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PEACEMAKERS

*An Appeal to Women of
the Twentieth Century to
Remove the Causes of War.*

By

L. LIND-AF-HAGEBY,

Author of "Mountain Meditations."



THE A.K. PRESS,
35, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

Price Sixpence Net.

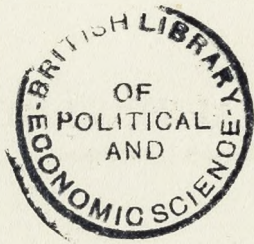
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FIRST PRINTED IN 1924



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THE PASSING OF TIME.

We shall soon have completed the first quarter of the twentieth century. The world is still tormented by the fear and possibility of new wars. The manufacture of armaments continues. There are ceaseless preparations for conflict. Nobody knows as yet who is going to fight or the object of fighting. The potential enemy in the shape of another nation or another combination of nations is ever present as a menace and a stimulus to increase of military and naval efficiency. Scientific discoveries and inventions are continually harnessed to the chariot of war. Wars of the future will become a thousand times more deadly. Poison gas and bombs of immensely destruc-

tive power will blot out whole cities in a night, long-range guns and subtle rays of death will devastate countries and mow down the people. There will be no divisions into combatants and non-combatants. Babies in their cradles and old women by the fire-side will share the fate of the soldier in being annihilated with impartial thoroughness by the forces of modern scientific warfare. Such is "progress," such is our "civilisation." Humanity clings to the fetish of the necessity of war. Another thousand years may pass and the sun will rise on a world rent by suspicion, fear and bloodshed, unless we summon courage to find a way out of the horrors and miseries of the past.

THE POWER OF WOMEN.

There has been bitter reproach against women. Why, we are asked, do not women act in unison against war and against the spirit of war? Women are the mothers of men, why do they not refuse to bear children until the world is made safe from the madness of military destruction? Why do they acquiesce when acquiescence is murder and spiritual wickedness?

Women do not as yet realise their power. The oppression of centuries has lain heavy on their minds. Obedience and meekness have been enjoined as the principal ornaments of the feminine mind. In a world of man-made conventions and laws they have been forced to accept the ways of violence and the "protection" afforded by militarism. Wars have been undertaken and maintained to "protect" women and children. They have been sacred property of aggressors and aggrieved, and the "helplessness" of women has been used as a strong incentive to war. Militarism in whatever form it has appeared, in the East and West, in ancient and modern times, has always been antagonistic to mental development in women. Militarism has been the most potent factor in the cultivation of merely sexual traits in women at the expense of mental qualities. For the spirit of war demands obedience and inexhaustible supplies of men to be made into soldiers. And woman can be trusted to supply soldiers, if she be kept apart from the currents of intellectual life, from education and the knowledges which furnish the mind with material for discrimination and criticism.

The confidence with which Napoleon relied on women quickly to repair the losses of men on the battlefield, was based on his conviction that women should bear children and refrain from thinking. He expressed one of the fundamental principles underlying the maintenance of armies throughout the ages.

Have women the power to suppress war? My contention is that by realising the spiritual and mental power which is theirs, women can and will stop wars. *The movement for the liberation of women from the oppression and mental restrictions of the past is identical with the movement to abolish war.*

Many will not agree with this statement, yet the truth of it is patent to all who see below the surface. I do not deny that women have upheld war. I go further: the last great war was prolonged, and by being prolonged rendered more tortuous, through the help of women in every belligerent country. They made munitions and released men for active service. They kept the machinery of war going.

In the course of the war we were officially informed that without the women the armies

could not be provided with such an adequate supply of munitions as would enable them "to bring the war to a speedy and successful conclusion," and that the further employment of women was a matter of vital necessity. And when the war was over the British Prime Minister addressed the following message to the Mass Meeting of Allied Women War Workers held in Paris in August, 1918 :—

"If it had not been for the splendid manner in which the women came forward to work in hospitals, in munition factories, on the land, in administrative offices of all kinds and in war work behind the lines, often in daily danger of their lives, Great Britain and, as I believe, all the Allies would have been unable to withstand the enemy attacks during the last few months. For this service to our common cause humanity owes them unbounded gratitude."

President Wilson, in addressing the Senate in the autumn of the same year, declared that the war could not have been fought successfully but for the services of women in every sphere, even "on the very skirts and edges of the battle itself."

In playing that important part in the conduct of the last war, and in helping their countries to endure for years, women were actuated by the traditions of the past, by patriotism, nationalism, pity for suffering, by the belief that the war was inevitable and would ultimately be beneficial. The illusion of war was paramount. The great disillusionment had not yet been achieved, and for the first time in history women were permitted to show what they can do. They were allowed to do men's work in factories, in agriculture, in offices. They were welcomed not only as grave-diggers and sweeps, but as directors and organisers of great undertakings. They were permitted to face bombs and torpedoes; they were recruited and organised into great auxiliary armies. An incredibly bloody and destructive war was the means of opening men's eyes to the gifts and qualities of women.

The value of women as mothers, the finely-tempered characters of pioneers who, before the war had rendered humanity great social services, had not availed. The works of Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Josephine Butler, had failed to convince where a business-like and informed "war-

worker" opened eyes and hearts to recognition of the possibilities of usefulness hidden in the female form of humanity.

The fact that the majority of women in the belligerent countries gave their services cannot be regarded as an indication that women would institute and uphold war were they in positions of political power and direction of foreign affairs. Most of them honestly and pathetically believed that the great European war would be a means of ending war. The great revolt can only come through knowledge, not only of the immediate suffering caused by war, but of its ultimate disaster and futility. War will be abandoned as a barbaric and stupid custom of the dark ages when women have liberated themselves from all artificial generalisations, conventions and laws which hold them in bondage to the idea that the division of sex is of greater account than the unity of humanity. For the masculinisation of all human thought and action is responsible for the glorification and tenacity of war. The restoration of balance through the admittance of feminine thought and direction to social and international politics will bring

into honour and repute the creative and motherly side of human nature, and expose the hideous destructiveness of war. Man was not created to be an accomplished murderer of his fellows, and woman was not created to supply the material for murder or to be only a comforter of the warrior. *Both are but facets of the one human unit and the qualities of both are needed for the full expression of humanity and for the betterment of social institutions.*

SHACKLES OF THE PAST.

Women are as yet only on the threshold of freedom. Seen in the light of the recent successful struggle for the suffrage, for admission to Parliament, to professions and trades there is reason for much satisfaction. Let us remember that every "right," every change, every reform of laws and conventions relating to education, property, divorce, professions, motherhood, and the general recognition of women as human beings have been wrested *by women themselves* from privilege and tyranny, always masquerading as protection of womanhood. The way has been paved by the lives of

generations of pioneers. And let us also remember *pardah* and the *yashmak*, lives of the millions of women who still have not only their feet bound, or their faces veiled, but their minds imprisoned by fear of opposing the rules of men. A Hindu correspondent—writing appropriately as the official of an Indian *Animals' Friend Society*—sends me occasionally leaflets exposing the present dreadful conditions of Indian girl-wives and widows. The account he gives of the fate of widows, of the misery, contempt and abject servitude in which they are held by religious (*i.e.* man-manufactured) custom, is almost comical in its exposition of ill-usage, and plea for a little kindness and consideration. In his prayer for the primal necessities of life for widows, for more food and bodily comfort, for less harshness and scorn, he might well be speaking for some miserable stabled or caged animal unable to plead its own cause and worth.

It is well to recall the general status of women in the world. It is necessary that women should feel solidarity when faced with general exclusiveness. In those countries where women have attained Parlia-

mentary influence they are often reminded of the folly of acting as a sex against the other sex. But the instructors forget that during æons of exclusion from the sunlit places of the mind all claims to individuality on the part of women were stifled by the assumption that "the sex" had nothing but common characteristics. "Just like a woman" summarised the physiology and psychology of her emergence from obscurity. And even now the bare idea that a woman should be ordained as a priest of the Holy Church of Christ and eventually emerge an Archbishop is regarded by the male guardians of spiritual privileges as the height of effrontery and absurdity. Her body, we are asked to believe, somehow misses the pre-requisites for sacred performances.

To blame women for their failure to suppress war in the past is like blaming a prisoner for his inability to change social conditions in a world to which he has no access. It is true that women have always been credited with "influence," based on the attractions and wiles of sex, on the wisdom of the serpent, or the subtle purposes of feline tribes. As mothers they

have been credited with more direct and durable powers to mould character and inspire conduct. But women have never been taken quite seriously. Beautiful ideals, moral precepts, a good mother's hopes and prayers have only too often been shattered before the alleged necessity to continue the old ways of war and cynical materialism in politics. Exclusively man-made civilisations have failed, and will fail, because of constitutional incapacity to make ideals real, to understand that spiritual truth can safely be incorporated in laws and treaties governing a material world. Hence we have innumerable churches, sects, priests and treatises on theology, but we have no peace.

A NEW MIND.

I appeal especially to the women who have succeeded in breaking the shackles of the past. I appeal to them to resist war and the spirit of war by every social and political power which is now within their reach. I beg them first of all to study the direct physical evil wrought by war and thereby realise the degradation of womanhood for which it is responsible. Wherever

the passions of war are let loose on helpless populations women are violated and seized by the conqueror like cattle and goods. Women see their children murdered and mutilated, their homes devastated; they suffer the long drawn-out misery of being unable to stave off famine and pestilence. Every instinct of motherhood is outraged. The babe, bayoneted on its mother's breast and the soldier son battered into a hideous mess of limbs and entrails on the field of battle, both testify to the futility of being born in a world given over to the madness of war. Now and again we are invited to grasp the number of dead garnered by the last great European war, to visualise millions upon millions of phantom warriors, armies of the dead marching past twenty abreast for many months. We are invited to contemplate the thousands of war cemeteries that now stretch from the English Channel to the Vosges, which are sown thickly over France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Russia, Austria, Serbia, Bulgaria, which extend to Macedonia, Gallipoli, Smyrna, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, East Africa, North of India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the United States. It is difficult to hold in

imagination such a stupendous harvest of the slain, such an overwhelming success of our modern machinery for killing masses of men. But women should not forget that every dead and martyred soldier was born of travail and of woman. The pains and risk, the cares and labour of motherhood, were offerings made to death and despair, not to life and hope.

Motherhood is the "sphere" that no one has disputed with woman. Blind, ignorant, obedient to the demands of brute force it has served war and made possible the cruelties of war. When women realise that they hold the keys to life, that they can control birth and *shape the minds of generations to come* they will wield the greatest force for the attainment of peace between nations. Here, as elsewhere, the last and the least shall be the first and the most potent. For a new valuation of motherhood, revolt against mere wastage of life must follow that self-revelation. It is meet that motherhood, which has been represented as the primary function of woman and as the principal reason for her existence shall be raised to the highest level of civilisatory influence, thereby creating peace.

The making of war and preparations for war have at all times been regarded as questions beyond the intelligence of woman. They were supposed not to concern her.

The scene depicted by Aristophanes in which Greek women met to discuss how to put an end to the war has been reproduced in various forms throughout the ages. An enraged Athenian magistrate asks the women: "Fools! what on earth can possess you to meddle with matters of war and matters of peace?" Lysistrata answers, relating her past vain efforts to influence her husband:—

"Husband, I say, with a tender solicitude,
Why have ye passed such a foolish decree?
Viciously, moodily, glaring askance at me,
'Stick to your spinning, my mistress,' says he,
'Else you will speedily find it the worse for you,
War is the care and the business of men!'"

She adds:—

"We are the people who feel it the keenliest,
Doubly on us the affliction is cast,
*Where are the sons that we sent to your battle-
fields?*"

And the Magistrate answers:—

"Silence! a truce to the ills that are past."

The exigencies of modern warfare and the voracious appetites of modern engines

of destruction necessitated, as we have seen, appeals for the support and labour of women in the last great war. Such close acquaintance with the mentality and machinery of war could not but aid in dispelling illusion and tearing the veils of romance and pseudo-religious sanction from the eyes of intelligent women. The peace that followed completed the disillusionment. Famine and disease were enthroned on vast tracts of Europe where prosperity had reigned. Bloody revolutions, the break-up of industry and trade, unemployment, failure to satisfy fine promises made to soldiers, lack of houses, soaring prices, fluctuations of exchange and fall of monetary values—these and many other phenomena of post-war existence forcibly demonstrated the real nature of the "new" world of peace and tranquillity which had been promised as the prize to be won by battle. Recriminations and revelations of incompetence and duplicity, made in the seats of the mighty, served to accelerate the educational process. Little war-gods were found not only to be made of brass and tin, but to be hollow within.

Hate and suspicion reigned supreme in

Europe. The war had made familiar and easy the ways of violence to man and beast. The mentality which is an amalgam of the brutality and the agonies of war proved an embarrassing obstacle to civilian stability and reconstruction. The poison of war ran alike in the veins of the vanquished and the victorious—with ample portions allotted to the neutrals—thereby demonstrating the solidarity of the nations and the penalties of defying the spiritual law of mutual aid and interdependence. Generations of children, unborn at the beginning of the struggle, wholly innocent of purpose and will to war, were made to share in the horrors of its "peace." Children of the devastated parts of France, burdened with tuberculosis and rickets, children of Austria starved and rotting with disease, children of Russia dying by the hundred thousand of famine and cholera, their skeleton bodies shovelled by the score into common graves, German children killed and crippled by the blockade—was there ever such a monument to the Moloch of war? The suffering and wastage of children surpass in accumulated horror the scenes of the actual battlefields. Less bloody, but more revoltingly offensive they

are a blatant outrage on all sense of pity, all desire to protect the helpless. Can women now, when the scales have fallen from their eyes, when the false glamour and the false promises of war have been exposed, countenance a repetition of such massacres of the innocent? Can women fail to use their votes and their newly-won opportunities for political action in efforts to create a durable basis of peace and understanding between nations? I trow not.

The tragedy is not lessened, but increased, because the many who silently acquiesce in the cruelties of war would shrink with loathing from the task of deliberately hurting a child were they invited to do so. I remember being asked to address a meeting in one of the coast towns of the South of England a year or so after the termination of the war, the object being to prepare the citizens for the reception of a batch of emaciated children from one of the late enemy countries. The Mayor of the town had consented to take the chair, and the supporters of the scheme included a number of people of local importance. But there was great fear on the part of the organisers, for they had been notified that a party of

" patriots " were going to break up the meeting. I was warned to be careful, especially in view of the fact that a certain church dignitary was going to support me who might feel constrained to withdraw his support if I went too far in sentiments of pity and conciliation. Whilst travelling to the meeting I bethought myself of some of the pale-faced, crippled, hungry-eyed child-victims of the war whom I had personally tried to help, and I asked myself if any " patriot," likely to be present, would have the nerve to hit, or kick, or blow up, or starve to death, one of them.

I began my address by a simple and human description of one such child and tried to make my audience see him as a visitor in our midst. I pictured the feelings of fond fathers and mothers when their own children are threatened with starvation and early death. I analysed the consequences of hate and revenge brought to bear on the guiltless, and of a juvenile Europe rent by the ravages of uncompromising hostility. And when I asked if there was one man or woman amongst those present prepared to strike that imaginary alien child in our midst, there was a general murmur of strong moral

repudiation at such an idea. The meeting ended harmoniously and with general consent to give hospitality to the little foreign guests.

WILL WOMEN FAIL?

Students of the history of war and of the futile attempts that have been made in the past to maintain peace are apt to fall into pessimism. There seems to be an eternal recurrence of events, a mechanical repetition of the same acts provoked by the same emotions. The same with a difference of time and background of national culture or lack of culture. Napoleon may have improved on the strategy of Alexander the Great, but the psychological equipment of the two conquerors was not very different. The quarrels between nations which have led to wars throughout the centuries of recorded history can easily be placed in familiar categories. There is love of power and aggrandisement on the part of sovereigns, slighted dynasties seeking redress for insults, real or imagined, demands for increase of territorial possessions, jealousies connected with colonisation and trading facilities, religious intolerance, racial contempt and

varieties of the common desire to grab the property of others. Occasionally, in surveying historically recorded causes of war, the nobility of motive may be apparent in the right and justice of national defence against aggression. But looking back we are generally impressed with the triviality of motive, with the inadequacy of reason for which rivers of blood have flown. Life may indeed appear, in the words of Macbeth, as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, *signifying nothing.*"

Take the 30 years' war of Germany which reduced that country to a wilderness of ruined cities and starving homeless people, or the religious wars of France and the unspeakable cruelties inflicted by catholics on protestants and protestants on catholics. A traveller who traversed France in 1577 saw important cities such as Tours, Blois, Poitiers, Orleans, entirely devastated, churches and cathedrals in ruins. Could folly go further? "Holy" wars are just as possible to-day as they were a century ago. Christian against Mohammedan, Mohammedan against Hindu, Christian against Jew, white races against black, or yellow, and black in their turn con-

densing hostile solidarity against white. In all human divisions there are the elements of potential warfare so long as the greater unity and the greater importance of the whole remain unrecognised. The pessimist may well point to peace-treaties and conferences, to shattered "holy" alliances for the preservation of peace, to past attempts to establish Leagues of Nations and Balance of Power. Human nature, he maintains, remains unaltered, though idealists dream and talk, there can be no real progress; change of form but never change of the human mind.

Will women fail? They will fail if they follow the old methods, obey the old traditions, accept the old "necessary evils." They will succeed if they realise that that human nature which stands condemned is but one-half of human nature, artificially and forcibly separated from the rest. They will break the evil spell of past failures if they insist not only on the admission of women to the Governing Councils of the peoples and to Conferences of Leagues to establish Peace, but on the application of womanly intelligence and womanly compassion to rebuilding the very foundations of Society.

THE ROOTS OF WAR.

Those who would uproot the causes of war and sow the seeds of peace must hold the vision of the Greater Humanity. They must have the courage to break traditions and suffer contumely, they must conquer the fear of "impossibilities" which will be placed like lions in their path. The roots of war and the human soil, on which they grow, will appear inseparable. Moreover, they will appear in the shape of the sinews and nerves of all human energy, achievement and security.

The finer qualities of war—bravery, self-sacrifice, endurance—have always held humanity chained to the false belief that violence and carnage are the only soil from which social virtues spring. Men have preferred not to think too much about the vices of war, and the mental and spiritual ravage wrought has been invisible to eyes blinded by passion. The task before women is to light up the human soul with a spiritual knowledge which will change all values. Hitherto quarrels about frontiers, problems of expanding populations and economic advantages, have been held to be of greater

account than the inevitable degradation of morals caused by war. It is hard to realise and harder to teach that hate and murder are never worth while.

Individuality itself, the possession of a separate mind and body, seem to demand resistance to aggression, assertion of rights. Are women to proclaim that the strong may prey upon the weak, that highly-cultured and civilised races are calmly to submit to invasion by barbaric neighbours? The problems of nations are the problems of nurseries. Toys and thrones as objects of fighting are not, after all, very different. A mighty assembly of superhuman entities, watching the passions and agonies of the late European war, may have felt the detached and benign interest with which adults contemplate a struggle for the possession of tin soldiers and wooden horses in the nursery.

It is precisely because women control the nurseries of the world that all hope for a change from the ways of war to the ways of peace is centred in them. Let the faint-hearted remember that the mighty warriors who have slain their thousands, the wily diplomats who, safe behind their writing

tables, direct policies and sign secret agreements which send millions of human beings to death and torture, the paid scribes who goad the public to acts of war though they themselves never hear the sound of a dropping shell, or gaze on the upturned face of a dead soldier, were once babes in swaddling clothes, fruits of the bodies of women. For many years they were inexpressibly dependent on the ministrations of women. Let those women who tremble at the thought of their "weakness" before this gigantic task remember that all human life begins in weakness, and that but for love and kindness there could be no human "strength" to devastate the world. There is a time in the life of every human being, however strong, fierce, masculine and combative he may be, when he is utterly dependent for physical and mental life on those very womanly qualities which have been set aside as of no account in the direction of the world order.

Let the pessimistic open their eyes and see a vision of the infinite powers for transforming humanity which lie in the hands of mothers. If you believe that it is too late to change the adult mind you cannot surely

deny the possibilities of forming new ideals, new values, new principles of conduct in the coming generation? For the nursery and the home are the places where the malleable mind may be permanently impressed with the truths that selfish grabbing brings penalties of unhappiness, for which no possessions can compensate, that giving brings joys which no taking can equal, that envy, jealousy, hate, are poisons, which slowly but surely bring their curses in physical and mental derangement.

Conduct in an individual is always based on his sense of values. The murderer, who slays an old woman because he wants a sum of money which she has accumulated, imagines that the ownership of the money outweighs in worth to himself the responsibility incurred by the crime. The sensualist who perpetrates sexual outrages on innocent and unwilling victims believes that the satisfaction which he derives from such acts is of greater account than the damage wrought to his character. The unscrupulous financier who enriches himself through carefully cultivated qualities of imposition and deception, battenning on the ignorance of fellow-creatures, thinks that he can profit-

ably deceive not only his dupes but God Himself. The torturer of helpless animals who vents his rage, or expends his diabolical inquisitiveness on the fettered bodies of dumb victims, deludes himself by the belief that he is dealing with things to which he can never be made to render account.

All these act in accordance with their sense of values. And every one of them can be *re-formed* if the requisite spiritual influence can be brought to bear on their minds, showing that that which they thought worth while brings corruption and death to the human soul, the only real value within them.

THE VICIES OF WAR.

When humanity realises that the loss of war always exceeds the gain, that the vices outweigh the virtues, wars will cease. That realisation can only follow an evolution of spirit which relegates physical objects and conditions to a position of relative unimportance. War is based on the reversal of every moral instinct, every code of ethics. I have enumerated some of the physical and material losses of war. The damage to the human mind is infinitely

worse. For the impulses and principles of warfare are the negation of moral law. To murder, to torture, to lie, to deceive, to steal, "to leave nothing but eyes to weep with," to starve, to terrorise, to degrade—acts which are considered morally reprehensible and legally punishable when committed in times of peace become laudable and patriotic in times of war. They are given different names, such as "action," "strategy," "tactics," "requisitions," "blockade." They are essential to the pursuit of war and of its very essence. All talk about "humanising" war is futile. A war of attrition, a bloodless blockade, may cause prolonged misery compared with which wounds and death on the battlefield spell merciful ease.

The mind of the successful warrior must not be beset with scruples. "To introduce into the philosophy of war itself a principle of moderation would be an absurdity," wrote Clausewitz in *Vom Kriege*, "war is an act of violence which in its application knows no bounds." Writers on military efficiency are not insusceptible to the dangers caused by the increase of humanitarian sympathies, called in their language

“sentimentality” and “flabbiness.” Militarist philosophers warn the instructors of armies against these. For how are you to pursue war if the soldier should turn in pity to succour the stricken enemy?

In 1914, during the first exultant days of the European War, the joy of action was unequivocally expressed by some of those who responded to the call to arms. I have before me a collection of cuttings from the newspapers of that time. A “Cavalry Officer” wrote to a London paper:—

“We had an amusing time chasing Uhlans, who invariably ran away. The Uhlans are just about my line. They run like scolded cats when they see you, and are always in close formation, as if they were frightened to separate. I had a grand hunt after 20—only five of us—and we got four dead and picked up two men afterwards. We came on them round a corner of a street and they went like hunted deer, so we galloped after them, the men shooting behind on their horses, a most dangerous proceeding for me in front, but very amusing. Next morning I got four more, so we had a good day’s work. We keep bumping into them everywhere. I have got a very nice sword from one of them which I use now. — got an officer and man in single combat at — He took them on by himself and shot them both at 10 yards and got four shots into his horse. He came on them round a corner too. Chance meetings like these are exciting.”

A Private expressed his feelings in battle in the same paper in the following words:—

“The day was passing away very quickly. It was just like shooting rabbits on — hill instead of killing men; they came up so thick that you couldn’t miss them.”

A Sergeant whose account of a charge of Indians was printed in another paper said:—

“Many of them were hit, but few of them dropped out. They got the order to advance and you never saw men more pleased in all your life. They went forward with a rush, like a football team charging their opponents.

They got to grips with the Germans in double quick time and the howl of joy that went up as they felt their bayonets gripping something solid told us that those chaps felt that they were paying the Germans back in full for the peppering they got whilst waiting for orders. When they came back from that charge they looked very well pleased with themselves and they had every right to be.”

Many communications from the Front spoke of bloody encounters as “enjoyable affairs” and in one we were placidly informed that “the yells of the enemy were awful; those who were not slaughtered fled and were ‘potted off’ as they ran.”

Such expressions may be treated as froth of the mental excitement of war. It would

be unfair to recoil from the individual soldier who delights in a fray for which he has been stimulated and prepared by a system of careful training. The perfect soldier should be a marionette. He should not question, he should obey. His individual feelings should be severely restrained within the bounds of military usefulness. If his feelings as a man should run away with him they must run towards greater efficiency in the arts of destruction. If, by inclination or chance, they should turn in the opposite direction he becomes not only useless but a traitor.

It is recorded that when Napoleon gave his terrible order for the massacre by bayonet of the prisoners at the siege of Jaffa the army obeyed but with disgust and reluctance. We can never lose sight of the fact that the soul of efficient soldiery is obedience and that independence of thought and conscience is detrimental to military usefulness. Hence the "necessity" for retaining the death penalty in time of war. No Commander of an army could countenance refusal or hesitation in carrying out orders. A soldier may go mad in the process of obeying, but obey he must.

The evils and terrors of battle are supported more readily because of the careful mental preparation of those who are destined to become cannon-fodder. In every country preparing for war, or maintaining a state of war, propaganda is used with the object of stirring up hatred and inflaming passion. The enemy is represented as possessed of fiendish qualities. Atrocity stories—true and false—are carefully prepared and served up to the public. The psychosis of war is induced by appeals to the sense of horror, to pity, fellowship, patriotism. The human mind is invited to blot out memories of kindly faces and friendly hospitality, once provided by intercourse with those who now are painted as associates of Satan. The very thought: "they, too, are human, they, too, have homes which they love, they, too, tear themselves away from wives and children and mothers in order to fulfil their duty to the State of which they are citizens" becomes treason. Poems of hate are sung, curses are showered on the adversary. All, combatants and non-combatants alike, live in a world from which reason is banished and the desire to hurt and kill is paramount.

I remember Sarah Bernhardt, resplendent in her magnificent energy, her unrivalled art, chanting flaming words of eternal hate of Germany. At the same time the German nation was stirred to increased malice against England by the music of Hymns of Hatred. A crowd-consciousness is formed, which becomes a reservoir for fresh efforts against the enemy. Soon the losses of loved ones, the terrible pictures of what soldiers and sailors have suffered in the hour of death, and at the hands of the enemy, the agony of human hearts, left to mourn without hope, create a desire for revenge, for taking life for life given. There is the pitiable belief that the anguish of one's own heart may be assuaged by giving anguish to others.

And—darkest of all sides of the war-mind—the qualities of the enemy which once were detested; his cruelty, his frightfulness, his abominations of destructive inventiveness are copied. Hence we may say that whilst you destroy the bodies of your opponents they revenge themselves by bequeathing to you their souls.

The use of poison-gas, the bombing of civilian populations, the cool slaughter from

the air of unarmed men, women and children, at first repudiated as outside the usages of "civilised" warfare, were generally adopted and legitimised.

When we analyse the hate of a national crowd directed against another national crowd we find that the object of passionate hostility is not flesh and blood, but a malign abstraction. Italy, Austria, Germany, France, England—these are *words* which, when the nations are at war, present pictures of detestable and generally wholly distorted national qualities. In the past wars have been made by a few men, having temporary power in their respective States, and the peoples have not been consulted. Secret agreements, often based on considerations of high finance and intriguing in the Chancelleries of Europe, have been considered adequate reasons for demanding unquestioning sacrifice of life and limb and happiness on the part of the common people. Frederick the Great put the matter baldly when he said: "If sovereigns wish to make war they are not restrained by arguments suitable for a public proclamation. They determine the course upon which they wish to embark, make war, and leave to some

industrious jurist the trouble of justifying their action." At the bidding of a few men the whole nation is suddenly invited to regard the people of a neighbouring nation as enemies. Fritz, who a few days ago was an irreproachable waiter in a Parisian café, is suddenly and artificially invested with the qualities of a dangerous cut-throat. He is mobbed, or interned, or bundled out of the country. François, who but yesterday changed plates and served dishes with Latin daintiness in a German restaurant, is precipitately called a spy, suspected of harbouring bombs or fearful secrets and treated accordingly. Even foreign words, long ago incorporated in the national language, become objects of suspicion. French terms of feminine fashion and charm became anathema in Germany. The nations are asked to purge themselves from all contamination of foreign influences; names of towns and streets, and families are changed in the pathetic hope that, thereby, isolation can be established.

Great care had to be exercised during the last war to keep the abstraction untouched by reality. When soldiers of opposing trenches saw too much of each other they

were apt to fraternise, to recognise common flesh and suffering. They were inclined to respect the common desires for little periods of respite from firing, even to exchange presents. Severe measures had to be taken to put an end to such dangerous friendliness. It was significant that wounded soldiers out of battle did not as a rule harbour hate of the enemy, but rather expressed pity for the common lot of all soldiers. Eye-witnesses have given us many a scene of death on the battlefield, beautiful and glorious in the shedding of enmity and the rise of the eternal faith in compassion and comradeship. When a dying man, depriving himself of the last physical comfort available, handed his water-bottle to a wounded enemy, his action testified to the powers of the unconquerable human soul.

PATRIOTISM.

The old conceptions of patriotism and patriotic duty are a formidable obstacle to the acceptance of practical proposals for the establishment of peace. There can be no peace without a new conception of patriotism. To love one's country is a

right and a privilege, as natural as is love of one's family. Everyone is to some extent moulded by the soul and body of the nation out of which he has been formed. But it is no more rational to consider one's own nation infallible and beautiful simply because it is one's own nation, than to regard one's own children as such simply because they are one's own children. And it is still more irrational to be enslaved by the idea that to study and learn from other nations, to appreciate their qualities and virtues is incompatible with duty to one's own people.

Patriotism is an expanding emotion. There was a time when it was limited to the city or the county inhabited. Those without could lay no claim to fellowship. Men fought to death for civic domination. Athens and Sparta, Genoa, Venice, Piza, Padua, Ghent, Bruges, all fought as cities against cities. The men of Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, of Mercia, Northumbria, and Wessex fought patriotically men of similar small divisions of land. The Scotch and the English were for centuries separated by a blind and exclusive patriotism.

Nationalism—when used to express lust of power, conceit, exclusiveness, hatred of "foreigners"—is a stultifying creed. National consciousness, when directed to the full expression of the particular powers and graces inherent in the members of one nationality, increases Humanity's riches of mind.

Patriotism expands as the human mind is widened through contact with the world of realities. That which was foreign becomes familiar. That which was strange and incomprehensible becomes interesting and instructive. With the realisation of greater unities the importance of small divisions diminishes.

The United States of America have demonstrated that it is practically possible to make good Americans out of a conglomeration of nationalities. The larger loyalty has swallowed up lesser allegiances. The time will come when the unity of the European Continent will be accepted as the natural consequence of fuller and freer intercourse between the people. The present League of Nations is an attempt to give practical expression to the truth that no nation can stand alone, or

suffer alone, and that wars between two nations or a group of nations bring dire consequences to the whole family of nations. The European War demonstrated beyond any questioning that neutrality did not secure immunity from the hardships and social upheaval of war. The League of Nations, by its existence and by the efforts that are being made to make it effective, embodies the principle that the whole body of humanity is of greater importance than its constituent parts. It was impossible to conceive the unity of humanity until those of the family, the tribe, the nation, the race had been transcended. The morals of the tribal stage cannot possibly be adequate for the higher stages.

From the point of view of the old patriotism based on "my country, right or wrong," the League of Nations is a menace and a corruption. The simple-minded militarist is aghast at the idea. A certain General recently publicly characterised the suggestion that "a thing called the League of Nations" should supersede armed force as "tosh, absolute tosh."

The militarist who only looks back on the quarrels of the past, on the ten thousand

wars of history, may well distrust agreements and solemn conferences. For without a change of the human heart there can be no peace. Beyond loyalties to States there must rise loyalty to the highest vision of the spirit. Beyond courage to refuse to hate at the bidding of men, invested with brief authority, there must emerge the supreme courage of obeying the voice of the Divine and Eternal amidst the clamours of the multitude and its passing moods. Not the voice of the "good German god," with whom the Kaiser was familiar, nor that of the god whom Milton pictured, as giving preferential treatment to Englishmen, but the God who out of the differences and the struggles of all His creatures is shaping the Divine purpose of their existence.

To "object" to war is the duty of every civilised man and woman. Objections have hitherto failed to stay the wild progress of the furies of strife. The objectors have been trampled under foot or cast into prison, branded as traitors and treated with boundless contempt. The time has come when objection must be organised, touch the very roots of the social order, influence the whole conduct of human life from the cradle

to the grave. It is too late to oppose war when the drums are calling the people to battle, when all vices masquerade as virtues, and when the individual who stands aside, because his conscience bids him to refrain, is loathed as a coward who would save his own skin whilst others suffer. Let the forces of pacifism organise as those of militarism have organised. Let there be clarity of purpose, union, deliberate construction of a new order of human society in which war finds no place. In this crusade women are indispensable.

The Christian Church is an international organisation, designed to take into its fold the peoples of every nation, every race. Christ taught men to love one another and forgive one another, to abandon the ways of violence. There was a time when the inconsistency of professing Christianity and engaging in battle was clearly recognised. Later on the Church ranged herself under the State and accepted the expediency of being protected by temporal rule. Spiritual verities, as taught by Christ, came to be regarded as impossible of realisation. The Church not only countenanced war, but her-

self became one of the most powerful instigators to military exploits.

The tragi-comic spectacle of different sections of Christians, praying the same deity to bless their arms and confound the schemes of the enemy, roused Voltaire's powers of satire:—"Miserable physicians of souls," thus he addressed the priests, "you declaim for five quarters of an hour against the mere pricks of a pin and say no word on the curse which tears us into a thousand pieces."

The churches have justified wars and blessed the hosts of battle, finding religious excuses which fitted the wishes of their Governments. In justifying the Crimean War Charles Kingsley wrote: "The Lord Jesus Christ is not only Prince of Peace, He is the Prince of War too. He is the Lord of Hosts, the God of armies, and whosoever fights in a just cause has Christ for his captain and his leader." Kingsley did not reflect that practically every man who fights, *thinks* he fights in a just cause. The prayers for victory, formulated by each nation at war, may be perfectly sincere in their reliance on the justice of the cause. He forgot, too, that there are struggles of

the human spirit of infinitely greater import than physical battles. The conquest of primitive passions, of the lusts for destruction and revenge, the gaining of that peace which passeth understanding, are contests in which the Lord Jesus Christ may well be the "Prince of War," leading us in strife which is of the spirit against the flesh.

A tale of such strife was recently unfolded in the House of Commons by Mr. Walter Ayles, who said: "I am opposed to war, I fought against the war of 1900 and against the last war on the same principle. Whilst I was free I fought on the platform, yes, and in the streets when I was denied right of speech elsewhere. I fought it through seven different prisons, and I would have fought through seventy prisons in order to stop the war and bring about a better feeling in Europe. Do not think for one moment that you show your Christianity by slaughtering your brother. You could never imagine Jesus Christ dressed in khaki with a rifle on his shoulder. I cannot do so if you can." (February 13th, 1924.)

In the Andes, 14,000 feet above the sea, there is a statue of Christ, commemorating the attainment of peace between Chili and

Argentina. It was cast from the bronze of cannons belonging to the two peoples and the cost paid out of their voluntary subscriptions. On its granite pedestal the following words are inscribed:—"Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chilians break the Peace which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

This is an example of victory in which Christ is acknowledged to be leader in a sense wholly different to that proclaimed by Kingsley.

EDUCATION.

It is folly to expect peace whilst every child is subjected to suggestions and associations of war. Tin soldiers and toy guns prepare the way for a teaching of history in which conquests and losses in battle play the most prominent part. Greatness and glory are handed out to the child at the point of the sword. The story of the deeds of creative genius, of artists, scientists, philosophers, poets, mystics, of the enrichment of the human mind receives meagre attention. There is always the dominant illusion that there is something *real* about

war which the peaceful life somehow misses. How often were we not told during the latter months of 1914 that at last we had come to grips with reality, that a supreme opportunity had been given us for the testing and forging of character. That a savage should feel a fight, in which bodies are mauled and their internal mechanism exposed to view, to be more real than a mental struggle for the emergence of a new truth is natural. The dormant mind cannot be expected to function on planes of which it is as yet unaware. But those who lay claim to culture and to the right of leading children to the things that matter should know better. Of these, teachers and not only their disciples, we may well say, in the words of Browning, *man is not man as yet.*

There is ceaseless recruiting of the minds of the young; boys in grammar schools are dressed in khaki and drilled with rifles and bayonets. Cadet corps are formed and trained in special military practices. I quote from a handbook on military education for cadets, issued in 1916. "Bayonet practice. This may be carried out as a physical drill without bayonet fixed. Trench practice. In the 2nd trench the

sack is lying on the far side as if a man were crawling out. Leap the trench and make a point. Sack lying on ground (wounded man ready to jab upward). Quick point. Into final trench. Drop butt to ground and seize bayonet to stick into the throat at close quarters."

The scout movement, which presents so many excellent features in the development of health and self-control, brotherliness and consideration for others, is marred by its militarist tendencies. In *Scouting for Boys* (tenth edition, 1922), Sir Robert Baden-Powell disclaims "militarism" and denounces military drill as producing a result inferior to scout practice. A great gathering of Scout Clans from all parts of the world in London in 1920 suggested an international brotherhood of scoutdom which should help to maintain peace. Yet the guidance given in the Chief Scout's maxims and reflections will not, in practice, make for the eradication of the war-spirit. For would-be peace-builders are blandly informed by their leader that: "We have many powerful enemies round about us in Europe who want very much to get hold of the trade in our great manufacturing

towns and of our vast farm lands in our Oversea Dominions."

This is sowing the seed of war and providing the first requisite of warfare, *i.e.*, the imaginary sight of the potential enemy. Without "the enemy" there can be no war. The heart must be prepared to meet him before any physical encounter can take place. The corollary to conjuring up the enemy is near at hand:—

"Don't be cowards and content yourselves by merely paying soldiers to do your fighting and dying for you. Do something yourselves, learn marksmanship and drilling, so that as men you can take your place with the other men of your race in defending your women and children and homes if it should ever be necessary.

And further:—

"Remember it is going to be the business of every one of you to keep the old flag flying, even if you have to bleed for it—just as your forefathers did before you.

We have all got to die some day; a few years more or less of our own lives don't make much matter in the history of the world, but it is a very great matter if by dying a year or two sooner than we should otherwise do from disease we can help to save the flag of our country from going under.

Therefore think it over—BE PREPARED to die for your country if need be, so that when the moment arrives you may charge home with confidence, not caring whether you are going to be killed or not.

If your enemy sees that you are bent on either killing or being killed, the probability is that he won't wait to oblige you."

There is also a pithy reference to the young Romans who lost the empire of their forefathers by being "wishy-washy slackers without any go or patriotism in them"—the implication being that lack of fighting qualities is always a sign of degeneracy.

The old militarist belief that war is good medicine is served up to the boy scouts in the following terms: "The war proved the much-needed bomb to rouse them" (the shirkers in every class) "to do something for themselves and for their country."

Scouts are given a picture of grasping foreigners and their wicked ways, of their skill in snatching industries, trade, commerce and even ships from the British. I presume that French and Dutch and Danish scouts are to read the book in translations so arranged that the objectionable "foreigner" becomes whosoever is born outside their respective countries.

THE WAY OUT.

We may well recall the fine message of Anatole France to the teachers of France : " My friends, we must abandon these dangerous practices. The teacher of the future must make the child love peace and its works ; he must teach him to hate war. He must exclude from his teaching every appeal directed towards hatred of the foreigner, yes, even towards hatred of our enemy of yesterday ; not because one should be indulgent of crime and absolve all criminals, but because any people at any given moment contains more victims than it contains evil-doers ; because one has no right to impose the punishment due to wrong-doers upon innocent generations ; and, finally, because all the peoples of the world have much to forgive each other."

There is a way out of the labyrinth. Humanity can be led out of the paths of destruction and shown the perfect way. To women the call to action. To women the task of spiritual regeneration. To women the pains and the valour of saying *no* to that to which men have said *yes*. Let every

woman, who understands, fit herself by knowledge and training to become a har-binger of the greater humanity. Let her show that Peace has victories greater than War, that heroism, discipline, sacrifice, the grandeur of triumphant human spirit belong, not to violence and to hate, but to gentleness and love. Civilisation is nought but the extension of sympathy. Individual value is nought but the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, and to hold to that which is perceived to be right, regardless of the consequences.

Let us suppose that every woman takes the following pledge :—

Believing all war to be morally wrong and an obstacle to the spiritual progress of humanity, I hereby pledge myself to abstain from every action in aid of war or fostering the spirit of war, and to strive for the extension of understanding, brotherhood and co-operation between men and women of all nations.

I promise not to take personal part in war, whether offensive or defensive, by serving in any military capacity or by making or handling munitions of war.

I promise not to undertake such labour as may be demanded of me with the object of setting a man free to fight in war.

I promise not to subscribe to war loans or to provide money directly or indirectly for the purpose of providing armaments of war.

I promise to do everything in my power to teach children that war is incompatible with civilisation and with the highest attributes of the human mind.

I promise to discourage the use of military toys and games, military precepts and training in schools and colleges, and to use my influence actively wherever possible in opposition to the glorification of war.

As a woman I will endeavour to show in my own life the principles of compassion, sympathy and reconciliation, and as a citizen of the world I will help in building up a great spiritual fellowship of Humanity as the practical expression of all religious aspiration.

Let us suppose that she keeps her pledge and that she dare be faithful not only to the letter but to the spirit. Would not this old world of ours soon become different? Would not energies and powers, now fettered by the perpetual wheel

of war, be liberated and turned to the shaping of a happier humanity?

“Visions,” “dreams,” “impossibilities” —I hear the reply of the worldly-wise. They do not know that everything worth having begins as a vision. Let women then, like the woman in Olive Schreiner's tale of a dreaming mother, dream of the child of the future as one *to whom the ideal shall be real.*

The question will be asked of me, as it has been asked: “Are we to abandon Red Cross work in time of war? Are we to have no pity for suffering and lend no helping hand to those stricken by affliction? I answer, let love decide and direct. Let your own conscience supply the answer. Women have the creative power to change all physical life and they can, if they choose, change the spirit and intentions of Red Cross Societies. It cannot be denied that Red Cross work, as hitherto organised, has served as an auxiliary and maintainer of war.* It has been patchwork, profoundly unsatisfactory to those who really desire to

*Lest some “war-worker” should accuse me of being pitiless and inexperienced, I add that I was myself engaged in the organisation, maintenance and care of hospitals for wounded soldiers and for wounded horses during the last Great War.

heal the wounds of war. But the devotion which it has commanded, the avowal in the midst of the hells of the battlefield that love is not dead and that above the clamour of hate there is the still voice of healing for all the nations, have held out promises which the future can fulfil.

In turning our faces towards the dawn of a new Understanding, and setting our hands to labour for a new order of society, we women must remember that she who would reform the world must first reform herself. For in the words of Plotinus :—“ *Never did eye see the sun unless it had become sun-like and never can soul see Beauty unless itself be beautiful.*”

