

**THE GERMAN  
ARMY  
FROM WITHIN**

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The German Army from within by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**THE GERMAN  
ARMY  
FROM WITHIN**





THE GERMAN ARMY  
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FROM WITHIN

BY A BRITISH OFFICER  
WHO HAS SERVED IN IT

"The leaders must be definitely educated for that war on the great scale which some day will have to be fought to a finish. The paths we have hitherto followed do not lead to that goal."—FRIEDRICH VON BERNHARDI.

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## INTRODUCTORY

WHEN, during the Boxer Campaign in China, the Kaiser sent to his troops at the front the message which has lately put a girdle round about the globe—"Make for yourselves reputations like the Huns of Attila!"—he was not merely sending them a watchword for that campaign: he was expressing the spirit that animates to-day the Army of Germany. Put into other words, it is: "Win! Honestly, if you can, but . . . WIN!"

For the German Army has been builded with one aim: a world-war. In that war they must be victorious, or . . . "Our next war," said the cynical Bernhardt, writing in 1911, "will be fought for the highest interests of our country and of mankind. *World-power or Downfall!* must be our rallying-cry."

Some years ago, in a book published under my own name, I pointed out the direction that that war must take. Teuton and Slav have for some time past been pressing slowly southward, as rivals, each keenly conscious of the other's aims.

The movement was scarcely realised by the States of Western Europe, notably Great Britain, though its tendency was clearly defined, and, on the Teuton side, it received an impetus from a people who were half Slav, namely, the Prussians. It was the more slow, perhaps, because racial impulse has been curbed by the subtle arts of diplomacy, by the science of strategy, and by a keen realisation of economic necessities. Each of these three factors has its victories to record, acts which, to most people, seemed but loose links in the chain of history, rather than firm steps towards the goal, distant but clearly seen by those who led the movement. The science of strategy brought Schleswig-Holstein into the German Union, welded the German States together, and extended their line of outposts to the Vosges mountains. Diplomacy, following victory in the field, made of the German States an Empire, reconciled Austria, and forced Italy into the triple alliance. Diplomacy again brought Heligoland as an outpost in the sea to Germany, and political economy endeavoured to bring Holland into the German Zollverein. Thus the right flank of the Teuton movement from the Baltic to the Balkans was fully secured. Neither was the left flank neglected. Wedged in between the Balkan kingdoms and Russia was Roumania.



A Hohenzollern was placed on its throne, and all who know Roumania will realise that Austria is paramount there. In both Servia and Bulgaria *la haute finance* was in Austrian hands, and German commercial enterprise was extending into Asia Minor.

When the Teuton nations moved, so many centuries ago, a world-wide Empire fell in ruins, an Empire glutted with wealth, yet teeming with a pauper population in its capital, luxurious, enervated, disdaining any service to its country, unconscious of any obligations in return for the privilege of citizenship. So Rome fell before the Teuton, before the pressure of a *Völkerwanderung*. Now again the Teuton is moving.

Certainly, war was inevitable. Germany had suffered too long from lack of colonies. The rapidly increasing industrial population had demanded insistently some new outlet for its energies and some more productive fields of labour. Scattered in every country of the world were the best German intellect and labour—engineers, scientists, surveyors, and so forth—working for the peoples of other countries because their own offered no scope and possessed no colonies where fresh opportunity might be found. Expansion became imperative. But a reason had to be given, for, as Bismarck had

told his country : " Even victorious wars can only be justified when they are forced upon a nation, and we cannot see the cards held by Providence so closely as to anticipate the historical development by personal calculation."

The assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his Consort provided a cause, and the act of one fanatic gave the impetus to the avalanche which descended upon Europe ; justified the rapine and pillage of the little peoples. Germany, putting her whole trust in her military organisation, challenged the world to mortal combat.

The hands and brains of the greatest in the Empire had long been given to the laborious perfecting of that imposing machine. It seemed to be polished to the last inch. The moment clearly was ordained by Providence ; so, the button was pressed and the mighty levers were started.

This is not the time for drawing conclusions. The fortunes of war are proverbially uncertain, and the sagest prophet would hesitate before predicting that World-power or Downfall will be the ultimate destiny of the Teuton. *All I propose to do in this book is to take the machine to pieces for you, and show you how it works.* Magnificent as the machine is—and it is ten times nearer perfection than

that which faced France in the 'seventies—it must be remembered that the France that fights to-day is not the effete nation that it then was. By all the laws of theory Germany is bound to conquer ; but Theory is a poor military leader, and woe to those who place reliance on a semblance of power or an under-estimation of the opposing forces.

By the time these pages can appear in print, the Army will probably have been brought under the microscope of the world. Until to-day it has been universally recognised as the most marvellous machine ever constructed by the mind and the sinew of man. The Kaiser has given his whole personal energy and the blood and youth of the nation to the building of this machine. Naturally, by such tremendous effort he has achieved his aim. If you give your whole body and soul to "getting on," of course you do get on, but at the expense of every one of the finer qualities of humanity. It is just these finer individual qualities, or the lack of them, that make a nation great or mean, enduring or ephemeral. And . . . a machine is only as strong as its weakest part. . . .

In regard to military matters the German axiom seems to be that the greatness of an army lies with its directors. The British axiom is that the greatness of an army lies with its men. I speak with