



THREE RECIPIENTS OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE

Frederick Passy, President of the French Peace Society; Baroness von Suttner, President of the Austrian Peace Society; and Eli Ducommun, President of the Peace Bureau at Berne. The photograph was taken at the Lucerne Peace Congress of 1905.

THE BARONESS VON SUTTNER

BY HAYNE DAVIS

A COMMITTEE of the Norwegian Parliament is compelled every year to scan the world's sky of peace workers for that particular star which has shed the brightest light upon the night of our war era, in order to award justly the peace prize of \$40,000 provided by the will of Alfred Nobel, the Swede.

The first year it went to that venerable and wonderful representative of France, Frederick Passy, who, with William Randal Cremer, of England, organized the Interparliamentary Union. Last year it went to Mr. Cremer. This year, when the Norwegians saw the light of Baroness Suttner's incessant activity for the world's peace, they ceased from their labors and awarded it to her. It was she who inspired Alfred Nobel to make this remarkable bequest, and Frederick Passy has called her the General-in-Chief of the World's Peace Army.

No award of this prize has given more delight to those who know what Baron-

ess Suttner has done and endured. Inspiring Mr. Nobel to make this bequest was in itself a great service to the cause, and yet it was small when compared to what she has done by her own actions. For nearly twenty years she has never ceased to cry out in passionate appeals for peace, and in a world where women are not accorded that welcome on the stage of public effort which greets them in America. Her voice has gone into the depths of many hearts in many lands, and the response which it awoke has greatly increased the world-wide and world-old desire for peace. "Lay Down Your Arms" is the English title of her most widely read work. It has been translated into all the principal languages and has touched a vast audience. When I saw her at Vienna, in October, she was just starting into Germany, in continuation of her habit, on an extended tour to speak for peace.

She told me that many people had

declared to her that America was abandoned to pursuit of material wealth and power, and, as many published things made our sky look dark when viewed from Europe, she could not know what to believe of us, but that two weeks after

America supporting her of which she was before unconscious, and which she now knows will insure the final victory for peace.

It was at the fourteenth International Peace Congress at Lucerne that I first



BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

she set foot on American soil and felt the spirit of our people she knew that in America is the hope of mankind. She expressed great gladness for her power to judge justly of this matter, and said that now she could carry on her campaign conscious of a great army in

had the pleasure of meeting her. The session was over; the clouds hung heavily over the Alps. I found Baroness Suttner somewhat depressed with the partings and with the inevitable suggestions which come after every forward move, and which attempt to rob us of

our well-earned victory. She had heard, but only in a vague way, of the Brussels session of the Interparliamentary Union, for European papers are not American papers. When it was clearly developed to her how a delegation from the United States Congress, headed by the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, had proposed to delegations from eighteen other national Parliaments the creation of an International Congress, so as to provide a system of law for the conduct of international intercourse, how Count Albert Apponyi had declared in the Conference that this grand idea would knock at the world's official doors till it was admitted, how it had been accepted in principle by the Conference, and a commission, composed of seven eminent members of Parliament, appointed to work out the details for its practical realization, and how one hundred and twenty-five audiences, aggregating one hundred thousand people, on motion of Captain Hobson, had enthusiastically indorsed this idea between January and August, 1905, and how the great Mohonk Conference had cabled its approval and an expression of gratitude to Mr. Bartholdt, she looked long and silently at the colorless clouds hovering over Lake Lucerne. Mr. Felix Moscheles, of London, the eminent artist, was in the company, and he broke the silence by asking, "What are you seeing?" The Baroness replied, "The clouds which this light from America makes radiant."

For many years she had held steadfastly to the premonition that somehow and in some way peace must come. The night was never dark enough to extinguish her hope, nor the discouragements heavy enough to stop her labors. Now the way was made plain, and powerful allies were revealed across the ocean, in the land to which she had begun to look for light and strength. She told me afterwards, at Vienna, that this had begun a new era for her, the light now shining on the path ahead, and with the goal in sight.

She has been long among those who are not responsive to her thoughts and purposes. At the very outset she had to go against the current of opinion. **Austria** is one of those States which are

still vainly endeavoring to limit nobility and power to the privileged few. When the heir to the throne was seized, five years ago, with love for a remarkable Countess, whose family has been illustrious for centuries, it created consternation at Court. For a Countess is not royal, only noble. It was finally agreed, however, that he might marry her, provided he would renounce forever all claim to the throne for his children; and he solemnly made this renunciation in the presence of a great company of important persons—for instance, the Emperor, the Ministers of State, the high dignitaries of the Roman Church, who sanction the idea of the divine right of kings. The account of this scene in the papers sounded like an echo from some far-away sepulcher instead of a twentieth-century fact. Well, Baroness Suttner had to go through a similar ordeal. Simple Americans are apt to suppose that a baron is somebody. So he is when a count is not present. Now all the Austrian counts seemed to the Countess Bertha von Kinsky of small worth compared to Baron von Suttner. And consequently she broke all court considerations, abandoned her place and position and people, and ran away even from her nation to marry the man who seemed to her a man indeed. She endured many hardships in consequence, besides the loss of comfort and position. The timely acceptance of articles by a magazine helped to make a dinner of herbs, where love was, better than a banquet in gilded halls without it. But times change even in Austria. A long life of noble effort finds Baroness Suttner again in her place at the Austrian Court. A prince can be Vice-President of a Peace Society of which she is President. Austrian members of the Hague Court, Ministers of State, Admirals of the navy, Chancellors of the universities, Ambassadors from other lands, now feel honored to attend her when her doors are opened. Who in America can fail to rejoice in the triumph of Baroness Suttner, because she is a woman, because she has worked so wisely and well in a cause which Americans are now determined to push to final victory, and at no distant day?