Recital of German Atrocities by Dr. Hillis Makes Big Audience Shudder With Horror

Crowd Quivers With Anger at Beastliness

[Continued from First Page.]

of the Kaiser, in the face of the mass of proof which cannot be disputed, they make themselves ridiculous before the world," said Dr. Hillis.

Slaughter of Babes

So intently did the audience follow Dr. Hillis' every word that there was little applause. The moments were too precious for mere handclapping. After bleeding France and devastated Belgium comes England—and then America! To many persons the last vestige of the veil has been torn away, and to-day Germany stands revealed as the arch traitor of the ages, convicted of the violation of maidens, the razing of cities, the destroyer of peace, hope and happiness in a valley that once flowed with milk and honey, the desolation of villages, the murder of old men and the slaughter of innocent babes.

But when the people of Harrisburg did applaud! Quietly, and speaking rapidly, that the people of this city might know as much as possible about the real conditions in Europe, Dr. Hillis came to the statement:

"Gentlemen, there is only one word to be answered to the Kaiser's peace proposal—unconditional surrender!" The applause was deafening. Dr. Hillis waited, made an effort to raise his voice above the din, and again waited. Then someone sprang to his feet and the vast audience rose as a man to echo and noted minister's sentiments.

The Rt. Rev. James Henry Darlington opened the meeting with prayer. William Jennings, chairman of the Second Liberty Loan committee, introduced Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh, a boyhood friend of Brookiyn's famous lecturer. Following the address by Dr. Hillis, Herbert A. Emerson, associate with Herbert Hoover and the Liberty Loan campaign, urged Harrisburg people to back up the government by the liberal purchase of bonds to-day.

Dr. Hillis discovered when he arrived in this city that he had left many of his protographic records in Reading, through mistake. For this reason the address as originally prepared was not given here, numerous changes being made in the illustrations employed to form a vivid word-picture of German frightfulness.

"Terrorism is a principle made necessary by military considerations."—General von Hartman.

"Strike him dead. The Day of Judgment will ask you no questions." Inscription on the aluminum token carried by the German Soldier.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis' address follows in full:

"Every American who has passed through France and the edge of Belgium this year has returned home a permanently saddened man. German cruelty and French agony have cut a bloody gash in the heart, and there is no Dakin solution that can heal the wound. Here upon this pulpit rests a reproduction of an iron coin given as a token to each German soldier. At the top is a German portrait of Deity, and underneath are these words: 'The good old German God.' To encourage the German soldier to cruelty and atrocity against Belgians and French, the Deity holds a weapon in his right hand, and to dull his conscience and steel his heart to murder, the token holds these words: 'Smite your enemy dead. The day of judgment will not ask you for your reasons.' To this native characteristic Goethe was referring when he said, 'The Prussian is naturally cruel, civilization will intensify that cruelty and make him a savage.' The German atrocities of the last three years simply illustrate Goethe's words, for we must confess that **German efficiency reached its highest point in the discovery of new and horrible devices for torturing old men, helpless women and little children.**

Thousand Atrocities "Documented"

"For three years German-Americans have protested that the stories of German atrocities were to be disbelieved as English inventions, Belgian lies and French hypocrisies, but that day has gone by forever. When the representatives of the nations assemble for the final settlement, there will be laid before the representatives of Germany affidavits, photographs, with other legal proofs that make the German atrocities to be far better established than the scalpings of the Sioux Indians on the western frontiers, the murders in the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition. On a battle line three hundred miles in length, in whatsoever village the retreating Germans passed, the following morning accredited men hurried to the scene to make the record against the day of judgment. **The photographs of dead and mutilated girls, children and old men tell no lies.** Jurists rank high two forms of testimony: The testimony of what mature men have seen and heard, and the testimony of children too innocent to invent their statements but old enough to tell what they saw. For the first time in history the German has reduced savagery to a science, therefore this great war for peace must go on until the German cancer is cut clean out of the body.

The Catalogue of Crimes.

"The cold catalogue of German atrocities now documented and in the government archives of the different nations makes up the most sickening page in history. Days spent upon the records preserved in Southern Belgium, Northern France, or in and about Paris, days spent in the ruined villages of Alsace and Lorraine, leave one nauseated—physically and mentally. It is one long, black series of legally documented atrocities. Every solemn pledge that Germany signed a year and a half before at the Hague Convention, as to safeguarding the Red Cross, hospitals, cathedrals, libraries, women and children, and unarmed citizens, are scoffed at as a 'scrap of paper.'

"These atrocities also were committed, not in a mood of drunkenness, nor an hour of anger, but were organized by a so-called German efficiency, and and perpetrated on a deliberate, cold, precise, scientific policy of German frightfulness. It is not simply that they looted factories, carried away machinery, robbed houses, bombed every farmhouse and granary, left no plow nor reaper; chopped down every pear tree, and plum tree with every grape vine, and poisoned all wells. The Germans slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers; violated little girls until they were dead; finding a calfskin nailed upon a barn door to be dried, they nailed a babe beside it and wrote beneath the word "Zwei," they thrust women and children between themselves and soldiers coming up to defend their native land; bombed and looted hospitals, Red Cross buildings; violated the white flag—while the worst atrocities cannot even be named in this mixed audience.

Branded His People as "Huns."

"No one understands the German people as well as the Kaiser. Our President, in a spirit of magnanimity, patience and good will, distinguished between the Kaiser and the Prussian government, and over against them put the German people. But Germany's Chambers of Commerce, Hamburg's Board of Trade, and certain popular assemblies, would have none of this, and in the fury of their anger passed resolutions, saying: 'What our government is, we are. Their acts are our acts. Their deeds and military plans are our plans.' Knowing his people through and through, the Kaiser called his soldiers before him and gave them this charge: 'Make yourselves more frightful than the Huns under Atilla. See that for a thousand years no enemy mentions the very name of 'Germany' without shuddering.'

Why do the German people say they feel so terribly because the authors of the world call then 'Huns' and 'barbarians?' Who named them 'Huns?' Their Kaiser. Who christened them barbarians? Their Kaiser. Who likened the German soldiers to bloodhounds held upon the leash by the Kaiser's throng, as they strained upon the leash with bloody jaws, longing to tear their French and Belgian prey? With bloody fingers, the Kaiser said, 'I baptize the "Hun" and "barbarian."' Let the Kaiser's words stand: "For a thousand years no man shall speak the word "Hun" without shuddering.'

Philosophy That Produced Cruelty.

"All wise men trace deeds, wicked or good, back to the philosophic thinking of the doer, just as they trace bitter water back to a poisoned spring. What the individual or the nation thinks in the heart, that he does in the life. Judas thinks in terms of avarice and greed, and his philosophy results in treason and murder. The Kaiser, Nietzsche, von Bethmann-Hollweg, von Bissing and Plauss, think and teach the theory of iron force, the right of big Germany to loot little Belgium or North France, and drill them in the belief that Germany's right is the right of the lion over the lamb, and that no questions will be asked by a just God on the Day of Judgment. This war began in a conference in the Potsdam Palace in 1892. The pamphlet distributed by the Kaiser begins with these words: 'The Pan-German Empire; From Hamburg on the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. Our immediate goal: 250,000,000 of people. Our ultimate goal: The Germanization of all the world.' The explanation of the Kaiser contains these words: "From childhood I have been under the influence of five men. Alexander, Julius Caesar, Theodoric II, Frederick the Great, Napoleon. Each of these men dreamed a dream of world empire—they failed. I am dreaming a dream of the German World Empire—and my mailed fist shall succeed.' He printed one map headed, 'The Roman Empire,' with all the great states captured and their capitals—Athens, Ephesus, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Carthage—reduced to county-seat towns, paying tribute to Rome. But the Kaiser prints side by side with that map another world map, with Berlin the capital; and by 1915, St. Petersburg, Paris and London were to be county-seat towns, subdued provinces of Germany—and Washington and Ottawa were to follow with the word 'Germania' stamped on the United States and Canada. That is why the Kaiser told Mr. Gerard: 'After this war, I shall not stand any nonsense from the United States.' The President, heard, but he did not tremble. The originator of this World War was the Kaiser; Treitschke was its historian; Nietzsche its philosopher; von Bissing and von Hindenburg its executives. The murder of Edith Cavell, hundreds of women and children on the Lusitania, the rape of Belgium, the assassination of Northern France, were the outer exhibition in deeds of the inner philosophy of force. Their great master whom they celebrate and never tire of praising—Nietzsche, judges Germany aright. On page 38, in his Ecco Homo, Nietzsche says: 'Wherever Germany extends her sway, she ruins culture.' On page 124 of the same volume, he says: 'I feel it my duty to tell the Germans that every crime against culture lies on their conscience.' By 'culture' Nietzsche means painting, sculpture, cathedrals, international laws, the Athenian sweetness, reasonableness and light. Germany's goal should be a super-Hercules or Goliath, with the club. Germany has no gift for culture of the intellect. As to that there is no other culture beside France.'

Reflex Influence of Philosophy.

"Consider the reflex influence of Germany's philosophy of militarism upon her statesmen and diplomats. In one of his greatest speeches, Edmund Burke speaks of 'the peculiar sanctity attaching to the word of a foreign minister.' From Phocion to John Hay, Prime Ministers have been jealous of their pledges. Lincoln speaks of the failure of a government to make good its word as 'a crime against civilization.' Business men scoff at the trickster, who does not count his written pledge more precious than life itself. With the standards of civilized states in mind, recall the intellectual and moral atrocities of the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg. In 1911 the German Foreign Office reaffirmed the Treaty with England and France, to observe the neutrality of Belgium in the event of war with France. On July 31, 1914, the Kaiser's Prime Minister telegraphed Lord Grey that Germany would of course keep her treaty obligations as to Belgium. The French and English governments now have full knowledge of the conference between the Austrian Emperor and the Kaiser at the Potsdam Palace on July 5, with the agreement to launch the war August 1. When the war proclamation was delayed until August 3, the Kaiser's representative used this sentence in his speech in the Reichstag: 'We must not postpone the agreement entered into with Austria at the conference of July 5.' For more than three weeks, therefore, before war was declared, Germany and Austria were preparing cannon, guns, equipment, and as soon as the last buckle was on the harness, and the last rifle in the hands of the soldiers, on August 3, war was declared. Then Bethmann-Hollweg sent out this statement to the world, as to why the Kaiser and himself counted an international treaty a 'scrap of paper.'

Brand of Infamy on Germany.

"He said: 'As to Belgium—we are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing, we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached. We have now only one thought—how to hack the way through." So the international burglar's excuse is that we must hack his way through the neighbor's house and kill his family, because that house stands between himself and the Frenchman's vault whose gold he wants to steal!

"That is why our President, answering the Pope, said that no treaty signed by the Kaiser and his government means anything. And here is Bernstorff, German Ambassador in Washington, who forgets that cannibals and savages, even, consider that eating salt in another Indian's tent or white man's house is a pledge of truth—while this Judas Ambassador dines at the White House at night and goes on plotting seditions in Mexico, blowing up of our munition factories, and the killing of our people. Bernstorff smiled and smiled, as he kept one hand above the table and in the other hand under the table whetted a dagger on his boots with which to stab his host in the back.

"Witness the discovery of treachery to Norway two months ago. After several Norwegian steamers had been mysteriously sunk at sea, the German Consul was found traveling back and forth from the Foreign office in Berlin, filling his trunk with bombs and glass tubes containing the cultures of glanders to spread one of the most deadly diseases, to annihilate men, horses and cattle, and protecting these instruments of death by the seals of the Berlin Foreign Office. The substance of Germany's answer to Norway's protest was the sneering answer, 'What are you going to do about it?' While Germany's Ambassador to the Argentine Republic, advising the sinking of Argentine ships so as to leave no trace behind, is a part of the same cunning, devilish, German diplomacy that exhibits these German Ambassadors as a composite Judas, Macchiavelli and Mephistopheles, united and carried up to the nth power of diabolism. No wonder the Kaiser baptized them 'Huns' and 'barbarians.'

German Philosophy Degrades

"The German philosophy has dehumanized Germany's officers and men. Later on, I shall give a detailed account of the devastated regions of Northern France, but here and now let us confine the observations to the ruined villages and towns of Eastern France. Pulling his iron token out of his pocket—that exhibited Deity as a destroying soldier—the German officer and private reads the words beneath: 'Smite your enemy dead. The Day of Judgment will not ask you for your reasons.' Having, therefore, full liberty to loot, these Germans became the wild beasts. The plan had been "Brussels in one week; Paris in two weeks; London in two months,' and then two pockets filled with rings, bracelets and watches, from Paris or Nancy, for the sweethearts at home. When the German army in Lorraine was defeated by one-half of its number, it fell northward, passing through French towns and villages where there were no Frenchmen, no guns, and where no shots were fired. During July and August we went slowly from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and the children; comparing the photographs and the full official records made at the time with the statements of the poor, wretched survivors, who lived in cellars where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, vineyards—but now was only desolation. In Gerbevillier, standing beside their graves, I studied the photograph of the bodies of fifteen old men whom the Germans lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill; heard the detailed story of a woman whose son was first hung to a pear tree in the garden, and when the officer and soldier had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, she cut the rope, revived the strangled youth only to find the soldiers had returned, and while the officer held her hands behind her back, his assistant poured petrol on the son's head and clothes, set fire to him, and while he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter. When they had burned all the houses and retreated, the next morning, the prefect of Lorraine reached that Gethsemane and photographed the bodies of thirty aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain. In the next village stood the ruined square belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine guns, then forced every woman and child—275 in number—into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine guns, they would kill their own women and children. After several days' hunger and thirst, at midnight, these brave women slipped a little boy through the church window, and bade their husbands fire upon the Germans in the belfry, saying they preferred death to the indignities they were suffering. And so these Frenchmen turned their guns, and in blowing that machine gun out of the belfry killed twenty of their own wives and children. In a hundred years of history, where shall you find a record of any other race, who call themselves civilized, who are such sneaking cowards that they could not fight like men or play the game fairly, but in their chattering terror put women and little children before them as a shield? Proof overwhelming. Here are, in brief, the records of more than a thousand individual atrocities, that go with the original photographs, affidavits and documents resting in the archives of France against the day of reckoning. What is more important still, here are the letters taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers with their diaries. Out of the large number note these: Photographs of dead bodies of aged priests, some of whom were dead because they had been staked down and used as a lavatory until they perished. Dead girls, with breasts cut off—and for this reason: Every German soldier is examined for syphillis by the surgeon of the regiment and only the healthy ones receive the card giving access to the camp women. If the syphillitic German contaminates the camp woman, his disease is handed on to his brother soldier, and that means he will be shot. This syphillitic soldier, therefore, finds his only chance with the captured French girls, but having contaminated a girl, he fears that she in turn will contaminate the next German soldier and, therefore, he mutilates her body to warn away Germans.

"The girl's life weighs nothing against a German soldier's lust or the possibility of the brute's handing his contamination to the next soldier. Here is German efficiency for you; and organized by the devil himself. Take these pages found in the diaries of German soldiers, August 22, notebook of Private Max Thomas: 'Our soldiers are so excited, we are like wild beasts. To-day, destroyed eight houses, with their inmates. Bayonetted two men with their wives and a girl of eighteen. The little one almost unnerved me, so innocent was her expression.' Diary of Eitel Anders: 'In Vendre all the inhabitants without exception were brought out and shot. This shooting was heartbreaking, as they all knelt down and prayed. It is real sport, yet it was really terrible to watch.' At 'Haecht I saw the dead body of a young girl nailed to the outside door of a cottage by her hands. She was about fourteen or sixteen years old.' Page 21. Affidavits H-67.

"In retirement from Malines eight drunken soldiers were marching through the street. A little child of two years came out and a soldier skewered the child on his bayonet, and carried it away while his comrades sang. D. 10, 45.

"Withdrawing from Hofstade, in addition to other atrocities the Germans cut off both hands of a boy of sixteen. At the inquest affidavits were taken from twenty-five witnesses, who saw the boy before he died or just afterwards.

"Passing through Haecht, in addition to the young women whom they violated and killed, affidavits were taken and the photographs of a child three years old nailed to a door by its hands and feet. Affidavits D 100-8.

"That all these atrocities were carefully planned in advance for terrorizing the people is proven by the fact that on the morning of August 25 the officers who had received great kindness from Madame Roomans, a notary's wife, warned her to make her escape immediately, as the looting and killing of all the citizens, men, women and children was about to begin.

Show No Mercy.

"These records could be multiplied by thousands. Upon the retreat from one city alone, inquests were held upon the bodies of over six hundred victims, including very aged men and women, and babes unborn, removed by the bayonet from their mothers. It is the logical result of the charge of the Kaiser to his army. 'Give no quarter and take no prisoners. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy.' The general staff of the German army published a manual several years before they began this war. They explicitly charged their soldiers to break the will of the enemy by cruelty. Witness this page from the War Manual on page 52: 'A war is conducted with energy merely against the combatants of the enemy states and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the total intellectual and material resources of the latter.'

"And witness this injunction to atrocity, page 35: 'By steeping himself in military history, an officer will be able to guard himself against excessive humanitarianism. It will teach him that certain severities are indispensable to war. Humanitarian claims, such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit.' Therefore, the war general gave each German soldier his token, large as a silver dollar, bidding the soldier, 'Strike him dead. The Day of Judgment will ask you no questions.' Jesus said, 'Take heed that ye offend not one of my little ones.' The Kaiser says, 'I have done away with Jesus' teachings.' The Master who loved the little children said, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat. I was athirst and ye gave me no drink. Therefore depart from me into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his fellows.' The War It answers: 'Don't be afraid. Look at your token. The Kaiser will take care of you in the Day of Judgment. Kill old men and little children, loot merchants' houses, violate women; the Kaiser will see that the God of Justice asks you no questions.' The result was logical and inevitable. These horrible atrocities! On August 27, General von Lieber gave out this proclamation. 'The town of Waevre will be set on fire and destroyed, without distinction of persons. The innocent will suffer with the guilty.' After this town was destroyed and all the inhabitants killed, from the body of a soldier slain on the retreat, we find this page in his diary: 'We lived gorgeously. Two or three bottles of champagne at each meal. All the girls we want. It is fine sport.' Are we surprised that many of the letters and journals taken from the bodies of Germans quote General von Hartman's sentence, 'Terrorism is a principle made necessary by military considerations.' German-American objections that these towns were destroyed because the inhabitants had fired upon the invading army from the windows of their houses is, conclusively met and answered by another letter written by a German officer to his wife. 'On approaching a village a soldier is sent on in advance to insert a Belgian rifle in the cellar window or stable, and of course, when this weapon is found we take it to the Burgomaster, and then the sport begins.'

"On a little board in one ruined village, I read these words, 'Marie, aged sixteen. Dead August 24, 1915. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord.' The hundreds of atrocities personally investigated only serve to interpret Ambassador Morgenthau's statement as to Armenia, that the Turkish soldiers and German officers massacred in Armenia 'a half million people, that they might move into their farm houses and little shops and stores.

"The glory of every great city and country is its scholars, with their love of truth, and their stainless lives. We have had our civilization at the hands of men who loved the truth supremely, pursued the truth eternally, and cherished the truth above their fear of hell or hope of heaven. The world has its liberty, its science and its law at the hands of the heroes who preferred the truth above life. Concerning the patriots, the reformers and the statesmen, we can only say they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were crucified in Jerusalem, poisoned in Athens, tortured in Ephesus, exiled in Florence, burned at the stake in Oxford, assassinated in Washington. But the iron autocracy and militarism of Germany debauched her university men. Here in my hand is an address to the civilized world, signed by ninety-three German professors. They all receive their salaries from state endowments. Any hour the Kaiser or Bethmann-Hollweg can cut off their income. When the indignation of the civilized world flamed out against Germany in the winter of 1915, the German government asked these professors to sign a document, and these men had been so degraded by the German philosophy of militarism and autocracy, that they obeyed—losing their souls to save their salary. And consider what they signed! In the previous August Bethmann-Hollweg issued a statement to the world, saying that as the violation of Belgium's neutrality, 'the wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing,' etc.

Moral Cowardice of Scholars.

"These ninety-three professors signed a statement, saying: 'It is not true that we wronged Belgium.' In the Kaiser's address that he himself has published, he says, 'Give no quarter, take no prisoners. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Make yourself as terrible as the Huns.' Now, this address was circulated in postal cards all over Germany. Realizing the mistake, these professors sign a statement saying: 'It is not true that our soldiers ever injured the life of a single Belgian.' Socrates or Dante, or even Galileo, Savonarola, or Milton, or Victor Hugo, or Lincoln, would have died a thousand deaths by faggots, or upon the rack, rather than have signed their names to such a statement—to lies. The Kaiser and Bethmann-Holweg must have been desperate and bewildered when they had to endeavor to counteract their own documents at the beginning of the war, by asking their professors to contradict these documents during the middle of the war. It makes every university professor almost ashamed of his calling. Think of Harnack and Eucken, with their moral cowardice and their intellectual impotency! Plainly that is what Nietzsche meant when he said (page 134 Ecco Homo) 'every crime against culture that has been committed for a hundred years rests upon Germany.'

The Frenchmen's Love.

"All men love their native land, but the Frenchman's love has a unique quality. The patriotism of the Englishman is undemonstrative. The Britisher surrounds his home and his garden with a high brick wall, conceals his finer feelings from his closest friends and when he enters his club on Pall Mall and disappears behind the threshold the door is closed upon a tomb. The American's patriotism is largely academic; national safety through isolation breeds contempt for danger. The time was when his love of country was vociferous on the Fourth of July, but the enthusiasm has died down, until he is now ready to extinguish even a firecracker. The occasional speaker deals in historical statements about the four wars fought by our country. But the Frenchman's love of country has a tender, gentle, wooing note. He speaks of La Belle France as Dante spoke of Beatrice, as Petrarch spoke of Laura, and the name of France lingers upon his lips as music trembles in the air after the song is sung. The reason, doubtless, is found in the fact that the French people have carved the hillsides and smoothed the valleys and adorned the ridges and mountains with vineyards, until the whole land is a thing of radiant beauty. It is love that has made France beautiful just as the lark, after completing the nest, makes it soft and warm by pulling the down out of her own bosom. The French people love France as an artist loves his own canvas, as Bellini loved the missal he had illuminated, and as that young architect loved the little Roslyn chapel, upon whose delicate capitals he had lavished his very soul. Would you have an emblem of France in the month of June, with her wide, fat valleys, her green pastures, and the hillsides up which the pines climbed in serried regiments? If so, take a great robe of green velvet lying loosely on the floor, the creases and velvet ridges answering to the rivers and the valleys and the hills, and then fling a handful of rubies, pearls and sapphires down, so that these gems will lie within the creases as the lovely French cities at the foot of the hills, and besides the rivers, and you have France, the beautiful; France, the mother of the modern arts and sciences; France, full of sweetness and light; that France concerning which Heinrich Heine exclaimed, 'Oh France, thou daughter of beauty! Thy name is culture!'

The Devastated Regions.

"For forty years the two great enemies of farms and towns and cities have been fire, flood and earthquake. Witness the city of St. Pierre. An interior explosion blew off the cap of the mountain, and a flood of gas poured down upon the lovely city, asphyxiated the citizens and left not one house standing. Witness that mighty convulsion in San Francisco that brought thousands of bricks crashing down in ruins. Witness the fire in Chicago that turned the great city into twisted iron and ashes. In New Zealand there is a lake called Avernus, the birdless lake. Poisonous gases rise from the black flood of water, and soon the lark with its song, and the eagle with its flight fall into the poisonous flood. But all these images are quite inadequate to explain the desolation, the devastation of France upon the retreat of the Germans. **About forty miles north of Paris, one strikes the ruined region. Then hour after hour passes, while with slow movement and breaking heart one journeys 100 miles to the north and zigzags 125 miles south again, through that black region.** The time was when it was a wild land, rough, with forests filled with wolves. Then the Frenchman entered the scene. He subdued all the wild grasses to which Julius Caesar referred in his story of his war in France; he drained the valleys, and widened the streams into canals. He enriched the fields, and made them wave with gold. He surrounded the meadows with odorous hedges, and banked where there had been a swamp with perfumed shrubs. Slowly he threw arches of stone across the streams and carved the bridges until they were rich in art, while everything made for use was carried up to outbreaking beauty. The roof of the barn had lovely lines; the approach to the house was upon a curved road, the highways were shaded by two rows of noble trees. The stony hillside was terraced, and there the vines grew purple in the sun. How simple was his life! What a sanctuary his little home! With what rich embroidery of wheat and corn he covered all the hills! He was prudent without being stingy, thrifty without being mean. He saves against old age with one hand and distributes to his children with the other.

What Hate Can Do.

"And having lavished all their love upon the little farm house, the granary and the barn; having pruned these grape vines with their clusters of white and purple, until each seemed like a friend, dear as that miraculous picture was to Baucis and Philemon, having at last made every tree to be shapely, their little world was invested with affection and beauty. Do you remember how that Florentine artist after his day's stint was done, toiled upon his studio, slowly carving the capitals, collecting a little terre cotta from Cyprus, an old manuscript from Athens, a lovely head of Apollo from Ephesus, and iridescent glass from Persia, with a bit of old Tyrian purple lending a spot of flame in one corner, and a little mosaic from Thebes colored another, when he saw the end was approaching, while on a visit to Egypt, asked that he might be carried home to die in the studio, which he made rich with his soul. In some such way as that the French peasants loved their land, and then lost it. One morning the enemy stood at the gate. The farmer with his pruning knife was no match for a German with a machine gun, and down he went under the plum tree he was pruning. The devastated regions of France are like unto a devil world. All the pears and plum trees have fallen over under the stroke of a German axe, and are dead and dry. Here and there one sees an occasional tree where a half inch of bark remains, and sympathizing with the peasant's sorrow, the roots have sent a flood of sympathetic tears and sap out into one little branch ,amidst the death of a hundred other boughs that flamed in May its rose and pink of bloom, then in August gave its red glow of clustered food. But as for the rest, it is desolation. Gone all the lovely and majestic churches of the Thirteenth Century. Gone all the galleries for every city of 5,000 people in France has its quarterly exhibition of paintings sent out from Paris, and some of the finest art treasures in the world have perished. The land has been put back to where it was when Julius Caesar described it 2,000 years ago—a wild land, and waste, growing up with thorns and thistles. That proclamation on a wall tells the whole story. 'Let no building stand, no vine or tree. Before retreating let each well be plentifully polluted with corpses and with creosote.' The spirit was this, 'Since we Germans cannot have this land, no one else shall.' Your eyes never saw a more exquisite bit of carving for the corner of a roof than this (a spray of myrtle leaves, carved in stone, after the Germans had destroyed the Cathedral of Arras. Look at this firebrand. Every German company of soldiers carried one automobile lorry filled with these firebrands, with a tank of gasoline hanging beneath the axles. One of the historic chateaus is that of Avricourt, rich in noble associations of history. It was one of the buildings specially covered by a clause in the international agreement between England, Germany, France, the United States, and all the civilized nations, safeguarding historic buildings. For many months it was the home of Prince Eitel, the Kaiser's second son.

Prince Eitel's Crime.

"Forced to retreat, the aged French servants, who understood the electric lighting and the gas plant, and who had served Eitel during his occupancy, when the judge and jury held the trial at the ruins of the chateau, stated that they heard the German officers telling Eitel that he would disgrace the German name if he destroyed a building that had no relation to war, and could be of practically no aid and comfort to the French army, and he would make his own name a name of shame and contempt, of obliquy and scorn. But the man would not yield. He brought in great wagons and moved to the freight cars at the station absolutely every object that was in the splendid chateau. And, having promised to leave the building uninjured, he stopped his car at the entrance and exit gates of the ground, ran back to the historic building with a can of oil that he had secreted, filled the asbestos in this ball of perforated iron, ran through the halls and waited until the flames were well in progress, and then ordered his men to light the fuse of a dynamite bomb. All the testimony was taken immediately afterward from aged servants and from the little children, and the degeneracy revealed has not been surpassed since the first chapter of Romans was written on the unnatural crimes of the ancient world. There are the copies of the affidavits. In the ruins, hard beside the black marble steps I picked up this firebrand with which Prince Eitel assassinated a building that belonged to the civilized world. I hope to live long enough to see Germany forced to repay at least one debt, in addition to ten thousand others. Conceived by the Gothic architects, after four thousand years of neglect, the Germans about 1875, completed the Cathedral of Cologne. When this war is over every stone in that cathedral should be marked. German prisoners should be made to pull those stones apart. German cars be made to transport every stone to Louvain and German hands made to set up the Cathedral of Cologne in Louvain or Arras. For a judgment day is coming to Germany, and though dull and heavy minds doubt it, men of vision perceive its incidents and outlines already taking shape.

Devastation of Home.

"But the ruin of his bridges, his school houses, his churches, his farm houses, his vineyards and orchards, is the least of his sorrows. In a little village near Ham dwelt a man who had saved a fortune for his old age, 100,000 francs. When the invading army, like a black wave was approaching, he buried his treasure beneath the large, flat stones that made the walk from the road up to the front step of his house. Then, with the other villagers, the old man fled. Many months passed by, while the Germans bombarded the village. At last the German wave retreated, and once more the old man drew near to his little village. There was nothing, nothing left. After a long time, he located the street, which was on the very edge of the town, but could not find the cellar of his own house. Great shells had fallen. Exploding in the cellar, they had blown the bricks away. Other shells had fallen hard by and blown dirt to fill what once had been a cellar. The small trees in front of his house had been blown away and replaced by shell pits. In Paris Ambassador Sharp told me that the aged man had up to that time failed to locate his house, much less his treasure. But what trifles light as air are houses!

A Broken Man.

"At the officers' chateau, late one night after returning from the front, a general and a captain were recounting their experiences. Among other incidents was this one. During the winter of 1915, months after the Germans had occupied that territory, several English officers and a young French captain were recounting their experiences. In saying the farewells before each man went out to his place in the trenches to look after his men, the English boy exclaimed: 'Next week at this time I will be home. Five more days and my week's leave of absence comes.' Then suddenly remembering that the French captain had been there a long time, he asked when he was going home. To which came this low answer, 'I have no home. You men do not understand. Your English village has never been invaded. When the Germans left my little town, they destroyed every little building. My wife and my little daughter are both expecting babies within a few weeks. I—I—I—" and the storm broke. The two Englishmen fled into the dark and night, knowing that there was a night that was blacker, that rain was nothing against those tears, for all his hopes of the future were dead. His only task was to recover France and transfer all his ambitions to God in Heaven. That is why there will be no inconclusive peace. Do not delude yourself. Whether this war goes on one year or five years or ten years it will go on until these Frenchmen are on German soil. Nor will the German ever learn the wickedness of his own atrocities and the crime of militarism until his own land is laid waste, until he sees the horrors of war with his own eyes, and hears the groan of his own family with his own ears, and sees his own land laid desolate. We may believe that vengeance belongs unto God, and we may argue and plead for forgiveness but it will not avail. You will remember that passage in Proverbs, in which the penalties of nature become automatic, and where an outraged brain and nerve and digestion are personified and speak to the transgressor: 'I warned you but ye would none of my reproof. I stretched out my hand and pleaded, but ye would not listen. Now I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock at your desolation. When desolation comes as a whirlwind and fear and destruction are upon you.'

"The dam that held back the black waters has broken and it was the German who dynamited the dam and released the flood of destruction upon his own people and his own land. Whether it takes another summer or many, there is no British nor Canadian officer, no French nor Italian whose face does not turn to granite and steel whenever you suggest that he will not walk down the streets of Berlin and institute a military court, and try a Kaiser and his staff for murder. That is one of the things that is settled, and about which discussion is not permitted by soldier regiments.

The Ruin of Rheims.

"One of the things that has horrified the civilized world has been the ruin of Rheims Cathedral. Germany, of course, was denied the gift of imagination. It belongs to France, to Italy, and to Athens. Heinrich Heine, her own poet, says that Germany appreciates architecture so little that it is only a question of time when 'with his giant hammer, Thor will at last spring up again and shatter to bits all Gothic Cathedrals.' This gifted Hebrew had the vision that literally saw the Germans pounding to pieces the Cathedral at Louvain and Ypres, in Arras, in Bapaume, in St. Quentin, and Rheims. The German mind is a heavy, mediocre mind, that can multiply and exploit the inventions and discoveries of the other races. The Germans contributed practically nothing to the invention of the locomotive, the steamboat, the Marconigram, the automobile, the airplane, the phonograph, the sewing machine, the reaper, the electric light. Americans invented for Germany her revolver, her machine gun, her turreted ship, and her torpedo submarine. In retrospect it seems absolutely incredible that Germany could have been so helplessly and hopelessly unequal to the invention of the tools that have made her rich. But that is not her gift. If Sheffield can give her a model knife, Germany can reproduce that knife in quantities and undersell Sheffield. The German people keep step in a regiment, in a factory and on a ship, and therefore are wholesalers. The French mind is creative. Stands for individual excellence, and is at the other extreme from the German temperament. The emblem of the German intellect is beer; the emblem of the English intellect is port wine; the emblem of the French mind is champagne; the emblem of an American intellect like Emerson's is a beaker filled with sunshine—my knowledge of these liquors is based on hearsay. It is this lack of imagination that explains Nietzsche's statement that for two hundred years Germany has been the enemy of culture, while Heinrich Heine declared the name of culture was France.

Destruction of Rheims.

"It is this total lack of mental capacity to appreciate architecture that explains Germany's destruction of some of the noblest buildings of the world. She cannot by any chance conceive how the other races look upon her vandalism. Her own foreign government expressed it publicly in one of her state papers, in these words, 'let the neutrals cease chattering about cathedrals, Germany does not care one straw if all the galleries and churches in the world were destroyed, providing we gain our ends.'

"Guizot in his history of civilization, presents three tests of a civilized people: First, they revere their pledges and honor; second, they reverence and pursue the beautiful in painting, architecture and literature; third, they exhibit sympathy in reform toward the poor, the weak and the unfortunate.

Louis Orr and Rheims.

"Now apply those tests to the Kaiser and his war staff, and you understand why Rheims Cathedral is a ruin. No building since the Parthenon was more precious to the world's culture. What majesty and dignity in the lines! What a wealth of statuary! How wonderful the Twelfth Century glass! With what lightness did these arches leap into the air! Now, the great bombs have torn holes through the roof; only little bits of glass remain. Broken are the arches, ruined some of the flying buttresses, the altar where Jeanne d'Arc stood at the crowning of Charles is quite gone. The great library, the bishop's palace, all the art treasures are in ruins. Ancient and noble buildings do not belong to a race, they belong to the world. Sacred forever the threshold of the Parthenon, once pressed by the feet of Socrates and Plato; thrice sacred that aisle of Santa Croce in Florence, dear to Dante and Savonarola, to be treasured forever the solemn beauty of Westminster Abbey, holding the dust of the men of supreme genius. In front of the wreck of the Cathedral of Rheims, all blackened with German fire, broken with the German hammer, is the statue of Jeanne d'Arc. There she stands, immortal forever, guiding the steed of the sun with the left hand, lifting the banners of peace and liberty with the right. By some strange chance, no bomb injured that bronze. Oh, beautiful emblem of the day when the spirit of liberty, riding in a chariot of the sun, shall guide a greater host made up of all the peoples who revere the treasures of art and architecture, and law and liberty, and Christ's poor, and will ride on to victory that will be the sublimest conquest in the annals of time.

"Over against the greatest military machine that was ever forged, and controlled by merciless and cruel men, who have given up all faith in God, who practice the Ten Commandments with the "Not" left out, who have stamped out of the souls of their soldiers every instinct of pity and sympathy, are our Allies. Here is Belgium, after all her agony, ready to die to the last man rather than submit to a cruel master, the Kaiser. And here is England, and all her colonies. How glorious this land! 'The land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,' as Shakespeare said. She has already sacrificed one-third of her total wealth—a million of her sons; and here is France, not bled white, but tired after three years of grievous toil. Her bankers are tired, her businessmen are tired, the women and the little children are tired, for they have struggled unto blood striving against a cruel militarism for which they were unprepared.

France Is Tired.

"The French boy is like unto one who carried food and drink a long way unto perishing men, until the heavy burden forces his fingers to relax—but give the youth a little time and he will take up his task afresh and bring water to the thirsty soldier. The coming of the American troops has been a tonic to France and rested her weariness. Said the French wife as she sent away her young husband with smiles and words of pride: 'I give him gladly. I am only his wife—France is his mother.' And here is Great Britain, whose fleet to-day holds the German battleships behind the Kiel Canal and safeguards our republic, New York and Boston. On one side of the silver dollar write these words, 'In God We Trust,' and on the other side of the dollar write the words, 'And in England's navy.' Every force that makes toward justice, humanity and liberty is on our side. Soon or late, an unseen Providence will take off the wheels from the chariot of the enemies of truth and justice. That dying German officer in Roye packed the genius of a moral universe into a few words. Wounded last winter through the spinal cord, unable to move the lower part of his body, for weeks he waited for death. Two aged French women cared for the dying man. Little by little the wings of the Angel of Death fanned away the mist before his eyes. One day the German officer sent for the village priest and told him that the von Hindenburg line was nearly complete, that the order to retreat had been given, that the home of these aged women who had cared for him so tenderly would be burned; that not one church, house, barn, vineyard or orchard would be left. The