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The Baseless Fear of War

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ples of the two continents, the security of governments intended for the people and for no special group or interest, and the development of personal and trade relationship between the two continents which shall redound to the profit and advantage of both, and interfere with the rights and liberties of neither.

From these principles may be read so much of the future policy of this Government as it is necessary now to forecast; and in the spirit of these principles, I may, I hope, be permitted, with as much confidence as earnestness, to extend to the governments of all the republics of America the hand of genuine disinterested friendship, and to pledge my own honor and the honor of my colleagues to every enterprise of peace and amity that a fortunate future may disclose.

An Event of Enormous Importance.

The following letter of the late Ambassador Whitelaw Reid in regard to the British-American Peace Centenary will be read with deep interest at the present time:

DORCHESTER HOUSE, PARK LANE, W., December 6, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. DONALD: I am finding once more this week that there is never a convenient moment for being ill.

But nothing has troubled me so much since the breakdown, three or four weeks ago, that followed my overwork in the autumn and early winter, as to learn now that the physicians will not consent to my attending the public meeting at the Mansion House to help inaugurate your movement for celebrating the hundredth anniversary of peace between our two countries. I especially wish to be present because I regard this as an event of enormous importance, and think that a failure to give it such a celebration as should challenge the attention of the whole world would be a crime. You may have possibly noticed that at our last Fourth of July celebration by the American Society in London I took the opportunity to bring the matter forward as prominently as I could. I recall also our frequent conversations on the subject, and am now greatly pleased not only with your activity in the matter, but with the admirable results of your work. I have read the leaflets, "The Hundredth Anniversary of Peace among English-speaking Peoples," "The Centenary of the Treaty of Ghent," and "The Peace of the Canadian Frontier," with great interest, and I congratulate you heartily on the skill with which these subjects are presented.

If I dared to promise to be present at the Lord Mayor's meeting, I would, and if by the time it comes I can escape so far from the thralldom of the physicians, I surely shall be. Meantime I hope the work is in as forward and promising a state in my country as here. I am sure the Centenary could not have come at a moment more helpful for the peace of the world.

With thanks and all good wishes, believe me, dear Mr. Donald,

Sincerely yours,

WHITELAW REID.

St. Louis expects every pacifist to do his duty and attend the Fourth American Peace Congress the first three days of May.

The Baseless Fear of War.

By Andrew Carnegie.

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Officials under the present administration have recently become prominent in surprising efforts to increase our naval and military forces, the latest and most startling being Colonel Goethal's estimate of no less than 25,000 soldiers as necessary to guard the Panama Canal, strongly fortified against naval assault as it is. Under present conditions no sensible man would object to adequate protection of our whole country by the army and navy; but surely this is madness.

The pending demand is for three battleships this session; but General Wood tells us that the canal, once opened, is to require more battleships than hitherto, differing in this from the President, who has assured us that only one battleship per year would be required after the canal was opened, because our fleet could then be transferred either to the Atlantic or Pacific, as required, thus doubling its efficiency.

Mr. Roosevelt holds "that there is but one way to maintain international peace—that is, by keeping our army and navy in such a state of preparation that there will be no temptation on the part of some one else to go to war with us. "Some one else" is indefinite indeed. Our Republic has no one who wishes to go to war with her today, and has not in our day had one desirous of doing so, although Mr. Roosevelt, when President, was once strongly frightened. He had proclaimed his policy to be one battleship a year, not to increase the present navy, but only to maintain its efficiency; but he applied for four warships next session of Congress. The dreaded foe has not yet appeared. His fears were groundless. It is stated that we, remote as we are from danger, are now spending about 70 per cent of our total expenditures upon army and navy, including pensions, while Britain, in the very center of the only strong military and naval powers, spends only 43 per cent of hers on army and navy, which seems incredible. It is high time we should look into this.

No one ventures to name the nations or nation that has the faintest idea of quarreling with us, nor have we any idea of quarreling with any. All we have to do is to show our confidence in the continuance of present happy relations with all and cease expanding either army or navy.

Our military and naval officials fight imaginary foes when they think of possible invasions of enemies. The Republic, having no designs of territorial acquisition nor powerful neighbors, has no enemies to fear. It is the reverse with European lands, joined together, each armed against the other as probable invaders. We expect those of our military and naval circles to dwell in their dreams upon possible attacks, devising counter-measures of attack and defense—"Tis their vocation." But to any proposal of increased army or navy we hope our President-elect's response will be—"Pray tell us first against what enemy you need this further protection. Name the power or powers, and tell us what object they can have for attacking us, how they can benefit therefrom—what end in view." There are today only two navies greater than our own, those of Britain and Germany. We rank third. Does any sensible man, naval and military officers excepted, fear war

between the two parts of our speaking race? Is not this unthinkable? As we have outgrown the duel, so have we outgrown homicidal war. English-speaking men are never again to assail each other. That day has past. Has there ever been danger of war between Germany and ourselves, members of the same Teutonic race? Never has it been even imagined. America, Britain, and Germany in China marched their united forces under a German general to Peking, and so will these three powers some day unite again when danger requires. We are all of the same Teutonic blood, and united could insure world peace. The fourth naval power is our ally of the Revolution, the sister republic of France. Could even an American admiral or commanding general succeed in believing that war was possible between the two republics? This would be found beyond even the wildest flights of his vivid imagination. The Taft treaty submitting all questions to arbitration was signed by three of these powers—Britain, France, and ourselves—Germany, through her Ambassador in Washington, by order of his government, assuring us of her desire to become a party to a treaty.

This would have been the beginning of the end. These powers, once united for peace through arbitration, intimating to any civilized powers threatening to break world peace that such action would not be favorably considered, and asking that their policy of peaceful arbitration be adopted instead, would not, could not, pass unheeded, and peace would be preserved, and the foulest blot upon civilization would thus have been erased. The treaty failed unexpectedly to get the required two-thirds vote in the Senate; but let the peacemakers be of good cheer. We hope and believe that the incoming administration is to renew the effort and succeed. There can be no such word as fail in a cause so noble.

Let Wood, Mahan, Goethals, and others, admittedly the right men in the right places—indeed, rarely equalled—give us one good reason why any nation should desire war with us. When they do this to the country's satisfaction we should listen, but not till then. To name our probable invaders and describe their means of invading us would banish all ground for anxiety. Think of a European power having to transport an army and its supplies across the Atlantic to attack us, always keeping in mind the question why and with what object. Thanks to our Constitution, if we must repel invasion we shall have the advantage of a civilian commander-in-chief in the President, and not a professional theorist, incapable of judging questions of general policy. Here we are reminded of an axiom in business, "Beware the expert," especially those whose lifework is dreaming of wars which seldom or never happen. Our naval and military officials must dream of wars, since most of them never even see one. They resemble our warships, few of which ever fire a hostile shot, but parade around the world showing their guns as peacocks display their feathers, always ornamental, but seldom useful. Lincoln, with a Stanton, a Grant, a Sherman, is the ideal—not one of whom but came direct from civil life to defend his country. It would possibly be our best policy to invite our invaders to land; guide them into the interior as far as they would

go—getting in they would find easy, but when it came to the question how they would get out it would be another story, surrounded as they would be by hundreds of thousands of sharpshooters from every quarter of the compass.

Our Republic, soon to number 100,000,000 of free and independent citizens, our men, old and young, ready with their rifles to do or die for their country if attacked—surely every man, even the narrow professional soldier in his sane moments, must realize that no such hair-brained madness as invasion will ever be attempted. Our harbors could easily be torpedoed before the enemy could prepare and arrive.

Men who refused today to walk abroad without lightning-rods down their backs with a ground connection, because men have been struck with lightning, would be the counterparts of those who fear invasion, the first risk, however, being much greater than the second.

Insurance companies would make huge profits by selling even at a dollar a head life policies against invasion—all would be clear gain, less cost of printing. Falstaff's foes, both in "Buckram" and in "Kendall Green," were scarcely less imaginary than the fears which apparently surround and appal most of our present professionals, able men as these are in their respective fields. Not one of the three additional warships demanded this year, if built, will in all probability ever fire a shot against a foe, but will rust into uselessness—forty-five millions of dollars needlessly squandered. What a waste of capital that could be put to useful ends in improving for the masses the conditions of life. There is to be an end of this folly some day. A man's profession is his hobby; therefore, if generals are to decide how many soldiers we are to maintain, and admirals how many fifteen-million dollar battle-ships we are to build to rust away, farewell to common sense, for there are no extremes to which men's hobbies may not lead them.

True, few, if any, of our officers of today have ever seen war, and, thank God, fewer still are ever to see it; but the professional hobby takes root early and grows apace. The writer believes that the President-elect will prove a man of sound judgment; that his first care will be to guard our country from present obvious dangers, while consigning imaginary dangers of the future to the future they belong to—that future in which so many of our imaginary troubles vanish. A story told the writer in his youth has been and is still fruitful. Condoling with an old man upon his numerous misfortunes, the reply came, "True, I have had many grievous ills to bear, and the strange thing is that nine-tenths of the worst of them never happened." So with our Republic. She bears a charmed life, and all works for her good. Would that her officials of today had proper confidence in her future and more faith in her star. She has not an enemy in the world, nor need she have. The rulers have no cause of complaint against her. The masses of the people in all civilized lands see in her the standard to which they fondly hope to attain, and they love her. Hence an army and navy, maintained at present standard, are ample, and more than ample. We have no enemies; all nations are our friends, and we are friends of all.