedes the existence of 'mixed' races and 'secondary' reactions. A predominant example of 'feminine' culture is France. Germany is the chief exponent of 'masculine' culture. England represents a combination of both sexes, dominated, however, by the French or feminine component."

The Emperor, having put on his large horn spectacles, looked more like a professor addressing his students than a War Lord on trial before the High Court of History. The spectators and the Jury, relieved



by the change of subject, listened with undivided attention to the Emperor's anthropological dissertation. "Women," His Majesty continued, looking more than ever like a teacher, "are largely governed by intuition, men by reflection. The same distinction (without driving the analogy too far) exists between feminine and masculine nations. Feminine cultures and countries are governed to a large extent by instinctive general opinions swaying the masses.

"Where masculine culture prevails, the leader takes the place of the masses. Here single personalities assume control. The (feminine) French system leads to Parliamentarism based on class rule. The German, or (masculine) system is based on the personality of the leader, co-operating with the separate guilds of which the state is composed. The difference between the two systems, is the difference between the horizontal and the vertical concept. The two systems present the clash between personality and class, the antithesis between the responsible individual and the irresponsible mass.

"The influx of the French 'feminine' system into Germany, aided by the pro-Gallic tendencies of Frederick the Great, diverted the evolution of Germany into alien channels. The trouble thus engendered culminated in the collapse of November 9, 1918. Certain laws of racial harmony forbid the adoption by one culture circle of the governmental forms of another.

"The Germans, the Dutch, the Scandinavians, the Finns, the Russians, the Czechs and the Bulgars are 'masculine' people. Cradled in the East, Germany is 'the face of the East turned towards the West.' She is the Western outpost of Eurasian culture. England, France and the Mediterranean countries belong to the Atlantic sphere; this sphere, including the United States of America, is either 'feminine' or 'double-sexed.'

"In spite of the admixture of Teuton blood that courses in the ruling classes of both countries, England and France and their democratic institutions belong culturally and politically to the 'feminine' circle. It is not therefore difficult to explain their mutual sympathy. Most of the alliances of the World War were determined by similar sympathies. Russia was the only important exception. Russia, being a member of the 'masculine' Eastern group, should have been allied with Germany.

"The World War," the Emperor concluded his argument, "was monstrous because it made enemies of nations that should have been

allies and it forced into partnership representatives of distinctly antagonistic culture. Hence the confusion following in the wake of the World War and the possibility of new wars even more confusing."

"The theory," added the Attorney for the Defense, "may seem fantastic. Nevertheless vague racial factors may explain certain basic national sympathies and antagonisms. The reason for Franco-German enmity may not be political but anthropological. Similarly, certain Francophile groups in England may be swayed unconsciously by secret tribal affinities. Some such element, obscurely rooted in the sex of nations, may have bedeviled the various attempts—some honest, some half-hearted, some insincere—on the part of British and German statesmen to effect the union of London and Berlin.

"It is not a subject which I shall pursue further before the High Court of History. Even Sigmund Freud needs three years to psycho-analyze an individual; it would take ten Freuds a thousand times three years to analyze the souls of two nations."

After this excursion into anthropology, the Defense called on German statesmen to explain the innumerable factors which, at one time or another, perturbed and beclouded the relations between Germany and England. After a long cross examination, enlivened by bitter controversies among the Germans themselves, and indignant protests from British witnesses, the Defense summarized the testimony somewhat as follows:

When Germany first scanned far horizons for a place in the sun, England's attitude was discouraging. British snubs annoyed Bismarck profoundly; they induced him to encourage French colonial plans, partly to make France forget Alsace-Lorraine, partly to create a counterweight against England. There were negotiations concerning an alliance, even in Bismarck's day, but neither party quite trusted the other; neither was willing to pay the price that the other demanded.

After Bismarck's fall, the Emperor succeeded in securing Heligoland from the British, largely through the personal intervention of Queen Victoria. There was an exchange of certain African territories. The deal was advantageous to both. Bismarck, growling in Friedrichsruh, accused William of having accepted "a bathtub in the North Sea" for "two African Kingdoms." At that time Anglo-German relations became friendly indeed. England actually encouraged Italy to renew the



Family party in Coburg, ancestral home of British Royalty  
Queen Victoria, the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha,  
Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Kaiser, and Edward VII



### Nephew and Uncle

Edward VII and William II, eternal antagonists. Had they been friends the history of the world might have been different

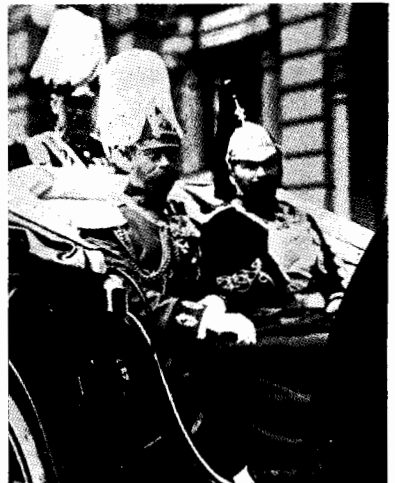


“England will remain neutral”

This message was conveyed to the Kaiser from his royal cousin King George—the word “probably” omitted



Queen Mary and Empress Augusta  
Victoria



King George V and  
Emperor William II

Berlin 1913

Triple Alliance. To a certain extent Great Britain became its silent partner.

In the spring of 1892, Lord Salisbury was succeeded by Gladstone, though he came back and remained at the helm until 1902. Gladstone's sympathies were pro-French, but his Foreign Minister, Lord Rosebery (Premier, 1894-1895) was inclined to be pro-German. When France and England were engaged in a colonial dispute, Rosebery's eyes turned longingly to Germany. In 1893 the Russian Fleet demonstrated its solidarity with France by visiting Toulon. The combination threatened England's "jugular vein" in the Mediterranean. But Germany considered an alliance too risky. Holstein quickly imposed difficult conditions. England, he insisted, must ally herself not merely with Germany, but must formally join the Triple Alliance. At a crisis in Franco-British relations, Queen Victoria personally asked the Kaiser: "Are you with us or with France, if war cannot be avoided?" The Emperor left no doubt that his sympathy was with England. The Wilhelmstrasse implored the grandson of Queen Victoria to lean backward. William was told Germany must keep an even keel between Paris and London. Before the crisis culminated in war, France yielded.

Circumstances perversely conspired against the conclusion of an Anglo-German Entente. Rosebery, rebuffed, made a pro-Russian speech. This became the basis of the British policy. There never was a time when England did not woo the Russian Bear more ardently than the Prussian Eagle. However, in 1895, Salisbury, regaining power once more, suggested an understanding with the Triple Alliance with the object of dividing the Ottoman heritage. Holstein suspected, rightly or wrongly, that Salisbury's plan was to throw an apple of discord into Europe for the purpose of starting a quarrel from which England would profit. He believed that the partition of Turkey would lead to war with Russia unless the Muscovite received his share of the plunder.

Advised by Holstein, the Kaiser—yachting off the English coast—rejected Salisbury's offer. Meanwhile the German Ambassador in London, Prince Hatzfeldt, telegraphed to Holstein that England was willing to allot to Russia a proportionate share of the loot. Holstein, reversing himself, now sent a message to the Emperor in London, urging him to accept Salisbury's advances. But a trivial misunderstanding ruined the psychological moment.

The Kaiser, who expected to leave London, had suggested that

Salisbury call on him once more the following morning. Looking upon the invitation as a formality, and chagrined by the failure of his efforts, Salisbury did not avail himself of William's offer. William, always a stickler for etiquette, regarded this omission as an affront. "I shall not," he said to himself, "run after a British Minister." The breach was never healed. The unexpected strength shown by Turkey (trained by German officers) made England less eager to come to an understanding with Germany. Salisbury, abandoning his attempt to arrive at a working agreement with the Triple Alliance, made advances to Russia and France. If Salisbury had not permitted his temper to run away with him, if William had overlooked Salisbury's discourtesy, the history of the world would have taken a different course. In all likelihood Salisbury's rudeness to his imperial visitor was in response to his—perhaps unconscious—bias against an understanding with Germany.

A study of the British Documents of the Origins of the War (1898-1914), suggests that Salisbury would not have consented to an Anglo-German Alliance, even if Germany had accepted the offers made with dubious authority by Chamberlain. It was not necessary for Salisbury to show his hand, for Holstein's pawn, William's Secretary of State, Baron von Marschall, rejected a permanent commitment. The keystone of Holstein's policy was his unshakeable conviction that the differences between England and Russia, or between England and France, were incapable of reconciliation. He maintained, not without warrant, that Germany's chief advantage was to hold the balance between Russia and England.

Under Prince Hohenlohe, William's Chancellor from 1894 to 1900, tied to the Czar's Empire by bonds of blood and gold, German policy, the Defense admitted, was distinctly pro-Russian. William played with the idea of a Pan-Europe and, attempting to divert Russia eastward, he encouraged her Asiatic ambitions. England's South African difficulties imposed a new strain on Anglo-German relations. And yet, again and again, statesmen in each country attempted to bridge the gulf.

Opportunity knocked once more audibly on the door of the Wilhelmstrasse. Fearful of Russia and France and uncertain of Germany's attitude in the pending South African struggle, England stretched out a hand to Germany. She spoke, not with the voice of the Foreign Office. It was the Minister of the Colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, who alone expressed himself unequivocally. Germany was puzzled. "If England

were bonafide," the Emperor wrote in a memorandum, "then the alliance in the future would be excellent and our immense trade would be safe." But William was too shrewd to accept the offer without careful examination. What was the *quid pro quo*? He discovered that Chamberlain offered an alliance, but was unwilling, or unable, to make a single concrete concession. Germany was Chamberlain's second choice. He approached Germany only after failing to entice Russia.

"What," William asked the German Ambassador to London, "does England want?"

"She wants your bayonets."

"Against whom?"

"Against Russia, Your Majesty."

"But we are at peace with Russia," the Emperor replied. "I cannot light-heartedly sacrifice the traditional ties of friendship with Russia. The limited power of British Cabinets does not bind the successor; what one Cabinet makes, another can unmake. Chamberlain must prove that his offer is backed by the Cabinet and by Parliament."

London responded evasively.

"I shall not," the Kaiser stormed, "accept an alliance if it is not officially announced and ratified in Parliament."

Chamberlain's intentions were honest, his motives were not by any means altruistic. England wanted Germany to block Russia in China. The Kaiser had no desire to be embroiled with the Czar. Germany counted on Russia's aid to realize her own ambitions in China. Persuaded that England wanted to use Germany as a cat's paw, "Willy"—thoroughly annoyed—revealed Chamberlain's offer to "Nicky." The Czar, in turn, told the Kaiser of Britain's advances. The situation was complicated by the antics of Baron von Eckardstein, First Attaché of the German Embassy in London.

The overanxious Eckardstein misrepresented both England and his own country. He lied and actually altered documents to convince the German Foreign Office that England was eager for an alliance with Germany; at the same time he told London that Germany was desirous of an alliance with England. Under this misapprehension both Foreign Offices made exorbitant demands. The price they asked was too high.

Some months later Chamberlain once more renewed his courtship of Germany and proposed point blank an Anglo-German Alliance. He had apprised Buelow in advance of his speech. He claimed that

Buelow had actually urged him to make the speech. But sentiment in Germany was distinctly anti-British. Buelow had expected delicate hints. He was not prepared for the brutal frankness of Chamberlain's proposal. Recognizing the state of public sentiment, Buelow's ardor was chilled. "Hands free," whispered the evil genius of the Foreign Office. "Chamberlain is the Minister for the Colonies; he speaks neither for the Foreign Office nor for the Government." Undoubtedly the speech would have been more effective if it had been delivered by the Prime Minister, or the spokesman of Downing Street in the Cabinet. Nevertheless, a chancellor, recognizing the vital importance of an Anglo-German understanding, would have seized the opportunity by the forelock.

More concerned with his popularity at home than with the future, Buelow gruffly rejected Chamberlain's advances. Buelow's reply in the Reichstag was an uncouth exhibition of bad faith and bad temper. He attempted to save his face by a confidential message to Chamberlain, explaining that he was under the compulsion of "internal policies." But Chamberlain was disgusted. "We must drop all further negotiations in the matter," Chamberlain said. "Whether it will be possible to return to them after the end of the South-African War, which has raised so much dust, must be left for future consideration." Eckardstein himself reports this conversation. Public opinion in both countries was definitely opposed to an alliance. Nevertheless unified control over Foreign Offices in Berlin and in London, might have turned back the tide of ill will.

There were various unpleasant incidents during the Boer War, including the seizure of a German ship by the British. Russia proposed intervention in South Africa. Holstein played with the idea, but the Emperor rejected it. He also rejected a similar suggestion from Holland. The case of the German steamer was referred to The Hague and satisfactorily adjusted. Relations between Germany and England, at least behind the scenes, became more cordial.

When the Boxer Rebellion came in 1900 and the German Ambassador was assassinated, Europe agreed upon a punitive expedition under German leadership. Count Waldersee was appointed chief, Russia, England, Japan and France consenting. William made a fiery speech demanding vengeance, for the Ambassador was the living symbol of his sovereign; he represented not merely the nation, but the monarch, the anointed of God. He urged his troops to terrify the poor Chinese



so that not in a thousand years would another Chinaman dare even to look askance at a German. He invoked the memory of the King of the Huns, Attila, whose name still survives in legend and history.

It is this speech which in later years proved a welcome handle for anti-German propagandists, who insisted on calling the Germans "Huns." At the time Buelow must have approved of this speech and Germany's allies, later her enemies, made no objection. "Germans to the Front" was the watchword in China. Again there was the possibility of an understanding with England. But almost immediately a new controversy arose as to the limits of an agreement concluded at this time [the Yangtze Convention of 1900, for the Open Door in China] for England insisted that Manchuria was included in the ambiguous instrument. Germany insisted that it was not. Each Foreign Office accused the other of bad faith. Probably both were right. Both were upset. Shortly afterwards Queen Victoria died in William's arms. London grew mellow.

In January 1901 Chamberlain urged a Triple Alliance between England, Germany and Japan. This was the last definite offer from John Bull, who was involved in the Boer War and at odds with Russia in Manchuria.

Eckardstein exaggerated the offer and bungled. Buelow and Holstein snubbed both London and Tokio. Downing Street was divided. Salisbury, consistently opposed throughout to Chamberlain's pet notion of allying England with Germany, and William's royal uncle were equally hostile. In other words, instead of oversimplifying the problem, we must admit that neither England nor Germany knew their own minds. Both alternated between shameless advances and coyness.

The various negotiations conducted by Salisbury and Chamberlain were not entirely fruitless. England made a secret pact concerning the eventual disposition of the Portuguese Colonies in payment for Germany's neutrality during the Boer War. This agreement was made during Salisbury's temporary absence, though with his approval, by Arthur Balfour. Subsequently Salisbury declared that he would not have signed it. In any event that treaty, as we shall see, was almost immediately sabotaged by Downing Street.

In 1901, after the funeral of Queen Victoria, while William was still in London, Eckardstein conveyed to his imperial master a message from Holstein that "it would be best" not to let His Majesty "discuss"

the project of an alliance, for fear that he might give some "binding promise." William, nevertheless, in an extemporaneous speech at Marlborough House, suggested that the two nations ought to be allied, but his speech was suppressed. It led, however, to unpleasant questions in the Reichstag. Buelow apologized for his master.

When the English indicated that they might be compelled to bury the hatchet with France and enter the Franco-Russian constellation, Holstein laughed. He called it a "bluff" and a "swindle." Buelow agreed with the Geheimrat. In a letter to the Kaiser, [all this was in January 1901] he concluded: "The English threat of an understanding with the Dual Alliance is a spectre invented to frighten us, which the English have used for years." This is typically Buelow. As blithely as ever, he is concealing the dismal truth from his master, from his countrymen, from himself, by glib words and an imposing false front. The Kaiser, willing to forget his old anti-Japanese bias, favored the Anglo-Japanese-German Alliance or any other agreement, but Holstein and Buelow again insisted that England must first join the Triple Alliance. That was not unreasonable.

If Russia attacked Austria, Germany was bound to come to grips with Russia and France by the terms of the Triple Alliance. But England would not be bound to come to Germany's assistance under such circumstances. She would have been obliged to come to Germany's help only in case of a direct attack by Russia. Germany could not count on England in case of a round-about attack, but she would have been compelled to fight for England, who was not involved in an alliance which could involve her indirectly in a conflict with Russia. England was willing, under certain conditions, to tie her fate to Germany, but she was unwilling to assume formally the liabilities of Germany's partners.

Lord Lansdowne (Foreign Minister from 1900 to 1905) made several attempts to bring about some gentleman's agreement, but the Germans again and again insisted upon a public treaty sanctioned by Parliament. They had no more reason to trust England than England had to trust them. France had also no reason to trust England. Nevertheless she accepted an informal commitment in 1904, which was joined in 1907, by Russia. England faithfully kept her engagement with both countries. Her offers of an alliance to Germany ceased. Haldane's historical mission to Berlin in 1912 was limited to colonial questions, the Bagdad Railway and naval matters.

"But where," asked the Prosecution, "was William all this time? Why did he fail to exert his imperial power or his personal magnetism to bring the opposing factions together?"

"We have already seen," the Attorney for the Defense rejoined, "that both in Berlin as in London the political reins did not rest in one strong hand. Different riders pulled the horses simultaneously in different directions. The Kaiser was not Chancellor and ruler in one. He could not constitutionally speak for Germany. No one, it seems, could speak authoritatively in England. When William was unhandicapped by the Foreign Office he was often successful. He settled the question of Samoa with Cecil Rhodes in one conversation. It was he who had persuaded Queen Victoria to cede Heligoland to Germany, and he would have succeeded in making a treaty with Russia at Bjoerkoe if he had not been hamstrung by his ministers."

There are in the intricate story of Anglo-German bedevilments several attempts on William's part to cut the red tape of the Foreign Office. We have already referred to the speech at Marlborough House. Years before this William had persuaded his mother at a critical moment to intervene with Queen Victoria on behalf of a rapprochement between Germany and Great Britain. In August 1898 the Emperor had important conversations, referred to already, with the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles in Homburg. The Emperor was under the impression that his conversations with Lascelles were equivalent to an agreement on the following basis: If one of the two nations should be attacked simultaneously by two powers, the other nation must come to its assistance. The Kaiser was chagrined when Lascelles told him in December that the conversation was merely the basis of a "possible agreement," but that he was not authorized to conclude an agreement. Lascelles had meanwhile been overruled in London.

"But, Sire," Lascelles added ingratiatingly, "a formal treaty between England and Germany is needless. Whenever it should be necessary for both nations to co-operate, the arrangement can be consummated within twenty-four hours."

"I, too," replied the Kaiser, biting his lips to hide his disappointment, "do not consider a formal alliance necessary. I am, however, willing, if the necessity should arise, to make a formal alliance within thirty minutes. It will not be necessary to wait twenty-four hours."

When, at the time of the Boer War, the Kaiser turned down the Russian proposal for intervention against England and evaded a re-

quest for mediation from Queen Wilhelmina, Edward—then Prince of Wales—wrote (March 7, 1900) to his "dear William": "All of us in England appreciate the loyal friendship which you manifest towards us on every occasion."

After the Queen's death, the Emperor was more popular in England than in Germany. The Krueger dispatch was almost forgotten. "Thank you, Kaiser," cried a workman from the crowd. This man was the voice of England. But the workman's voice died unheard. William's suggestion at the luncheon in Marlborough House was likewise consigned to oblivion.

"You know, my dear William," King Edward wrote, "that I have the fullest confidence in your integrity and the loyal friendship you entertain toward my country and the difficulties you have to deal with in your own country, being considered too Anglophile." This and a cordial message from His Britannic Majesty's Government made the Emperor exclaim with more vigor than finesse: "The noodles seem to have had a lucid interval." But when he met King Edward at Homburg, the German Foreign Office, withholding important information, saved him from once more falling a victim to his pro-British leanings!

In spite, or possibly because of, his half-English mentality, William could not reach an agreement with Great Britain. Germany's over-compensated inferiority complex, complicated by geographical disadvantages, collided with the superiority complex of the British, complicated by imperial entanglements!

"An alliance with the British Empire," declared the Kaiser, questioned by his Attorney, "meant arrested German expansion, at least on the sea, and subordination to British interests . . . Only," the Emperor testified, "if we joined the British economic system as a modest junior partner; if we placed our commercial shipping in English service and entrusted our trans-oceanic interests to the protection of British war ships, was it possible to achieve an alliance. To be England's swordsman on the Continent under such conditions seemed to me irreconcilable with the dignity and the future of the German people."

"My client," the Defense Council continued, after thanking the Emperor for his explanation, "was never fully informed by Buelow of what was going on. Numerous reports from the German Embassy on the project of an Anglo-German Alliance lack his marginal comments. There is no evidence that they were submitted to him by

Buelow, his predecessors and successors. When, on a certain occasion, the Empress Frederick received from British sources the information that Chamberlain had made a new offer of alliance, she appealed to her son to avail himself of this 'historic opportunity.' The Kaiser was compelled to reply that he had not been told one word about this offer.

"If," the Attorney for the Defense averred, "statesmen in London and Berlin had been less equivocal, if their foreign policy had been more consistent, it is possible that Berlin and London might have joined hands. By presenting to the Emperor evidence of British double dealing, Holstein was able to dissuade the Kaiser from using all the authority of his office and the force of his dynamic will to attain the desired goal. Holstein's and Buelow's duplicity gave ammunition to Germany's enemies in England. They neutralized the efforts of Queen Victoria and gave Edward VII the opportunity to rationalize his ingrained prejudices against his nephew."

"My learned opponent," insisted the Attorney for the Prosecution, "has failed to mention the chief obstacle to an understanding between England and Germany. I refer to Emperor William's expensive toy—the German Navy, and his unreasonable desire to compete with England on the high seas. Not content with playing the War Lord on land, he wanted to lord it over the ocean. It was this obsession, springing from envy in William's heart, which rendered inevitable a conflict between the two nations."

"Germany's Navy," objected the Emperor's Counsel quietly, "was not the primary reason for the growing enmity between England and Germany. The German Navy was not a toy, and Anglo-German relations were not wrecked by—what Professor Fay picturesquely calls—'Germany's Naval Inferiority Complex.' Realistic enough to know that only the strong is respected, the Kaiser desired a Navy commensurate with Germany's growing power. If England decided against Germany, it was not because Germany's Navy was too strong, but because it was not strong enough. The strength which England would have conceded to a weak Germany was not compatible with her national safety and her far-flung commerce.

"British statesmen did not look upon the nascent German Navy as a menace, while Germany was a potential ally. After England had made in her own heart the decision in favor of Russia and France, and only then, every new German cruiser became a source of alarm. British

antagonism culminated in Lord Fisher's suggestion to 'Copenhagen' the German Fleet. In other words, to destroy it without a declaration of war, to deal with Germany as England had once dealt with Denmark.

"The large navy advocates in England and in Germany used each others' dreadnoughts to scare their respective countries into building still more dreadnoughts. Whatever some German navy enthusiasts may have believed, the Emperor knew that he could not attack the whole English Fleet with any prospect of success.

"'Attack England?' someone asked.

"'Hari-kiri,' the Emperor exclaimed.

"'The simplest solution,' William wrote in the margin of another document, 'would be an entente or alliance with us and they will have no more anxieties. Our relations with Austria show that we are good allies.' But William would accept no dictation from England. He made it plain that a note suggesting the reduction of the German Fleet would be equivalent to a declaration of war.

"No sane German dreamed of rivaling the English Navy. Even that old sea lion Tirpitz merely wanted a fleet capable of checkmating the English Home Fleet in the Channel. Tirpitz also shrewdly realized that Germany, without a substantial navy, could hold out no inducement to France or Russia. France and Russia both had large armies, but their navies were inadequate against England without Germany's. Tirpitz advocated the idea of making the German Navy strong enough so that England could not attack it without imperiling her naval supremacy. The policy of Tirpitz was not put to the test in the World War. It was tested by Mussolini in 1936. Mussolini said: 'If England attacks me, I may lose my head, but England will lose half her navy.' England preferred not to take that risk. Mussolini's success justifies Tirpitz and William.

"The Boer War and the Fashoda incident revealed to Germany the paramount importance of sea power. During the Boer War England made the blunder (already referred to previously) of holding a German mail ship, because it allegedly carried contraband. The incident caused great excitement in Germany and impelled the Reichstag to pass a second naval bill before the first had expired. The sixteen-year program then envisaged would have made Germany the second greatest naval power; it still would have left her inferior to England. Emperor Wil-

liam would have been delinquent in his duties, if he had not advocated a strong navy. In the back of his mind there was always the hope of an eventual understanding between his father- and his mother-land. But he was not too sanguine in his expectations."

"Prince Bismarck," the Kaiser interjected, "once said: the business of politics consisted in the most accurate foresight regarding what others would do in given circumstances. I myself, as well as Chancellors Prince Buelow and von Bethmann-Hollweg, were clear as to what England sought—checks to the maritime and economic development of Germany. That British policy, however, would depart so widely from the tradition and the treasured maxims of the continental system of a balance of power, as happened at the beginning and at the end of the World War, no one could have foreseen."

"Perhaps," the Attorney for the Defense continued, "Germany acted too strongly under the influence of a couplet expressing a recurrent Teutonic mood:

*Und willst du nicht mein Bruder sein,  
So schlag' ich dir den Schädel ein!*

Navy scares of one kind and another followed. The English wanted to keep the German Fleet inferior, without obligating themselves not to attack Germany. Even Bethmann-Hollweg, for all his pro-British leanings, refused to accept such a one-sided bargain. There was some hope, after King Edward's death, of reaching an understanding. But that opportunity was lost by both sides in the bickerings and the confusion of their unhappy courtship. 'So far,' the Emperor exclaimed in one of his annotations with deep disappointment, 'she (England) seems to have no regard for our friendship. Therefore we are not yet strong enough. Nothing impresses her but force and strength.'

"Sir Ernest Cassel, Albert Ballin, and others tried to bring about another understanding, but England's French engagements prevented its consummation. The Emperor offered repeatedly (for the last time in his interview with Colonel House) an entente similar to that which he had proposed to the Czar, *including both England and France*. But no one took up the suggestion. Instead England and France continued their 'naval conversations.'

"In November 1912 the German Embassy in London received from a member of the Russian Embassy the copy of a secret naval agreement

between England and Russia directed against Germany. The Germans permitted the news to leak out through the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It was this leak that was responsible for Edward Grey's denial in response to pointed questions in the House of Commons."

"It is difficult for the Court and the Jury," remarked the Presiding Judge, "to follow the contradictory accounts of the Defense and the Prosecution through the labyrinth of Anglo-German relations. Only one thing is obvious: both sides sacrificed the safe anchorage of an alliance for the advantage or the prestige of the moment. The Court would welcome a witness able to dissipate the fog that surrounds the Treaty between Germany and England for the division of the Portuguese Colonies, the Bagdad Agreement and Anglo-German negotiations immediately preceding the outbreak of the war."

"With the permission of the Court," remarked the Attorney for the Defense, "I shall introduce a witness who can lead us through the windings of the labyrinth. I refer to Friedrich Rosen, poet and statesman, equally familiar with the prosody of the Persian poets and the secrets of Foreign Offices. Both Buelow and the Kaiser gave him their confidence. He penetrated the obsessions of Holstein and he was in the center of the intricate net of intrigue and counter-intrigue that characterized Anglo-German relations."

Seating himself in the witness box the white-bearded old diplomat traced the history of Anglo-German relations, bristling with contradictions. "Chamberlain," he said, "began as a pro-German and, after many rebuffs, reversed himself. Holstein was originally pro-English, but his love changed to hatred after 1900, when he believed himself tricked by Downing Street." The witness emphasized the antipathy between King Edward and the Emperor. "King Edward said to Lascelles: 'I find my nephew's finger in every pie.' The Emperor, on the other hand, complained: 'Ueberall der Onkel.' It was rather difficult to mediate between two such antagonists! Nevertheless, the attempt was made. In spite of avuncular disputes, maneuvers to upset the balance of power and rumblings of war," Rosen continued, "new rapprochements took place. Almost on the verge of the World War the Bagdad Railway question was settled and the Portuguese Treaty initialed.

"The division of the Portuguese Colonies and British consent to the completion of the Bagdad Railway, appear again and again as a bait



alternately put forward and withdrawn by England, alternately desired and rejected by Germany. Neither country was honest with the other." It was England, according to Rosen, that assumed the initiative in the question of dividing the Portuguese Colonies into German and British spheres of interest. Portuguese East-Africa was a financial burden to bankrupt Portugal. This suggested the joint purchase by Germany and England of Angola. England agreed. In August (1898) a treaty was drawn up, stipulating that if Portugal needed a loan, England and Germany would advance the money and accept Portugal's East Africa as security.

"We now know," Rosen explained, "that the agreement, made in good faith, was sabotaged immediately afterwards. England advised her bankers to supply Portugal secretly with funds, which made unnecessary any recourse to Berlin. Simultaneously she renewed an old agreement with Portugal, guaranteeing to that country the possession of all her colonial spoils. This agreement, technically known as the "Secret Anglo-Portuguese Declaration of October 14th, 1899," is usually (though inaccurately) called 'the Windsor Treaty.'" As a matter of convenience, Rosen himself continued to use this term.

"When," the Presiding Justice inquired, "did Germany discover the Windsor Treaty?"

"Germany," Rosen replied, "did not learn of this act of duplicity until 1913."

[Rosen was not aware that Buelow had discovered England's duplicity many years earlier but had kept it a secret lest their government's gullibility be revealed to the Germans and the false front fall.]

"What was the effect?"

"It undermined Germany's faith in British promises. The Windsor Treaty," Rosen continued, "cannot be explained away. England not merely withheld the knowledge of this treaty from Germany, but denied its existence to Ambassador Hatzfeldt with the same sang-froid with which Sir Edward Grey denied in Parliament the existence of his 'Gentleman's Agreement' with France.

"In January 1913, when Portugal was once more at the end of her financial resources, England reconsidered the 'liquidation' of the Portuguese Colonies. Sir Edward Grey hoped the arrangement would ease the tension between England and Germany. However, Germany's diplomats had their doubts. Von Jagow, the Foreign Minister and von Stumm, his most important adviser, questioned England's sincerity.

London, perhaps to escape the charge of duplicity, perhaps to assuage Portugal's fears, insisted upon the simultaneous publication of the Windsor Treaty and the new understanding. The two agreements seemed to cancel each other. The Wilhelmstrasse feared the ridicule of the Reichstag. It was unfortunate to be fooled once, but as the Romans say: *non bis in idem*. I realized the weight of this argument. I nevertheless felt that the publication of the agreement would ease Germany's international position. Coupled with the promulgation of the understanding about the Bagdad Railway, it meant a loosening of the ring of steel drawn around Germany by the Entente.

"Secretary of State, von Jagow, disagreed with me. He mistrusted Sir Edward's devious ways. The Windsor Treaty stuck in his throat. Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London and I felt that England must disappoint either Germany or Portugal. We assumed that she would rather disappoint Portugal than Germany, because collaboration with Germany offered England greater advantages than collaboration with Portugal. I argued that the Windsor Treaty practically 'dissolved' the old treaty with Germany for the distribution of the Portuguese Colonies, but that the new treaty, now prepared in London, in turn 'repudiated' the Windsor Agreement.

"The conclusion of the Agreement, I insisted, will be a 'turning point' in Germany's fate. Experience has taught us that we cannot engage in a successful world policy in the long run without or against England, as we have seen in all our transatlantic undertakings. We had repeatedly rejected the offer of a closer understanding, even an alliance, with England. I pointed out that another withdrawal of our confidence would create profound and lasting displeasure beyond the North Sea. England, fervently wooed by the Entente Powers, cannot, I said, permanently resist their advances if Germany remains distrustful and unfriendly.

"The German Foreign Office sought a way out of the difficulty. In June 1914, Stumm suggested that the ill effect of publishing the Windsor Agreement would be neutralized by the simultaneous publication of the fact that England and Germany had buried their differences about the Bagdad Railway. The Bagdad Railway had ever been a bone of contention between the two powers. Stumm's idea appealed to von Jagow. But neither Stumm nor Jagow was in a hurry. History moved with seven league boots.

"It was not until July 14th that Jagow's chief, Bethmann-Hollweg, authorized negotiation with Sir Edward Grey. Another week passed before Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London, was apprized of the decision. The fateful decision was reached on July 27, 1914. It was mailed on July 28th and arrived in London on the 30th. Prince Lichnowsky immediately hurried to Sir Edward Grey. 'We must now,' Grey replied, 'await the end of the present crisis.' The actual initialing by Germany of the Bagdad Railway Agreement was equally delayed. By some irony of fate," Rosen concluded, "it was mailed to London on July 30, 1914!"

"It is important to note," interjected the Attorney for the Defense, "that the German Foreign Office, even at that late date, did not envisage the certainty of war with Great Britain."

"It is equally important," retorted the Attorney for the Prosecution, "to note that England hoped for peace until the last minute."

"By some strange perversity," replied the Attorney for the Defense, resuming his summary, "the relations between England and Germany were more cordial than they had been for a long time, immediately before the Declaration of War. Perhaps it was the euphoria, the well-being, that sometimes heralds death. Only a few short weeks before the catastrophe, Colonel House attempted to revive the old dream of collaboration between the three great Germanic nations, England, Germany and the United States. Of this we shall hear more anon. But before the ink was dry on the report submitted by Colonel House to Woodrow Wilson, all Europe—in the immortal phrase of Lloyd George—'had stumbled into the War.'

"Both the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg have been held up to ridicule, because they believed to the last that it would be possible to keep England out of the War. The testimony of the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry, before this Court proves that this faith was shared in Buckingham Palace. On July 28, 1914, Prince Henry reported to his imperial brother King George's statement: 'We shall try all we can to keep out of this and shall remain neutral.'"

"The King did not," the Prosecutor interrupted, "make so positive a statement."

"No," the Kaiser's Attorney admitted, "subsequently Prince Henry revised his report. It seems that what the King actually said was: 'Ah, well, we will try to keep out of this; we shall *probably* remain neutral.'"

The second version exonerates King George from the charge of hypocrisy. Unfortunately Prince Henry, for some incomprehensible reason, omitted 'probably' in the first report to the Kaiser.

"Thus, tragic misunderstandings cast their shadows over Anglo-German relations from Bismarck's day to the Dawn of Armageddon. Some of the shadows seemed almost to dissolve just before the unhappy conflict. Bethmann's offer, to refrain from attacking France, if England remained neutral, made on July 29th, 1914, becomes intelligible in the light of these revelations. According to some, France rejected the suggestion. According to others, it was never even transmitted to Paris. In the excitement many strange blunders were made. Germany prepared an admirable Declaration of War against France, which was never sent. The actual Declaration of War, which stated the German case far less effectively, was published. But it cannot be found today in the files of the French Foreign Office. It must have been lost in the scuffle. Perhaps the Kings would have kept their crowns, if the Diplomats had not lost their heads! Diplomats, rather than Kings, were responsible for the frustration of William's hope for an alliance between England and Germany. Again the Gray Internationale!

"German historians, even the Kaiser's personal biographer, Nowak, bemoan the 'might have beens' of the British Alliance. Even German statesmen were misled by Eckardstein's reports. Metternich and Lichnowsky were fooled and deluded themselves. The German Documents, published by Berlin, shed a light on Germany's illusions and explain why German historians and statesmen, in good faith, blame their own government primarily for the failure of a fruitful co-operation between the two great nations. It was only after the British began to empty the files of Downing Street that the facts could be ascertained in their true perspective. A close scrutiny of the British Documents justifies my contention that the blame must be divided—at least equally. It is very doubtful, I repeat, if Salisbury ever gave serious consideration to an alliance with Germany. The ambiguity that surrounds his initial efforts characterizes also the contemplated adhesion of England to the Triple Alliance. Chamberlain was probably in earnest, but the final word belonged to Salisbury and Salisbury was reluctant. Chamberlain might have overcome the Chief's reluctance; he might—at one moment of time—have succeeded in carrying out his scheme, after Salisbury's retirement, if Buelow had been in a receptive mood. Such an under-

standing might have precipitated the World War before 1914, but England would have been on Germany's side.

"We have seen how Eckardstein duped his Foreign Office by magnifying the molehills of tentative conversations into the mountain of an alliance. When Eckardstein's mountain labored, it gave birth to innumerable ridiculous misunderstandings flitting like mice through the files of Foreign Offices and the minds of statesmen. Many mistakes, we admit, were made by the Germans. Holstein miscalculated. Buelow's adroit, but superficial mind, invariably leaped to the wrong conclusion. Marschall was obstinate. Bethmann obtuse. But English statesmen, too, were obstinate. They were guilty of egregious errors and disingenuous proposals. In one case—I refer to the Portuguese Agreement—they resorted to barefaced deception. Queen Victoria's pro-German leanings could not overcome the prejudices and maneuvers of her ministers. The Queen, though of German blood, never forgot that she was Queen of England. There were times when she too leaned back to stifle her German sympathies. William, conscious of his British ancestry, always remembered that he was German Emperor. Aside from his disagreements with King Edward VII, the fact that he was regarded as half an Englishman at home, made it difficult for him to exert himself at some critical moments. His many efforts to reach a complete understanding, between his country and the land which he called his second home, proved in vain.

"I cannot forever,' William despairingly complained to his Ambassador in England in 1901, 'fluctuate between Russia and England. I am in danger of falling between two stools.' This is exactly what happened. Order, counter-order, plot and counter-plot, intrigue, evasion, vague commitments, misunderstandings, inertia and red tape, paved the way to four years of Inferno for the two nations."

## CHAPTER XIII

### WILLIAM AND AMERICA

“IF THE WHOLE WORLD was Germany’s enemy, who was to blame—Germany, or the world? Surely,” the Attorney for the Prosecution casts a meaningful glance at the Jury, “the fault rests primarily with Germany’s rulers. William II, tried for high crimes and misdemeanors before the High Court of History, cannot evade responsibility. His tantrums and vagaries, his vacillating policies, led him to quarrel not only with all the Great Powers of Europe, but to force the great Republic of the Western Hemisphere, inhabited by millions of Germans, into the maelstrom of the World War.

“By blood and tradition the United States of America was linked closely to Germany. Frederick the Great was the first European monarch who recognized the American Republic. Baron von Steuben helped Washington to turn defeat into victory. William II destroyed the heritage of both men. His sabre-rattling, his tactlessness, his boastfulness, turned to vinegar the wine of German-American friendship. When America still strove desperately to be neutral, his spies carried the war to America. His propagandists stirred the American Melting Pot, and his broken pledges left Woodrow Wilson no choice except to join the other great nations in the defense of civilization.

“We have no selfish ends to serve, we desire no conquest, no dominion; we seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind.’ That was the noble message sent by President Wilson to Congress on April 2, 1917. It was not necessary for Wilson to do violence to his Pacifist conscience by asking for a Declaration of War. He merely asked Congress to recognize a state of war that already existed!

“It is a fearful thing (he said) to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a

concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.'

"America endured the murder of her citizens, the violation of her rights by the emissaries of William II. But the deeds of horror committed by William's army on land and sea and in the air exhausted the patience of the most patient of peoples even before America entered the War. The flower of American intelligence turned its thumbs down on the Kaiser and his Prussian *Kultur*. It is hardly possible, announced one of the leading metropolitan newspapers, to think of the German people as human beings. Statesmen, poets, scientists, preachers, confirmed this verdict. William II committed a great wrong against the world. He committed an even greater wrong against his own people by making the name of German synonymous with Hun.

"'I have sometimes wondered,' declared Gertrude Atherton, the distinguished novelist, 'if it is really possible to hate a country for which one has such unbounded contempt and disgust as one has for Germany. It is quite possible to fear without hate; one would not hate a rattlesnake nor a shark, even at close quarters. In the death house at Sing Sing,' Mrs. Atherton continued, 'the robust murderers have no sympathy for the poisoner, refuse to admit him to that last tragic companionship. So it is with Germany. She is the poisoner, the Medici, among nations.'

"'Amid a national rejoicing,'" said the gentle John Burroughs, 'the Germans celebrated the *Lusitania* murders—the entire nation suddenly slumping into a barbarism worse than that of their ancestral Huns. The Hun was again triumphant, gloating over his unspeakable crimes, his plunders and piracies, his orgies of crime and lust—a spectacle to make the Genius of Humanity veil her face and weep tears of blood.

"'It is a comfort to know,' Mr. Burroughs continued, 'that the Allies have killed or rendered harmless several millions of these modern barbarians, and that many of their carcasses have gone to enrich the soil of France and Belgium. In this way a dead Hun may help to undo some of the evil which a living Hun has wrought. If two or three of their bodies could be planted in every shell hole which their guns have

made in France and Belgium, though the inoffensive soil might sicken, yet in the course of years the poison of the Hun would disappear, rendered innocuous by the beneficent alchemy of Nature.'

"The world must choose between Germany,' declared George W. Wickersham, one-time Attorney General of the United States, 'the highly developed, hyperorganized, scientific state, proceeding on the openly avowed theory that might alone makes right, and that no principle of ethics, morality or religion must be allowed to affect or deter a course which scientific militarism determines to be best calculated to attain a predetermined end, and the other nations, who believe in God and in His justice, who conceive that it does not profit a nation to gain the whole world at the cost of its soul. Once this issue is manifest to the world, the result cannot be in doubt.'

"Neither man nor nation,' wrote John Luther Long, author of *Madame Butterfly*, has ever lived long by force, flaunting his crimes in the face of the world, committing, threatening yet others. Nor will Germany.

"She has unmasked herself and we now see the hideous, distorted face of her. How can so monstrous a Thing have friends after this? Who will trade with her? Who will ever again accept a promise of hers? Who but must be ashamed of her name and her language? Anathema she will be to all peoples—the outcast of nations.

"If this besotted Germany has but the courage and virtue to lay down her arms and retire behind her own borders, she could have the peace she pretends to wish for in twenty-four hours—for so little and simple and right a thing as that! I think, indeed,' Mr. Long ventured to suggest, 'that the nations she has so wantonly spoiled, would permit her to go without further punishment at their hands, leaving that to the very God she has so vilely exploited as her partner in her monstrous crimes.'

"Dr. William Roscoe Thayer, the spirited historian, predicted that for a generation to come the very word 'German' would be detested in the United States and that every German would have to show cause why he should not be regarded as a secret enemy of this country.

"Can,' asked Professor William H. Hobbs, in a volume with an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, 'a nation which befouls or poisons wells, bombs hospitals and sinks relief ships and turns over the women of a captured district to the pleasure of its soldiery; can such a nation



be regenerated and made fit for the society of a civilized world, even through the chastening of a crushing military defeat?’

“‘Ethically,’ observed Dr. Louis Gray, of the University of Nebraska, ‘the Prussian is a moral imbecile, an arrested development, a savage in civilization’s garb, and even the garb he has stolen. Like the savage he is imitative, not inventive. Among the nations he is precisely what the type of moral imbecile but intellectually educated criminal is among individuals . . . The War is but an episode in the age-long struggle between good and evil, between God and the Devil.’

“‘Will it be any wonder,’ asked Dr. Vernon L. Kellogg of Stanford University, ‘if, after the War, the people of the world, when they recognize any human being as a German, will shrink aside so that they may not touch him as he passes, or stoop for stones to drive him from their path? This will be cruel to the few who are not diseased but it will be warranted precaution against the danger—most of the Germans in Germany, and some outside of it, have become unclean and will have to walk the world as a marked people, avoided, despised, stoned . . .’

“‘There can be no peace in Europe,’ declared the Reverend Dr. Lyman Abbott, ‘until international posses representing more than twenty civilized nations of Europe castigate the worst, most highly organized, and most efficient band of brigands the world has ever known. The Hun of today,’ Dr. Abbott insisted, ‘is identical in spirit and method with the Hun of the fifth century. Fourteen centuries have not made any improvement in his character. Time is no cure for sin.’

“The Reverend Billy Sunday, in a prayer before the House of Representatives, delivered himself of a sentiment, endorsed at that time by nearly one hundred and twenty million Americans: ‘Thou knowest, O Lord, that no nation so infamous, vile, greedy, sensuous, blood-thirsty, ever disgraced the pages of history.’ The Reverend Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst declared, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, that he would rather see his country under the domination of the Koran and its prophets than subject to the ‘cultivated barbarism’ of Berlin.

“I admit,” observed the Public Prosecutor, turning to the Attorney for the Defense, “that these utterances were colored by war psychosis, but the ill deeds of Germany’s rulers had poisoned the world against her. The sentiments quoted represent the natural reactions of the civi-

lized world against the crimes of the Defendant. William II gratefully accepted praise for Germany's achievement; he cannot now escape condemnation for her crimes against humanity and civilization."

"It seems to me," remarked the Counsel for the Defense wearily, "that my able opponent still lives in 1917. Germany's European enemies have long since confessed that the atrocity stories were fabrications produced in the propaganda mills of the Allies with the aid of individuals whose mind had been unbalanced by the strange mania that seems to invade men's judgment in times of war. There is probably not one of those among the living and the dead whom he has quoted, who would not blush today for words uttered when the world saw red.

"No serious historian has the hardihood to maintain today that William II forced America into the War. The Defense is prepared to show this. The Emperor wooed America almost as ardently as he wooed England. Neither the Kaiser nor Woodrow Wilson desired war. Both men were enmeshed in a web of fate and intrigue. Sir Edward Grey himself has said: 'If matters had rested with him (the Kaiser) there would have been no European War arising out of the Austro-Serbian dispute!' I shall cite as the main witnesses for the Defense Colonel House, Woodrow Wilson, and the Defendant himself."

Graceful, slightly bent, vivacious, his mind alert, Edward Mandell House, on the verge of eighty, takes the witness stand. Once Woodrow Wilson's alter ego, he survived the decline of his friend, and exercised a potent influence behind the scenes on the foreign policies of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Still his aged hands hold the threads of empire and international diplomacy. He is soft-spoken, yet his personality permeates the courtroom.

"The end of Wilson's first year," Colonel House avows on the witness stand, "marks the beginning of a glamorous chapter in our friendship. We tried to translate into reality our dreams of international co-operation. I had always been fascinated by the chess game of international politics. I wondered whether it could not be made more than a chess game, whether the players could be inspired by high ideals, rather than purely selfish national interests, whether they could play for a stake as great as humanity.

"There had been warnings that a clash between the Great Powers was bound to come, although we did not realize its imminence. If it had not been precipitated by Princip's gun, it might, perhaps, have been avoided.

"The President thought it advisable to send me to Europe armed with an extraordinary letter of introduction, to see if the contesting nations could not be brought into a reasonable frame of mind.

"On the sixteenth of May, 1914," Colonel House continued, "I embarked for Germany with high hopes. I left America handicapped by no instructions from the President. Instructions were unnecessary because our minds vibrated in unison.

"My first contacts in Germany were with Gottlieb von Jagow, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and with Admiral von Tirpitz. Jagow, a clever but colorless diplomat, lacked ability of the highest order. Tirpitz was the most forceful man in Germany with the exception of William II. We had an interesting hour together and I believed that I had made at least enough of a dent to start discussions in London.

"I tried to give the Kaiser and his official family a clear picture of Woodrow Wilson. I conveyed to my German friends that Bismarck himself had no more iron courage, no more inflexible will than Woodrow Wilson. If they had taken my suggestion more seriously, instead of sneering at the schoolmaster in the White House, they would not have forced Wilson to enter the War and they would have saved themselves the bitterness of Versailles. Germany's misjudgment of Wilson was the ultimate cause of her defeat.

"Berlin did not know exactly how to take me. Count von Bernstorff, had announced me as 'Colonel' House. To the Germans, unaccustomed to Texas 'Colonels,' the title connoted a military man. I was therefore overwhelmed with military attentions wherever I went. Little did my German hosts know that when my friend, Governor Hogg, conferred upon me the title of Colonel, I made a present of the splendid uniform that went with the appointment to my negro butler, who wore it on solemn occasions, such as lodge meetings and funerals.

"Unfortunately 'Colonel' has followed me throughout my life, as the old man from the sea clings to the sailor's back in the Sindbad story. I am afraid I will take it with me to my last rest. The stress laid by the Germans upon military maneuvers accentuated my preconceived notion of German militarism. It accounts in part for my statement to Wilson, written on May 28, 1914:

The situation is extraordinary. It is militarism run stark mad. Unless someone acting for you can bring about a different understanding, there is some day to be an awful cataclysm. No one in Europe can do it. There is too much hatred, too many jealousies. When-

ever England consents, France and Russia will close in Germany and Austria. England does not want Germany wholly crushed, for she would then have to reckon alone with her ancient enemy Russia, but if Germany insists upon an ever-increasing navy, then England will have no choice . . .

The best chance for peace is an understanding between England and Germany in regard to naval armaments, and yet there is some disadvantage to us by these getting too close.

It is an absorbing problem, and one of tremendous consequence. I wish it might be solved and to the everlasting glory of your Administration and our American civilization.

"Probably, as George Sylvester Viereck opines in 'The Strangest Friendship in History', consideration for my 'military' title induced the Kaiser to invite me on June 1, 1914 for lunch at the 'Schrippenfest', a quaint military festival, and to place me at the table between two generals. The Schrippenfest, literally 'the feast of white rolls', was celebrated on Whit-Monday in Potsdam. On that day the soldiers received the luxury of white bread. William II, attended by the Empress, the younger members of the Imperial Family, and distinguished military visitors, seated in the midst of troops, partook of their bread. It was part of the symbolism of the occasion that he drank from a glass used by one of the common soldiers. The Kaiser himself, needless to say, was accoutred in one of his most ornamental uniforms and wore it most gracefully. No one in the room could doubt that here was indeed a king.

"During the luncheon, I vainly tried to make clear to one of the generals at my side that I was a civilian. I succeeded in convincing one of my status; the other, unable to understand the situation, insisted on engaging me in abstruse problems of military strategy and ballistics.

"After luncheon was over, the Kaiser received me on the terrace."

"How," the Attorney for the Defense asked the witness, "was the Emperor's behavior throughout the interview? Were you convinced of his good faith?"

"The Emperor," Colonel House replied, "talked with vivacity and was altogether charming. There was no doubt in my mind that the Kaiser was open to argument. Co-operation between the 'three great Germanic nations', England, Germany and the United States, was his personal hobby.

"Our conversation was so animated that none of the Emperor's entourage dared to interrupt us, although it was nearly time for the special guest train to return to Berlin. Finally, the flustered chamber-



The Author of the Fourteen Points  
Woodrow Wilson weighs peace and war



Woodrow Wilson's Other Self  
Edward Mandell House, who vainly tried to stop the World War

lain persuaded the Empress to come out and break in on our conversation. This she did in a most charming maner. I can well understand why the Empress Augusta Victoria became the idol of the German people during the War and remained an idol even after the Emperor's abdication.

"The Kaiser was much more reasonable and open-minded than his official advisers. He certainly had a clearer view of world affairs than Admiral von Tirpitz. Tirpitz could see no reason why the German Navy should not be as powerful as the German Army and equal to that of Great Britain or any other nation. I could not convince him that there was a certain justification for the belief, held by English statesmen that, with practically no army of their own, their safety would be imperiled if Germany had a navy equal to theirs, and an army vastly superior. Nevertheless, I left Berlin with fairly high hopes. I felt confident that if I could convince Grey, an understanding might be reached and the Kaiser would do what was reasonable.

"Immediately on my arrival in the French capital, I reported to President Wilson and told him that the Kaiser concurred with the view that an American could best act as an intermediary.

"The Kaiser [I wrote] agreed also to my suggestion that whatever program England, Germany and America agreed to would be successful. I made it plain, however, that it was the policy of our government to have no alliance of any character, but we were more than willing to do our share towards promoting international peace. I find that both England and Germany have one feeling in common, and that is fear of one another. Neither wants to be the first to propose negotiations, but both are agreed that it should be brought about, though neither desires to make the necessary concessions.

'If my plans follow completely, it is my plan to get Sir Edward Grey to go with me to Kiel at the end of the month, ostensibly to attend the regatta, but really for the purpose of the three of us getting together so there may be no go-between or misunderstandings.'

"My trip to France was less satisfactory than my trip to Germany. The French were excited by the Caillaux scandal. Madame Caillaux had shot Calmette, the French editor, who persisted in attacking her husband. The scandal upset the Cabinet. As a result there was no one vested with authority to discuss questions of moment with Wilson's emissary.

"Nevertheless," continued Colonel House, "I talked to some impor-

tant persons. I left France with the conviction, which I conveyed to the President, that the spirit of revenge was dead. 'In Germany,' I innocently wrote, 'their one thought is to advance industrially and to glorify war. In France I did not find the war spirit dominant. Their statesmen dream no longer of revenge and the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. The people do, but those that govern and know, hope only that France may continue as now. Germany already exceeds her in population by nearly fifty per cent, and the disparity increases year by year. It is this new spirit in France which fills me with hope and which I used today to some advantage. France, I am sure, will welcome our efforts for peace.'

"It now appears that perhaps I was mistaken. The French Government merely followed the policy enunciated after the Franco-Prussian War by a great French statesman, who said that Alsace-Lorraine was one of those things of which one always thinks, but never talks. There were many rumors of secret agreements, particularly one with Russia, which, in case of a victorious war with Germany, assured to France not only these two provinces, but the left bank of the Rhine.

"Unable to accomplish any concrete results, I embarked once more for England after a week in Paris. I realized that in any case the final decision would be made on the Thames, not on the Seine.

"I arrived in London on the ninth of June and exchanged ideas with Page. We decided to approach Sir Edward Grey first, but I found everything cluttered up with social affairs, garden parties, races, etc. It was not possible to work quickly. It took one week before Sir Edward and Tyrrell found the time to lunch with us. That one week's delay cost Great Britain dearly.

"Sir Edward Grey assured me that there was 'no written agreement between France and England.' Both Tyrrell and Grey asked me to communicate my favorable impressions of British amity to Emperor William."

"Why," the Attorney for the Defense asked, "did your conversation with Edward Grey fail to bear fruit?"

"While I was lunching with Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith," the Colonel replied, "the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was murdered."

"Did the Serbian assassin's bullet necessarily doom your peace mission to failure?"

"If Sir Edward Grey had not procrastinated, if the French Govern-



ment had been in the position to discuss my mission when I was in Paris; if Germany had not given a free hand to Austria-Hungary; if Germany had known the nature of the 'Gentleman's Agreement' which bound England to France, my great adventure need not have ended in failure.

"I cannot absolve my friend, Edward Grey, from blame. It is true, the conflagration was ready. All that was needed was the spark. The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria furnished that spark. When a house of cards is built it is difficult to determine which particular player, sitting about the table, is responsible for its collapse. Fond as I was of Grey, and much as I admired him, my judgment is that he was the only one of the players who might have forced Europe to maintain peace for a number of years.

"To put it another way, Grey was perhaps the only man powerful enough to force the others to hold the dogs of war in leash under threat of Great Britain's active opposition. Grey did not fully realize the stupendous consequences of the pending struggle. In fact, none of us did, for they multiplied as the years rolled on.

"On July 21st I embarked for home. The day before I left, Grey sent a message through Tyrrell, that he wished me to know that the Austrian-Serbian situation was giving him grave concern.

"I also received a letter from Secretary of State Zimmermann. He thanked me on behalf of the Emperor for a more detailed peace plan I had outlined and sent the Emperor from London just before the assassination. 'The Emperor,' Zimmerman wrote, 'took note of its content with great interest. Alas, all his strong and sincere efforts to conserve peace have entirely failed. I am afraid that Russia's procedure will force the old world and especially my country into the most terrible war! There is no chance now to discuss the possibility of an understanding, so much desired, which would lay the foundation for permanent peace and security.'

"Then," concluded Colonel House with a sigh, "came the deluge!"

Following Colonel House, William II appeared on the witness stand. In a gray fieldmarshal's uniform, calm, earnest, resolute, facing the august tribunal, the Emperor confirmed in the main the testimony of Colonel House. Unlike House, he questioned the sincerity of Great Britain and the United States.

"The entrance of America decided Germany's fate in the World

War. Without the entrance of America the Allies would have been hopelessly defeated. American man-power, American munitions, American resourcefulness, weighed down the scales heavily in favor of the Entente. Without America, Germany would have won the War. Even with America, Germany came near winning."

His voice was incisive, his sibilants intensifying the occasional sarcasm of the imperial witness.

"In spite of American aid, Germany would have won an honorable peace, a peace without victory and without defeat," he insisted. "Europe would not now be bankrupt and Balkanized if Woodrow Wilson had not deliberately presented to the German people the Trojan Horse of his Fourteen Points. Impressed with the high dignity of his august office, they questioned neither his authority nor his good faith.

"If the German Government had not regarded Woodrow Wilson as the authorized spokesman of one hundred twenty million Americans, they would not have consigned millions of German men and women to servitude for fourteen scraps of paper."

"The word 'scrap of paper,'" William added, stressing his sibilants, "is an English invention. According to Francesco Crispi, the Italian historian, it was first applied to treaties by Lord Salisbury in 1891.

"Wilson desired to go down in history as 'the greatest living Englishman' of his generation. Woodrow Wilson sacrificed American lives to the Moloch of Anglo-Saxon supremacy. Even with the American armies pouring steadily into Europe, Germany could have won an honorable peace, had it not been for the Socialist 'stab in the back.' This expression was not invented by Ludendorff. Its authorship belongs to a Frenchman, General Maurice. I call attention to the defeatist campaign of Karl Liebknecht and other Socialists. In its issue of October 20, 1918, the *Vorwärts*, the German Socialist organ, frankly proclaimed: 'Germany must lower her battleflag forever without bringing it home a last time in triumph.'"

"To what," the Attorney for the Defense asked his client, "does Your Majesty attribute the entrance of America into the War?"

"America's entrance," the Emperor replied, "was due in part to commercial pressure and political propaganda, but there was also a secret treaty, a 'Gentleman's Agreement', first formulated during the Spanish-American War, which may have decided the attitude of the American Government."

The Attorney for the Prosecution protested. "The 'Gentleman's Agreement,'" he said, "is a hypothesis, not a fact. It is not taken seriously by any historian."

"His Majesty," the Emperor's Counsel retorted, "has made this charge in his book *Ereignisse und Gestalten*, and he has amplified it in subsequent publications. The Nye Committee, investigating the war causes on behalf of the United States Senate in 1936-1937, agreed with His Majesty as to the first two causes, but no Committee of Congress ever investigated, or dared to investigate, this Secret Treaty."

The Court, desirous of placing before the Jury all available evidence, overruled the objection. At last William had the opportunity to state before an impartial body his conviction that a commitment similar to the "Gentleman's Agreement" existing between England and France obligated the United States morally, if not legally, to come to the defense of Great Britain. Standing erect before his judges, with eyes flashing, the Emperor defended his thesis.

"The war against Germany began between 1897 and 1898. It reached its climax, but not its final decision, between 1914 and 1918. It has not ended. It cannot end until an equitable and honorable settlement is achieved.

"The war began with the formation of the Entente Cordiale, the web designed to strangle Germany. The Entente was strengthened by a 'Gentleman's Agreement' between Great Britain and the United States. A 'Gentleman's Agreement,' in the language of secret diplomacy, is a contract drawn loosely enough to be denied, but nevertheless morally binding upon the participants. This secret agreement determined the policy of both countries. It bound America to the chariot of the Entente, without the knowledge or consent of the American people."

Smiling bitterly, William reminded the judges of the similar undertaking between England and France, concerning which Sir Edward Grey, when questioned in Parliament and by Colonel House, had lied like a gentleman.

"The history of the secret pact between England and the United States," the Emperor solemnly and sternly asserted, in the hushed courtroom, "reaches back to the Spanish-American War. Immediately before the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and the United States, England approached Germany with the request for common action to prevent the war. Such an action, under the circumstances, was plainly intercession on behalf of Spain.

"I desired above all a cordial understanding with the great trans-Atlantic republics. It has already been pointed out"—the Emperor bowed with ironic courtesy to the Prosecution—"that one of my forbears, Frederick the Great, was the first European monarch to recognize the new commonwealth, settled so largely by men and women of German blood. My government politely, but firmly, refused to sanction any action hostile to the United States. The German Government favored the preservation of the Spanish monarchy, but had no desire to weaken America.

"Some British diplomat, with Machiavellian skill, immediately reversed the position of the British Government and informed Washington of the project as a 'German plot'. British finesse apparently succeeded. Lord Cranborne, a former undersecretary in the Foreign Office, admitted in 1902 that Lord Salisbury had conveyed to the American Government the false impression that Germany had proposed to England the formation of an anti-American League. Washington evidently was frightened. W. S. Blunt in 'My Diaries', Second Part (London, 1920), says of Lord Salisbury: 'He engineered the Anglo-American Entente during the Spanish-American War.'"

One of the judges, leaning forward eagerly, questioned the Emperor concerning the sudden appearance of the German Fleet in the Philippines and the alleged unpleasant incident between the German Admiral and Admiral Dewey.

"Diederichs and his squadron," the Emperor testified, "were sent to Manila Bay with no hostile intentions. Germany had no design upon the Philippines. I knew that the Philippines would fall like a ripe plum into the lap of the United States. I knew the islands were essential to the United States against the menace of the East. Admiral Diederichs reported to me that he had had 'no unpleasantness' with Admiral Dewey.

"Evidently either British diplomats, in order to raise the bugbear of German hostility, greatly exaggerated the importance of some misunderstanding or incident so trifling that it escaped the memory of Admiral Diederichs. Dewey, prejudiced by previously instilled misinformation, may have seen a threat where no threat was intended. By methods such as these the British Government accelerated the desire of the American Government for a secret pact with Great Britain.

"Shocking as those revelations may appear, they are not irreconcilable with the facts. The one-sided neutrality of the Wilson Administration

appears in a new and sinister light. The 'Gentleman's Agreement' may furnish the key to the mysterious policies of Woodrow Wilson.

"We now understand why Ambassador Page delivered Mr. Wilson's notes protesting against the violations of American rights by Great Britain with the sardonic smile of the augur. We comprehend the truculence of Mr. Wilson's notes to Germany. We can, perhaps, explain the otherwise unaccountable resignation of William Jennings Bryan, Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State, and the alarm of Senator William Stone, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations."

Both Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt taking the witness stand for a brief moment, indignantly denied the "Gentleman's Agreement".

"It is unlikely," conceded the Attorney for the Defense, "that the agreement (if it existed) was formally reduced to writing, but it is difficult to escape the conclusion that its spirit, or the tradition of an Anglo-American liaison in international affairs, descending from office holder to office holder, guided the permanent officials of the State Department. It certainly inspired Secretary Lansing and the subordinates on whom he depended for orientation. We have seen, in the case of Holstein, to what extent permanent under-officials of a government may dominate its foreign policy, irrespective of the will of the executive and irrespective of the transient political appointees officially in charge of affairs.

"Bryan, and even President Wilson, were as helpless against the sabotage of the State Department as William in his struggle with his own Foreign Office. New French premiers are equally helpless against the passive resistance of their permanent under-officials who know the priestcraft of diplomacy and the unrecorded decisions which are more potent than public pronouncements. Even Soviet Russia depended to a certain extent upon the experience of Czarist diplomats. The diplomats have adopted for their guild a technique and an etiquette so involved that it takes even a Hitler or a Mussolini, armed with political omnipotence, years before he is master in his own house.

"The traditions thus inherited in foreign offices, afford guarantees for continuity of policy, but their menace is greater than their benefits, because the men who wield power are frequently swayed by petty idiosyncrasies and motives which, however unconscious, are not altruistic. Some reform is needed to free the world from the hocus-pocus of the diplomatic ritual and the incubus of secretive traditions

crystallized in the minds of those who, without political responsibility, carry on the intercourse between nations. There is something to be said for pensioning or —liquidating all diplomats when a new government comes into power!"

"President Wilson," said William II, taking the stand once more, "urged and professed neutrality, but his own feeling, judgment and intentions are no longer in doubt. For a time he hoped for a stalemate so that he might be the mediator in making a 'Peace without victory.' But when the German victory seemed possible, he intervened.

"Every action of Mr. Wilson's administration was bent toward that end. Hence the suppression by Secretary Lansing of the British order declaring the North Sea a war zone. Hence the blindness to British recruiting on American territory, hence the submission to the illegal British blockade by the United States and control of the United States commerce by England even while the United States professed to be neutral." In response to a sceptical query by the Prosecution, the Kaiser triumphantly recalled the President's answer to an inquiry by one of the members of the Committee on Foreign Relations at the memorable interview in the White House. "*Mr. Wilson expressed his belief that the United States would have entered the War even if Germany had never resumed the unrestricted submarine warfare.*"

Questioned more closely by the Prosecutor to reveal his evidence, the Kaiser thereupon introduced a volume by Roland G. Usher, author of many historical studies, and professor of history in Washington University, St. Louis. Usher, William explained, is regarded as a political expert.

"Usher's book, *Pan-Germanism*, published in February 1913, admits the existence of a secret pact between France and the English-speaking nations against Germany and Austria-Hungary. In Chapter X of 'Pan-Germanism', Usher states (pages 139-140):

Once the magnitude of Pan-Germanism dawned on the English and French diplomats, once they became aware of the lengths to which Germany was willing to go, they realized the necessity of strengthening their position, and therefore made overtures to the United States, which resulted, probably before the summer of the year 1897, in an understanding between the three countries. There seems to be no doubt whatever that no papers of any sort were signed, and that no pledges were given, which circumstances could not justify any one of the contracting

parties in denying or possibly repudiating. Nevertheless, an understanding was reached that in case of a war begun by Germany or Austria for the purpose of executing Pan-Germanism, *the United States would promptly declare in favor of England and France and would do her utmost to assist them.*

The mere fact that no open acknowledgment of this agreement was then made need not lessen its importance and significance. The alliance (for it was nothing less) was based upon infinitely firmer ground than written words and sheets of parchment, than the promises of individuals at that moment in office in any one of the three countries. It found its efficient cause as well as the efficient reason for its continuance in the situation, geographical, economic and political, of the contracting nations which made such an agreement mutually advantageous to them all. So long as this situation remains unchanged, there is little likelihood that the agreement will be altered, and there is no possibility whatever of its entire rejection by one of the three parties, least of all by the United States."

With his swift blue pencil the Emperor marked the most significant passages in Usher's book for identification. "It should be remembered," he insisted, "that these lines were penned at least one year and a half before the outbreak of the European War and almost half a decade before the entrance into the War of the United States. Not her strategic position, Usher remarked of the United States, nor her military strength, but her economic position made her an ally particularly indispensable to England and France."

Once more, firmly grasping the pencil in his powerful right hand, the Emperor identified and read for the Court the following passage:

"She [the United States of America] possesses, in fact, precisely what England and France lack—almost inexhaustible natural resources; arable land almost without limit; food sufficient to feed all Europe; great deposits of gold, copper, iron, silver, coal; great supplies of cotton sufficient for the Lancashire cotton mills; in short, she possesses the very resources needed to make the economic position of England and France fairly impregnable."

Turning to pages 147-148, the witness continued:

"Fortunately for England and France, the United States, whose economic assistance is positively imperative for them, finds their assistance equally imperative. In the first place, the United States depends upon the English merchant marine to carry her huge volume of exports, and should she not be able to use it, would suffer seriously, even if the

inability to export continued only a few weeks. Again, a market as certain and as large as that of England and France for her raw materials and food is absolutely essential to her, and the outbreak of a war, which might close those markets to her, would precipitate unquestionably a financial crisis, whose results could not fail to equal in destructiveness the effect upon private individuals of a great war.

The Court accepted the Usher book, which was marked as evidence.

"There are," the Emperor continued, "many other points of interest in Usher's book, such as his prediction that the United States would not enter the war except under certain contingencies, but would 'confine her efforts to the exceedingly important work, both to her allies and to herself, of keeping open the Atlantic highway and of protecting the merchant marine of England.' In a formal speech delivered in St. Louis, Professor Usher reaffirmed his original revelations and admitted that Woodrow Wilson was responsible for leading the United States into war in accordance with an agreement of long standing between the government of the United States and the powers of the Entente.

"The hypothesis of a 'Gentleman's Agreement' explains not only the policy of the American Government, but also the policy of the Allies. It explains why England played with Germany as a cat with a mouse, why France refused again and again my proffered hand; why the Allies rejected Germany's peace offer, even when catastrophe overwhelmed their armies. It also explains the Allies' angry impatience, their ill-mannered irritation when America was slow to come in.

"When my Memoirs appeared, most of the critics pointed out that the 'Gentleman's Agreement' could not exist under the Constitution of the United States. This argument has been completely overthrown by the startling revelations made by the American historian, Tyler Dennett, at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., on August 7, 1924, asserting on the authority of President Theodore Roosevelt, that a secret agreement with the Japanese Government made the United States virtually a member of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Roosevelt, Mr. Dennett said, threatened war on Germany and France if either power assumed to interfere against Japan. Although John Van Antwerp MacMurray, Chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs of the Department of State, denied that the 'agreed memorandum' constituted a treaty, he did not deny its existence.

"If Theodore Roosevelt could pledge the United States to go to war for Japan, Mr. Roosevelt's predecessors and his successors could pledge



the United States to come to the aid of the Allies. Even if we ignore the original secret pact made at the time of the Spanish-American War, the same agreement, or modification thereof, which made the United States, without the knowledge and consent of the Senate and of the responsible officials of the State Department, a member of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, could easily be stretched to obligate the United States to intercede on behalf of the Allies in the World War."

There was a battle between the Defense and the Prosecution concerning MacMurray's denial.

The Roosevelt memorandum of 1905 is one of the most interesting executive understandings which has been brought to my attention. I deprecate, however, any attempt to define or interpret it as a secret obligation of the United States Government. Of course, it was in no sense a treaty.

It was a wholly personal understanding as to the attitude which President Roosevelt, in the exercise of his executive discretion, was prepared to take under given circumstances; and, important as it was in determining the relationship of this country to Far Eastern questions then at issue, its importance lay not in the fact that it bound our government to anything, but in the fact that the Chief Executive had definitely formulated the policy upon which he might be counted to act.

"This denial," the Emperor's Attorney observed, "is an indirect admission. It is a 'diplomatic' definition of a 'Gentleman's Agreement.'

"The Emperor's hypothesis of the 'Gentleman's Agreement' does not," he went on to say, "rest entirely upon Usher's word. Shortly after the conclusion of the agreement, an American of high official standing, the late Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, enraged by what seemed to him a violation of the Constitution, informed a German friend of the deal. The news was transmitted by Ambassador von Holleben to the Foreign Office and pigeonholed there until recently unearthed by the Kaiser. Not long ago, the Kaiser's one-time informant reminded the monarch of the warning then given. Inquiries followed, and the fact was established that the information had been duly received in 1898. An anonymous pamphlet, *The Problem of Japan*, by an American whose name is known to the Kaiser, offers corroborative evidence.

"Nor is it possible to ignore in this connection the memorandum of February 23, 1916, which embodies the Gentleman's Agreement con-

tracted between Colonel House and Sir Edward Grey, obligating the United States to enter the War on the side of the Allies under certain conditions. On March 7, 1916, before his re-election, Wilson accepted this agreement with some modification. Even without external evidence it is possible for any unprejudiced student to prove that the weather cock of the State Department turns with the wind that blows across the sea from London. This remains true, in spite of occasional counter-currents from the White House or the United States Senate."

The Emperor once more resumed his testimony.

"If even a hint of the Gentleman's Agreement between England and America concluded in 1897, had reached me, it would have been possible to shape Germany's policy accordingly. Its exposure in the American press would have changed the course of history, since there is no question that the American people would have repudiated such an agreement, no matter how 'gentlemanly' drawn, with the same indignation and vehemence with which Woodrow Wilson and his League of Nations were thrown into the discard.

"The bugbear of 'Pan-Germanism,' cited by Usher and others is purely a Franco-British invention. 'Pan-Germanism' never dominated the German Government. It never threatened the serenity of America's ways. The Hohenzollern dynasty never desired world hegemony. Its scions did not even aspire to be masters of Europe in the approved Napoleonic fashion imitated by Poincaré. Two princes of the House of Hohenzollern, Frederick the Iron Tooth and the Great Elector, refused the throne of Poland, stating: 'We are German Princes.' It is difficult enough to rule the Germans!" Here the Kaiser sadly smiled, "We have no desire to rule the earth."

"But the German Empire," William concluded, "was the 'center weight' in the complicated clockwork of Europe. Disturb that weight, and the clock must stop. Restore that weight, oil the machinery, replace the missing parts, and I guarantee order in Europe within six months. Until this is accomplished, the time is, and will remain, out of joint. No restoration is complete until all territory indisputably German is united with Germany."

A number of American witnesses followed. There was Bryan, with a genial smile for the Jury and a scowl for Lansing.

"Why did you resign?" he was asked.

"Because I knew that Woodrow Wilson's policy would lead inevitably to war."

"Have you any reason for believing that Mr. Wilson's policy was shaped by a 'Gentleman's Agreement' along the lines outlined by the Emperor on the stand?"

Bryan hesitated.

Before he could answer Mr. Lansing superciliously drawled: "The correspondence of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt reveals no such agreement. There is nothing in the files of the State Department to bear out the ex-Emperor's preposterous contention."

"Nevertheless," the Attorney for the Defense snapped, "you conducted the affairs of the State Department as if such an agreement actually existed. You cunningly tricked the German Ambassador with your equivocations. Did you, or did you not, reach the conclusion as early as July 1915 that Germany must not be permitted to win the war, or to break even?"

"I did," Mr. Lansing confessed emphatically.

"You protested vigorously against the German decree of February 4, 1915, declaring the waters surrounding Great Britain and Ireland, including the British Channel, to be a war area which neutral ships would enter at their own peril?"

"I did. The action was plainly contrary to international law—"

"Then, why did you fail to protest against the British order of November 3, 1914, establishing a war zone in the North Sea and declaring all ships passing a line drawn from the Northern point of the Hebrides through Faroe Islands to Iceland would do so at their peril?"

Mr. Lansing fumbled for words.

"You refused to associate yourself with the protest of the genuine neutrals, Norway, Sweden and Denmark," the Public Defender sternly continued. "Your failure to act in defence of international law, forced Germany to retaliate by declaring the North Sea a war area and instituting the submarine blockade of Great Britain."

Mr. Lansing curled his lips truculently. But he was for the moment at a loss for words.

"May I not remind you of your own story of how, in a conversation with the German Ambassador, you deliberately provoked the speedy resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare to expedite the entrance of the United States into the War?"

Convicted out of his own mouth, Lansing blushing admitted and

confirmed the story of his conversation with Bernstorff, told in his reminiscences.

"Were you convinced from the beginning that American opinion must be prepared to cast aside its neutrality to champion democracy?"

"I was," Lansing replied somewhat less truculently.

"Is it true that your notes to England were in the nature of long and exhaustive treatises in which everything was submerged into verbosity to the end that the question should remain unsettled and that the United States should be left 'free to act' and even to act illegally when it entered the war?"

Again the crestfallen Lansing was compelled to plead guilty. He was somewhat out of breath when he left the stand.

Walter Hines Page, called for a moment, was confronted with his letter to Colonel House, in which Mr. Wilson's Ambassador at the Court of St. James's expressed the hope that there would be another *Lusitania* disaster to bring America into the War.

"Did you write such a letter?"

Page was compelled to acknowledge its authenticity. The Court Room gasped.

Unlike his Ambassador, Woodrow Wilson made a pleasant impression upon the Jury. He frankly admitted his philosophic attachment to the British tradition, but rejected the uncritical Anglomania of Page. Woodrow Wilson leaned on his cane, as in his lifetime he had leaned on Edward Mandell House. Drawing a sharp line of distinction between himself and Page, he cited the following passage (never hitherto published) from his letter to Colonel House of November 24, 1916: "It might be well to intimate to him (Grey) *that Page no longer represents the feeling or the point of view of the United States any more than do the Americans resident in London.*" In the same letter, Wilson pointed out that Anglo-American relations were "almost as unsatisfactory as the relations between Washington and Berlin."

Another vital letter, figuring in the testimony of Woodrow Wilson, revealed that on January 24, 1917, a few days before the rupture of diplomatic relations, Woodrow Wilson was more friendly to Germany and more friendly to peace than at any time since July 1914. "If," he exclaimed in a letter to his soul's mentor, "Germany really wants peace, she can get it soon, *if she will but confide in me and let me have a chance.*" This revelation of Wilson's sincerity stirred the assemblage. It astounded no one more than the Defendant.

"Do you, Mr. Wilson, still believe in the principles enunciated by you as the basis of peace?"

"I am not one of those that have the least anxiety about the triumph of the principles I have stood for. I have seen fools resist providence before and I have seen their destruction, as will come upon these again—utter destruction and contempt.

"The affairs of the world can be set straight only by the firmest and most determined exhibition of the will to lead and to make the right prevail."

"But your own country repudiated your Fourteen Points and your League of Nations."

"That we should thus have done a great wrong to civilization, and at one of the most critical turning points in the history of mankind, is the more to be deplored because every anxious year that has followed has made the exceeding need for such services as we might have rendered more and more manifest and more pressing.

"As demoralizing circumstances which we might have controlled have gone from bad to worse, until now—as if to furnish a sort of sinister climax—France and Italy between them have made waste paper of the Treaty of Versailles, and the whole field of international relationships is in perilous confusion."

"Then your attitude toward the Germans and toward your war-time associates has changed?"

Wilson straightened up.

He spoke in a low tone of voice, but every word expressed the white fury of his soul.

"I should like to see Germany clean up France and I should like to meet Jusserand and tell him that to his face."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilson."

"Your witness," the Public Defender remarked, turning with an ironical smile to the Prosecution. But the Prosecution had no questions to ask.

"Mr. Wilson's mental attitude," the Defense resumed, "especially before America's entrance into the war, is important. 'Unfortunately,' the Attorney for the Defense pointed out, "these confidential letters were not available to the Kaiser, nor to his advisers, when they decided to resume unrestricted submarine warfare. Moreover they were contradicted by the actions of the American government. Under the circumstances Germany was compelled to strike with any means at her

command to save her existence." On this subject two witnesses summoned from the grave, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, stroking his double-pointed beard, and his gifted Chief of Staff, Admiral Pohl, the originator of the submarine blockade, left no doubt in the minds of the Judges. Their testimony was supported by General von Falkenhayn, who had vainly protested against the restriction of submarine warfare, urged upon him out of tenderness for the feelings of England and the United States by William II, under the promptings of Bethmann-Hollweg.

The two-pointed beard of Admiral Tirpitz bristled as he disclosed a significant passage from the memoirs of his British colleague, Lord Fisher, in which the Englishman admits that he advised King George V to "Copenhagen" the German fleet at Kiel "à la Nelson." "It seemed to me," Fisher said, "simply a sagacious act on England's part to seize the German fleet when it was so very easy of accomplishment in the manner I sketched out to His Majesty, and probably without bloodshed." Grand Admiral Tirpitz waved, with much relish, a letter which the British sea-dog sent to him: "I don't blame you for the submarine business. I'd have done the same myself, only our idiots in England wouldn't believe it when I told 'em."

Tirpitz cited English, American and French naval and legal authorities, justifying the submarine campaign, including the sinking of the "auxiliary cruiser *Lusitania*." Tirpitz introduced the ship's manifest— withheld from publication at the time, but divulged confidentially to members of the United States Senate by Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port of New York, to save the late Robert Marion La Follette from impeachment,—which proved that the *Lusitania* carried a freight of destruction under the protection of American guardian angels.

Questioning of his naval lieutenants revealed that the Kaiser, technically supreme commander, was not familiar with the details of the submarine warfare. The monarch was horrified by the sinking of the *Lusitania*: "There was not," the old sea lion Tirpitz held, "any justification for His Majesty's horror." Drawing from spectral pockets a clipping, he excitedly waved it before the Jury. It was that extraordinary statement by Admiral Sims of the United States Navy, published after the War in the *New York Tribune*:

"There exists no authentic report of cruelties ever having been committed by the commander or the crew of a German submarine. . . . The

press reports about cruelties were only meant for propaganda purposes."

"But the Emperor," roared the Prosecutor, "violated his pledge to refrain from unrestricted submarine warfare."

"I was not," Tirpitz replied, "responsible for the Admiralty or the Government at the time when the pledge was given. But I know that it was 'conditional.' It was conditioned upon an even-handed defense of the Freedom of the Seas by the United States against both groups of belligerents. It is an infamous falsehood to accuse Germany of violating her plighted word. In any case the decision rested with the General Staff and the Admiralty, not with William II."

The Kaiser, von Tirpitz insisted, could be blamed neither for the submarine warfare nor for its resumption, but Germany may justly hold against him the humanitarian impulse which impelled him to sanction its interruption. Ample testimony from French and British sources revealed that the continuation of submarine warfare against merchant vessels would have altered the balance in Germany's favor.

The Prosecution introduced the notorious Zimmermann Note which promised Texas and other "lost provinces" to Mexico. It was this note which gave the ultimate impetus to war sentiment in the United States. Zimmermann, once Secretary of State, testified that the note was not engendered in William's brain. In fact, the Kaiser did not know of its existence. Nor was it Zimmermann's own brain child. It was born and incubated in the heated brain of a sub-official. The mad scheme, worthy of Holstein, was transmitted to Mexico by Zimmermann in the excitement of the moment by three different routes. Poor Zimmermann underestimated both the good sense of the Mexican Government and the ingenuity of the British Secret Service in deciphering enemy dispatches. Zimmermann admitted that he had abused the courtesy of the American Government by transmitting the note to Bernstorff in code through the courtesy of the State Department.

"The dishonorable method," roared the Prosecutor, "was characteristic of the government then in power in Germany."

"Such a method," Zimmermann admitted, "would be dishonorable in peace. It was not, under the circumstances, dishonorable in war."

"It was merely stupid," whispered the Kaiser under his breath.

"In spite of hypocritical pretensions to neutrality, the American Government," Zimmermann continued, "was the secret partner of our

foes. It was not culpable on our part to offer Mexico her lost provinces. These and other promises were made only in the contingency of war with the United States."

"Germany," Zimmermann continued, "was compelled to consider the United States a potential foe. No one in Germany could prepare a blue print of what was going on in the minds of Colonel House and his co-regent, Woodrow Wilson. Moreover Wilson's mind was at times divided against itself. In that respect he did not differ from other statesmen. The same dualism, the same ambivalence, the same inconsistency, which has poisoned Anglo-German relations, also characterized the diplomatic exchanges between Germany and the United States."

There was one German diplomat who had a key to the secrets of Wilson's mind. That key was given to him by Colonel House. The diplomat was Count Johann von Bernstorff, German Ambassador in Washington from 1908 to 1917. The Ambassador appeared on the stand somewhat shaken; his hair gray, his hands trembling. Wearily, a sadly disappointed man, Bernstorff exclaimed: "Whatever may have been the actions of the State Department, whatever understanding, secret or otherwise, may have existed between those who governed the United States and Great Britain, Woodrow Wilson and House desired peace. It was, of course, a peace favorable to Great Britain, but not a peace destructive to Germany.

"The preponderance of power in favor of the Allies at that moment was such that," the witness contended, "a peace on such a basis was the only peace possible. Even," the Ex-Ambassador averred, "stalemate in a battle against the world would have been victory for Germany. Unfortunately, Wilson knew no more what went on in the Kaiser's mind than the Kaiser knew, or could know, the mysterious ramifications of Wilson's cerebral processes."

Bernstorff was compelled to admit that he, in turn, had misjudged his government. Bernstorff lacked the information which had trickled through to the Foreign Office of some definite anti-German understanding between Washington and London—(possibly the Gentleman's Agreement of February 23, 1916). Throughout this testimony Bernstorff did not look at the Kaiser. The Kaiser stared into space.

"If," the Prosecutor observed, "the Defendant had availed himself of the knowledge of his ambassador, war could have still been averted.



But William II failed to listen to Bernstorff's admonitions. He did not receive Count Bernstorff for months after his return from the United States."

"The Emperor's experience with America," the Emperor's Attorney observed, "had not prepared him for the promptness with which the United States, from the beginning of the War, adopted the cause of his enemies. Impressed with the vast possibilities of the American continent, temperamentally in sympathy with the volatile American spirit, the Kaiser throughout his reign favored America more than any other sovereign in Europe.

"The Kaiser's interest in the 'culture exchange' between Germany and the United States was," the Attorney continued, "neither feigned nor superficial. His familiarity with American literature is astounding. He recites Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinees' with relish. William is better versed in the works of Poe than many American college professors.

"The Kaiser had several American friends who remained his friends in exile and who occasionally visit him in Doorn. Theodore Roosevelt's remark that the Emperor was 'the only European monarch who could carry his own constituency if he were an American politician,' was re-echoed by others. There has been some reference to a fervid speech by Nicholas Murray Butler, the venerable President of Columbia University, that the Kaiser would be elected President if there were a German Republic. That statement was made on the occasion of the Emperor's Jubilee, only a few years before the outbreak of the War! Poultney Bigelow, gnarled and original in deportment and in language alike, who was the Emperor's boyhood friend, turned against him vindictively under the influence of war propaganda. When the war fever subsided, Poultney Bigelow, seeing the error of his ways, said: *Pater peccavi*, and resumed, at eighty, the friendship of his boyhood.

"William II never ceased to admire the late Professor John W. Burgess, who, almost alone among his peers, steadfastly refused to surrender his intellectual integrity to war psychosis. The Kaiser's mind is singularly free from bitterness. Even in the days when most men's minds were still poisoned, he spoke kindly of such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder; the late George Allison Armour, Nicholas Murray Butler, 'his cousin through Bruce,' Andrew Carnegie, and Theodore Roosevelt."

The Defense did not call Theodore Roosevelt. It did not ask him to

repeat on the stand his flattering remarks about William II. But it did record a characteristic colloquy between William II and his faithful aide, Colonel Niemann:

N: "Did Roosevelt impress Your Majesty as an idealist?"

H.I.M.: "I sincerely admired Roosevelt. Relentless energy and a cool, practical mind were combined with a good dose of idealism. He possessed my full confidence and I looked upon him as a moral ally in my endeavors to maintain and guarantee the peace of the world. The energetic help I was able to give him during the conclusion of the Peace of Portsmouth was openly and publicly acknowledged by him, much to the discomfiture of the international scandalmongers who had propagated lies about me, to the effect that I had advocated the continuance of hostilities. He states that the German Emperor was the *only person* who had readily lent his help to this work of peace."

"I always," the Kaiser here interrupted, "admired Mr. Roosevelt's maxim: 'Speak softly, but carry a big stick.' "I believed in both; perhaps I did not speak softly enough. In any case the stick I carried was not big enough. Germany's difficulty was not too much, but too little militarism. If anyone doubts the appropriateness of this statement, he can read word for word the alleged Peace Treaty of Versailles."

"America," observed Robert Lansing, assisting the Prosecution, "made a clear distinction between the German Government and the German people. The Treaty of Versailles would not have been as harsh, if the Allies had been convinced that Germany's change of government implied a change of heart."

Here the Kaiser's lips were twisted into a sarcastic smile. "Not only Mr. Lansing, but President Coolidge—five years after the War,—expressed the belief that the United States went to war to expel the Hohenzollerns and rid the poor Germans and the civilized world of this turbulent dynasty. That statement," His Majesty averred, "was made in 1923. That an American President," he continued, "should harbor such a belief is rather astonishing. If he had been rightly informed, he would have known better. The idea is preposterous. Imagine nations making war on each other to drive out this or that dynasty, or in order to impose this or that form of government agreeable to the aggressor!

"Fancy the Hohenzollerns setting out on the war path to upset the American Constitution and to propose for the Government of the United States a triumvirate consisting of three Indian Chieftains. I

fail to see from where the United States, their Congress or their President, received a charter empowering them to change the form of government of Germany, or to expel a dynasty which had ruled for five hundred years. To my simple notion that was no affair of the United States at all. It was solely Germany's business. It would have been better for the world at large and for the United States of America if the United States had minded its own business.

"Developments since the War, especially increasing armaments in all countries, have shown that the world has not changed one iota. Neither the Hohenzollerns nor the Potsdam spirit was responsible for the War. Germany's enemies have called innumerable disarmament conferences, but there has been no disarmament. Oceans of ink have been spilled, mountains of paper wasted, to show that a new era of peace and goodwill to all men had begun. I never for a moment believed in this show. It was all done to hoodwink America and to throw sand in the eyes of the Pacifists.

"The people wake up and see with amazement that nothing whatever has changed. A bloody war was fought, and a splendid, peaceful and gallant nation nearly destroyed, because it taught its citizens to bear arms in self-defense. After years of horror and pain, the victors adopted the very system for which they punished the Germans. Reason has fled to brutish breasts. The World War against Germany was a fraud practised upon their own peoples by the Western Democracies."

The Emperor's cheeks grew more flushed as he proceeded. Mr. Lansing was rendered [temporarily] speechless by William's outburst. The Chief Attorney for the Prosecution himself took up the argument.

"It was not Woodrow Wilson, but the German people who deposed their Kaiser. It is hardly necessary to point out that the Socialists were the largest single party in the German Reichstag. Unfortunately," he added, "militarism was not ruled out simultaneously with Kaiserism. The German mind is curiously illogical. It failed to realize that the Allies did not object to Germany's monarchy, but to that intolerable thing 'Prussian Militarism,' of which the Hohenzollern Dynasty was the outstanding exponent.

"It seems to be difficult for Germans to think logically. The Emperor expected loyalty from his own subjects. But he expected Germans who lived in other countries to be actually disloyal to the countries where they had found a refuge from German militarism. Take

the case of the German-Americans. A high German official told Ambassador Gerard that the United States could never enter the War because there were half a million German Reservists in their country. 'That is true,' replied Mr. Gerard, 'but there are also half a million lamp posts for hanging traitors.' Yet in times of peace, when he did not need them, William II neglected and despised the German-Americans.

"In his conversation with Theodore Roosevelt"—here the former President, who was present in the Court Room, gnashed his teeth audibly—"the Emperor expressed himself as if his views were entirely in consonance with those of his visitor: 'My views of hyphenated Americans,' Mr. Roosevelt has said, 'are those which were once expressed by the Emperor himself when he said to Frederick Whitridge that he understood what Germans were, but he had neither understanding of, nor patience with those who call themselves German-Americans.' This statement has been frequently quoted in the United States.

"After the war began it became evident that the Kaiser's agents in the United States had a double purpose. They worked not only to propitiate American public opinion, but also to organize the German-Americans in this country. Some of the most exuberant of them seemed to have a vision of a German Imperial Prince sitting in the White House as the Viceroy of the Kaiser."

The Attorney for the Defense sternly rejected this charge.

"The statement of the Prosecution is not in accordance with the record. It is cruelly unfair to Americans of German descent; it is equally unfair to the Kaiser. The Kaiser has a soft spot in his heart for his co-racials in the United States. He was puzzled by the phrase 'hyphenated Americans.'

"Did Your Majesty," he continued, addressing the Emperor directly, "ever express the sentiments attributed to you by Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Frederick Whitridge?"

Emperor William shook his head.

"I recall no such conversation. I made no derogatory remark about German-Americans. If I made the statement attributed to me at all, I did so to disabuse certain German politicians of the idea that they could count upon German-American support in any conflict with the United States, and I wanted American statesmen, such as Mr. Roosevelt, to know that the German Kaiser expected neither loyalty, nor divided allegiance from Americans of German descent.

"Men who seek a new country," the Kaiser continued, "belong to

that country. Their civic duty cannot be divided. However, they can serve both their old and their new Fatherland by keeping alive the traditions of their new, and a knowledge of their old tongue in the new land. It is the supreme duty of every immigrant to learn the tongue of his adopted country. But he is a wise man if he also teaches his child the tongue and the tradition of the land of his fathers.

"If," William continued, "America has disappointed me, it has also aided me considerably in my battle to dispel the War Guilt Myth. When the clouds of poison gas were at last dissipated, here and there reason asserted itself in Anglo-Saxon countries. British, American and Canadian statesmen and historians were among the first to admit the falsity of the War Guilt Myth. It is not necessary here to catalogue the entire literature of the revisionist historians. Sidney Bradshaw Fay, John S. Ewart, Harry Elmer Barnes, and others have given to the world the result of their investigations. Their works, available to every scholar, are before the High Court of History. "Nor can I or Germany ever forget that formidable 100,000-word speech made in the United States Senate on December 18, 1923, by the Hon. Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, whose one hundred per cent American antecedents may be deduced from the fact that he is the descendant of an American Indian. Senator Owen's speech exonerates Germany and her rulers. Owen was the bitter enemy of the German people through the War. He voted for every war measure. He ardently supported President Wilson's demand for 'force without stint.'

"On a trip abroad, however, the Senator learned of the Sukhomlinov trial. He heard, to his surprise, that the Russian General was found guilty by his own people of having started the War. He read with increasing consternation the letters that passed between Sazonov and Isvolsky, the communications between Poincarè and his associates.

"Delving further, the Senator discovered for himself the conspiracies between Russian Grand Dukes and French chauvinists to precipitate war. He realized that the British Cabinet had discussed the German invasion of Belgium—which later aroused its horrified protest—as a matter of course. Major Cyprian Bridge, of the British General Staff, in a letter to Dr. von Wegerer, showed that Great Britain had prepared every detail for mobilization against Germany as far back as 1912, when the British were ready to invade Flanders to attack Germany. They had even provided portable bridges and pontoons to cross the Flemish canals. Senator Owen took note of these things.

He perused the 'Gentleman's Agreement' between England and France, so frequently referred to during the trial, which, without the knowledge of Parliament, obligated Great Britain to come to the aid of her ally.

"All these facts Senator Owen collected and collated. They may be found in the *Congressional Record*. Owen declares that in making these revelations part of the record of the Congress of the United States, he merely fulfilled his duty as a conscientious public servant. His speech was a gesture of atonement. He demanded a revision of the Peace Treaty, especially of that clause acknowledging Germany's guilt. This clause constitutes part of the Peace Treaty between the United States and Germany. The United States owes it to her honor to repudiate this clause and to atone for the grievous wrong done to Germany by baiting the trap with the Fourteen Points.

"The future of civilization," the Emperor concluded, "rests mainly upon co-operation between the great Germanic nations, Germany, England and the United States, just as the preservation of American traditions in the United States depends to a large extent upon co-operation between German and Anglo-Saxon. Such a partnership, based upon common ideals, as opposed to that Limited Corporation for the Preservation of Allied Loot known as the League of Nations, can preserve the world from the chaos of Bolshevism and inter-racial strife."

## WILLIAM THE WAR LORD

WE KNOW why William lost the Peace. But why did he lose the War? The Kaiser has been painted as a blood-thirsty sadist and as a cowardly poltroon rattling the sabre to hide his fears; blamed for striking and blamed for failing to strike at the right moment; for meddling too much and too little with the conduct of the war.

What is the truth?

Again the Court assembles.

The witnesses from the quick and the dead wear the ornate uniforms of their rank; several wield a fieldmarshal's baton. There is Waldersee the Fox, Chief of the General Staff from 1888 to 1891; Count Schlieffen, who held the post from 1891 to 1906, and Schlieffen's successor, Helmuth von Moltke, who presided over the military affairs of the German Empire from 1906 to September 14, 1914—Moltke, to whom the Marne spelled diaster. And there is Moltke's familiar, Lieutenant Colonel Hentsch. And who is Hentsch? Hentsch the mysterious. Hentsch the obscure. When Germany's evil genius assumed human form, it borrowed the features of Hentsch.

Von Tirpitz, the old sea-dog, struts angrily across the scene, shaking his fist and flapping his beard. Hindenburg and Ludendorff, magically reunited, divide the spotlight with him. Gallant, youthful, in spite of the silver in his hair, looking uncannily like Frederick the Great, Crown Prince William steps blithely into the courtroom.

The session opened with a violent assault by the Prosecution. Cataapulting himself into the heart of the question, the Prosecutor invoked the spirit of Woodrow Wilson. "Germany, in Woodrow Wilson's immortal words, once again stated that force and force alone shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men. There was but one response possible: 'Force, force to the utmost; force without stint or limit; the righteous and triumphant force, which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.'

"Future generations," the Prosecutor continued, "will be grateful to the Prussians for one thing—and one thing only. From war—that

noble art of murdering,' as Thackeray called it, they have stripped the last vestiges of romantic glamor. They have not hesitated to press the premises of militarism to their logical conclusion,—with results that have staggered humanity.

"The behavior of the German Army, assassin on land and sea, only carried out Germany's immemorial tradition. Until this war began the world had almost forgotten the record for duplicity and inhumanity of the military tyrants of Prussia,—the treachery and barbarity of the race of which William and they were the offspring. They were running true to type, but for the time we had forgotten what the type was; yet it was known well enough to Julius Caesar and to the others who ruled the Roman world. For him the Germans were 'that treacherous race which is bred up from the cradle to war and rapine,' who 'practise the base deception which first asks for peace and then openly begins war,' who are 'outside the pale of negotiations'—yet Caesar had not heard of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk!

"History only repeated itself after two thousand years, yet two thousand years ago it was then only repeating itself. The Prussian has always been the same. His instincts are today as they were when he roamed the swamp lands, naked and with a stone club in his fist, pig-eyed and bull-necked, like the mastodon of his native forests. But there was one German who should have known better. Had he not imbibed as a child with his mother's milk the gentle doctrine of British Liberalism? I refer to the Defendant, William II. To his supreme crime against humanity he added the sin of hypocrisy by blasphemously calling upon God as Germany's ally. The German Clergy, responding, gave their blessings to Germany's arms.

"When Attila laid Rheims in ashes, cut the throats of his hostages, tortured his prisoners, and thus earned fame as the Scourge of God, he found priests and professors to justify his acts and to predict the speedy Hunnification of the world. Attila was popular in Prussia—mothers called their babes Etzel and when William II sent forth his armies he bade them to be worthy of their illustrious namesake. Attila was the first of the great Junkers. His army was largely German and he held court in the centre of Thuringia. He is the hero of Germanic song and legend; and his spirit animated the 'Hymn of Hate,' the murder of Edith Cavell, the sinking of the *Lusitania* and above all the hired criminals who operated in America in the disguise of patriotic citizens."



In the same vein the Defense continued, hour after hour, rehearsing the execution of Nurse Cavell, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and other "atrocities."

When at last the Prosecution had stated its case, the Attorney for the Defense rose and said very quietly: "I miss in the account of the Prosecution the story of the 'Crucified Canadian soldier' and the delightful conceit of the *Kadaververwertungsanstalt*. The Defense considers it unnecessary at this day and hour to reply in detail to the atrocity charges which have been repudiated as war propaganda in every civilized country. However the Defense will briefly recall one of the co-signers of the Peace Treaty who, jointly with Mr. Lloyd George, made a personal study of the atrocity myths. Signor Nitti will you be good enough to explain your conclusions?"

Nitti gravely bowed to the Court.

"Mr. Lloyd George and myself, when at the head of the Italian government, carried on extensive investigations into the truth of these horrible accusations, some of which at least were told specifically as to names and places. Every case investigated proved to be a myth. During the war, France, in common with the other Allies, including our own Government in Italy, circulated the most absurd inventions to arouse the fighting spirit of our people. The cruelties attributed to the Germans were such as to curdle our blood. We heard the story of poor Belgian children whose hands were cut off by the Huns."

"How did the story originate?"

"The source of this ghastly fiction was strange indeed. When Belgium occupied the Congo, she wished to terrify the negro population. To accomplish her end, she committed a few acts of terrific cruelty. Grown men and children had their hands and feet cut off. This circumstance was proved by official documents. It gave rise at that time to severe protests in the American and European press. During the war, the Germans were accused by certain American, English, French and Italian people of those very deeds of which a few Belgian commanders had actually been guilty in the Congo ten years earlier.

"After the war a rich American, who was deeply touched by the French propaganda, sent an emissary to Belgium with the intention of providing a livelihood for the children whose poor little hands had been cut off. He was unable to discover even one!"

"Thank you for your testimony, Signor Nitti. We shall now, with the permission of the Court, consider the Prosecutor's charge that the

Teutons are the most warlike race in history. There are statistics available to decide scientifically the merits of this charge.

"Recently, Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin, Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Harvard, assisted by a score of American and European scholars, made a study of 902 wars, and 1615 internal disturbances in the last two thousand five hundred years. His investigation enables him to state how many years of their history divers great nations, old and new, have been at war. The result, expressed in percentages, controverts the argument of my learned opponent: Spain, 67 per cent; England, 56 per cent; France, 50 per cent; Russia, 46 per cent; Ancient Greece, 57 per cent; Ancient Rome, 40 per cent; Italy, 36 per cent; Germany—only 28 per cent. The war-like German tribes and their successors resorted to war less frequently than any other nation in Europe!"

A murmur of astonishment passed through the Court Room at this revelation.

"I now have the honor," the Attorney continued, "of introducing once more as a witness in his own defense, His Majesty Emperor William II."

Calm, self-assured, dignified, the Defendant, caparisoned in field-gray, entered the witness box. In William's testimony and in the recital of others obscure facts became articulate and hidden motives leaped to light from the limbo of the unconscious.

"How quickly men forget," William remarked musingly, more to himself than to the Court, "the twenty-five years of peace which I assured to the world because I refused to draw the sword from its scabbard. Holstein preached a preventive war. 'Strike while the enemy is down,' he whispered, entrenched behind his desk in the Foreign Office. Schlieffen, the great Schlieffen, concurred. The 'Schlieffen Plan' was born when the Russian giant was beaten by little yellow men in the East. Loyal to my race, loyal to my imperial cousin, loyal to civilization, loyal to humanity, I could not reconcile it with my conscience to provoke a war—even to forestall disaster.

"Then came 1914, the invasion of Belgium, foreseen by every General Staff in Europe, and then—rising from the Thames—the storm in a million ink pots! England whipped up that storm, the very England who by her secret military pacts had violated the neutrality of Belgium before it was violated by us. Every military expert in Europe knew that Belgium was the gateway to France. Unable to alter the geography

of Europe and the plans of my General Staff, I asked free transit for my troops, to save needless bloodshed. I offered peace. But Belgium, having secretly betrayed peace, chose the sword.

"Overnight I became an ogre devouring women and children, disporting myself in a pool of blood; the Emperor of the Huns, the grim Teuton War Lord and yet"—he paused, adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles and assuming a professorial air,—“the very term ‘War Lord’ is a misnomer, a mistranslation. Supreme War Lord means ‘Chief-in-War.’ The title *Oberster Kriegsherr* harks back to antiquity. The ancient Teutonic tribes, torn by dissension and petty feuds in times of peace, chose one of their number to act as their chief in war. The title was adopted with other imperial trappings by my grandfather, William I, because it corresponded to the structure of the empire, conceived as a federation of German states. The ruling princes were the chiefs of their armies which they placed under the command of the German Emperor. He was the Lord-in-War or War Lord of the combined German forces.

“Armenius the Cheruscan, Alaric, Theodoric the Great, were such War Lords. Theodoric, chief of the Goths, was the first Lord-in-War, who retained supreme power after the close of hostilities. Lord-in-Peace, as well as Lord-in-War, he welded the different Gothic tribes into one solid people, marched into Italy, beat the Roman armies and took Rome itself by assault. He was the first great ruler who taught the independent, liberty-loving Goths that no nation is strong unless it subjects itself to the will of one chief, able to impose upon the individual common tasks and common sacrifices for the sake of the whole.

“Parallel to the title of War Lord,” the Emperor proceeded, “runs another *Oberster Jagdherr*—‘First Lord of the Hunt’—a survival of the days when hunting was the affair of great lords and all the woodland and all the deer belonged to the princes. This title,” the Emperor added with a smile, “devolved upon the Supreme Lord of the Hunt no obligation to hunt at all seasons, to poach on other people’s preserves, or to kill every living animal in sight. I inherited both titles. Because I was called ‘War Lord,’ the ridiculous superstition gained ground that I was morally obliged to prepare and unloose the World War.”

“The responsibility of starting the war, of conducting it with deliberate atrocity, and of losing it, has been saddled upon my client. What,” asked the Emperor’s Attorney, “are the facts?” Skillfully draw-

ing out his witnesses, he conjured up from the past momentous events, almost forgotten by the principal actors.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1914

From Luxembourg the wheels of the imperial train glide over roads soaked with blood and rain. Within the train, weary faces bend over large maps, studded with red and black pins indicating the position of the opposing hosts battling for Paris, the Channel ports and the Marne. Without, wrecked houses and ruined roads and newly dug graves mark the march of war. Odors of death. Cadavers of unburied horses. The lips of the Emperor's companions recapitulate names immortal then and forgotten now: Longwy, Longuyon, Stenay.

Sweeping aside the protests of his generals, the Supreme War Lord races to the front.

Before him Death. Beside him Destiny.

Seated alone at a window, the Emperor mutters to himself: "Moltke is wrong. This is the day, this is the hour when I must be with my troops. I must show the men who die for me that I am willing to share their fate. Before God and my people I am responsible. I must be with General von Buelow's army when history is made in my name." A shadow flits over William's face.

"It is true, Moltke objects."

The Emperor knits his brow.

"Why did he implore me to stay at headquarters remote from the battle?"

William had ordered the train to depart without consulting the Chief of the General Staff. After all, he was the War Lord. The blunders of his diplomats, the treachery of his friends, the stratagems of his enemies, had hurled him into the fray. "Unlike my Foreign Office," he says to himself, "the army will not fail me. And I, in turn, must not fail the army."

The order from Joffre, intercepted by the German Intelligence Service, indicated a general counter-offensive. He must formulate his decisions, free from Moltke's tutelage. He recalled the day when, upon von Schlieffen's advice, he had made Helmuth von Moltke Schlieffen's successor. Moltke had hesitated to accept the honor. He accepted only after receiving the pledge that the Emperor would refrain from meddling with the operations of his General Staff.

"Have I not kept my promise?" William asks himself. "And yet,

would it not have been wiser if I had refused to yield? My throne, my empire are at stake. History will blame *me* when my generals are forgotten. Would Frederick the Great have permitted anyone to abrogate his powers? But then," the Emperor smiles sadly, "I am not Frederick the Great. I am William the Impetuous. I shall not interfere with their plans. I shall only seek information."

How in the beginning they all had plotted to concentrate more power in his hands! How the soldiers had come to grips with the politicians! How cunningly Waldersee had held Bismarck at bay! How loyally he had stood by his Emperor until—! Stroke by stroke, events had conspired to whittle down the Emperor's self-confidence. Perhaps it was all for the best. The collective wisdom of the General Staff was to be trusted more than his inspirations. The war on two fronts that dwarfed the campaigns of Caesar and Alexander, was too gigantic, the responsibilities too vast, for one man—even God's Anointed and King.

But suddenly through the morning mist he saw the troubled face, saw the trembling hands and distracted eyes of von Moltke. Had he made a mistake? Was it possible that Helmuth had inherited none of the qualities of his great ancestor? Was his hesitancy to order a general advance caution or cowardice, wisdom or vacillation?

Suddenly the window panes tremble. French artillery! For the first time the Supreme War Lord of the Germans hears with his own ears, strident, tremendous, the voice of the God of Battle. The wheels slow down. The adventurous journey halts.

The train stops in a small forest. William alights. In vain his eyes attempt to penetrate the mist. "Your Majesty," one of his aides insists, "it is not safe to proceed." He is joined by others. All agree that the train cannot go on.

The Emperor waves them aside. "I must join my army. The Second and the Third Armies must attack or Joffre will break through."

The Emperor's aides protest.

"Your Majesty has no right," remarks the most loyal and most intrepid, "to expose the Commander-in-Chief to the vicissitudes of the battle. If, God forbid, a stray shot should hit Your Majesty, or—worse still—if Your Majesty should be captured, the consequences would be incalculable. It is not permissible for a monarch to expose himself. War is no longer a personal combat between two sovereigns."

The Emperor is silent. Not one of his advisers urges him to go on. Foolhardiness is not courage. Impetuosity not a virtue. He can hear the

derisive laughter ringing through the world if he permitted the French to make him a prisoner. The capture of Napoleon III spelled the end of the dynasty and the war. Is it permissible to challenge fate? Something urges him to go on. Is it romantic folly? Is it the spirit of Frederick?

The smart officers and aides cannot hide their concern. Beads of perspiration appear on honest faces.

"Von Fabeck," the Emperor calls, "go to Chalons and report to me if the roads are clear."

Von Fabeck clicks his heels and obeys.

The Emperor paces impatiently up and down. His boots sink deep into the gurgling mud. Where is von Fabeck?

After an hour and a half the officer returns caked with mud.

"Well?" the Emperor snaps.

"There is heavy fighting going on," the emissary reports. "The roads are destroyed. Enemy detachments sweep through gaps in the front. In several places enemy fire commands the tracks."

William is still unconvinced. Frederick the Great would have proceeded, perhaps; William, less autocratic, listened and—lost.

While he still debates with himself, a messenger from one of his most trusted generals, von Hausen, arrives breathlessly.

"The roads to the front are impassable, Your Majesty. The train cannot reach either the Second or the Third Army without being captured or wrecked."

William battles with his pride.

Shall he risk the safety of the Empire and the life of his entourage for a futile gesture?

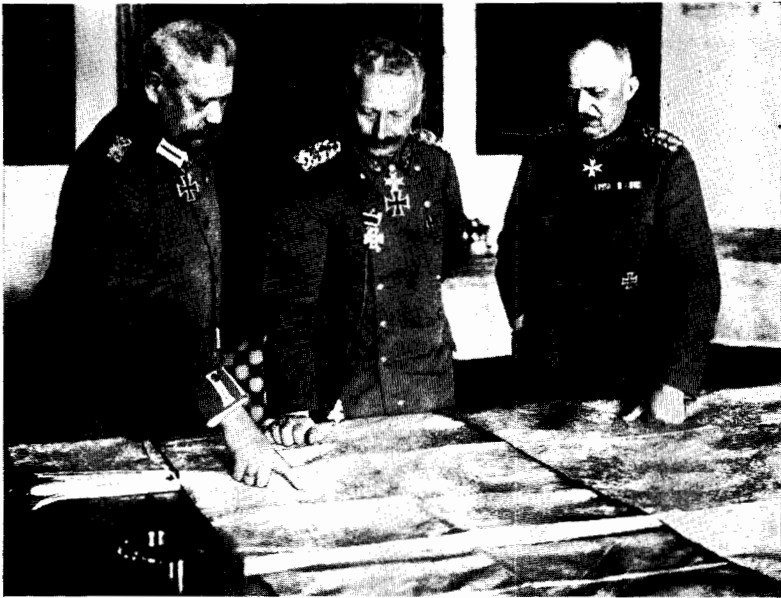
"Incompetent, fool," hisses a familiar voice. It is Hinzpeter, his teacher. He hears rising from the grave the cackle of Waldersee, the sardonic laughter of Bismarck. Buelow, joining the dead, smiles his supercilious smile. Helmuth von Moltke regards him reproachfully. "What of your pledge to me?"

Outvoted by the living and the dead, by voices within and without, the Emperor yields. He re-enters the train. The locomotive pants. Wheels grind. Again the imperial train passes trenches, soldier's graves and cadavers of horse steaming in the sun. The rumble of cannon dies in the distance.

By five o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor enters the little school-



Shall England rule the Waves?  
The Kaiser, Admiral Tirpitz and Admiral Behnke



Grave Problems  
Fieldmarshal Hindenburg, the Supreme War Lord, and his master strategist,  
General Ludendorff



**I. GUILLAUME LE BOUCHER**  
D'après l'estampe originale de Pierre CHATILLON (*L'Europe  
Anti-Prussienne*, décembre 1914).

"William the Butcher"  
The Kaiser as France saw him



house in the Duchy of Luxembourg where Moltke awaits his return impatiently.

Moltke is pessimistic. "Don't let's fool ourselves. We have had successes. Yes, but we have not yet achieved victory. Victory means destroying the enemy's power of resistance. When armies of millions face each other, the victor ought to have prisoners. Where are our prisoners? The small number of guns we have taken proves to me that the French have retreated in good order and according to plans. Disaster may be on our heels and I fear the worst."

If Schlieffen's ghost could have looked over the shoulder of his protégé Moltke, he would have made a very wry face. Vacillating between undue optimism and undue pessimism, the Hamlet of the Marne lacked the will to victory. "A commander's decision," Schlieffen had said, "must be guided not by the hope of evading defeat, but by the unquenchable desire to vanquish the enemy." Napoleon, Alexander, Frederick the Great, won half their battles because they were convinced of their own invincibility.

Moltke is not haunted by Schlieffen's ghost, but by other ghosts—the ghost of blunder, the ghost of defeat, and the ghost of a phantom army emerging from Paris to pierce the German front. Moltke, in one of his letters to a friend, chides the Kaiser for his ostentatious display of confidence in a German victory. "Such hurrah-moods" he says, "are distasteful to me."

Moltke was a wretched psychologist. The leader who does not believe in the success of his own arms, or who lacks the ability to display greater confidence in his cause than he may feel in his heart, will never lead an army to victory. The faith that moves mountains can also move armies. If Moltke had shared William's confidence, he would not have lost the Battle on the Marne. But that day in Luxembourg, Moltke threw self-confidence to the wind and victory to Joffre.

The Kaiser and the Chief of Staff were at odds not for the first time, since the war. William, still angry with himself for having returned, refused to be persuaded by Moltke's excessive caution. Forgetful for once of his pledge, he curtly commanded: "*Attack as long as possible; do not retreat under any conditions.*"

But fate conspired with the pessimist Moltke and his henchman Hentsch. Fate, Moltke and Hentsch sabotaged the imperial command.

If William had deposed the Chief of the General Staff and assumed command of the armies himself, he would have lunched in the Tuileries within a fortnight.

Blunder or wonder, the battle linked forever with the River Marne, is a puzzle to all. And the most puzzling figure in the mysterious maze woven by fate is Hentsch. Hentsch—the Man who muffed the Battle on the Marne. Volumes have been written about the humble Lieutenant-Colonel whom Moltke dispatched on September 8th with ambiguous instructions. Dommes, the Emperor's representative in the Third Reich, insisted on the witness stand that the luckless Hentsch was an honorable and competent officer. Moltke, too, had his champions. No one has cleared up completely what really happened.

Vainly both the Defense and the Prosecution scanned the archives of the General Staff and Moltke's defense of himself. In vain they questioned the principals involved. General von Dommes, Lieutenant-Colonel Hentsch, Count Helmuth von Moltke, General von Kluck, General von Einem, General von Buelow, Crown Prince William, and others testified. They elucidated isolated motives and incidents, but there still remained after all witnesses had spoken, a substratum of mystery.

Dommes, who participated in the fateful conference between Moltke and Hentsch, insisted that the latter was instructed to forestall a retreat, if possible. If military necessity compelled a retreat, Hentsch was authorized to co-ordinate the movements of the various armies involved. His mission accordingly was not contradictory to the orders issued by the Emperor to Moltke. Be that as it may, William was not informed of the unhappy Lieutenant-Colonel's departure.

Moltke consulted a written protocol prepared by himself for the archives of the General Staff to whitewash himself.

"I never," he said, "gave Hentsch an order for the retreat of the First and Second Armies."

But Moltke's orders—whatever they may have been—lacked precision. He burdened Hentsch with decisions too weighty for subaltern shoulders.

Hentsch was calm and dignified. There was no doubt in his subaltern mind that he had done his duty conscientiously. Hentsch, rightly or wrongly, interpreted his mission in the defeatist spirit of his superior. He left for the front imbued with the preconceived idea of retreat.

"It was," as Crown Prince William remarked, "impossible for him to adapt himself to the situation as he found it at First and Second Army headquarters, a situation radically different from the conception he had arrived at through mathematical deductions, while far removed from the actual field of battle.

"The conversation between Hentsch and General von Buelow on the evening of September 8th at Castle Montmort," Crown Prince William continued, "should have made it plain to Hentsch that his conception of the situation was not borne out by reality. Buelow seriously remonstrated when Hentsch suggested 'a voluntary and timely retreat.'

"The leader of the Second Army," the Crown Prince added, "pointed out that his troops were not at all in an unfavorable position. Both Buelow and Hentsch did agree that the situation of General von Kluck's First Army was untenable. Its flank and rear were jeopardized from the direction of the Marne. They also agreed that von Kluck's First Army should retreat. Buelow thought it possible for von Kluck to regain contact with his (Buelow's) forces. Hentsch could not be convinced that this was possible."

"The situation," as reconstructed by Crown Prince William, "was even more favorable in my Army, the Fifth. I refused to recognize the authority of Hentsch without a written order from my father or from Moltke."

But meanwhile Hentsch's fumbling had wrought such confusion that a general retreat, involving the Fifth Army, could not be avoided. There were other blunders. General von Buelow, Commander of the Second Army, possessed tenacity, but he lacked the genius for prompt decision when thrown on his own resources. Von Kluck was too foolhardy. The German Information Service was poor.

"France," Crown Prince William maintained, unperturbed by the frowns of the generals in the Court Room, "owes her victory, not to the supreme genius of Foch, but to the blunders and misfortunes of the Germans. The World War did not develop a military genius of surpassing capacity on either side. There was no Napoleon in the French ranks; no Frederick among the Germans.

"In spite of all these adversities, victory was perching on Germany's eagles. It would have been ours, if the retreat had been delayed for two hours; if Hentsch had broken his neck or his ankle. Unluckily it was Hentsch, not my father, who reached the front!"

Other witnesses brought out the events that followed when Moltke realized the immensity of the disaster. On September 11th, Moltke was a broken man. On September 11th at Rheims he addressed the somewhat rhetorical question to General von Einem: "For God's sake, how could all this happen?"

"That," von Einem frigidly replied, "is a matter which you should know best. How could you permit the control of affairs to slip from your hands by lingering in Luxembourg?"

The resolute von Einem, former Minister of War, and Commander-in-Chief of the Third Army, made no allowance for Moltke's "nerves." In vain the shaken man mumbled: "I could not drag the Emperor with me through half of France."

"Why not?" retorted von Einem hotly. "His Majesty would not have objected. Your great-uncle took upon himself the responsibility of leading his King upon the battlefields of Königgrätz and Sedan; you could have remained sufficiently near the front to remain master of the situation, without imperiling the safety of the Emperor."

After the Marne débâcle, Moltke, never very strong, was only the shell of a man. When von Einem left him, he buried his face in his hands, unable to check his tears. Frederick the Great was not lacking in emotion. He, too, knew tears. But instead of crying over spilled milk or spilled blood, he would have been planning new battles to regain lost ground and lost laurels.

The Kaiser did not lose his nerve, but he did not seize the reins dropping from Moltke's hands. Von Einem attributed the Emperor's reluctance to assume supreme command in fact as well as in name, to the psychic trauma inflicted upon William by the *Daily Telegraph* episode and Buelow's betrayal. "In 1908," he declared on the stand, "the German army alone, among all government agencies, remained strong and unshaken, but the soul of the Supreme War Lord had suffered irreparable injury. When victory was within Germany's grasp on the Marne, the Emperor insisted upon resolute action, but lacked sufficient faith in his own competency to countermand the orders of his responsible counselors. In the decisive moment William, unfortunately for himself, remained a constitutional monarch. Thus, the psychological disaster of 1908 threw its sinister projection over the World War."

"The Prosecution," interjected the Emperor's Attorney, "blames William II for the war that choked Europe with blood; for the ruthlessness of submarine warfare; the introduction of poison gas; the ex-

plots of the Zeppelins and the Russian Revolution. The cap does not fit William's head. Technically he was Commander-in-Chief, practically the command was exercised by the Chief of the General Staff.

"Whenever possible, the Emperor appeared at headquarters, at Coblenz, at Luxembourg and at Spa. The Chief of the General Staff reported to him daily. The Kaiser listened in silence. He knew that the Chief of the Staff considered his report a mere formality. For this we have Hindenburg's word.

"He interfered in military matters only for reasons of state. Once, early in the War, when Cossacks were overrunning the Empire, William suggested the detachment of troops from the Western Front to East Prussia. The Kaiser so clearly revealed his distress that Moltke, upsetting the original Schlieffen Plan, weakly consented. In a similar situation Frederick the Great would have allowed the Cossacks to advance to the very gates of Berlin, but he would have first smashed his way to the Channel ports.

"William II, whom the world regards as a bloodthirsty monster, refused to sacrifice his people to a strategic idea. It was his heart that spoke. But also the statesman. An invasion threatening Berlin would have been not merely a severe blow to German morale, it would have shaken the confidence of the Balkan nations whom Germany was wooing as allies. Italy, too, would be swayed by the shadow of Russian bayonets over Berlin. Italy had not yet definitely cast her fate with Germany's enemies.

"The Kaiser is blamed for the vacillating course of Germany's submarine warfare. Horrified by the sinking of the *Lusitania*, he protested. His protest coincided with the advice of Bethmann-Hollweg. The wisdom of that advice is a debatable question. Germany should have pressed the submarine warfare relentlessly or desisted from it altogether. In one case the Germans would have gained a military, in the other a moral, advantage. The conflict of the two points of view, rooted in the fatal division between the military and the political leadership, led to disaster. When, in the end, the Kaiser yielded to army men, the Allies had devised counter-measures that paralyzed Germany's under-sea warfare.

"Submarine warfare needs no defense. High British and French naval authorities have acknowledged Germany's right to retaliate against the Starvation blockade and Great Britain's refusal to abide by the Declaration of London, the sole safeguard of neutral rights on the

high seas. Germany's U-boats prevented munition-carriers from bringing death-dealing cargoes to Germany's enemies. Incidentally they killed passengers sufficiently foolhardy or deluded to run the submarine blockade on belligerent vessels, frequently disguised under neutral flags and armed, contrary to international usage.

"The British fleet did not prevent German soldiers from eating, but it consigned to death and misery millions of civilians, including women and children. The Hunger blockade of Great Britain injured children still in their mother's womb; it marred unborn generations. Neither side can be absolved from the charge of inhumanity. William abhorred brutality. But war is necessarily brutal. It cannot be conducted by squirting perfume.

"The Emperor would have saved Nurse Cavell, if the appeal in her behalf had reached him in time. But any such action would have been sentimental folly. Nurse Cavell was a heroic British patriot but, from the German point of view, she was a spy, doubly detestable because she abused, for military purposes, the uniform of her profession. Aiding her country by smuggling enemy soldiers to safety, she betrayed humanity as well as the Germans who had trusted her honor and respected her uniform.

"The destruction of cathedrals, etc., etc., was incidental to warfare. These matters are accepted today in their proper perspective. We know that the Allies probably ruined more churches in Belgium and France than the Germans. No general can permit the enemy to install look-outs or conceal machine gun nests or snipe behind the Cross. Such actions, like Miss Cavell's, forfeit any claim to immunity.

"The Kaiser personally took the initiative to save art treasures in captured territories. He even suggested their removal to neutral territory, but was told that such was not in consonance with international law. The Emperor was guided in all his decisions by a respect for human rights and the law of nations, not inferior in any sense to that shown by his antagonists. He was not ruthless; perhaps not ruthless enough to win the war under the odds then existing, which made all Germany a fortress encircled on every side by the foe.

"Partisans of von Tirpitz blame the Emperor for his failure to risk the fleet after the initial success in the Battle off Jutland. Here, the Kaiser, too, acted in accord with the policy of his chief adviser, Bethmann-Hollweg, who did not wish to hit England too hard.

*Reisst der Katze den Schwanz aus,  
Reisst ihu aber nicht ganz aus,  
Lasst ihr noch den Stummel stehn,  
Dass sie kann zum Tanze gehn.*

Bethmann-Hollweg proposed to cut off the cat's tail in slices instead of chopping it off with one blow so as not to hurt the animal overmuch.

"William, unfortunately for him, acted contrary to his intuition. Both his experience and his common sense told him that England respected only might. Another blow, like the Battle off Jutland, and the trident would have dropped from her hands. Germany would still have been the foremost military power of the Continent, even if everyone of her dreadnoughts had perished in the attempt. Bethmann-Hollweg's way led to Scapa Flow.

"When the German Zeppelins flew over London, it was again the Kaiser who, siding with Bethmann-Hollweg, forbade the bombing of Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral and the thickly populated residential districts of London. This interfered with the efficiency of the air raids. It did not prevent Lloyd George from shouting 'Hang the Kaiser.' Childhood memories and the image of his revered grandmother invaded William's mind when he refused to permit his Zeppelins to rain fire from the heavens on London without restriction. But the call of the blood was fortified by the knowledge that, under the conditions then existing, Germany's air squadrons were not strong enough to bring about a military decision.

"If, the Emperor reasoned, German Zeppelins had reduced Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey to ashes, Germany would not have won the war, but she would have found it almost impossible to come to a working agreement with England after hostilities. Faced with one implacable enemy in Paris, she would have faced a no less implacable one in London.

"From the spring of 1918 two conflicting opinions prevailed in the German High Command with regard to the further continuance of the war. Some demanded a last decisive thrust on the Western Front to secure the long desired victory; the others advocated defensive tactics on the Western Front and a powerful thrust in the East to tap new sources of food and raw materials. The second plan involved withdrawal on the Western Front and the employment of various measures to exhaust the enemy by attrition. The Kaiser favored the second plan.

On August 8, 1918, he attempted to persuade Ludendorff and Hindenburg of its merits. The two generals insisted upon a continuation of aggressive warfare on the Western Front. William yielded, but this German venture failed; Germany lost the initiative and Ludendorff, soon afterwards, bulldozed the government into suing for peace.

"No less a person than the commander of the Allied troops, Marshal Foch, affirms that the Kaiser rather than General Ludendorff was right in 1918. In an interview Foch said: 'Yes, Germany could have won the war, not only at the start, but as late as the spring of 1918. . . . I confess I cannot understand, from the viewpoint of strategy, why Ludendorff did not fall back around August 20, to the line of Metz, Maass, Brussels and Antwerp. . . . I will even go further and affirm that in November 1918 Germany could have stood fast behind the Rhine. If the German people had had a Gambetta, the war would have been prolonged—and who knows . . . ?'

"The German Socialists who held the Kaiser personally responsible for every reverse at the Front and ascribe to him every error in judgment, should read these remarks with attention; they failed to produce a Gambetta!

"Hampered by pledges and inhibitions, William the War Lord failed to exert his supremacy over the General Staff, just as William the statesman—too conscious of his constitutional limitations—failed to force his royal will upon his chancellors."

The Emperor's faith in himself received a staggering blow in 1908, when he was stabbed in the back by his own chancellor, but long before that, Waldersee—with diabolic ingenuity—undermined his faith in himself as a soldier. The heroes of Germany's great sagas were usually betrayed and destroyed, not by their enemies but by their friends. William's fate was equally tragic, even if the dagger that stabbed him was not made of steel; even if the poison that wrought his destruction is listed in no pharmacopoeia.

William, the Attorney for the Defense argued, had the makings of a soldier in spite of two handicaps: his crippled arm and the maternal overemphasis of the civil against the military ideal in his education. He overcame both by an immense effort of will, but the battle left a schism in his own soul. In defiance of his mother's mockery, and his injured arm, he gladdened the heart of his grandfather, William I, by his military bearing, his uprightness in the saddle, and the unerring



exactness of his commands. His critics insist that he looked upon the army as a toy and that he overstressed the importance of drill and dress parades. Nevertheless this army, subject to his influence for twenty-five years, successfully held its own against twenty-four nations!

It was Waldersee and Waldersee's successors who forced William's military instinct to seek an outlet in externals. There was a time when Waldersee the Fox, writing his diary, acknowledged William's "very keen understanding" of military tactics. "The Crown Prince," he wrote of young William, "has the guts and the brains to be a wise steward of his Kingdom and a terror to his enemies within and without." *That was before the grapes, for which his soul was athirst, grew too sour.*

Intrigue was the food upon which this warrior fed. The more profoundly Waldersee made his obeisance before William in public, the more malicious became the outpourings of his diary. It was Waldersee's ambition to be Chancellor. When that prize escaped him, he did not—like the Fox in the fable—call the grapes sour: he soured on William.

Waldersee, like Bismarck, fascinated William. He never quite outgrew that fascination. Waldersee exploited his charm to gain the one goal he prized. His road led over the prostrate form of Bismarck and the dead body of Emperor Frederick. William resented Waldersee's insinuations against his father, but could not extricate himself from the spell of the grey-haired Mephisto. It was very clever of the old Fox to suggest that Frederick the Great would never have been the Great if, on ascending the throne, he had found a Bismarck. Rejected at the moment, such remarks as these, remain dynamic in the unconscious.

While he harbored the rosy dream of stepping into Bismarck's shoes, Waldersee encouraged every autocratic whim of the young monarch. It was largely he who introduced the innovation of having military attachés report directly to the Emperor to counter-balance Bismarck's power over the diplomats. Before this all embassy officials could communicate with the Emperor only through their diplomatic chief.

Waldersee deliberately increased the gulf between the military and the political leadership. He labored to enhance the military prerogatives of the crown because he expected to hold these powers in his own hands—after Bismarck's fall. He was clever—too clever. Waldersee did not anticipate that the young master would show no desire to transfer to his clever Fieldmarshal the plenitude of his royal powers. When the

truth dawned upon him, he deliberately used the cunning he had formerly devoted to build up William's prestige, for his destruction.

Slowly the Emperor's Attorney wrested from the resentful Waldersee the truth, which that fox so artfully conceals in his memoirs.

MARCH 1890.

Consternation is written on Waldersee's face. With nervous fingers he tears up the missive that spells the doom of all his ambitions. His long campaign is lost. In vain had he abased himself before the imperious youth. His conception of William undergoes a strange metamorphosis. The future of Germany that had seemed so bright is shrouded in abysmal night.

"Caprivi!"

A contemptuous smile curves Waldersee's lips. Caprivi to succeed Bismarck! "And I"?—He stabs the blotting paper on the desk with his pen, as if it were the heart of the Emperor. He gazes at himself in the mirror then—like an actor—smoothes his face with his fingers.

Revenge!

He would put the young upstart in his place and save the country. Some vague notion of patriotism undoubtedly colored Waldersee's calculations. He convinced himself that it was his duty to punish the presumptuous young man.

A few hours later.

The scene is the red building that houses the General Staff. An important strategic problem is up for discussion. The young Emperor, with Waldersee's praises of yesterday still ringing in his ears, suggests a solution. He bubbles with enthusiasm.

The generals watch Waldersee for their cues. But for once Waldersee's face remains sphinx-like. It seems to freeze as the Emperor develops his plan. William, sensitive to his environment, halts. He stutters.

Now Waldersee takes the floor,—externally all devotion. His manner is impeccable but, as he speaks, the Emperor's solution seems childish. Under the withering scorn of Fieldmarshal Fox, William's arguments seem meagre, scantily clad paupers, vainly attempting to hide their nakedness. Some generals, who felt slighted by William, can scarcely conceal their secret pleasure over the discomfiture of the All-Highest. With polite phrases Waldersee tears the Emperor's theories to

tatters. Even those who disagree with him, admire the dexterity with which he administers a public thrashing to his imperial pupil.

Waldersee will never be Chancellor, but he will be Bismarck's fellow conspirator. Bismarck—like a bear—grumbles aloud. Master Fox, true to his nature, wounds by innuendo. And over the Emperor's reign, deepening the shadow of Bismarck, falls the vulpine shadow of Waldersee.

Against such weapons William is completely defenseless. Having dismissed Bismarck, he cannot now throw Waldersee over without alarming the country. Waldersee had been the choice of the great Moltke, who won his grandfather's wars. He tried to convince himself of Waldersee's sincerity. His respect for age, engendered by his grandfather complex, the secret fear of his own insufficiency, implanted in his soul by Hinzpeter, overpowered his doubts.

"Perhaps," he told himself, "Waldersee is *right*. I know I have much to learn as a soldier. But—was it necessary to administer this public rebuke?" William's pride, Waldersee's evasiveness, made an explanation impossible.

Waldersee, still intent upon his revenge, lost no opportunity to humiliate his master still further. In the great Silesian maneuvers that came soon afterwards the Emperor led the Sixth Army Corps. Waldersee mockingly watched the Emperor's futile effort to extricate himself from an impossible position. His face remained straight, his manner devoted, but his heart re-echoed with silent laughter. For Waldersee had loaded the dice against William; to humble him once more before the army leaders and his fellow princes, he had posed a problem that could not be solved.

One can almost hear Waldersee's senile cackle as he enters into his diary: "The dispositions of the Emperor were decidedly poor; it was obvious the evening before that he would lose the battle. It is significant that both the princes and the gentlemen of his suite were delighted at this prospect. The events confirmed my forecast. The Sixth Army Corps was beaten. At the end of the maneuver it was my duty to review the events of the two previous days."

The old fox pitilessly rubbed the salt of his caustic wit into William's wounds. He performed his task with masterly finesse. "The various princes told me that I acquitted myself ably of this great task. After I had concluded, the Emperor spoke. He expressed agreement

with my criticism, but attempted to justify himself. Again his explanations were decidedly feeble."

This time William was stung to the quick. He knew all Germany was listening to Waldersee. All his enemies, secret and avowed, drank in, with smirking satisfaction, the Fieldmarshal's rebuke of his Commander-in-Chief. There is in all of us a lively sense of pleasure when those in high places are reminded of their weaknesses. Grayheads nudged each other delightedly. Younger men admired Waldersee's courage. Revenge, borrowing the mask of patriotism, triumphed.

After this, Waldersee's days were counted. No Commander-in-Chief could permit such a situation to continue. A year before Waldersee's dismissal, he availed himself of the opportunity to initiate a whispering campaign against the Emperor among his generals, his courtiers, and his fellow sovereigns on German thrones. The Emperor was an "amateur;" he was "impetuous," his mentality "inferior."

Unfortunately for William, Waldersee's new tune was adopted by others. "It is my conviction," Waldersee notes, "that the monarch has some comprehension of minor military drills, but not of military leadership. He lacks experience . . . The Emperor is extremely restless, paces hither and thither, interferes with the program of his generals; he gives contrary—often self-contradictory—orders and hardly listens to his advisers. He always wants to win and takes in very bad grace any decision against him."

"William," the Defense continued, summarizing evidence from many sources, "waited nearly one year before he transferred Marshal Fox to other fields of endeavor. Though less sensational than Bismarck's, Waldersee's dismissal was almost as fateful. In spite of his itch for intrigue and his spitefulness, Waldersee was an able soldier. He was sufficiently resolute to counter-act Williams's tendency to postpone disagreeable decisions.

"Unlike many of the Emperor's advisers, Waldersee did not shirk responsibility. Unlike Schlieffen he believed that, in view of the Austro-Hungarian Alliance, the East rather than the West offered the surest way to military victories in case of a conflict involving both Russia and France. Deferring to world opinion, he was opposed to the invasion of Belgium. On the other hand, he would not have been afraid to provoke a preventive war, if necessary, or to sanction a *coup d'état* safeguarding the army from parliamentary meddling.

"If Waldersee had been Chancellor, military and political leadership

would have been united in one hand. But while he was striving to achieve this ambition, Waldersee suggested to the Emperor the advisability of ruling by creating division among his councilors. 'When all your advisers agree,' he told William, 'you are faced by a conspiracy against which you are powerless.' Waldersee created the fateful fissure between the political and the military leadership of the Empire which precipitated the final collapse.

"William's relationship to two old men—Bismarck and Waldersee—symbolizes the tragedy of his reign. If these two brilliant old men had been less vindictive, if they had been less inspired by the hunger for personal power, if they had been less eager to expose William's youthful inexperience, and more willing to devote their dynamic energies to the task of cementing the Empire, they would have reared a structure that could not have been shaken from within nor from without. Waldersee's vindictiveness and Bismarck's ambition compelled William to dispense with their services to save his own self-respect. Unfortunately, there was no one able to wear their mantle.

"Both men left behind them, one in the Foreign Office, the other in the General Staff, a fateful heritage of distrust and indecision. Both the Foreign Office and the General Staff underestimated William's ability. He was excluded from the inner councils of his own government and of his army. This is no reflection on the loyalty of his officers, but on their judgment."

Much light was shed upon the character of Schlieffen by the testimony of members of the General Staff and the Emperor's own entourage. Schlieffen, like his predecessor Waldersee, was a man of genius, but he failed to realize that it was his duty to teach his Emperor all he knew about soldiering. "If," the Defense continued, "Schlieffen had been as great a psychologist as he was a strategist, if he had devoted to the Emperor a fraction of that conscientious effort with which he solved purely military problems, if he had helped William to overcome his secret distrust of himself, if he had taught him to trust to his intuitions when they were right and had tactfully corrected his errors, William would have been, what he aspired to be and was destined to be, the Supreme War Lord.

"Schlieffen was not a malicious old man like Waldersee. He was, perhaps, too devoted to his liege lord, and considered the person of his king too sacred for criticism. He was willing to die for the

Emperor, but unwilling to criticise him to his face. William, like all human beings, liked praise but he was willing to eat the bitter bread of criticism, if it was presented tactfully, and he despised in his heart the obvious flatterer even more than the flatterer despised him.

"While it amused Waldersee to defeat William in maneuvers, Schlieffen regarded it as his sacred duty to let the Emperor defeat him. William was too clever not to sense the inadequacy of the military tasks submitted to him after Waldersee's departure, but was unable to overcome the excessive devotion of the too loyal Schlieffen and the passive resistance of those who, inheriting Waldersee's prejudice, refused to take him into their confidence. Waldersee betrayed William from malice; Schlieffen by excessive devotion."

"The master who is always served badly, must blame himself," muttered the Public Prosecutor grimly as he toyed with his monocle. "Do you," he added more loudly, addressing the Attorney for the Defense, "accuse Moltke also of betraying your client?"

"Moltke," the Emperor's Attorney replied, "was not without ability, but unlike his predecessors, Waldersee and Schlieffen, he lacked physical and intellectual stamina. He could hold his own in a man-sized war, not in a battle of giants. Unfortunately, Moltke inherited the prejudice of his predecessors against the Emperor's military ability. Before accepting the post he extracted the fateful promise from William to refrain from interference with the General Staff. Moltke intimated to William that most of his 'victories' in maneuvers had been arranged by the devoted Schlieffen. He pointed out that this sort of thing was demoralizing to the army and likely to lead to disaster in case of war.

"William, deeply shocked to see his secret suspicions thus confirmed, readily granted Moltke's request. Moltke's revelation was a crushing blow, even more crushing to his pride than Waldersee's criticism. It caused William to doubt his own wisdom in all military matters. Even if he attempted to conceal his humiliation with a show of bravado and bluster, William kept his royal word to Moltke with the same punctilio with which he respected his pledge to abide by the Constitution. A greater monarch would have broken his word.

"William, to be sure, delayed the mobilization to Moltke's distress. That was before the declaration of war. But once the gates of the temple of Janus were locked, he rarely intervened in military matters, except where questions of high policy were involved. Only when the

civil government and the High Command were at odds, a frequent condition, did William decide the issue.

"If the Emperor took the symbols of militarism too seriously, Moltke did not take them seriously enough. In a letter (written ten years before the war) he deprecates a flag-celebration at the 'Zeughaus': 'We still cling to the belief that in a battle to the death we shall gain victory with an embroidered rag.' The man to whom the German flag was merely a rag was not the man to win the Battle of the Marne! To William the flag was more than bunting. Uniforms, ribbons and parades, were to him vital and significant."

"Military drills and parades," William interrupted, "are not the sole test of military discipline, but they constitute a substantial auxiliary; they represent the subordination of the individual to a higher will, the submission of the part to the whole."

The Attorney acknowledged the Emperor's remark with a bow.

"The man who displaced Moltke, General von Falkenhayn," the Attorney continued, "was equally incapable of bearing the colossal burden of war on several fronts. The monument of his failure is Verdun. Falkenhayn's plans were strategically beyond criticism, but he lacked the capacity to execute them. It was in the carrying out of its plans that the High Command blundered both at the Marne and at Verdun. General Hoffmann aptly describes the war as one of 'lost opportunities.' Even the combined ingenuity of Hindenburg and Ludendorff could not retrieve the blunders of their predecessors."

"But why," the Public Prosecutor interjected, "did it take the intuition of the Supreme War Lord so long to unearth the notable brilliance of these military twin stars?"

"The Kaiser has been blamed," the Emperor's Attorney countered, "because he did not discover Ludendorff sooner and because he permitted Hindenburg to live in retirement. But Hindenburg had shown no exceptional gift before the great opportunity came to him. Ludendorff's abruptness of manner and lack of amiability barred his way. The fairy godmother who gave him genius, failed to give him tact. His personal uncouthness delayed his success in peace and brought about his dismissal at the one moment when he could not be spared."

"Both Ludendorff and Hindenburg observed etiquette, but neither made the slightest attempt to divert to their sovereign something of their own nimbus. Their popularity made them completely independent of the Emperor. Interested solely in victory, they failed to

realize that under the German system the entire edifice hinged on the monarch. The evil that Waldersee did, continued to live in the attitude of Hindenburg and Ludendorff in their relation to William and in the antagonism evinced by both men against those charged with the responsibility of political leadership.

"In July 1917, when the prestige of the army was at its height, Hindenburg and Ludendorff compelled the Emperor to dismiss Bethmann-Hollweg. Bethmann-Hollweg was inadequate, but his removal at that particular moment, under the pressure of the military, was a mistake. Neither Hindenburg nor Ludendorff realized to what extent their action undermined the last vestige of the Emperor's authority and prepared the way for the Revolution. The Kaiser's memoirs show no resentment against the two men."

"Admiral von Tirpitz," the Prosecutor snapped, "was less considerate. He frankly blamed William for Germany's naval defeat. How does your client explain the criticism of his great Admiral?"

Emperor William gazed into space as if he were not listening to the colloquy. But he dug his teeth deeply into his lower lip.

"My client," the Attorney retorted, "was always the Grand Seigneur. He never replied to the criticisms of his subordinates. Tirpitz blamed the Emperor for not making him at once Commander-in-Chief and for delaying the U-Boat War. The Admiral forgets that the Emperor was compelled to keep a balance between many divergent forces. He also forgets that the Emperor offered to make him Chancellor. Tirpitz refused. If he had accepted, there would have been that complete unity between the political and the military without which neither the War nor the Peace could be won.

"Only absolute unity and self-discipline could enable Germany to overcome her psychological, material, historical and geographical handicaps. William made heroic efforts to keep the balance between the government and the army, according to his lights, which were superior to those of his advisers; he saw what was needed, but lacked the ruthlessness necessary to force sixty million Germans into one mould.

"A variety of causes, flowing from his own temperament, from Bismarck's senile malice, Waldersee's frustrated ambition, the duplicity of Buelow, personal inhibitions and public misfortune, paralyzed the War Lord and thrust the sword from his hand. Perhaps the time was not ripe to enable William II to do for the Germans what Theodoric the Great did for their forebears, the Goths."



## CHAPTER XV

### DEBÂCLE

DID WILLIAM II abandon his post in cowardly fashion, or did he immolate himself on the altar of patriotism when he crossed the Dutch border?

Hear ye! Hear ye!

The Jury is in the box, the Judges are seated.

Once more the Court convenes.

Grim, ruthless, the Prosecution rallies its forces to the attack. "An officer in the Prussian Army when other children still play with toys, William II was a soldier by training and tradition. After parading a lifetime in shining armor and keeping Europe in convulsions by rattling the sabre, the Defendant deserted his army and his people, in the face of the enemy. After prating about military duty and discipline and exhorting his soldiers for twenty-five years to die for him and their country, William II committed the one nameless offense for which his youngest lieutenant would be shot at sunrise.

"The German people had given him their blood and their treasure in the years when he had sowed the wind; when at last he reaped the whirlwind, he did not have the courage to give for his country what he demanded of the most ignorant country lad—his life.

"His renowned ancestor, the Great Frederick, always carried a little bottle of poison as a last resort if every other honorable avenue of escape was barred by fate. The Defendant," the Prosecutor sarcastically added, "may plead that he is no expert in poisons, but he was, admittedly, a good shot. What prevented him from borrowing a revolver from one of his officers or a rifle from one of his soldiers when he had reached the end of the rope?

"But no such thought occurred to the Supreme War Lord. Holland seemed more inviting than that mysterious country from whose bourne no wanderer returns. After a little play for the benefit of the gallery, he embarked on his private train, outfitted with every luxury wealth could purchase, including a copper bath tub, made especially for his comfort, while Germany—starved of metals—was melting church bells into cannon and wedding rings into bullets.

"In vain the Defendant attempts to saddle his advisers with the

blame for his unkingly conduct. What are the facts? Unable to fight or die as befits a King, stealthily, at break of day, he fled from the Fatherland, bled white by his ambition, abandoning his people and leaving his consort, Empress Augusta Victoria, to shift for herself in Berlin.

"A soldier's death in battle or self-immolation would have shriven him of his sins and brought forgiveness to his deluded people. When he stole away in the night, thumbing his nose at the hosts of democracy, his country was compelled to bear in his stead the full measure of Allied justice. Given the chance to mitigate his offense, he lacked the strength of self-sacrifice. His miserable flight not only filled his enemies with contempt; it doomed monarchy to extinction in the hearts of the German people. William's act of cowardice hurled back his upstart dynasty to the obscurity from which it had risen."

Pale, but unshaken, William listened to this indictment. The Kings in the Court Room whispered among themselves. Edward VII concealed a dubious smile, Queen Victoria a tear. The shade of William I gently laid his hand on the Emperor's shoulder.

Quietly, gravely, the Attorney for the Defense arose to make his rejoinder:

"It is for this Court and this Jury to decide if William II was a martyr or a deserter, a witless weakling or a courageous and gifted man, caught in a monstrous trap. We shall call upon many witnesses, including Prince Max von Baden, Fieldmarshal von Hindenburg, men in the entourage of the Emperor, and the Emperor himself, to visualize what happened in those fateful November days."

As on a screen, picture on picture unfolded itself.

Heavily guarded, a sealed car races from the Swiss border through Germany with a deadly cargo for Russia. Today every child would recognize the strange bald Slavic head with the enormous cranium that cradled a World Revolution. In April 1917, maddest and most fateful month of the war, Vladimir Ulanoff, called Lenin, was unknown, except to the secret police and to the small group of radicals, socialists, syndicalists and nihilists, who made the overthrow of the Czar their vocation. Ludendorff who, without consulting William, granted Lenin and his twenty-eight garrulous followers safe transit through Germany to increase the embarrassments of Russia, looked upon Lenin as a half sinister, half ludicrous figure. In the sight of the

great strategist, the man with the high vaulting forehead was neither the Scourge of God, nor the Messiah, but merely vermin designed to torment the Russian Bear in his death throes. He did not foresee that the slight figure would overshadow his own in the annals of mankind.

Lenin and his disciples unleashed the Red Flood that may drown Western Civilization. Perhaps Western Civilization deserves to perish! But no such thought was in the mind of the Quartermaster General of the German Army when he sanctioned the fateful agreement made by his emissaries and Lenin in the Swiss capital on April 9, 1917. Before long the Quartermaster General, wearing colored goggles as disguise, was to flee to Sweden from Lenin's German associates and agents. Ludendorff suffered an inconvenience; William lost his throne. It was Ludendorff who (urged by the Reds in the Reichstag) made the decision; it was William who paid the forfeit.

But in April 1917 the Emperor was blissfully unaware that the curve of his life had intersected the parabola of the shrewd fanatic with the slit Mongolian eyes. Soon Lenin, taking into strong hands the reins that had dropped from the frail hands of "Nicky," was to sanction the murder of the Romanoffs. Ruling one-sixth of the globe while living, Ludendorff's protégé was to be worshipped after his demise as a god in the Unholy Sepulchre on the Red Square in Moscow.

No one took the émigrés, jabbering in many tongues, seriously. Nevertheless, the fate of three Empires, maybe the fate of the world—certainly the current of thought for centuries to come—was determined by twenty-nine intellectual vagabonds traveling to Russia by the grace of Ludendorff with a German safe-conduct. Lenin himself did not know that his name would thunder down the centuries.

The curtains of the sealed car that carried Lenin and his retinue were tightly drawn, the corridors occupied by German soldiers. In the dimly lighted compartments the Bolsheviks debated the impending doom of the bourgeoisie as they had done for decades. The German officer in charge of the coach gazed in astonishment at the unkempt, bearded foreigners, who were whisked without passports mysteriously through the land. He did not know that one of the men with many aliases, was the Austrian deserter Karl Radek who, under normal circumstances, would have been courtmartialed the moment he set foot on German soil.

Leaning against his cushioned seat, Lenin's eyes vainly attempted to pierce the curtain. What fate awaited him in Russia? Would he be

cheered as a savior or shot as a traitor? His hands sought the side-pockets of his coat for the comforting presence of a bulky manuscript. It was a speech he intended to deliver before his hypothetical judges.

Lenin was not afraid of death. But, loving talk more than life, he was determined not to face gun or gallows without delivering himself of his oration. Hitherto, except as a prompter behind scenes, his struggles had been mainly in the world of words and ideas. Now some fantastic trick of fortune, some perverse whim of fate, compelled him to translate the gospel of Karl Marx into action.

Life rarely lives up to great moments. The trivial walks hand in hand with the sublime. Fate, ever jealous of human dignity, the same fate that joins together the organs of excretion and the organs of procreation, paid a scurvy trick on the man who was destined to be a God.

According to regulations, strictly enforced by the German crew, smoking in the coach was forbidden. Several Bolshevist ideologists who could not think without belching forth smoke monopolized the toilet of the car for the enjoyment of secret smokes to the annoyance of certain "comrades" who had other legitimate uses for this convenience.

Suddenly the world-encircling reveries of the High Priest of Marx were punctuated by loud curses and high-pitched disputations. That in itself was not surprising. The Bolshevists were always gabbling and gabbling over fine theoretical points, like medieval theologians who could not agree on the precise number of angels capable of dancing on the point of a sword.

A crisis was plainly at hand. Two committees representing the two hostile groups, presented the dispute to their exalted leader. Radek cited Marx, Zinovieff retorted with quotations from Engels. Russia's future Dictator, equal to the occasion, tore a sheet of paper into small scraps. These scraps, signed by him, were passes to the toilet. He issued only one pass for smoking to every three passes for other purely natural physiological needs. That revealed his sturdy common sense. His decision restored the tranquillity of the comrades. After Lenin's death they resumed their bickerings. They did not stop quarrelling until Stalin stopped their mouths forever.

While Lenin was scribbling his passes, the sealed coach plunged forward through Frankfort, Berlin and Sassnitz over Poland to Russia. Lenin's passage through Germany was a link in the long chain that led to the German Revolution in 1918.

Scheidemann proclaimed the Republic prematurely to forestall the Dictatorship of the Proletariat urged by Moscow. Soviet agents spread the infection of mutiny among the sailors in Kiel. Everywhere propagandists of Moscow first under cover, then in the open, preached sedition. The Soviet Embassy, Unter den Linden, protected by diplomatic immunity, was the mother-cell which spread the virus of discontent and disintegration. It was Lenin's gratitude for the free passage through Germany granted him by General Ludendorff. It was Russia's revenge for the Treaty of Brest-Litowsk. That treaty was, of course, a mistake. It was a mistake to recognize Soviet Russia. It was a mistake, no less fatal, to make the Treaty of Brest-Litowsk too stringent.

Germany violated her own spirit and tradition when she dispatched Lenin to Russia; it was the sin against the Holy Ghost. She sinned again when she trafficked with a Government she considered the enemy of mankind. It is at this instance, not at the beginning of the war, that she became "guilty," even though—like the hero of a Greek tragedy—, she sinned unwillingly and unwittingly, driven by forces beyond her control.

#### OCTOBER 1918.

Pale, worried, with drawn face, the Emperor debates with himself. "What shall I do?"

Dark rumors, birds of ill omen from the front, flap melancholy wings over the Imperial Palace and the golden cupola of the Reichstag. Prince Max von Baden, William's cousin, who followed the senile Hertling as chancellor, offers small comfort. Max is a philosopher, a liberal, and a neurasthenic incapable of coping with a situation that would try a Bismarck.

True, Germany's unconquered legions protected her frontiers and held as hostages vast stretches of enemy territory. Not an inch of German soil was in hostile hands. The war was not lost. But after the entrance of Uncle Sam upon the scene victory was no longer conceivable. Germany's resources were exhausted, her allies deserting, and Ludendorff, the great Ludendorff, faltered. Speaking for G.H.Q., he demanded instant peace negotiations.

Subsequently he depicted his nervous collapse as a shrewd political maneuver to force the government into action. Erich Ludendorff was a great Quartermaster General and a mighty strategist, but a poor prophet and a poor politician, and something in him had cracked.

Accustomed to unquestioning obedience, the slackening of the rigor of goose-stepping, inevitable after more than four years in the field, frightened the Quartermaster General. There was an ominous stirring among the people. The new recruits carried, locked in their bosoms, mutinous questionings. Recalcitrance in unexpected places spread from the factories to the front.

Ludendorff did not recognize that the red vulture of insurrection was spreading its pinions even more threateningly over the Allied camp. France was plainly at the end of her tether. Mutiny stalked through the French Army. It raised its head here and there even among English troops. The war had become a race between two tired horses. Both worn to a frazzle, racing neck to neck toward the same abyss.

Ludendorff, incapable of gauging the imponderables, was no match for Clemenceau. Ten years later the aged Tiger declared in an interview: "If I had been Emperor William, and Ludendorff had informed me of insurrections in the army, I would have answered: 'I can see, my dear Ludendorff, that your nerves are overwrought by your sublime services and super-human efforts. Even Napoleon, even our great King Frederick, experienced such moments. Go and get a good sleep for twenty-four hours; then come back and talk to me.'"

Unfortunately William the Kaiser was neither so self-willed nor so masterful, nor so convinced of his own infallibility as the Republican Clemenceau. He was no dictator. He could not summon the hardihood to tell the master-strategist of the war, the most brilliant general of his army, to go and sleep it off, or to take half a dozen of those nerve-soothing coal-tar derivatives for which the German dye industry is so justly famous. If Ludendorff had been himself, or if William's resiliency had not been demolished, it might still have been possible to end the game with stalemate. Stalemate, under the circumstances, would have been victory.

In vain Max, heir to the proud Grand-Duchy of Baden, just appointed Chancellor against his will, pleaded with Ludendorff for an extension of time. "Give me one, give me two weeks," he begged. But Ludendorff was adamant. He had lost faith in the people where forces from beneath had sown the seed of disaffection. Surrounded by a cabinet not of his choice, badgered by the High Command, poor Max, against his better judgment, appealed to Wilson for an armistice and for peace. He did not object to conducting a political peace offensive,

but the simultaneous request for an armistice was tantamount to a confession of military defeat. The Chancellor's notes, edited and re-edited by others, were necessarily hesitating, clumsy, maladroit. Max von Baden was neither a great diplomat, nor a soldier. But he was not a fool. It was Ludendorff who pushed Germany into the spider's parlor where Woodrow Wilson wove his Fourteen Points!

Wilson's first rejoinder, dated October 8th, pointedly asked with whom he was dealing and demanded the evacuation of occupied territory as a preliminary to armistice negotiations. A second note, even haughtier in tone, bluntly asked the immediate suspension of undersea warfare. Then, abrogating to himself the right of interfering with Germany's internal affairs, he insisted that the "arbitrary power which had hitherto governed Germany, must be destroyed or rendered impotent." In the note of October 23rd, the author of the Fourteen Points once more assailed Germany's "militaristic rulers" and "monarchistic autocrats."

The Attorney for the Defense depicted how Wilson's verbal fireworks and Russia's conversion to "democracy," stirred the German imagination. The antiquated Prussian constitution seemed to justify President Wilson's insidious distinction between the German Government and the German people. It is not safe, the Kaiser has said somewhere, to accept the advice of the enemy. The German people, unfortunately for them, welcomed advice from Washington and from Moscow.

"Though plain enough, the implications of Wilson's notes," the Attorney for the Defense explained, "created misunderstanding." The wise-acres of the Wilhelmstrasse persuaded the Chancellor that Wilson was speaking mainly for "home consumption." Max hoped at first that Wilson's demands could be met by rigidly limiting the Emperor's powers. He was not yet prepared to sacrifice the Emperor himself. The Kaiser waiting, harassed, for the issue of the verbal exchange, could not believe that Wilson desired the breakdown of orderly government in Germany.

Some of Wilson's intimate associates were uncertain of his intentions. But certain emissaries of the Foreign Office, especially in Switzerland, hinted that Wilson would not be satisfied with less than the Emperor's abdication. Wearing by war, shocked by Ludendorff's breakdown and hypnotized by the Fourteen Points, German politicians,

especially those with liberal sympathies, failed to resent the incongruity of Wilson's meddling with the sacred right, proclaimed as such by himself, of "self-determination!"

The accumulated mass of resentment against William, dating from the beginning of his reign, made talk of his abdication not unwelcome.

The Emperor, yielding to the demand for liberalizing the Prussian constitution, promised to co-operate with the political leaders. "I feel myself one with you in the sacred purpose of leading back the German Empire out of the present distress to tranquil and peaceful progress," he said at Bellevue Castle. "United in the passionate love for our country, and a strong sense of responsibility, we set ourselves the task of building the road for the New Germany to a clear and happy future. We will work to that end with all our strength, prepared to take the road to peace, but no less ready to fight to the last breath and the last blow, if the enemy will not have it otherwise."

This noble speech, William's Attorney recalled, was suppressed by the Chancellor. It was not his intention to strengthen William's hand. The Emperor clearly saw the necessity of introducing reforms himself, instead of having them forced upon him by the rabble or Woodrow Wilson. On the twenty-eighth of October he attempted to reach the heart of his people with a stirring proclamation. "I accede to these resolutions of the representatives of the people with the firm will to co-operate for my part in carrying them out in full, convinced that I am contributing to the welfare of the German people." "The Imperial office," he added, repeating once more the sentiment of his greatest forebear "is the servant of the people." "But," the Attorney continued, "Prince Max von Baden pigeon-holed the document in spite of repeated requests from the Emperor for its publication. Prince Max and his associates had no desire to make the Emperor popular. They hoped to save the monarchy by presenting William's head on a silver charger to the Salome in the White House."

"I often," the Emperor interrupted, "revolve in my mind a story that reflects the immemorial difficulties of German rulers: In a famous battle between the Germans and the Romans under Emperor Julian, the private soldiers on the German side, fighting on foot and in discomfort, insisted that their leaders should also dismount. They succeeded in compelling the princes to come down to their level, failing to realize that a horseless leader could not survey the battlefield. The din rising from the German ranks frightened the Romans.



"'Caesar,' the Roman legate remarked, 'give the sign to retreat. The awful sound from the camp of the Barbarians denotes that they are gathering all their strength for a last attack, an attack we are unable to meet.'

"But a subtle smile illumined the sickly pallor of Caesar's face.

"'On the contrary,' he replied, 'it means I have won the battle. The Germans are quarrelling among themselves.'

"The German temperament," William dolefully added, "has not changed in two thousand years. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. But none more uneasy than that of a German King. It is, or was, much easier to be King of England. In England the throne is, or was, respected, irrespective of the qualities of its occupant, whether it be a great figure like Queen Elizabeth or Queen Victoria or a profligate like Henry VIII. The crown to every Englishman is the symbol of British power, in which he is privileged to participate. Since it is not feasible for every Englishman to put on a crown in the morning and to take it off at night, he must have one man to wear it for him.

"The German," the Kaiser continued, "demands of his King not merely that he wear the crown gracefully; he demands that the King's qualities and opinions coincide at all times with his own. The German subjects the bearer of the crown to constant criticism. He measures every monarch by the severest standards. Faithful adherence to duty does not suffice him. He sees the mote in every prince's eye and fails to discover the beam in his own."

"Have other German monarchs," the Emperor's Attorney queried, "suffered in the same degree from the habit of constant carping characteristic of their compatriots?"

William nodded.

"It made the great Frederick a cynic. It caused anguished hours to William I. The excessive particularism of the German led to an over-emphasis of state rights. Even the smallest political sub-division clung jealously to its sovereignty. It was this state of affairs which compelled Bismarck to proclaim my grandfather 'German Emperor,' not 'Emperor of Germany.' His fellow princes were afraid of a preposition! 'Of' seemed to suggest ownership or control. Particularism, Prince Max von Baden says somewhere in his memoirs, finally lodged itself in the Foreign Office, in the General Staff, and other departments. Inter-departmental jealousies added to the difficulties of every chancellor and every monarch.

"The party-system was infested with the same spirit. Every German monarch," the Emperor continued, "was compelled to waste his best energies in useless friction with petty party shibboleths. In order to hold his forces together he had to make compromises that nullified any policy grandly planned and consistently executed. The individualism of the German made teamwork a difficult task. Objectivity may be a virtue in philosophy. We were doctrinaires, not statesmen. The politicians, howling with the mob, clamored for the degradation of their leader, as if the battle could be won by pulling the captain out of the saddle."

"May I not," the Attorney for the Defense observed, "point out that according to the Memoirs of Max von Baden, three German Jews: Max Warburg, Albert Ballin and Walther Rathenau, considered surrender to Wilson under the circumstances a catastrophe. These three Jews tried to save the monarchy in Germany. It is important to chronicle that fact here. Rathenau, in spite of the insidious utterance (recorded by himself) that history would lose its meaning, if William returned victoriously to his capital, was too shrewd a trader to give up any advantage without equivalent. But Max von Baden listened not to these three Jews but to Ludendorff, to Erzberger, and his own vacillating heart. The Socialists, Ebert, Scheidemann, and others, were not the worst offenders. Smooth-tongued diplomats and ambitious soldiers, heritors of Bismarck and Waldersee, hoping to outsmart Wilson and to save, in any case, their own skins, joined the cabal against William. Emperor Charles was haggling to make peace behind Germany's back. O faith of the Nibelungs! Bulgaria and Turkey had capitulated to Wilson. Over this scene of confusion, hesitation and intrigue, hovered gigantically the spectre of starvation."

In the long, cool autumn nights William, pacing the damp paths of the Potsdam Palace grounds, shivered. The dark bare branches, fading leaves, the lonely grenadiers striding back and forth, filled his heart with gloom. The Emperor's Attorney described how his client's optimism was shaken by the equivocation of his councilors. The phantom of revolution raised its head in the Reichstag and in the press. The sudden collapse of the Russian Army preyed on his mind. "Nicky," he thought, "made a mistake when he left the Army and returned to the capital. My life is not important, but the Army is all-important. In spite of the desertion of our Allies, the Army is still intact. The Army

will be our trump card in the peace negotiations. If the Army is demoralized, nothing can ward off disaster. My place is with my troops." Such, according to Niemann and other witnesses, was also the opinion of the High Command. There was nothing to hold the Emperor in Berlin. Prince Max could carry on the preliminary negotiations with Wilson. The last word would be spoken at General Headquarters.

The moment William left Berlin, radical agitators and Soviet agents, spread the rumor that he would return to throttle liberalism and to restore autocracy at the point of the bayonet. It was still possible to weld the entire nation into one fighting unit. If the right leader had been found, the people would have risen *en masse*. But there was no such leader. The Kaiser, fettered by his complexes and his pledges, buffeted by currents of partisan passion, tricked by his ministers and traduced by his foes, could not resurrect in his people its exalted mood evoked when, speaking from the balcony of his palace, he had fashioned the deathless phrase: "I know no parties, I know only Germans."

With a few strokes of the brush the Attorney painted a portrait of Prince Max von Baden. "Prince Max," he said, "unfortunately, was surrounded on every side by parties and partisans. A Liberal, he sympathized with the advocates of reform. At least, unconsciously, he envisaged himself first as the Regent, then, perhaps, as the Citizen King, the Louis-Philippe of the Fatherland.

"When William reached the front, he found his generals infected by the pessimism at home. The breakdown of Germany's Allies posed problems taxing the ingenuity of the General Staff. Vast, menacing, the moral and material power of America loomed over the Old World. The shadow of a thousand airplanes (that never materialized in time for the battle) and the shadow of a thousand tanks (that never crossed the ocean until the war was over) demoralized the German morale, weakened by four years of the Starvation Blockade and shaken by intrigue and treason.

"The Army, by its mere existence, should have vouchsafed tolerable peace terms. But something was necessary to revivify Germany's flagging spirits. One more victory on any front, and Germany could lay down her arms in honor. The General Staff debated a strategic retreat to unassailable positions on the Rhine. The army, though clinging to its conquests with dogged determination, was tired. The Navy and its personnel (except for the submarine units) had spent its time in desuetude, alas, not innocuous, since the Battle off Jutland. The

Grand Fleet, rusting in Kiel, could sally forth on a last daring venture. Admiral Scheer resolved to beard the British Sea Lion once more. A brilliant naval victory, no matter how costly, could restore the balance between the antagonists and electrify the war-weary nation.

But mutiny flared up at Kiel. Inflamed by Bolshevist propaganda, lured by the false promises of the Entente, idle and discontented crews refused to obey the last call. Without discipline, dreadnoughts are merely scrap iron. Hoisting the red flag, befuddled sailors turned their guns against their commanders. Prince Max, instead of courtmartialing the leaders, negotiated with the rebels through Socialist Deputies. Revolutionary fires flared up in Munich. Max made no attempt to check the flames. Treason—above and below!

Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Niemann, Hans von Plessen, Minister Drews, Crown Prince William, Count Friedrich Schulenberg, Field-marshal von Hindenburg, General Gröner, took the witness stand. As they testified one could almost hear the spluttering of the field telegraph in the Villa Franeuse, the Emperor's modest headquarters at Spa. It brought message after message from Prince Max, hysterically demanding the Kaiser's immediate abdication in abject subservience to Wilson's demands.

"Shall I abdicate?" the Kaiser asked Hindenburg. "If the welfare of the army and the nation depend on that I will make the sacrifice."

"I should consider myself a poltroon," the rugged Fieldmarshal avowed, "if I abandoned my Emperor. If the agitation against Your Majesty continues, then the fate of the army is sealed and it will fall to pieces."

The Fieldmarshal's reply, though somewhat equivocal, satisfied William. He wired to General Löwenfeld in Berlin: "Inform loyal subjects that the King of Prussia and German Emperor will hold out to the last." But these resolute words did not reach the loyal subjects; they were suppressed or overlooked in the general confusion.

Prince Max, living on bromides and sedatives, had lost his head completely. Leaping to the telephone in the middle of the night, he pleaded with the Kaiser that nothing short of his abdication could save the country from Bolshevism. When this failed to move the Emperor, Max cast about for some personage to act as his emissary in Spa. Grand Duke Ernst von Hesse refused the task. No one wished to take upon himself so invidious a mission. Finally Wilhelm Drews,

former Under-Secretary of State, now Minister of the Interior, departed for Spa.

The Emperor received him in the garden. William, tortured by sciatica and racked by neuralgia, two ailments ever ready to assail him in critical moments, was supporting himself with a cane. His hair had turned silver white. He was no longer the "young" Emperor. But his bearing was military; nothing could destroy the habit of long years.

As soon as Drews approached the business of his abdication, William's eyes blazed with anger.

"I shall not desert my army under any conditions."

"But, Your Majesty," Drews replied, "your abdication now will save the dynasty. One of your Majesty's sons—"

"My sons," the Kaiser impatiently interrupted, "have sworn to me not to accept the crown without my consent." When Drews continued to argue, William, brandishing his cane, pointed to the gate. Then, remembering that Drews was merely the spokesman of his superiors, he politely urged the little man to stay for lunch. But the wretched subaltern was too much shaken and hurried back to Berlin. That was on November 1, 1918.

The departure of the Chancellor's emissary brought no peace to William. Berlin, calling again and again by telephone and telegram, pressed for a decision. "Abdicate for the best interest of the people, or all is lost. Abdicate, or civil war will dismember the Fatherland, while the enemy troops pour across the borders. Do not expose your people to such fate. Abdicate, abdicate, everything depends upon you. If you will only abdicate it will be possible to make a satisfactory peace to safeguard Germany's future."

After the Chancellor's demonstration of weakness the Allies, fully informed of the development by their spies, became more truculent and Wilson more dictatorial. The Germans, at this moment, underestimated their own strength. It was still enormous. The Allies over-estimated it, even at this point. Keeping his poker face, Marshal Foch prepared two sets of armistice conditions, one extremely stringent, the other moderate. The Germans never discovered the secret. Prince Max and his ministers were amateurs in the game of diplomatic exchanges. While congratulating themselves on their cunning, they carried their hearts on their sleeves.

From Switzerland and from Berne and from the Hague trickled in a steady stream of enemy propaganda against William. Max and

Erzberger, the powerful leader of the Center, swallowed these reports without adding a grain of salt; perhaps they corresponded with their own secret wishes. Meanwhile conditions at home became more and more demoralizing. On November 7th Bavaria declared herself a Republic; on the 8th, news reached headquarters that the rebels had seized the bridges on the Rhine, the sole channels through which supplies of food and ammunitions could reach the front.

Externally there was no ripple of excitement at Villa Franeuse. The sentinels saluted William as usual, his aide-de-camp walked behind him with customary precision. He was still Emperor and King. Exhilarated by a cheerful message from the Empress, William regained confidence. "If," he said to Niemann, "Bolshevism is upon us, there is all the more reason why I must stay at my post. Even the Allies must realize that my abdication under the circumstances threatens the order of the Empire." But the High Command was yielding to Wilson's blandishments and the Chancellor's hysterics. Von Gröner, the new Quartermaster General, was convinced that the Emperor must be sacrificed. Hindenburg no longer contradicted him.

Walking in the garden of his Villa, William received Hindenburg and von Gröner, accompanied by a few officers of high rank. Gloom was written on their faces. The Kaiser, turning his penetrating glance upon his generals, came quickly to the point.

"Can I rely upon my Army?" he asked. The reply was an embarrassing silence.

The Crown Prince, though at Spa, was not informed of the conference. Ludendorff, who had recovered his nerve, had been forced to resign by Prince Max, and was no longer at Hindenburg's side. His successor, Gröner, only a few days before, had declared that the Emperor's abdication was "not even debatable." Now, he sang a different tune.

"The Army," he explained, "is fatigued. It will still defend the Fatherland against the enemy, but it can no longer resist the revolutionary propaganda seeping into its ranks from the rear."

Several generals, especially Count Frederick Schulenburg, disagreed. Some shouted: "The troops will stand by their King." Others were dubious. Gröner painted a lugubrious picture of Germany's plight. Like Max von Baden, Gröner wished to convince the Emperor and Hindenburg of the reality of the revolution. He summarized the report,

received from the commanders of various army groups, that the temper of the army was extremely uncertain. The question had been put to them in such a manner as to preclude a favorable reply. Important divisions which had remained immune to radical propaganda, were not consulted. These army leaders insist that the army would not have broken faith with the Emperor. They ascribe Germany's defeat to "the stab in the back." The Emperor confirmed their view. "Even with the American armies pouring steadily into Europe," he asserted, "Germany could have won an honorable peace, had it not been for the Socialists' stab in the back."

"The stab in the back," snarled the Prosecutor, "was Ludendorff's alibi for losing the war."

"It was not," the Emperor retorted sharply, "invented by Ludendorff; its authorship belongs to the French General, Maurice."

It became increasingly clear from other testimony that the Socialists were not solely responsible for the stab in the back. The stab proved fatal, because it was directed from above, by men high in the confidence of the Kaiser. This point was admirably brought out by Lieutenant-Colonel Niemann. However, in those fateful November days neither the Kaiser nor Hindenburg could conceive of such villainy. Ignorant of the intrigues behind the scenes, Hindenburg was convinced that the army was no longer loyal. Profoundly grieved, he asked Gröner to say the things which he could not bring his own lips to utter.

"Can I rely on my Army to restore order at home?" William asked once more.

"No, Your Majesty," Gröner icily retorted, "that would mean bloodshed and civil war."

"Then," said William, still unwilling to believe the full implications of Gröner's rejoinder, "I shall await the conclusion of the armistice here and after its conclusion lead my troops home."

Gröner straightened his shoulders. "The Army," he replied, "will return home peacefully and in orderly formation under its officers, but not under the command of Your Majesty."

William's world crashed about him. He still refused to accept Gröner's monstrous statement.

"I demand this declaration in writing. I demand the declaration in black and white from my generals that the Army has deserted its Commander-in-Chief. Have my soldiers forgotten their oath of allegiance?"

A cynical smile curved Gröner's lips.

"Under the circumstances, the oath of allegiance is a legal fiction."

Only yesterday Hindenburg had said: "Without Your Majesty the Army will not march home as an orderly body but as a troop of marauders." Now the old man was tortured by visions of William being dragged back to the capital before a revolutionary tribunal to be murdered like Nicholas II. To save his Emperor from such a fate he exclaimed: "I can no longer assume responsibility for the loyalty of the Army."

One man raised his voice in protest. "Shall we," shouted Count Schulenburg, "sacrifice the achievement of centuries to the confusion of an hour?" Schulenburg in that epic moment embodied the spirit of Prussia. Schulenburg maintained that there were enough loyal troops to wrest the bridge-heads of the Rhine from the rebels and to pacify the capital.

Gröner pooh-poohed this suggestion.

More hysterical messages from Berlin confirmed Gröner's pessimism. "The situation," shrieked the Chancellor, "admits of no delay. The workers are in rebellion. The soldiers fraternize with the rebels. The pavements are running with blood." Was there anything William could do except abdicate without provoking civil strife and prolonging the war?

Schulenburg suggested a compromise.

"Abdicate as German Emperor," he counseled, "but remain King of Prussia."

The Emperor grasped at this straw.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, on November 9, 1918, Berlin received a telephone message assuring Prince Max that William desired to avoid civil war and declared his readiness to abdicate, if necessary, in his capacity of German Emperor, but not as King of Prussia. The message reiterated William's determination to remain with his troops under the Prussian eagle after entrusting Fieldmarshal von Hindenburg with the supreme command over all German armies, leaving further dispositions to the Regent or *Reichsverweser*, appointed to assume temporarily the functions of Emperor. The message was not yet an abdication, even as Emperor. In fact, it warned the Berlin government that in the Emperor's opinion and that of his military advisers, his abdication was liable to demoralize the Army.

This was the last word received by the Crown Prince before he



Ich verzichte hierdurch für alle Zukunft auf die Rechte an der Krone Preussen und die damit verbundenen Rechte an der deutschen Kaiserkrone.

Zugleich entbinde ich alle Beamten des Deutschen Reichs und Preussens sowie alle Offiziere, Unteroffiziere und Mannschaften der Marine, des Preussischen Heeres und der Truppen der Bundeskontingente des Reiches, des sie Mir als ihren Kaiser, König und Obersten Befehlshaber geleistet haben. Ich erwarte von ihnen, dass sie bis zur Neuordnung des Deutschen Reichs den Inhabern der tatsächlichen Gewalt in Deutschland helfen, das Deutsche Volk gegen die drohenden Gefahren der Anarchie, der Hungernot und der Fremdherrschaft zu schützen.

Urkundlich unter Unserer Höchsteigenhändigen Unterschrift und beigedruckten Kaiserlichen Inseigel.

Gegeben Amrungen, den 28. november 1918.



“I renounce . . .”

Note the omission of the customary “I.R.” (Imperator Rex) in the Kaiser’s signature



Matthias Erzberger  
who signed the Armistice



Prince Max of Baden  
who announced the abdication



Fritz Ebert  
who took over the government



Philipp Scheidemann  
who proclaimed the Republic

departed from Spa. William refused to accompany his son to the headquarters of the Third Army. "No, that might look as if I were afraid."

Wearily the Emperor returned to the Villa. The commonplaces of life intrude in the most dramatic moments. Its routine goes on even in the fifth act of a tragedy. It was time for lunch!

William found a Dutch officer waiting for him, who had been invited to share his meal. In the general confusion the invitation had not been cancelled. Always courteous, always the gentleman, William exerted himself to entertain his guest. But the attempt was ghastly. Conversation lagged. The Emperor's retinue almost choked. The Kaiser's gloom, dark rumors from home, the anxiety of the moment, lay like a pall over the gathering. The Dutch officer blessed the moment when he could withdraw. It was like dining with Death.

Suddenly a new commotion. Von Gontard arrives, pale and trembling, holding a telegraphic message from Berlin. The faithful officer, whom fate chose to convey to William the message of doom, can hardly restrain his sobs. The unbelievable has happened. Prince Max has betrayed his imperial cousin.

William grasps the telegram and reads. "The Emperor has abdicated as German Emperor and King of Prussia; the Crown Prince has renounced his right to the throne. Ebert has been appointed Imperial Chancellor."

Max has proclaimed William's abdication without his consent! It may be that Max had misunderstood contradictory messages concerning the Emperor's intentions. It may be that the two o'clock message, with the new suggestion, arrived too late. It may be that he hoped a bold stroke might still save the dynasty and the state. These were the arguments advanced by Prince Max on the witness stand in his own defense. They were confirmed by the smug and slippery Erzberger, but they were not altogether convincing. "At any rate," remarked one of the Judges, "Your Royal Highness had no warrant to speak for the Crown Prince."

Prince Max said "no," but he did not say it as if he were ashamed of his action. "I acted in accordance with my conscience; Germany's fate was at stake."

Other witnesses described how, on the heels of the Chancellor's *coup d'état*, Scheidemann shouted from a window of the Reichstag: "Long live the German Republic." The feint became real. Events slipped from the control of the Berlin Government. The Revolution

was there. Prince Max, after surrendering his office to Fritz Ebert, refused to remain as Regent. Ebert's socialist's conscience would not have objected to a royal republic. No one, not even Ebert could halt the avalanche now.

William was helpless. In vain he wrote out message after message on telegraph blanks, denouncing the treason and denying his abdication. The false news, flashed to the army and to the uttermost ends of the earth, could no longer be overtaken. Nothing could stop the mischief now afoot.

Prince Eitel-Friedrich, fourth son of the Emperor, telephoned from Potsdam that Augusta Victoria was in good spirits. Neither the Empress nor the Prince had seen the pavements of the metropolis "running with blood." Buoyed up by the message from his spouse, William once more decided to stick it out. "My wife stays in Berlin," he said to Niemann, "and they want to bundle me off to Holland. I won't do it. If I were a captain, I would not desert my sinking ship." But the ship could not be saved with a mutinous crew. The crew forced the captain to walk the plank.

Hindenburg urged the Emperor to go to Holland. "Your departure," he said, "will have a mollifying effect."

William closed his eyes. Before him passed the thirty years of his reign. "Shall I," he asked himself, "be last Hohenzollern to rule in Prussia?"

"Frederick the Great," the Prosecutor murmured, "would not have given up his crown without fighting."

"What," William replied, without glancing at the interrogator, "should I have done? I was told by my responsible advisers that my surrender of the throne would assure honorable peace at home and abroad. I was told that my presence in Germany would mean the continuance of bloody war at the front and bloodshed at home. I was informed that the army could no longer be trusted. I was told that, in case the army refused to accept the settlement of the Berlin government, all trains carrying rations would be stopped. Can anyone picture the conditions of ten million men under arms consigned to starvation by their own people? My correspondence with Hindenburg bears witness to the fact that the great Fieldmarshal advised me to drain the bitter cup of exile and abdication.

"I could not know," William continued his confidences, "that the

men charged with the peace negotiations, notably Prince Max von Baden, had obtained no substantial guarantees that the Allies and Associated Powers would deal more generously with a German Republic than with the Germany of William II. I could not know then that the Fourteen Points were merely propaganda material elicited from the fertile pen of Woodrow Wilson by one of his publicity men without the slightest sense of responsibility on the part of their sponsor."

"Your Majesty," the Prosecutor again interrupted, "could have chosen death on the field of honor. That thought occurred not only to Your Majesty's enemies. It was the prayer of Your Majesty's friends. 'We must now pray to God,' remarked Your Majesty's own Lord Chamberlain, August von Eulenburg, 'that our master has the courage to die at the front.'

The Kaiser was silent, overcome by emotion.

"But where," interjected the Counsel for the Defense, "was the field of honor? Where was the front? The front was many miles away. How could His Majesty reach the battle lines? There were no battle lines. There were only trenches. Should he, William II, German Emperor and King of Prussia, wait in a trench for a kindly bomb?

"What if there was no bomb?

"Germany's emissaries were negotiating with Foch. Any moment now could bring the Armistice. A dash with a picked guard of faithful adherents might prolong the war by a few hours, but the futile venture would cost precious lives. Was it right for William to shed even one drop of German blood to secure a theatrical exit?"

"It would have been," suggested the Prosecution, "at least an heroic gesture."

"But the nature of modern warfare might turn the imperial tragedy into a farce. What if, crawling with an injured arm through shell-torn fields and trenches, he were to walk into the arms of some grinning poilu or doughboy—the laughing-stock of the world? That was the worst that could happen. At best, the attempt to die in battle under such circumstances was suicide.

"Suicide!

"Perhaps that was the solution. It was the solution condescendingly proposed by the Prosecution. But those who expected William to seek an escape in this manner, forget the shades of Hinzpeter and Calvin. Deeply rooted religious convictions made the thought abhorrent to William."

"I have been taunted," the Emperor interrupted, "with the fact that my great ancestor Frederick carried a bottle of poison with him to take his life in case of defeat. I am a Christian. I reject the doctrine that man has the right to escape from a trial imposed upon him by God through the short cut of suicide. If, in spite of my religious convictions, I had laid hands upon myself, I would have been a deserter indeed, deserting alike my family and my country. For the suicide of the German Emperor would have been construed as a plea of guilty. It would have been regarded throughout the world as a confirmation of Germany's guilt. Death was the easiest way out. I chose to live. I bear my cross in the hope of destroying with my pen the cruel fiction that Germany was responsible for the war."

"If," the Emperor's Attorney added, "my client had sought death by his own hand, he would have been denounced as a coward. He has been denounced as a coward for continuing to live. But, living, he can speak. He is not merely the Defendant in this trial, he is the most important witness in the case of the World *versus* Germany and in the case of the World *versus* William before the High Court of History."

It is a thankless task to rule an empire, William exclaimed somewhere. But thankless or not, it is not easy to give up one's life-work. Various eye witnesses described William's state of mind at this crucial juncture. He was wavering. Was there any way of asserting himself? Should he attempt to reach the headquarters of the Crown Prince and calmly consider the situation with his son?

It was ten o'clock in the evening of November 9th when an emissary from Fieldmarshal Hindenburg requested an audience. Hindenburg's messenger once more urged the Emperor to cross the Dutch border. "All roads are barred," the Emperor was told. "You cannot reach Berlin. You cannot reach your son. Only the road to Holland is still open. Even that may soon be barred. Fieldmarshal Hindenburg can no longer resume responsibility for Your Majesty's person."

"But Her Majesty the Empress—"

"The temper of the populace in Berlin is ugly. The continued presence of Your Majesty imperils the safety of the Empress. It will be easier to take measures for her protection if you, Sire, will cross the border. If Your Majesty stays, civil war is unavoidable and we shall be unable to stop the French even at the Rhine. Our enemies, glad of this pretext, will devastate Germany."

William cleared his throat.

"So be it. If there is no other way out I agree to set out for Holland. "But"—Emperors refuse to be hurried—"not until to-morrow morning."

There was sympathy in many eyes, even among spectators hostile to William. To destroy this mood, the Prosecutor sarcastically exploded: "The story reiterated by your witnesses does not coincide with the recollections of Fieldmarshal von Hindenburg."

"Then," replied the Defense Attorney, "let us once more call the Fieldmarshal to the stand."

Gravely, a towering figure, but by no means the wooden Titan, Hindenburg bowed to the Emperor and to the Jury.

"Your Excellency," asked the Attorney, "will you clarify to the best of your knowledge the events of November 9, 1918?"

"His Majesty's authorized advisers unanimously resolved upon this accursed step."

"And Your Excellency agreed with them?"

The giant nodded.

"I, too, share the responsibility. There was the serious danger that His Majesty would be seized by mutineers and surrendered to his external or internal foes. I determined to save the Fatherland from this infamy. For that reason I recommended on the afternoon of November 9th in the name of all His Majesty's advisers the departure for Holland as the last resort. I am still convinced today that it was the only proper suggestion under the circumstances. I was under the impression that the Emperor's sojourn in Holland would be only temporary."

"Did you," the Prosecutor interrupted, "urge His Majesty again on the evening of November 9th to take his departure at once?"

"That," Hindenburg replied, "is an error. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind," he added, "that His Majesty would not have departed, if he had not been convinced that I, as the Chief of the General Staff, considered this step necessary in the interest of the Fatherland. I have served my master with unending devotion and fidelity and I am ready now and forever to bear my share of the responsibility for the calamity of November 9th."

"It is obvious from this testimony," the Public Prosecutor observed, "that, in spite of statements to the contrary by other witnesses for the Defense, no one authorized to speak for Fieldmarshal von Hindenburg urged the Emperor to flee on the evening of November 9th."

"The Fieldmarshal's memory may be at fault," retorted the Emperor's Attorney, "or there may have been some misunderstanding. In the tumult and the confusion of those days no records were kept, no suggestion was put in writing. The Fieldmarshal testified that he urged His Majesty to cross the border in the afternoon; he insists to this day that such was the only feasible course. There is no reason for believing that he changed his mind between the afternoon and night-fall. The messenger from headquarters who, with or without authorisation, finally prevailed upon His Majesty to leave the soil he loved, merely reiterated more urgently the Fieldmarshal's previous advice. His Majesty had no reason for believing that he was not speaking for the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies. In any case, the point raised by the Prosecution is impertinent and inconsequential."

"Am I to understand that my learned opponent is casting aspersions upon his own witness? Is it his intention to insinuate that Fieldmarshal Hindenburg's fidelity was merely a mask for dreams of his own aggrandizement?"

"I make no such aspersions. Who," the Defense Attorney replied, "can probe the labyrinths of the subconscious? I am inclined to assume that at Spa, Hindenburg—like William—was deceived by the trickery of those who, to save themselves, threw the Emperor to the wolves with indecent haste.

"Wallenstein or Eckhardt, schemer or faithful vassal, Hindenburg became the symbol of Germany's salvation. There must have been moments when the Emperor looked upon the Fieldmarshal not as a plumed knight but as a traitor. Whatever the truth may be, Hindenburg saved Germany from disintegration after the débâcle.

"Some of Hindenburg's radical critics describe him as a human puppet, made in the image of his own wooden statue, and exploited by clever political ventriloquists for their sinister purposes. They picture the old Fieldmarshal as a mediocrity whose enormous bulk hides the paucity of his gifts. Ludendorff, the mercurial, they say was the genius who wrought military miracles for the Germans. But they do not explain why Ludendorff went to pieces, while Hindenburg serenely took upon his broad shoulders whatever duties fate imposed upon him.

"Some critics hold that Hindenburg's path to glory was marked by betrayals. There are those who say that Hindenburg betrayed the Emperor at Spa, that he betrayed the monarchists who elected him to the presidency for the first time; that he betrayed the Republicans



whose support re-elected him the second time, and that he betrayed both when he made Hitler Chancellor of Germany.

"It is difficult for anyone who has felt the genial pressure of that strong virile hand to accept such a hypothesis. Even if these accusations were true, they would only render his character puzzling, but they would not diminish his stature. It may be that Hindenburg betrayed the Emperor; it may be that Hindenburg betrayed the Monarchists; it may be that he betrayed the Republic; it may be that he would have betrayed the National-Socialists—had he lived. *But he never betrayed the German people.*

"But he did not willingly betray his master. In some recess of his heart Hindenburg remained loyal to the Emperor. He confirmed that loyalty repeatedly when he was President of the German Republic. Nevertheless, his utmost devotion, belonged not to the Emperor, but to his country.

"I accept the Fieldmarshal's assurance that he believed the Emperor's exile would not be prolonged. The Fieldmarshal may have remembered that when the revolution of 1848 raised its head, William's grandfather left Prussian soil temporarily until order had been restored."

It was raining buckets at Eysden, the little Dutch-Belgian border station. The tiny god-forsaken town became for the moment the pin on which revolved the wheel of history. While the white-haired Emperor moved restlessly back and forth on the platform of the station, the telegraph ticked the news to the world that William II, German Emperor King of Prussia, was seeking refuge in Holland. His hands in his overcoat pockets of his gray coat, he did not notice the downpour. His blue eyes gazed abstractedly into space.

The slow minutes crawled like caterpillars. Marching row on row, they lengthened into hours. William bit his lips impatiently. Emperors are not accustomed to wait. Nevertheless he waited—waited six hours.

Meanwhile intense communications transpired between The Hague and Berlin. The Queen of Holland sat in anxious consultation with her cabinet. William was an awkward visitor for the little kingdom. Nevertheless the Queen and her ministers decided to maintain its gallant tradition of hospitality.

At last the decision came. Queen Wilhelmina opened the gates of her kingdom to her most illustrious guest. She did not welcome him personally, lest she arouse acrimonious discussion with her parliament

and with the Allies. This was a situation which William did not foresee when he surrendered his sword to an awestruck Dutch sentry and entered a special train to take him to his destination.

"In the calm light of history it was a mistake for the Emperor to leave Germany, but under the circumstances," the Attorney for the Defense concluded, "it seemed the most unselfish, the most patriotic, course. It may be urged that William should have followed his own royal instinct, not the voice of reason. But he had been taught to distrust his instincts and to accept the judgment of his constitutional advisers. They should have known that the Emperor's departure was the fanfare announcing to all the world Germany's irretrievable defeat and disaster. It was the first chord in the finale of a vast world order and the beginning of that chaos from which the world has not yet emerged.

"There were times when Germany's victory hung by a thread. If, as Crown Prince William suggested, Hentsch had providentially broken his neck before delivering Moltke's message, William the Second would have been William the Conqueror; his glory might have equaled Alexander, Napoleon and Caesar. One thing is certain: collapse and chaos would have been averted if, Rathenau's epigram notwithstanding, the Kaiser had ridden in triumph through the gates of Berlin.

"If Germany had won, Russia would probably be a constitutional monarchy under the Czar. Bolshevism would not have emerged for a century or, if it had emerged, it would not have been strong enough to challenge western civilization.

"Austria-Hungary would have evolved into a Federal Republic. Central Europe would have been saved from Balkanization. No forty-three barriers, no autarchies, would clog the channels of trade. There would have been a League of Nations, unlike the one in Geneva, which merely exists to mock Wilson's dream. Dictators in Europe would have remained in the lap of fate, for dictatorship is the child of chaos, which chaos bears to subdue itself.

"The Germans, it may be urged, would not have been modest in victory. Granted—but would they have made the colossal mistakes of the Allies? With the British Empire, still unconquered, the United States, undefeated and undefeatable, would have furnished a counterweight to any megalomania induced in Germany by her victory. Even a victorious Germany could not have imposed upon her enemies a Peace Treaty of Versailles!"

## WILLIAM THE EXILE

THOSE who held that the trial of William II before the High Court of History would end with the events of November 9th, were mistaken. The suggestion was made by one of the Judges but, after a brief consultation, both the Prosecution and the Defense demurred. "The High Court of History," the Chief Justice acknowledged, "cannot pass judgment on William the Emperor without examining William the Exile."

Twirling his indispensable monocle, the Public Prosecutor resumed the offensive. "In exile as on the throne," he remarked, "William II failed to comply with the standards set for rulers of men. He missed every opportunity to advance Germany's cause when he reigned supreme in Berlin; he was equally remiss as an exile in Doorn. Throughout the life of the Defendant he ran away from vital decisions.

"When he was called to the throne he had the opportunity to benefit by the advice of the great but ruthless statesman who had placed the imperial crown on his grandfather's head. William, dropping the pilot, decided to steer the ship himself. He could have initiated a new policy of his own based on international good faith, but he decided to imitate the Iron Chancellor's intricate chess game, after sacrificing the best piece on the board—the Re-insurance Treaty with Russia. When, too late, he attempted to correct his blunder at Bjoerkoe, he lacked the perspicacity and the strength to make the move effective.

"William II, having failed to gain Russia's confidence, could have won the friendship thrust upon him by Salisbury, Rosebery and Chamberlain. Even my learned opponent admits that Joseph Chamberlain was sincere, but William's personal pique and his penchant for intrigue thwarted the Anglo-German Alliance.

"The Attorney for the Defense portrays his client as the victim of his wicked chancellors and his wicked General Staff. But who selected the chancellors? Who appointed the Chiefs of the General Staff? There was a time when William was, or could have been, his own chancellor, when he was, or could have been, in fact as well as in name, the Supreme War Lord. Who frittered away these opportunities? Who divested himself of power?

"William could have been an autocratic ruler, but preferred to shift

the responsibility for all acts of government to his advisors. He could have been a constitutional monarch, but he insisted on meddling with the affairs of the Foreign Office and with the armed forces of the Empire, causing havoc and confusion in both. He could have pleased capital by curbing labor, or he could have dealt in a truly enlightened manner with the social problems that had vexed Germany. Coquetting with both factions, he chose a policy agreeable to neither side, unable to make up his mind between the old and the new age.

"William II could have collaborated with the great democratic nations in the maintenance of world peace; he preferred to alarm the four quarters of the globe by preaching the doctrine of Prussian Militarism on land and sea. Choosing the more selfish course, he might have made himself the arbiter of Europe by adding sufficiently to the strength of his army and navy; but he lacked the strength and the wisdom to carry out the policies requisite to make his forces invincible.

"The Army, inherited from his fathers, an instrument so fine that it could not be blunted even by the imperial dilettante, might have won the war on land, if the Supreme War Lord had chosen a more opportune moment for provoking the World War. But William dallied until Germany was isolated almost completely. He checked Austrian ambition in the Balkans when the enemies of the Dual Monarchy were weak and divided, but gave carte blanche to Vienna in 1914 when they were strong and united.

"William II could have won the respect of the world by waging war in a civilized manner and by scrupulously observing the sanctity of treaties. What happened? He unloosened poison gas and the sharks of the sea, abandoning even the pretense of civilized warfare, and the heavy boots of his troops stamped upon the solemn covenant, guaranteeing the neutrality of poor, valiant little Belgium. Having made his evil choice, he might have won the war, if he had invaded Belgium more quickly, or if he had carried ruthless undersea warfare to its frightful conclusion. But here, too, he hesitated, he vacillated, he failed.

"William II could have ended the war by a straightforward declaration of Germany's war aims, but the Supreme War Lord was unable to make up his mind; he fumbled and messed and could not find a formula acceptable to democracy and the Junkers. When all was lost, he could have saved his honor by finding a friendly bullet to end his life on the field of battle, or by executing upon himself the death

sentence imposed upon him by the public opinion of the civilized world. But William II preferred safety to service, comfort to honor.

"Even in exile the opportunity to redeem himself beckoned to him. When the Allied and Associated Powers demanded his trial, William II could have voluntarily surrendered himself to their generosity and their justice. He preferred ignominy and exile.

"There was still one grand gesture left: William was still the richest man in the Empire, even in exile. Germany was on the verge of starvation. Did he sacrifice his fortune to feed the hungry and heal the sick? Not William! By every trickery known to law, by every demagogic device known to politicians, he wrung from the German people the last penny that could be extracted to maintain himself and his hangers-on in luxury.

"Having achieved his settlement, did tact or shame impel him to lead a simple and laborious life? Even in exile, William II ate from golden plates. He was served by uniformed lackeys. He strutted about in the uniform he had disowned and dishonored. He walked in pleasant rose gardens, sawed wood for his health and fathered innumerable apologies for his reign, written by others. Neither in exile nor on the throne did he know the meaning of work. And to cap the climax, he took unto himself a new wife before the flowers on the grave of his first mate had withered.

"When Hitler emerged, William, burying his own ambitions, could have worked with the New Germany, or he could have opposed Hitler's authoritarian regime. Unwilling to surrender his shadow throne or his pension from Germany, he chose silence and safety. And at last, having failed in every test, he sought a refuge from life in religion. But what a religion! A hodge-podge created out of his own idiosyncracies and ill-digested theological theories borrowed from others. The God he worships bears his own features: William II impudently re-establishes in exile his old partnership with the Almighty which he had so blasphemously proclaimed on the battlefield!"

Shocked by the violence of the indictment, William momentarily clutched his heart, but he immediately regained his composure. The Jury gasped. Some spectators paled, some blushed. The Attorney for the Defense rose to his feet, a towering, wrathful figure.

"The Public Prosecutor," he remarked icily, "has given us rhetoric, not facts; even the rhetoric is not his own. It is borrowed, like the copper bath tub of the previous session, largely from the pages of Emil

Ludwig. My learned opponent has chosen to reiterate charges which have already been disproved in the course of this trial.

"Disregarding the historical and psychological background of William's personality and reign, he has opened up so many questions, including the Emperor's religion and his re-marriage, that it will take several sessions to refute his accusations. We welcome the opportunity. For the present we shall confine ourselves, with the permission of the Court, to questions connected with the arrival of the Defendant in Holland, his refusal to be tried by a jury of his foes and the labors that engage him in exile.

"Like Napoleon I, the Kaiser suffered a fall from uttermost heights to uttermost depths; his fall was even greater for, unlike the Corsican, he was born to the purple. Napoleon lived and waxed strong on war; the Kaiser lived and waxed strong on peace. Napoleon I surrendered his crown to save himself. William II immolated himself to save his country. Napoleon departed when France was bled white. William II chose exile to prevent the shedding of more German blood, in the vain hope that having made the world safe for their pattern of democracy, the Allies would deal squarely with Germany.

"Luckily the Kaiser, unlike Napoleon, did not entrust himself to the 'chivalry' of his foes. Doorn is no St. Helena. It is a beautiful place with tall oak trees and roses. But the bread of exile is bitter under the shadow of even the sturdiest oak. No attar of roses can make it sweet. 'Two things,' the Emperor remarked, 'sustain me in my exile: my sense of duty and my sense of honor.' Divested of the pomp and pageantry of court life it is easier to recognize the outlines of William's character in Doorn."

From the testimony of many witnesses, Dutch and German, including Count Godard Bentinck, Count Lynden, Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Niemann, General von Dommès, Empress Augusta Victoria, Empress Hermine and the Emperor's children, as well as from the testimony of the Emperor himself, the Defense reconstructed the Emperor's arrival in Holland and the ensuing events.

Rain dropped dismally from the sky when the Emperor alighted at the modest border railroad station of Amerongen, where Count Godard Bentinck, his future host, designated for this troublous distinction by the Dutch Government, and Count Lynden, Governor of the Province of Utrecht, welcomed the monarch. The Emperor's first

demand, after crossing the ancient drawbridge of the castle, was for "a cup of good English tea." This seems to impress his biographers.

Godard Bentinck, master of the Castle Amerongen, is of ancient lineage. The Bentincks are Counts of the old German Empire; they are affiliated with the British and the Dutch aristocracy. The Earl of Portland is considered the head of the family. Like William, Count Godard was a knight of St. John; he admired the Emperor, but the two men had never met.

The choice of Amerongen was an act of poetic justice. In the seventeenth century, the castle was burned down by the French because its owner, then Dutch Ambassador at the Court of Berlin, refused to hasten home to entertain Louis XIV. When William's ancestor, the Great Elector, heard the news, he immediately shipped lumber from the Tiergarten, Berlin's great park, to rebuild the castle. The bed in which the Sun King composed his limbs escaped the conflagration. This is the bed in which the Kaiser slept, if he slept, the night of November 11th. Louis XIV had forced himself upon the hospitality of the Lords of Amerongen at the head of an army pillaging the lowlands; William II came as a welcome guest.

The Castle of Amerongen is separated by two moats from the environing land. Here, month after month, sentries paced day and night guarding the Kaiser. Here, some time after William's arrival, an automobile with American Officers appeared for the purpose of kidnapping the monarch. One, who claimed to be a "Senator" and a "Colonel," requested an audience. His request was politely, but firmly refused. If the "boys" had any desire to "rush" the castle, a look into the barrels of Dutch guns taught them the better part of valor. Instead of capturing the Kaiser, they carried off one of Count Bentinck's ash trays!

An examination of the ancient castle unearths no medieval torture chamber and no secret tunnel. The old dungeon, now a wine cellar, is not far from the castle; it is especially adapted (the Kaiser pleasantly observed to a visiting scribe) to serve as a lodging for American newspaper men. No doubt some dullard listening to this remark would be inclined to take it seriously. The Emperor's Counsel took the occasion to point out that William has always been misinterpreted by pedants and pygmies who could not differentiate between the facetious flash of the moment and authentic lightning bolts from Olympus. His quick, scintillating mind and his facile gift for expression arouse the resentment of his intellectual inferiors. In return they conspire to mis-

understand him. Misunderstanding is the penalty inflicted on genius by mediocrity.

Fourteen persons constituted the Emperor's suite. Forty people, including distinguished guests invited by Bentinck, shared the Kaiser's dinner the day he arrived in Amerongen. Neither the Count nor the Emperor foresaw that circumstances would compel William to remain Count Bentinck's guest until 1920.

Emissaries of the German Republic, realizing that legally the Emperor had not abdicated, sought out his refuge. They beseeched him to renounce the throne officially. William, after wrestling with himself for a fortnight yielded to their entreaties. He did not wish to become the nucleus of civil war in Germany. His chances of regaining the throne would have been materially increased if he had refused. This formal abdication freed all his officers, including Fieldmarshal von Hindenburg, from their oath of fealty. On November 28, 1918, William II placed his signature with the characteristic dots and curlicues but without the I. R. under the fateful document:

I hereby renounce forever the rights to the Crown of Prussia and the rights to the German Imperial Crown dependent on it.

At the same time I release all officials of the German Empire and of Prussia, as well as all officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the navy, the Prussian army, and the troops of the Federal contingents from the oath of loyalty which they have sworn to me as Emperor, King and Commander-in-Chief. I expect from them that until the reorganization of the German Empire, they will help those in present power to defend the German people against the threatening dangers of anarchy, famine, and foreign dominion.

Given under our Imperial hand and seal, Amerongen, November 28, 1918.

WILHELM

About the time of William's renunciation, her mind filled with grim forebodings by Lloyd George's "Hang the Kaiser" campaign, Empress Augusta Victoria arrived from Berlin. Shortly afterwards the Dutch Government assigned a God-forsaken hut in Wieringen to the Crown Prince who, denied the opportunity of leading his troops back home by the suspicious republic, joined his father in exile.

Neither the Imperial family nor the British electorate realized that Lloyd George was merely jesting in his peculiar fashion when he promised to hang the exiled Kaiser. "That," as he is said to have said



to a Dutch friend was "all politics." "Personally," he added, "I have always respected the Kaiser. He is a gentleman." But, in spite of his respect for William, the British Premier climbed to power in the November Election of 1918 on the steps of William's prospective scaffold.

"There was," the Attorney for the Defense insisted, "no torture chamber in Amerongen, but the castle itself was converted into a torture chamber for William's ailing Empress. Did Lloyd George and his henchmen recognize that every word they uttered in their electioneering campaign was a barbed arrow aimed straight at the heart of Augusta Victoria?"

"The Entente seriously contemplated the monstrous travesty of trying William; their indictment of the Emperor in Article 227 of the Peace Treaty dissolves any doubt on that question. Prosecutor, judge, jury and hangman in one, the Entente was resolved to whitewash itself by solemnly fastening upon William the guilt for the World War.

"In retrospect the scheme to try the Kaiser may seem madness. Yet, if it was madness, there was method in it. The Emperor punished the poltroonery of the British Premier with silent contempt. He discerned the political motive behind the demand for a trial. He clearly mapped out his course of action, if Holland had been bullied into violating her hospitality. William would have challenged the competence of any court assembled to try him. The dignity of the German people made it impossible for its erstwhile ruler to acknowledge any accountability to its foes. Sure of himself, he calmly faced the morrow, but the anxiety of those days killed Augusta Victoria.

"The agitation reached its culmination in 1920, when formally accusing William, the Allies demanded his surrender from the Dutch Government. This the sturdy Dutch politely refused. The Allies sternly reiterated their request. The exile, they pointed out, might escape. The Dutch Government, thereupon, resumed responsibility for his safety and assigned a residence to him and to his son by royal decree. Crown Prince William offered to stand trial in place of his father. The Kaiser, though touched by his son's willingness to leap into the breach, resented the impetuosity of the prince. The suggestion of the Crown Prince implied recognition of the validity of the prospective trial. The Allies, fortunately for themselves, ignored the offer from Wieringen.

"The Kaiser's refusal saved the Allies from moral disaster. If William's sense of the dramatic had been as keen as his sense of justice, he

would have accepted the trial while denying the court's jurisdiction. They could not have conducted the trial without some pretense of fairness and without giving the accused man the opportunity to defend himself. The secret treaties would have begun to sing at the trial one by one, like the twenty-seven blackbirds in the king's pie.

"William was not familiar with all the secret dickerings of the Allies, which are now history, but he knew enough to pillory his foes and to strip them of their hypocritical vestments. Before the trial was ended some Allied statesmen would have hung higher than William! He recognized this possibility. The thought of a trial tempted him for that reason. But his submission to the outrageous demand of his enemies was irreconcilable with his conception of sovereignty. The German Emperor could be tried (perhaps) by his own people, not by his foes. Legally, constitutionally, by every law, national and international, the demand for his trial and extradition was the bastard offspring of war psychosis."

The Emperor raised his hand to silence his Attorney. "I wonder," he said, "what would happen, if the shoe had been on the other foot. What other sovereign would have submitted to such humiliation? What nation would have tolerated the travesty of a trial? I cannot conceive, for instance, that Mr. Wilson would have permitted any court composed of the enemies of his country to pass upon his official acts. If the shoe had been on the other foot, would the American people have allowed their President to accept trial at the hands of a court conducted in Berlin, under the auspices of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria? If I am not mistaken America rejects even the competence of the World Court, established under the auspices of Woodrow Wilson's own League of Nations, in any matter affecting her sovereignty."

The faithful Ilsemann and the loyal von Dommes described the gloom of the Emperor's sojourn in Amerongen. The days passed by slowly like ravens beating cumbersome wings heavy with gloom. It was on the steps of the castle that von Ilsemann read to the Kaiser the text of the Armistice Agreement. The Kaiser stood still. Never a muscle twisted in his face as he listened to the most humiliating document ever forced by perfidy abroad and insensate folly at home upon a great people.

In Paris the Treaty Makers haggled over the booty. Every hour



William's Dutch Saint Helena  
House Doorn, where the exiled Emperor spends his days

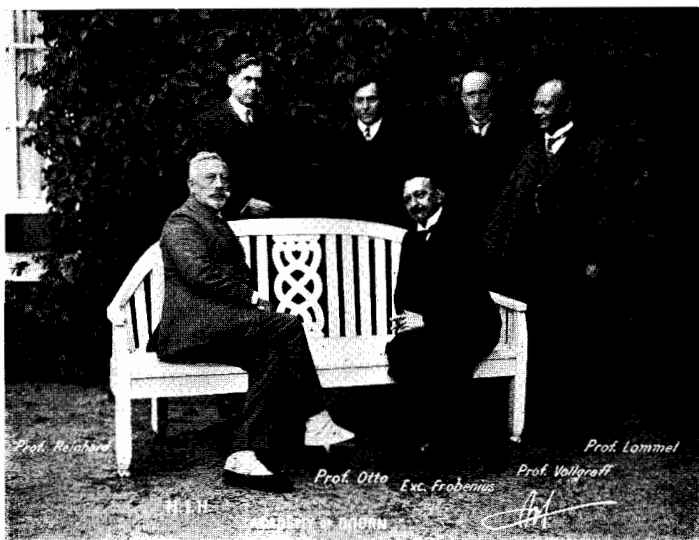


With Senta, his favorite dachshund



Dictating a letter at his desk

William II at Doorn



### The Academy of Doorn

A group of distinguished scientists who foregather from time to time with William in his Dutch retreat



### Sawing Wood

In the background Ilsemann, the Kaiser's faithful aide; behind him, the author

brought new alarm. The Kaiser's faithful vassals, the brothers von Dommès, Captain Leopold von Kleist, von Ilsemann, Admiral von Rabeur-Paschwitz, Count Detlef von Moltke, Count Schmettow, to name only a few of those who had not forsaken him in his misfortune and who now bore testimony for their imperial master, hardly dared to report to the Monarch the indignities heaped upon the German delegates by the insolence of the victors.

With extreme disdain he listened to the stipulations in which his own people, rewarding him for his faithful stewardship of thirty years, agreed to surrender him to the mercy of Clemenceau. At that moment the Empress approached. "Hush," he said, lighting a cigarette and twisting his lips into a smile, "do not tell the Empress."

But in the end the information was carried to her somehow. How could castle walls, how could even loyal devotion succeed in keeping such news from a woman's intuition, a woman's love? Her heart, sorely tried by the tribulations of her country, almost stood still. She would have died in those days if her love for the Kaiser, a love stronger than death, had not kept the flame of life flickering a little longer. She knew that the Kaiser needed her, that, without her loving kindness his cross might be too heavy even for him.

It was a dreadful thing to lose a throne and to leave his country, it was more dreadful still to realize that the sacrifice had been in vain. But Augusta Victoria's love lightened his burden. Like less exalted mortals, the imperial exiles were united by common suffering.

Unlike Otto von Bismarck and Helmuth von Moltke, in critical moments the Kaiser was not disposed to be lacrymose. He shed no tears when he digested the bulky document misnamed a Peace Treaty, but he determined not to rest until he had expunged from the record the false accusation against him and his people. "The Kaiser," his Attorney continued, "has devoted the many years of his exile and his indomitable energy to combatting the lie that Germany wanted the war. Upon that lie, as Lloyd George admits, rested the abomination spat forth in Versailles. Upon that lie also rested the Government that succeeded William. Both stood, both fell together. It is for this reason the German Republic never seriously denied Germany's War Guilt. It is for the same reason that the voluminous evidence of Allied atrocities, though carefully collected, was never published."

This statement caused considerable commotion among Allied and German statesmen who witnessed the trial.

"The ruthless treatment dealt out by Germany to Rumania and Russia," interrupted the Attorney for the Prosecution, "shows the sort of treaty that a victorious Germany would have imposed upon the Allies."

"The Treaties of Bucharest and Brest Litowsk," William replied, "were models of moderation compared with the preposterous instrument imposed in violation of the plighted word of the President of the United States, upon the German people. Germany has always been generous in victory. The arrangements concluded in the smoke of the battle were not regarded as final settlements. It is equally preposterous to regard as final the territorial settlements reached at Versailles, in defiance alike of justice and common sense."

The Kaiser's voice was solemn. Solemnly, confidently he turned to the Jury: "The verdict of the Court of First Resort, a Court dominated by Allied guns and Northcliffe's propaganda, has gone against us. My books are briefs, submitted to the Appellate Division—the Sober Second Thought of Mankind. In the final arbitrament both I and my people will stand guiltless before the Supreme Court of History and of God."

After the Dutch Government had firmly rejected the suggestion of surrendering William, the Emperor purchased House Doorn, a lovely, if modest estate, a few miles from Amerongen. House Doorn was built in the thirteenth century. It was completely renovated artistically, so far as his slender purse permitted, for its present owner. A little elevator was put into spare Augusta Victoria's failing heart painful exertion. Often Augusta Victoria accompanied William on his long walks through the park of House Doorn in her wheel chair. The Emperor named a rose garden in her honor. She saw the roses in bloom one year. But she was not destined to see them bloom a second time. On April 11, 1921, Augusta Victoria died.

After eliciting this information from William's entourage, the Attorney for the Defense startled the Court by suddenly calling Hermine of Reuss, wife of the exile. Prematurely gray, but youthful in figure, Empress Hermine accepted the summons.

"Will Your Majesty explain to us the attitude of the Germans toward their exiled Emperor?"

"The disaster of the Emperor's fall and betrayal," the imperial witness responded, speaking in a resonant, melodious voice, "was too great to be grasped by lesser men. It still left him an exalted figure

towering on Olympian heights. The death of his wife made him one of us, sharing with us the afflictions of all mankind—he was no longer merely the monarch deprived of his throne but a man, gray-haired and lonesome, bereft by a cruel and incomprehensible fate of the most faithful, the most beloved of wives. The people had been poisoned against the Emperor, but they revered the Empress almost as a national saint. Sympathy now turned to her bereaved husband. Sorrow and sympathy, rising like a tidal wave, swept the country from border to border. On the crest of this tide, William II could have ridden back to power.”

William's second Empress paid to Augusta Victoria William's first Empress one of the noblest tributes ever rendered by a wife to her predecessor.

“Augusta Victoria,” Hermine testified, “was the incarnation of motherhood. Proudly as she had worn the crown, she missed the pomp of Empire less than the privilege of being a mother to all her people. It is difficult to summarize in a few words the extraordinary affection which Empress Augusta Victoria inspired in those who knew her, and even in those who, like myself, did not belong to her more intimate circle. The intensity of her maternal devotion, extending from her children to all her subjects, made her an ideal monarch. Love and solicitude for others glorified her daily toil. Few women in lesser walks of life have a more crowded day.”

Sprung herself from the blood of a ruling family, Hermine realized to what extent the duties of a monarch are lessened if his consort assumes his social responsibilities. In this respect, the Mistress of Doorn contended, the late Augusta Victoria was an ideal mate. “She accompanied the Emperor on all journeys of state. The Empress inspected charitable institutions, children's homes, hospitals and the like, personally, in spite of her precarious health. She did not relegate these visits as disagreeable duties to the foot of her program. Literally a mother to her people, her attitude toward the state was that of a conscientious and competent housewife. Glowing faces greeted the Empress wherever she appeared. That was the reward she most treasured.

“The acid test of war revealed in Augusta Victoria hidden sources of strength and endurance that astonished us all. When the gigantic struggle of 1914 embattled Germany's host, Augusta Victoria redoubled all her activities. The war transfigured and transformed her. She was no longer merely an Empress. She became a radiant emblem of Ger-

many's womanhood. Most royal women consider it at once a privilege and an obligation to visit the sick, but I know of no woman, commoner or queen, who spent her own vitality with the abandon of Empress Augusta Victoria. Almost at the point of collapse herself, she acted the good Samaritan in a thousand clinics. She was no automaton. Every visit took something out of her. At every cot she left something of herself. The kindness of Augusta Victoria was never mechanical. Her smile lacked the stereotyped quality which robs graciousness of its blessing.

"In peace and in war she faithfully and cheerfully bore every task imposed upon her by her position and by her love for her people. The reward for all her labor was the unspeakable disappointment of seeing the red flag rise over the palace in Berlin while the Emperor was with his troops at the front. Compelled to witness the violation of her privacy, the loot and plunder of her intimate possessions, the desecration of all she held dear, Empress Victoria bore herself with a dignity that impressed even revolutionary Berlin. She remained an Empress to the last. Proudly she followed her husband into his banishment. No tears betrayed her sorrow to smirking and gaping crowds. Imprisoning her grief in her bosom, she crossed the border to join the Emperor.

"How," William's second Empress concluded with deep sincerity, "Augusta Victoria's heart must have suffered and fluttered! Any heart would break under such punishment. Sheer will power impelled her spirit to remain in its fragile dwelling. She held death at bay because the Emperor needed her."

Another surprise awaited the Court when the Defense summoned to the witness stand the chronicler of this trial.

"I challenge,"—the Public Prosecutor's words rang through the Court Room like a trumpet,—“the competence of the witness. He may be an alert newspaper man,”—there was a touch of sarcasm in his voice,—“but he is not an intimate of the Defendant and cannot speak from first-hand knowledge.”

The Public Defender's eyes met the Defendant's. William II rose from his seat. "May I not," he volunteered, "state that Mr. Viereck is the only newspaperman who ever entered my house as a guest. I regularly sent him material, partly in form of articles which he edited or used or prepared for the press. In his valiant, strenuous fight for my person, he slowly converted many Americans from their mistaken attitude



toward me as the Devil who unloosed the War. No American newspaper or syndicate or individual, has been allowed to publish anything about me, except through Mr. Viereck. Thus he became the center of all material related to my work, the sole exponent of my ideas, with my full confidence in the way he thought fit for their dissemination. I am indebted to him for his fight for truth on behalf of my poor misled and ill-used Fatherland and myself."

Both the Judges and the Jury had listened attentively. "Objection overruled," the Presiding Justice said dryly.

After the Emperor resumed his seat the witness, bowing in acknowledgment, took the stand.

"When," he was asked, "did you first meet the Emperor?"

"A year and a half after the death of Her Majesty, Empress Augusta Victoria."

"Mr. Viereck, will you describe in your own words your first impression of Doorn and of the Emperor? We are especially interested in the Emperor's personality, in his attitude toward others, in the manner in which he worked and in which he lived. Your testimony may clear up some of the points raised by the Prosecution."

The witness began by describing his arrival at Doorn.

"Amersfort!" called the conductor. The train stopped. A white jacket—Dutch porters wear the habiliments of innocence—took my bag. 'An automobile from Doorn,' he said, 'is waiting for you.' The Kaiser's chauffeur tipped his hat. He wore a light green uniform.

"How long have you been with his Majesty?"

"Seventeen years," he said, 'in good and evil days.'

"I wonder if the Kaiser is not served more faithfully in his adversity than in his glory? With simple dignity he and those who serve him adjust themselves to humble surroundings.

"Doorn is a village of four thousand inhabitants. It consists of a few delightful estates, a few charming villas, two inns, a number of shops, a post office, and a bank, which opens its rustic doors two days a week. Since my first visit to Doorn it has grown mightily. But it is still a village.

"I saw little Dutch children clattering with wooden clogs. But fortune deprived me of a glimpse of the windmills one invariably associates with the Dutch landscape. Flowers and tall trees, blooming far into autumn, were in evidence everywhere.

"House Doorn is situated twenty-five minutes by automobile from

Amersfort. It occupies sixty acres of land, with its park and its outlying meadows. The park is surrounded by a formidable fence, tipped with barbed wire. No visitor is permitted to enter without authorization. The gate-house, a glorified lodge, is guarded day and night by cheerful Dutch sentries.

"In Amerongen the Kaiser was besieged for three-quarters of a year by a journalist who walked around the estate three times daily to catch at least a glimpse of the Kaiser, and who, regularly once a day, applied at the door for the privilege of an interview. When finally his newspaper recalled him, he pleaded earnestly with Count Bentinck, if he would not be at least permitted to bid farewell to His Majesty. The Kaiser, though amused, was nevertheless compelled to deny the request. He gives no interviews. If he has anything to say to the world, he selects his own channels.

"The Lodge house contains the office of the Master of the Household and several suites for guests. At the time of my first visit laborers were supplying the modest edifice with steam heat. The Orangerie, situated between the Lodge and the main building, has been enlarged to house the children of Empress Hermine and visitors.

"House Doorn lies a few minutes' walk from the Lodge. Its space is so limited that there is no room for guests. It is simply but beautifully appointed, with furniture and mementos from the Kaiser's palace. There are portraits of Frederick the Great and—a compliment to the Emperor's Dutch host—William of Orange. Queen Louise, the Kaiser's great-grandmother, and William I are immortalized in color and marble. On a table in the main room stands a unique equestrian statue of the great Frederick."

"Who," asked the Attorney, continuing the examination, "was in charge of the household?"

"The Master of the Household, like the Emperor's physician, is chosen in rotation from a selected group of faithful followers. It was Count Detlef von Moltke who was in charge of the household on my first visit. It was he who conducted me from his small office along a path, guarded on either side by imposing oaks, into the presence of his sovereign. I saw the gleam of a simple white bench on the lawn near the Orangerie. There, surrounded by books and papers, reading bare-headed in the sunshine, sat the Master of Doorn.


"It was what the Germans were wont to call 'Hohenzollern weather.'

The sunshine played in the silver of the Emperor's head as he stepped toward us. With simple unaffected friendliness he shook my hand. A cheerful, almost jocular, greeting robbed the scene of embarrassment. We talked, talked for two or three hours."

"Did the Emperor seem arrogant in his demeanor?"

"Neither at the first meeting, nor at the other that followed, did the Kaiser exercise the privilege of his rank to initiate all topics of conversation. He cheerfully responded to every question. He was by no means impatient of contradiction. I have seen Theodore Roosevelt at Oyster Bay talking for hours at a stretch in his delightfully characteristic manner, waving aside almost rudely the slightest interruption. If the Kaiser dominates a conversation, he does so by virtue of his superior knowledge and his superior controversial and conversational skill. He dominates but is not domineering.

"William spoke simply, lucidly on world problems and on incidents, past and present, of his own life. There was no attempt to impress, he could not help being impressive. The sun illuminated his weather-bronzed features. I noticed that, like the eagle, he could gaze straight into the sun. I have never seen a human being of whom it could be said with equal justice that he had eagle eyes. The Kaiser smiled when I called his attention to my observation. He quoted in Latin the motto of his predecessor, the great Frederick: 'Nec soli cedit,'— 'Yield not even to the sun.' 'Besides,' he said, 'I was a Hussar. We Hussars carry no parasols; we learn to gaze into the sun without blinking.'

"At my request His Majesty wrote the Latin legend of Frederick the Great into the copy of his book which he presented to me with his imperial signature, Wilhelm, I. R. (Imperator, Rex, Emperor, King) to which he added a little  to indicate my name Viereck—Square. That evening His Majesty showed me the emblem of Frederick the Great, an eagle spreading his wings toward the sun. Under his signature the Kaiser wrote the motto of another forebear, William the Silent, *In Deo et silentio spes et fortitudo mea.*—'In God and silence repose my hope and my courage.' It is fortunate, nevertheless, that in spite of this motto the Kaiser has repeatedly broken his silence.

"The Emperor indulges neither in polemics nor in speculation. Thucydides, whom he regards as the greatest of all writers, is his model. Criticized and abused, whichever way he turned, he has become impervious to criticism. 'I have,' he avers, 'acquired the hide of an elephant. The elephant does not know he is getting a beating until twelve

months afterwards.' On a photograph the Emperor wrote for me two mottoes which enable him to bear the world's malice: *Der Wahrheit die Ehre* (Honor to Truth) and a slight alteration of the favorite saying of the Duke of Marlborough: "They say what they say! Let 'em say!"

"Do you," the Attorney continued, "consider William an honest historian?"

"May I not reply by telling a story which the Emperor related to me at Doorn: 'A famous historian standing at the window of his study saw a roughneck attacking an innocent wayfarer without provocation. The indignant historian described the scene in detail to a friend. The friend replied: 'I, too, have witnessed the scene. You are completely mistaken. What happened was just the reverse of what you are telling me. It was the other man who struck the first blow.'

"When the historian heard this, he began to weep. 'How can I hope to write the history of the world, if I cannot even accurately observe what goes on before my eyes!' Then with a magnificent gesture, he swept the manuscript on which he had been working, into the fire. The historian was Sir Walter Raleigh.

"What historian can be entirely objective, especially if he describes events in which he himself took a leading part? Who can objectively describe the actions and the personality of another?"

"No man's pen, for instance, can adequately portray the versatile personality of the Kaiser. All his photographs, all his pictures, belie him. My portrait necessarily suffers from my personal idiosyncrasies and limitations. Sensible of the importance of adding my testimony to that of other witnesses in the proceedings before the High Court of History, I can only endeavor to set down honestly the impressions I gained in my first encounter with William II, revived and confirmed as they were by many subsequent visits.

"Scoundrels, invading the solitude of Doorn, have plastered the world with spurious interviews. Men who, by an ill chance, have spoken to him for three minutes, pretend to unbosom the Kaiser's soul! Forged diaries supported by proofs of authenticity deliberately manufactured, have been imposed upon credulous editors. Vicious stories have been set afloat by persons who, unable to cross the threshold of House Doorn, unloosened their venom upon its master. French propaganda, desirous of foiling the effectiveness of the Kaiser's memoirs, portrayed him as a person whose mind was unhinged.

"Surreptitiously the impression was spread of the Kaiser as an unbalanced, irascible, garrulous old man, completely broken down by misfortune, clinging tenaciously to the shadow of the past, without a vestige of kindness and good humor. Even Princess Hermine, disquieted by such rumors, before her first visit to Doorn, was afraid that the Emperor's mind had been affected by his suffering. That was the reason why she did not bring her young son with her, although his touching letter to William was the beginning of her romance with the Emperor.

"William's tragic tale is not surpassed in Greek tragedy. It would be pardonable indeed if, worn and embittered, he walked in gloom, and all about him walked in gloom likewise. I was prepared for this. I was not prepared for what I found—a radiant figure, simple, dignified, intellectual, with the physical buoyancy of an athlete and the mental elasticity of the neophyte paying his pristine devotions at the austere shrine of science. When the Kaiser walked, he outstripped his youngest aide-de-camp; when he sawed wood, he outsawed panting captains twenty-five years his juniors; when he worked, he outworked the most assiduous Herr Geheimrat. That was my impression in the fall of 1922. It is still the same. The intervening years have dealt gently with William.

"Another German Emperor, Charles V, spent his self-imposed exile in the vain attempt of making two clocks beat in unison. 'Alas,' he sadly exclaimed, 'how could I hope to reconcile my many nations when I cannot even make two clocks strike as one.' The German Emperor's exile in Doorn is less monotonous."

"The witness," objected the Prosecution, "is wandering from the subject."

"Let him tell the story in his own way," replied the Presiding Justice. "We are interested in obtaining the truth without regard for legal quibbles."

"Emil Ludwig and other historians assert," the Attorney for the Defense observed, "that William never did an honest day's work in his life. Ludwig insinuates that the Emperor's actual attendance upon his duties in war-time never consumed sixty minutes a day."

"If Ludwig be right," the witness responded, "William must have undergone a marvelous metamorphosis, unique in the history of human psychology, after sixty, for I never saw a human being with more varied interests, more continuously occupied. Ludwig paints the Em-

peror as gadding about daily from feast to feast, from parade to parade during his reign. Even the most venomous biographer should know that social and military functions constitute an essential part of a monarch's duty.

"William loved simplicity, both in his personal life and in his diet. Nevertheless, he was compelled to preside over numerous state banquets; he could not escape parades, receptions, and other social activities, inseparable from sovereignty. He threw himself with enthusiasm into these duties, even if they were frequent and inconvenient.

"The German people desired brilliant display in their ruler. That was good business. William was not only the Emperor, he was also the chief salesman of his Empire. His brilliant court illustrated the splendor and the might of his realm. It is surprising that in spite of his meticulous attention to these ornamental tasks, William found the time to stimulate progress in every field, even in art and belles lettres, although in those spheres his taste,—thanks to Hinzpeter and Victorian traditions,—was not always impeccable.

"Forestry and gardening fascinate William. He sawed no less than 17,500 stems at Amerongen, which had been attacked by a plague of caterpillars. The Kaiser has made his park a model for all estates in the neighborhood.

"The master of Doorn himself supervises the planting of thousands of trees on his estate. Each bears his initials, or the name of the friend who gave him the tree. 'In brushing against such trees and bushes as I pass,' the Kaiser says, 'I feel as if I were touching the hands of my friends.' Water lilies blossom in the small moat surrounding House Doorn where he feeds swarms of wild ducks every day. Enormous cabbages grow in the Kaiser's vegetable patch. Rose-cheeked peaches and flowers of many hues grow on his trellises."

"It has been charged," the Public Defender remarked, "that the Emperor was dilettante in all things, in the arts and sciences no less than in statesmanship."

"The Kaiser," the witness replied, "does not claim to be a professional in the arts, and he regards himself as a humble servitor of science. His Majesty is intensely interested in music. Some years ago Professor Friedlander gave a lecture on the German folksong, with special reference to Goethe, in the music room at Doorn. He accompanied his lecture with vocal illustrations. The Kaiser revealed an aston-

ishing familiarity with the literary and musical themes analyzed by Professor Friedlander. He hugely enjoyed a demonstration on the piano by the Professor showing that thirty-six great musicians, including Schubert and Beethoven, drew their inspiration from the tune of a simple folk song, *Als der Grossvater die Grossmutter nahm* . . . It is characteristic of the Kaiser's kindly consideration for others that he requested the doors of the music room to be opened for the servants in the adjoining hall.

"Unlike most amateurs in art the Kaiser listens at all times with respect to the voice of authority. He himself has experimented with many arts. Without technical musical knowledge, he composed his 'Song of Aegir,' the sea-god. His picture warning Europe against the Yellow Peril: 'Nations of Europe, Safeguard Your Most Sacred Possessions,' vividly conveys a fateful message. It would be strange if so versatile a man had never attempted poetry. The Kaiser pleads 'guilty' to writing love poems to a cousin when he was a student. Royal blood is no protection against lyric measles. However, in later years, the Kaiser lost all interest in lyric verse. Hinzpeter vainly tried to make him read a book of poems through. Usually, after the third poem the Kaiser's efforts halted. This is all the more surprising since His Majesty evinces many characteristics of the poetic temperament.

"The Kaiser is, however, profoundly interested in the epic and in the drama. He loves the great saga of Siegfried, but he is equally at home in the Greek and Latin classics. He can to this day quote his Homer and his Virgil without hesitation. The Kaiser's voice vibrates with vitality. He can bring out every shade of meaning with the mastery of a great speaker."

"You have said that the Emperor has adjusted himself with simple dignity to his fate. What about his lackeys, what about the luxury with which he is alleged to surround himself? Does he act like a human being, or does he prance up and down his estate like an actor conscious of the spotlight that still beats upon him?"

"If the Kaiser were not a philosopher, like his illustrious predecessor, he could not adjust himself with such good humor to the tragic change in his fortune. It is true his meals are served by uniformed lackeys on precious porcelain. The center table decoration is a large loving cup wrought in gold, a heirloom from the grandfather of Frederick the Great, the first King of Prussia. But the meals themselves are characterized by extreme simplicity.

"The Kaiser's household is democratic. His Majesty eats the same food as his humblest servitor. His food is prepared by the same cook in the same kitchen. Her culinary art is a model of German efficiency.

"I have collected some of the menus. They have not changed since 1922.

*Midday Meal*

Filet of Beef, Vegetables  
Tomatoes

*Midday Meal*

Guineahen, Red Cabbage  
Cheese

*Evening Meal*

Omelet with Ham  
Green Peas  
Cheese

*Evening Meal*

Paprika Stew  
Fruit

*Menu, November*

Tenderloin of Beef, Vegetables  
Apple Sauce

The menus are even more modest today than in 1922! The economy of the royal household extends even to paper. The menu for the midday meal is written on one side, that for the evening meal on the reverse side of the same sheet.

"In the day-time, the Kaiser wears a simple business suit. Semi-dress is prescribed in the evening. A few minutes before dinner a prodigious gong booms twice. Their Majesties enter. The gentlemen bow, the ladies curtsy. The Kaiser bows deeply in return, shakes hands with each man, addresses a few kindly words to him and kisses the hand of the ladies. No formalities, no rigid court ceremonial, embarrasses the visitor unaccustomed to the ways of royalty.

"Formerly the Kaiser employed thirty chauffeurs. Today he has one. He rarely goes driving, for his freedom of movement is restricted. The falcon, chained to his hunter's hand, is most conscious of his limitations when he attempts to soar."

"What is the Emperor's position in Holland? To what extent does he enjoy the privileges of a sovereign?"

"The Kaiser's position in Holland is anomalous. If he is regarded as a private citizen, his movements should not be restricted. If he is still regarded as a sovereign, enjoying the hospitality of Holland, he should not be asked to pay taxes. The late Emperor Charles was freed from all taxes in Switzerland. The German Government, too, after seizing the Kaiser's estates, looked to him for a contribution to its budget. Part of



his property was returned after the plebiscite. But most of the Emperor's possessions are liabilities, though he may be a rich man on paper. Castles are white elephants, not investments."

"But is not the Kaiser," the Prosecution interjected, "the richest man in Germany?"

"If," the witness shrugged his shoulders, "white elephants constitute riches. Between Dutch communal and German income taxes, the vagaries of exchange, and the expense of maintaining the estate, the Kaiser's Master of the Household barely manages with the most rigid economy, to eke out his budget. Economy is borne with cheerful philosophy by the Kaiser. In spite of the protest of him who holds the all too light royal purse, William insisted upon devoting to charity the proceeds derived from his books."

"What just ground has the Emperor for objecting to his taxes? The very name of the family," the Prosecutor insisted, "implies high taxes."

"No Hohenzollern," the witness replied, "ever imposed such taxes upon his subjects as the Kaiser was compelled to turn over to his German Republic. Moreover, you are in error in your interpretation of the family name. That name—I have these facts from the Kaiser's own mouth—is not derived from 'toll' or 'tax' but from a mountain in Wuerttemberg bearing the name of 'Zoller.' Both Hohenzollerns and the Hohenstaufens trace their origin to one estate in Suabia. The old imperial Hohenstaufen and the Hohenzollern dynasty were closely related by ties of blood. The first Habsburg elected Emperor of the Old German Empire owes his elevation to one of the Kaiser's ancestors who was Burgrave of Nuremberg. The Burgrave was a candidate for the imperial crown but withdrew because his election would not have been unanimous. Rudolph of Habsburg was the 'dark horse' proposed by the Burgrave. The name of the Hohenzollern family appears on record for the first time in 1066.

"The Hohenzollern dynasty was always noted for the austerity of its living. The purse strings of the royal princes were kept extraordinarily tight. The Kaiser told me that until he succeeded to the throne he had never even seen a banknote for one thousand marks! In the old days this was worth about \$250. As children the princes were rarely rewarded with money. On one occasion, in appreciation of some task well done, the Kaiser received one hundred marks from his parents. He was so proud of the gift that he took the precious 'scrap of paper' to bed with him.

"Sometime ago a story was circulated that William spent a fortune, thousands and thousands of marks, on shoes in Doorn. His shoemaker in Berlin was besieged by reporters. Finally, the honest old fellow in despair, threw his books open to inspection. The only entry against the Kaiser's account was a small item of a few pennies for patching a pair of boots. 'I never thought,' the Kaiser remarked, 'that I would ever wear patched shoes. But,' he added, with cheerful good humor, 'they are comfortable.' Most of the Kaiser's shoes were 'seized' by the revolutionists who invaded the Imperial Palace."

The Prosecution objected to the repetition of the Kaiser's remarks by the witness. "All these details," the Judge ruled, "are part of the mosaic of William's personality and his life. But what," he added, "has given the impression that William lives in great luxury?"

"Because," the witness replied, "he still retains some of his beautiful possessions. There was no reason why he should discard his valuable old porcelain and his silver for plates and knives bought at the ten cent store, merely to satisfy the exponents of democracy. The same is true of his chairs, his tables, his pictures, etc. His Majesty uses furniture from his Berlin Palace in Doorn. Would it be more economical to buy new furniture? The appointments of his home are not luxurious. Simplicity is the keynote of House Doorn. The Emperor spends much time in a little sitting room near the entrance hall. The furniture is modest, but it is not commonplace. Every piece has its history. Here, while logs burn in the grate, animated conversations ensue after dinner. Many objects in the room have a romantic history of their own. In fact, it is a little museum in itself. One glass cabinet contains a collection of snuff boxes presented by Frederick the Great to his friends. In the course of two centuries these snuff boxes found their way into the royal collection.

"In this room, too, there are rare china plates embossed with the Prussian emblem. These are part of a large service ordered in China by the first King of Prussia. The boat carrying the entire shipment was wrecked on the Dutch Coast. Decades later part of the cargo was discovered by fishermen at the bottom of the sea and on the beach. It was in perfect condition. The lucky finder sold the plates to the royal family. The plates are made of the finest Chinese porcelain, by processes lost today, with a heavy admixture of metal. A few more were miraculously discovered in 1936. The Kaiser is interested in porcelain.

He still owns a factory in Kadinen, East Prussia, where he produces distinguished faïence pottery and china, including the ash trays used in House Doorn.

"After dinner, bright stories alternate with political discussions and personal reminiscences. The gentlemen smoke, the ladies knit. 'Everyone,' the Kaiser smilingly remarked, 'must work here,' and he directed the attention of my wife to a sweater begun by a previous fair visitor. This rule applies to princesses as well as to lesser mortals. For when Princess Margaret of Hesse, His Majesty's sister, was present on one of these evenings, her hands, too, were swiftly and deftly engaged in needlework. Empress Hermine, night after night, crochets ornamental bags which are sold for charity by the 'Herminenhilfe'. Tea and beer are passed. The Kaiser usually confines himself to his favorite drink, a mixture of raspberry juice and sparkling red wine. In spite of his personal moderation, the Kaiser is not an advocate of prohibition.

"Adjusting horn-rimmed spectacles, His Majesty begins to read excerpts from the political news of the day prepared by himself in his own hand and spiced with his own stimulating comment. Day by day he compiles his record, the first chapter of which was begun almost simultaneously with his exile. The first night I was privileged to listen to these dissertations he had reached Chapter 682.

"At times he contents himself with marginalia on articles and books which engage his attention. These marginalia, often pithy and epigrammatic, are not unlike the comments he was accustomed to scribble in the fashion of Frederick the Great on reports and state papers. Any one privileged to read these notes can obtain a picture of the ex-Kaiser's reactions to the forces swaying the world today. Bolshevism, the yellow peril, questions of armament and high politics receive his special attention."

"The impression has been created," the Attorney for the Defense observed, "that William is a monster, incapable of any human emotion. Did you ever hear the Emperor laugh?"

"Though care has laid her finger on his brow and touched his hair with white, though his heart is torn by the agony of his people, he has not forgotten how to laugh. How else could he bear his tragic fate? Laughter liberates. Laughter heals. If he could not laugh, such a man must go mad.

"One night after discussion had dwelt too long on depressing topics, the conversation drifted into lighter channels. The Kaiser told many amusing incidents, mimicking the speech and the facial expression of others with remarkable skill.

"'American prisoners,' he said, 'never demeaned themselves. They held their heads high, even if they were not always able to tell why they were fighting.

"One strapping fellow, a sergeant, was taken before the Crown Prince.

"'What are you fighting us for?' the Prince sternly demanded.

"'I don't know, Sir,' the prisoner replied.

"'Come, come, you must have some reason,' the Crown Prince exclaimed.

"'Well, Sir,' the soldier said a little uncertain: 'I think it is because of Alsace Lorraine.'

"'But what is Alsace Lorraine?'

"'Well, Sir,' the Sergeant said, scratching his head, 'Alsace Lorraine is a lake between Germany and France. The Germans have one side of it and the French have the other. The French are entitled to half the fishing. And now those damned Germans won't let the French fish. That ain't fair, Sir, and we can't stand for that.'

"Such was this soldier's version of Mr. Wilson's program 'to make the world safe for democracy.' The Kaiser's reproduction of the conversation was superior to the efforts of the best conferencier.

"The conversation now turned to the English. One gentleman of the suite reproduced a limerick found in the note-book of a British Colonel who fell in 1914:

Lloyd George, no doubt,  
When his life ebbs out,  
Will ride in a fiery chariot,  
Sitting in state  
On a red hot plate  
Between Satan and Judas Iscariot.

Ananias that day,  
To the Devil will say:  
My claim for precedence now fails.  
So move me up higher,  
Away from the fire  
To make room for the liar from Wales.

"'Evidently,' the Kaiser observed, 'I am not the only one whose veracity is impugned!' His Majesty was referring to an article by Sir Valentine Chirol in which Empress Frederick is quoted as calling 'Willy' a 'liar.'

"'My mother,' the Kaiser interjected, 'never made such a remark. Sir Valentine cannot answer my arguments. Hence he abuses me. This reminds me of the Latin proverb: 'You scold my friend, therefore, you are in the wrong.'

"William," the witness concluded this part of his testimony, "honestly enjoys a story—even at his own expense. That is the supreme test of the philosophical temperament. During these conversations the portrait of Frederick the Great looked down upon us. I have the feeling that the evenings at Sans Souci when Frederick the Great held his circle with his intimates must have been not unlike the evenings of the Kaiser at Doorn."

"The Prosecution has insinuated that the Kaiser does not write his own articles and his own books—"

"Undoubtedly," the witness replied, "William enlists the aid of fact-finders and trained writers. But it is undeniable that William II, like Napoleon I, has a flair for writing. After all, one does not rule an empire for thirty years without acquiring a vast stock of unusual information and an ability to read meanings between the lines in dispatches from the capitals of the world.

"Coupled with this faculty is the ex-Kaiser's knowledge of personalities in England, France, Russia, American and Central Europe. His memory always was prodigious. His interests range from the oil wells of Persia to the rice fields of China, from the invention of a new poison gas in a French laboratory to the discovery of a new cuneiform inscription in Mesopotamia, from constitutional conflicts in South Africa to the negro problem in the United States, from secret treaties in the Balkans to the debates of the League of Nations.

"The *Congressional Record* and the reports of Hansard lie side by side on his table. William II can quote Senator Borah, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Elmer Barnes, H. L. Mencken, and Upton Sinclair with equal facility. No one who has listened to the German Caesar's 'Commentaries' can doubt that the master of Doorn is one of the best informed men in Europe. Few men in Central Europe have the Kaiser's knowledge of foreign languages and foreign affairs.

"In spite of the indolence of which Ludwig and other hostile critics, who should have known better, accuse the Emperor, he is a most industrious student and writer. Discovering that the pen is mightier than the machine gun, ex-Emperor William has converted his sceptre into a pen or, to be more precise, into an indelible pencil.

"No longer able to lead his troops, William II still commands a formidable vocabulary. Unable to issue orders to his navy, he marshals arguments in battle array. Napoleon I in exile dictated the story of his campaign. William II has issued from Doorn, his Dutch St. Helena, book after book, article after article, to interpret himself, his reign and his people. Astride a saddle mounted upon the base of a plain swivel chair, the Kaiser sits at his desk several hours every day.

"Glass cabinets, filled with precious mementoes, adorn his work-room, such as the colored drawing of the Kaiser as a child by Queen Victoria. Here, too, are found the originals of many celebrated pictures of the Kaiser and other members of the imperial Family with which the world is familiar through reproductions.

"The predominating note everywhere is brightness. There is nothing gloomy about the many pictures of the Kaisers' progenitors. His ancestors are very real to him. He lives in their midst and is inspired by their example. The man who can trace his ancestors can project his personality backward through time. His being takes root in the past. His hope goes forward into the future. He realizes himself in the proper perspective as a link in a deathless chain. 'In that respect,' the Kaiser remarked, 'we Europeans have the advantage over Americans.'

"However, His Majesty himself tells the story of a German Prince who desired to marry a Japanese lady. Immediately the Family Council made discreet investigations into her ancestry. When her father, a diplomat accustomed to European ways, perceived the object of the delicate inquiries made, he smiled a canny Japanese smile. 'Tell the Prince,' he remarked, paraphrasing unconsciously a celebrated bon mot of Lord Beaconsfield, 'when his ancestors were still running naked in the wilderness of the German forest, my forefathers were already high dignitaries at the Court of Japan.'

"The variety of the Kaiser's interests is vividly called to our attention by a reproduction of an Egyptian Queen, who lived in the year 1300 before Christ. If we look at her, gazing superciliously from one of the Emperor's book cases, we realize how little humanity has changed in thirty-three centuries. Her face, save for the intense olive of her com-

plexion and the peculiar head dress, is that of a highly intellectual girl of to-day. About her lips curves the smile of Mona Lisa.

"Daily under her gaze the Emperor writes letters in longhand on divers subjects of interest to him. These are copied in the office of the domain. The originals are placed in the imperial archives. The type-written copies are dispatched by messengers or by mail to the correspondents of William.

"William II almost invariably adds a postscript or an interlinear observation in his own writing, giving a personal touch to the letter. This was one of the habits of Theodore Roosevelt by which he endeared himself to his friends and enhanced the value of his letters for the collector. Occasionally copies of the Kaiser's correspondence are multi-graphed and sent confidentially to friends in Germany and elsewhere. Sometimes his epistolary essays are published with his permission.

"In the zenith of his career, William II encouraged the excavations of Professor Delitzsch, which provoked the Babel-Bible controversy between Modernists and Fundamentalists in Germany. Distinguished modern explorers, especially Leo Frobenius, maintain intimate contacts with their former patron. Their reports and their books supply him with data for his studies and for after dinner discussions.

"The Kaiser maintains animated communications with leading German theologians. Every mail brings essays and books from them. Uninterruptedly the stream of printed matter arrives. There is no room in Doorn to hold the avalanche of print. Every visitor presents one or more books to the master of Doorn. He is almost smothered by books. Nevertheless, he welcomes these presents.

"Occasionally the stream of ponderous books is interrupted by mystery or detective stories from the pen of such authors as P. G. Wodehouse and Anthony Abbott. Now and then, some one presents the Emperor with a painting or a rare etching. One admirer from the Rhine sends every year a case of William's favorite drink, a sparkling Assmannshausen. Another from South America supplies the kitchen at Doorn with coffee from his own plantation. The red champagne, which William invariably mixes with water, stimulates him when he writes his books. The coffee keeps him awake when he attempts to carve his way through the mountain of printed matter!"

"The Hohenzollerns," the witness continued, "were always a literary family. Frederick the Great was a poet as well as a philosopher. His

writings, in French and in German, fill many volumes. Emperor Frederick, the Kaiser's father, wrote a diary, intended for publication after his death, which proves that Bismarck was by no means the sole architect of the German Empire.

"The Kaiser's uncle, Prince George of Prussia, was a dramatist of merit. Ernst von Wildenbruch, a morganatic scion of the family, was a significant playwright and a dynamic poet. The Kaiser's oldest son, Crown Prince William, is the author of several books."

"Could you swear," the Attorney for the Prosecution contemptuously observed, once more twirling his monocle, "that the Emperor really writes the books attributed to him?"

"I have seen pages of manuscript in the Emperor's handwriting. They are not the products of 'ghost writers.' They are his own work.

"Of course, like every author, His Majesty occasionally collaborates with others, but the dominant note of any article or book that bears his signature, is his own. Like most authors, he submits his writings before publication to the scrutiny of his advisers. His position is delicate; he must consider the feelings of his hostess, the Queen of Holland, and the reaction at home. No doubt he is often persuaded to make alterations and deletions. His willingness to listen to advice may be a literary handicap. Suggestions from learned professors and cautious statesmen have the tendency to destroy the original force and the directness of the ex-Emperor's style. His prose style does not, as a rule, reflect the gracefulness of his mind. It lacks the scintillating quality of his conversation. It is always honest, but often heavy and somewhat pedantic. It seems at such times, as if Hinzpeter were guiding his pupil's pen."

"What," the Attorney for the Defense questioned, "are the Emperor's chief works?"

"The first of the four volumes published by the Emperor, his *Comparative Historical Tables, from 1878 to the Outbreak of the War 1914*, is hardly known in the United States. Intended primarily for historical students, it is designed to prove chronologically that the various troubles which clouded the international horizon since 1878, were started by Germany's foes. He takes up the same argument in more popular form in his second volume *Events and Figures—Ereignisse und Gestalten* published in England under the title *My Memoirs*, a survey of his reign with character sketches of his main advisers. This has been published in the United States.



"The Kaiser's third book, *Reminiscences of Corfu*, contains dissertations on archaeological questions, as well as personal reflections. He describes the 'Achilleion,' the palace purchased from the estate of the murdered Empress Elisabeth of Austria. Among the amusing bits of information conveyed by the volume is the story that the natives of Corfu, knowing William to be a Lutheran, mistook the nude statue of Achilles for a Protestant saint!

"The most human of William's books is *My Early Life*, in which the imperial author discusses his childhood and his succession to the throne. In this book the ex-Kaiser tells of his unhappy boyhood; he discusses freely for the first time the impairment of his left arm, and he manages to convey to the reader how he was prepared by hard work and self discipline for his imperial job. The book was written for his children as much as for the world.

"This book was followed by another, devoted to his ancestors, *Meine Vorfahren*. It reveals the Emperor's admiration for the Great Elector, who laid the foundations of his family's power. The Emperor collaborated with Niemann in several books and he gave Nowak some of the most important underlying documents for his two books on the Wilhelminian Era. The third, which would have taken him to the outbreak of the War, was interrupted by Nowak's death.

"The Emperor's publications since that time, have been largely devoted to various archaeological studies. The advertisement of an American railroad brought to Doorn by the enterprising Louis Ferdinand, whom themorganatic marriage of his eldest brother William, makes the legitimate successor of his father, the Crown Prince,—if the Dynasty should be re-established—inspired the Emperor to a dissertation on the ancient Sanscrit sign of the swastika. He refrains, however, from any political judgments in this connection.

"Other studies followed, including lectures delivered before his Academy at Doorn. The latest study in this field examines the idea of royalty in Mesopotamia. Scholars attribute considerable merit to the Emperor's investigations. His labors on the threshold of his eighth decade certainly confound those who have spread the false rumor that William was incapable of sustained efforts. Even at the Biblical age, when most men merely vegetate, the edge of his mind has not lost its keenness."

"The Emperor's mind may not have lost its keenness," interjected

the Prosecutor, "but the world at large has not been privileged to witness his sallies. Will you explain why his voice has not been heard in the last ten years?"

"For nearly ten years," the witness responded, "in deference to political sensibilities in Holland and Germany, His Majesty has refrained from expressing political views on any subject in public. He still remains interested in historical research, but he seeks more and more in religion and archaeology a refuge from the present."

"Your description," the Prosecutor sneered, "is calculated to create the impression that the Emperor's day at Doorn is more usefully employed than it was in Berlin. It could hardly be employed to less advantage. William II was incapable of any sustained effort. He played at work, but behind his manifold activities there was never a single creative idea and a single constructive purpose."

"Your remark," the witness retaliated, "re-echoes with the bias of Ludwig and other partisan critics who deliberately ignore William II's constructive achievements in the period before the war. 'I,' the Kaiser remarked to me, 'always tried to govern my country so, that every German in the world could exclaim with the same pride as the Roman of old: *Civis Germanus sum.*'"

"The Kaiser ascribes the industrial prosperity of Germany, her progress in science, shipbuilding and social welfare, unequalled by any country in the last thirty years, to the fact that he as a monarch dominated neither by Capital nor by Labor, was able to consider the interest of the commonwealth as a whole, where too often the divided responsibility of a purely parliamentary government fails.

"Another factor in Germany's marvelous progress was the intimate union between industry and invention even before the New Germany of Hitler was born. Handicapped by the limitations of her territory and her natural resources, Germany applied scientific formulae intensively to her problems. 'Often,' the Kaiser remarked to me, 'when I inspected chemical laboratories in our factories, I found young men almost fresh from school who received larger emoluments than officers of the General Staff.' Ten thousand marks was a fortune in the days when the Kaiser's image was still depicted on German currency. 'Those,' the Emperor added, 'who speak of German militarism should remember the fact that Germany rewarded her scientists more royally than her soldiers!'

"The Kaiser had a vital share in this twofold development of Science and Industry. He noticed that university professors, who occupied themselves with original research, were often severely handicapped by the necessity of devoting a large part of their precious time to instruction. The heavy burdens imposed by the double task of original research and teaching upon many of our scholars impairs their efficiency in both directions.

"Ways and means were found, with William's aid, to enable German scientists and scholars to utilize their gifts to the limit by freeing them from financial cares while engaged upon important research, whether that research involved such apparently abstract questions as the weight of a molecule or the discovery of a new anodine for the pains of mankind. One of the institutions, founded for the purpose, the Kaiser Wilhelm-Gesellschaft, wrested from nature many secrets of immense value to German industry, such as the discovery of a process to liquify coal.

"When the Kaiser ascertained that only one per cent of the bright young scholars unlocking new gates to prosperity for the benefit of the fatherland with the key of science, were graduates of Germany's classical schools, known by the misleading term 'Gymnasium,' he urged the reform of German education. He was unable to cut through the red tape of the classical tradition at once, but he succeeded at last in encouraging the *realschule*, a school which, as its name implies, is more concerned with the realities of life than with the use of the second aorist in some obscure Greek author or variations in the text of some forgotten contemporary of Virgil."

"When German industry needed a new device, His Majesty simply ordered it to be invented," remarked one of his aides.

Here the Kaiser, forgetting for a moment the dignity of the court, whispered the famous bon mot from the *Mikado*, according to which a man is dead if the Mikado says so, without recourse to the formal process of chopping his head off.

"Someone," the witness continued, smiling at the Emperor, "could give the word of command; he could even compel captains of industry to sacrifice part of their profits for purposes not immediately susceptible of commercial exploitation."

The Emperor nodded.

"If," His Majesty dryly remarked, "an obscure problem of this nature arose, men of intellect who could grapple with it were invariably

within reach. It is this intellectual class which saved Germany from destruction during the war. They literally made bricks without straw. They made corn grow where thistles grew before, and drew nitrogen out of the air, making Germany independent of alien sources of supply."

"The German shipbuilding industry," continued the witness, "received its impetus from the Kaiser when he was still a prince. William heard that the great Vulcan Works in Stettin were in danger of bankruptcy, because the North German Lloyd, preferring to place its faith in British builders, had rejected their bid for a new large liner. Thereupon the Kaiser went to Bismarck and acquainted the 'Iron Chancellor' with the facts. Bismarck immediately issued an ultimatum to the Lloyd in Bremen, insisting that, handicap or no, German ships must be built in German shipyards. This may not have been constitutional, but it was effective."

"Your Majesty," the Defense Attorney remarked, "did not always find Prince Bismarck ready to co-operate?"

A dark cloud appeared on the Emperor's forehead.

"Prince Bismarck's tantrums," the Attorney continued, "impeded your program for social welfare?"

"Prince Bismarck," the Kaiser retorted, "did not oppose welfare work as such, but he believed in a benevolent paternalism irritating to labor. I held that the German workman did not want charity in his old age, or in sickness, but pension and support from funds supported by himself.

"Finally it was agreed that one-third of the funds for the specific purpose in question, was to be deducted from the wages of labor; the employers to contribute two-thirds. Old age insurance and industrial compensation were compulsory. Huge funds were available for welfare work. Germany built sanitariums for laboring men, especially for those employees in the more hazardous trades. As a result tuberculosis was practically wiped out of Germany. Under my government Germany spent fifty per cent more on social welfare work than on her army and navy.

"The reason Germany prospered in the past was because the Government, demanding sacrifices from both capital and labor in equitable proportions, placed the common weal above both.

"Above all," the Emperor concluded his explanations, "we Germans refuse to subscribe to the inhuman principle of *laissez faire*, advocated by the Manchester School, a maxim based on the premise that each man and each class must protect its own interest. In the Prussia of Frederick the Great, every man was allowed to seek Heaven in his own fashion. The same principle prevailed under me. But in the Germany of William II, no man, in his fashion or otherwise, was permitted to go to the Devil!"

## WILLIAM THE LOVER

PRIVACY is the privilege of the proletariat. Even the love affairs of the great are affairs of state. One of the Judges was disposed to rule out evidence bearing on William's private life, but he was convinced by the others that sex plays so important a part in human affairs that it is impossible to evaluate any character without determining his love life. "Kings," said the Presiding Justice, "have no private life."

"William," the Prosecutor sarcastically observed, "has been portrayed as a paragon of virtue. Yet, the wise old man who created the German Empire, in certain memoirs not intended for publication during the Emperor's lifetime, speaks of his 'pronounced erotic proclivities.' His official household, praised as the most austere in Europe, was the nucleus of two malodorous sex scandals, one involving, innocently, von Kotze and one, not so innocently, Prince Eulenburg.

"From the poison pen letters, falsely attributed to von Kotze, rises the odor of corruption. Some years later, a former Lady-in-Waiting to Empress Augusta Victoria, Ursula Countess von Eppinghoven, told tales out of school, in the English-speaking world, which, had they been known in Germany, would have caused a wave of revulsion, if not a wave of revolt, against the imperial regime.

"These matters were hushed up, but the stench of the Eulenburg scandal could not be concealed. It was conclusively proved that the Emperor's most intimate friend was a perjurer and a pervert. Shocked, the world learned that the Caesar of the Germans was ringed in by a coterie of men who preferred playing with Greek fire to the domestic warmth of Nordic firesides.

"It is impossible to believe that William was not aware of what went on about him. Years before the scandal a high official of the Police, Meerscheidt-Hüllessem, offered the Emperor a list of names of one hundred homosexuals at Court. Did the Emperor avail himself of this opportunity to purge his circle? No! Seal unbroken, he dispatched the list to the Chief of the Criminal Police, Baron von Treskow. 'These,' the Emperor said, 'are matters for the Police, not for me!' Is this reluctance to face the facts reconcilable with a clear conscience? Is it forgivable in a monarch and in a father? The Emperor shrank from

the truth, until it was finally forced upon him by Harden's vigorous pen and the insistence of Crown Prince William.

"Various members of the royal house, high court officials, including Kuno von Moltke and William's bosom friend, Eulenburg, walked the plank. But the purging was by no means complete. There were still, according to Baron von Zedlitz, men of high social, but uncertain sexual, status in the environment of the monarch. If William was unable to recognize the stigmata of effeminacy and perversion, where was that sense of intuition, that high intelligence, extolled by witnesses for the Defense? Must we not rather assume that the Emperor shared, at least intellectually, the conception of the fairer sex which appeared in the letters of his abnormal friends?—a conception derived from decadent Greek philosophers that has poisoned the thoughts of youth since Plato wrote his *Symposium*.

"To Plato and his Platonic friends, woman was merely the brood mare, the kitchen maid and the humble votary at domestic shrines. William translated this doctrine into his native tongue. *Kinder, Kirche und Küche*, is the Prussian version of Plato's philosophy. Hurling forth with all the prestige of their imperial author, these words arrested for decades the emancipation of woman in Germany. Even today, when she has driven out the author of that infamous alliteration, Germany has not expelled his savage doctrine from her system.

"The man who enunciates the doctrine of masculine superiority, must at least be ready to protect his women, even at the cost of his life. But when William sped to Holland in his de luxe train, he departed alone, leaving his stricken Empress in the capital at the mercy of the Revolution. Augusta Victoria conducted herself more royally, more courageously, than her imperial husband. Forgiving his desertion, she shared his exile until she died heart-broken in Doorn.

"The Emperor dedicated a room to her memory but, before the time set for mourning had elapsed, he overcame his unspeakable grief sufficiently to wed again. His hasty marriage, offending his most loyal followers, was a blow at monarchic sentiment in Germany. But when did William ever sacrifice his egotistic desires for a cause? Callous to the opinion of his people, he made merry with his new consort, while Germany groaned and starved under the chains imposed upon her for his sins."

When the Prosecutor first uttered his name, Philipp von Eulenburg, followed by his former friend Kuno von Moltke, ostentatiously left

the Court Room. Empress Augusta Victoria's face was flushed with anger, but she drew herself up proudly, determined not to yield an inch. William's second Empress, no less disturbed, dug her nails into the palms of her hands, without betraying by the expression of her face the intensity of her emotion. Queen Victoria was decidedly "not amused." King Edward VII assumed an expression of boredom. Bismarck stared straight ahead of him as if the entire matter concerned him not. The Emperor, pale but resolute, whispered to his Attorney.

Calmly the Public Defender faced the Jury.

"The Defense is fully prepared to meet every charge of the Prosecution. I regret that my learned opponent has chosen to drag the gutters for information. His case must indeed be weak, if he must resort to anonymous letters and the backstairs gossip of pornographic historians."

"Would you call Prince Bismarck a pornographic historian?" interjected the Prosecutor.

"I would not. But the reference upon which you base your attack is both trivial and obscure. In the third volume of his memoirs Prince Bismarck makes the rather curious statement that William II inherited his 'mystic inclinations' and 'powerful sexual propensities' from his great-great-grandfather, Frederick William II. This volume (suppressed until the overthrow of the Empire), hung over William's life like the sword of Damocles. That was part of Bismarck's revenge. The Iron Chancellor had pledged his publishers not to release the indiscreet and venomous book until after William's demise. If the publishers had abided by Bismarck's wishes, the fantastic duel between him and the Emperor would have continued after both antagonists were dead. Owing to unforeseen circumstances the bomb exploded in William's lifetime, twenty-one years after Bismarck's death.

"The mystic strain to which Bismarck refers, undoubtedly exists. But one seeks in William's life vainly for mistresses ormorganatic wives, a luxury in which his ancestors freely indulged. No sovereign, ancient or modern, has less in common with Casanova or Don Juan than William II. The Iron Chancellor does not elucidate his mysterious remark on the erotic component in William's personality. Isolated, it sticks out like the proverbial sore thumb from the vast volume of his reminiscences. It was bruited that Herbert Bismarck once suggested the advisability of perpetuating the Bismarck influence by providing William with a mistress. This suggestion made Augusta Victoria the implacable opponent of the Bismarcks. There is no record that the



scheme was ever seriously attempted. If it was, there is no evidence that it succeeded.

"Public characters, as the Presiding Justice pointed out, have no privacy. William never, even for a moment, escaped from the limelight. Like every prince, he was surrounded by scandalmongers, malicious enemies posing as friends and jealous friends, whose friendship turned into enmity over night. Spies dogged his steps even in exile. If William II dallied with light loves, he must have conducted his affairs with more discretion than any other monarch in Christendom.

"While I regret the necessity of opening the floodgates of gossip, I agree with His Honor," the Attorney bowed to the Presiding Justice, "that nothing signalizes more vividly the character of a man than his reaction to women. Following his perilous penchant for the epigrammatic, William once remarked that three K's—*Kinder, Kirche* und *Küche* (Children, Church and Cooking) epitomize woman's function in life. For a long period of his life William maintained his faith in these three letters. He was, after all, a child of his age. The sentiment expressed by him was that of an era. It seems strange that an epoch, named for Queen Victoria, should have confined women's activities to so narrow a sphere. The Queen presumably approved of William's classification without applying it to herself.

"The Emperor's epigram is a tribute, not an insult, to womanhood. We should never forget that the author of the three K's is a man of esprit. One must not interpret an epigram literally. The Kaiser venerated his grandmother; he was proud—in spite of personal differences—of the intellectual attainments of his mother. Yet, by a curious mental twist, incomprehensible only to those who are unfamiliar with the contradictory qualities of the human brain, he publicly espoused a doctrine that would have made both women household drudges. It is possible that resentment against his mother's meddling with politics largely inspired the bourgeois sentiment. The three K's (or C's) summed up the activities of Augusta Victoria until the war, overthrowing all precedents and conventions, lifted William's first Empress to a heroic pinnacle.

"Even stranger than the fact that William,—in other respects a pioneer of social progress—should have espoused views which apparently excluded women from literature and art, from the service of the state and from science, is the transformation of his sentiments after his second marriage. Under the influence of Empress Hermine his ideas of

women swiftly leapt from the thirteenth to the twentieth century. The revolution in his views is another instance illustrating the curious duality of William's mind. William, in spite of his epigram, was not a reactionary blindly opposing woman's struggle to open doors other than those of the kitchen, the nursery or the church. No man can fashion for himself a new mental pattern after sixty. Empress Hermine could only draw to the surface what must have slept, however submerged, in William's subconscious.

"At Doorn William amplified his celebrated *bon mot*.

"Does Your Majesty,' a visitor inquired, 'still hold the dictum of the three K's?'

"No,' he replied with a smile, 'I have added another K.'

"What is that K?'

"It stands for *Kamerad*—Comrade.'

"The fourth K was William's tribute to the two women who successively shared his exile in Doorn—Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Hermine of Reuss."

"William's courtesy to women is punctilious; his gallantry, quaintly old-fashioned at times, never fails. Most of his intimates describe him as 'a man's man.' All his biographers note that he always seemed most happy in intellectual discussions with men. What could be more natural? Men are, as a rule, intellectually more stimulating than women. William liked clever women—unfortunately the species was rare at the Imperial Court.

"Hostile critics make much ado about the feminine traits of some of the men who sunned themselves in William's favor. They drag Philipp Eulenburg, Kuno Moltke and other knights of the Round Table from the grave to strengthen their argument. But the courts of princes, like the courts of Apollo, have ever been the refuge of men whose sex life runs in eccentric curves. The artificiality and the romanticism of court life are an irresistible magnet for personalities who have not completely adapted themselves to the heterosexual convention. The atmosphere of the court enables men who dwell psychologically on the borderline of the sexes to utilize advantageously qualities that would hamper them elsewhere. It is, however, not justifiable, under the circumstances, to judge a master by the temperamental vagaries of his servitors.

"Even Emil Ludwig and E. F. Benson did not have the hardihood

to assert boldly that William's temperament reflected in the slightest degree the eccentricities of his friends. Sex, in spite of Bismarck's puzzling remarks, played no paramount part in William's life and in his intellectual diversions. Perversion not at all. Pathology was not William's forte. Krafft-Ebbing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* was to him a seven-sealed book. It is doubtful if he ever fingered the pages of Havelock Ellis. If anyone had put on his table Magnus Hirschfeld's voluminous studies on sexual gradations, he would have consigned the tome to the rubbish heap. Thus, guided, perhaps, by the unconscious wish to evade the unpleasant truth, William remained blissfully ignorant of Eulenburg's peccadillos. Even to this day he refuses to credit the evidence against his friend. Such an attitude may seem naïve to a generation suckled on Freud. Unhappily William's mid-Victorian educators did not believe in sexual enlightenment. To them one and one was two, a man was a man, and a maid was a maid. Variations did not exist. If they did, they were unmentionable in polite conversation.

"William's masculinity, like his humor, was robust. His very virility fascinated the temperamental 'Phili' and the sentimental Kuno.

"William's rejection of the list of persons suspected of unorthodox sexual behavior is a symbol of his chivalry; he did not wish to poison his mind against his friends. If these friends had violated the penal code, it was the duty of the Police, not of the Emperor, to take appropriate action. The fact that he transmitted the list to the Chief of Police clearly indicated his unwillingness to cover their alleged derelictions with the purple of his imperial cloak. He spread that cloak over the dead body of Krupp, the cannon maker, who died under a similar cloud, because he believed in Krupp's innocence. Eulenburg's case was different. If 'Phili' had challenged Harden to a duel to vindicate his honor, the Emperor would have stood by his friend until, or unless, he was convinced of his guilt. Medieval as that attitude may seem, it was part of William's knightly tradition. But nothing in William's career justifies the insinuation that he sympathized, even intellectually, with the vagaries of his friends.

"By every test known to modern psychology," continued the Public Defender, "William's love life has been entirely orthodox. He was twenty-two when he espoused Augusta Victoria, nicknamed 'Dona,' who bore him seven children. The marriages of princes are usually subordinate to political considerations. William's marriage was no ex-

ception. It was to heal the breach between the house of Schleswig-Holstein and the house of Hohenzollern. Bismarck had annexed to Prussia a small strip of land over which Augusta Victoria's ancestors had ruled. Bismarck favored the match, not only for reasons of state, but because he welcomed the buxom young princess for biological reasons. It seemed desirable to freshen up the dynasty with the blood of the young princess, who had been brought up in some respects like a country lass.

"Fortunately for both the two young people conceived for each other a genuine human affection. Their devotion grew with the years in spite of vicissitudes from which no marriage is immune; it reached its height at the time of Augusta Victoria's death. The stroke the Empress suffered, even before her departure for Holland, did not paralyze her love. The tribulations that followed, the efforts of the Allies to legalize the proposed lynching of the Emperor by a farcical trial, and the suicide of her youngest son, Prince Joachim, who was unable to endure the humiliation of Germany, touched the connubial love of William and Augusta Victoria with tragic solemnity.

"Augusta Victoria died on April 11, 1921. A year and seven months later, on November 5, 1922, William married Hermine, Princess of Reuss, widow of Prince Schoenaich-Carolath. Hermine, like Augusta Victoria, is the scion of a former ruling house. Her ancestry goes back to Frederick Barbarossa. The second marriage, like the first, proved singularly felicitous, notwithstanding frequent rumors of estrangements. Such rumors plagued William even in the imperial days.

"From the beginning of William's rule divers backstairs gossips tried assiduously to peep through the key-hole of Augusta Victoria's boudoir. Inveterate diary-writers at the Imperial Court recorded every drop in the thermometer of connubial affection. Naturally there were times when William disagreed with Augusta Victoria; times when domesticity bored him, when it was necessary for Emperor and Empress to make psychological and emotional readjustments; times when, like all human beings, they quarrelled. That is the normal course of matrimony.

"And there were ever time-servers and sycophants fanning the flame of domestic discord. But no one, not even Eulenburg, in the noon-day of his influence, could disturb the basic affection between William and his spouse. Even when affection was temporarily sub-



### William and his first Empress

The three K's summed up her life until the war lifted Augusta Victoria, the Kaiser's faithful mate, to a pinnacle of heroism



William's second Empress, Hermine of Reuss

"The memory of Augusta Victoria is not a spectre dividing us but a tie that unites us"—the Kaiser to G. S. V.

merged, William remained the unyielding moralist, keeping faith with Hinzpeter and the venerable old lady in Buckingham Palace.

"It seems astonishing to me that the Prosecution should dignify a collection of gossip and smut from the pen of an obscure journalist by referring to it before this august tribunal. The three volumes published by one Henry Fischer in 1909, under the title 'Private Lives of Emperor William II and His Consort—Secret History of the Court of Berlin,' are obviously falsifications. Fischer collected his garbage (allegedly) from 'the papers and diaries of Ursula Countess von Eppinghoven, Dame du Palais to Her Majesty the Empress-Queen.' The putative countess attributed to William innumerable affairs of the heart, but not one of the names that drip so lightly from the poison pen of the Countess and her publisher figures in a similar connotation in the revelations of other scribes who, God knows, made no virtue of reticence. Buelow, Waldersee, Eulenburg, Zedlitz, record no illicit flutterings of the imperial heart.

"In the third volume (printed after the Eulenburg scandal) Fischer and his Countess enlarge on Eulenburg's escapades, but even these professional scandalmongers make no attempt to tar the Emperor with the brush they reserve for 'Phili.' Perhaps to atone for this omission, they bestow upon William a baby, born to him by some Viennese woman. In view of certain rumors circulated in Germany after the Revolution, one marvels at their moderation.

"Shortly before my second marriage," whispered the Emperor audibly, "a certain lawyer in Hamburg circulated the story that it was necessary for me to marry Hermine because we had twins! Gossip," he added, "attributes to my eldest son and to me between us 119 illegitimate children! Why not 120, I like round numbers."

The Jury was obviously amused by this interlude. Queen Victoria made a wry face. Edward VII laughed.

"If," the Attorney continued, "the Emperor's illegitimate children ever existed, they have melted away like yesteryear's snows!

"It is an open question whether William would have been a mellow monarch if, like most kings, he had listened to the lure of extramarital romance. However strongly sexed, however virile, William governed his passions with the same iron discipline that ruled his conduct in other matters. The hypothesis suggests itself that William's reputed preference for masculine company may have been the method

chosen by him to escape from his innate susceptibility to feminine charms. Whatever the truth may be, it is safe to assert that no Madame du Barry's powderpuff tipped the scales of William's decision.

"The Countess von Eppinghoven," interrupted the Prosecutor, "does not agree with this statement. She and other writers chronicle with much relish that William has a weakness for women with beautiful arms and hands—"

"What man has not?" retorted the Attorney, while laughter went through the Court Room.

"Other writers," the Prosecutor insisted, "emphasize the Emperor's fondness of seeing feminine arms encased in long black gloves."

"Why not?—black and white make a lovely contrast. But,"—the Attorney's voice rang like a bell through the Court Room,—“no feminine arm, gloved or ungloved, ever diverted William II from his imperial duties.

"It is our contention that the Countess von Eppinghoven did not exist; that she never existed; that she is a figment of the imagination. This Court has jurisdiction over the living and the dead. If she exists, I call upon my learned opponent to produce her as witness."

The Prosecution issued the summons, but there was no answer from the living or the dead.

"The course of William's and Augusta Victoria's married life ran placidly in bourgeois channels. In 1891, however," the Defense Attorney resumed his argument, "scandal burst upon them. Mysterious letters began to arrive in Potsdam and Berlin which aroused in the recipients violent blushes and indignation. The obscene contents were illustrated by pornographic drawings. Some of the letters were addressed to the Empress, most prudish of women, some to the Emperor, some to members of the imperial circle. For months the anonymous author, whose handwriting was easily recognizable by certain characteristic flourishes, terrorized Berlin society. Every time one of the letters, neatly addressed, arrived, faces blanched and hearts thumped. Anticipating the technique of tabloid journalism, the ingenious writer endowed the figments of his perverse fancy with realism by pasting over the pictures of figures engaged in unconventional pastimes the heads of his victims. Since these victims were invariably persons of prominence it was not difficult for the fiend to clip their faces from the public prints.

"The scurrilous correspondent revealed an uncanny familiarity with the habits and the frailties of those unfortunate enough to receive his



attentions. His (or her) accusations, though lewd, false and malicious, contained now and then a diminutive grain of truth. The intimate knowledge of personalities and events that shrieked from these missives was available to no rank outsider. Somewhere, within the palace, somewhere, within the charmed circle of royalty, the villainous detractor spun his web. Duels, heartbreaks, conjugal quarrels followed. Every member of the court was suspected. Distrust stalked through the palace.

"In vain William summoned the secret service. In vain he threatened. In vain the Empress stormed. The venomous letters continued to arrive. Finally someone discovered on the blotting paper of Leberecht von Kotze, a high court functionary, some scrawls that resembled the handwriting of the anonymous villain. William, exasperated beyond endurance, ordered the immediate arrest of the supposed culprit. However, the letters continued to arrive. In fact, they increased in number. Instead of one, there seemed to be an army of anonymous writers. Poor von Kotze was innocent. Handwriting experts declared that the scrawls were not his. In the parlance of a latter day, the case against von Kotze was a 'frame-up.'

"The real author was a mentally unbalanced member of a once ruling house. His identity has never been publicly acknowledged, but after his banishment the epidemic of anonymous letters died out. The Eulenburg scandal, many years later, affected a small group of courtiers. The poison-pen letters alarmed the entire entourage of the Emperor. William personally passed unscathed through both ordeals. No scandalmonger ever successfully assailed his private life."

"In spite of the three K's," the Attorney resumed, "William II frequently discussed affairs of state with Augusta Victoria. He listened to her advice. But he made his own decisions. There was no petticoat government in Berlin. William's second Empress, Hermine of Reuss, shares his intellectual life. Separated by more than a generation, William and Hermine necessarily disagree on some matters of moment. But they preserve both their intellectual integrity and their love. The Kaiser appreciates the manner in which Hermine helps him to enlarge his horizon."

"Empress Hermine," the Emperor volunteered, "is a most remarkable woman. Though born a princess, she knows people. She knows every face in her father's erstwhile residence, the little town of Greiz and

on her Silesian estates. She mixes with all and understands their language. Fortunately for her, she was brought up in very simple circumstances, with hardly a court or a lady-in-waiting. It is the unhappy lot of princesses that they are rarely permitted to glimpse life except through a veil. No such veil blinds her vision. She sees life as it is. She is able to grasp the realities. That is what makes her such a wonderful manager. The Empress manages her own estates with a strong and skillful hand. I have never known a minister of finance who was her superior.

"Her approval," the Emperor frankly confessed, "is my pride and sustains me; it allows me to laugh at hostile criticism. I write no sentence on religion or politics or science, I decide no personal problem, without her advice. Her judgment is phenomenal. Her knowledge of practical affairs is infinitely greater than mine. Above all, she understands people. She has X-ray eyes. She can see through a man or a woman in a few minutes.

"Empress Hermine," the Emperor avowed, "is a perfect mother, a perfect housewife, a devoted Christian and a matchless comrade. Her love, which led her to marry me, saved my reason, if not my life. Accustomed to the faithful comradeship of Augusta Victoria, I was bowed down by my terrible sorrow, sorrow for my wife, sorrow for my country. My loneliness was indescribable. It bore me down. It was hell. Now that Hermine is with me, I have again someone to whom I can pour out my heart, who reads my thoughts and my moods."

"The Kaiser's marriage," the Attorney continued after a brief pause, "in no way diminished his love for his first Empress. Doorn reveres the memory of Augusta Victoria. Empress Hermine contents herself with a sitting-room and a small boudoir so as not to trespass upon the room in which Augusta Victoria died. That room has become a shrine hallowed to the memory of the dead Empress. It is filled with photographs of her children and favorite pictures of her husband. The plain brass bed is covered with flowers.

"Before her death Augusta Victoria expressed the wish that William should not be left to bear his exile alone. There is no doubt in the minds of those who knew the Kaiserin that she did not wish him to live in mental and emotional solitude."

Empress Augusta Victoria nodded vigorously. She was ready to take the witness stand, but the Defense did not wish to subject her to this ordeal. Instead he addressed himself to the Emperor.

"Did Her Majesty, the Empress Augusta Victoria, ever suggest a second marriage to you, Sir?"

"Almost three years before she passed away, in August, 1918, at Wilhelmshöhe, the late Empress wrote to a friend: 'My dear Countess, I know I shall not live much longer. The poor Emperor will be alone when I close my eyes. I have only one wish—that he may *soon* find a wife who will love him and be good to him.'"

"Does Your Majesty have this letter?"

"I have."

It was duly produced and marked as evidence.

"Empress Hermine," the Emperor insisted with an affectionate glance at his wife, "fulfills the wish of her predecessor in an unparalleled manner. The memory of Augusta Victoria is not a specter dividing us, but a tie that unites us!"

"No one who has not seen Castle Doorn can form an adequate conception of the loneliness of the Kaiser before he gave his house a new mistress. It was heart-rendering to see the man who once was the most powerful ruler in Christendom slowly ascend, a grey and lonely figure, the steep stairs to his room. His little court," remarked the chronicler of this trial, recalled once more to the witness stand, "was unable to make him forget his unutterable grief for the loss of his helpmate.

"The people who criticised my remarriage could not," the Emperor said to me, "fathom the awful solitude that hung over my life like a pall. What do they know of my feelings? How can they realize what it means to a man who ruled the German Empire for thirty years to be separated from his native land?"

"When a group of ex-officers criticised their former sovereign for his re-marriage, the late Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, retorted angrily: 'Where were you on the eighth of November? Did you sacrifice your life for your Emperor? What right have you to chide him, if he believes that, exiled from his Fatherland, he can find the solace of his declining years in the companionship of a dearly beloved woman?'"

"Prince Henry, whom I met in Kiel, where he had made his home, looked more weather-beaten and more embittered than William. His devotion to his elder brother was unchanged by misfortune. To him William II remained 'my most gracious Emperor and King.' Prince Henry's toast: 'To Her Majesty the Empress and Queen' at the Kaiser's

wedding served notice on the world that the Hohenzollern family acknowledged Princess Hermine of Schoenaich-Carolath as the Kaiser's equal."

"Some monarchists," the Prosecutor interpolated, "object to Hermine's assumption of the title of 'Empress,' because William no longer ruled at the time of his second marriage."

"Dethroned monarchs," the Emperor's Attorney rejoined, "cling to the appurtenances of their rank, as Napoleon did at St. Helena. Edward VIII is the only monarch who relinquished his title with the throne. When the deposed King of Portugal married, his wife was styled by courtesy and social usage 'Her Majesty the Queen.' President Hindenburg never addressed the Emperor in exile except as 'His Majesty.' If William remained His Majesty, it was Hermine's right, according to the custom prevailing in Germany before Hitler, to share his titular honors."

"We Germans," William II interjected, "invariably addressed a wife by her husband's title. If a lieutenant-general or a general married, his wife was automatically addressed as *Eure Excellenz*—'Your Excellency.' Retirement does not affect their right to this designation. If an Emperor marries, his wife necessarily becomes Empress, even if he is an Emperor in exile. We address Kings as 'Your Majesty'; we confer the same title upon their queens, provided they are of equal blood. If my union with Her Majesty the Empress were morganatic, she would be merely Princess Hermine. However, her family ranks equally with any dynasty in the world. Her late sister was Grand Duchess of Weimar."

"Was it ambition," questioned the Prosecutor, "which impelled Empress Hermine to cast her lot with William?"

"No," replied the Empress, taking the stand with quiet dignity. "It was love. I married the Kaiser, not to share his crown, but his exile."

"Many Germans," the Counsel for the Defense remarked, "cannot forgive William's marital happiness."

"If only," Hermine exclaimed, "they could realize how anguish for his country eats out his heart! The Kaiser suffers, no one knows how much, but he sublimates and transfigures his emotions. Transmuting them on a higher plane, he seeks comfort in his work and in his religion. Banished, the Kaiser has found himself and his God. His mind is active night and day, but—his eyes are more quiet, he has lost his old restlessness. The Kaiser is most kind and good to me and does all

that is in his power to make my life an agreeable one. He is sweet to my children, who simply worship him, and he is so wonderfully interesting and clever that I don't feel the loneliness at all. No one," she added, "realizes how much the Emperor and I have in common."

Augusta Victoria listened with eyes downcast to the testimony of William's second Empress. The situation was painful to her as well as to Hermine. It was a great embarrassment to the Emperor. But accustomed to live their lives in glass houses, as all royal personages must do, they carried off their part with a nonchalance that startled the Jury.

At this juncture the Kaiser whispered something into the ear of his Attorney.

"Hermine's predecessor, too," the Attorney remarked, "had much in common with William. Yet, no two women could be greater contrasts than Hermine and Augusta Victoria, in their philosophy of life, or as types. Differing in everything, except their unselfish devotion to their husband and children, we find their temperaments opposite, but not antagonistic, each complementing a different side of the Kaiser. The dualism of William's nature explains why he could be equally happy with Augusta Victoria and with Hermine.

"Augusta Victoria, like Queen Mary, exemplified the virtues of her people. During the war her motherly love overflowed to every wounded soldier's cot in the Empire. When she died, all Germany, irrespective of party affiliations, sorrowed. She was the perfect type of the old Germanic ideal of maternity and of wifehood. Hermine, strong, self-reliant, independent, is a child of the twentieth century."

Other questions brought out the genesis of the romance between Hermine and William. When, after the death of the first Empress, William's gloom was most profound, suddenly like a sign from heaven, there came to him a letter from a little boy in Silesia:

DEAR KAISER:

I am only a little boy, but I want to fight for you when I am a man.  
I am sorry because you are so terribly lonely.

Easter is coming. Mama will give us cake and colored eggs.

But I would gladly give up the cakes and the eggs, if I could only bring you back.

There are many little boys like me who love you.

William, profoundly moved, looked at the signature and recognized the name "Schoenaich-Carolath." The boy was unknown to him, but he remembered his father, an officer in the Guards; he also had vague, but pleasant recollections of the boy's mother, Princess Hermine. Several gentlemen of the Kaiser's entourage encouraged him to invite the boy and the Princess to Doorn. After some misgivings Hermine accepted.

"What," the Attorney asked, "made Your Majesty decide to propose marriage so quickly?"

"When I saw the Princess," the Emperor replied, "I was immediately profoundly stirred. I was fascinated. I instantly recognized that she was my mate. 'Spring comes but once in a lifetime,' the poet sings. But the poet lies. Love may come twice in a lifetime. Blessed indeed is the man to whom love comes a second time. I am not referring to mere trivial affections, but to deep fundamental emotions that shake the very root of our being. I saw in her the messenger of love sent to me from heaven.

"After mature reflection I summoned up my courage and asked her for her hand. Princess Hermine wavered a long time. She loved her children, she loved her independence, she loved her home. Having peered deeply into the eyes of life, she foresaw how her action would be interpreted by sneering and scandalmongering mouths.

"The struggle lasted three days. Never had three days seemed longer to me. I actually trembled. At last she consented. My first kiss on her hand and our first embrace marked my first happy hour since the death of Augusta Victoria. It was the first good fortune to come to me since that fatal day, when, on the ill-omened counsel of Field-marshal Hindenburg and his advisers, actuated solely by the sense of duty that has always inspired my family, I bade farewell to my army and to my country. The decision of Princess Hermine to marry me was a heroic deed. It made her an exile like myself.

"She never complains; she never makes me feel that she is sacrificing herself for me. Yet her sacrifices are many, inspiring both love and respect, and deepest gratitude. She gives to her children, she gives to me; her love seems unending. It is all-encompassing, overwhelming. Our life is completely harmonious. I have never believed such perfect harmony between two human beings possible; her fiery temperament absolutely accords with my energy and will power. I have searched history and literature without finding a parallel.

"Fortunately, whatever the years may bring, we have each other. Too often in human affairs, love is one-sided. Ours is mutual. It is as deep as it is abiding. We love as only mature people can love, not as children, to whom life is still a sealed book. I often felt that Romeo and Juliet did not know the true meaning of love. The 'love that moves the sun and all the stars' is the love between mature men and women, in whom knowledge has not slain romance."

"You have seen," the Attorney for the Defense now addressed the Jury, "how loyally William's first Empress stood by him in his tribulations. You shall now hear from his second Empress an estimate of William's character, which will cleanse your mind and purge your memory of the insinuations against the personal life and the character of my client, which my learned opponent has chosen to introduce."

Once more, every inch a Queen, Hermine faced the Judges and the Jury.

"Barbarossa, Germany's legendary redeemer, the liege lord of my house and the forebear of my husband, still rests in his enchanted mountain, darkened by the flight of the somber ravens. Will Frederick Barbarossa ever bestir himself from his sleep? House Doorn confines his scion William II, as the mountain prison immured the red-bearded emperor. Unlike Barbarossa, William II never sleeps. Anxiously he scans the sky to note if the birds of ill omen are still circling above the Fatherland.

"Not far from our home runs the river Rhine; House Doorn stands on the old river bed. Traces of Rhine gold are found in the pebbles on our paths. When the Emperor lived in Amerongen, he could see the Rhine from his window. With the aid of a spy-glass we can follow the course of the river from Doorn.

"How often the Emperor's eyes longingly travel in this direction! Sometimes he sighs. How often his mind must dwell on past glories as the river rushes by! More than past glories, however, more than crown and throne, the Kaiser regrets his inability to help more actively in the reconstruction of Central Europe and in the effort to win anew for his country, in his own deathless phrase, a place in the sun."

"The Emperor's regrets for the past are not tintured with personal bitterness. He curses neither his fate nor his foes. He forgives his detractors. When former collaborators, betraying his confidence, unchivalrously and ungenerously attempt to saddle upon him the blame

for their faults, he remains silent. Nothing demonstrates more convincingly the sincerity of his religion.

"My heart aches when I consider the wasted opportunities of the German people. What miracles the Emperor could have accomplished if his own people had understood him, if his farsighted plans to insure German greatness had met with a ready response! With advisers able to comprehend his real intentions, such a man could have moved mountains.

"But his advisers almost invariably misunderstood him. In some instances they lacked vision. The blindness of others was due to indifference. They crossed his noblest intentions, they thwarted his sublimest purposes. They shipwrecked his greatest plans with active or passive resistance. In spite of impediments, he accomplished much for his country. He can face without qualm the judgment of history. If he had found the right co-operation, if he had been able to find the right advisers, if he had found a chancellor who had been to him what Bismarck was to his grandfather, his figure would be overtowering; his reign, instead of ending in ruin, would have marked a new epoch in human annals.

"I married Emperor William II to share his exile and his sorrow. I did not marry him with the hope, however remote, of wearing some day the crown of Augusta Victoria. I shall be content with my fate, if I can lighten the burden of his banishment, if I can give to the Kaiser the devotion temporarily denied him by his people."



## "ICH UND GOTT"

"THE PROSECUTION has seen fit to introduce the religious element into this trial. We accept this challenge. Sinner or saint, no son of Adam can live without a code of ethics, a philosophy or a religion. Even the man who recognizes no God obeys the dictates of his super-ego. No ultimate verdict can be pronounced upon any man without weighing his fidelity to his own standards. William II, the Defense concedes, is no exception. Before the High Court of History can pass judgment upon him, it must receive from his own mouth his avowal of faith.

"The Emperor has been accused of blasphemously proclaiming himself a partner of the Almighty. 'I and God' has been one of the slogans effectively used by Allied propagandists to create prejudice against the Kaiser and his people. It is important, therefore, to ascertain authentically the religion of the Defendant."

"William II," interposed the Public Prosecutor, "was not merely the temporal head of the German Empire, he was also the spiritual head of the Protestant Church in Prussia. It is obvious that he failed his Church, as he failed his country. While rendering lip service to the tenets of Protestantism, he deliberately destroyed the groundwork upon which Christianity rests. Though pretending to be a friend of the Jews, his secret anti-Semitism led him to discard more and more the very basis upon which the founder of Christianity reared His kingdom. Jesus announced that He had come to fulfill not to destroy the law—the law of the Hebrew prophets. William, flirting with archaeologists, like Delitzsch, and with heretical theologians, attempted to expose as plagiarizers of heathen creeds the inspired men whose deeds and words are recorded in the Old Testament. It is not my function to argue for Christianity or Protestantism. I merely desire to establish for the benefit of the Court and posterity that William was a recreant to his trust in the sphere of religion as he was in the sphere of statesmanship. If he did not deliberately pervert the doctrines of Christianity, his interference and his meddling created confusion in the German Church and in the souls of his people. Yet he had the hardihood to call upon 'the good old German God' in war: Jehovah and Jesus became his allies when he summoned Germany's young men to slaughter."

William, who had listened carefully, was more enraged by the attack upon his theology than by the brutal assault in previous sessions upon his character. Exercising that severe self-control which is the first rule of conduct for princes, he regained his composure and maintained it throughout the cross examination.

"What," the Emperor's Attorney asked benignantly, "is Your Majesty's philosophy?"

"Philosophy?"

The Kaiser smiled.

"I have no philosophy . . . Plato wanted to exclude the poets from his ideal state. I would exclude the philosophers who strangle the human soul with their inhuman syllogisms. Looking backward from the pinnacle of my years and my experience, I am glad to say that I have no philosophy except my religion. My religion is the religion of duty.

"May I," the Emperor continued, "reply with a parable? A theological friend of mine was camping somewhere in Asia Minor. One morning my friend chanced upon a young Arabian shepherd who was carving a staff while guarding his flock. The dusky young Mohammedan was proceeding briskly and skillfully. Perspiration poured down from his forehead. My friend watched the scene for a while. It occurred to him to buy the staff as a memento after the young 'Arab had completed his task. The lad gladly consented. When, a little later, he brought the staff to the tent of the Professor, examination disclosed an inscription which the young Arab had carved around the staff. 'By command of the Archangel Gabriel I carved this stick.'

"'But why,' the Professor asked, 'did the Archangel Gabriel command you to do this work?'

"'He was ordered to do so by Allah.'

"'You did not receive the order from Allah himself?'

"'Oh no, I am much too small and unimportant for that. Allah commissions the Angel Gabriel to transmit His will to humble folks like me. I was honored enough by receiving the orders through Gabriel and to obey in honor of Allah.'

"'Orientals,'" the Emperor added, "think and speak in symbols. Gabriel is a symbol for the impulse given to the young shepherd by Allah. He incarnates the lad's desire to accomplish his task and the modesty which made him reluctant to accept the command from Allah himself. But in spite of his modesty the boy was convinced that his duty, however menial, was God-inspired. He realized, as I do, the

sanctity of all labor. The master and the valet, the maid peeling potatoes in the pantry and the queen on her throne, are equally instruments of the Almighty.

"Every task is divinely appointed. We can do nothing except by the grace of God. We must try our best. We must dig in our souls to unearth every talent buried within us, that when eventide comes God may be satisfied with our work. For the rest we must place our trust in the Lord. This is what life means to me."

"But what," questioned the Emperor's Attorney, "if in spite of our devotion our day ends in failure?" The question was irresistible. Germany and the Emperor professed faith in God. Yet Germany lost the War and William the throne.

The Emperor was silent for a moment as if he were gathering strength for an answer.

"Why," the Attorney persisted, "did Germany lose the War?"

"Because we did not obey God in all things; because we hesitated to bear the worst; because we refused in the end to face all risks in preserving faith! The man of little faith is almost worse than the man with no faith at all.

"The German people performed miracles of endurance, but, at the last, they failed. The supreme miracle can be accomplished only by faith. We should have fought to the very last carrot, the very last man, the very last round of munition.

"When in the winter of 1914, I visited Hindenburg on the Eastern Front, I asked him: 'What can you accomplish?' Hindenburg replied: 'If the battle is man against man, we shall win. We can win one against two. We can even win one against three. One against four is a little harder. One against five is difficult. If the odds are six to one against us—well, I'll try my best and, with the Lord's help we'll beat them.'

"That is faith!

"Actually the odds against us, toward the end, were twenty to one. We could still have prevailed, with complete faith in God. We should have trusted in God, not in human logic, and certainly not in the alluring proposals of our enemies and their Fourteen Points!

"One of my ablest generals, Otto von Below, held East Prussia against overwhelming Russian numbers. 'How long,' he was asked, 'can you hold this position?' 'As long,' he replied, 'as His Majesty the Emperor commands.'

"That was the true German spirit.

"Faith could have saved us. Little faith, I repeat, is worse than unbelief, because it is ungrateful! The unbeliever, like Paul, on the road to Damascus, may be saved by a miracle. The man of little faith, the captious, the critical believer, may not see the heavens opening at all. We must do our best and we must trust in God. The man of little faith can do neither."

"Has Your Majesty always held these views?"

"Always," the Emperor assented. "I grew up with the word of God. My father used to read the Bible to us children, just as I read the Bible every morning to my entire household. I have always judged every act of mine, weighing whether it was in accordance with the word of God. I never knowingly closed my eyes to my conscience. The voice of conscience is the voice of God."

"If God's precepts inspired Your Majesty all these years, why should He visit punishment upon you by depriving you of your throne?"

"I look upon my fate as a trial imposed upon me by God. Adversity proves our mettle. I did not curse God and die, as Job was tempted to do. I accepted my fate humbly. Instead of ruling a nation, I plant my rhododendrons, conscious that here, too, I act in accordance with the divine command.

"I tried to rule my empire for the greater glory of God. For the greater glory of God I try to make Doorn more beautiful. God wanted me to rule thirty years as an emperor. Then he discarded me, and allowed me to be dethroned, perhaps to try whether my faith would be shaken. It is not! His will be done! It may please God to call me back! It may please Him to let me end my days in exile. If so, I shall find work to do. There are other tasks, no less important to me than the throne, for which leisure was denied me when I ruled my people."

"Does Your Majesty never regret the splendor of the past?"

"God pressed a crown of thorns upon the forehead of His only son! What right have I, a mortal and a sinner, to expect always a crown of roses or an imperial crown? I am conscious of no wrongdoing. Whether I did the work imposed upon me by God well or not, He alone can decide. At present God needs me for other work, as He needs every one for his appointed task.

"I have learned to look at my country from the outside. I learned much that I did not know before, for which I am grateful to God. Perhaps God wanted me to teach the world the truth about the origin of

the war, study to which I dedicate many hours by day and by night. Perhaps He needs me to bring back His simple faith. Perhaps His gospel comes with better grace from an exile in an alien land than from a monarch in his palace. The world occupies our thoughts too much on the throne. In Doorn I am often alone with my thoughts and my God."

"It has been pointed out," the Public Defender commenced, after a brief recess, "that the Defendant was the head of the Protestant Church in Prussia. No mention has been made of twenty million Catholics, six hundred thousand Jews and various groups of dissenters, whose existence complicated William's task. William considered himself the Emperor of all his people. He offended no man's religious feelings and excluded no man from the service of the Fatherland on account of his faith. He respected the convictions of the Jews and of the dissenters. As the head of a Christian nation, he emphasized the common faith, not the doctrinal differences of all who professed to be Christians. Am I right in thus interpreting Your Majesty's attitude?"

"May I again reply with a parable?" asked the Emperor. Without waiting for an answer he continued, "It is a parable that often occurs to me as I walk through the rose gardens of Doorn, thinking of this world and the next.

"In the anteroom of heaven sat a group of new arrivals. They were Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Episcopalians and Lutherans. Each group kept clannishly to itself. Each in turn sang a song in praise of its own special God to gain the confidence of Saint Peter. But Saint Peter turned his deaf ear toward them.

"Night fell.

"The suns that swing in the heavens like great lamps disappeared. In the darkness and in the chill the various groups huddled closer and closer together.

"Finally, to dispel their fear of the night, they discovered a tune in which they all could join. It was a glorious song. The burden of the song was this:

"'We all believe in one Redeemer.'

"Suddenly, when all were singing lustily, Saint Peter turned his good ear toward them. Smilingly he drew the key from his ring and flung open the door of heaven. Joyously they marched into heaven, hand in hand.

"The gate of heaven is not a narrow one. It is large enough to receive all believers. There should be no warring between the different creeds in heaven or on earth."

Several members of William's entourage, including both Catholics and Protestants, followed the Emperor on the witness stand. Various questions elicited that William, while adhering staunchly to his own creed, looked with reverence upon the Roman Church. In 1903 William paid a memorable visit to that Grand Seigneur among Popes, Leo XIII. William treasures the memory of that visit. The Pontiff hailed the Emperor as "the spiritual heir of Charlemagne," destined to "confound Radicalism" and "to lead Europe back to Christianity."

"I have almost become," the admiring Pope said, "half a German."

"And I," the Emperor retorted, "look upon Your Holiness as the heir of the Roman Caesars."

The Pope was astonished and gratified.

Leo XIII shortly afterward assured Monsieur Francois Sabatier that the only road to salvation for "degenerate" France was to accept the leadership "of that great and good man, the German Emperor."

"In spite of his tribute to Saint Peter, William II," observed the Attorney for the Defense, "is a Protestant of Protestants. He has not escaped the influence of Hinzpeter's Calvinism but he has distilled his own religion from many contradictory sources. Unlike Calvin, he believes in free will."

"We are," the Emperor interjected at this point, "personalities. Our will is free in spite of behaviorists and other materialistic philosophers. Man is free, at least, to decide between good and evil. Without such a choice Christianity would be meaningless. Jesus was the greatest personality. Without free will His work would be in vain. Without free will there is no personality, but only a conglomeration of warring cells and warring complexes, strung together by accident.

"I am fully convinced that free will and the knowledge of good and evil exist, in spite of the sophistries of moral dialecticians. It may be impossible to prove this to the complete satisfaction of the modern metaphysician, just as it is impossible to prove that one and one necessarily make two. Free will is a prop upon which not merely religion, but society and civilization rest."

William II, as the interrogation of his spiritual advisers and theo-

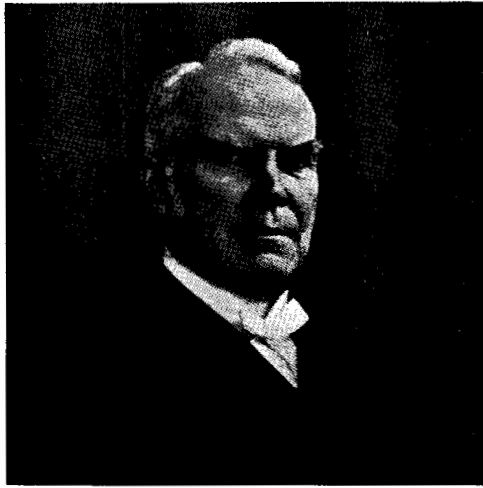


My answer an unconditional ally

— Louis Raemaekers.

“Ich und Gott”

Raemakers' mordant cartoons were worth an army to the Allies



Pastor Stoecker  
The Kaiser's Protestant Friend



William II welcomes Catholic and Protestant Clergy  
at Geldern, June 1913



logical correspondents brought out, is not a "Fundamentalist," like the late William Jennings Bryan. Accepting the theory of evolution, he makes no attempt to interpret the First Book of Genesis literally. Fundamentalists would call him a heretic. To that extent the Prosecution was right. If, one witness admitted, William had not been a King, head of the Protestant Church in Prussia, his orthodoxy might have been gravely questioned. William encouraged Professor Delitzsch of Bible and Babel fame whose revelations made orthodox theologians turn in their graves and fume in their pulpits. He accepts literally neither the Old nor the New Testament.

"The living personality, not the written record of Jesus inspires me. I eschew dogma. Only," the Emperor maintained, "the words and acts of Jesus are my guide. That is good Protestantism. Luther says: 'If an act or a gospel is in consonance with the life of Jesus, then it is canonical, even if it were derived from Pontius Pilate; if it is not in consonance with the life of Jesus, then it is not canonical, even if it were handed down by Saint Peter!'

"Again and again I have protested against 'book religion.' 'Our Lord Jesus Christ,' I said in my message to Bishop Kessler, 'never wrote a word!' Buddhism furnishes a parallel. Buddha never entrusted his messages to paper. It is impossible to fathom the uttermost depths of Buddhist wisdom by a study of Buddhist literature: the student must visit the teacher to receive the living tradition by word of mouth.

"The Grail," William continued, "according to legend, contained the sacred blood of Christ. It was therefore called 'Holy Grail.' The vessel as such, though costly and ancient, was not holy; it received its qualification of holiness because it held the holy blood of the Saviour. Similarly," the Emperor concluded, "the Bible is holy not in itself, but because it contains the revelations of God the Father and his Only Son."

Every morning, members of the entourage told the Court, the entire household at Doorn, including guests, assemble for a brief religious service. No excuse for absence is accepted. Ordinarily the Emperor, fortified with horn spectacles, standing at his simple pulpit, reads a chapter from the Bible. He joins whole-heartedly in the singing of religious hymns. That is the only form in which he tolerates poetry. On Sunday mornings he sometimes reads a sermon by Pastor Doehring, his favorite preacher. More often he preaches extemporaneously a

sermon of his own. After the service he occasionally entrusts these sermons to paper. A few have been printed. Some day they may be published in book form.

"How," the Emperor's Attorney inquired, "would Your Majesty summarize your creed?"

"The quintessence of Christianity," the Emperor replied without hesitation, "is Christ."

"To what extent has Christianity borrowed from other creeds?"

"The virgin mother," the Emperor recalled, "is an ancient pagan tradition. Not Jews, but Gentiles, engendered the grandiose conception of a 'virgin born' Saviour. Abraham, the Babylonian Chancellor of King Hammurabi, Ruler of the Sumerians and Akkadians, discovered this religious tradition among the Sumerians. The Sumerians were not Semites. Abraham took this idea with him to Palestine. Moses and the Prophets evolved from it the message of the coming of the Messiah. In Sumerian sculpture the virgin mother, mistress of Heaven, is depicted with a child on her arms standing on a crescent moon, exactly as the Virgin Mary was represented in the Middle Ages by Christian painters. Sumerian culture antedates Christianity by four thousand years.

"Divine origin is claimed today by the Mikado. It was claimed by many Romans. Pompey, Caesar, Augustus, traced their ancestry to pagan divinities. The Academy in Athens promulgated the doctrine that Plato was of divine origin. We," the Emperor continued, "accept the divinity of our Lord. We do not accept the divinity of Plato. The divinity of Jesus is the supreme touchstone of Christianity."

Questions by the Prosecution established that William accepts the testimony of the Bible on that score.

"Then does your Majesty accept the authenticity of the Bible on all scores—at least the authenticity of the New Testament?"

"Even the New Testament contains pious frauds. One of these has been stressed by my friend, the great historian, Professor Edward Meyer. Either," the Emperor espoused and explained, "the Messiah is the descendant of David through Joseph, in which case He is not the Son of God, or He is the Son of God, in accordance with the fundamental precepts of our faith. Then He is not the son of Joseph, nor the seed of David. Christ Himself, in a passage that is unquestionably authentic, decides the matter. When His mother discovers Him in the temple and reproachfully asks: 'Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold Thy father and I have sought Thee, sorrowing.' Jesus an-

swers: 'How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?' That is clear. It admits no other construction."

William's scientific exploration of religion is limited by his sense of reverence for the ultimate mysteries. One of the younger Attorneys, enlisted by the Defense, attempted to reconcile William's faith with modern science. "Even the virgin birth," he argued, "offers no obstacle to the acceptance of Christianity by the scientific mind. Nature itself reveals numerous instances of parthenogenesis."

The Emperor shook his head gravely.

"To discuss the miracle of the Virgin Birth or to attempt to prove it by scientific discussions, to cite in this connection the phenomenon of parthenogenesis, is both gravely irreverent and absolutely futile! You cannot place a mollusc in relation to the miracle of the advent of the Lord. Where human thought and research fail, faith must begin.

"I accept the resurrection of the Lord in the same spirit of faith. The Lord's terrestrial body, taken from the cross, was laid in the hewn stone grave. It was sealed and guarded. The miracle of His Resurrection, like His birth, took place unseen.

"The earthly body was laid to rest, and on Easter Christ arose in His Celestial body, as all accounts of His disciples testify. He is a different Being after the Resurrection: the Lord of Life and Light, who illumines the graves of all those who are dear to us. We know through Him that they also live in His divine company and we know that with His help we shall meet them again when He calls us back.

"What took place inside the sepulchre on Easter morn, no one will ever know. It is a mystery into which human eyes cannot and shall not pry. It is a sacred matter which must be accepted unreservedly on faith—or rejected.

"We who accept it are Christians."

"Other races and other faiths," softly remarked one of the Judges, "accept other intermediaries between God and man. Dionysius, Hercules and innumerable heroes and demi-Gods, were looked upon as such by the ancient Greeks."

"Even the ancients," the Emperor retorted, "recognized that these intermediaries were unsatisfactory. Rome ransacked the world to add new gods to her Pantheon. But neither heathen gods, nor such modern substitutes or subterfuges for faith as Theosophy, New Thought or Spiritualism can take the place of the Son of Man.

"The modern Church, instead of insisting upon a formalistic ritual,

should aim to make the figure of Jesus more real. He is with us always—waking and sleeping. Man must be imbued with a new sense of familiarity with God through Christ. That gives him a new sense of responsibility. He must think of God the Saviour, not as a figure enshrined behind stained glass, but as a Living Presence.”

“Is it possible to discard the Old Testament completely?”

The Emperor shook his head. “It cannot be discarded, but it must be reinterpreted and purged. The Old Testament contains much that is related in no way to religion. It is interspersed with war records, Israelitic political history, legends, folklore, etc., often stirring and beautiful, which nevertheless have no place in a Christian book of devotion. They can be eliminated. They should be turned over from the realm of theology to the realm of scholarship in history, literature and poetry. Render to poetry that which is poetry’s, to folklore that which is folklore’s.

“A number of psalms attributed to David or Solomon, have been identified recently as dating from the time of the Maccabeans. They breathe hatred and vengeance against Judah’s surrounding enemies, and were composed as war songs, probably during the battles against Antioch. They are superfluous in our Christian Bible. They belong there no more than Lissauer’s ‘Song of Hate.’ I do not impeach their value as poetry or as patriotism. I merely deny their religious significance for Christians and non-Hebrews.”

“But is it not dangerous,” the Emperor’s Attorney asked, “to repudiate the authenticity of any part of the Bible?”

“The Christian religion,” William countered, “rests solely upon the teachings of Christ, not upon the authenticity of the story of Adam and Eve and the Flood, etc. These are echoes of ancient myths, symbolizing the unexplainable miracle of creation and the advent of sin on earth. The story of the Flood probably originated in some Far Eastern country, plagued by similar cataclysms of nature. Professor Delitzsch and other scholars deserve our thanks for removing the ancient debris from our modern faith.

“Jesus Himself did not accept the folklore of His people literally. Our Lord espoused the ancient pre-Exile conception of Israelitism, a primitive, simple, monotheistic religion, evolved by Abraham after he had discovered its leading features in the Sumerian traditions, and ex-

pounded by Moses and all the pre-Exile prophets. When Christ sends Philip to fetch Nathaniel and the latter approaches, the Lord turns to His disciples, saying: 'A true ISRAELITE.' He does not refer to him as a Jew.

"The Old Testament," William added, "remains a book written by Orientals for Orientals. Its Asiatic symbolism, comprehensible only to Orientals, has been waiting for two thousand years to be unraveled. The great spiritual movement in the Middle Ages, strove to go back to the original source of Christianity. Those original sources were rightly sought in the Holy Scriptures. The New Testament was mistakenly regarded as an organic continuation of the Old Testament, although the coming of Christ heralds a break with Jewish tradition. Calvinism and Puritanism in particular cling strictly to the traditional text of the Bible as a whole and thrust the old Testament into the foreground."

"The true sense of obedience and duty arises only from devotion to God, exemplified by Jesus. Only a conscience grounded upon religion and bound to God can guide us in the conflicts of life. We cannot trust our unaided judgment. Man is short-sighted and his life is limited. We see only the immediate consequence of our acts, never their significance in the endless chain of development."

According to the Emperor, the occidental world, in its intellectual pride, has lost its "reverence for the dispensations of providence." It "over-values the materialistic advantages of civilization." The "more the occidental man masters the forces of nature, the more he fancies himself God." Our "intellectual and spiritual deterioration is the chief reason for the contempt with which the Asiatic peoples look down upon Christian civilization." Those peoples are "profoundly religious." Their "inner life is astir." They "are aware that Buddha and Zoroaster, Confucius and Lao-Tse, Mohammed and Christ, were cradled by Asia." Christian civilization, they know, too often serves European nations "merely as a pretext for extending their political and economic power."

"East-Asiatic Christians," the Emperor continued, "hold that they have a purer doctrine than the western missionaries, that the ethics of the Far East gives them richer knowledge and points of relationship, that the Buddhist world of thought supplies them in addition with deeper emotional values."

"Does Your Majesty expect a rejuvenation of Christianity from the East?"

"Familiarity with Asiatic religions, a study much cultivated in Germany, may render the white races conscious how shallow their religious life has become. If the white races want to maintain their lead in Christendom they must regenerate their hearts. There is very little of Christ in Christianity today. Yet it is the personality of Christ that unites all Christian confessions. Upon this rock alone can we build a Universal Church that embraces all Protestants and all Catholics. At present, we are far removed from such a union. The Occidental races in their present state of mind live so far removed from God that one is justified in speaking of a crisis in Christian civilization."

In the further course of William's cross-examination a large field was covered.

"The majority of Christians," according to William, "have never grasped Christianity." The "augmentation of scientific knowledge" and our prodigious technical achievements "have led us to over-estimate human capacity." The modern man "believes that he can comprehend everything and denies everything that he cannot comprehend." This development began in Western Europe in the second half of the eighteenth century. It has reached its climax today. The cultural region bordering on the Atlantic Ocean has been affected by this evolution. Formerly it was France, now the Anglo-Saxon nations are the chief exponents of this philosophy. All that is left of Christianity in those countries are "moral platitudes, borrowed from the Old Testament, not on the imitation of Christ."

"The old Hebrew God," William continued, "plays unconsciously an important role in that circle of ideas. External, visible success becomes the criterion of what is moral. External success is held equivalent to godliness, so far as people trouble themselves with any idea of God at all. The Church too often exalts the dogma above the essence; its heart is in danger of petrifying.

"My endeavors in all matters relating to Christianity were ever directed toward throwing dogmatic and polemical questions into the background. The figure of Christ is so rich and has so many forms that it cannot be compressed into a uniform formula suitable for all individuals and individual races. The more zealously a church preaches a self-exalting orthodoxy, the stronger the centrifugal forces become.

"I have been profoundly influenced by an essay on *The Significance of Myth in Relation to Dogma*, by Professor Alfred Jeremias. An incident that occurred in the first year of the war, near the village of Aiglemont, illustrates its effect upon me. On one of my first walks in this region I noticed a cluster of very old trees on the summit of a little hill. We saw what seemed to be a pillar covered with thick foliage which we took at first for the monument of some ancient battle. When we came closer, we discovered that it was not a pillar, but a mighty crucifix, overgrown with ivy. Only the arms of the cross itself were visible. It was hardly possible to detect the contours of the Crucified.

"Inquiries from the Catholic priest at Aiglemont revealed that it was an ancient cross that had stood there for centuries. Once upon a time the spot was sought out by many pilgrims, but it had been forgotten and neglected, since the figure of the Saviour, made invisible by the foliage, no longer invited the glances and the devotions of pious wayfarers. I asked the consent of the priest to remove these impediments. He agreed and I summoned some of my pioneers to proceed with the task under my personal supervision. An old sergeant, armed with garden shears, with loving solicitude freed the head of the Man of Sorrows. I was deeply moved when the head of the Crucified gazed at me. My men proceeded with their labors, as if they were performing an act of worship, until the sculptured form, austere and majestic, revealed itself. Suddenly the image of the Lord seemed to glow. The dying sun, piercing the clouds, suffused the entire figure with a golden halo. The face seemed to speak to us as if it had suddenly come to life. Involuntarily we all took off our hats in silent prayer.

"I read into the episode a symbol and a message. The figure of the Saviour has been obscured by the excessive growth of theological disputation. Professor Jeremias has done in the world of metaphysics what I did in the sphere of things. He has given us back, freed from the excrescences of dogma, divested of verbiage, a simple Messiah, human and divine, who—eager to save the world—opens His arms to all, Christian, Jew and Pagan alike. 'I and the Father are one.' 'He that seeth me seeth the Father also.'

"Prompted largely by the teachings of Jeremias, I attempted to bring about a reunion of all Protestant Churches, brushing aside minor differences of dogma. The German Evangelical Church Alliance became a reality under the stress of the post-war period, but this alliance

was only a small beginning toward a peaceful community-of-interest of all Christian Churches and congregations, which must be the ultimate goal. With mutual esteem and tolerance and with emphasis upon the personality of Christ, which is common to all, it appears to me that this goal is obtainable. This community-of-interest of all Christian Churches and confessions is the best bulwark against the Red Flood of Bolshevism."

"What," the Attorney interrogated, "would be the attitude of such a church toward Buddhism, Judaism and other non-Christian faiths?"

"The non-Christian religions should be treated with due respect. They, too, are building-stones for the Kingdom of God. Not by undervaluing those religions or still less ridiculing them, can Christian civilization win the victory. Each is adapted to the temperament of the believer and to his race. Personally I prefer a profound Buddhist to an indifferent Christian. Unless Christianity purifies itself, and unless all Christian forces unite in one great community of interest, the crisis in Christian civilization will lead to incalculable disaster."

"Your Majesty," remarked the Attorney for the Defense, giving a new twist to the examination, "has been accused of anti-Semitism. Did you ever have the ambition to reconcile Christianity and Judaism?"

The Emperor nodded assent.

"A great rabbi, with whom one of my emissaries, Dr. Jeremias, consulted, had spoken of Jesus in terms of high admiration and touching affection.

"Then," remarked Dr. Jeremias, the theologian entrusted by me with the task of finding a common basis for the two religions, 'you accept the fundamental tenet of our religion—that Jesus is the Son of God?'

"The Rabbi shook his head sadly.

"That, I cannot.'

"Upon that rock the negotiations foundered. It was impossible to reconcile Jesus and Moses, to level the wall between Christianity and Judaism. Modern Jewish writers concede the historical existence of Jesus. I refer especially to 'Jesus of Nazareth' by Rabbi Joseph Klausner of Jerusalem. Others declare their willingness to accept Jesus as a teacher of ethics. That is not enough to bridge the gulf. The divinity of Jesus, I repeat, is the foundation stone of the Christian faith.





William II with von Harnack, distinguished theologian

Harnack was first president of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, which sponsored many important discoveries



The Kaiser and Albert Ballin

The founder of the Hamburg-American Line took his own life after the Armistice, unwilling to survive the downfall of Germany and the exile of his imperial friend

"All religions are based on the belief in God in some form. But no religion, except ours, stipulates the belief in Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of mankind. That is exclusively an asset of Christianity, by which it differs from all other religions.

"To accept Jesus, stripped of his divinity, is to destroy Christianity. A Jewish spokesman in America is credited with the statement: 'The very foundations of morality are contained in the unparalleled code of ethics which comprises the teachings of Jesus.' To call the Saviour Son of God merely a teacher of a code of ethics and of morality is to place HIM on the same level with other great human moralists such as, for instance, Plato.

"There can be no shilly-shallying with words! The Lord is no simple teacher of morality, no mere propounder of a code of ethics, but the Son of God sent to redeem the world from its sins and to save it from eternal damnation. He is the Love of God the Father for His lost children incarnate. He is the forgiveness of sins guaranteed in His person, delegated from God the Father to His lost children, to release them from the bondage and the slavery of evil. He is the Saviour and the Redeemer. That is vastly different from a mere teacher of ethics.

"Jesus lays down anew the laws of God—His Father—and interprets their Heaven-born version to mankind. He enunciates the principles by which we must hereafter regulate our life, in opposition to the Jewish law of Moses, as understood by the Jews of His time, their own Jewish code of ethics.

"The Lord, not content with teaching moral theories and ethics, actually lived a model life to illustrate His and His Father's words, and to create a new standard of conduct for mankind. This new standard, finding supreme expression in the Sermon on the Mount, replaces the old obsolete prescriptions of the Mosaic law. Because He introduced a new standard, the standard of the sinner who must appeal to God for mercy, or the standard of the mercy of God, Jesus was crucified by the Jews—

"To the ears of a true convinced Christian," the Emperor went on to say, "it sounds ridiculous when a Jewish scholar exclaims: 'Jesus was,' as if it were a brand-new discovery! No fact in the whole history of the world is more strongly supported by unimpeachable evidence than the historical existence of Jesus. If any rabbi desires to reconcile his faith and ours he must exclaim: 'Jesus was on earth as the in-

carnate Son of His Heavenly Father, the Redeemer of our sins.' A rabbi who subscribes to this sentiment, is on the right track, but he is no longer a rabbi! To reject Jesus as the Son of God and to accept him as a teacher of ethics, is a hypocritical attempt to steal the Christian thunder; to impose upon mankind a new Jewish world religion."

The Emperor was insistent upon drawing a sharp distinction between the "modern Jews" and the "old Israelites." During the Exile, he declares, the Jewish Prophets "slowly evolved a mundane and nationalist doctrine which culminated in the expectation of a human Messiah as the head of the rebuilt terrestrial Jewish world empire."

Up to the Exile the prophets predicted a purely spiritual "Kingdom of God" and a spiritual Messiah. They spoke of God as 'Jahwe'—because they were Israelites—but their conception of Him was far higher and loftier, more spiritual than the conception of 'Jahwe' held by the mass of their people.

The "pre-Exile Prophets" were inspired by the lofty idea that "sinners must appeal to God's mercy for deliverance." This "coincides with the message of our Lord." But "during Exile under the pressure of foreign conquerors the religious spirit of the Israelites underwent a change." A "terrestrial Messiah" took the place of the "spiritual." The "Son of God" became the "earthly Jewish King," whose mission it was to restore the old realm of Israel and increase its power. Developing along terrestrial lines the religious concept of Israel was lost in a nationalistic Judaism."

The Jews, the Emperor averred, saw themselves as "the chosen people of Jahwe, destined to rule over the Gentiles. Jahwe intended them to possess the whole world and to subjugate all other nations." The Mosaic-Law became a "covenant, a Gentleman's Agreement" between them and Jahwe. "If they adhered to Jahwe's code of ethics, He was bound to bless their enterprises and receive them at last into Abraham's bosom."

The Lord "fought this Jewish tradition by teaching the original interpretation of the pre-Exile Prophets of Israel and by reminding the Jews of the lofty spiritual conception of Israel." Without avail! When the Jews crucified the Lord, they crucified Moses and the Prophets!

"The post-Exile Jew is dominated largely by pseudo-Mosaic ideas and principles, condemned by the Lord. Not Judah, but the pseudo-Mosaic element in Judah, crucified Jesus.

"The 'Moralist' Jesus of the rabbis is only a foil to Mohammed's 'Prophet' Jesus. Both Mohammed and the rabbis accept the Lord as an earthly human person, but reject Him as the Son of God. They deny His heavenly person. The belief in Jesus as the Son of God and Saviour exists only in the faith of those who are convinced that we are sinners and remain sinners, good works notwithstanding, unless we are redeemed by Him and by His intercession with God our Father and His. Oceans of sin that we cannot cross by our own power or human exertion divide us from God . . . God's mercy is the kernel of Christianity.

"The Jews rejected the forgiveness of sin, and thereby God's mercy, because they refused to admit that they must repent for their sins. They considered the fulfillment of so many paragraphs of their code of ethics, called the Mosaic Law, sufficient to please their God. Such fulfillment they construed as a passport to Heaven. Therefore they felt no repentance for sins which they were convinced they had not committed, and harbored no yearning for One who could forgive them.

"They were, humanly speaking, good people, content with themselves and their goodness which must be pleasing to Jahwe. For had they not kept all his prescriptions strictly as written down in the law of Moses? Their train of thought was that their goodness and righteousness gave them a claim on Jahwe who was obliged to receive them into His kingdom.

"Man," William maintained, "has no rights in the intercourse with God. He cannot debate with Him, nor draw up a covenant with Him, placing our Divine Father in Heaven, so to speak, under definite obligations to us. God is the absolute King. Mankind, having sinned, most approach His throne with a petition for mercy. No other relation is possible between man and God.

"The ancestor of the family of the Mendelssohns, Moses Mendelssohn, a man of high character and deep learning, defines the Jewish religion as follows: 'We Jews do not have a religion in the Christian sense; we have only a revealed law!' That is the difference between the Christian and Jewish religion in a nutshell. It illustrates the difference between the rationalistic and mystic attitude toward religion. It is the difference between Moses and Jesus.

"Admiration for Jesus as a teacher of morals and ethics will not," William insisted once more, "help or save mankind. Fiery belief in Him as the Saviour, the Son of God, our Lord, is the sole road to sal-

vation. He that believeth in the Son hath eternal life; but he that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him (John 3:36)."

"His Majesty rejects the Old Testament as the chief pillar of Christian faith. He depreciates the post-Exile prophets. What then," the Public Prosecutor asked, "is his attitude toward the modern Jews?"

"William," the Defense retorted, "would not be human, if he had not been enraged by the unfair tactics of certain Jewish-owned German journals and the unsavory campaigns against him by individual Jewish journalists. He could not but resent the attitude of those Jewish intellectuals who coquetted with radicalism and encouraged every subversive movement. But never has he permitted any prejudice to stand between him and those of his Jewish subjects who faithfully served their country, who were Germans before they were Jews. He signally honored Albert Ballin, Fuerstenberg, Haber and many others. While not encouraging mixed marriages he did not, as he could, forbid them to officers of the army.

"Long before Hitler, there was a strong feeling in Germany against the participation of Jews in the government. They were practically barred from the higher ranks of the Army. German rulers were compelled to reckon with this fact. When William consulted a Jew he was abused. When he did not consult the Jews, he was also abused. In one case he was accused of being too friendly to the Jews. In the other case he was indicted as a Jew-baiter. What," the Attorney inquired, "was Your Majesty's personal attitude?"

"While the reins of my empire were in my hands," the Emperor replied, "I aimed to be just to all my subjects, irrespective of race or creed. Realizing the handicap under which the Jews were working in Germany, as everywhere else, seeing that certain careers were closed to them, I did my best to direct their matchless energies and their marvelous ingenuity into channels useful to themselves and to the Empire.

"I was even accused of being pro-Jewish. I was neither pro-Jewish, nor anti-Jewish. A monarch is the ruler of all his people. He stands for every class and for every party. In that respect he is superior to the elected chief of state, who necessarily represents a party or a combination of parties. The monarch is the symbol of the people as a whole, not the servant of temporary and shifting majorities.

"I was the Emperor of the German Jews as well as of Catholics, Protestants and Freethinkers. It was my duty to afford equal opportunities to all, so far as such equality was possible under the complex conditions of our civilization.

"I was not responsible for the fact that certain offices and certain honors were practically closed to the Jews. There are firmly established traditions which no ruler can upset violently without endangering the commonwealth. A deep-seated prejudice, whether justified or not, cannot be uprooted in a few generations. Its universality suggests that the responsibility for its existence may lie in the character of the Jew, or at least in the teachings superimposed upon the Old Israelitic creed by the post-Exile Prophets.

"Jewish friends, of whom I am proud, have at times pointed out to me the disabilities under which their race was compelled to labor in Germany. However, do not the same disabilities exist, in one form or another, in most countries?

"The Jews invariably place the blame for this attitude upon others. In the light of the fact that the prejudice exists since time immemorial, that it is practically world-wide and that it subsists in spite of brilliant contributions by Jews to literature and art, in spite of the immense pressure exercised by Jewish finance, would it not be wise," the Emperor asked, "for the Jews to examine themselves to discover if the fault does not lie in themselves or in certain traditions perpetuated among themselves?"

"Does Your Majesty consider the problem purely religious?"

"I am afraid not," the Emperor replied. "The racial problem, unhappily, remains, even after the religious problem is solved. The Jewish Mission of the German Protestant Church believed that 'a complete spiritual rebirth' and 'a complete reversion from Judaism' was rare. The German Jewish Mission desired 'to lead the spirit of Judaism from the teachings of the Talmud and from Mosaic conceptions back to the ancient Prophets of Israel, trusting that when the day foretold in Romans (Chapter 9 to 11), dawns, the Jews as a nation will recognize the Messiah.' The German Missions did not encourage Jews who embraced Christianity to deny their race."

"William," the Public Defender resumed, "has known Jews who must have been 'pleasing alike to God and men.' On the other hand he

could not close his eyes to the share of Jews in the destruction of the established order in law and morals; the fomenting of unrest and revolution, and the attempt of certain groups to dominate the world by exploiting alternately the evil forces of Mammon and the evil forces of Anarchy.

"It is obvious from my client's own writings," the Emperor's Attorney continued, "that he suspects the existence of a ring of International Jews or Jewish Internationalists who, now under the mask of Bolshevism, now under the mask of Masonry and High Finance, attempt to make all governments their puppets. It is Disraeli, not Adolf Hitler or Henry Ford, who, in 'Coningsby' sponsored the theory that two hundred members of an Inner Ring control the destiny of mankind.

"Some Germans considered Rathenau one of that Inner Ring. The Emperor cannot forget that, while swinging before him the censers of Byzantine flattery, Rathenau in his heart of hearts wished for his defeat. For this we have Rathenau's own confession. William lacks appreciation of Harden's journalistic extravaganzas.

"Harden may have been, at times, prompted by patriotic motives. On the whole, his influence was destructive and futile. His chief distinction in history will be that, for a time, he was Bismarck's spittoon. To William and to many others Harden seems a 'microbe of disintegration, insidiously attacking the body politic.' Nor can the Kaiser be expected to relish the financial corruption spread by certain Jewish speculators in the German Republic. Such men are responsible, in William's opinion, for the revulsion against the Jews. Just as Harden represents in the Emperor's mind everything that was reprehensible in the race, Ballin embodied its finest aspects."

"Albert Ballin," the Emperor interrupted, "combined a Western conscience with the wisdom and the commercial talents of his people. Ballin was clever, energetic, far-seeing, broadminded and loyal. Cut-throat competition or destructive tactics had no part in his scheme. Ballin's plans for the development of German commerce and of the Hamburg-American Line, which we often discussed, were formulated in such a manner as to reduce any interference with British or American plans to a minimum, while maintaining our freedom of action. We both were adherents of the theory of competition and the open door.

"If there were no men like Harden or Trotzky, there would be hardly a Jewish problem. Nor would there be a Jewish problem if the

majority of the Jews permitted themselves to be inspired by men like Ballin. It is unfortunate that, to a certain extent, both Gentiles and Jews must suffer for the sins of others. There is no honor which I personally would withhold from a man like Albert Ballin. Without denying his race or his faith, he was a true German patriot. His example points to the solution of the Jewish problem in the modern state, a problem that has plagued humanity more than two thousand years."

"No one who has heard His Majesty's testimony," summed up the Public Defender, "can doubt his sincerity and his faith in the redemption of sin by the Messiah. Nor can anyone say that he lacks in reverence for other religions. Nothing would be more absurd than to stamp him an anti-Semite, merely because he does not look upon the Old Testament as the well of the Christian faith. His sincerity is shown by his attempts to purge both the New and the Old Testament from pious frauds and to translate into a language intelligible to our age the oriental imagery of the Bible.

"William's faith is essentially German, but he does not substitute Wotan for Jesus. *Ex Oriente lux*—'Out of the East the Light,—the Emperor writes. He does not write *Ex Nordico lux*. . . . However, there is no political significance in the Kaiser's motto. More and more William II escapes from the present into the past; more and more his mind dwells with passionate intensity on eternal rather than temporal problems.

"Like most of us, William incapsulates certain childhood impressions in a section of the brain which is unaffected by the process of logic and the subsequent acquisition of knowledge. It is a method adopted by the most intellectual of men to protect their deepest and fondest illusions. This device enables them to strain at the interpolated gnat while swallowing a theological camel. William's character is complex, and sometimes inconsistent, but his faith is simple. The meanest of his subjects could not abase himself more abjectly before the King of Kings than William II.

"It is not for the High Court of History to find fault with William's theology. The Defense is content to prove that William acted in accordance with his faith, and to destroy the 'Me and God' fiction of the war propagandists."



## THE KAISER ON THE WITNESS STAND

THE TRIAL of William II draws to its close. An endless stream of witnesses has testified before the High Court of History. Battalions of volumes, regiments of documents, armies of quotations from newspaper columns, have been marched up and down before judge and jury. Witnesses, living and dead, have made their bow, compelled to repeat in public what they had whispered in private. Monarchs, diplomats, priests, communists, capitalists, the Purple, the Gray, the Black, the Red, and the Golden Internationale, have been heard. Emperors, kings, prime ministers, diplomats, have revealed the strange abysses where those who rule must walk. Both the Defense and the Prosecution have ransacked public libraries and private memoirs.

"There is nothing," asserts the Chief Attorney for the Prosecution, "that has been advanced by the Defense which shakes the universal conviction that the immediate cause of the War was the decision, deliberately taken by those responsible for German policy in Berlin and their confederates in Vienna and Budapest, to impose a solution of a European question upon the nations of Europe by threat of war and, if the other members of the concert refused this dictation, by war itself instantly declared. The fatal decision was made at the Crown Council at Potsdam on the fifth of July, 1914, nearly one month before the outbreak of the war. The only reason why Germany delayed her attack upon civilization was that her financial—unlike her military—preparations were not yet completed.

"The Serbian question was not, and never could have been, purely an Austro-Hungarian question. It affected Germany. It affected all the great powers. It was essentially a European question, for it involved the control of the Balkans, and therefore concerned the peace, not only of the Balkans, but of the whole of Europe.

"If, therefore, the German and Austro-Hungarian Governments had desired a pacific settlement, they would have consulted with the other powers whose interests were vitally affected, and only taken action after making the utmost endeavor to arrive at an agreed solution. Yet the memorandum of the German Delegation to the Allied and Associated Powers at the preliminary Peace Conference explicitly admits that the

German Government authorized its ally to endeavor to solve the Austro-Serbian question on its own initiative and by war.

"The later action of the German Government was perfectly consistent with this initial policy. It supported the rejection, without consideration, of the extraordinary concessions made by Serbia in response to the insolent and intolerable demands of the Austro-Hungarian Government. It supported the mobilization of the Austro-Hungarian army and the initiation of hostilities, and steadily rejected every proposal for conference, conciliation or mediation, though it knew that once mobilization and military action were undertaken by any of the Great Powers it inevitably compelled a response from all the rest and so hourly reduced the chances of pacific settlement. Only at the eleventh hour, when all chance of avoiding war had practically vanished, did the German Government counsel moderation for her ally.

"The Defense endeavors to throw the blame for the failure of the attempts to procure peace on the mobilization of the Russian army. They ignore the fact that this was the immediate and necessary consequence of the mobilization of the Austrian army, and the declaration of war on Serbia, both authorized by Germany. These were the fatal acts by which the decision was taken out of the hands of the statesmen and control transferred to the military. On the German statesmen rests both the responsibility for the hasty declaration of war on Russia, when Austria herself was apparently hesitating, and the declaration of war on France. So great was the haste of the German Government that when no plausible reason could be found, allegations were invented, the complete falsity of which has long ago been demonstrated.

"The history of the critical days of July 1914, however, is not the sole ground upon which the Public Prosecutor considers that the responsibility for the war rests solely upon Germany and her ruler. The outbreak of the war was no sudden decision taken in a difficult crisis. It was the logical outcome of the policy which had been pursued for decades by Germany under the inspiration of the Prussian system.

"The whole history of Prussia has been one of domination, aggression and war. Hypnotized by the success with which Bismarck—following the tradition of Frederick the Great—robbed the neighbors of Prussia and forged the unity of Germany through blood and iron, the German people after 1871 submitted practically without reserve to the inspiration and the leadership of their Prussian rulers.

"The Prussian spirit was not content that Germany should occupy

a great and influential place in a council of equal nations to which she was entitled, and which she had secured. It could be satisfied with nothing less than supreme and autocratic power. At a time, therefore, when the western nations were seriously endeavoring to limit armaments, to substitute friendship for rivalry in international affairs, and to lay the foundation of a new era in which all nations should co-operate in amity in the conduct of the world's affairs, the rulers of Germany were restlessly sowing suspicion and hostility among all her neighbors, were conspiring with every element of unrest in every land, and were steadily increasing Germany's armaments and consolidating her military and naval powers. The Defendant himself, not content with sowing unrest in Europe, preached race hatred in a flamboyant appeal intended to provoke a crusade against the yellow races. Obviously it was the intention of the Defendant to fish in the troubled waters stirred by his agitation. He adopted the same policy in the Near East, plotting for the domination of Germany in Asia Minor.

"In spite of the wreck and ruin of his reign, William II no doubt still considers himself infallible. He and his fellow culprits mobilized all the resources at their command, the universities, the press, the pulpit, the whole machinery of governmental authority to indoctrinate their gospel of hatred and force, so that when the time came the German people might respond to their call. As a result, in the later years of the nineteenth century, and during the twentieth century, the whole policy of Germany was bent towards securing for herself a position from which she could dominate and dictate.

"The whole point of German organization was aggressive. Their scheme of railways, both east and west, their order of mobilization, their long concocted plan to turn the flank of France by invading Belgium, the elaborate preparation and equipment, both within and beyond her borders, as revealed on the outbreak of the war, all had aggression and not defense in view. The military doctrine that Germany could only be defended by springing first upon her neighbors was the excuse for demanding a military organization and a strategic plan which, when the time came, would enable them to smash all resistance to the ground and leave Germany the undisputed master both in the East and the West.

"The peace-loving nations of Western Europe were gradually driven, under a series of crises provoked from Berlin, to come together in self-defense. Autocratic Germany, under the inspiration of her ruler,

William II, was bent on domination. The nations of Europe were determined to preserve their liberty. It was the fear of the rulers of Germany, lest their plans for universal domination be brought to nought by the rising tide of democracy, that drove them to endeavor to overcome all resistance at one stroke by plunging Europe into universal war.

"Germany under the inspiration of Prussia, has been the champion of force and violence, deception, intrigue and cruelty, in the conduct of international affairs. Germany for decades has steadily pursued a policy of inspiring jealousies and hatred and of separating nation from nation in order that she might gratify her own selfish passion for power. Germany has stood athwart the whole current of democratic progress and international friendship throughout the world. Germany has been the principal mainstay of autocracy in Europe. And in the end, seeing that she could attain her objects in no other way, she planned and started the war which caused the massacre and mutilation of millions, and the ravaging of Europe from end to end. Germany not only wantonly started the war, but she was responsible for its continuation by refusing to clarify her intentions, or to limit her lust for domination.

"The truth of the charges thus brought against them the German people admitted by their own revolution in 1918. They overturned their government, because they discovered that it was the enemy of freedom, justice and equality at home and abroad. It is useless to attempt to prove that it was less violent and arrogant and tyrannical in its foreign than it was in its internal policy, or that the responsibility for the terrible events of the World War does not lie at its doors. William II, in madness or panic, fled to Holland to escape trial for his misdeeds. He succeeded in saving his head, but he can no longer escape a verdict of 'guilty' before the High Court of History."

William II listened attentively to the spirited denunciation of his reign, although the arguments marshaled against him lacked the savor of novelty. After the Chief Prosecutor resumed his seat, one of his assistants addressed the Jury.

"Men and women of the Jury, your verdict will decide more than the fate of an individual. If you hold that the defendant is guiltless, you will destroy the entire structure of modern Europe and carry confusion to every continent.

On the third of March, 1921, the British Premier, Lloyd George, declared before the London Conference:

For the Allies, German responsibility for the war is fundamental. It is the basis upon which the structure of the Treaty has been erected, and if that acknowledgment is repudiated or abandoned the Treaty is disproved. . . . We wish therefore for once and for all to make it quite clear that German responsibility for the war must be treated by the Allies as a *chose jugée*.

"The French Government opposed with equal vigor the thesis of Germany's innocence and the innocence of her rulers. The claim of the Defense runs counter not only to Germany's own confession but to the facts of history. It is not only the Old World that pronounces Germany guilty. The guilt clause of the Peace Treaty, unilaterally repudiated by Adolf Hitler, is an integral part of the separate treaty concluded between the German Government and the United States. In reply to a memorandum from the German Government the United States Government on March 29, 1921, officially declared:

This Government stands with the Governments of the Allies in holding Germany responsible for the war and therefore morally bound to make reparation, so far as may be possible. The recognition of this obligation, implied in the memorandum of Dr. Simons, seems to the Government of the United States the only sound basis on which can be built a firm and just peace, under which the various nations of Europe can achieve once more economic independence and stability.

"America, too, was forced into the War by the deliberate aggression of the Defendant. America had no selfish quarrel with Germany; she took up the sword solely in defense of western civilization. It is my pleasure now to yield to a spokesman of the United States, the Honorable Robert Lansing, President Woodrow Wilson's distinguished Secretary of State."

At long last, self-confident, the ghost of Robert Lansing sums up the case against William II. Death has not changed Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State. "It is to be hoped," he scornfully declares, "that for the future the falsehoods and misrepresentations, the peevish complaints and illogical defenses of the once powerful Emperor of Germany, will remain buried in silence. The feeble voice of William Hohenzollern raised in protest can make no impression on the opinion of mankind. The case is closed and will not be re-opened."

Mr. Lansing pauses oratorically, attempting to impart to his concluding words the stamp of finality. "The verdict of 'guilty' has been

passed by the present generation upon the militaristic government of Germany, and that verdict will stand through the coming years as a monument to the colossal folly of the last of the Hohenzollern dynasty, who sits in exile among the ashes of his shattered hopes and ambitions." Amid solemn silence Robert Lansing resumes his seat.

Clemenceau leans forward as if to applaud. Edward Grey smiles complacently. Woodrow Wilson winces. Colonel House does not look very happy. Theodore Roosevelt gazes ferociously at Wilson and somewhat less ferociously at William.

Bismarck, through half-closed lids, regards the Defendant with more sympathy than he ever did in his lifetime, although he, too, is involved in the trial: the verdict of the Jury will decide his long duel with William. His one-time rival, Waldersee, gazes beseechingly at Bismarck's shadow. But the Iron Chancellor does not deign to notice his presence. Blinking like a mole through his thick glasses, Holstein sits alone, shunned in death as he was in life.

In the background Queen Victoria converses in German with William I about how much better the world was in her day. King Edward VII stands at a distance, trying to look royally non-committal, but it is obvious that he has been deeply shaken as, one by one, the threads of intrigue unravel themselves. His sister, Empress Frederick, and her daughters-in-law, William's first and second empress, gaze affectionately at William, while pity and admiration battle for ascendancy in their eyes. Nicholas II bites his nails in embarrassment, not knowing where to turn and with whom to side.

In a speech lasting seven days William's Chief Counsel sums up the case for the defense. Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Niemann, the Kaiser's faithful aide and interpreter; Dr. Kurt Jagow, the Emperor's historical adviser, and Karl Friedrich Nowak, all attorneys for the Defense, are seen in earnest conversation. Piled before them, reaching to the high vault of the ceiling, are the works of the great revisionist historians. Frequently they finger copies of the *Berliner Monatshefte*, a small magazine, founded by Alfred von Wegener, which patiently, month after month, year after year, examined divers aspects of the War Guilt problem.

Today the Counsel for the Defense will summon, for the last time, the Defendant himself to answer the final arguments of the Prosecution and to elucidate certain questions that have not been touched upon or touched upon only lightly in the course of the trial. Niemann holds

in his hands to guide the Counsel in the process of examination, well-thumbed and marked, the record of his conversations with William II on vital questions involving the judgment, the psychology and good faith of his imperial master.

The cross examination is conducted by the Chief Counsel for the Defense, but his associates stand at his elbow, whispering suggestions; the Counsel turns most often to Niemann. Almost audible silence, almost tangible tension hushes the court-room as William enters the witness stand. With sober self-confidence the Kaiser raises his hand and swears to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Ignoring with withering contempt the pale ghost of Robert Lansing, William addresses himself to the court:

"The War Guilt Lie is exploded. It cannot be defended any longer. Germany was suddenly beset by a band of robbers and pirates, leagued together by a secret understanding and following a plan preconcerted long before. This is the naked truth. Truth, like murder, will out.

"In the light of the evidence collected by Nitti, Morel, Pevet and others, the theory of Germany's guilt is no longer tenable. We know now that the policy of encircling Germany was not a nightmare of the Wilhelmstrasse but a fact. The proof has been pieced together, strand by strand, from a wealth of sources, including the memoirs of Paléologue and Sukhomlinoff, the forgeries of the Russian Orange Book, revealed by Siebert, and so on.

"The political history of my reign can not be written until the wounds of the World War—which, despite all formal peace pacts, fester on with undiminished virulence—are healed, until the state of mind brought on by the war is gone, until the archives of all the participating nations are opened to investigators.

"Much will indeed be impossible of investigation, unsearchable. In the literary remains or diaries or memoirs of neither an Isvolsky nor a Sazonoff, neither a Clemenceau nor a Poincaré, nor a Delcassé, nor a Lord Grey,—still less a Wilson—could any self-revelations be found, any confessions likely to tear the lying mask from the faces of their policies or themselves.

"Perhaps my book made its appearance too soon. I did not want to wait but to help. I did not think of myself but of my people. 'Events and Figures' is a single document directed against the War Guilt Lie. I had the keenest weapon at my disposal, the miserable but absolute truth.

"The part of an absolute despot was imagined to be mine. This fable was made the most of, not only by the governments of the Allied powers but even among the masses of the Allied peoples and finally among the German people themselves. What was needed for the purposes of an efficient propaganda was the portrait of a sanguinary Nero, who had carefully prepared the war and actually made it inevitable.

"Cleverly, too, were matters so presented as to make it seem that I had violated my constitutional obligations and had thus contrived the war against the will of my responsible advisors and against the will of the peaceable and peace-loving German people by conducting myself as an insolent despot with a bloodthirsty ambition of conquest.

"To undermine the foundation of these war lies, I have to make an end of the picture of the bloody despot. Evidence of the utter lack of all foundation for the enemy's insinuations I could present by means of the simple truth. I had but to set forth the events and the figures of my time just as they were. History can not in the long run be falsified. Our shield is free from stain.

"I spoke the plain truth only. Since I spoke the truth, truth affording fresh evidence of how sorely I strove to avoid international conflicts, so far as no question of life and death for my country was involved, I am accused of trying to lay on the shoulders of my responsible advisers all the blame for my own political ineptitudes and failures.

"In my accounts of events, the thing I had in mind was the establishment of historical facts, not the dismissal or the censure of either myself or those who co-operated with me. What had I to gain by libeling my co-workers or my advisers even if I had been so foolish or unkingly as to want to do that or to try it? I always took upon myself the full responsibility for acts constitutionally developing upon me—even for acts that did not represent my own views but those of my advisers.

"Whenever I gave my consent to a suggestion or to a measure, even if it were not in harmony with my own views, full responsibility for the decision or its consequence naturally rested upon me. From this responsibility no one can free me and I wish to bear it for all time in the presence of my people and in the face of history.

"I have heard that there are people who think I am obsessed by a sort of madness regarding my own infallibility. Those who think so do not know my conception of the world and my critical attitude towards



myself. I am as ready to criticise myself as is any seriously thinking man. Naturally, therefore, I am perfectly well aware that I cannot shield my own mistakes behind the mistakes of any other mortal who happens like myself to be born into a superhumanly difficult sphere of duty."

"There are those," the Attorney for the Defense interjected, "who accuse Your Majesty of misreading the temper of the world, of misjudging the character of your enemies and the political situation. Harry Elmer Barnes says somewhere 'stupidity is the only charge that can be brought against William and his Chancellor.'"

"An honest truthful gentleman," the Emperor replied, simply, "is always stupid when surprised and confronted by inconceivable villainy."

"The underlying causes of the war," William continued after a brief recess, "were British trade rivalry; the French desire for the ancient German provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and Russia's legitimate hunger for an outlet on the sea. Russia's action was precipitated by her desire to use foreign warfare as a safety valve to prevent an explosion at home. French investments in Russia bound Moscow to Paris with a golden chain.

"Grey was the most illustrious counterfeiter of historical facts. He engineered the necessary events and complications that presented the Russian hate, the French lust for revenge, and British commercial envy with the wished for opportunity to satisfy their criminal intentions at the expense of unsuspecting Germany. Result: A junction of pirates surprising a tranquil land and a tranquil people profoundly at peace with themselves and the world. Sir Edward Grey played the role of interested observer who shrugs his shoulders, when appealed to, exclaiming: 'Not my fault. Can't help it! Those Germans ARE exasperating!'

"Realizing the heinousness of their offense, those responsible for the conspiracy created a scapegoat to turn away the wrath of the world from themselves. They chose for their victim the monarch of the nation they feloniously attacked, and saddled him with their crime by inventing the War Guilt Lie. International capital and the press placed itself at the disposal of the pirates and by propaganda they disseminated the War Guilt Lie all over the world, until even their victims, the Germans, began to believe it."

"But," interrupted the Counsel for the Defense, "Germany has been accused of precipitating the conflict by rattling the saber continuously."

"Germany," the Kaiser retorted soberly, "had nothing to gain by war. It was only through war that the Allies could achieve their aim. Germany's geographical position placed her at a disadvantage which armaments could not equalize. It facilitated her 'encirclement.'"

"German militarism is a slogan which has been hammered into the heads of unreflecting and ignorant people throughout the world. The theory of Germany's war guilt is being constantly repeated, regardless of its untruth.

"Having become a slogan, it is difficult to suppress in spite of the fact that no student of European events who has carefully investigated the mass of evidence published since the Armistice from various archives and in innumerable memoirs can any longer maintain the assertion made in the Allies' note of June 16, 1919, that: 'Germany, among all the Powers concerned, was the *only one* that entered the war fully prepared.' That is a lie!

"We restricted the number of men serving in the army to the lowest level possible while assuring the defense of the Empire. We also had to keep the military requirements from encroaching too heavily on the budget. And then too, we had to avoid giving umbrage to our neighbors, who were ever ready to impute hostile *offensive* intentions towards themselves on our part.

"In 1910, for example, the number of our recruits represented forty-one per cent of the available contingent of that year, and in 1913 it was fifty-four per cent. France, on the other hand recruited in the class of 1911, eighty-four per cent of the available contingent.

"The German policy from 1871 to 1914 aimed primarily at the maintenance of a European status quo. As the youngest of the Great Powers WE had to *fight* to maintain our unity and existence.

"During this period, every increase in German armaments necessitated by the greater increase of our neighbors, immediately was exploited politically against us. Thus we felt morally bound by our *love for peace* to restrict our military preparations to the utmost permissible defensive limit. This proved a grave mistake.

"To the student of history who carefully examines the German army organization, it is very evident that militarism was *not* rampant in Germany. Rather it was rampant among her neighbors. Those who

wish to form a clear conception of the causes of the war must study the pre-war army organization of all the Great Powers."

"Germany's enemies claim," the Counsel observed, "that German apologists exaggerate the disadvantage of her position." The Kaiser smiled, recalling with pleasure the masterly analysis of Walter Stegmann's *The Phantom of Versailles*.

"Germany," he replied, with just a touch of pedantry, "not only from the standpoint of the Treaty of Versailles, but from the necessity of her geographical position, is a central Power. A central Power, being such, is surrounded by a ring of powers along its frontier. The powers comprising that ring are peripheral.

"Germany and Austria-Hungary were surrounded. They were central Powers. Italy was not a central Power. She was peripheral, from the standpoint of the other two. True to the necessity of her situation, Italy withdrew from the central Powers when the World War first burst forth.

"There is the secret of the geographical position of Germany in the heart of the continent of Europe. She can never be a peripheral power—forming that is, one of a ring of powers encircling another.

"Unless we keep this fact constantly in mind we shall not understand the World War nor the origin of it nor the course of it. We shall not understand the nature of the wrong done to Germany when she was betrayed by her reliance upon the Fourteen Points.

"Obviously powers forming a ring around another—peripheral powers—have a geographical superiority over central ones. Central Powers being subject to encirclement by the peripheral ones, are necessarily subjects to the perils of a blockade. They afford a theatre of operations for the invader.

"Acutely conscious of all this, Germany has sought to keep her army, such as it was, in a state of efficiency. Germany's military problem consists in keeping a foe from invading her. She was ringed in, but she could fight off the foe who ringed her in. That was the theory.

"It did not work out in practice during the World War. It never worked out perfectly even in past centuries. Various enemies of Germany among the peripheral powers have invaded her again and again. They have taken away her freedom. They have held her in bondage for years.

"Taught by experience, Germany tried to come to an understanding

with one of the peripheral powers encircling her. That explains the admission of Italy into the combination of Germany with Austria-Hungary.

"History teaches, as Stegemann in his book so well observes, that alliances between peripheral powers and central Powers are not lasting. A central Power has nothing to offer a peripheral power compared with what one peripheral power can afford to offer another peripheral power.

"The naval factor is on the side of the peripheral power. The powers that are in a position to hold the seas in a war are all peripheral. Here is the fundamental fact which makes the position of England as a great power unique.

"England can be sparing of her man power in any war of coalition because she can lend her money instead. She can let the other powers fight on their own soil and when they are well worn down she can make peace at the moment favorable for herself. She need not care whether the moment she chooses to make peace is favorable to her allies or the reverse.

"Central Powers are not situated so that they can dictate the moment of peace when they are fighting a combination of peripheral powers. The best that central Powers can accomplish is a defensive alliance among themselves to keep them from being stifled by peripheral powers."

Once more the Court was assembled. Once more the Emperor, grave and self-possessed, took the witness stand.

"Why," asked the Attorney for the Defense, "did Your Majesty reject the opportunity of stating before the court proposed by the Allies, the arguments in Germany's favor which you have stated so eloquently here? Your Majesty could have demolished the myth of Germany's exclusive guilt before any impartial court."

"I was not afraid," the Kaiser sharply replied, "of the verdict of any impartial court, but I refused to recognize the competence of any court assembled by my enemies to try me. In the first place, the dignity of the German people made it impossible for me to acknowledge any accountability to my country's foes, knowing that their charges were based on a lie.

"In the second place, it is a maxim universally accepted that no man

can be tried except by a jury of his peers. The German Emperor had no peers. The few monarchs that claimed as proud a title were enemies. They could not be accusers and judges in one."

"Much water has gone down the Seine and the Thames since Versailles. Does Your Majesty think that it is possible to modify the Peace Treaty and to correct its wrongs now that war passions are cooled?"

"My view of the Peace Treaty of Versailles has undergone no modification. It cannot be modified. It must be completely demolished. Only after the poisonous rubbish of Versailles is cleared away entirely will it be possible to build anew.

"Germany must demand freedom and self-determination, her full former historical space for development, a place in the sun, and the right to insist upon the full liberation and return of all her subjugated compatriots. The remnants of the Peace Treaty remaining behind vitiate every subsequent agreement. Europe will be a festering sore until that ulcer is completely eradicated."

"Does Your Majesty think that the League of Nations holds out a promise of salvation?"

The Emperor shook his head vigorously.

"It is too intimately associated with the Peace Treaty of Versailles."

"Advocates of the League, while realizing its imperfections, hope that it will be nevertheless the nucleus of a world movement for peace."

Again William shook his head.

"I detest war. I have kept the peace of Europe on at least two occasions, when the chances were in our favor, when England was engaged in the Transvaal and Russia in the Far East. Nevertheless, I cannot escape the conclusion that war will be on earth as long as heaven does not create more rabbits than men."

"Such being the case, does your Majesty think that it will be possible to liquidate the mess of Versailles without another World War? Will the Allies give up the loot and pillage of the war without compensation?"

"Lloyd George," William rejoined, "formally declared: 'If the War Guilt of Germany can be disproved, Versailles must go.' If the English are in earnest about it, they must scrap Versailles totally. The world," the Emperor continued, unable to suppress the indignation in his voice, "has behaved in the vilest and the most criminal manner against me and my innocent country. It is under obligation, nay, under compulsion (if it possesses a conscience) to do penance, ask my pardon and redress the monstrous crime inflicted upon my Fatherland and my House.

"The War Guilt Lie is still repeated, Germany is still accused of setting the world on fire, although the foremost historians in many countries and my own efforts have shown the public at large that there is not a vestige of truth in the accusation.

"Providence will not wait till people make up their minds; they do not have centuries at their disposal. If the nations of the world refuse to redress the crime committed against my Fatherland and to atone for their felonious treatment of a too credulous people, believing in chivalry and honor; if they refuse to scrap the crime of Versailles, retribution will fall on their heads."

"What form will it take?" the Counsel asked.

"The forms Providence may choose for retribution are manifold. The most terrible would be World Revolution—Bolshevism."

The Emperor shuddered. There was no doubt that he spoke with passionate conviction.

After a brief pause, the Counsel for the Defense resumed the questioning.

"Your Majesty," he remarked, "may be justified in expecting retribution to overtake the Entente Powers, but their Associates in the War cannot be judged by the same standards. Surely America's motives were clean and Woodrow Wilson, in spite of many psychological inconsistencies, wanted to keep his country out of war?"

"Without Wilson's ambition to be remembered by history as the greatest Englishman of his generation, America would perhaps have kept aloof from the War. It is perfectly clear from the memoirs of his contemporaries that President Wilson was determined to enter the War whenever England was at the end of her rope. When the cry came from London, 'We are standing with our backs to the wall,' there was no question that Woodrow Wilson would exert force without stint or limit.

"Germany, Austria, Russia have thrown open their archives. Out of its own mouth Russia is convicted. Out of my own mouth, by virtue of marginalia jotted upon state documents, documents never intended to be divulged to foreign eyes, I am exculpated from the charge of willing the War.

"England has permitted certain historians to inspect her archives, although it is doubtful if she has granted access to all her files with the complete abandon of Germany and of Russia. Would it not be desirable,

in the interest of truth and to safeguard the future, for the United States to reveal to competent historical students the *secret* archives of the State Department? What need they fear if there are no skeletons in their closets?"

"But America has disinterested herself in Europe—"

"That," William vigorously retorted, "may be possible legally. But it is not possible politically; it certainly is not possible morally.

"America cannot come to Europe, upset our balance of power and our Governments with the irresponsibility of a naughty child throwing stones into somebody else's back yard. Whatever may be the legal aspect, America, after having been in the European war, cannot 'disinterest' herself in Europe any more. Americans cannot honorably refuse to use the utmost moral and economic pressure to compel the revision of the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain in accordance with the solemn pre-armistice promises of President Wilson.

"An upright business man takes it upon himself to meet obligations involving his honor, even if he could escape responsibility through a technical loophole. The great American nation cannot, in justice to itself, repudiate the fourteen promissory notes bearing the signature of President Wilson.

"I chose exile and abdication, because in common with my people, I believed in the promises of President Wilson.

"I was told by my advisers that the people had accepted in good faith the glowing promises made to them by the author of the Fourteen Points. They believed that a German republic would receive from the western democracies terms far more generous than they were disposed to give to a government of which I was the head—

"But Germany's enemies claim that Foch, not Wilson, brought Germany to her knees."

"In November 1918," the Emperor reiterated, "Germany laid down her arms in obedience to the terms of a treaty concluded with the Entente. The clear tenor of this treaty ruled that peace was to be signed not only on the basis of Wilson's Fourteen Points but also in accordance with the rest of the principles proclaimed by him. After Germany had disarmed, however, a peace was dictated to her which, ignoring the program of Wilson, constituted an act of violence, depriving her of her rights.

"This enormous fraud patently compromised the honor of the United States, as it was their president who proclaimed those prin-

ciples intended to form the foundation for a Peace of Right and as the United States had accepted the role of mediator between the parties concluding the treaty. America's return to these Wilsonian principles by renewed affirmation of her former obligations would be instrumental for once more establishing faith and confidence in the relations between nations.

"I am not asking America to go to war. I merely point out that both morality and self-interest demand an active and dynamic policy on the part of America against the Peace Treaty and against all the wrongs inflicted upon the vanquished in violation of her plighted word."

After the recess one of the Judges addressed himself to the Attorney for the Defense: "The Prosecution has referred to a Crown Council held at Potsdam on July 5, 1914. It seems to the Court that it is of the utmost importance to lift the veil of mystery that enshrouds this occasion."

"Serious historical students," replied the Attorney, "reject the story; it is no longer fashionable to drag it out of its lair. However, the Defense will place before the tribunal all the facts in the case, including certain information which has come into our possession of late which suffices to banish the Crown Council forever into the limbo of myths. With the indulgence of the Court I shall establish the genesis of the story for the benefit of the Jury. It is a classic example of how fact and fiction commingle until they are no longer distinguishable. It was the Honorable Henry Morgenthau, Sr., American Ambassador in Constantinople, who first startled the world with the story that our client presided over a War Council in Potsdam. Mr. Morgenthau asserted that Baron Horst von Wangenheim, his German colleague in the Turkish capital, confided this story to him. Wangenheim [I am repeating Mr. Morgenthau's language] 'was summoned to give assurance about Turkey and to enlighten his associates generally on the situation in Constantinople, which was then regarded as almost the pivotal point of the impending war.

"In telling me who attended this conference [Mr. Morgenthau continues] Wangenheim used no names, though he specifically said that among them were—the facts are so important that I quote his exact words in the German he used—*die Häupter des Generalstabes und der Marine* (the heads of the General Staff and of the Navy),



by which I have assumed that he meant von Moltke and von Tirpitz. The great bankers, railroad directors and the captains of German industry, all of whom were as necessary to German war preparations as the army itself, also attended.

“Wangenheim told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn: ‘Are you ready for war?’ All replied ‘yes’ except the bankers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their loans.

“At that time few people had looked upon the Sarajevo tragedy as something that would inevitably lead to war. This conference, Wangenheim told me, took all precautions that no such suspicion should be aroused.

“It was decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quickly back to their work or started on vacations. The Kaiser went to Norway on his yacht, von Bethmann-Hollweg left for a vacation and Wangenheim returned to Constantinople.’

“In spite of German denials, the story, told with such circumstantial evidence and reiterated by Mr. Morgenthau’s colleague, the Italian Ambassador in Constantinople, was universally accepted. It gave the cue of a satanic Germany and a fanatic War Lord to the historians and to the clergy. It was used by every Allied historian and every Allied editor to saddle upon Germany the responsibility for starting the war.

“Allied statesmen referred with pious indignation to the Crown Council to thwart German peace feelers. Secretary Lansing and Dr. Brown Scott, American Representative on the Committee of Fifteen at Versailles, justified their severe condemnation of Germany by referring to the Crown Council. Lloyd George recalled it in his campaign to hang the Kaiser. It profoundly affected both nations and statesmen. Nevertheless, it was a lie made out of whole cloth. But it was not invented by Mr. Morgenthau. Evidence dug up by the Kaiser himself completely exonerates Morgenthau.

“The Emperor’s painstaking search for historical truth established the fact that the rumor of the Crown Council originated in his own capital. In those trying days the Kaiser met some of his advisers. That was part of his daily routine. He did not depart from the routine because he did not, at that time, believe that the shot which felled the Austrian heir would provoke a European war.

“Some military hotheads, eager for action, jumped to the conclusion

that the die was cast. Ordinary conferences assumed in their imagination the aspect of a solemn Crown Council. Young lieutenants—"Here the Emperor who had been listening with increasing impatience, interrupted his Counsel:

"I have already," he remarked icily, "disposed of the Morgenthau story by my letter to my friend, St. John Gaffney, one-time American Consul General in Munich."

The Attorney, thanking His Majesty, read into the record the most important passages from William's epistle:

"The myth of the *Potsdamer Kronrath* is, it seems, extremely difficult to exterminate. To at last get at the roots and causes of this fabrication I charged the Director of the Archives of my House last year with the task of discovering the sources of this lie by a scientific, searching investigation. It produced the following astounding results:

"(1) The first unclear version of a Council which was supposed to have been held in Potsdam was started by young officers in Berlin restaurants already deep in their cups. Waiters paid by the Entente and agents disguised as such played the eavesdroppers and reported half-understood interjections as facts to the hostile Embassies.

"(2) Freiherr von Wangenheim out of bravado and with the intention to dissuade Italy and the U.S.A. from joining the Entente against Germany took up this rumor and welded it into the fantastic instrument he intended for the benefit of his country, which turned out to its detriment!!! I never saw him in those days—nor any of his colleagues by the way—in fact I so ignored his whereabouts at that time that I had to consult his widow as to his occupation when I cleared matters up . . .

"The Lie of the Potsdam Crown-War-Council was concocted with all its exciting details by *my own!!* Ambassador, pretending to have attended the council personally, to give more probability to the story! It is a vile, malevolent lie without the slightest foundation of truth. No Chiefs of Army and Navy were present (Moltke 'curing' at Carlsbad, Tirpitz in Baden).

"No bankers, no captains of industry were assembled, no ambassadors bidden to be present: all Wangenheim's personal fiction! That was the result of Dr. Kurt Jagow's investigations, who published them about a year ago. The Potsdam Crown Council is a Myth, a Lie, never took place.'"

The Attorney paused. Suddenly there was a stir in the Court Room.

Pressing forward to the witness stand came the jovial figure of Henry Morgenthau. The old gentleman requested the permission of the Court to explain the genesis of his historic statement. On the stand, Morgenthau, speaking with great dignity, emphasized his sincerity.

"I saw no reason," he testified "for doubting the veracity of my colleague."

"But why," the Judge asked, "did von Wangenheim take you into his confidence?"

Morgenthau shrugged his shoulders.

"Von Wangenheim knew that I was born in Germany. He knew that I complied with the President's injunction to be neutral in thought as well as in deed. When I passed through Berlin on my way home I was told that I was perhaps the only American Ambassador who was not accused, even by the Germans, of playing the game of the Allies.

"The social opportunities of the German Ambassador in Constantinople were restricted. He could have no intercourse with the ambassadors of the great powers at war with his country. He distrusted the Italian Ambassador because he knew that Italy carried water on both shoulders. The Austrian Ambassador, Margrave Pallavicini, played second fiddle to him. I was the only representative of a great nation to whom he could talk as a confidant and as an equal. He could sing German songs and play German tunes at my home.

"Wangenheim," Morgenthau added reminiscently, "was a man of inexhaustible energy. He displayed this energy in all his actions, whether he was riding a horse or playing a musical instrument. I can still see him seated in my music room thundering German songs on the piano like a Teutonic war god.

"The Baron knew that I was not merely the diplomatic representative of my country, but a personal friend of President Wilson. He tried to use me to keep America out of the war and to convey through me to President Wilson the inevitability of German victory. He told me of the Crown Council to impress upon me Germany's firm determination from the beginning to embark upon a policy of aggression which, at that time, seemed to be crowned with success.

"Possibly personal vanity entered into the matter. The fact that he had been summoned by the Emperor to participate in such a council undoubtedly added to his stature in my eyes and made him seem more important."

"But," interjected the Counsel for the Defense, "Wangenheim was not summoned to attend the mythical Crown Council."

"How then," Mr. Morgenthau asked cannily, "was it possible for von Wangenheim to leave his post in Constantinople at such a critical moment, unless he was summoned to Berlin?"

"Why not?" retorted the Counsel. "If Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, could go honeymooning at this time, there was no reason why an ambassador at a minor post should not enjoy a vacation. However, there was a special, highly personal, reason for Wangenheim's trip to Berlin."

At this juncture a surprise witness, held in reserve by the Defense, made his way to the witness stand. Rotund, with clever little eyes, an air of universal tolerance and a benignant smile, a former German diplomat, Dr. Paul Schwarz, now living in the United States, being duly sworn, offered his testimony:

"Perhaps I can explain what happened. It embarrasses me to betray the confidence of a friend, but in the interest of historical truth I consider it my duty to disclose von Wangenheim's secret. I was a member of the Diplomatic Corps in Constantinople in the days when history and legend were made. Mr. Morgenthau knows that von Wangenheim was a gay Lothario—"

Mr. Morgenthau looked non-committal, but did not contradict the speaker.

"As a result of one of his escapades he was called to Berlin by a lady friend who threatened to commit suicide unless he hurried to her bedside at the hour when she was expecting a baby. Faced with this situation, the Ambassador persuaded some of his friends in the Wilhelmstrasse to recall him to Berlin on the pretext of official business. This gave him an excuse for his departure and relieved his own pocket from the expense of the trip. To his friends and to his wife in Constantinople he explained the journey as an 'important political mission.' On his return he bolstered up his original story by relating his participation in the mythical Crown Council."

Mr. Morgenthau accepted the explanation of Dr. Schwarz, but he was still not convinced that he had been hoaxed. "There could have been," he said warily, "a Crown Council without Wangenheim. Personally, I see no reason why Emperor William should not have called a Crown Council. The grim shadow of war appeared on the horizon. No one would have blamed him if he had summoned his counsellors.

It was his privilege if not his duty. If the Germans had not so furiously denied the conference on July 5th they would never have received world-wide attention. While I may be *technically* wrong, I still feel that my information was *essentially* correct."

The Emperor, resenting that anyone should question his explicit denial, indignantly called upon Dr. Kurt Jagow to explain the nature of a Crown Council in terms of the Prussian Constitution. Jagow came to the rescue with long quotations which proved that the Crown Council is a very solemn affair that cannot be called without considerable formality and red tape.

"There is," remarked the Attorney for the Defense, "no record of such a council between July 1st and July 6th."

"I am willing," remarked Mr. Morgenthau, relenting at last, "to concede that there was no *formal* Crown Council on July 5, 1914."

"With that admission," countered the Counsel for the Defense, "the entire structure upon which Allied historians and Allied diplomats built their argument, topples."

Mr. Morgenthau was not yet convinced.

"Even if there was no formal Crown Council, many of the people who conferred informally with the Emperor on July 5th were those who would have been at the Crown Council had it taken place. Great corporations sometimes make important decisions without a full meeting of the board of directors but at more or less informal conferences, if, for any reason, an official meeting is not desired. Was there," Mr. Morgenthau insinuatingly asked, "perhaps a *series* of conferences which took the place of the Crown Council?"

The Emperor bristled.

"The diary of His Majesty's aide-de-camp," Baron von Sell volunteered, "lists all the persons to whom His Majesty talked in those critical days, July 5 and July 6, 1914. Every minute of the Emperor's day is chronicled.

"Only three among the persons received by His Majesty would have been entitled to take part in the meeting of a Crown Council. These were Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, General von Falkenhayn, the Prussian Minister of War, and the Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office, Herr Zimmermann, representing the absent Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow.

"One swallow does not make a summer. Three counsellors do not make a Crown Council. The following day, July 6th, the Emperor de-

parted for his Northern trip. Consequently Mr. Morgenthau's statement that 'many of the people who conferred with the Emperor on July 5th were those who would have been at the Crown Council had one taken place', is false."

"Lies," the Emperor softly added, "'have short legs' according to a German proverb, but they sometimes walk with seven-league boots. It is hard to catch up with them."

Another day. Another session. This time the Chief Judge took a hand in the proceedings. He was carefully studying a sketch placed in his hands by the Chief Attorney for the Prosecution. A number of female figures, symbolizing the nations of Europe, clad in armor and bearing spears, are assembled under the sign of the cross on a mountain top. Facing them, in his celestial panoply, stands the Archangel Michael pointing to the frontier dividing Europe from Asia. Out of the East approaches an Eastern Deity, seated on a dragon and surrounded by menacing thunderclouds. Glowing flames of burning towns mark the westward rush of the Asiatics.

The Emperor, glancing in the direction of the Judge, recognized his handiwork. *Völker Europa's Wahrt Eure Heiligsten Güter.*

"Your Majesty," the Judge remarked, as William entered the witness box, "has proclaimed your ardent devotion to peace. Will you explain the purpose of this sketch? Was not, as the Prosecution suggests, Your Majesty's appeal to race hatred calculated to provoke a gigantic struggle that would have dwarfed the World War?"

The Emperor held up the picture so it could be scanned by the Jury.

"It is clearly evident," he replied, obviously pleased by the opportunity to justify himself, "that the European nations are assembled to *repel* an expected attack from the East, not to *deliver* one.

"Each race, has the right to bring its own gift to others. It may be a benefit to the world to spread white civilization. It may be the duty of the white races to communicate that civilization to other parts of the world, but we have no right to force our own idiosyncrasies upon others. Our civilizing activity must never be a camouflage for imperialism and industrial greed, conquest and slavery.

"The present policy of most great nations is entirely dictated by selfish and shortsighted motives. As a result, the world will be subject to heavy repercussions which will place the white races under a severe test.

"The times when European concession hunters and exploiters were able to exploit foreign peoples—for instance, the Chinese—and to force them—as, for instance, by the British Opium War—to introduce measures detrimental to their hygiene and morals; the times of notes, fleet demonstrations, landing forces, conferences, are over and gone. They were unwise and created evil. The Opium War was a crime against Christianity, and a crime against the health of the Chinese population.

"Certainly, so far as Germany is concerned, she, in the future never, on any account, will consent to be a partner to measures which constitute an unjustified intrusion into the inner development of the people of the Far East.

"Ethnological researches have corroborated the fact that Germany, to quote Frobenius, the great anthropologist, is the face of the East turned toward the West. The Germans are an Eastern people. As such they are especially qualified to throw a bridge of culture across the European border to Asia.

"Nature imposed this mission on Russia. But Russia has failed Europe. It seems as if she is at present inclined to cast her lot with the Asiatics. Germany must take up the post she deserted. Hardly any country in the world has been so eager as Germany to fathom the profundities of the history, the literature and the art of the East. Doubtless she will always be ready to proffer her cultural aid to these 'awakened' people of the East who aspire to hold in the family of nations a position that corresponds to their historical and cultural importance. Vice versa, Germany expects Asia to dismiss all dreams of making inroads upon Europe like the devastating raids of Tamerlane and Genghis-Khan, aimed at the destruction of the white race and Christian *Kultur*.

"Restored to her pre-war state, Germany will be both a link with the 'Far East' and a faithful guard of European 'Kultur', shielding it from danger as, even in the ancient lay of the Nibelungs, Hagen, forbidding and grim, watched the gates of the Palace of his Lord and King."

"Will it be possible," asked the Judge who had been listening with undivided attention, "to avert the War of the Races?"

The Emperor shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"The struggle for emancipation of the colored races is in full progress. If the ruling nations of the white races refuse to recognize this movement as perilous for them, they have only themselves to blame, for

in the future they will be forced to face terrific conflicts with the colored nations.

"This," William continued, his eyes blazing, "is not a theoretical discussion. Turn to any part of the world." The Emperor pointed to a huge globe standing on the Judges' table. "There is trouble going on or trouble brewing in every continent.

"The din of strife marks the beginning of a gigantic battle. I predicted this struggle many years ago when I was on the throne. I believed even then that it was unavoidable. But had I been listened to it would have been possible at least to postpone it and relieve it of its venom.

"In order to prevent a disaster to civilization, two things were and are necessary. *First*, solidarity of the white races; *Second*, respect on the part of the white races for the traditions of other races.

"The World has shown that the solidarity of the white races, to which I appealed when I made my sketch urging the nations of Europe to guard their most sacred possessions, no longer exists. This fact intensifies the difficulties confronting the empires possessing colonies.

"The World War was camouflaged by British and French statesmen as a 'holy crusade' in order to bring it into harmony with the conscience of their people and to hide their imperialistic motives under a moral cloak.

"My people were called 'Boches' and 'Huns', and I was stigmatized as 'the bloodthirsty Attila', a modern 'scourge of God'. Outrages committed in former years by disorderly Belgian soldiers against natives in the Congo were unearthed from the dusty archives by sly propagandists and reintroduced to the world as 'atrocities' committed by German soldiers against peaceful Belgian citizens and children! Propaganda by lies!

"The French and the British were quietly allowed to employ the hosts of their colored subjects against white Germans without the slightest protest on the part of other white nations. There was no protest even from the United States!

"The employment of colored men by whites against whites on European soil was a crime against the white race, a crime against humanity. It was also a crime against the colored troops. It was an act of political lunacy surpassed only by the Peace Treaty of Versailles.

"The increased race consciousness and pride of the Asiatic nations, springing from the renewed consciousness of their historical and cultured traditions, and also of the negroes in Africa itself, is a natural



and legitimate development. Nevertheless it produces new possibilities of conflict. It has already led to protests and opposition on their part against the land-grabbing proclivities of the white races.

"The French Revolution decreed the principle that every citizen is duty-bound to defend his country. This principle I endorse with all my heart. But the French and the British exceeded this principle by extending it to the natives of their colonial possessions. Copying the example of the declining Roman Empire, they launched their impressed colored hosts against white men and women on *European* soil. We see the result today in the precipitation of racial conflicts throughout the world."

"Does Your Majesty agree with those anthropologists who believe that the problem can be solved best by a fusion between the races?"

"No," William exclaimed aghast. "The laws concerning the hygiene of races are fundamental. They must be obeyed or else the human species will destroy itself. Races of different colors must never mix, because they are fundamentally different and each race is governed by its own law of growth. I observe in France the decline of the feeling that it is the imperious duty of the white race to avoid miscegenation.

"The progress of the human development," William continued in the slightly didactic manner he sometimes assumed, "is not advanced by a free mixing of the races. On the contrary, it is safeguarded by the conscious and deliberate separation. A great German thinker once spoke of the nations as 'thoughts of God.' It is catastrophic for men to attempt to mix and muddle God's thoughts.

"It is possible to incorporate into a nation a certain small percentage of foreign racial blood, provided the nation is endowed with sufficient vitality to amalgamate and digest the alien element completely. But I can conceive of no advantage in mixing colored blood and white blood.

"Even among the white races certain racial qualities are incapable of assimilation; they contain inborn peculiarities of soul and spirit that baffle the formation of a synthesis. When combined they become a ferment of decomposition. In the relations between white and colored men this experience assumes the rigidity of a law. All historically developed groups of culture, *white and colored*, are logical products of their own evolution, which must be kept inviolate from the encroachments of aggressive imperialistic appetites. Their laws and insti-



“Nations of Europe, Guard your Most Sacred Possessions”

The Emperor's historic drawing (1895), calling attention in vain to the perils that threaten Europe from Asia



“Lost in the Wood”

Cartoon by Edmund J. Sullivan, 1915

tutions, their traditions and forms of government are entitled to respect. They are the emanations of the national soul.

"Nations with high cultural standards have a right to claim the *area* which the evolution of history has assigned to them. It is their share of the earth, their share of life, their predestined place in the *sun!*

"There is a very close connection between 'culture and space'; to try to *reduce* the historically developed *area* belonging to a nation with an historically accepted position is an offense against the very spirit of life, a sin against the Holy Ghost! Behold Germany! We are a people without sufficient room—*Volks ohne Raum.*

"Racial self-consciousness may well go hand in hand with respect for the rights of other races. In fact, racial self-consciousness based on the spirit of our culture, teaches us to respect the same consciousness in others.

"The Chinese, the Japanese, the Mongolian, the Arab, the Malayan, the Turk, each of them is just as proud of his traditions, his history and his culture as we are of ours. This fact should ever be before the mind's eye of white men who deal with their colored cousins. Upon a just appreciation of this fact depends the future of civilization."

The cross examination returned to the errors of European policy attributed to the imperial regime.

"The Prosecution has asserted," declared Niemann, "that Germany's connivance in the absorption of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary rendered a clash between the Teuton and Slav inevitable. Why did Your Majesty consent to the annexation of these two provinces?"

"Bosnia and Herzegovina," the Emperor replied, "were offered to Austria without reservation. That empire in the short interval of twenty-eight years achieved a magnificent civilizing work there. I did not, however, approve of the occupation, of which I had not been previously advised by Vienna. In view of our treaty-relations I did not protest publicly, but I took appropriate steps to convey my displeasure.

"Meanwhile great changes had taken place in the Balkans. Pan-Slavism had not found the indispensable support it required in the Bulgaria of the Czar. It turned its gaze towards Servia. The bestial murders perpetrated at Belgrade in 1903 (the assassination of the Servian King and Queen) were the first triumphs of the new Pan-Slav Balkan policy.

"We know today that the murder at Sarajevo took place with the connivance of high officials. It was the culmination of long years of hostile agitation.

"The Hapsburg monarchy in consequence of these machinations and agitations was reduced to extremities. Yet, it never went beyond the limits imposed by absolute necessity for self-defense. Even if Austria had submitted meekly to every humiliation imposed upon her, the greater Serbia agitation, stimulated by Pan-Slav conspirators, would have had a fresh arrow dipped in poison to pluck from a full quiver. Serbia was a mine brought to the verge of explosion for the sake of precipitating that World War for which Pan-Slavism was always on the alert.

"I tried to mitigate the peril of southern Slavism, or rather of Pan-Slavism. With that intention I kept up a more or less constant relation with the late Czar, Nicholas II. My letters to the Czar were handed out to the public only in patches, and thus weapons were manufactured against me. Only one who knew the late Czar Nicholas on the human plane as well as I knew him has the right to pass judgment upon those letters. A Czar of Russia, haloed by an almost divine effulgence and established in an absolutism of power—and at the same time not a master in his house or in his empire—half Asiatic despot, half a naïve and gentle child, had the two-headed aspect of Janus. Only one who knew this double-faced quality was in a position to take the right tone, to win the way to the man's confidence and thus establish the conditions requisite to psychological and consequent political influence."

Returning from the future to the past, delving more deeply into the policies of Imperial Germany, the Prosecution accused William of fishing in troubled waters both in the East and in Europe.

"Why," William was asked, "did you build the Bagdad Railway and why did you seize colonies in Asia? Sooner or later Germany's urge for expansion was bound to lead to a clash with England or Russia."

"You forget," William replied, "that there was no nook on the habitable globe in which the so-called vital interest of 'the blessed who have' did not cause inconvenience. When we went to the bay at Kiaochow the Russians suddenly discovered that they had the prior right to a port there.

"At the Berlin Congress we won for the 'Sick Man of Europe'—Turkey—the right to a further existence. It was but the natural consequence when (as the only power not directly interested in the Mediter-

ranean conflict) we undertook to aid the Turkish Sick Man to make right use of the waste regions which had been the seat of flourishing ancient culture.

"Either we have to go in for world politics, in which event we were forced to undertake what we did in the Near East and in the Far East, or else we had to stay at home and export our population. The latter was what we did before the foundation of the German Empire and we did it generously, too. A middle course was not open to us.

"The World War did not have to come with the inevitability of mathematical calculation. The tensest crises, like that of 1909, were eased without any explosion. A word from England would have sufficed to stay the torrent that was precipitating itself upon us as early as the spring of 1914 from the East, and by August, was so closely upon us that it would have been national suicide not to have set up a dam in the face of it at the eleventh hour.

"If Germany, in August 1914, could have held back, Pan-Slavism would have had a new bomb in its well-filled arsenal. The Hapsburg Monarchy would have been isolated and overpowered. Russia would thus have won against us a strategic position that would have checkmated us completely at every subsequent move. Our choice would then have been between a war of desperation on our own soil, or a surrender that would have meant inglorious subjection for Germany. But in 1914 we had no choice. The mobilization of Russia compelled us to mobilize in self-defense. Compared with the menace of the Russian invasion, every other consideration paled into insignificance."

Meanwhile the Prosecutor had been whispering with the shade of Prince Max of Baden.

"The Defense," declared the Prosecutor, "has in a previous session left the Jurors with a slanderous portrayal of Prince Max, the Emperor's last chancellor. This wrong must be righted before the trial ends." "I can well understand," said the Prosecutor, turning to William, sarcastically and suavely, "how Your Imperial Majesty personally may consider Prince Max a traitor, for by announcing your abdication he parted you forever from your treasure-chests and your glittering uniforms and your power. But need the German people consider him as such? Prince Max believed it his mission to bring democracy to Germany. Even Your Majesty has never denied the integrity of his motives. With the exception of your Majesty, most of us prefer democracy to

the claptrap of medieval despotism. Even if Hitler has temporarily destroyed and postponed Prince Max's ideal of a liberal and liberated Germany, will not Your Majesty admit that, aside from your subjective self-interest, his ideal deserves our praise and admiration?"

A thundercloud appeared on William's brow.

"Parliamentarism," he retorted sharply, "is discredited everywhere. A king, being an individual, has a conscience. The mob has none. In a monarchy one man is responsible. In a Parliamentary Republic, government is so divided that finally responsibility falls upon none.

"The term democracy is comparable to a decanter into which all sorts of wine may be poured and are poured. The beverage always contains a strong admixture of alcohol. The intoxicating quality of the stuff explains the enthusiasm of the consumers. Its excessive consumption leads to the unavoidable katzen-jammer. In two-thirds of Europe democracy has ceased to function. Even in America the grip of the central government tightens year after year. I agree with Mr. H. L. Mencken's paradox 'How can any man *be* a democrat who *is* sincerely a democrat?' Mencken's condemnation of the hypocritical ideology of western democracy, which in the main underlies western parliamentarism, is forcible and convincing. I am delighted with the manner in which he compares the soul of the mass to the soul of a child. The masses are an eternal child that never grows up, animated forever by child-like instincts. 'The mob,' as Mencken says, 'being composed mainly of men and women who have not gotten beyond the ideas and impressions of childhood, hovers in the mental age of puberty or even below it.'

"The masses, like children, require education, guidance, care. Woe to them if they fall into the hands of unscrupulous seducers who exploit and misdirect their infantile instincts! Inexperienced youth is fascinated by the form of democracy because it offers an ideal. This ideal is based on false premises. It assumes an aggregation of individuals described as 'the people,' which does not exist, and, so far as experience permits us to judge, never will exist, a 'people' capable of reflection, devoid of egotism and possessing sound judgment! No such people lives outside of Utopia!

"The American opponent of democracy states a bitter truth in his remark when the city mob fights, it fights not for liberty but for ham and cabbage. Its first act is to destroy every form of freedom that is not directed wholly to that end.

"In reality, freedom is nowhere more misquoted or caricatured than in a democracy. Every idea is vulgarized, every currency debased. The people are cheated out of their freedom by democracy which robs them of every iota of it. In spite of all its cant, democracy does not take care of its own. President Wilson in his book on the State, admitted that Prussia's administrative system served as a type of the highest development of local self-government.

"'Since the close of the Napoleonic wars,' Wilson said, 'her system of government has become a model of centralized civil order. Prussian administrative arrangements as they now exist may be said to be in large part student-made. . . . And because she has trusted her students, Prussia has had practical students: students who have been conservative and carefully observant of historical conditions. The Prussian system of town government is a striking example of active self-government. . . . This literal self-government which breaks down the wall of distinction between the official and non-official guardian of city interest and presses all into the service of the community, is not optional; it is one of the cardinal principles of the system that service as a 'select citizen' is to be enforced by penalties—by increasing the taxes of those who refuse to serve.'

"After lauding Prussia, Woodrow Wilson castigates his own country. "Through the different phases of history, dirty, not to say putrifying influences made themselves felt. We at last have finished by having the worst managed administration of the civilized world.'"

"Evidently," the Attorney for the Defense ventured, "Mr. Wilson changed his mind when he summoned the American people to declare war on Germany to make the world safe for democracy."

"Apparently," the Emperor rejoined, "Wilson was neither conscious nor ashamed of his sudden change of front when in 1917 he proclaimed Prussia and Germany to be a stain upon the civilized nations and adjured mankind to join in a crusade against the very same historical peculiarities of Prussia which in calmer days won his praise.

"The term democracy is part of the great tragic comedy of mankind. I am not surprised that after experiencing Wilson's change of front and the reign of terror unloosened in America during the World War, Mencken reached the conclusion that 'Democracy as a political scheme may be defined as a device for releasing the hatred born of envy and for giving it the force and dignity of the law. The only sort



of liberty,' he adds, 'that is real in democracy is the liberty of the "have nots" to destroy the liberty of the "haves".'

"When my own palace was looted by the mob they destroyed or pillaged all my clothes. It was necessary for me to have a new civilian suit made by the village tailor of Doorn. In itself the incident is not important. I mention it merely as an illustration of the democracy of the mob.

"I recently discovered in a German periodical certain pages from the diary of Johannes Scherr, a German revolutionist-democrat who fled to Switzerland during the revolution of 1848, and became a celebrated professor of history and literature at Zurich.

"In this diary, written ostensibly under the name of Johannes Sauerampfer, Scherr declares, twenty-three years after the revolution: 'Though an old inveterate democrat, I was deeply mortified by the lamentable results of the experiments made by France with universal suffrage, and by Switzerland with the popular referendum, a new-fangled universal nostrum proclaimed by all the political bawlers on political platform—which only my sense of humor enabled me to bear lightly.

"'I feel compelled to make a confession,' Scherr continues. 'A long while ago I proclaimed publicly that there existed only two forms of state, monarchy and the democratic republic. Now I must apologize for this nonsense, when I observe the damnable, disgusting and hypocritical flattery, cringing to the mob, performed at this moment by our democrats of the newest Parisian type. These gentlemen, uncultured, bullying, insolent, without knowledge or conscience, office grabbers, frequenters of the inn-corners, highwaymen of the small press, will destroy the belief in democracy within all respectable people and rob it of every credit. It cannot be otherwise!'

"Scherr goes on: 'Disgusting are the court flatterers to Princes, far more disgusting are those who flatter the masses, because they disgrace freedom whose name is on their lips; whereas the Court flatterers bear themselves as the flunkeys they are.

"'A people may listen to truth, not always but now and then, but the mob can only tolerate the Lie! The upright and unselfish friend of the People, is bound to hate the mob, because it is such a disgusting caricature of the People!'

"Real democracy flourishes best under the rule of a monarch. All the theories in the world concerning democracy are worthless compared

to the 'living democracy' proposed by Baron von Stein in his proposals to my ancestor, Frederick William the Third.

"His democracy was conceived as being composed of citizens who, on account of the judgment and experience acquired by their intelligence, had a right to be selected for employment in the administration of the country.

"Frobenius preaches a similar doctrine. He believes in the selection of representatives of the people, not by the vote of the masses but according to professions, trades or guilds. The inrush of western democracy which preserves the form, but not the spirit, checked the development of the democracy planned by Baron von Stein, the only type of democracy which does not degrade the citizen to what we Germans call *Stimmvieh*—'voting cattle.'

"Stein's living democracy is independent of the form of government of a nation. It is entirely feasible in a monarchy. No monarch wishes the energies dormant in his people to remain unexploited. But in the life of every nation there exist certain questions that thwart solution from below. Certain problems cannot be tackled from what we Germans call the *Froschperspective*—'the perspective of the frog.' These must be decided from above, from the viewpoint of the Monarch, aided by men selected from the leaders of the various professions, men qualified to gauge the requirements and the interests of the state as a whole.

"Mencken is right when he says of 'many a beneficial institution'—as for instance of the Imperial German Social Legislation—: 'it was forced upon its beneficiaries by a small group of visionaries, all of them standing outside the class benefited!' And the World War gives us many an example of the irrationality and shortsightedness of the so-called 'popular will' concerning the vital questions of decisive influence on the life and future of the nations affected by it.

"Under a parliamentary government there are many different perspectives but in the end the mass or frog perspective prevails. There is no one who aims to reconcile all conflicting points of view for the benefit of all the people. To achieve this reconciliation, to judge the force of the nation from the highest possible perspective, is the function of kings."

"But," the Counsel queried, "is it not possible for a dictator to exercise this function?"

"Only," the Kaiser replied, "temporarily, if not the king himself

becomes dictator. The dictator, if not King, unlike the king, rules without the sanction of tradition. Kingship too, is a calling that must be learned and that cannot be learned in one generation."

After a whispered conversation the Senior Council turned the Imperial Defendant over once more to Niemann.

"There is one more question," he, the faithful Niemann, asked, "to which I would like Your Majesty's answer: Is Your Majesty convinced that Germany would have escaped Versailles if Prince Max von Baden had not sacrificed you to his dream of democracy?"

"In my person," the Emperor replied, "Germany held a trump card. The merit or demerit of myself personally had nothing at all to do with this consideration. I was the symbol of a tradition of centuries, the incarnation of a historical period of tremendous German development.

"The enemy alliance, with President Woodrow Wilson at its head, sought in every way to deprive the German people of this trump card. Many influential elements at home snatched at the bait held out in the Wilson Note. Men let themselves be persuaded that the Emperor and the monarchy were the sole impediments to a peace of mutual understanding.

"In view of the revelations made me by the civil, military and political officials, I could no longer doubt that my presence with the army would be an obstacle to any united defense. Our army and our people must be kept intact in a condition to confront the enemy until peace was established. They must not be rendered impotent through any internal feud.

"This consideration alone was decisive. It impelled me to yield to the instances of responsible advisers. They may have painted to me a misleading picture of conditions at home. They may have misunderstood the mood of the army. These details do not comprise any basis for censure of myself. The conscious and deliberate sacrifice I made is scarcely any ground for charges of ignominious flight.

"Neither in madness nor in panic did I go into exile. I went in calm, peaceful meditation, in the consciousness of fidelity to duty to my beloved army and my ill-starred and deluded Fatherland. My heart is free from all resentments against the German people. Those who misled and deluded the German people will yet answer for it to the Supreme Judge of all."

The Emperor halted.

Once more the Chief Counsel for the Defense arose, facing the Court and the Jury.

"What started the War," he thundered, "what induced all nations of the world to engage in unreasoning slaughter? Perhaps no one will ever be able to tell with certainty *who* and *what* precipitated that epochal disaster. But no one who has listened to the proceedings before the High Court of History can deny that my client William II did not will this war!"

There was a ripple of applause, quickly checked by the Court.

"The Defense rests," laconically announced the Chief Counsel.

"William II," the Presiding Justice asked, "is their any further statement Your Majesty would like to make before the Jury retires?"

"What further explanations," the Emperor replied wearily, "are required of me? I acknowledged myself guilty of having always placed the Fatherland before myself. I am guilty of having sacrificed myself personally for the army and for the country. I saved them from the shame of having to hand over their dethroned Emperor to the foe. I admit that I am guilty of having chosen exile instead of voluntary death. Yes, I am guilty of holding on to life in order to bear witness against those who accuse Germany of the greatest crime in world history.

"My own voluntary self-sacrifice ought to have brought to Germany honorable peace. It is not a tragedy for me alone, but a tragedy for the German people that the holders of political power then did not or could not wait for the right moment for the sacrifice.

"How often the words of Gregory VII occur to me: 'I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I am dying in exile.'"

A hush fell over the assemblage.

The Emperor shook hands with Niemann, bowed to the Senior Counsel and the others. Then, turning to the Jury, William made a final avowal of faith.

"I believe that the misverdict of Versailles will be reversed by the common sense of the world and Germany's efforts. I believe in my people. I believe in their peaceful mission, interrupted by a frightful war Germany did not wish and for which she is in no wise to blame."

## EPILOGUE

MAGIC ILLUMINATION suffuses the towers of the Peace Palace, where the trial of the Kaiser proceeds to its predestined end. Through the tall windows the candelabra seem like clusters of stars; under these stars the living, mingling with the dead, await the momentous conclusion. The motley audience that breathlessly watches the denouement of the drama consists largely of those who played a part in the tragedy of William II.

The Iron Chancellor, Otto von Bismarck, supported by his son Herbert, still taps impatiently with his cane. Still elegant, still the dandy, the wraith of Prince Philipp von Eulenburg, wrings perfumed hands. Still urbane, still the causeur, the Chancellor with the Serpent's Tongue, Buelow, chats with the Emperor's uncle and chancellor, his predecessor, Prince Hohenlohe. Holstein's hyena eyes suspiciously muster the various groups standing or sitting about the Court Room.

Waldersee, the Fox, exchanges confidences with the man who lost the Battle on the Marne, Hellmuth von Moltke. Behind Moltke, as becomes a subaltern, still unable to understand, hovers Hentsch, the personification of his Chief's indecision. Hinzpeter, still the heartless pedagogue and the arrant pedant, makes notes on his detachable cuff with an air of self-righteousness and importance. Hindenburg, still resembling the immense wooden image of himself, listens with inscrutable calm to the tense voice of Ludendorff and marks the excited twitch in the face of the master strategist of the War.

Count Witte, once Premier of Russia, who favorably compared William with his own neurasthenic master, argues with Georges Clemenceau, the grave-digger of Europe's peace. Even beyond the grave, Clemenceau is still the Tiger. Clemenceau and Nitti ignore each other. Lloyd George, the most agile of politicians, earnestly talks to the eager but unconvinced Colonel House. Woodrow Wilson, disillusioned and haggard, listens out makes no comment.

Generals and diplomats rub shoulders with royalty. Queen Victoria occupies one of the seats as if it were a throne. King Edward VII looks as if his royal mother had just read him a curtain lecture. Habit survives even the grave. Nicholas, the last of the Czars, is still unable to

make up his mind. A cynical smile plays on the features of Abdul Hamid, the last of the Sultans. He gazes with slight amusement at a dark Moroccan Chief, who watches every movement with glistening, bead-like eyes.

The German Imperial family is fully represented. Grave, but confident, William I places his arm around the Kaiser's father and mother, the Emperor Frederick and his spouse, as if attempting to bridge in death the gulf that divided them living. At a distance, arms folded, Frederick the Great quizzically surveys Crown Prince Wilhelm, the eldest son of the Kaiser, and notes the spectacular facial resemblance between himself and his collateral descendant.

In the center aisle, arm in arm, stand the two women who shed their love over William's life: Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Hermine of Reuss. William II, leaning against the table where the staff of the Counsel for the Defense consult earnestly, reciprocates their tender smiles. If he has any doubt as to the outcome of the trial, he conceals his emotions with the mastery of thirty years of kingship. The Prosecutor, flanked by his assistants, awaits developments calmly. The last word has been said. Nothing can be added for or against the Defendant.

Suddenly the hum of many voices that fills the high hall and echoes from pillar to pillar, ceases. The court criers enter with their "Hear ye! Hear ye!" The entire assemblage rises and the five Judges solemnly enter.

The twelve jurors gaze at the Defendant and at the Judge solemnly. The twelfth juror is still masked. The jurors appreciate that they hold in their hands the world's conscience. The real jury for which they speak are multitudes of men and women in every quarter of this wandering star. All agree that this is a trial without precedent, except in the esoteric lore of the Kabbala.

Throughout the trial the five Judges presided in rotation; when special difficulties arose, they consulted, and every decision was made unanimously. The strain of the proceedings was so great, the mass of the material so vast, that no one Judge could have mastered the task. Ordinary legal procedure was discarded from the beginning. The Judges placed practically no limit on admissible evidence. In that respect the trial was conducted along the lines of a parliamentary investigation.

Equally as they had shared the brunt of the trial, the five Judges,

now divided among themselves the final task—the summation of the case for the jury. The German Judge, leaning back almost too far in the desire to be impartial, adequately sums up the case presented by the Prosecution against the Defendant. The English Judge, with equal impartiality, analyzes the evidence of the Defense. The Frenchman and the American impartially analyze the chief witness's data. Then the Chief Justice addresses the jury within and without the court room, and as he speaks, the world listens:

“My learned associates,” he begins, “have dissected for you the arguments of the Defense and the Prosecution; you have heard again Article 227 of the Peace Treaty of Versailles, arraiging William II of Hohenzollern, German Emperor and King of Prussia, for ‘a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties.’ This article constitutes the chief Indictment. But other grave accusations have been raised against William II, in some instances by his own compatriots. The Prosecution has alleged against him a long catalog of grievous offenses. To wit:

“The Kaiser, called to the throne of a powerful and prosperous realm, dissipated his patrimony. He disregarded the bland preachments of his gentle father, and broke the heart of his mother. He supplanted the wise giant, whose shoulders had borne the burden of Empire, with sycophants and parasites.

“When, at the last, he stole across the border of ravished Belgium like a thief in the night, he left behind him ruin and wreckage. Millions of his subjects laid down their lives for their Sovereign. After leading his people into a sea of carnage, he deserted them, unwilling to face their judgment.

“Actuated by morbid delusions of greatness, vacillating between weakness and ferocity, at once blustering and irresolute, William II visited upon the world the greatest slaughter in history, blasphemously claiming partnership with the Almighty.

“Felonious or foolish, he unleashed a world conflagration. Folly or no, the World War was no accident. It was a premeditated and malicious plot concocted by William II against humanity, against law, against civilization. Like Attila, like Genghis Khan, like his vandal ancestors, the Kaiser was actuated by blood lust. He stopped at nothing, however criminal, to achieve his goal—world domination.

“Gliding underseas, his submarines slaughtered innocent women and children, while his Zeppelins, sailing in the clouds, wrought havoc

among the dwellers of peaceful cities. Borrowing arms from the arsenals of hell, William II spewed forth poison gases, blinding and suffocating the defenders of civilization.

“Not content with making a scrap of paper of his most solemn engagements, the German War Lord demolished hospitals and cathedrals. Great libraries went up in smoke to satisfy his sadistic rage.

“Striding over the bodies of the slain, and the smoking ruins of temples, the Kaiser trampled under his bloody heel the whole peace-loving and civilian world. He demolished good faith among nations and saddled pestilence, revolution and famine upon the human race.’

“For the countless offenses alleged against him the Prosecution demands the supreme penalty this Court can impose, and which it will impose, if you, Men and Women of the Jury, hold the Defendant guilty as charged. The Defense, ably marshaling arguments and introducing innumerable witnesses, denies the charges against William *in toto* and demands his exoneration by the High Court of History.

“After consulting with the Court, the Defense and the Prosecution have agreed to reduce the charges against William II, erstwhile German Emperor and King of Prussia to three counts:

**ONE:** William II was an incompetent monarch.

**TWO:** William II did not keep faith with himself or his people.

**THREE:** William II, alone or with others, deliberately planned and provoked the World War.

“In deciding Question One, you must be mindful of William’s position in time and space and of his constitutional limitations. He was not Khan of Xanadu, King of England, or President of the United States, but German Emperor and King of Prussia, not absolute ruler, but first among equals. The limits of imperial power were only vaguely defined. William reigned not in the feudal past, nor in the totalitarian present, but from the end of the Nineteenth to the beginning of the Twentieth Century.

“Landlocked, except for a narrow strip of coast, subject to constant attacks from without, perturbed by innumerable centrifugal forces from within, Germany is the only major power in Europe that has not achieved complete national unity. Across William’s path fell the shadow of Bismarck. If he was unlucky in the choice of his advisers, what was the material from which he could choose under the exigencies of



the period? Intrigue, ambition, envy, deceit, flattery dogged his every step.

"It is for the Jury to decide whether any other monarch unblessed by supreme genius, could have acquitted himself more ably of the tasks that faced William from the beginning.

"In reaching your conclusion concerning Question Two, you must consider William's temperament, his education, his personal idiosyncrasies and his religious convictions. Before deciding the question, you must try to envisage the multiple forces that play around thrones to deflect the purposes of a monarch and to sway his actions. You must weigh the fallibilities of the mind and its emotional fluctuations, which make our will waver like a magnetic needle in response to mysterious and invisible impulses.

"The Question of William's good faith depends upon the sincerity with which he adhered to his own standards. It is for you to decide whether he strove to exercise his high office in accordance with the voice of his conscience.

"The First and Second questions concern primarily William and Germany. The Third charge concerns all mankind. It is for you to determine whether the World War was brought on by William, or with William's connivance; whether it was rendered inevitable by the actions of others, or whether it burst upon the world through explosive forces beyond the control of any individual or any nation.

"If William was at fault, it is for you to decide whether he deliberately, of his own free will, engulfed mankind in the bloody cataclysm. If William did not will the War deliberately, you must find him guiltless of this, the gravest of all charges against him.

"Do not judge him by abstractions, but temper your deliberations with common sense. If the sanctity of treaties figures in your discussions, determine whether or not the circumstances justified the violation of Belgium.

"It is for you to decide to what extent international morality is crystallized in a code and to what extent it governs the actions of rulers and statesmen. You may consider the treaties violated by other Powers before, during and after the World War, including the violation of the solemn engagement of the Fourteen Points.

"You may find the Defendant 'guilty' of the first two charges and still hold him blameless of the Third. William may have been incompetent as a ruler, utterly lacking in good faith as a man, and yet be

innocent of the War Guilt. You may find the Defendant 'not guilty' on the First and Second Counts, and still convict him of having started the War. It is for you to determine if he was a weak, wilful and vacillating ruler, or a faithful steward vanquished by adverse fates and human malice.

"If you find him guilty or guiltless on the first two counts, he will rank a little lower or a little higher than innumerable other sovereigns who ruled for a space to be at last immersed in the oblivion of historical text books. But if you find him guilty on the Third Count your verdict, re-echoing to the end of time, will be his sentence: he will take his place in mankind's Hall of Shame.

"If he is innocent on the Third Count, William is the most maligned ruler in history, and Germany the most maligned of nations. A verdict of 'not guilty' on the Third Count assigns to a fiery doom ten thousand histories, the Blue Books and White Books of Germany's enemies, the speeches of innumerable statesmen, and places on top of the pyre, article by article, paragraph by paragraph, line by line, the Peace Treaty of Versailles."

Hands flutter. Feet scuffle. There are gasps and sighs of repressed emotion at last released. The imperial Defendant with a courteous bow, acknowledges the fairness of the Court. Solemnly the Jury files out.

Hours of agonised waiting. Hours that pass like centuries. Perhaps they *are* centuries. At last, weary but proud of a duty well fulfilled, the Jury, including the Masked Juror, returns. White-faced, soberly, the Foreman of the Jury halts before the Five Judges.

Like the blast of a trumpet on the Last Day of Judgment the voice of the Chief Justice smites the unendurable stillness: "Do you find William of Hohenzollern, erstwhile German Emperor and King of Prussia, guilty or not guilty on the charges submitted? Jurors of the High Court of History, what is your verdict?"

*You who read this are the Twelfth, the Masked, Juror.*

*To you are known the secrets of the Jury and its decision.*

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## APPENDIX

### CHAPTER II

#### THE DAWN OF ARMAGEDDON

- p. 9. *borrowing literally*—  
The language and the arguments of the Prosecutor are taken from the note that accompanied the Allied Ultimatum of June 16, 1919, to the German Peace Delegation. This note was the answer of the Preliminary Peace Conference to observations on the peace terms made by the Germans.
- p. 12. "*'Austria,' he scribbled*"—  
Compare "Die Auswärtige Politik des Deutschen Reiches 1871-1914" (The Foreign Policy of the German Empire 1871-1914), authorized by the German Government, edited by Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy and Friedrich Thimme.
- p. 15. "*I have always,*" *the Kaiser says to himself*—  
This passage and others that follow are reconstructed from "Ereignisse und Gestalten" (The Kaiser's Memoirs), from official publications, from Niemann's accounts and from personal conversations of the author with William II.
- p. 15. "*If I had acted then as Holstein advised,*"—  
Holstein at that time envisaged war. His consultations with the military authorities had convinced him that Germany was ready. The Emperor rejected Holstein's suggestion.
- p. 16. "*Austria-Hungary,*" *the Kaiser muses*—  
Reconstructed from personal conversations.
- p. 16. *Norwegian newspapers*—  
According to the Kaiser's personal recollection he received the news not from the Foreign Office, but from Norwegian newspapers.
- p. 18. "*Plessen,*" *the Kaiser calls to his aide*—  
Reconstructed from personal accounts and official publications of the German Foreign Office.
- p. 19. *The Kaiser, still hoping to avert*—  
Compare Moltke's letters.
- p. 20. *William's last hectic effort*—  
Compare Dr. Kurt Jagow: "Deutschland Freigesprochen" (Germany Acquitted) and "The Foreign Policy of the German Empire 1871-1914."
- p. 20. *There is no doubt that French and Russian mobilization preceded Germany's*—  
"But, as we have seen, the French Government was informed on the 30th (July) of the partial mobilization (of Russia) and had advised the Russians to pursue their preparations, keeping them as secret as possible. . . . 'It will be much better,' Poincaré said, 'that we should not, in adhering to the alliance, have to declare war. If Germany declares it against us, the people of France will rise with greater ardour to defend its soil and its liberty.'" [From "International Anarchy," by Lowes Dickinson.]

- p. 20. *William—citing Telegram 222—*

Compare "A Week With the Kaiser" by George Sylvester Viereck, *American Monthly*, January 1923; also "Ex-Kaiser Breaks his Silence—A Signed Declaration on Present World Problems," *Current History*, Nov. 1924.

- p. 21. *Carried away by the current, he is indeed, for the time being, the embodiment—*

George Bernard Shaw, the inimitable, in his little war play, "The Inca of Perusalem," expresses some of the thoughts that must have arisen in William's mind: "You talk of death as an unpopular thing. You are wrong: for years I gave them art, literature, science, prosperity, that they might live more abundantly; and they hated me, ridiculed me, caricatured me. Now that I give them death in its frightfullest forms, they are devoted to me. If you doubt me, ask those who for years have begged our taxpayers in vain for a few paltry thousands to spend on Life: on the bodies and minds of the nation's children, on the beauty and healthfulness of its cities, on the honor and comfort of its worn-out workers. They refused: and because they refused, death is let loose on them. They grudged a few hundreds a year for their salvation: they now pay millions a day for their own destruction and damnation. And this they call *my* doing! Let them say it, if they dare, before the judgment-seat at which they and I shall answer at last for what we have left undone no less than for what we have done."

- p. 22. *He would have preferred—*

The Great Elector and Frederick the Great are usually regarded as the two most important rulers given to Prussia by the Hohenzollern family. The ideal of the Crown Prince is Frederick the Great, whom he strongly resembles facially. The ideal of the Kaiser is the Great Elector, who possessed much of the genius which distinguished Frederick, but lacked his atheism and his predilection for French literature. The Kaiser does not compare himself to either of these men, but on several occasions at Doorn he modestly pictured himself as a careful steward who had stored up wealth and energy against the emergencies which he knew would sooner or later threaten the country, like Frederick William I, the father of Frederick the Great. Without the discipline of Frederick William I, Frederick the Great could not have won his victories. The father, on the other hand, was not equipped to fight Frederick's battles. The Kaiser has expressed this thought on several occasions in his conversations with the author. It is curious that the father of Frederick the Great, whose fame has been overshadowed by that of his son and who is customarily portrayed as a soulless martinet, is coming into his own in Germany only today.

- p. 23. *"The last thing the vainglorious Kaiser wanted"—*

From the *War Memories of Lloyd George*, volume I, chapter two, "The Crash."

- p. 25. *England was pledged to come to the aid of Russia and France—*

For the importance of Sir Edward Grey's commitments compare "Origins of the World War," by Sidney B. Fay.

- p. 25. *"a weathercock"—*

From my interview with Ramsay MacDonald which appeared in the "March of Events" section of the Hearst papers, May 13, 1923.

- p. 25ff. "*The hard immovable fact*"—  
Ramsay MacDonald's testimony is taken verbatim from "Why We Are At War," a warning he addressed to his countrymen in 1915. It appears in "England On The Witness Stand," a book of articles, letters and speeches by prominent Englishmen edited by Frederick F. Schrader, published by *The Fatherland* Corporation, 1915, New York. The Defense Attorney's quotations from Grey's letters appear in "England Self-Revealed," the initial article in "England On The Witness Stand."
- p. 28ff. "*Documents published*"—  
From Francesco Nitti's article in the "March of Events" section of the Hearst papers, October 28, 1923.
- p. 30. *They did not know that Belgium*—  
Compare "Die englisch-belgischen Aufmarschpläne gegen Deutschland vor dem Weltkriege—Eine militärische Studie über die 'Conventions anglo-belges' mit neuen Dokumenten" by Carl Hosse. The secret military agreements between the Belgian and the British Military Staffs, made in 1906, were suspected, but not known until the documents themselves were unearthed by the Germans after the invasion of Belgium.
- p. 33. "*Fortunately, the Emperor's Attorney replied*"—  
Mr. James W. Gerard reproduces the Emperor's statement in facsimile. Compare "My Four Years in Germany."
- p. 34. *Years before a British periodical*—  
*The Saturday Review* (London), under the editorship of Frank Harris.

## CHAPTER III

## THE WOUNDS OF YOUTH

- p. 36. *William, dressed in the red uniform of the Hussars*,—  
The statement is borrowed from Mr. Benson's extremely biased study, "The Kaiser and English Relations." "This absurd story," remarks Baroness Dora von Beseler, "should find no place in a serious book." Nevertheless, similar stories, equally exaggerated, have circulated widely and constitute the world's indictment of William."—*Quarterly Review*, January 1937—"The Kaiser and English Relations," reviewed by Baroness Dora von Beseler.
- p. 37. *A conversation conducted in Latin*—  
Some doubt whether the Princess Victoria was sufficiently familiar with Latin to understand what was said. The Emperor thinks she did. Believing that the patient was unconscious, the physicians may have dropped the safeguard of a foreign tongue. In any case, some presentiment in the heart of the Princess told her that the life of her unborn babe was at stake. Like immemorial mothers, she was willing to immolate herself for her child. The authenticity of the incident at the birth of William II has been questioned. But I have its verification from the mouth of the Kaiser. "My mother told me the story herself."
- p. 37. *Save my child*—  
This, as the Kaiser's keenest biographer, Karl Friedrich Nowak, comments, was the only instance in which the Princess Royal of England, known to history as the Empress Frederick, showed maternal affection

for her eldest son. Nowak was wrong. Poor Victoria loved her son in her fashion.

- p. 38. *Today there are various mechanical manipulations—*  
Compare the Emperor's own reminiscences, "Aus Meinem Leben 1859-1888." (In English, "My Early Life.")
- p. 39. *Frederick himself, at times, looked upon his eldest son with animosity—*  
"Apart from the irritation felt by Frederick, which really was caused far more by the attitude of his father and of Bismarck than by his son's, there was a great mutual tenderness between them, and we have reason to believe that both suffered acutely under the almost complete separation imposed upon them by the Empress during Emperor Frederick's illness."  
—*Quarterly Review*, January 1937—"The Kaiser and English Relations," reviewed by Baroness Dora von Beseler.
- p. 39. *The correspondence of the Princess Victoria with her mother—*  
Compare "Letters of the Empress Frederick," edited by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, from which this and other excerpts from letters are taken.
- pp. 41-43. *But after a long struggle—*  
The attempt to master his infirmity made the Kaiser one of the best marksmen in Europe. Such at least is the opinion of his eldest son, Crown Prince Wilhelm. Even in the late seventies the Kaiser has a strength that is supernormal. His hand grips like iron. He ascribes this strength to the over-exertions of his childhood. Emil Ludwig and other biographers blame most of the Kaiser's faults on his attempt to over-compensate the handicap of his injured arm. They forget that this over-compensation is the source not only of his faults but of his virtues. It is nature's ingenious attempt to turn weakness into strength, liabilities into assets. According to Professor Alfred Adler, man's constitutional inferiority engenders the impulse that has created civilization.
- p. 41. *The case of William II is rendered extraordinary—*  
The Kaiser emphasized in his conversations with me the unfortunate complications resulting from this predicament.
- p. 41. *Queen Victoria understood young William's temperament better—*  
This is obvious from her letters. Unfortunately all her answers to her daughter are not available.
- p. 42. *William did not hate his parents—*  
Compare the Kaiser's own reminiscences and his gallant introduction to the German edition of his mother's letters.
- p. 45. *Hinzpeter defeated his purposes—*  
Compare the Kaiser's reminiscences; also remarks made to the author in "A Week in Doorn."
- p. 45. *Nevertheless Hinzpeter's religious influence—*  
Even to this day William occasionally stresses, as he did in a sermon which I heard at Doorn, that God is not merely the Heavenly Father, the "Bon Dieu" of the French, the "Lieber Gott" of the Germans, but also a God of Wrath.
- p. 46. *Although purely German in origin—*  
Princess Victoria, like other members of the family, over-emphasized her English traits to silence a German inferiority complex. In the World

War the British Royal Family anglicized its name. King George, according to Colonel House, was the most anti-German of monarchs!

- p. 46. *William II, called to the witness stand*—  
From "My Early Life."
- p. 51. *His words re-invested*—  
Compare "My Early Life."
- p. 53. *"Recently," the Prince replied*—  
From Karl Friedrich Nowak's "Emperor and Chancellor."
- p. 57. *No more state secrets are to be smuggled to London*—  
Sir Frederick Ponsonby, attending King Edward on his last visit to the Empress Frederick, secretly took boxes of papers out of the country. He himself describes the incident in his preface to the "Letters of the Empress Frederick."
- p. 58. *English witnesses admit*—  
These witnesses include so hostile a biographer as E. F. Benson, whose opinions are paraphrased here.

## CHAPTER IV

## THE SHADOW OF BISMARCK

- p. 61. *In the beginning the youthful Kaiser*—  
Compare William's own reminiscences.
- p. 62. *"You don't want money!"*—  
This story is told by Nowak in "Emperor and Chancellor." The Minister in question was Hermann von Lucanus, Chief of the Civil Cabinet.
- p. 63. *"Again and again," as the Kaiser has said*—  
In conversation with the author.
- p. 66. *The Empire founded by Bismarck*—  
William's rejection of Bismarck's Re-insurance Treaty on ethical grounds increased Germany's dependence upon her Austro-Hungarian ally. Bismarck had restrained both Austria and Russia by making it clear that he would back neither one in an aggressive war in the Balkans. The chancellors who followed Bismarck failed to restrain Austria. They gave her, unwittingly and unwillingly, a blank check. She, abusing their confidence, overdrew the account!  
Bismarck had divided the Balkans into two spheres of influence and forced his two allies, Russia and Austria, each to stick to its own sphere. However, after Germany drove Russia into the Franco-Russian Alliance, Austria seized the reins. Austria knew Germany would have to back anything her Balkan partner undertook against Russia, whether Germany wanted to or not, because Russia was now allied with Germany's enemy. Germany could not afford to stand by and let her only ally, Austria, be beaten by Russia, because the consequence would be that Germany would be utterly helpless between Russia and France. In Bismarck's day, however, Germany *could* have afforded to stand by while Russia beat Austria because Russia was then not allied with France but with Germany. For that very reason, Austria had kept her peace in the Balkans. With the

Re-insurance Treaty with Russia, Germany gave up the possibility of controlling Austria and hence was powerless to prevent a World War. In vain William tried to retrieve the error at Bjorkoe.

Austria's disintegration into different nationalities would have been no danger if Germany had been allied with Russia. Then Russia and Germany would simply have divided the Slavic and German provinces of Austria between them.

- p. 68. *Documents submitted by him to the monarch were carefully "edited"*—  
See Nowak.
- p. 68. *"What do I care about the damned Empire"*—  
Such expressions, escaping from Bismarck in his rage do not, of course, represent the real man, but they reveal nevertheless sub-currents of the unconscious.
- p. 72. *"I have chosen this day"*—  
Reconstructed from personal conversations with Emperor William.
- p. 75. *"Prince Bismarck," the Kaiser said*—  
Emperor William to the author. Compare "A Week in Doorn."
- p. 76. *Purple with rage, the Chancellor glared at his sovereign*—  
This entire scene is a dramatization of numerous versions of the incident, including the Emperor's own.
- p. 80. *Was it possible to have him declared insane like Bavaria's Ludwig?*—  
The fundamental reasons for the breach between the Kaiser and Bismarck were similar, in some respects, to those which led to the abdication of Edward VIII. William aroused Bismarck's antagonism when he advocated security for Germany's workers and received a deputation of striking coal miners from the Ruhr district. Edward's goose was cooked when he dared to show his personal sympathy with the coal miners of Wales. Mrs. Simpson, it is now generally believed, was only a pretext. In Germany, the Emperor dismissed the Chancellor; in England, the Prime Minister forced the King to give up his crown. In Germany, the captain dropped the pilot; in England, it was the pilot who dropped the captain. Bismarck, on more than one occasion, revolved in his mind the project of deposing William II. But the supremacy of the sovereign was more strongly established in Germany than in England. So it was Bismarck who walked the plank. With the dismissal of Bismarck began that passive resistance of the German bureaucracy against which William II strove throughout his reign. It is too early to predict the ultimate consequences of Edward's forced abdication. The sabotage of William's ideas by his own Foreign Office ended with the destruction of imperial power in Germany. It is possible that Baldwin, while saving his Cabinet, may have dealt a mortal blow to monarchy in Great Britain.
- p. 82. *At 9 o'clock the next morning the Emperor appeared*—  
Reconstructed from Bismarck's and Buelow's memoirs and from the Emperor's own account in Nowak's "Emperor and Chancellor."
- p. 88. *"When," the Kaiser once said, "my government asked for political funds"*—  
Compare "A Week in Doorn."
- p. 90. *He dispatched Kuno von Moltke to Friedrichsruh*—  
The whole story of this episode has been told by Kuno von Moltke him-



self in a letter to his nephew Detlef von Moltke. Detlef von Moltke has given me the privilege of examining the document.

- p. 90. *"Posthumous diaries of historical personages"*—  
William II to G. S. V. at Doorn.
- p. 91. *Under fire from the Defense he admitted that, when he bade leave from the diplomatic corps,—*  
Compare Nowak.
- p. 91. *"My conscience was always aimed like a pistol at me."*—  
Reported by Nowak.

## CHAPTER V

## THE MAN WITH THE HYENA EYES

- p. 94. *Rosen affirmed his solemn conviction—*  
Compare Friedrich Rosen's: "Aus einem diplomatischen Wanderleben." Rosen hints in his book that Holstein was deranged. He expressed himself even more drastically in a conversation with me a few years before his death, at his home in the suburbs of Berlin.
- p. 94. *Night lies like a cloak over Berlin—*  
This episode was related to Rosen by Princess Buelow and is retold in his reminiscences.
- p. 94. *Who ungallantly referred to the charming lady as a "squeezed-out lemon."*—  
From a hitherto unpublished letter from Herbert Bismarck to Holstein. I am indebted for the information to Professor Friedrich Thimme, who is editing Holstein's papers and correspondence.
- p. 95. *If William II ever asks himself what names history will associate with his name—*  
It is obvious from the Kaiser's Memoirs that he never fully visualized Holstein's importance.
- p. 95. *Once the Emperor compared Holstein to Colonel House—*  
This was in a marginal note made by the imperial pencil on the proofs of my book, "The Strangest Friendship in History—Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House."
- p. 97. *Holstein himself denied under oath—*  
Professor Thimme, who has access to all Holstein's correspondence, accepts Holstein's version and so states in a letter of September 1934 to me.
- p. 100. *Industriously the Baron assembled details about the secret vices, etc.—*  
Professor Thimme, in a note to the author,—while admitting that Holstein, like all diplomats, was interested in gossip and scandal,—denies the existence of the "poison cupboard." Its absence from the papers entrusted to Thimme by Holstein's executors does not imply that it never existed.
- p. 101. *"He recently proposed that I should murder the Kaiser"*—  
The almost incredible incident is vouched for by Holstein's arch enemies, Prince Henckel-Donnersmarck and Prince Philipp Eulenburg. Thimme rejects the story, although he admits that, moved by the sufferings of Frederick, Holstein may have observed that it would be kinder to the

- royal patient to end his hopeless illness. He did advise some such resort to euthanasia in a letter (unpublished) to his friend, Prince Radolin. Thimme avers that Bismarck and the two princes may have deliberately distorted and perverted Holstein's humane suggestion.
- p. 104. *"Give me," he bruskiy demands from the custodian of secret documents,—*  
Reconstructed from contemporary accounts.
- p. 106. *"At last," he writes to his cousin, Ida von Stülpnagel,—*  
From an unpublished letter, called to my attention by Thimme.
- p. 106. *Only once, according to a rumor related by—*  
Kuerenberg: "Die Graue Excellenz." Thimme considers this story apocryphal.
- p. 108. *"I have always," the Emperor has said—*  
To G. S. V. in Doorn.
- p. 110. *William II replied: "All this is news to me"—*  
From an unpublished letter of Prince Radolin to Holstein, supplied to the author by Professor Thimme.
- p. 111. *The Kaiser himself has explained that his sense of propriety prevented him from discussing politics—*  
This is the information vouchsafed to the author by Emperor William. It vividly exemplifies that extraordinary respect for authority upon which the Emperor builds his philosophy of life.
- p. 111. *France had been in a conciliatory mood—*  
The evidence here is contradictory: Compare Buelow, Holstein, Rosen, etc., but there is no doubt that Holstein seriously envisaged an armed conflict.
- p. 113. *On the witness stand Emperor William confirmed the statement—*  
Reconstructed from William II's "Ereignisse und Gestalten." This passage closely follows the German original.

## CHAPTER VI

## THE JEKYL AND HYDE OF THE IMPERIAL COURT

- p. 116. *The Eulenburg scandal rocked the foundations of the German Empire—*  
History constantly repeats itself. Years after Eulenburg's death a similar scandal, bursting in the vicinity of the head of the state, shook the Third Reich. The coincidence has prompted Princess Catherine Radziwill in an American periodical to make the fantastic assertion that Eulenburg was the friend and adviser of Captain Roehm. There is no warrant whatsoever for such a conclusion. Poor Eulenburg was on his death-bed before Captain Roehm was a power in Germany. Eulenburg merely sought imperial favors for himself and his intimates. Roehm's conduct was considered treason. Eulenburg was forced to sue for libel; Roehm faced a firing squad.
- p. 118. *"Those who make history," William II has said—*  
In conversations with the author at Doorn.
- p. 118. *Eulenburg's lapses from loyalty—*  
I pointed out to the Emperor that Eulenburg was the most unselfish of his friends. The Emperor listened silently, but did not contradict me.

- p. 122. *At the same time he warned the Emperor to conceal any interest in spiritualism—*  
Note Eulenburg's own account in a letter to Buelow (July 1901).
- p. 123. *"Why should I, the Lord's anointed, resort to magic"—*  
This sentence, uttered many years before his conversation with me at Doorn, reveals that his point of view had not changed. It also reveals the twentieth-century skepticism and the medieval mysticism so curiously merged in the personality of William II.
- p. 126. *Seated in his workroom on a swivel stool—*  
This scene is based upon Eulenburg's memoirs, the Kaiser's reminiscences, etc.
- p. 140. *Harden was determined to overthrow with his pen—*  
Napoleon once said that what artillery did in the nineteenth century, the pen would do in the twentieth. If he had lived to see the World War, he would have substituted the term "propaganda."

## CHAPTER VII

## THE CHANCELLOR WITH THE SERPENT'S TONGUE

- p. 143. *Half his time and vitality—*  
This is more or less the burden of Buelow's dirge in the four volumes of his Memoirs.
- p. 144. *"It is," the Kaiser remarked after reading Buelow's Memoirs—*  
To the present writer at Doorn
- p. 149. *It was largely William's gesture at Damascus—*  
In March 1937 Benito Mussolini made a similar gesture to win the support of the Mohammedan world. I am indebted for my information on the effect of the Emperor's speech to that expert on the Orient, Essad Bey, author of "Allah ist Gross."
- p. 151. *"William II," the Chancellor remarked confidentially—*  
This quotation and others that follow are condensations of various letters from Buelow published by himself and others.
- p. 153. *It was whispered in Berlin that Holstein secretly gained possession—*  
It has even been charged that Holstein actually stole the letters himself at a reception at the house of Prince Buelow.
- p. 154. *Under Buelow's immediate predecessor Hohenlohe,—*  
Chlodwig von Hohenlohe was the uncle of the Emperor's wife, Augusta Victoria. The Kaiser frequently referred to him as "Uncle Chlodwig."
- p. 154. *To the Entente Cordiale between England, France and Russia he opposed—*  
The Triple Alliance is older than the Entente. It began in 1882 at Italy's request. It ended in 1914 with Italy's desertion. The Triple Alliance was essentially defensive. It was concluded by Bismarck to maintain the peace of Europe. Both Italy and Austria-Hungary attempted to pervert it into an aggressive alliance. After 1899 Italy drifted toward France. She recognized French aspirations in Morocco in return for the recognition of her own interests in Tripoli. Italy failed to inform her Allies of this until 1901. After the Algeiras Conference in 1906, the Emperor prophesied that

Italy would make common cause with England and France against Germany. Conrad, Chief of the Military Staff of Austria-Hungary, urged a preventive war against Italy. Buelow, concealing his own misgivings, unconditionally renewed the Triple Alliance in 1912.

- p. 154. *When in 1904—*  
Compare Ziekursch.

## CHAPTER VIII

## WILLIAM AND THE CONSTITUTION

- p. 158. *"Apologists for the Emperor,"—*  
For the argument of the Prosecution compare Emil Ludwig, E. F. Benson and other hostile biographers; also the reminiscences of Buelow, Quidde's "Caligula," the files of "Simplicissimus," etc., etc.
- p. 159. *Men are ideas incarnate. —*  
The argument from here to the sentence ending "he still remained His Majesty the Emperor," follows in the main my portrait of the Kaiser in the chapter entitled "S.M." in "Confessions of A Barbarian" [1910]. Members of the imperial family call it a speaking likeness, although it was written many years before I actually met the Kaiser.
- p. 161. *In a drawing made and inspired by him—*  
For the Kaiser's own interpretation of this picture as given to me, see Chapter 19. The Emperor has an uncanny gift for prophecy. Some of these prophecies were transmitted through me in interviews and articles. William forecast the Dictatorship in Germany in 1923. He foretold the resurgence of Chinese Nationalism and the present conflict between China and Japan, but as he wrote to me (5/19/1928): "My warnings were ignored when I was on the throne, they will be the more ignored as they come from the woodcutter and gardener in Doorn. 'Mundus vult decipi; ergo decipiatur.'"
- p. 163. *This is contradicted by the experience of Cecil Rhodes—*  
The information in question was given to the present writer by the late John Hays Hammond, friend and one-time fellow conspirator of Cecil Rhodes. The Emperor also vividly recalls his conversation with Rhodes. I remember conversations with him in which he explained in great detail the technical reasons for the "Titanic" disaster. Not long ago he discussed with me the problems of "Technocracy," shortly after the term had been invented in the United States.
- p. 164. *The Battle of Skagerrack—*  
Called the "Battle off Jutland" by the English, is commemorated as a German victory by the Germans.
- p. 164. *Yet, as every friend of peace, including Colonel Edward M. House—*  
In *Liberty*, December 14, 1935, the Colonel clearly foreshadowed and probably profoundly influenced the entire trend of world affairs since that day. House espoused the theory that there are "haves" and "have-nots" among the nations, and that the world will not be at rest until the have-nots—Germany, Italy and Japan—receive more than crumbs that fall from the colonial table. Since the phrase "haves and have-nots" received new currency by House, it has become almost hackneyed by repetition.

Having made history, Colonel House evidently now desires to unmake it—or, at least, to erase the mistakes made at Versailles.

- p. 165. *The Kaiser, while feeling that he was Emperor by divine dispensation, nevertheless found himself conscientiously bound to obey to the letter an inadequate constitution—*  
 Shaw, in the "Inca of Perusalem" (the delightful play published with "Heartbreak House") amusingly describes the limitations of constitutional monarchs: "An Inca can do nothing. He is tied hand and foot. A constitutional monarch is openly called an india-rubber stamp. An emperor is a puppet. The Inca is not allowed to make a speech: he is compelled to take up a screed of flatulent twaddle written by some noodle of a minister and read it aloud. But look at the American President! He is the Allerhöchst, if you like. No, madam, believe me, there is nothing like Democracy, American Democracy. Give the people voting papers: good long voting papers, American fashion; and while the people are reading the voting papers the Government does what it likes."
- p. 168. *Hinzpeter completely destroyed William's liking for verse—*  
 Poetry was to William a book with seven seals. He would read long volumes of prose to which I called his attention, but I could never persuade him to read a poem which I had written to him during the War, which made the rounds of the world and was translated into many tongues. Once, it is true, he accused me of having aroused his dormant poetic vein and of inspiring some doggerel. "Your Little Blue Books," the Emperor wrote on October 22, 1924, "'Haunted House' and 'The Three Sphinxes,' even aroused such an unpoetic individual as I am."
- p. 168. *For literary beauty the Emperor turned—*  
 It was only in exile, after his marriage to Princess Hermine, that he began to regard *belles lettres* with more than tolerance. It was his misfortune and Germany's that this softening influence came into his life too late for the profit of German letters.
- p. 168. *The morals of the authors represented in the Old Testament—*  
 "Most of them," the Emperor once said to me, "would be in jail if they lived today."
- p. 168. *"Kings," he once said, "are ever in danger."—*  
 To the present writer.
- p. 171. *Theodore Roosevelt attested that the Kaiser—*  
 Compare "Roosevelt—A Study in Ambivalence" (1920), by George Sylvester Viereck.

## CHAPTER IX

## THE PURPLE INTERNATIONALE

- p. 173. *"William II," insisted the Prosecutor, "looked upon history"—*  
 This charge is frequently made against the Emperor. It is, of course, apparently justified by the habit of rulers to speak of "my navy," "my army," "my country." In former years princes were actually referred to by the names of their countries: Cousin "France," "Burgundy," etc.
- p. 173. *"No," William replied furiously—*  
 The Emperor to G. S. V.

- p. 174. *In a letter written seven years after the War—*  
To G. S. V.
- p. 176. *William and Edward confirm the opinion of Dr. Alfred Adler—*  
Modern science concedes a certain freedom of choice, even to the atom. Why not grant to the human soul what we grant to the minutest subdivision of matter? It may be that the doctrine of "free will" may return to philosophy through the back door of physics!
- p. 178. *William II did not have the gift of forgetting—*  
It is curious that Crown Prince William, unlike his father, was on good terms with King Edward VII. Like Edward, he rebelled against Calvinist morals. The Crown Prince refuses to accept the diabolistic interpretation of Edward. He believes that the World War would have been averted if his grand-uncle had been living in 1914. Edward, the Crown Prince avers, would have found some bridge between the Triple Alliance and the Entente Cordiale.
- p. 180. *It induced one of his ministers to convey a hint to Vienna—*  
It is doubtful if William himself was responsible.
- p. 181. *"There is perhaps an element of truth in what you say,"—*  
Emperor William to G. S. V.
- p. 182. *The Ghost of the Holy Alliance of 1815—*  
The League of Three Emperors which lasted from 1872 to 1878 was a continuation of the Holy Alliance, concluded after the Napoleonic Wars. It was formed by Bismarck as a bulwark against Socialism and French revenge. It was announced by the German Emperor, the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Austria in Berlin, and was at first based, not on a written promise, but on the word of the three monarchs. Bismarck's service as an "honest broker" at the Congress of Berlin displeased Russia and ended this League. It was followed by the Austro-German Alliance of 1879 to 1918, formed as a defense against Pan-Slavism, French revenge and Italian Irredentism. From 1881 to 1887 there was another alliance between the Three Emperors. Czar Alexander III refused to renew it, because he was annoyed by Austrian activities in the Balkans. Bismarck, unwilling to lose Russia entirely, then secretly made the famous Russo-German Re-insurance Treaty which was not renewed after its expiration in 1890.
- p. 183. *In spite of the intense antagonism prevailing between himself and his father,—*  
This story is told elsewhere. It was Waldersee who made the suggestion.
- p. 184. *Prince Bismarck had discovered and the Kaiser himself regretfully records the fact,—*  
The Queen of Belgium, though a German Princess, was violently anti-German and retained her antipathy longer than other Belgians after the War.
- p. 185. *William irritated the Czar.—*  
This is obvious from the Czar's letters, released by the Russian Government.

p. 189. *It was William rather than cousin George—*

The Emperor in his conversations with me confirmed this statement. His attitude toward the Czar, in spite of the duplicity of the latter, has always been friendly.

p. 190. *How could the Kaiser know that Hassan Pasha had been made Minister of the Navy—*

Compare Essad Bey's "Allah is Great."

## CHAPTER X

## THE GRAY INTERNATIONALE

p. 196. *While Austria-Hungary relied on the good faith of the German Empire,—*  
This was not entirely true. Austria, too, had made a secret agreement with Russia, as Francis Joseph confessed some years later to William.

p. 200. *The Czar kissed his imperial cousin—*

William in his Memoirs recalls that the Czar twice, once in Bjoerkoe and once in Baltic-Port (Esthonia) voluntarily gave him his word of honor as a sovereign, confirmed by a handshake and an embrace, that he would never draw the sword against Germany if a war should break out in Europe, least of all as the ally of England. The Czar motivated this pledge by the gratitude which he owed to the German Emperor for his faithful and friendly attitude during the Russo-Japanese War. "Nicky" accused England of having provoked that war.

The Kaiser's Foreign Office disliked the Treaty of Bjoerkoe not only because they resented the Emperor's personal initiative but because the proposal to invite France ran counter to the policy of the Foreign Office which was exploiting Morocco to press France to the wall and teach her not to rely upon either England or Russia. The treaty was destroyed not only by Germany's objections, but by the antagonistic attitude of the Russian Foreign Office. Moscow disliked the idea of urging France to make an alliance with her German foe. When Russia barely hinted at such a contingency, Paris refused to discuss the matter. Thereupon Moscow informed Berlin that "the time was not ripe." The Kaiser insisted that the Treaty of Bjoerkoe was legally binding, but he was not supported by his own Foreign Office. The stubborn refusal of Moscow effectively shattered this dream.

p. 207. *"In the olden days men were less humane"—*

Emperor William to G. S. V.

## CHAPTER XI

## THREE TIMES BETRAYED

p. 216. *For France, in spite of her jingoes—*

Compare Friedrich Rosen "Aus einem Diplomatischen Wanderleben." Rosen, like a storm bird, seems to have been always at danger spots at the most critical moments.

p. 217. *Count Carlo Sforza, the former Foreign Minister of Italy—*

Published in the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

- p. 218. *The episode marks a turning point in his life—*  
Such, at least, is the opinion of the Crown Prince, which he expressed in his Memoirs and reiterated in his conversations with me.
- p. 219. *When William, scenting the reaction in England,—*  
Compare William's own version in "Ereignisse und Gestalten."
- p. 220. *The dispatch, addressed to Krueger,—*  
President Krueger had turned to Germany for assistance against economic strangulation by England. Germany had huge investments in the Transvaal. There were constant bickerings between the Germans and the English about the status of the Boer Republic. After the Jameson Raid, Germany instructed its London Ambassador to sever diplomatic relations and threaten war, if the British Government should back Jameson. England repudiated the *putsch* before the note was presented. The German Foreign Office, nevertheless, prevailed upon the Kaiser to send the Krueger Telegram. Many students are disinclined to accept the Kaiser's explanation on this point. Other students, including myself, are convinced that William's hand was forced by his advisers. In any event the telegram caused an almost irreparable break between England and Germany. Germany's recognition of the sovereignty of the Transvaal disturbed Downing Street, because it constituted an interference in a country which England regarded as her own "backyard," and it hinted that Krueger might appeal for aid to outside powers, such as Germany. The English public was wild with rage and never completely recovered its composure.
- p. 226. *Buelow returned it to the Kaiser with his endorsement—*  
There is some doubt whether Buelow read the interview at all. His partisans say "no." His opponents claim that he not merely read it, but approved it, because it reflected his own views. They discount his denial.
- p. 230. *By some sleight of hand—*  
The interview was republished after Dr. Hale's death by his son William Hale in an American periodical. The *Daily Telegraph* story and the Hale interview were the reason why I did not meet the Emperor many years ago. A projected audience arranged for me by the Chief of the Emperor's Civil Cabinet, Rudolf von Valentini, died stillborn, in spite of the approval of the Minister of the Interior and the Foreign Office.
- p. 230. *It was in this mood, wrestling with himself—*  
The Crown Prince himself has related to me the conversation that took place between him and his father. The incident has been denied by some historians. I place in evidence the words of the Crown Prince. This testimony appears in "The Truth about My Life," by the Crown Prince in *Liberty*, 1933.
- p. 232. *Here and there, shyly, the truth raised its head—*  
When Buelow died, his casket was adorned with a wreath bearing the imperial emblem. The Kaiser did not know that Buelow had betrayed him once more for 2,000 times thirty pieces of silver. After the disturbances following the war, the ex-Chancellor, reluctant to alter his style of living, sold his voluminous memoirs, dripping with venom, for a yearly stipend of Mk. 60,000, to be published *after his death*.



## CHAPTER XII

## THE SEX OF NATIONS

p. 233. *Even the Emperor's most friendly biographer—*

When I began my study of Anglo-German relations I was convinced that Germany made a fatal mistake by rejecting the advances of Great Britain. After considerable study I arrived at the conclusion that both parties were equally to blame. Further consideration, especially Gerhard Ritter's book, "Die Legende von der verschmähten Englischen Freundschaft 1898-1901" (Freiburg 1929), The British Documents, recent biographies giving the correspondence of Chamberlain, Salisbury, Lansdowne, etc., have altered my point of view considerably. Even Salisbury's [1895] plan of partitioning Turkey was only a half-serious suggestion. The Germans took the whole business seriously. I am inclined to agree with Professor William L. Langer, who asserts in his book, "Diplomacy of Imperialism," that it is idle talk to debate Germany's rejection of the English Alliance in 1901, because there never was any such offer—except in the fantasy of Eckardstein.

The scheme of an Anglo-German (and perhaps Japanese) Alliance, came *not* from England, as "Grosse Politik" would indicate, but from Eckardstein. Lansdowne refers to it in his letters as the "Eckardstein Plan," but Eckardstein—deliberately lying—gave Berlin the impression that England was anxious for the Alliance. Lord Lansdowne's account of the conversation, according to an editorial publication in the British Documents, now attributes the suggestion of an alliance to Baron Eckardstein, while the latter's report (Grosse Politik, XVLL, 41-2) gives the initiative to the Foreign Minister. Baron Eckardstein, however, declares in his "Lebenserinnerungen" that on the sixteenth of March, when he was Lord Lansdowne's guest at dinner, he gave his host a strong hint to come out with an offer of alliance. This passage, Eckardstein adds, was *omitted* from his telegram to Holstein lest that eccentric should denounce him for "*going too far.*"

Eckardstein admits deceiving his home office. The Kaiser was kept completely in the dark about almost all these secret negotiations of 1901. For a while Holstein and Buelow and Eckardstein and Hatzfeldt hoped to present him with a fait accompli of adding England to the Triple Alliance, which would have been pleasant but which never had the remotest chance. Even an ordinary Anglo-German Defensive Alliance had little chance. It was, moreover, disadvantageous to the Germans in view of their Austrian alignment.

According to the British Documents, in a letter to Lascelles, April 13, 1901, about the Anglo-German Alliance, Lansdowne relates a conversation with Eckardstein. Asked if he had the unofficial concurrence of the Emperor, Eckardstein hemmed and ha'd a good deal over this and finally replied that what had been done had been done with the knowledge of persons *very near* the Emperor. . . . He mentioned Holstein as one of these persons." Of course, Emperor William was utterly ignorant of the whole business, while Holstein, though approving of these discussions, never approved of Eckardstein's plan of a mere Anglo-German Alliance, which did not include Germany's allies, Italy and Austria. "I doubt,"

Lansdowne continues, "whether much will come of this project. In principle, the idea is good enough. But when each side comes, if it ever does, to formulate its terms, we shall break down; and I know Lord Salisbury regards the scheme with, to say the least, suspicion."

Then follow memoranda by King Edward and Salisbury and others which condemn the scheme. That shows how "eager" England was for an alliance. The German might-have-been historians, including Nowak, lack adequate information. In 1898, it is true, there was an actual offer, made by Joseph Chamberlain. However, this offer was not intended to include Europe, its chief objective was to involve Germany with Russia in Manchuria. If Germany had accepted this offer, Russia would have been compelled to move troops from the Chinese to the German border. Such a move would have shifted Russia's pressure from England to Germany. This idea was expounded by Lord Charles Beresford when he advocated the alliance with Germany in the House of Commons on April 5, 1898: "If we have an alliance with Germany, there must be 50,000 or 60,000 troops kept on the frontier of Germany. At present there is not any army of Russia at all on the frontier of Germany (!), but there is a good number of troops in Manchuria. . . .!"

"One could hardly blame the German Government for not wanting to be used as a cat's paw for the British." Holstein recognized that Russia's expansion in China was to Germany's interest, because it dampened the ambition of the Muscovite in Europe and in Constantinople.

- p. 237. *"I nevertheless," burst out the Emperor—*  
Compare "A Week With The Kaiser" (*American Monthly*, January 1923).
- p. 237. *Remembering the fate of the Danish Navy—*  
"English diplomacy," writes D. H. Tracey (*Gaelic American*, July-August, 1936), "acquired such renown at Copenhagen that the word 'Copenhagen' became a verb in the English language, indicating a peace-time attack upon a nation which did not expect it. A surprising thing about this Copenhagen outrage on Denmark was that Canning, the instigator, in defense before the House of Commons, boldly pleaded *two* former occasions where the English had done the same thing, thus the government were justified by their own example."
- p. 240. *The preponderant interests of Great Britain and the preponderant interests of the German Empire were almost identical—*  
Professor William L. Langer does not agree with this view. England, he reiterates, had no desire for an alliance with Germany, as many historians think, but merely wanted Germany's help in the Far East. At bottom, he thinks, England would have preferred a Far Eastern compromise with Russia to any agreement with Germany or Japan, but since Russia rejected such an agreement, England turned to Japan in 1901. Tokyo was more willing than Berlin or Moscow to listen to her advances.
- p. 240. *"According to Frobenius," interrupted the Emperor—*  
Compare "Schicksalskunde im Sinne des Kulturwerdens," by Leo Frobenius. The remarks attributed to the Emperor are taken, with a few stylistic changes, from "The Sex of Nations," by Emperor William

(*Century Magazine*, June 1928), which I prepared for publication in collaboration with His Majesty.

p. 241. *The pro-Gallic tendencies of Frederick the Great—*

It is this attitude of Frederick the Great which induces the Kaiser to look upon the Great Elector rather than upon Frederick as his ideal.

p. 241. *Germany is the face of the East—*

The idea that the Germans are an Eastern people intrigues the Emperor immensely. I have a picture of His Majesty wearing a heavy fur cap with the jocular inscription: "The face of the East turned toward the West."

p. 244. *Under Prince Hohenlohe—*

In 1897, when Hohenlohe and the Emperor made a friendly trip to Russia, the Prince said that Germany should make amends for "the biggest piece of foolishness in the whole of our last seven years' policy, namely the termination of the Re-insurance Treaty." That year German-Russian relations were very good, because both unsaturated nations had combined against England in China. As a result of this policy Germany got Kiauchau; Russia, Port Arthur.

p. 245. *He discovered that Chamberlain—*

"As between Britain and Germany," asserts the distinguished British historian, Sir Raymond Beazley, author of "The Road to Ruin in Europe 1890-1914" (*Berliner Monatshefte*, November 1936), "it was not a case of equality and opportunity. Here the Island Power was nine, or nineteen, to one. Yet she behaved as if she had need to grasp every atom of old or new possession, or possibility, with the same jealous intensity as a State which was just beginning. The great 'have-all' seemed to show all the nervous frightened greed of a 'have-not.'

"Mr. Gladstone had been alive to this aspect of things, and had thrown his personal influence onto the side of a fairer and more generous policy. If Germany were irrevocably resolved to enter the colonial field, 'I say, God bless her.' She became a partner of Britain in the immense task of developing and civilizing the waste spaces and backward races of the earth. Even Joseph Chamberlain burst out to Dilke (then a more rigid and jealous imperialist than himself): 'We profess to approve in general—of German colonial enterprise—but object to every single practical application of it. Where can they go . . . without our protesting?'"

p. 245. *Persuaded that England wanted to use Germany as a cat's paw—*

The Emperor also, unfortunately, revealed a Russian offer of alliance (in 1898) to Salisbury. He attempted to play off one against the other, but only succeeded in arousing the suspicion of both.

p. 250. *"An alliance with the British Empire," declared the Kaiser—*

In conversations with the present writer and in his talks with Alfred Niemann.

p. 251. *"If," the Attorney for the Defense averred—*

The question still remains if such an alliance would have been desirable under the circumstances. "This supposition," according to F. D. Chamier, "perhaps rests a little too much on the assumption that any foreigner ought to be gratified by association with us on any terms; as it does not

- appear that we ever definitely offered her anything. German ministers were skeptical and half-hearted, but we ourselves were, as ever, vague. Our later arrangements with France were vague to the vanishing point. They could never have existed, if France had been obliged to risk anything for them, as Germany would have risked her standing with Russia."
- p. 251. *"Germany's Navy," objected the Emperor's Counsel quietly—*  
Chamier holds as I do that the growth of the German Navy was not the reason for the conflict between the two countries. Lord Haldane observes with unconscious hypocrisy: "The German tradition was that the foundation of a lasting peace would only be laid with armaments. Now if this is so, it is plain how the war came about." "We, on the contrary," comments Chamier, the Emperor's British champion, "believed that the foundation of a lasting peace lay in the superior strength of our navy. One sees the prodigious difference."
- p. 253. *"Prince Bismarck," the Kaiser interjected—*  
Compare "A Week With The Kaiser"; "Ex-Kaiser Breaks His Silence" (*Current History*, November 1924), and the Emperor's conversations with Niemann.
- p. 254. *Holstein was originally pro-English, but—*  
Rosen, in personal conversations with me shortly before his death, admitted that Holstein's prejudices developed into psychic obsessions. "The policy of Germany," Rosen exclaimed, "was dominated by a madman." In his reminiscences Rosen calls the old Geheimrat "certainly not normal." "Holstein," he says, "would have been at his best in the Italy of Machiavelli and the Borgias. He would have made an ideal Florentine conspirator creeping, dagger in hand, noiselessly over the rugs of the Palace." Unfortunately, Holstein did not live in the Italy of the Borgias, but in the Germany of William II.
- p. 254. *"The division of the Portuguese Colonies"—*  
The German demands, according to Sir Raymond Beazley, were the very minimum in return for which the government of William II was willing to abandon the cause of the Boers. "Germany," he says, "hoped this Portuguese agreement might serve as a new starting point for a joint British-German colonial policy, a new departure of the happiest augury for both Empires. Without such compensation they could not justify themselves to the German people. And, failing such compensation, Berlin might have to strike out another course, and broaden the question by introducing other 'elements,' other 'means,' other Powers." (*Berliner Monatshefte*, November 1936.)
- p. 257. *"By some irony of fate," Rosen concluded—*  
Rosen's remarks in this chapter are based on his book, "Aus einem Diplomatischen Wanderleben," amplified by his personal conversations with me at his home in Berlin.
- p. 257. *On July 28, 1914, Prince Henry reported—*  
For details of this report compare "Die Auswärtige Politik des Deutschen Reiches 1871-1914" (abbreviated edition of the "Grosse Politik der Europäischen Cabinette 1871-1914"), edited by Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy and Friedrich Thimme. (Institut für Auswärtige Politik in Hamburg 1928.)

## CHAPTER XIII

## WILLIAM AND AMERICA

- p. 260. *"If the whole world was Germany's enemy"*—  
The speech of the Public Prosecutor follows in the main the argument of the pre-revisionist historians.
- p. 261. *It is hardly possible, announced one of the leading metropolitan newspapers*—  
The editorial appeared in the New York *Evening Sun*, otherwise a sprightly and intelligent newspaper, in October 1918. "Scrutinized historically and presented boldly, the German,"—the Editor of the *Sun* assured his readers—"cannot but be recognized as a distinctly separate pathological human species. He is not human in the sense that other men are human."
- p. 261. *"'I have sometimes wondered,' declared Gertrude Atherton"*—  
The Prosecutor here quotes a contribution by Mrs. Atherton to "America in the War" by Louis Raemaekers, a collection of cartoons, each faced with a page of comment by a distinguished American, the text forming "an anthology of patriotic opinion." (New York, The Century Company, 1918.) I am indebted to this extraordinary monument of war psychosis for numerous quotations in this and the following chapter.
- p. 261. *"'Amid a national rejoicing,' said the gentle John Burroughs"*—  
*Ibid.*
- p. 262. *"'The world must choose,' declared George Wickersham"*—  
*Ibid.*
- p. 262. *"'Neither man nor nation,' wrote John Luther Long"*—  
*Ibid.*
- p. 262. *Dr. William Roscoe Thayer, a spirited historian*—  
Compare "Spreading Germs of Hate," also a series of articles, "The Higher Learning Goes to War," by Charles Angoff; "The Historians Cut Loose," by C. Hartley Grattan, and "The Parsons and the War," by Granville Hicks, published under the editorship of H. L. Mencken in the *American Mercury*, 1927.
- p. 262. *"'Can,' asked Prof. William H. Hobbs"*—  
"The World War and Its Consequences," by William H. Hobbs, with an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt.
- p. 263. *"'Ethically,' observed Dr. Louis Gray"*—  
See "Spreading Germs of Hate" and *American Mercury*.
- p. 263. *"'Will it be any wonder,' asked Dr. Vernon L. Kellogg"*—  
Compare same sources.
- p. 263. *For the statements by Dr. Lyman Abbott, Billy Sunday, and Charles Parkhurst*—  
Compare *American Mercury* and "Spreading Germs of Hate."
- p. 264. *Sir Edward Grey himself*—  
Compare Grey's reminiscences, "Twenty Five Years," Vol. II.
- p. 264. *The end of Wilson's first year*—  
The testimony of Colonel House at this session of the Court is taken in the main from unpublished reminiscences and spread on the record with

the Colonel's explicit permission. Compare also the "Intimate Papers of Colonel House," edited by Prof. Charles Seymour (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1928), and "The Strangest Friendship in History" (1932), by George Sylvester Viereck.

p. 269. "*The entrance of America decided Germany's fate*"—

The Emperor's testimony, except for slight stylistic adjustments, is taken literally from conversations with me, authorized for publication at various times, especially from articles in the *American Monthly*, the "March of Events" section of the Hearst newspapers, and *Current History*.

p. 271. *At last William had the opportunity*—

To the American reader and to the British reader familiar with American institutions, these accusations, so calmly expounded, seem monstrous. If true, they mean that treason stalked in high places, that a secret agreement, made under McKinley in times of stress, without the consent of the Senate, without the knowledge of even the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, was never revoked by his immediate successors and was carried out to the letter by the late President Wilson. Suspicion of some such understanding, which convinced Wilson that America could not, in the end, keep out of a struggle involving Great Britain and Germany, might be responsible for the President's eagerness to forestall the catastrophe.

p. 273. *Bryan and even President Wilson were as helpless against the sabotage of the State Department*—

Various diplomats and ex-diplomats took it upon themselves to misrepresent the American policy and to assure the Allied governments that skilful propaganda would eventually precipitate America into the war. The former French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Hanotaux, writes in his historic work on the World War:

"Just before the Battle of the Marne, when the spirits of many of the leading politicians in France were so depressed that they were urging an immediate peace with Germany, three American ambassadors presented themselves to the government—the then functioning ambassador, his predecessor and his successor—and implored the government not to give up, promising that America would join in the war.

"At present there are but 50,000 influential persons in America who want it to enter the war, but in a short time there will be a hundred million."

"The description," remarks Franklin F. Schrader in "1683-1920," an able compendium of facts, "makes it easy to identify the three diplomats who gave France this assurance; they were Robert Bacon, Roosevelt's ambassador; Myron T. Herrick, Taft's ambassador, and William G. Sharp, Wilson's ambassador to Paris. This promise was given in September, 1914. There had then been no alleged outrages against American rights. The U-boat war had not been started. The Lusitania was not sunk until May, 1915. Obviously, then, the sinking of the Lusitania, the U-boat raids, and other alleged offenses, were mere pretexts of these '50,000 influential persons' in a propaganda to precipitate their hundred million fellow-citizens into the bloody European complication."

p. 274. "*But when the German victory seemed possible, he*"—

It is important to recall in this connection the famous colloquy between

Senator McCumber and President Wilson at the White House in the summer of 1919:

SENATOR McCUMBER: "Do you think, if Germany had committed no act of war or no act of injustice against our citizens that we would have got into the war?"

THE PRESIDENT: "I think so."

SENATOR McCUMBER: "You think we would have gotten in anyway?"

THE PRESIDENT: "I do."

- p. 277. *There was a battle between the Defense and the Prosecution concerning McMurray's—*

The McMurray statement was published in *Current History* sometime after "Ex-Kaiser William Breaks His Silence."

- p. 277. *Shortly after the conclusion of the agreement an American of high official standing—*

The Emperor himself, in an interview with me authorized for publication, mentions the name of Senator Davis. Compare "Says the Kaiser," *New York World*, January 1926. The statesman referred to must be the late Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota, for many years an influential member of the U. S. Senate.

The information concerning Holleben's report was given to me in one of the Kaiser's letters.

- p. 277. *An anonymous pamphlet "The Problem of Japan"—*

The name of the author is known to the Kaiser and appears in one of his letters to me.

- p. 278. *"If even a hint of the Gentleman's Agreement between England and America concluded in 1897"—*

We may, if we accept it, infer from the Kaiser's hypothesis the secret motive for the sudden reversal of Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. Between his first *Outlook* article, asserting that Germany's invasion of Belgium was no ground for America's interference and his complete change of front shortly afterward, someone may have reminded Mr. Roosevelt of the Gentleman's Agreement concluded by his predecessor and never rescinded by him.

When Mr. Roosevelt began his violent denunciation of Germany, the present writer asked him for an explanation. Mr. Roosevelt invited him to his office for a confidential chat. He then declared that he had received positive information of a contemplated German attack on the United States. He showed me among his papers an alleged plan of the German General Staff, signed by some obscure general, a plan published shortly afterwards in the press.

His Majesty subsequently informed me that the "plan" was a forgery. "Never was any plan for military or naval action against the United States prepared or even contemplated. The so-called German plan for an attack upon the United States was evidently a fabrication intended to precipitate the United States into the War."

- p. 278. *"But the German Empire"—*

See "A Week with the Kaiser in Doorn."

- p. 279. *"Because I knew that Woodrow Wilson's policy"—*

Compare Mr. Bryan's various statements after his resignation reprinted

in *Current History* of July 1915. Mr. Bryan denied any knowledge of a Gentleman's Agreement in a conversation with me sometime after the War at his home in Miami.

p. 279. *Mr. Lansing superciliously drawled—*

Compare Mr. Lansing's reply to "Ex-Kaiser Breaks His Silence" in *Current History*; also his reminiscences, published in the *Saturday Evening Post* and in book form.

p. 279. *Then why did you fail to protest—*

John Bassett Moore singles out this incident in his review of Borchard's book on "Neutrality." My magazine *The American Weekly*, formerly *The Fatherland*, in the last issue printed before the Declaration of War, called attention to the deliberate suppression by the State Department of the British action. A copy of the magazine was placed on the desk of every member of Congress by a friend, the late Dr. Edmund von Mach. The fact that Germany was forced to resort to submarine warfare prematurely against her will by the failure of the powerful United States Government to join other neutrals in a vigorous protest against the British transgression of international law, is not sufficiently stressed even by the Revisionists.

p. 280. *Were you convinced that American opinion—*

Compare Lansing's Memoirs and "Neutrality for the United States," a vigorous and revealing volume by Edwin M. Borchard and William P. Lage (1937).

p. 280. *Walter Hines Page, called for a moment—*

See the letters from Walter Hines Page to Colonel House in the "Intimate Papers," and in the House Collections at Yale.

p. 280. *Drawing a sharp line of distinction between himself and Page—*

Compare the House Collection at Yale. This letter was omitted from the "Intimate Papers"; it was also, by some freak of fate or the printer, omitted from my book, "The Strangest Friendship in History."

p. 280. *Another vital letter figuring—*

Compare "Intimate Papers of Colonel House" and "The Strangest Friendship in History."

p. 281. *"I am not one of those"—*

From an impromptu talk to War Veterans made on the front steps of his house by Woodrow Wilson on Armistice Day on November 11th, 1923. It was his last public utterance.

p. 281. *"The affairs of the world can be set straight"—*

From another message delivered by the dying Wilson to his countrymen on the same day.

p. 281. *"I should like to see Germany clean up France"—*

This statement, made by Woodrow Wilson on his sickbed to his friend, James Kerney, Editor of the *Trenton Times*, Trenton, N. J., was published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of March 29, 1924, under the title "Last Talks With Woodrow Wilson." Mr. Wilson's phrase created a sensation, but was forgotten in the turmoil of events. It is here snatched from oblivion.

Here is Mr. Kerney's own text:

"When I went back to see Mr. Wilson, December seventh, he was in



excellent spirits. His eye was bright, his mind fairly flashed with sharp things, and altogether he was full of that snap and pep that characterized the earlier days at Trenton and Washington. He reclined on a big steamer chair, wrapped comfortably in a blanket, on the upper sunporch of his home. It was balmy as springtime in Paris and we chatted for nearly an hour. He felt that the reception that had been given his Armistice Day Radio speech showed the swing of the pendulum back in his direction—and he did not hesitate to say so. When I reminded him that there was quite an international furor over his radio reference to the 'sinister climax' of France and Italy having 'made waste paper of the treaty of Versailles,' he fired back in a spirited voice, 'I should like to see Germany clean up France, and I should like to meet Jusserand and tell him that to his face.' He was plainly irritated at the French politicians; none among them save Loucheur, he felt had told him the entire truth. Stanley Baldwin's defeat was a good thing not only for England but for its effect on Poincaré, 'who is a bully,' he added."

p. 282. *Tirpitz introduced the ship's manifest—*

My information on this point was confirmed personally by Dudley Field Malone, who is now at work on his memoirs.

p. 283. *The mad scheme worthy of Holstein—*

Compare "Spreading Germs of Hate" and "The Strangest Friendship in History."

p. 283. *"Such a method," Zimmermann admitted—*

The testimony of Dr. Zimmermann represents in the main my conversation with the German diplomat some years after the War in Berlin.

p. 284. *Wearily, a sadly disappointed man, Bernstorff—*

From personal conversations with the author; see also Bernstorff's writings and his testimony before the Reichstag.

p. 285. *His familiarity with American literature—*

The Emperor is a great admirer of Mark Twain. Mark Twain was once his guest in Berlin, but alas, never opened his mouth. "Not a single joke, not the slightest pun, escaped from those solemn lips." The Kaiser still laughs when he remembers his disappointment.

p. 285. *The Kaiser had several American friends—*

George Allison Armour, who had been on many occasions the guest of William II at Kiel, assured me at the beginning of the World War that, while not in favor of Germany, he would be glad to exert himself in behalf of the Emperor personally. I told him then that William II did not care for the respect nor the affection of anyone who was the enemy of his country. It was Germany that mattered, not William.

p. 286. *"I always," the Kaiser here interrupted, "admired Mr. Roosevelt's"—*

"Roosevelt," Andrew Carnegie once remarked on the Kaiser's yacht, "is a fine fellow, Your Majesty, but I wish I could hold him in reins. And you, Your Majesty, are a fine fellow also," he added, "but I wish I could hold you, too, in check."

"I have no objection," the Kaiser replied, "if you drive us tandem provided you make Roosevelt the leading horse. It is the first horse that must do the hardest work."

Contrary to reports, the Kaiser entertains no personal grievance against

Theodore Roosevelt. He remembers with pleasure the letter the ex-President wrote him from Africa when he had bagged his first lion. Roosevelt proudly claimed that he was the first ruler since Tiglath-Pileser who ever shot a lion. "I," the Kaiser smilingly remarked to me, "was unable to contradict him. Possibly the King of Abyssinia is in a more advantageous position." The Kaiser repeats many of Roosevelt's *bon mots*. "Every time Theodore Roosevelt opened his mouth and flashed his teeth, I knew a story would be forthcoming." The Kaiser always appreciates a good story. He was grateful for even the humblest epigram.

- p. 286. "*Not only Mr. Lansing, but President Coolidge*"—  
The paragraphs that follow are excerpts from a communication by Emperor William to G. S. V.
- p. 288. "*My views of hyphenated Americans*"—  
Theodore Roosevelt in a letter to G. S. V., March 15, 1915. See "Roosevelt—A Study in Ambivalence," by George Sylvester Viereck (Jackson Press, Inc., 1919).
- p. 288. "*After the war began*"—  
This passage down to "viceroy" is abstracted from an article by Professor Thayer, the eminent American historian, in the *North American Review*.
- p. 288. "*I recall no such conversation*"—  
Emperor William to G. S. V. Compare "A Week in Doorn."
- p. 290. "*The future of civilization*"—  
William II to G. S. V.

## CHAPTER XIV

## WILLIAM THE WAR LORD

- p. 291. "*Future generations, the Prosecutor continued*"—  
The Prosecutor borrows a paragraph from the "Eyes of the Army," Thomas Mott Osborn's contribution to "America and the War," by Louis Raemaekers (The Century Co., 1918).
- p. 292. "*Until this War began*"—"down to native forests"—  
From Arthur Train's vigorous contribution to the Raemaekers book.
- p. 292. "*But there was one German*"—  
Here the Prosecutor follows his own inspiration. However, the passage beginning with the words: "Attila laid Rheims in ashes"—down to "in the disguise of patriotic citizens," is Poultney Bigelow's effort. It was written on Malden-on-Hudson, Washington's Birthday, 1918. It is one of the things for which Mr. Bigelow apologized to his old school friend, the Kaiser. It is quoted here primarily to show to what extent war propaganda wrought confusion, even in otherwise sturdy minds.
- p. 293. "*I miss in the account of the Prosecution the story of the crucified Canadian soldier*"—  
No record of such a soldier exists in the annals of the Canadian War Office, according to a statement made to me by the Deputy Minister, G. J. Desbarats, of the Department of National Defense, in a letter dated April 29, 1930 (compare "Spreading Germs of Hate"). The myth of the "Kadaververwertungsanstalt," established to exploit industrially the

corpses of dead German soldiers, was exploded by its inventor, General Charteris, in a speech before the National Arts Club, New York City, 1926.

Compare Arthur Ponsonby's "Falsehood in Wartime," "Spreading Germs of Hate," etc., Gasswell, Schoenemann, Thimme, etc., on Propaganda.

- p. 293. "*Mr. Lloyd George and myself*"—  
From Nitti's article in the "March of Events" section of the Hearst papers, Nov. 4, 1923.
- p. 294. "*How quickly men forget*," William remarked—  
Taken in substance from a communication addressed to the author by Emperor William on March 12, 1925.
- p. 296. *From Luxembourg the wheels of the Imperial train*—  
Reconstructed from various authentic sources, conversations with the Crown Prince, with General von Dommes, from a book entitled "The Two Battles of the Marne—The stories of Marshal Joffre, General von Ludendorff, Marshal Foch, Crown Prince Wilhelm," which I prepared for the Hearst papers (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 1927). I am indebted for much of the material that follows to a long memorandum on the German Army and the Emperor, made especially for this book by Professor Thimme.
- p. 299. *If Schlieffen's ghost could have looked over the shoulder of his protégé*—  
Compare the statements by Crown Prince Wilhelm on the subject in his books, also "The Truth About My Life," by Crown Prince Wilhelm (*Liberty*, 1933), a series of articles written in collaboration with me.
- p. 299. "*Attack as long as possible*"—  
This order is a matter of record.
- p. 300. *Dommes, who participated in the fateful conference*—  
Information given to the author by General von Dommes.
- p. 301. "*It was*," as Crown Prince Wilhelm remarked—  
From his writings and from his conversations with me.
- p. 303. *In a similar situation*—  
I remember this argument from a conversation with Baron von Papen, who at that time was Military Attaché of the German Empire in Washington.
- p. 304. *The hunger blockade of Great Britain*—  
The literature on this subject is so voluminous and convincing that it is not necessary here to cite individual sources.
- p. 304. *William abhorred brutality*—  
James W. Gerard, in "My Four Years in Germany," reports the Emperor as saying that he would not have permitted the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, if he had known, and that no gentleman would kill so many women and children. On another occasion Gerard, certainly no friendly witness, remarks: "The Emperor then spoke of what he termed the un-courteous tone of our notes, saying that we charged the Germans with barbarism in warfare and that, as Emperor and head of the Church, he had wished to carry on the war in a knightly manner. He referred to his own speech to the members of the Reichstag at the commencement of the war and said that the nations opposed to Germany had used un-

fair methods and means." Here the Emperor, according to Gerard, lost his temper. "He then referred to the efforts to starve out Germany and keep out milk and said that before he would allow his family and grandchildren to starve he would blow up Windsor Castle and the whole Royal family of England." But no such order was ever given. Windsor Castle and the Royal family remained immune.

- p. 305. *"When the Zeppelins flew over London"*—  
 Captain Ernst August Lehmann, who died on the ill-fated "Hindenburg" in 1937, in his book, "The Zeppelins" (published in 1928), said that Germany had planned during the war to destroy London by raiding it with twenty Zeppelins, each loaded with 300 incendiary bombs. This, the German high command expected, would set off 1000 fires in different sections of the city. The plan, however, was called off by the Kaiser. Captain Lehmann said the plan could be authorized only by the Kaiser himself, and "from the first days of the war the Kaiser had been strongly opposed to raids of any sort against England." He said the Kaiser finally approved and authorized the first sporadic raids with the understanding that only objectives of real military importance should be bombed when his generals and admirals protested against his humane policy.
- p. 306. *No less a person than the Commander of the Allied troops, Marshal Foch*—  
 Compare "The Pacifism of Marshal Foch," in "Glimpses of the Great," by George Sylvester Viereck (New York, 1930).
- p. 307. *There was a time when Waldersee*—  
 Compare Waldersee's voluminous memoirs. Also Nowak's account of the relation between the Kaiser and the Chief of the General Staff. Some of my facts are taken from sources available to others; some from the monograph prepared for me by Professor Thimme.
- p. 310. *He always wants to win*—  
 In spite of this, Waldersee was to speak favorably of the Emperor again, whenever the latter bestowed upon him some recognition. He was, in the words of the Empress Hermine, "a moral and intellectual weather-vane." From an interview with the Empress Hermine, which I published in the Hearst papers.
- p. 313. *Both Ludendorff and Hindenburg*—  
 For verification, compare the memoirs of both men.

## CHAPTER XV

## DEBÂCLE

- p. 315. *Grim, ruthless, the Prosecution rallies*—  
 Compare Emil Ludwig and other unfriendly biographers. Ludwig makes much of the alleged "copper bath tub"!
- p. 316. *Heavily guarded, a sealed car*—  
 For this intermezzo, especially the anecdote about the passes for smokers, I am indebted to Essad Bey.
- p. 319. *October 1918*—  
 Niemann, Nowak and the Emperor himself are my principal sources.

- p. 320. *In vain Max, heir to the throne*—  
Compare "Erinnerungen und Dokumente," by Prince Max von Baden.
- p. 322. *"I often," the Emperor interrupted, "revolve in my mind a story"*—  
I follow almost literally the Emperor's own account of the story related dramatically to me one evening at Doorn.
- p. 324. *"May I not," the Attorney for the Defense observed, "point out that, according to the Memoirs of Prince Max von Baden, three German Jews"*—  
Compare "Erinnerungen und Dokumente," by Prince Max von Baden.
- p. 324. *In the long cool autumn nights*—  
The story that follows is based upon the reminiscences and confidences of men who were in the entourage of the Emperor. Of these Niemann is the most vocal. In his "Revolution von Oben und Umsturz von Unten," he reprints important memoranda written shortly after the event by those present with the Emperor in Spa, including Graf von der Schulenburg, General von Plessen, von Gontard; former Secretary of State, von Hintze; Under-Secretary of State, von Wahnschaffe; Count Eberhard von Schwerin, etc.
- p. 326. *The Grand Fleet rusting in Kiel*—  
Considerable evidence exists on this project; in the writings of the Admirals and in the proceedings before the Reichstag, investigating the débâcle. I have also been guided to a large extent by the Emperor's own account.  
Compare reports of Capt. von Restdorff, Deputy Chief of the Marine Cabinet, on the events between October 29th and November 10th in Niemann's book. Also the memorandum of Admiral Magnus von Levetzow. It is significant that this valuable material, the testimony of eye witnesses, is generally ignored by biographers unfriendly to the Kaiser.
- p. 328. *"Can I rely on my Army?"*—  
This scene has been described so many times that it is not necessary to cite individual sources. Niemann, Schulenburg, Plessen, Hindenburg, all have issued statements or written reminiscences. Some light has also been shed on the subject by the Crown Prince in his Memoirs and in his conversations with me.
- p. 332. *"What," William replied*—  
Emperor William in various conversations and authorized interviews with me.
- p. 333. *"But where," interjected the Counsel for the Defense, "was"*—  
This aspect of the situation was explained to me by the Kaiser's military aides; especially Detlef von Moltke and General von Dommès.
- p. 335. *His Majesty's authorized advisers unanimously resolved*—  
The testimony here attributed to Fieldmarshal von Hindenburg is based on his letter to Emperor William dated July 28, 1922. This letter, too, is preserved by Niemann.
- p. 337. *In some recess of his heart Hindenburg remained loyal*—  
"I have always been loyal to His Majesty the Emperor and shall always remain faithfully devoted to him," the President of the German Republic said to me in the course of an audience. I was not, of course, at liberty to quote this sentence at that time, but I have always remembered it. Com-

pare "The Metamorphosis of Hindenburg" in "Glimpses of the Great" (1930).

- p. 338. *This was a situation which William did not foresee—*  
Queen Wilhelmina did not meet him then, she has not met him since. Her mother, the late Queen Emma, her husband, the late Prince Consort, and the husband of Crown Princess Juliana, have been the guests of the imperial exile in Doorn. Queen Wilhelmina sent polite messages and flowers, but she never crossed his threshold.
- p. 338. *There were times when Germany's victory hung by a thread—*  
Foch, Lloyd George and innumerable military experts of the Allies frankly admit this fact.

## CHAPTER XVI

## WILLIAM THE EXILE

- p. 339. *Twirling his indispensable monocle, the Prosecutor—*  
The Prosecutor's speech is a summary of the charges made against the Emperor by hostile critics at home and abroad.
- p. 342. *The Emperor's first demand, after crossing the ancient drawbridge—*  
The chronicler regrets his inability to record some momentous *bon mot* touching the moment with immortality. Life is that way. It is only in books that men say the things they ought to say at the right moment. Probably William was cold; he had passed several sleepless nights, and was plagued by rheumatism. Perhaps he wanted to ease the tension. This request for a cup of tea can be held against him only by those who expect historic personages to stalk through life conversing in iambic pentameters.
- p. 343. *Godard Bentinck, master of Castle Amerongen—*  
I visited Castle Amerongen repeatedly as the guest of Count Bentinck. I am indebted to him and to the Emperor for my information.
- p. 345. *"Personally," he added, "I have always respected"—*  
I have heard this story from persons close to the Emperor.
- p. 346. *The Emperor raised his hand—*  
From a statement made to the author by Emperor William.
- p. 346. *The faithful Ilseman and the loyal von Dommes—*  
I have the story of these days from their own mouths.
- p. 348. *The disaster of the Emperor's fall and betrayal—*  
The testimony of the Empress Hermine is borrowed, with slight stylistic changes, and abbreviations, from "An Empress in Exile—My days in Doorn," by Empress Hermine (1928), written in collaboration with the present writer and published in book form both in New York and in London, after running serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*.
- p. 350. *"May I not," he volunteered—*  
Extracts from various letters addressed to the author by Emperor William, December 28, 1924, February 15, 1924, December 19, 1926 and from the letter to Professor Barnes, December 19, 1926.
- p. 352. *If he has anything to say to the world he selects—*  
I have been one of the channels selected. After I submitted the account

of my first visit to Doorn, Count Detlef von Moltke wrote me a letter dated November 2, 1922, which reads as follows:

In view of your year-long manly struggle for truth and right, I feel no hesitation in authorizing you to publish the impressions you gathered at Doorn as the guest of His Majesty. I do this the more willingly because I know that the communications entrusted to you by His Majesty will be made use of by yourself in a manner calculated to promote the true, just interests of Germany.

All this comprises, I may venture to observe, as regards this instance, a most extraordinary distinction conferred by His Majesty, for it is the first and presumably the last and only time that such an authorization will be given.

In November 1924 the Emperor wrote to me: "You are until now the only newspaperman who ever entered Doorn as my guest and are to remain an exception from the rule."

In 1926 the Emperor wrote a letter to Professor Barnes explaining his relations with me. On December 19th of the same year he again insisted that "I would remain the center for publication." "I am not," he wrote about one year later, "a correspondent of an American paper but—by your kind help—I use the American Press as a means to inform the world at large—and thereby my own People—on questions of general importance and interest which are either ignored, neglected or misunderstood. It is the only way to reach my people, as the German Press flatly refuses to publish anything coming directly from Doorn." Since that time I have been many times the Emperor's guest.

The same year the Emperor jestingly remarked that the "bacillus of political lunacy" was virulent in the world and he suggested that it was high time to choose directors fit to serve on a board for the International Political Lunatic Asylum. "I venture to propose Harry Elmer Barnes, Senator Robert Latham Owen, yourself and Bernard Shaw, the latter as Managing Director."

I mention these matters here only to justify the introduction of my own person as a witness.

p. 354. *What historian can be entirely objective—*

The Emperor himself tries very hard to retain his objectivity. In one of his letters to me, he referred to the memoirs of Waldersee and Eulenburg as "valuable historical literature." There are, of course, he added, "a great many publications concerning which we may say that they were arbitrarily compiled or fabricated. Literature of this type is a very sorry product of the revolutionary period. [The Emperor refers, of course, to the German Revolution of 1918.] It is not confined to revolutionary periods. For only recently we witnessed the publication of Diaries dealing with my grandmother, Queen Victoria, by a trusted adviser which disseminates cruel and unkind inventions."

p. 357. *But the meals themselves are characterized by extreme simplicity—*

In 1926 the Emperor sent me an account of how he spent his day before the war, during the war and in Doorn. As all his letters to me, it was written in English.

His regimen was certainly at all times simple. In reading the following, the reader must remember that official business ever followed him on his walks, on his gallops, and that most of his meals were affairs of

state, involving endless consultations with ministers and visiting princes.

*I. Before the War: Meals.* (A) Breakfast: Tea, toast, fish or a cutlet, or a chop, or venison or fowl. Vegetables. No beef! (Black meat! Gives gout and constipation!) Fruit.

(B) Lunch: Fish, vegetables, roast, fruit; now and then a simple pudding or some ice-cream. A glass of claret now and then. On highdays and holidays sometimes a glass of champagne. Generally only "moussirender Apfelsaft, Dr. v. Esmarchs Tafelgetränk" (unfermented applejuice!).

(C) Dinner: at 8 p. m. As a rule I do *not* dine in the evening when at home. In general I consume some cold ham, tongue or fowl, whilst the others dine. When invited to dinner parties I take a little to please the lady of the house.

In General: My real meals are breakfast and lunch. I detest all of what people call "delicacies"; *i.e.*, I never touch oysters, caviar, pâté de foie gras, aspics, jellies, etc.; so called "Entremets" are lost upon me. I eat as much vegetables and fruit as possible. Apples, strawberries, cherries, peaches, oranges; *no* pineapples, bananas and such like. In the evening smoking, a glass of orangeade or fruit lemonade. I *never* touch whisky or any "drink" or "cocktail," *never* take ice in the beverage.

*II. During the War:* The meals were reduced for my suite and me for lunch and dinner to one warm dish; sometimes now and then soup; a pudding on Sundays. Twice a week we dined from the field soup kitchen the same as the soldiers got; "delicacies" were excluded; champagne was only allowed after news of a great victory as Saarburg, Namur, Lutich, Tannenberg, Masurian Lakes, St. Quentin, Antwerp, Gorlice, Tarnow, Przemysl, Lemberg, Brest Litowsk, Belgrade, Targu Jiu, Argesh, Bucharest, etc., and Skagerrack and Coronel!—When not in my train on some field or in a wood in the vicinity of a battle, or on a long motor tour to visit the different headquarters and divisions—I did about roughly 40,000 to 50,000 kilometres per motor car—I took a morning's gallop or worked in a wood or park felling and sawing trees, or took long walks in the afternoon.

*III. At Doorn:* Morning Service at 8:45 a. m.; Breakfast at 9 a. m. as formerly. From 9:30 a. m. to noon woodcutting or sawing; in summer often watering the rhododendrons with pails containing 10 litres of water, my suite—2 gentlemen—and the gardeners helping; we sometimes managed to pour out between 700 and 800 pails. When in Amerongen I personally sawed with Herr von Ilsemann and one gardener 17,000 stems of pine. In Doorn about 3,000 stems of pine, oak, birch, beech. I am now wood cutting in a place belonging to a neighbour, Mr. Blydenstein, whose widow kindly placed her wood at my disposal "zum durchforsten," as it is too thick. We work under the direction of her forester.

On the return from work a few sandwiches and a small glass of port. Report and review of articles appearing in the World's Press.

*Lunch and Dinner in Doorn as in the War.* No soup; *one* warm dish of meat or a pilaw; now and then an omelette, or pudding, cheese and fruit. On Sundays *no dinner* at all, only cold ham, fowl, tongue or venison, so as to allow our cook to have a holiday. In the evening a glass of lemonade.

p. 362. *American prisoners, he said—*

By a curious chance Crown Prince William related the same story to Mrs. Viereck and myself in his Dutch exile at Wieringen.

p. 363. *That is the supreme test of a philosophical temperament—*

The Emperor is a philosopher in spite of himself.



- p. 363. *William II can quote Senator Borah*—  
The Emperor reads Upton Sinclair, but does not read Emil Ludwig. He does not like to read books about himself. It makes him feel too much as if he were merely a historical personage, not a vital and vibrant human personality.
- p. 370. *"Prince Bismarck," the Kaiser retorted*—  
Compare "A Week in Doorn."

## CHAPTER XVII

## WILLIAM THE LOVER

- p. 372. *Yet the wise old man*—  
Compare Bismarck's Memoirs, Volume III.
- p. 373. *There were still, according to Baron von Zedlitz*—  
Compare Robert von Zedlitz, "Zwölf Jahre am Deutschen Kaiserhof."
- p. 373. *His hasty marriage, offending his most loyal followers*—  
For a time the Emperor's re-marriage made him exceedingly unpopular in monarchist circles. Princess Hermine, too, was subjected to a campaign of vilification and persecution.
- p. 376. *At Doorn William amplified his celebrated bon mot*—  
Compare "Kaiser William's Views on Love and Marriage," published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, December 1926, and incorporated as a preface in Empress Hermine's Autobiography.
- p. 376. *But the courts of princes, like the courts of Apollo*—  
It is possible that the prudishness of William's first Empress kept from the imperial circle some virile types, likely to be embroiled in intrigues with women. Empress Augusta Victoria did not tolerate scandal. Unconsciously she may have favored by this attitude the accession of men who were less susceptible to feminine charms.
- p. 377. *If anyone had put on his table*—  
Magnus Hirschfeld was a fearless pioneer of sex reform in Germany. He founded the famed *Institut für Sexualwissenschaft* in Berlin, and died an exile in Nice.
- p. 377. *Even to this day he refuses to credit*—  
In this attitude the Emperor is confirmed by Eulenburg's biographer and his medical adviser.
- p. 377. *William's rejection of the list of persons suspected of unorthodox behavior*—  
Emil Ludwig and others make much of this incident.
- p. 379. *The three volumes published by one Henry Fischer*—  
There were probably some previous American and British editions. The 1909 edition is the one which I found among my books. I ran across Fischer many years ago, when I was still a boy. He was engaged in a small way in the publishing business. I believe he is dead.
- p. 379. *Shortly before my second marriage*—  
Emperor William to G. S. V. in 1923.

- p. 381. *"Empress Hermine," the Emperor volunteered—*  
Emperor William to G. S. V. Compare *Saturday Evening Post* article, also interviews in Hearst papers.
- p. 381. *"Almost three years before she passed away"—*  
I am quoting word for word, with slight stylistic changes, from the Emperor's communications to me. I never met Countess Brockdorff, but one of her intimates, of her own accord, confirmed the story related by Emperor William.
- p. 383. *No one who has not seen Castle Doorn—*  
I have the pleasure of quoting my impressions, written shortly after my first visit to Doorn.
- p. 384. *"We Germans," William II interjected, "invariably address the wife"—*  
This is the Emperor's own explanation to me. The world at large agrees with the Emperor and addresses Empress Hermine by the courtesy title of "Her Majesty."
- p. 384. *"If only," Hermine exclaimed—*  
Empress Hermine to G. S. V.
- p. 385. *Hermine, strong, self-reliant—*  
Hermine was no young princess but a mature woman, widowed mother of five children, when she decided to accept the Emperor's hand. Empress Hermine believed neither in the old-fashioned type of wife nor in henpecked husbands. "When," she said to me, "two mature people marry, they must respect each other's individuality." It is because of this conviction that she insisted upon the right of two months' vacation every year which she spends on her Silesian estate. The Empress makes a charming picture when she walks with her children through the village of Doorn. She is popular among the villagers. Whenever she bicycles or walks in the village, everybody salutes her. She, in her turn, has a smile for all. When I first came to Doorn the place seemed melancholy, in spite of its loveliness. Hermine has brought a new springtime to Doorn. Hermine permits no engagement, however pressing, to trespass upon the hours she daily spends with the Emperor. Guests at Doorn never interrupt their intimate walks under the oak trees. Their presence was always announced by the gay barking of the Emperor's dachshunds, led by Senta, the Emperor's favorite, a gift from Augusta Victoria. The dachshunds slept in the library; they followed him everywhere and snuggled up against him whenever they could. But the loyalest dachshund must pay toll to time. On a recent trip to Doorn (in 1936) the bark of the Emperor's faithful Senta, with the short legs and the mischievous eyes, was heard no more. Not far from the Garden of Hermine is the celebrated spot where William saws wood. Here, one of the stepsons, then a little boy, and I assisted the Emperor. The youngest daughter of Empress Hermine, Henrietta, known in those days as "The General" because of the way she assumes supreme command on occasions, supervised our task. "The General" was born during the revolution while the noise of shots reverberated

through the streets of Berlin. The Kaiser takes a paternal interest in his stepchildren.

But today Hermine's children are children no more. The world around William grows older; he himself remains young. The Emperor has retained his marvelous facility for absorbing information; at times his mental exuberance exhausts his little court. Only Hermine is a match for him. In Hermine he has found a companion who understands him and whom he can trust absolutely. "If," she remarked once to me, "the Kaiser takes much out of people, he also gives much. The range of his knowledge is astonishing." The Kaiser not merely reads but digests books. He receives so many that he cannot possibly read them all. He divides the task of reading them with his wife.

Hermine's interest in literature is not exhausted by the books she reads with the Kaiser; her literary tastes are her own. She reads and writes English with ease. Among the books on her table I saw "If Winter Comes" and "Mothers and Sons." I also discovered "Jurgen," which Hermine considers one of the most remarkable books that has come out of America. The Empress greatly admires "Honor Bright," by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Her tastes are catholic. She reads Fulton Oursler, H. L. Mencken and Upton Sinclair, and she reads them to William. Among English poets, Hermine's favorite is Byron. She greatly admires Gerhart Hauptmann, in spite of the fact that the Kaiser publicly disapproved of his "Weavers." At the home of the great German poet someone remarked to me: "I wonder if she reads the 'Weavers' to him in Doorn?" The Empress does not read the "Weavers" to the Kaiser, but the literary world would be surprised by the appreciation of Hauptmann's art revealed by both Hermine and William.

While never, with wifely tact, contradicting him directly, Hermine knows how to impress her point of view upon him. Among the magazines I had brought to Doorn, there was an American publication containing a review of Count Bernstorff's reminiscences. A distinguished American, according to Bernstorff, expressed some doubt as to the Kaiser's sanity. "Your Majesty," I remarked, "would it not be better to take this magazine from the library table? It may give offense." "No," the Empress replied, "the Kaiser is strong enough to read the severest attacks. He could not have borne his fate, if he had not cultivated a detached point of view."

p. 386. "*When I saw the Princess,*" the Emperor replied—

This and what follows is a literal transcript, except for some abbreviations, of the Emperor's remarks to me.

p. 387. "*Barbarossa, Germany's legendary redeemer*"—

Empress Hermine in "An Empress in Exile—My Days in Doorn."

#### CHAPTER XVIII

#### "ICH UND GOTT"

p. 390. "*Philosophy?*"—the Kaiser smiled. "*I have no philosophy*"—

The replies of the Emperor in the course of this cross examination are taken, with minor stylistic modifications required by the exigencies of

composition, from authorized interviews on the subject of religion, granted to the present writer; from conversations and correspondence with His Majesty; from letters written by the Emperor to various theologians, and circulated in multigraphed form among his friends. The statements in question were made before the emergence of the Third Reich. They must not be construed as criticism or approval of recent events, or as a comment on the struggle between Church and State in Germany today, for His Majesty assiduously refrains from any discussions concerning the Third Reich. Compare "The Religion of William II" in "Glimpses of the Great," by George Sylvester Viereck (1930), "Denial of Christ's Divinity—The Barrier to Reconciliation" (*Current History*, August 1926, written in collaboration with me); also several theological discussions published in the "March of Events" section of the Hearst papers ("The Kaiser takes Issue with Bryan," July 26, 1925; "The Church Must Keep Apace With Modern Thought," May 30, 1926, etc.). Compare also "Days in Doorn."

- p. 390. "*May I, the Emperor continued, 'reply with a parable'—*  
This version, differing slightly from others published by me, was specifically authorized by the Emperor.
- p. 393. "*In the ante-room of Heaven sat a group—*  
*Ibid.*
- p. 394. *The Pontiff hailed the Emperor—*  
From private and public records. Compare the Emperor's own version of the interview, also Nowak's account in "Kaiser and Chancellor."
- p. 394. *Leo XIII shortly afterward—*  
From "private information" vouchsafed to Mr. E. F. Benson and recorded in a footnote of "The Kaiser and English Relations."
- p. 395. *Every morning members of the entourage told the Court—*  
Compare Hermine's Memoirs. "Religion," Empress Hermine remarked, "is William's ultimate solace; it is the source from which his courage is ever revived. During the war rumors spread that he was a religious maniac. This rumor was partly responsible for my reluctance to take my son with me to Doorn on my first fateful visit. I learned that I was mistaken. The Emperor is a deeply religious man, a true believer, his faith in God is invincible, but has no taint of morbidity . . ."
- p. 401. "*I have been profoundly influenced—*  
The description of this incident is an abbreviated version of an introductory note by Emperor William to a book of religious essays by Professor Alfred Jeremias.
- p. 404. *The Emperor was insistent upon drawing a sharp distinction—*  
The Emperor's espousal of this theory in *Current History* drew a vigorous response from Rabbi Nathan Krass, of Temple Emanu-El, New York City (*Current History*, August 1926).
- p. 406. *While the reins of my Empire were in my hands—*  
Compare "A Week in Doorn," *American Monthly*, January 1923. The references to the Jewish question in the report of my first encounter with Emperor William have been amplified by subsequent discussions and communications.

## CHAPTER XIX

## THE KAISER ON THE WITNESS STAND

- p. 410. *"There is nothing," asserts the Chief Attorney for the Prosecution—*  
 The speech of the Attorney, ending with the sentence: "It is useless to attempt to prove," etc., follows in the main almost literally the reasoning and the language of the Ultimatum addressed by the Allied and Associated Powers to the German Delegation at the Preliminary Peace Conference, June 16, 1919. It represents the combined wisdom of the jurists and historians assembled in the French capital on behalf of the Allies. I am indebted for the text to Alfred von Wegerer's "A Refutation of the Versailles War Guilt Thesis." A few sentences, however, have been borrowed from the stock-in-trade of fundamentalist historians, because they were necessary to make the indictment complete. The mythical Crown Council, though appearing in other state documents, was not mentioned in the Ultimatum. Similarly there was no reference to the Emperor's early appeal to save Europe from the "Yellow Peril." Other charges, including the statement that Germany prolonged the war, appear in the writings of numerous hostile chroniclers and historians.
- p. 414. *"It is to be hoped," he scornfully declares—*  
 "Ex-Kaiser's Denial of War Guilt Answered," by Robert Lansing, Secretary of State in the Wilson War Cabinet (*Current History*, January 1925).
- p. 416. *Almost audible silence, almost tangible tension, etc.—*  
 The various statements attributed to Emperor William on the witness stand are authentic extracts from letters to me intended to furnish rough material for divers articles and interviews authorized for publication by His Majesty; from the Emperor's conversations with me and from his extraordinary talks with Lt.-Colonel Niemann. Niemann's contributions to the literature of the Wilhelminian era—especially "Wanderungen mit Kaiser Wilhelm II"—never received the attention they merit, and are not available in English in book form.  
 The Emperor's remarks to Niemann reproduced in this chapter are not literal translations from the German, but free adaptations rendered into English by me and published with the consent of the Emperor and Niemann. Both the Niemann material and my own articles were widely syndicated; a great deal of the material appeared in the "March of Events" section of the Hearst newspapers, in *Current History*, in my own magazine, *The American Monthly*, in the now defunct New York *Evening Graphic* and in dailies served by the North American Alliance.  
 I have not hesitated to transport passages from various articles, letters and interviews, irrespective of their original source, and to place them in their logical sequence. This device enabled me to present the Kaiser's case effectively, even if it complicates the task of the curious who seek chapter and verse for each individual quotation. It would weary the reader if I were pedantic enough to label the source of every sentence and every variation in phraseology. I have, however, indicated my sources for this chapter in sufficient detail to satisfy the historical student. Occasional sentences may differ slightly from my own published version because I have ventured to make a few minor verbal changes to clarify the original meaning.

I have borrowed comparatively little, here or elsewhere, from the Emperor's books. William's personality expresses itself with more color and vigor in his letters and conversations than in his official pronouncements. The Emperor's books are formidable and plausible, but they were written primarily for his own people and cannot be appreciated fully without an intimate knowledge of German affairs. Niemann and Nowak have popularized the Emperor's style and have given an effective setting to his ideas in Germany. Through me William addressed himself to an audience beyond the confines of Germany. But even here the desire to reach his own people was paramount. He was impelled to employ the channels open to him through my pen by the reluctance of German newspapers to give a square deal to their exiled Emperor.

It is of course conceivable that the Emperor has changed his mind on some questions. The perilous state of Europe today would seal his lips on a number of subjects which he freely discussed in the past. However, his published utterances are part of the record. There is no reason why I should ignore material which, by reason of its previous publication, is available to others.

While diligent search of the files of newspapers and periodicals will bring most of the material published by Niemann and by me within the reach of all, there are some passages for which the historian will scrutinize libraries in vain. Several communications from William, including extracts from a projected "Appeal to the American Conscience," released for publication at my discretion, are printed for the first time in this volume.

- p. 416. "*The War Guilt Lie is exploded.*"—  
Emperor William to G. S. V., October 26, 1925.
- p. 416. "*In the light of the evidence collected by Nitti, etc.*"—  
"Ex-Kaiser William Breaks His Silence" (*Current History*, November 1929). This article, upon which I have drawn heavily, was prepared by me with the sanction of His Majesty. The order of the paragraphs has been changed to suit the present purpose. There are slight stylistic changes and occasionally a phrase is introduced to ease a transition, but no change affects in the slightest degree the meaning of the quotations.  
Compare also "A Week in Doorn" (*American Monthly*, January 1923).
- p. 418. "*Grey was the most illustrious counterfeiter*"—  
William II to G. S. V. (March 20, 1920). The rest of this paragraph is based on a letter from Emperor William to the author, published in the *New York Evening Graphic* (March 11, 1926).  
"Of one thing," says Lloyd George in his War Memoirs, Vol. I, "there can be no doubt: He [Grey] failed calamitously in his endeavours to avert the Great War. As to Sir Edward Grey's hesitations during the fateful days when the thunderclouds were deepening and rapidly darkening the sky, I have endeavored to give an accurate summary of the facts. They tell their own tale of a pilot whose hand trembled in the palsy of apprehension, unable to grip the levers and manipulate them with a firm and clear purpose. . . . Had he," the great War Premier goes on to say, "warned Germany in time of the point at which Britain would declare war—and wage it with her whole strength—the issue would have been different. I

know it is said that he was hampered by the divisions in the Cabinet. On one question, however, there was no difference of opinion—the invasion of Belgium. He could at any stage of the negotiations have secured substantial unanimity amongst his colleagues on that point. At the very worst there would have been only two resignations, and those would have followed our entry into the war, whatever the issue upon which it was fought. The assent of all the Opposition Leaders was assured, and thus in the name of a united people he could have intimated to the German Government that if they put into operation their plan of marching through Belgium they would encounter the active hostility of the British Empire. And he could have uttered this warning in sufficient time to leave the German military authorities without any excuse for not changing their dust-laden plans. When the ultimatum was actually delivered, war had already broken out between Germany and her neighbors, and the German staff were able with some show of reason to inform the Kaiser that it was then too late to alter their arrangements without jeopardizing the German chance of victory."

- p. 419. "*Germany, the Kaiser retorted soberly*—  
From "Why I Was Called War Lord," by Emperor William (New York *American*, June 26, 1927). This was one of a series of articles, based on Niemann's "Wanderungen mit Kaiser Wilhelm II," translated and edited for the English-speaking world by George Sylvester Viereck.
- p. 419. *Those who wish to form a clear conception of the causes of the war, etc.*—  
Here ends the quotation from the article of June 26, 1927.
- p. 420. "*Germany, he replied, with just a touch of pedantry,*—  
From "Kaiser Analyzes the United States as World Power—America Must Rescue Germany from Ruin" (New York *American*, Jan. 16, 1927). Another of the Niemann articles, published in the Hearst papers, edited and translated by G. S. V.
- p. 421. "*I was not afraid, the Kaiser sharply replied*—  
From a series of articles syndicated by the North American Newspaper Alliance and printed by the New York *World* under the title: "Says the Ex-Kaiser," January 4, 1926. Prepared by me with His Majesty's sanction.
- p. 422. "*My view of the Peace Treaty of Versailles has undergone*—  
From "Awakening of Asia Is A World Problem No Nation Can Ignore," warns Kaiser (New York *American*, March 6, 1927).
- p. 422. "*It is too intimately associated with the Peace Treaty of Versailles.*"—  
This sentence and the discussion that follows are taken from various communications from the Emperor to the author between 1920 and 1928.
- p. 423. "*Providence will not wait until people make up their minds*"—  
William II to G. S. V., October 26, 1925.
- p. 423. "*Without Wilson's ambition to be remembered by history*"—  
"Says the Ex-Kaiser: American Nations Cannot Repudiate Signature of Wilson—Without America Germany Would Have Won—I Chose Exile Because I Believed Wilson" (New York *World*, Jan. 3, 1926). The discussion that follows is taken from various installments of "Says the Ex-

Kaiser" with a number of abbreviations and transpositions. These quotations end with the sentence: "They knew exactly what promises were held out by President Wilson" (p. 21).

- p. 424. "*In November 1918, the Emperor reiterated—*  
The passages that follow are a transcript from a projected "Appeal to the American Conscience," edited and translated by His Majesty the Emperor from material supplied by Dr. Kurt Jagow. It ends with the sentence on p. 23: "He gave the American nation to understand that they were under a moral obligation," etc.
- p. 425. "*The Prosecution has referred to the alleged Crown Council—*  
A few years ago the present writer prepared, but did not publish, an article on the mythical Crown Council at Potsdam. The article was based, in the main, on information received from Emperor William and from Ambassador Morgenthau. It was submitted to both. Mr. Morgenthau replied that the article "faithfully stated" the "gist" of our conversations. Baron von Sell thanked me on behalf of the Emperor for "exposing the truth at last." "His Majesty," he added, "hopes that you may succeed in destroying the Myth of the Crown Council finally, although legends of this type seem to defy destruction." The article was also read and approved by the German diplomat, now a voluntary exile from Germany, who so startlingly disclosed to me at Mr. Morgenthau's New York residence the secret motive of Wangenheim's trip to Germany. Except for minor stylistic changes, my explanation of the Potsdam Myth is an exact reproduction of my original article. The Emperor's letter on the subject to Gaffney was published in the February 1930 issue of *Current History*.
- p. 429. *Rotund, with clever little eyes,—*  
Dr. Paul Schwarz was attached to the German Embassy in Constantinople; subsequently he was the German Consul General in New York. He retired from the diplomatic service with the advent of National Socialism.
- p. 430. "*The diary of His Majesty's aide-de-camp—*  
Information supplied to the author by Baron Ulrich von Sell.
- p. 431. "*Lies, the Emperor softly added—*  
Emperor William to G. S. V.
- p. 431. "*It is clearly evident, he replied—*  
The substance and the text of what follows is taken from "Germany Should Be A Buffer Between East and West" (New York *American*, December 6, 1925) from "Bolshevism Doomed in China, Says the Kaiser" (August 7, 1927) and from "Struggle to Wrest Mastery of World From White Race Is In Full Swing, Warns William" (New York *American*, April 22, 1928).
- p. 438. "*Parliamentarism, he retorted sharply—*  
From *Current History*, May 1928, "The Bankruptcy of Parliamentary Government." From material entrusted by the Kaiser to Professor Barnes and prepared for publication by the present writer, although his name is not disclosed in the periodical.



- p. 442. "In my person," the Emperor replied—  
From "Why I Chose Exile Instead of Suicide," by the Kaiser—"Former Kaiser Reveals Inside Story of His Abdication in 1918" (New York *American*, August 8, 1926—Niemann series).
- p. 443. "What further explanations,"—  
*Ibid.*
- p. 443. "I believe that the misverdict of Versailles"—  
A free translation of the concluding sentences of "Ereignisse und Gestalten," by Emperor William.
- p. 448. "It is for you to decide"—  
International law is still fluid; so fluid that, in the opinion of many it is possible to deny its existence. Similarly the idea that war is inadmissible as an instrument of national policy did not exist in 1914. Even today it exists only on paper. Bethmann-Hollweg, in his testimony before the Reichstag Commission, aptly emphasizes this point:  
"The pacifism of 1920 and a wide popular opinion which sees only the unfortunate outcome of the war, agree that a policy which includes the risk of a European war must be avoided at all costs. This view fails to realize that a policy of forbearance on the part of the Central Powers in no way obviated the warlike tendencies on the other side. If Austria, in default of German assistance, had retreated before Serbia, an Austro-Serbian war would, it is true, have been avoided for the moment, but the general situation in Europe would not have been one iota more peaceful, while it would have become infinitely more dangerous for Germany. What recipe would pacifism have had for this state of affairs? Certainly none which could have been accepted except at the cost of Germany's world status. While, in German pacifist circles, the 5th of July is represented as marking the boundary between two epochs—before this period crimes of thought, after it crimes of action, the crimes of thought laid to the Entente, the crimes of action, however, laid to the charge of the Central Powers,—the facts of history at hand constitute a palpable contradiction to this construction of history. It was with plain, provable acts that the Entente created the world's political situation of 1914. The Entente never courted pacifist ideals."—Excerpt from *Official German Documents Relating to the World War*, I, 23.
- p. 449. "A verdict of 'not guilty' on the third count"—  
Professor James T. Shotwell, a member of "The Inquiry," the body appointed by Colonel House to prepare the framework of the Peace Treaty, who played an important part in shaping and in recording the history of the Peace Conference, admits in his extraordinary volume "At the Paris Peace Conference" (New York, 1937): "It is not too much to say that the Peace Conference never *met* (italics are mine) . . .  
"Held off like prisoners from even social contact with former friends," Shotwell goes on to say, "the delegations from Germany and Austria and Hungary were held in strictest quarantine and under police supervision in their separate quarters in Versailles and St. Germain. When the real treaty-making should have begun, in the exchange of views over the

detailed proposal of the draft treaty, the task was declared ended, and the signature of Germany was procured by the threat of an occupation of Berlin. The Allied armies were moved out beyond the bridgeheads of the Rhine and were ready at a moment's notice to force the issue. There was nothing for Germany to do but to accept."

## SOURCES

- Communications, by word of mouth and in writing, from His Majesty, Emperor William II.
- Communications, written and verbal, from Her Majesty Empress Hermine.
- Communications, written and verbal, from His Imperial Highness, Crown Prince William, and other members of the Imperial family.
- Communications, verbal or oral, from:
- General Wilhelm von Dommès,
  - Baron von Ilseemann,
  - Dr. Kurt Jagow,
  - Baron Leopold von Kleist,
  - Count Detlev von Moltke,
  - Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Niemann,
  - Baron Ulrich von Sell, and others, formerly or at present in the service or the entourage of the Emperor.
- Communications, written and verbal, from Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, Germany's Foreign Secretary at the outbreak of the World War.
- Oral communications from Friedrich Rosen, German Diplomat and one-time Foreign Secretary.
- Oral communications from Dr. Alfred Zimmermann, one-time German Foreign Secretary.
- Communications, written and verbal, from Count Johann von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington during the World War.
- Monographs and Memoranda from Professor Friedrich Thimme, Co-Editor of "Die Auswärtige Politik des Deutschen Reiches 1871-1914."
- Conversations with:
- Georges Clemenceau, one-time Premier of France;
  - Dr. Constantine Dumba, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Washington;
  - Marshal Ferdinand Foch;
  - Fieldmarshal Paul von Hindenburg;
  - Marshal Joseph Joffre;
  - General Erich Ludendorff;
  - James W. Gerard, American Ambassador in Berlin;
  - Henry Morgenthau, Sr., one-time American Ambassador to Constantinople;
  - Dr. Paul Schwarz, one-time German Consul General in New York;
  - Sir William Wiseman, one-time Head of the British Secret Service in the United States.
- Communications, written and verbal, from Colonel Edward Mandell House.
- Information from unpublished correspondence of President Wilson in the House Collection at Yale.
- Communications and Memoranda from Mohammed Essad Bey, author of "Nicholas II," etc.
- Communications prepared for publication by the present writer from Francesco Nitti, one-time Italian Premier.
- Confidential information from diplomats, statesmen, soldiers of many nations, whose names I am not permitted to reveal.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE

### GERMANY

- 1859 William II of Hohenzollern born.
- 1861 Death of Frederick William IV—Prince Regent ascends throne as William I, King of Prussia.
- 1867 First diet of North German Confederation—Count Bismarck Chancellor of Confederation.
- 1870 Napoleon III declares war against Prussia.
- 1871 King of Prussia becomes William I, German Emperor.
- 1878 Congress of Berlin; armed peace of forty-six years begun.
- 1882 Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy.
- 1884 Germany's first colonies in Africa.
- 1887 Treaty between Germany and Russia.
- 1888 William I succeeded by his son, Frederick III—Emperor Frederick succeeded by his son William II.
- 1890 Bismarck dismissed—Caprivi his successor; Count Herbert Bismarck succeeded by Baron Marschall von Bieberstein as Secretary of State; Heligoland ceded to Germany; International Labor Conference in Berlin at suggestion of the Emperor; non-renewal of Reinsurance Treaty with Russia.
- 1891 Third Treaty of the Triple Alliance—bill to increase German armies defeated.
- 1894 Caprivi succeeded by Prince Hohenlohe as Chancellor.
- 1895 Naval increase in Germany; Kaiser meets Lord Salisbury at Cowes.
- 1896 Telegram of congratulation to President Krueger; twenty-fifth anniversary of German Empire.
- 1897 Count von Buelow becomes Foreign Secretary.
- 1898 William II visits Holy Land; Prince Bismarck dies.

### UNITED STATES

- 1859 Slavery question arises.
- 1860 Abraham Lincoln elected president.
- 1861 Civil War begins; war with Great Britain averted.
- 1865 Lincoln assassinated.
- 1867 Alaska purchased from Russia.
- 1868 Attempt to impeach President Johnson fails.
- 1871 Treaty of Washington with Great Britain; German Emperor acts as arbiter in dispute over Oregon boundary; U. S. favored.
- 1876 Rutherford B. Hayes president.
- 1879 Invention of electric light.
- 1880 Garfield elected president.
- 1883 New steel navy begun.
- 1884 Cleveland elected president.
- 1888 Harrison elected president.
- 1889 Johnstown flood; United States, Britain and Germany sign Treaty of Samoa.
- 1890 Sherman anti-trust law; Pan-American Congress; advent of America as a world power.
- 1891 Chile averts war with U. S. after attack on sailors in Valparaiso.
- 1892 Bering Sea Arbitration with England; U. S. pays indemnity for seizures; strikes and riots throughout country.
- 1893 Treaty of annexation with Hawaii; Columbian exposition; navy growth brings it to fifth place; financial panic.
- 1895 America refers to Monroe Doctrine in Venezuela-British Guiana controversy; McKinley president; rebellion in Cuba; friction with Spain.
- 1898 Battleship *Maine* blown up in Havana harbor; war with Spain; treaty of peace signed in Paris; Cuba ruled by the U. S.; Porto Rico, Guam and Philippines ceded to the U. S.; Hawaii annexed; Alaska boundary dispute with Canada.

- 1899 William II and Buelow again visit Britain; Hague Peace Conference.
- 1899 Philippine insurrection; open-door policy in China; Samoan islands divided among England, Germany and the U. S.
- 1900 Count von Buelow becomes Chancellor; Baron von Richthofen becomes Foreign Secretary.
- 1901 Queen Victoria dies; Edward VII King of England.
- 1902 Prince Henry, brother of William II, visits U. S. A.
- 1904 Russo-Japanese War; King of England visits Kaiser.
- 1905 William II visits Sultan of Morocco at Tangier; Treaty of Bjoerkoe.
- 1906 Algeciras Conference; Holstein dismissed as Privy Councillor.
- 1908 *Daily Telegraph* interview with Kaiser.
- 1909 von Buelow retires as Chancellor, succeeded by von Bethmann-Hollweg.
- 1910 King Edward VII succeeded by George V.
- 1911 Second Moroccan crisis with France.
- 1912 Lord Haldane, special envoy from Britain, in Berlin.
- 1913 von Jagow becomes Foreign Secretary; first Balkan war. The "Purple Internationale" meets at Berlin for the wedding of Princess Victoria Louise.
- 1914 Germany declares war against Russia.
- 1914-18 WORLD WAR.
- 1918 Abdication of William II as German Emperor and King of Prussia.
- 1901 Treaty with Panama for building Canal.
- 1902 American occupation of Cuba ends.
- 1903 Revolt of Panama from Colombia; U. S. recognizes the Panamanian government and sends ships to prevent landing of Colombian troops.
- 1904 Theodore Roosevelt elected president; general labor unrest.
- 1906 Earthquake and fire at San Francisco; work begun on Panama Canal.
- 1907 Financial panic in New York.
- 1908 "Gentlemen's Agreement" signed with Japan to restrict Japanese labor.
- 1912 *Titanic* disaster; Woodrow Wilson elected president.
- 1914 Financial crisis owing to outbreak of World War; Wilson offers services of U. S. in mediation between warring powers; protests to Great Britain over seizure of U. S. ships and cargoes.
- 1915 *Lusitania* torpedoed and sunk; ambitious naval program inaugurated to make U. S. second largest naval power.
- 1916 Villa crosses border into Texas; U. S. punitive expedition into Mexico; Wilson appeals to belligerents to state terms of peace.
- 1917 Government angered at Germany's new submarine policy; America becomes creditor nation; Ambassador Gerard recalled from Germany; America arms merchant ships; information reaches president of Germany urging Mexico and Japan to declare war on the U. S.; joint war resolution passes Congress; war declared against Germany and her allies.

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