

day when we shall be able to prove to England and the States our deep gratitude.

Once more, dear gentlemen, I give you the assurance of our feelings of admiration and deep thankfulness.

† D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER,  
Archbishop of Malines.

To the Count van der Stegen,  
Over-Seas Club, London.

Even those who do not smoke can hardly fail to be moved by this appeal from two of the finest and most distinguished personalities that have emerged from the horrors of the European war.

The responsibility of bringing this appeal to the American people has been laid on Mr. Francis R. Jones, of London, who is associated with Count Alexandre van der Stegen

de Schrieck, one of the Belgians whom the Germans have dispossessed of home and property, and Mr. E. M. Barrow, an American journalist who has been at work for many years in Europe. An American organization has been formed with the title of the "Belgian Soldiers' Tobacco Fund." The Hon. Joseph H. Choate has consented to be President, and Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. have agreed to act as depositaries. The headquarters of this organization are in the Flatiron Building, New York City, where further information will be readily afforded. Checks should be made payable to the Belgian Soldiers' Tobacco Fund and forwarded to Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York City.

## THREE GERMAN SOCIALISTS ON THE WAR

*The Outlook has received from a responsible source the following account of a personal interview with three leading German Socialists—Karl Liebknecht, Karl Kautsky, and Eduard Bernstein.*

Karl Liebknecht (son of Wilhelm Liebknecht, the revolutionist of 1848, who suffered two years' imprisonment for his criticism of Bismarck, and who at the time of his death, in 1900, was editor of "Vorwärts") bears a name already well known to American readers. In 1907 he was sentenced to eighteen months in prison for high treason because of his book "Militarismus und Antimilitarismus." In 1908 he became a member of the Prussian House of Deputies, and in 1912 he was elected to the Reichstag, where he was soon recognized as a leader among the Socialist Deputies. In 1913 his charges in the Reichstag led to the revelations of the scandals which touched so closely the Imperial Government and the house of Krupp.

Karl Kautsky was born at Prague, in Austria, in 1855, and educated at the Gymnasium and University of Vienna. He has lived in Zurich, Stuttgart, London, and Berlin. He is the leader of those who accept the teachings of Karl Marx as the Bible of social revelation.

Eduard Bernstein was born in Berlin in 1850. From 1881 to 1890 he was editor of the "Sozialdemokrat." His views on government made it desirable for him to withdraw to London in 1888; but after the publication of his criticism of the doctrines of Karl Marx he was permitted to return to Germany. The fundamental tenets of Bernstein's creed have been the democratization of the German state and the establishment of social reform.—THE EDITORS.

### LIEBKNECHT

I REMEMBER him chiefly as a dark round face, semicircled by the sort of black hair that comes from a haircloth mattress; not a keen face at first glance, not the face of a man of action apparently; a sort of professorial, cloistered, comfortable face. You felt like talking over the college courses you should take in the next semester

instead of talking over the affairs of the Empire.

Then he began to speak, leaning forward over the little table in his private office in the Reichstag. His voice was very musical and very gentle. He spoke German in a way to soften all its angles, but what he said contradicted the delicate tone in which he said it.

"It is a war of lies." He looked me

straight in the eye. "Every nation concerned lies. The German newspapers lie as a matter of course. When the war began, the Socialists were fully aware that it was due entirely to the capitalistic incentive of Austria-Hungary. We held dozens of protest meetings here in Berlin. 'Vorwärts' published stout editorials. We had demonstrations against the war. Then came the censorship. We could do, we could say, nothing."

"But why?" I asked. "Why, Herr Doktor, Americans expected you to do a great deal."

"You do not understand the power of the censorship," he said, quietly. "You Americans cannot imagine the awful power of the military. In one day, in one hour, we were cut off. Every man became like a separate cell in the body politic. Every man was isolated with his own thoughts, or else he was drowned in the flooding idea of the war. From the moment the censorship shut down there was no more exchange of ideas. Every thinking man in Germany became a mental prisoner."

"But what is the war for, Herr Doktor?"

"It is a war of conquest. Whatever its causes may have been, we know that the Imperial Government intends it to be a war of conquest. There are rich mines in France and Belgium. They will never be given back. The Government will do with them and with us just as it pleases."

"It has done as it pleases with all the German people. I am a member of the Reichstag. The Chancellor of the Empire sent an ultimatum to Belgium on August 2, 1914. That ultimatum was never reported to the Reichstag until August 5. The war budget was presented on August 4 and passed on August 5, with the concurrence of all the Socialists except fifteen. That is abominable duplicity on the part of the Government. Those fifteen Social-Democrats who voted against the war credits were the only real revolutionists. They were not for reconciliation with capitalism, but for fists."

"But they were helpless. The lying press was inflaming the people against our enemies—against the Russians and the French and the Belgians and the English. The German papers were flooded with stories of atrocities committed upon German soldiers which to my certain knowledge were afterwards disproved, but never publicly denied. The people were told that the Russians were barbarians, the French fools, the Belgians super-

stitious weaklings, and the English cowardly sneaks."

"The causes of the war were obscure. The Socialists really thought that Germany could not be responsible for such a catastrophe. Czarism was ostensibly the issue on which the war began, and it was on that issue that the Social-Democrat *bloc* voted the war credits on August 5. Nobody exactly understood the situation. The Socialists had lost their press at one stroke, for the censorship was absolute. And so they were like sheep without a shepherd."

"Now there are two Socialist parties in Germany. The split has come. Hereafter you in America must understand that when 'German Socialism' speaks in your press it will speak with two voices. It will contradict itself. It will be pro-war and anti-war. Only by remembering this can you understand the great internal struggle which must come."

"How do you feel about Belgium?" I questioned.

Liebknecht's voice continued in the same even, professorial tone. "I was in Stuttgart," he said, "at the time that von der Goltz was appointed Governor-General of Belgium. I tried to get up a protest meeting against annexation. The military government would not permit so much as a public poster advertising the meeting. Indeed, the Government forbade meetings of any sort for any cause."

"But you can see that the newspapers are preparing the nation for the final annexation of Belgium. 'We have bought this province with our blood,' they argue, without thinking of the Belgian blood. 'We have paid for it with our lives. The Belgians,' they say, 'are little more than brutes. They are completely dominated by their clergy, they are ignorant and superstitious and backward, they do not deserve to possess their own country.' All such nonsense as that passes current for wisdom in Germany to-day."

"But what have you Socialists really done?" I objected.

"Very little," he said. "'Vorwärts' has been closed up several times. 'Vorwärts' has had to agree that it will not mention the class war. Here is another example of what has taken place. My wife is a Russian, and the war had barely started when my house was searched, my private papers were seized and carted off, and the sanctity of my whole establishment was violated on the pretext that my wife might be a spy. And, in spite of the

fact that I am a member of the Reichstag, not one word of this affair ever got into a Berlin newspaper."

"But, Herr Doktor Liebknecht," I said, "you Socialists seem to us Americans to have lost a great opportunity. Frankly, we cannot understand your attitude as a party. We think you have been—to put it very frankly—cowardly."

"You think we have been cowards," he repeated, gravely, never taking his eyes from my face. "Well, perhaps we have been. Remember, the German Social-Democrats own property worth more than twenty million marks. They own printing-presses and halls and theaters and the like. You know property makes men cautious. Perhaps our possessions have made us conservative. Perhaps the German Socialists do not dare risk all."

#### KAUTSKY AND BERNSTEIN

Kautsky I found on the top floor of a Berlin apartment-house, in a little den crammed with books and pleasantly odorous of old bindings and printer's ink. His face was like a cameo, white and sharp and hard. Its expression scarcely changed throughout our talk. Only the dark eyes seemed really alive. His white hair and white beard looked rather like silken adornments for the cameo face; they seemed to have no relation to the personality of the old man.

I was irritated with Kautsky, irritated with his cautiousness and his bookishness and his air of letting the world go about its business. That may have been because Bernstein was with him, a keen, obviously Jewish "intellectual," black as Mephisto, who seemed anxious that Kautsky should tell me nothing, and whose every statement seemed to come through double lines of internal censors before it reached his lips. A copy of the little New York radical magazine "The Masses" lay on Kautsky's table, and I took its presence as a good omen. I was mistaken.

"Did you Socialists make no effort to stop the war?" I asked.

"The party did not," said Kautsky. "We saw long ago, we German Social-Democrats, that we should be powerless in the event of war. The French Socialists thought that they could stop war. They talked of general strikes and immense movements for peace. We German Socialists knew better. We had our meetings of protest. There were great Socialistic demonstrations Unter den Linden

just before Germany declared war on Russia. We had stirring protests in 'Vorwärts.' We did our best to prevent the war, but we were powerless the instant martial law was proclaimed. Now we can do nothing. 'Vorwärts' has been suspended. We have no press, we have no forum. We are heart and soul against a war of conquest, but we cannot even protest against the annexation of Belgium."

"But why didn't you do something in the Reichstag?" I asked.

"What could we do?" said Bernstein, speaking slowly and gravely in English. "The Kaiser does not ask permission of the Reichstag to make war. He asks only for money to carry on war. When the time comes to make peace, he will make peace without consulting the Reichstag, and the terms of peace will be those he arranges."

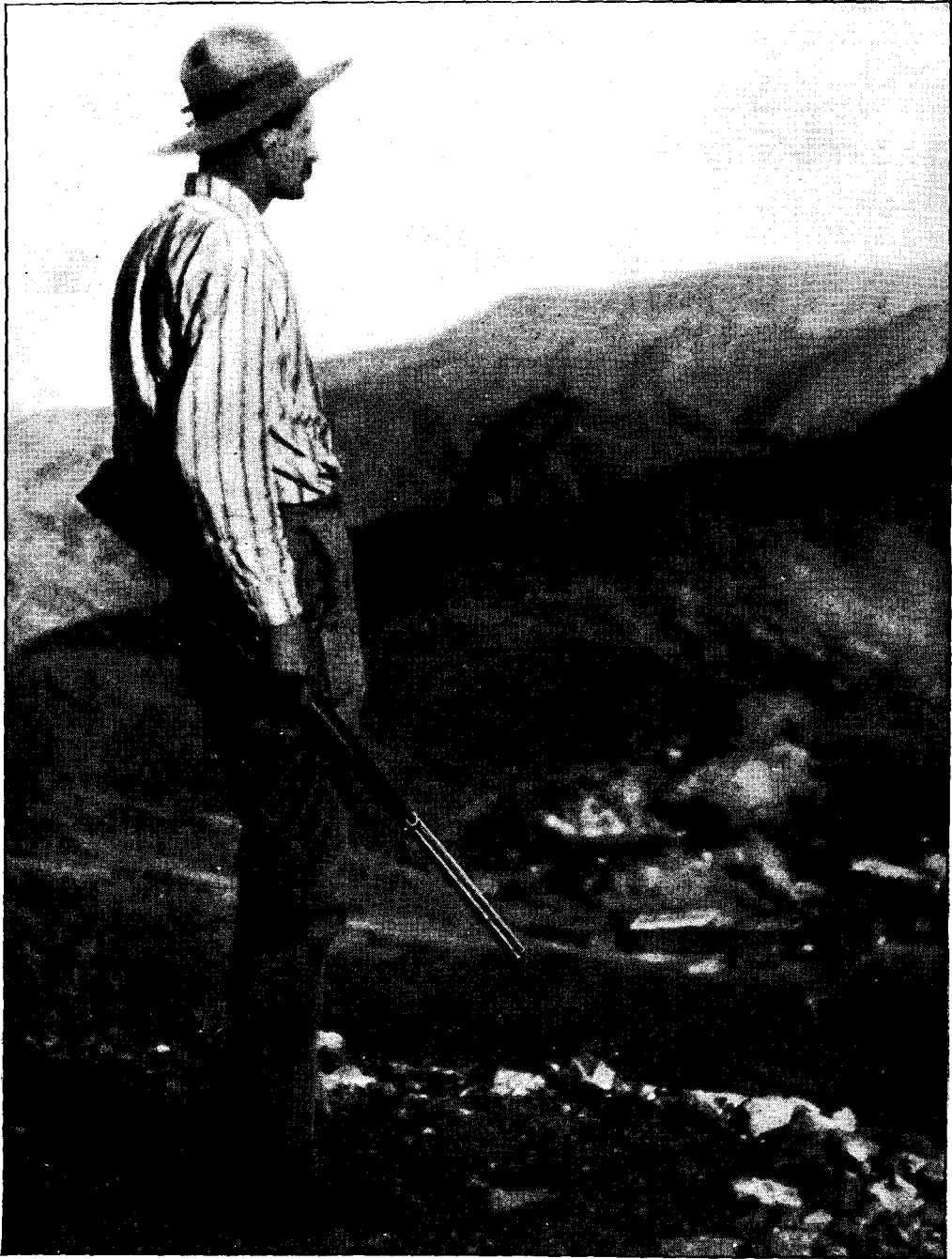
"And so you are not going to do anything until after peace is made?" I asked, again turning to Kautsky.

"We can do nothing," he repeated. "We are leaders without followers. There are two million German Socialists in the army. That means that half our members are gone. No Socialist in Germany knows what that half of our party is thinking, no Socialist can be sure what those two millions think of this war. We cannot talk to them, we cannot even send them *Feldpostbriefe*. They are cut off, isolated, every man of them. Perhaps they may talk together by twos or threes, but each man is thinking alone. What do they think? That is the great question for German Socialists to answer."

I was growing more and more irritated. This atmosphere of caution and inaction seemed to me unworthy a man calling himself a Socialist and an internationalist. I blurted out a rank criticism or two. Kautsky went on, prompted occasionally by the watchful Bernstein.

"You are an outsider," he said. "The picture is not so black as you may think. For years we have been living under the Socialist code—laws framed by the German Government to prevent us meeting or reading or even thinking. We have had long, hard schooling. We have learned how to convey information to each other secretly. Intelligent Socialists are not being misled by the silence of 'Vorwärts.' Some are confused, no doubt, but not all, and 'Vorwärts' will do all it can. We have learned how to read between the lines."

# Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

## C. R. WATSON, ONE OF THE AMERICANS ASSASSINATED BY MEXICAN BANDITS

The lawless conditions in Mexico oblige Americans living there to arm themselves for protection. This picture vividly illustrates what we said last week—that “the policy of disarmament is not a peace policy; its inevitable result is the massacre of the defenseless, and consequent private war.” This photograph was taken a short time before the recent tragedy, while Mr. Watson was inspecting the property of the Cusihiuriachic Mining Company, of whose mines he was general manager. See editorial comment