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BACK TO METZ

Germany defeated Austria in seven weeks and had France at her feet in as many months. That was only fifty years ago.

Such was the sudden debut of German militarism. Germany as a nation had just come into birth. Its success was spectacular and immediate and had a profound effect on the history of the world.

Germany took as a reward for her victory over France the two provinces of Alsace-Lorraine and one billion dollars indemnity. Bismarck did not want to take all of these provinces, but the German General Staff was insistent that Metz, the great fortress that has never been captured by any army until it was taken by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War, should be on German soil.

It is possible to trace the present war, which has taken us from our homes and peaceful pursuits and put so many of us into a uniform and carried us far across the sea—it is possible to trace this great war back to German greediness regarding Metz.

France was stung to the quick by her defeat at the hands of the Germans in 1871, a defeat due largely to the instability of her governments (she had a so-called empire at the beginning and a sort of republic at the end). At the finish of the war she was without an ally in Europe.

France refused to remain prostrate. She paid off her huge indemnity, reorganized her army and devoted herself to regaining her place in Europe. Thanks to the blundering of German diplomacy, she soon secured an alliance with Russia.

Bismarck noted with great nervousness the quick recovery of France after her defeat, but played his cards with fumbling hands. At this time Russia inflicted a serious defeat on Turkey and concluded a treaty of peace that brought her to the Bosphorus. The European powers could not permit this expansion on the part of the great autocrat to the north and called a congress in 1882 at Berlin.

England, especially, feared the Russian bear at Constantinople, where Persia and India would be well within reach of his paw. Bismarck was anxious not to antagonize England. Indeed, to avoid doing so, he had already allowed the old alliance between Germany and Russia to lapse. Now, at the Congress of Berlin, he permitted the Russo-Turkish treaty to be torn to shreds and a new peace treaty concluded that robbed the Czar of the

fruits of his victory. The Russians always blamed Bismarck for this diplomatic defeat and for a generation the Petersburg statesmen used to say, "The road to Constantinople is via Berlin." France, isolated and degraded by Bismarck, found Russia, alienated by the same statesman, willing to come into the partnership.

Germany, realizing that she had enemies to the north and south, and none too sure of her ally on the east, opened negotiations with Italy and formed the unnatural Triple Alliance. It was unnatural because Austria and Italy have always been traditional enemies, and when the time of test came in 1914, Italy refused to abide by an unpopular and undemocratic arrangement made by a former government.

Germany further played her cards badly by backing Turkey, a nation which was extremely unpopular with Italy, since just before the present European War, Italy and Turkey fought for the possession of Tripoli, and France was thus enabled to cool Italy's affection for the Triple Alliance by approving her policy in Africa.

Germany as a nation is the youngest of the big powers in Europe, but has made more diplomatic mistakes in the last fifty years than all the rest of the countries put together. We must not forget that even Bulgaria and Turkey, only two years before the present war began, fought bitterly against each other and the relations between these two countries have been none too cordial since that time.

When Austria sought war with little Serbia, Russia, the leading Slav nation, could not see the Serbs, who are Slavs, thus trampled down.

When Russia went to the rescue of Serbia, Germany declared war on Russia and on France, her close ally. The German diplomats had decided that England would not fight, but Great Britain threw her fortunes on the side of France, with whom she had "a cordial understanding."

Thus it is easy to trace back from Russia to France the original blunder of the punitive peace made by Germany in 1871 because the German Staff wanted the fortress of Metz, which necessitated the taking of all of Alsace-Lorraine.

No greater military bully than Germany has appeared in the world in modern times. Her success in 1871 turned her head and made her statesmen believe that if militarism were combined with scientific management, and the people's soul subordinated to a hideous national immorality known as "kultur," world domination would follow. But the world refused to be dominated.

NIP IT IN THE BUD

American soldiers now in camps in this country, or at embarkation points, can aid materially in winning an important campaign before they ever see the field of honor in France.

This Fall finds the unspeakable Hun fighting with his back to the wall. That wall will be Germany, desperate in her exigencies and willing for her defenders to go to any lengths to avert for herself the misery and black anguish which has been the lot of those nations she has so hideously outraged. Germany does

not want her people to crack beneath the strain; does not desire the foot of conquest set on her rich cities and yet fertile lands. How does she hope to avert such catastrophe? The answer?

Propaganda! Autumn's last leaves, according to all authentic reports, will usher in the Hun's last hope. Throughout the land, on the swift secret wires of the whispering propaganda, disloyalists and false pacifists will start to spread the seed of seditious utterance. To soldiers' friends, relatives, to the men themselves, will go these lying prophets of decadence,

seeking to blind the sight and stuff the ears with Prussian-batched lies fostered in an effort to secure a permanent peace. We may well imagine such statements as these:

"Germany is beaten enough—there is no more need to crush her. Let's have peace. Why should we let our men continue to die when Germany is beaten and willing to make peace. France, Belgium and other countries are ruined—but let us not ruin another nation. The Germans are an intelligent race—it would be a crime to wipe out their hearthstones. Let us boost for peace."

Every man in a military camp in the United States should write home to his mother, or sister, or sweetheart, and his friends, warning against this conspiracy to weaken our arms. There is no more patriotic public in the world than that of the immediate relatives and friends of men in our service branches. A word to them

will bring enthusiastic co-operation. Every one will be glad to start a counter propaganda of refutation of all such lies.

Here is a constructive proposition. Write home today. Make a point of this. If every soldier who reads this editorial does so, hundreds of thousands of mothers and sisters tomorrow will begin to combat this insidious brand of defeatism.

Germany is still a long way from being decisively beaten. Behind her armies are well-equipped forges and factories for equipping new divisions and renewing the martial spirit. Every vestige of such Prussian preparedness must be destroyed before peace can be thought of. Making the world "safe for Democracy" means more than sacrificing American lives for a diplomatic victory. The plunderers of Potsdam must be utterly crushed to perpetuate the ideals of Freedom.

NOT A MAN LOOKED UP

In one of the thousands of letters from the front that have been published in the daily press during the past few weeks was this passage:

"Sir Douglas Haig reviewed our regiment yesterday. During the ceremonies a British aviator flew over the field. He passed directly over our men, at one time flying so low he was within twenty-five feet of the bayonets."

"Not a man looked up!" "Marshal Haig thought this was the finest thing in the whole ceremony. He turned to the commanding general and said, 'I didn't believe it possible that you could have developed an army so highly trained in so short a time!'"

So that the record may be quite clear, let all the facts be known about that particular regiment. It is not one of the recently created regiments that composed the group of divisions originally designated as the National Army. It is a regiment of the old National Guard and its basis was a very famous unit. A wealth of tradition inspired the soldiers of that command.

Some of the new regiments have no traditions—but they are equally in-

spired, for their soldiers realize that they must make them. These regiments are equally well disciplined. It is the situation all over again of the man who said he would rather be an ancestor than have one.

All our troops will do well in France. In the first place, there is the great motive of our participation; in the second place, there is the environment in which we have been nurtured.

Many of us may have been needless, indifferent; many of us may have taken our advantages for granted. But the great object lesson has been learned.

Our men abroad have seen the monstrous results of a different theory of government from that which they have known.

Some may have been drafted into the new army unwillingly. But once over there, there is no hesitancy. It is seen that a huge task confronts them, a task which must be FINISHED there, or it will be renewed here.

There is to-day a wonderful discipline in the overseas army. It is a finer discipline far than that of the gallant Six Hundred.

It is the Discipline of Democracy. It is service self-imposed. It is the expression of the will to win.

YANKEE HOSPITALITY

By EARL BALDWIN THOMAS

A blue sky, a clear sky, a glint of sun on steel,  
A truck comes dashing up the road, a gun upon its back,  
A shrapnel wreath or two floats up, just to get the feel,  
And the pilot speeds his airplane high up the dizzy track.

A fair sky, a blue cloud, Heaven's overhead,  
The truck runs on a hundred yards and shivers with the gun,  
The crew is serving rapidly its breakfast-dish of lead  
With a special sauce of excellence reserved for such a Hun.

A clear sky, a blue sky—another roaring speck—  
The yellow sunlight blossoms on the little buzzing pair,  
The crew stops serving suddenly and pauses on its deck,  
And the broken Teuton visitor comes tumbling down the air!

Second Battle Of Gettysburg



THE GRAND ARMY WINS ANOTHER VICTORY