

WOMAN'S MASTERY OF THE STORY

BY GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

I

THE eminence which women have reached in writing fiction they have attained in no other of the creative arts; and this is surprising, since in these other arts also they take delight.

For if one looks to music he will find that its pleasure comes freely to women, and many are trained to song and to the instrument; and yet the great composers are not of them. And women show a refinement and a joy in color, and many enter schools of painting, but the foremost painters ever have been men. The theatre in its turn adds its own testimony; for the play is to woman a daily and a nightly pleasure, and she knows its art both as observer and as actress; yet women have never been among the first composers of the drama.

In the minor art of dancing, and in the nobler work of reproducing the music of the great composers, as in acting the characters of the great dramatists, there are women of high, and even of highest, rank. But to leave these more interpretative or reproductive arts, only in fiction does she approach the mark of men. For here she must be counted with the great of the craft. And even should some crabbed soul insist that the rare company in which are George Eliot, Jane Austen, George Sand, Madame de Staël, and the Queen of Navarre, does not include the one who is greatest in the guild, yet there is no discomfort felt in naming these women along with Scott and Dickens, Hugo, Cervantes, and Boccaccio. But

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speak of the other creative arts, and we feel at once the chill: Chaminade looks ill at ease in the presence of Beethoven; Joanna Baillie, with Shakespeare; Angelika Kauffmann, with Michelangelo.

This wide success in the one direction and the hesitant mediocrity in the other are the more puzzling when one considers how inapplicable are the ever-ready explanations. Even were it clear or probable that the native intellect of women is less than that of men, yet fiction is certainly no less 'intellectual' than is painting; indeed it would seem to make sterner demands on thought, and to have less of its substance in the region of mere sense. Nor can custom and convention here explain. For while the approach to the writing of fiction, it is true, has been easy and open, yet the way to acting has often been stony and forbidden; and if convention in the past could have prohibited, we should have no actresses to-day. In Shakespeare's England it was against custom for women to appear upon the stage. And until recently with us — as in ancient Rome, and in China to this day — there has been a moral suspicion of the actor's work, that must have been to many a woman of talent for the stage a very lion in the path. The readier explanations, as I have said, here lead to nothing, and one is restless until he strikes a truer course. But with fresh endeavor and a favoring gale, one may still hope to reach the haven.

And first let us see, if possible, the wings of the novelist's fancy unfolding

from the silken chrysalis. Thus we shall discern already something of the secret of woman's power.

In a former issue of the *Atlantic* I gave an account of experiments upon the tale-composing faculty in children, where the girls proved far more skillful in handling the story-maker's gear. But the products there examined were made upon request and under a watchful eye, and one would like to know what the child does when not in bondage to the Egyptian. Only then shall we know his impulse and free genius. Of their own heart and will, do both boys and girls make stories, and often, and with equal grace? Does story-imagining have a like honor in the life of each?

The answer to such questions cannot be sought direct in school or nursery; for the timid facts we are after would hide at our approach. Better fortune I find with persons more mature, and yet still young, recalling their ways in childhood. Thus through the memory of many hundreds of generous young men and women, there has been afforded some glimpse of the imagination at its play.

And if I may at once share with the reader what is found, I notice that spontaneous story-composing is almost universal among children. Rare is the boy who has not yielded to its spell; and rarer still the girl. And in the subject-matter of these tales, while much is common to the boy and girl, drawn from the experience of common living made rosy by some hidden light within, yet the situations imagined by the girls seem to have wider range and contrast. The imagination of your usual lad, when it is not engaged in practical planning, runs easily to adventure with Indians and outlaws, adventure on the sea, and the deeds of heroes — perhaps Richard the Lion-hearted. The girl, if she be a fair example, will include some

of this, but she will more readily enter regions still more remote, guided as by Ariel and Puck in turn, and even by Caliban. One girl made nightly visits in her still-waking fancy to a cavernous land of wart-faced tusky dwarfs. Another imagined herself clad in rich raiment, riding a beautiful elephant up and down the streets of Spokane! Another had at call a winged pony, glossy black, to whisk her off to cloudland. Under the warm light of girls' intelligence, also, conscious life springs up in all things — in animals, flowers, and trees, and even the common instruments of home. And with the wider region traversed, there is a more varied stir of feeling. The girls in their emotion appear less confined to fright and to a sense of conquering strength; but keeping some taste of these, they pass easily on to mirth, affection, and beauty, and to all those strangely mingled emotions that come from fairies, goblins, and magicians.

Dull counting would indicate that with the girls are found the many who have known the spell of story-making. But — what is perhaps of greater import — among the girls who feel the spell, more have yielded heart and soul. One finds here and there a lad who gives to this invisible art much room, but with the girls we find a more frequent surrender, deep and complete, as to an enchantment. 'I have lived so much in imaginary places and as imaginary persons,' writes one, who speaks for many, 'that I still find myself exaggerating fact into fiction. I imagine events so strongly that I tell them as having occurred.'

This solid reality of what is imagined comes more rarely to the boy, and even then is often honeycombed with doubt. Listen to these confessions, from among the boys who are nearest to having faith. 'The stories were not real to me at first,' says one young dog of an unbe-

liever, 'but after telling them several times they would become a part of me and at times would feel as though they really happened.' 'The stories were quite real when first begun,' says another, 'but even as a child one recognizes their utter impossibility.' And still another, 'The stories were very real to me, and I could almost make myself believe that things occurred which I had only imagined.'

'Not real to me at first,' 'At times,' 'I could almost make myself believe' — out upon a fancy so sicklied o'er with thought! But hearken to the girls. 'My stories were very real to me.' 'They were very real, being my companions when alone. If I was with others, the stories were real, but were now in the background as old friends.' 'The stories were always very real; the pictures of the events passed through my mind with almost the vividness of hallucinations at times, especially at night.' Here is no faltering; the stories call forth the very throb and tremor of life.

And if I may illustrate from still another side this fuller surrender by the girls, we find them often, not 'making' the story, but passive, themselves carried along on the story's own career. 'These stories seemed to come naturally into my mind with no effort whatever,' is the testimony of one, 'and my supply of them seemed unlimited.' Indeed the tale sometimes takes the bit in its teeth and runs away. 'The stories were always most real at night,' writes one young woman, 'and began almost automatically when I laid my head on the pillow, arousing almost as much emotion as actual events. The habit came to keep me awake to such an extent that it was necessary to cut it off for the sake of health, and for years a continual strong effort was made to banish the stories at night, although they always greatly interfered with work or study in the daytime.' We should hard-

ly find in an obsession such as this the promise of the highest art; it is too similar to 'automatic speech,' or to improvisation in music, which lack the virtues that come only by critical control; yet it tells us of the girl's nature, seeming to show that the currents of her imagination have their source less in the high open spaces held by the will and judgment, than in the depths and recesses of the mind.

II

If the girl's story often comes from subterranean and more constant sources, this would help to explain another quality. For in her who finds the greater joy in the art and yields herself to its pleasure, the story's characters and action might well reveal a strange persistence. And thus among the girls we more often find stories woven upon the same thread, day after day, for months and even years — a feature which Miss Leroy had already come upon, and my own findings amply confirm her account. One young woman tells me that her imaginings throughout childhood were all upon a single theme, the doings of a group of monsters half-human and half-beast. Another girl continued her story for as many as twelve years. And further, there are girls and rarely a boy, I find, in whom run several 'continued' stories abreast; and now one and now another develops, as the mood may lead. With the boys there is also a frequent persistence, but usually of another kind: they work their tales over, or repeat them without retouching. In part this shows some poverty of imagination, but it may also show more deliberation and less impulse. Their creation comes by sweat of brow, as to smith or potter. With the girls the story *grows*. And even where there is no continued story, in the usual sense, yet former charac-

ters reappear and act anew, in this way outliving the interruptions of the story-process. The experience here is not unlike those others, — which also, so far as my own evidence goes, are less rare among girls, — where for years the child has as his playmate some wholly imaginary creature.

Although it has a larger place and deeper hold and continuity, the story-power among girls more often moves in secret; its fabric is something never to be revealed. The boy will often tell his tale as from the house-tops, though sometimes keeping it as for the hawthorn-shade. But to the girl any unguarding of her treasures, even to a closest friend, may seem a violation, almost a profaning. 'I could never bring myself to share them with any one,' writes one; and another says of her stories, 'No one ever knew of these dreams of mine. They were as real and as sacred as anything could be.' This secrecy, with all its tangled motives, shows how intimate the story is with the composer's heart and self.

And this close bond is shown in a further and unexpected way. The man-child is of course born to the purple, born to be lord of the world; and with all the call that is heard within and without to egotism, why should he not weave his tale about himself! Yet we find that the girls oftener than the boys are in the centre and thick of the fray. It is from the women that one commonly gains testimony such as this: 'I was always a character in my stories. In fact my stories were but a part of my life, as much as any real actions were.'

Her stories were 'part of her life, as much as any real actions were,' — will not this perhaps give the key to the anomaly? With boys and girls there is of course self-seeking, the desire for self-aggrandizement; but surely there cannot be more of this in girls. Have we not here, rather, some appearance

in unmelodious form of what there must be in all great art: the artist putting himself into his work? The girl more often appears in her story, not from exceptional egotism, but because her tale is vital to her, and she must of necessity feel herself within it, sharing its risk and happy outcome. In miniature and distantly it reflects that noble self-consciousness, almost as of divine ordination for the work, which is revealed in Milton and in Dante.

III

Yet the presence of the girl in her own tale points further and offers a clue to more for which we seek. Thus far we have been observing a contrast in imagination, which appears too distinct and early to come wholly by education or by moulding custom; in the main it seems rather to be natural and of endowment. But now we may see how endowment is fortified by circumstance.

One of our witnesses testified that in her more intimate stories, told in her heart alone, she was the *hero*, and not the heroine. And may this not help us on our way? Men have less need to imagine a world with themselves as centre, because they more nearly possess it in reality. It is the woman's life that is more hedged about; and what she has not, she seeks. Fancy is the great supplement of reality, the corrector of its lacks; and in its realm the moral law is reversed, and to him that hath not shall be given.

Indeed if we wish to stimulate the imagination, what better device could be conceived than to fan desire and hinder the act itself? Where the world offers a hundred outlets for will and energy, there is less occasion to live an imagined life. Your weakling boy it is who dreams of feats of strength. 'On account of a physical infirmity which I have had since my early childhood,'

writes a youth I know, 'I was always very much alone; and my great diversion was the weaving of tales — of myself in characters which I could never hope to fulfill — such as sailor, soldier, or adventurer.' This is the old truth which Professor Shaler illustrates in his autobiography, that as an unusually timid boy he persistently thought of himself in deeds of bravery in war. It is also tender, frail Stevenson over again, who in drollery, yet with a shade of wistfulness, saw heaven as a place where we might all at last be pirates.

In the imagination, then, our prison doors fly open. And just because each human life is in some degree imprisoned, does each of us love a tale. But those who are more restricted in act, while yet free and rich in impulse and in longing, will seek more eagerly to act in fancy.

Now the male has within him the demon of unrest, and the social restraints with him are less; and in his freedom, tense with real risks, he feels less call for mimic striving. In business, in the control of police and railways, in litigation, and in war, he finds almost enough to quench his thirst for personal clash. But woman, with a nervous vitality and a passion surely no whit below man's, yet with less muscular strength and with social confines which hitherto have given her a less changing and perilous work than man's — what wonder if her energies, blocked in their outward flow, should burst over into imaginary action? As both boys and girls compose their tales, I find, far oftener when the body is still — sitting, or in bed while not asleep — than when it is active; so it is in harmony with this that women should in their greater bodily quiet and weakness prepare a warmer welcome for fancied deeds. Their life is less agile and closer to the gates of dreams.

Not only is the boy's imagination

hindered and by vigorous action made less passionate, but even such power as he possesses will probably be commandeered to other work. The imagination, we must remember, can be either bond or free, while yet it is imagination. It may be free, restrained only by restraints which our taste and enjoyment impose — imagination essentially for its own sake. Or it may be used as a means for some other end, pressed into the service of invention or discovery, of theory, of social and political reform — where the imagination is something more than drudge and less than mistress.

Now man's demon, in driving him to arduous employment, drives with him his imagination. Woman also works; but as she gains freedom from the squaw's millstone and hoe and bearing of burdens, there does not come in their place — at least not yet — that pressure of profession and commerce and organized craft, with their fixed hours and high momentum and all that monetary gauge of success that keeps the male with soul and body at the wheel. With us the women still govern the home and child — a work whose driving energy is not so high, more guided by quiet traditions, commonly less insistent and engrossing upon the mind. The grievance of some who would rightly enlarge woman's life is, that her traditional labor has too much of monotone and provides no interest and open door. But without wishing it for her, we may recognize that what is unfavorable to life may favor a certain quality of imagination. The very humdrum of household duties, as many a young woman has assured me, may send the mind off to build castles in the clouds. Man's work is so absorbing, so full of stake, that this doubling of the stream — actual performance running by the side of imaginary performance — is often quite impossible. He must

give all his powers to shop or ship, to politics or war. His engrossing action, however, is not wholly hostile to the imagination; it merely summons it to high service in religion or science, in commerce or invention, and leaves it neither time nor desire to weave a tale. Girls as a group start with free imagination — freer than the boys' — and are by circumstance enabled to keep it unspotted from the world.

IV

But now let us look less to the imagination and more to the character of the novel and to the peculiar opportunity which it affords for women's powers; since in the story's substance and in its technique will be found a further reason why woman here finds what is suited to her genius. Here is play for a nature rich in sympathy, repelled by abstractions, and drawn to what is warm and vital.

For of all the free arts, the story lies closest to actual living. And this is seen even in its outer aspects, since it uses no tool but language, in which common life itself always gives some practice. The painter, the sculptor, the composer of music — these must learn a special deftness foreign to the habits of our universal life. And even the poet, who also uses speech, is hedged about by the formalities of his task and by its severer honors; he must fit his thought to the tongue, not of men but of angels.

But the tale, like singing, dancing, and acting, employs a natural utterance; and these are the arts in which woman excels. A certain technique is in them, it is true, — a practiced control of expression until it falls into rhythm and pause and climax, — yet this is but the refinement of what is in daily use by all.

But beyond and more important, the

story, like the acted drama, pictures our life in its fullest, its least mutilated form; it transcribes human action almost literally, and therefore is well chosen to appease the hunger for life, so far as anything other than life itself can satisfy. Your other arts have many a gap and artifice. In painting and sculpture one must suggest the movement of life by what is still; its scene is as of hurrying figures lit by lightning. The music of instruments can more adequately restore the lost sequence, but the flow here is of mood and passion, without speech and personality and defined events. Only the playwright tastes the novelist's freedom to face rounded persons, living in voice and very action; but he must satisfy far more exacting conditions: by soliloquies and stage-whispers and 'asides,' and by connective tissue masquerading as dialogue, he must make conversation bear an unnatural burden. The lack of running comment must be compensated — just as action in the moving-picture play is exaggerated to make good the want of speech. Deliberately to construct an elaborate drama, then, requires that one's powers be fenced on every side. But to *act* in such a play is merely to do in kind what the little girl is wont to do, when in her mother's dress she 'plays lady.' Thus story and acting come closest to woman and the unspoiled man; such arts are but the child's play transfigured, and speak to the least specialized parts of our nature, to our interest in persons and in their behavior under strain. The male, accustomed to rules and abstractions and impersonal machinery, can rejoice to create within the limits set by other arts. But woman, while practicing them, cannot so well express her nature in them, loving rather what reproduces life in fuller measure, pressed down and running over.

A double movement, also, has cur-

tailed certain male prerogatives enjoyed in creating romance. The interests of the plain woman have become more varied, swinging further out; and with this, the interests of romance have moved inward toward our common life.

The Homeric tales depict a world busied mainly with war and heroic conflict and adventure in distant lands — a man's world, where Helen and Penelope, Circe and Nausicaa, are but as motives and complications of man's endeavor. But the modern story, while still unable to escape the spell which war and adventure and unaccustomed places will always exercise, has moved its centre of interest hither toward home and country in time of peace, finding peril and crisis enough in social ambition and marriage and politics and all the unbrocaded intricacies of life. As a consequence, Mr. James commands no raw material that is not also to be had by Mrs. Ward. Democracy, with its sense of the worth of the untitled and unfavored, finds a romance at every street-corner. The poor immigrant and the thrifty bookkeeper elbow the old romantic aristocracy.

But with this incoming of the ring of interest to include what lies at our door, woman's liberty and honorable experience have moved outward. Miss Kingsley explores portions of Africa whither no white man had ever gone. Sophie Kovalevsky and Madame Curie have sipped the nectar, hitherto reserved for men, of adventure into science. Baroness von Suttner's tale shows a range of intimacy with war — with its politics and domestic desolation, its hospitals and battle-carnage — greater than appears in *Fire and Sword*. Woman has always been face to face with character; and now for her the bar to every scene and situation is rapidly being lowered. And even in the new worlds offered for the old, there is still the love-passion, which if women could

not portray, we should be forced to say that it lay too close, rather than that it was remote, unvisited.

Yet the aptitude for fiction centres after all in a certain passionate inconsistency. The tale must have clash of character, and the author himself must live with all the combatants. And therefore a clamor and a gleam hard upon darkness must be within the artist's person. He must teem, must be fairly burrowed and alleys with population. Could we but have gone prowling through the mind of Dickens! There we should have come upon, not the mere cold knowledge of his characters, but the very sympathies and impulses that give life to Squeers as well as to the Cheeryble Brothers, to Scrooge and Marley as well as to the Spirit of Christmas. In his own heart we should have found hidden away the very blood of the Boffins and the Baginets, of Peggotty and Mrs. Nickleby, of Sim Tappertit and Mr. Micawber.

No smoothed-out and simplified heart can write a great novel. Cervantes must find in himself something that if set free would have made him a real Quixote, a Sancho Panza, and one ready to jeer at both. Those who have exclusive attachments are therefore ill fitted to create tales; the very solidity of their purpose is a hindrance. The facile Disraeli, on whom statecraft sits lightly, is not prevented; but Bright, or Gladstone, — who in all his changes is one and earnest and convinced, — could hardly have sheltered that loose populace of motives with which the tale-composer's mind is filled. One who has a programme and a gospel rather than a pied stage within him, will not seek this mode of utterance. Perhaps for such a reason the Roman, with his constant will and his simple and law-ordered mind, has left us heroes for drama and story, rather than story and drama itself. Your Greek, versatile,

many-centred, quarrelsome both with stranger and with kin, was fit for the other work. For him, the discussion even of metaphysics, as in Plato, becomes a human story, with characters warm in the flesh, conversing and in action.

When Emerson says that he does not have to travel the wide world over to find anchorite and Mandarin, general and explorer, but in himself in Concord can discover them and dear Devil and all, he observes something of the secret of the imager of life. Any great novelist's proper self must not sit too fixedly upon him; he may feel it, but he must be able to slip it off, and into another, as with a coat.

Now the character of your common male is fastened, rather, like the coat of an animal. His self is too much with him, and resists a sympathetic entrance into contrasting parts. But woman — if we attend to the class and not to each individual — is of less rigid structure; she is more mobile in her feelings, readier to answer emotionally at the instant's call. With her there is sympathy, which taken broadly is but a ready entrance into characters different from her own.

This contrast becomes clearer if we look to the abnormal mind, which has a trick of revealing the hidden and threatening element, even in what is sound. The man-child always runs a risk of ending in crime. In him there is a strain which, if unchecked, makes him defiant of the accepted order; makes him ready to see his own person and desires as pivotal in the universe. With women the very opposite of this practical egotism is at the door. Mental shock or serious inner change with her is more apt to produce some weakening of the bonds which hold the self together and maintain a sense of its identity: she feels as though dominated by some wholly foreign power. Thus

the 'trance mediums' of the day are usually women — as were the sibyls and priestesses of old who with heaving bosom and disheveled hair spoke the words of the oracle.

And in still graver changes of this kind we have those bewildering 'alterations of personality,' where one character yields unexpectedly to another, only later to assert itself again. These successive 'personalities' are at times seen in men; but they are far oftener found in women — as is indicated by the long list which includes the names of Miss 'Beauchamp,' Mary Reynolds, Mlle. 'Smith,' Miss Winson, Félicité, and Marcelline. Here are no separate persons inhabiting the one body, but the one person is disorganized and no longer acts entirely as a whole. Great systems of ideas and impulses subside, and others emerge to sight and action — like those changes in the level of a continent, when one part sinks below the ocean's level while another rises.

These wild occurrences are but a magnified image of what exists at times and in some degree in all of us, but in women requires less enlargement to be seen. The average woman possesses a greater variety of character, as of wardrobe, than does the man; she can more readily lay aside or suppress some important part of her, and bring some contrasting feature into view. She carries in herself a ready wealth that is more applicable to the story than to painting or to music. Thus it is that in painting and in music she is to be passed by man with ease, but in the story, if at all, with greatest effort.

V

There are, then, many forces that urge women further in fiction than in any other of the great creative arts, and cause her to select the novelist's career from among the many ways

that alike seem open. And to catch a glimpse of these forces is the sole purpose of this paper. Yet the query can hardly be suppressed, why with so many inner and outer aids she does not go further in her chosen art, and notably excel the men. May we not be confident that talent clearly supreme will appear among those who show so high a preparation? Why should we not prophesy that the greatest stories will hereafter come only from the daughters of men?

It will perhaps be so. In the realm described by Maeterlinck, where are the unborn children destined to great accomplishment, there may well be waiting a troop of little girls whose work in fiction will crown all that men have ever done or ever can do. We have, however, no assurance.

For in man there is endless daring and a purpose not lightly to be turned aside; and sheer contrivance will often outwit natural gifts. It will be remembered that we found the girl letting her story tell itself; while the boy repeated, retouched, criticized, putting pains in place of spontaneity. And later, in maturity and in an art already developed and difficult to carry to still higher excellence, these male traits may balance the scale. Analysis and self-criticism and dogged ingenuity and the love of domination may make good the lack of ready and free fertility.

It must also be remembered that we

have examined evidence merely of a more widespread fitness among women as a group, and have not looked to supreme and single excellence. And while the general level of women's aptitude is perhaps higher than men's, yet fame does not rest upon a general level so much as upon individual peaks. For one person who knows of the Tibetan highlands, where for weeks the traveler may never descend to the elevation of Mt. Blanc, thousands know of some single and higher point in Andes or Himalayas. Although there is an amazing distribution of fictional talent in women, — so that, lift your hat where you will, your greeting will go to some story-writer of promise, — yet in men Nature strangely heaps her gifts upon few and distant individuals. To man she more often gives the distinction we call genius, which treats the statistician and his dull averages as love does locksmiths. The wind in these matters of the kingdom blows where it lists.

But the world is still young, and even genius is sensitive to circumstance and weather. And women in the past have been exposed to peculiar frost and drought. If we think upon these things, we cannot call quite foundationless the hope that in the story-teller's art women in the end will clearly excel the men, bringing to the race those further riches promised in the imaginative life of little girls.

GERMAN GENERALSHIP

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

IN those intimate and incisive letters which he wrote to his wife during the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck attacked the German generalship in the field with almost apoplectic fury. Apart from Moltke and 'good old Roon' — the one a Dane, the other a Dutchman — he held German generals in utter contempt, and he declared again and again that it was only the bravery of the soldiers that saved the incapable leadership from disaster. It was not a very sound judgment, for it ignored the main factor in the swift triumph of Germany. If the capacity of the German generals, apart from Moltke and Roon, was low, that of the French generals opposed to them was infinitely inferior. So much incompetence, perhaps, was never shown on so large a stage as that displayed by the French generals, and no brave people ever paid a heavier penalty for corruption and folly in high places than the French paid. But it is probably true that the victory of 1870-71 was won by Bismarck's diplomacy rather than by Prussian military genius or even French inefficiency. It was his skill in uniting Germany in a common quarrel with France, and in isolating his foe, that assured the result. He knew that Moltke's plans and the adequacy of the Prussian military machine could not fail to consummate his designs against an enemy whose unpreparedness and levity he had thoroughly appreciated.

In the present war the cautious and

far-sighted diplomacy of Bismarck has been wanting, and Germany has had to rely for success on the genius of its generals and the efficiency of the military machine. We can imagine very well the wrath with which Bismarck would contemplate the diplomacy that gambled on the quiescence of England. But what would be his judgment, and what will be the judgment of history on the military conduct of the war? So far as preparedness is concerned, there has of course been no parallel to the astonishing position of Germany when the war burst on Europe. Treated as an art, it may be claimed that the Latins have been the great masters of war; but treated in the modern sense as a science, the supremacy of Prussia has been unchallengeable. It has concentrated the genius of the most painstaking people in Europe on the single goal of military efficiency. To that end every other consideration has been subordinated. Its commerce, its industry, its financial methods, its education, its social reform, its railways, even its recreations have had in reserve that ultimate purpose of making the nation supreme on the battlefield, and its doctrine of the unprovoked war has governed all its statesmanship and diplomacy. Scharnhorst struck the keynote of scientific warfare in Prussia's darkest hour; Clausewitz elaborated the laws of that warfare; Moltke put them into practice with a shattering success that opened a new epoch in military history.

Henceforward war had to be conceived, not as a thing of swift inspira-