

not have become a nation at all except for the War of Independence, since it was essential that the fetters laid upon us should be broken once and for all; and while the blighting curse of human slavery and the spirit of secession darkened our future and stained our fair fame it was impossible for us to fulfill our mission, so that the Civil War was necessary also. Both of these wars delivered us from bondage and wrong, and they in that way helped to make us great. The decision of the jingo is, in effect, that the Revolution and the Union struggles were glorious, therefore war is glorious. Washington and Lincoln were precious, hence military spirit is precious. But the thought occurs, what would have become of those heroes if they had acted from motives of conquest or military fame? If Washington had wanted to fight England for glory, or if it could have been proved that Lincoln sought to wage union war? What poison and ruin to their glory in the very suggestion! Honor so sought is only dishonor.

Only dire necessity, after the exhaustion of every effort to prevent, can become an excuse for war. That any good comes out of it is only from the fact that God rules, who alone can bring good out of evil. War is man's utmost effort to defy and dethrone Him, and the best that can be said for it is that it fails of this. When we come near the Prince of Peace we see that all the heroism of war never equalled that of the early Christian martyrs at the stake and in the arena, or even now of the engineer holding steadfast to his perilous post, the miner cheering his mates to escape while suffocating himself, the fireman risking life and limb to rescue others, or the captain freezing on his bridge or going down with his ship while saving his passengers. All these are not urged on by their own boiling passions, but by the simple call of duty. Our country's greatness is not due to military power, but rather to its solid greatness in other ways. Our little army of 25,000 men gallantly as it has served as a sufficient police force for a nation of 75,000,000 scattered over 3,000,000 square miles, can hardly be credited with the vast increase of power, wealth and resource this country has enjoyed in the past thirty years. Not the sword and war, but the plowshare and the peace have made us the greatest nation on earth. There are fifty-five battle-ships building. The cost of each one of them would erect a church or a college. Are they worth as much?

Our situation, we must confess, has done much for us. Were we not made what we are by circumstances—were our territory less compact, our possible enemies closer within reach, our neighbors more powerful—we might oftener have felt ourselves forced to drop the plowshare and grasp the sword, and so have lost our character in the world's

eyes as pursuers of peace. Now we are asked to turn our back upon our past—to despise the good gift of favoring circumstances—to plunge into armaments and other costly dissipations. What is to become of our once jealously-guarded Monroe doctrine? Monroe proclaimed non-interference with foreign nations and their existing colonies. What provision is there in our constitution for governing such dependencies? Do we ask to be paid the expenses of a war undertaken for humanity? I fear it is the old whisper of the tempter in the wilderness: All these kingdoms—Antilles, Philippines, Ladrones, Chinese trade, martial glory and what not—will I give thee if thou wilt beat thy plowshares into swords and worship me. That same tempter in the old narrative might easily, if he had chosen, have told of the many men and people who, under similar inducements, followed his prompting; but we cannot imagine that that would have made any difference. Jesus spurned him without waiting to inquire how the precedents stood. So now, when we are invited to extend our dominion over remote islands, we may concern ourselves as little about what others have done in the hour of victory. Have we not in our own country room enough and land enough to work out our problems for generations to come? An example must now be set, and our nation must set it. Did our fathers stop to ask, when they "brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal," what other countries had done? No, they laid the foundations of our republic so deep that through all time, through every trial, through every shock, "a government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Let there be an imperishable truce with all nations, and our beloved country, like the island of Delos in ancient Greece, be forever dedicated to God and peace.

Civilization and liberty will suffer throughout the world if we make a false step now at the Rubicon of our country's history. An end to all talk of spreading our commerce by multiplying our possessions! There is one way to have a commerce, and that is by furnishing, at a fair price, an article that our customers want. The country that does that most effectually wins the trade; the country that fails in that, fails to win in the commercial contest, though it blacken the land with armed hosts and the sea with warships. The work of commerce is a work of service—that man or country does best at it who serves his brother best. The true commercial rule is the Golden Rule. The following of beneficent productive activity, which has been so good for our forerunners, will be ever good for us. Blessed is he who learns with the plow to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before! And, above all, "blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God!"

SPITTING SWINE. The Poland-China, Essex, Berkshire and Tamworth hogs are decidedly clean and wholesome by comparison with the human hog who in church, at the theatre, on the street car, in stores, and even in private houses chews tobacco and projects a mulatto liquid all over the floor and carpets with the force and energy of a dynamo.

In Chicago, Omaha, Des Moines, Kansas City, and other well-ordered cities the boards of health have condemned spitting because it spreads diseases. In those cities ordinances have been enacted making it a penal offence to spit in street cars, at church, theatre, or on the streets.

This sanitary and cleanly legislation ought to prevail in every town in the United States. The human hog that floods with tobacco saliva the aisles and pews of churches, and drenches the carpets of theatres and all their foot rests, from dress circle to gallery, are too dirty to herd with Berkshires. These fountains of filth which boil over and gush with tobacco juice ought to be excluded from all decent resorts.

No man who expects to rate as a gentleman will expectorate upon the floor or elsewhere to discommode the public. An anti-spitting law should be in force here at Nebraska City and in all other prosperous and growing towns.

Col. William Jennings Bryan finds much solace in the recent elections and gives grateful expression to his tranquil delight in an interview for the Associated press, which was secured by the long-continued importunity of one of the most pertinacious reporters. The facility with which Mark Tapley could become jolly and laugh boisterously in the face of adversity, is matched, out-classed in fact, by the optimistic contentment and beatitude of Col. Bryan. There is only one case among the curios of human gratitude, acknowledgments of obligations and thankfulness to parallel the adorable kindness, hopefulness and smile-lit equanimity of Col. Bryan in the face of returns from the recent elections. That luminous and saintly parallel was the ancient dame who thanked God that the only two teeth left in her jaws, upper and lower, were directly opposite each other!

WE ARE THE PEOPLE. A professional man, of high culture, who recently visited Nebraska City under favorable conditions, writes as follows to a friend:

"The memory of my trip to your city will always remain full of charm and pleasure. I never have met a people, as a whole, who were of such a high order of intellectuality, with all the added graces, and I feel that one living in such a social environment is to be congratulated."