

# War Declared 20 Years Ago; Looking Back On Those Days

In a series of six articles author of "The World War Day-by-Day" feature throws light of retrospect on that momentous period when the United States Entered the World War.

This is the first of a series of six articles in which the author "The World War Day-by-Day" summarizes new evidence that comes to light since the Armistice on the reasons why the United States went to war, 20 years ago. Where opinions and conclusions are expressed in these articles they are Mr. Kinnaird's and do not necessarily represent the views of this newspaper.

By CLARK KINNAIRD  
Central Press Staff Writer  
President Thomas Woodrow Wilson walked through lines of soldiers with drawn sabers into the American House of Representatives on April 2, 1917, to devote 38 minutes to saying, elaborately:

"I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States . . ."

There was no surprise for the joint assembly of the congress in special session in what he said; only interest in how he would say it.

Mr. Chief Justice White led the first applause the address drew, with tear rolling down his face. Apparently the only persons in the throng who did not join the applause were the diplomats, who were restrained by official etiquette, and certain senators—A little group of willful men, who, by filibustering in the closing days of the previous Congress, had helped to defeat the armed neutrality bill.

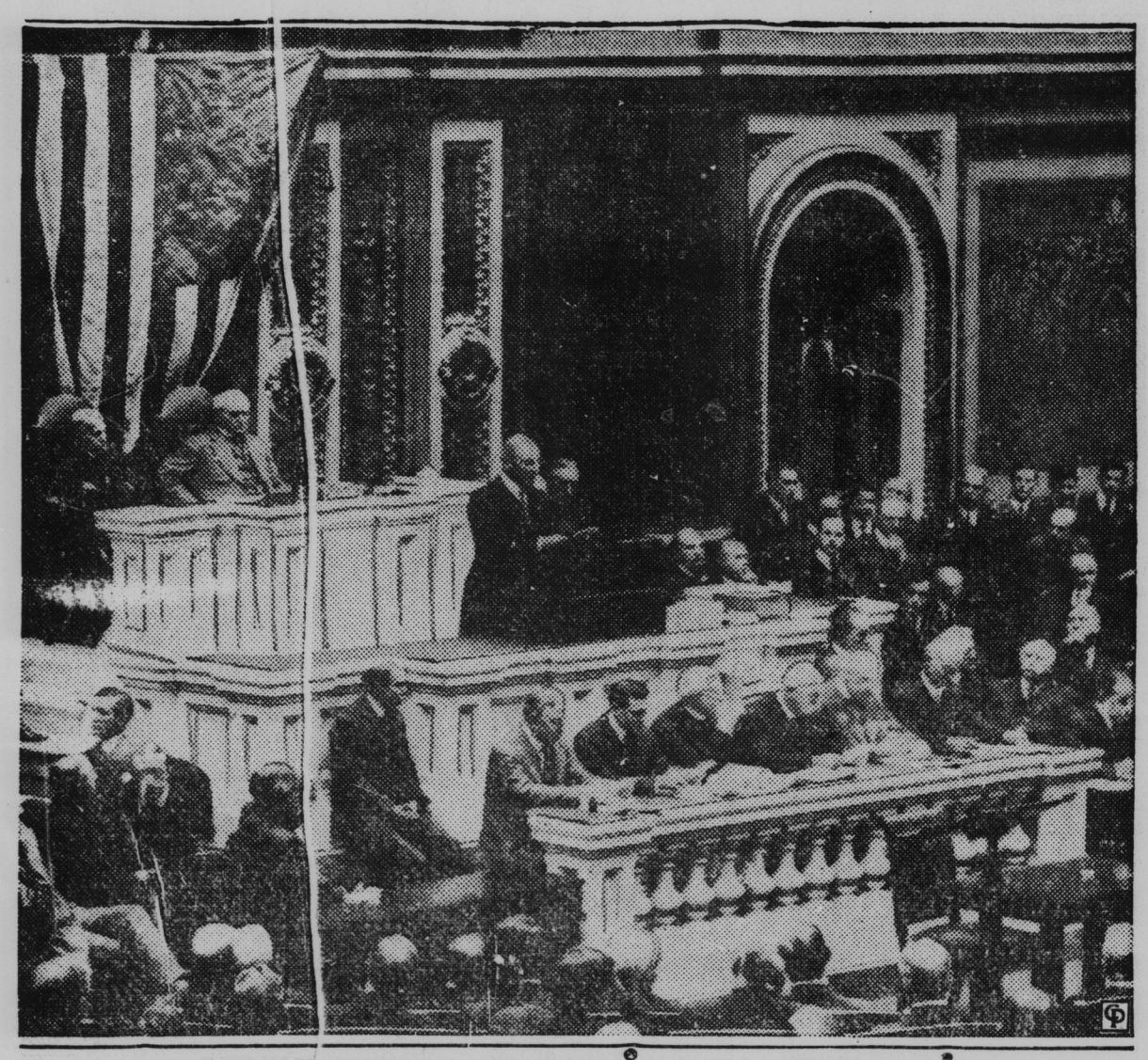
Already at War  
In asking Congress to declare war, the President was but making a formal gesture, for the nation was already at war. It had been at war, in fact since March 17.

Just what had happened to bring this about? Just how and why did the United States get into the conflict?  
There was no one reason, but a pyramid of circumstances. It has taken all of the subsequent 20 years for even the contributing factors to come to light sufficiently to be understood.

It is the parallels that can be recognized in America's position in world affairs in 1937 and in the present policies that make so fascinating the evidence that has finally come to light about America's position in 1914-17.

War Factors  
In this series, the writer will take up one by one the factors most often cited as the reason for America's entry into the war—such as foreign propaganda, the invasion of Belgium, Germany's anti-submarine campaign, "Wall Street bankers." It is necessary to consider first of all President Wilson's own part in the making of the war.

Speaking in New York, June 30, 1916, he said: "I get a great many letters, my fellow-citizens, from important and influential men in this country; but I get a great many other letters. I get letters from unknown men from humble women, from people whose names have never been heard and will never be recorded, and there is one prayer in all these letters: Mr. President, do not allow anybody to persuade you that the people of this country want war with anybody."  
This was two months after a secret "sunrise conference" at the White House, attended by Speaker Clark and Representatives Flood and Kitchin, the latter Democratic floor leader, at which Mr. Wilson expressed "eagerness for war."



An historic scene in the U. S. house of representatives on April 2, 1917—President Woodrow Wilson recommending to joint session of house and senate that war be declared on Germany.

President Wilson at all times had complete control of the American and diplomatic negotiations which formed the basis of the progressive steps carried the nation into war.

Twice Congress seriously opposed his aggressive attitude toward Germany. The first of these contests was early

in 1916, and was occasioned by the announcement of Germany that armed merchant vessels of its enemies would be regarded as ships of war. A strong opinion developed, both in and out of Congress, that persons taking passage on such armed vessels should do so at their own risk, and each of the chairmen of the foreign relations committees notified the President that

a clear majority of his respective committee and House favored a formal warning to American citizens against risking their lives on such vessels. Speaker Clark told the President Congress was 3 to 1 in favor of such a warning.

Opposition to Wilson  
But the President opposed warning Americans against taking pass-

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Charles Stuckey, of a London law firm, reluctantly has agreed to a scheme to defraud the daughter of one of his respectable clients, Jacqueline Smith, of an inheritance of \$1,500,000 from an American uncle.

With the plan, Colonel Alex Lutman, who has a hold over Stuckey, and Jim Asson, an ex-convict, are stopping at the same hotel in Cobenzl with Mrs. Smith and her daughter. Jim hopes to marry the girl, having her assign her property to him, before Stuckey informs her of her inheritance. In dire financial straits, Mrs. Smith already is impressed with Jim, posing as a wealthy Englishman, as an admirable "catch" for her daughter. Lutman, in the role of Jim's trustee, subtly threatens Jacqueline with a check he cashed for her mother, returned marked "insufficient funds."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

CHAPTER 13  
JACQUELINE suddenly got up from her chair, strode into the hotel, knocked at the door of her mother's bedroom, and went in. Mrs. Smith, with her eyes closed and a wisp of handkerchief grasped in her hand, was lying on the bed.

"Mother!"  
The older woman opened her eyes and closed them again.  
"What is it, Jacqueline?" she said in a weary voice. "I don't want to be disturbed just now."

"I've been talking to Colonel Lutman."  
"Yes, dear. So have I. At least, he has been talking to me. I'm feeling dreadfully upset. I had no idea Colonel Lutman had such a hasty temper. He shouted."  
"He has told me about the check."  
Mrs. Smith opened her eyes.  
"Well?"  
"Mother, what on earth made you do a thing like that? It's awful. It's fraud—cheating—you must have known there was no money there."  
"Yes, dear, of course I did."  
"Yes, you wrote a check and asked Colonel Lutman to cash it?"  
"No, dear; I didn't ask him. He offered. I suppose I let slip that I was a little short of money, and he said he'd be pleased to cash a check for me, and I did it. But I never dreamed the bank wouldn't give him the money for it. I've often overdrawn my account before."  
"But for \$750, mother—as much as two quarters' allowance from Uncle Alan!"  
"Well, the bank would have got it back, Jacqueline, in due course, and I really had to have it. I'm sure I don't know where all the money goes. It's no use getting cross with me, Jacqueline. Colonel Lutman wasn't at all nice about it, and I really can't stand any more. Look on the dressing table, dear, will you? I believe there's a bottle of aspirin."  
Jacqueline did not move.  
"I suppose you realize, mother," she said, "that if Colonel Lutman had gone to the police . . ."  
"Oh, yes, I realize that. Colonel Lutman told me. I was an unscrupulous woman, he said, and he could put me in prison if he chose to. It's the first time anybody has called me an unscrupulous woman, and I'm terribly hurt about it, dear."

and if you start bullying me, too. . . .  
"Did you give the money back to Colonel Lutman?"  
Mrs. Smith gazed at her in surprise.  
"Give it back, Jacqueline? Of course I didn't give it back. The Colonel asked for it, but I said I'd spent it already and he couldn't have it."  
"I see," said Jacqueline. "And where is it, mother?"  
"I'm not going to tell you, Jacqueline. I know what's in your mind. You want to take it and give it to Colonel Lutman."  
"Mother, we must—at least as much as you've got left."  
"I'm not going to do it, Jacqueline," said her mother firmly. "And I'm not going to let you do it. I—I can't. It's all I've got, and I don't care what anybody thinks of me—I'm not going to give it up. If it's fraud and cheating and all that sort of thing—then I'll be a fraud and a cheat."  
"Mother! I wonder you're not ashamed!"  
"That's it—now you turn against me, Jacqueline. Ashamed! Perhaps I am ashamed. Perhaps—all these years, lying and pretending and using nasty little subterfuges—perhaps I've always been ashamed. You've never thought of that, have you? You've thought I was hard, unprincipled, and as long as I could have nice food and pretty clothes I didn't care what petty little meanness I used to get them. But I didn't mind your thinking that as long as I could somehow keep going and give you everything you needed."  
"Mother—please!"  
Mrs. Smith dabbed her eyes with her wisp of handkerchief.  
"You've thought I was just a deceitful, conceited, selfish woman. You don't understand—I realize that, but you can't realize I was leading. But I've always realized, and I've always hated it just as much as you have, and now you're turning against me!" Suddenly she buried her face in the pillow, sobbing.  
Jacqueline went to her and laid a hand on her shoulder.  
"Mother!"  
"No—leave me alone, Jacqueline. You don't understand—I've never understood. I've kept struggling on, trying to do my best for you, and you've only despised me."  
"Mother, I haven't despised you. And I have realized. I've often thought how wonderful you were."  
"So you may have done, Jacqueline," sobbed her mother, "but you've never done anything to help me. I've tried so hard to fix everything for you so that you shouldn't have to live the sort of life I've lived, and you've never backed me up. There was that charming young fellow in Paris with more money than he knew what to do with. He was dreadfully in love with you, and everything would have been splendid if you'd married him, but you ruined everything—just because he hadn't a great deal of chin."  
"But mother, I really didn't love him!"  
"You didn't try to, Jacqueline."

You hardly knew the man. He was perfectly charming if only you'd looked a little farther than the chin. And it was the same in Rome, and the same in Vienna, and the same everywhere else. If their chins were all right, you always found something else wrong with them. I'm sure I don't know what you do want as a husband. You can't marry a Greek god. People in our station of life can't expect to do that sort of thing. And if you did, you wouldn't be happy. You'd have to keep him under lock and key. And now—now—Oh, go away, Jacqueline, and leave me. I'm just terribly unhappy."  
"And now what, mother?"  
"And now there's Jim Asson," sobbed Mrs. Smith. "He's terribly rich and very good-looking, and if only you'd marry him—but of course you won't. You'll probably find he's got a hammer toe or something, and we shall just go on and on, living the same cheap sort of life, pinching and scraping and telling lies and—Oh, it's all so hopeless, Jacqueline. I feel I can't go on any longer. I just want to lie here and cry."  
The girl was silent, frowning thoughtfully; and then her frown vanished and her eyes seemed to soften; her hand went out and touched her mother's shoulder again.

"Mother, listen."  
"Just leave me alone, Jacqueline."  
"There's no need to be unhappy, mother. There's no need to cry. I suppose I've been a selfish little beast, but I won't be any more. And you won't have to struggle and tell lies and pinch and scrape any more, either. Are you listening?"  
Her mother nodded.  
"That's all done with—forever, mother, because I'm going to marry Jim Asson."  
Mrs. Smith suddenly sat up.  
"Jacqueline! My dear—do you really mean it?"  
"I do. Does that make you happy?"  
Mrs. Smith caught her hand, drew her close and kissed her cheek.  
"Bless you, dear!" she said. "I'm sure you'll be terribly happy."  
"I'm going to tell Jim now."  
Her mother nodded.  
"Do, dear," she smiled. "And then I'll talk to Colonel Lutman about the business side. You can safely leave that to me."  
"I'm sure I can, mother."  
"It must all be done legally," said Mrs. Smith. "I shall write to Mr. Stuckey at once. Run along, dear, and find Jim."  
Jacqueline hesitated.  
"About that check, mother . . ."  
"My dear, I'm sure I shan't worry about that now. Why, Colonel Lutman will be almost a relative. I don't suppose he'll mention it again when he hears of your engagement."  
"And if he does?"  
Mrs. Smith smiled.  
"Well, you'll soon be married, dear, won't you?"

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CHAPTER 14  
AFTER LEAVING her mother Jacqueline found Jim Asson smoking a cigarette in the lounge, and seated herself beside him on the settee.  
"Well, Jim, do you really want me to marry you?"  
"Of course I do, Jacqueline. I've been waiting and hoping . . ."  
"Listen, Jim, before you start getting rapturous," interrupted the girl. "I don't love you, and if I marry you it will be because I'm sick of never having a shilling to spend, sick of the sort of life I've been leading. It'll be because you've got enough money to give me a home of my own and a good time and nice clothes and all that sort of thing, and because you've promised to make mother a generous allowance. Is that clear?"  
"You don't give me much chance to misunderstand, Jacqueline."  
"It's best to be frank. That's why I should be marrying you, and for no other reason at all. I don't want to marry you under false pretenses. I like you, but I don't love you, and I don't believe I ever shall love you."  
"It sounds a bit cold-blooded, Jacqueline."  
She smiled. "Your proposal wasn't exactly ardent, Jim," she reminded him. "That's the position, anyway. Of course, I'll be a sport and play the game and behave as a good wife is expected to behave, but it will only be for the reasons I've given you. Do you still want to marry me?"  
"Of course."  
"Right, Jim; I'm willing. So we call it a bet, do we?"  
"Absolutely. And as soon as possible, oh, Jacqueline? I'll see old Lutman and get things fixed up and we'll be married straightaway, shall we?"  
She nodded and got up.  
"See you later, then, Jim," she said, and went up to her bedroom.  
There, for a long time, she sat staring out of the window. "But why?" she kept asking herself. "Why does Jim want to marry me? And why does Colonel Lutman want him to?"  
Charles Stuckey on the sunlit terrace of the Hotel Waldenstein was a very different person from Charles Stuckey in the dingy office of Messrs. Stuckey & Stuckey in London.  
He was dressed, for instance, in a suit of plus-fours of vivid pattern, which, though it caused no commotion in the valley of the Danube, long since buried to the sunlit terrace of the hotel; he liked the view across the river; he liked his hat and the appearance, if not the taste, of his pipe; and he liked particularly the look of the girl who was seated a little farther along the terrace beneath the shade of the big umbrella.  
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had found did not quite meet with his approval was the fact that the waiter, though no doubt he had been born and bred in the country, seemed quite unable to understand his own language—at least, as it was explained in Charles' little book.  
"Beer!" said Charles, raising his voice as if mere volume of sound would convey his meaning. "I want some beer and a newspaper—anything but a Sunday newspaper."  
"Bier, ja," said the waiter. "Sunday?" He raised his eyebrows, spread out his hands, and shook his head.  
"You don't understand Sunday?" said Charles, and hastily consulted the index of his little book, found "Days of the week," and began hurriedly thumbing the pages.  
And then, before the book could throw any light on the subject, he heard the blessed sound of a very pleasant voice saying in English, "Can I help you?" and glanced up to see Jacqueline, looking even more attractive at close quarters than she had looked beneath the umbrella, smiling at him in a friendly way.  
Charles replied with his broadest smile.  
"Thank heaven!" he said fervently. "You speak English. It's the most marvelous thing that has happened to me since I entered the valley of the Danube."  
"Marvelous? It's the language I was born into."  
Charles nodded.  
"That explains it," he said. "Why you speak it so well. I mean, you do, you know. You speak it much better than I speak German, and much better than this chap understands German. He doesn't even know the days of the week. I asked him for any newspaper but a Sunday one, and he looked as if I'd asked him to lend me a fiver."  
Jacqueline turned to the waiter and rattled off a sentence in German which brought to Charles' eyes a look of rapt admiration; and the waiter, evidently understanding quite easily what she had said, turned and hurried away.  
"Thanks awfully," said Charles. "And now, will you—if that sort of thing is allowed in this country—will you allow me to offer you a drink? You can order it yourself, you know, because the only drink I know in German is beer."  
Jacqueline nodded toward her table beneath the umbrella.  
"I have one there," she said. "Come and join me, won't you?"  
They seated themselves under the umbrella and Jacqueline, accepting a cigarette, studied Charles keenly for some moments; and then, satisfied, apparently, with the

result of her scrutiny, leaned back in her chair.  
"Are you staying here?" she inquired.  
"Well, no, as a matter of fact I am not," said Charles. "A bird of passage, you know. I move about a good deal," he added airily.  
"The fact is, I have just run over to settle a small affair for one of my clients. You don't mind my pipe, do you?"  
Jacqueline shook her head, smiling.  
"It fits the landscape," she told him. "It looks like Austria even if it smells like London."  
Charles grinned.  
"Hand painted," he said. "Eight marks. Not dear, was it?"  
"You get a lot of smoke for your money, anyway," laughed Jacqueline. "Do you often come over?"  
"Now and then," said Charles. "I have several clients who reside in Austria, but, of course, unless it is something very important, I usually send a clerk."  
"Clients," said Jacqueline. "Oh, are you a lawyer?"  
Charles glanced at her with unconcealed admiration.  
"I say, that's very clever of you. Clients—lawyer. Yes, I see your train of thought. As a matter of fact, I am a lawyer. Do you mind?"  
"Oh, no," smiled Jacqueline. "It's the way things happen, you know. If you see a blue-eyed cow in the morning you're certain to see one in the afternoon. I suppose he'll turn up today too—the other lawyer, I mean."  
Charles frowned slightly.  
"A friend of yours?" he asked. "I wonder if I know him. I mean—of most of us lawyers—or should it be us lawyers?—anyway, the best-class lawyers, you know—er—meet each other pretty frequently, and quite possibly your friend is a friend of mine." And then, seeing that Jacqueline was staring at him intently, with a little pucker showing between her eyebrows, he adjusted the set of his Austrian hat and straightened his tie. "Don't you think I'm likely to know him?"  
She shook her head.  
"No, I wasn't thinking that; but I was wondering—Do you go into police courts and defend people?"  
Charles looked shocked.  
"I? My dear child, don't be absurd. Police courts! Chancery, administering estates, trustees, all that sort of thing. One seldom sees a court; that is a rather vulgar side of one's practice, which one leaves to one's managing clerk."  
"Oh, I see," said Jacqueline. "Sorry."  
(To Be Continued)

the American line, a subsidiary of the International Mercantile Marine, whose stock control was held in England. By April 2, not one of his armed ships had met a submarine, but the President admitted on that date:  
"Armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable . . . because . . . it is impossible to defend ships against their (submarine) attacks as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves . . . Armed neutrality is practically certain to draw us into the war."  
Which war, what he had denounced the "willful twelve" for saying.  
As President Sees It  
Yet the President had continued to reiterate that he was treading the path of peace even after he broke off diplomatic relations. In his message to Congress on Feb. 26, 1917, he had admitted, "The American people do not desire it." No new issue rose between Feb. 26, 1917, and April 2, 1917. For his cause belli, the President himself went back to the German proclamation of Jan 31.  
It is clear, then, that Congress did not force the executive into the war or into any of the measures that led to it. It is clear, too, from the President's own words, that even after the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania, the complete disregard of freedom of the seas, that the American people did not force the President into the war.  
Did "Wall Street" force the declaration of war?  
We shall see.  
The second article in this series will appear in this newspaper later.