

WHAT IS BASIC CAUSE OF BIG WAR? ANSWERS GERMAN BABIES CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH



Black-White-Green Regiment, Drilling of Girls. Photo by East Thompson, N. Y.



Children in Costume Leaving Village School.



FRED KULZ



Children Near Frankfurt.

A THOUSAND men have a thousand differing opinions as to the cause of the European conflagration. Many incline to the opinion that it all is due to the prideful lust of the Kaiser to display his battalions in battle; others will asseverate that the German war lord has gone mad with militarism and cannot be restrained, while still others are convinced that the Teutonic Emperor is a much-abused individual, who has been thrust into a corner and a saber forced into his unwilling hand. All are wrong and none is right, for the war is not a military display; it is not based on anger and hate; it is not the product of one man's energy or folly. The bias that has arisen in Europe is an economic situation without parallel in many years, for it is due entirely to the German babies.

The German babies—2,000,000 of them arriving yearly—have brought about a struggle that cannot but result in geographical changes. The pink and white infants have sent battalions into the firing zone, the dreadnaughts into the deep. Many nations are locked in a death struggle all because the German baby must have room to grow. Ten million men are at war with one another on land and 2,000,000 more upon the sea, all because a chucky German fist is reaching yearly for more land to spread its blanket upon.

In a word, it is land hunger—territorial greed if you like—that has precipitated the greatest war modern centuries have seen, and no man knows where it will end nor what it will involve. Japan has already entered the war as an ally of Great Britain, and Italy may move for war any day.

The German Empire has no history back of 1871. In that year, and later after the Franco-Prussian war, began the causes that have led up to the present horror. Germany is the youngest of the nations. The genius of Bismarck welded United Germany; the mailed fist of the iron chancellor took the fragments of the confederation and forged an empire. The dimpled fist of the German baby bids fair to undo, or increase, that construction.

No Territory for Expansion. When Germany came to the point of peace after the Franco-Prussian War and recognized herself as one of the Powers of Europe she naturally glanced about her to see what should be her next step. Obviously a European Power could not be a Power when hemmed in by other countries and a short two hundred miles of open seaboard. Other nations were expanding, so why not Germany? Unfortunately, the colonial bargain counter had been all too well picked over by the time Germany began to look about her for foreign possessions. She had little or no merchant marine, no navy to speak of and not a foot of land that lay without her own borders until 1884. Then she found some corners of Africa—Togoland, Cameroon, a bit of Southwest Africa, and a spare bit of the East Coast. In the next fifteen years she found some of the islands of the South Pacific and that has been all, with the exception of a bit of China, Kiau Chow, which is but a pocket handkerchief in size.



This Photograph Shows the Emperor and Empress of Germany at the Opening of the Beach Resort at Ahlbeck, Establishing for the Poorly Nourished Children of the Great Cities of Germany.

000,000 Germans in 1900, and the babies continued to arrive, steadily, continuously. And they stretched and crowded and grew up, and when there was little more room for them they emigrated. It would seem that this emigration was the solution of the problem. English babies grew up and emigrated; French babies grew up and did likewise; Italian, Spanish, Dutch babies crossed the seas and made new homes, so one might ask why the German baby should have been a problem at all, and why the land hunger?

The problem lay in the colonies again. As before stated, England had dealt largely at the colonial bargain counter, France had taken her share, so had Italy and Spain, all quite some time before there ever was a United Germany in Europe. When those English and French and Spanish and Italian and Dutch babies grew up and emigrated they did so largely to their own possessions over seas, and those that did not come to the United States. Now, it is plain that an Englishman emigrating to Australia or New Zealand or Canada continues to be a British subject, but it is not so positive that the German emigrating to any of those countries or the United States

will continue to remain a German subject. In fact, the statistics show that he doesn't. Of the 1,278,679 Germans resident in the United States, according to the last census—and this refers merely to males of voting age—70 per cent had renounced the Fatherland and had become American citizens. They were lost to Germany; they had no part in or of her; they contributed nothing to her and could not be accounted longer her children. To what extent the same condition exists elsewhere would be mere guesswork, though, as the German is by instinct, good citizen, it is to be presumed his thrifty consideration of his property

newspapers. As he seemed to have nothing in particular in mind to write it was suggested that probably this line of effort would not be fruitful, but that it was understood short stories having a war flavor were in demand with the English magazines. The poor man disappeared instantly, and on the next day informed me triumphantly that he had written two complete short stories, one of 2000 words and one of 3000 words in the previous 24 hours.

E. W. Hornung, the author of "The Crime Doctor" just published here and in America, as well as of "Raffles," is sending his only child, a fine young fellow of 19, off to serve his country and is so distressed that he himself cannot go that he is unable to get on with the novel he had contracted to write for one of the American magazines.

Hallie Ermeline Rives is also upset. She and her husband, Post Wheeler, had started off, via St. Petersburg, for Tokyo, where Wheeler was to resume his old post of first secretary of the American Embassy and where the novelist was to finish a novel she had laid out. They were turned back by the war, however, and after losing their servants and their luggage and their money turned up in London this week, sans everything except what was in their handbags. They will have to stay here until they can get a steamer for home—and no one knows how long that will be—and then will have to set out again for Japan the Western way around the world, to the great delay of the looked-for novel.

ENGLISH AUTHORS, THEIR MARKETS GONE, SEEK TO HELP THE COUNTRY

LONDON, Sept. 2.—(Special.)—English authors, big and little, are being hard hit by the war, which has practically killed the publishing trade here, but the majority of them, instead of whining about their postponed volumes and rapidly-vanishing royalties, are devoting themselves to figuring out just how they can help best in this hour of national need.

Among the first to do something definite are Robert Hichens, E. W. Hornung, Winifred Graham, who wrote "Ezra the Mormon," and, as one would have confidently predicted, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Hichens, who now lives near Whitstable, where the best English oysters come from, has taken on special constable's duty there. He and the Town Clerk were the first to offer their services. The author of "The Garden of Allah" should make a useful constable. He is active and athletic and stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, with a pair of shoulders like a "gym" instructor. All his hobbies are open-air ones. He plays lawn tennis and rides and drives even in these motoring days. He was in Italy at the time of the Messina earthquake, and in that crisis, as in this one, was among the first to offer help. He contributed \$2500 to the relief fund, and an ex-

are of recent origin. The former has never struck a blow, nor for that matter felt one, yet it ranks second alone to Great Britain and is regarded as highly efficient. Ostensibly it is organized to protect German commerce on the high seas, yet one cannot go among the politicians of Europe with such a statement and find general credence. On the contrary, grins and open jeers will greet any such theory, and it is more than likely that the person accosted will pull down an atlas of the world and point out the spare German settlements outside of Europe. No one familiar with the trend of European diplomacy believes for one moment that Germany is content with her position among the nations. All, on the contrary, knows that she has had in view the wresting from Great Britain of her maritime supremacy, that she wants the ships, and wants to own the ports to which many of them steam.

In Southern Brazil, in the States of Sao Paulo and Minas Gerarzes, are many Germans, most of them unaturalized, because they find it possible to hold property and conduct their business without the necessity of renouncing their German allegiance. Three years ago Brazil was in a ferment. It was known that 500,000 Germans were in those provinces and that practically the whole of them were trained soldiers; it was known that German officers had been brought over to officer the Brazilian army, presumably, and it was well established that Brazil was mightily uneasy in her consciousness that she had an army as great, and much more efficient, than her own, within her borders.

There was a rumor that persisted

School Children Out for a Walk.

grips with some power or powers and carve out for themselves new territory. To those that doubt this it may be said that every move made by Germany has been in preparation for territorial expansion in the last 25 years. Some day she knew she must fight if she was to remain among the first powers of Europe. At Spandau has been kept the war treasure, 150,000,000 in gold. Germany has known that when she should not be hampered by having to ask the country for money, so she took a part of her French war indemnity as a nucleus for the emergency fund, and has added to it every year since. She has been ready for years.

Belief of Teuton People. The babies have forced this war. If Germany can slash out a slice of Russia, if she can seize another piece of French soil to add to Alsace-Lorraine, if she can drive England from Africa and retain her hold on Belgium, she will be content, for the babies can grow up and emigrate; they can grow up on German soil, even though that soil be across the Volga, in Africa or Brazil, and they will still be subject to a call to the colors, still will answer the Fatherland in her hour of need, for those babies will grow up German citizens.

The Kaiser has dreamed a dream, and whether he has had a Daniel to interpret it for him remains to be seen, or whether the vision will be fulfilled. That dream has been the Teutonic dominance of Europe. William II has cast his eyes across the sea. He has seen vast territory—most of it red—and it has made his palm itch. He cannot be satisfied. The destiny—as he believes—of the German people drives

(Concluded on Page 6.)