

"And There Shall Be No More War"

The following appeared in the South African Spectator, published at Cape Town, South Africa:

In his great speech before the Inter-parliamentary Union, at London, in July last, that silver-tongued and World-renowned orator, William Jennings Bryan, observed in one of his grand periods:

"I will not disguise the fact that I consider this resolution a long step in the direction of peace, nor will I disguise the fact that I am here because I want this Inter-parliamentary Union to take just as long a step as possible in the direction of universal peace. We meet in a famous hall, and looking down upon us from these walls are pictures that illustrate not only the glory that is to be won in war, but the horrors that follow war. There is a picture of one of the great figures in English history (pointing to the fresco by Maclise of the death of Nelson). Lord Nelson is represented as dying, and around him are the mangled forms of others. I understand that war brings out certain virtues. I am aware that it gives opportunity for the display of great patriotism; I am aware that the example of men who give their lives for their country is inspiring; but I venture to say there is as much inspiration in a noble life as there is in heroic death, and I trust that one of the results of this Inter-parliamentary Union will be to emphasize the doctrine that a life devoted to the public, and ever flowing, like a spring, with good, exerts an influence upon the human race and upon the destiny of the world as great as any death in war. And if you will permit me to mention one whose career I watched with interest and whose name I revere, I will say that, in my humble judgment, the sixty-four years of spotless public service of William Ewart Gladstone will, in years to come, be regarded as rich an ornament to the history of this nation as the life of any man who poured out his blood upon a battlefield."

Some one has said that, "Were subjects wise, war is a game at which kings and queens would not play," and it may be added, were the schoolmaster more "in evidence" who would endeavor to instill healthier notions into youthful minds, the long-hoped-for millennium, "that consummation most devoutly to be hoped for," the period when "swords will be beaten into ploughshares," would cease to be regarded as being amongst the dreams of the idealists, and would be within the range of accomplished facts. But when the youth of civilized lands have held before them, as being the most worthy example for their emulation, the man who readily and recklessly bares his breast for the bullet of the legalized murderer, and presents his body for the weapon of the fellow who prefers the career of the hired assassin to that of the more honest, if a somewhat more prosaic one of peaceful and useful pursuit, I say so long as the schoolmaster, ay! and the preacher, too, instill these notions, so long will the career of the legalized murderer be accepted as being an honorable and a desirable one.

Mr. Bryan, in concluding a speech which will justly go down to history as the most able one delivered by anyone on any subject, remarked: "It is not too much to hope that as years go by human sympathy will expand until this feeling of unity will not be confined to the members of a family or to the members of a clan, or of a community or state, but shall be world-wide. It is not too much to hope that we, in this assembly, possibly by this resolution, may hasten the day when we shall feel so appalled at the thought of the taking of human life that we shall strive to raise all questions to a level where the settlement will be by reason and not by force."

And the spectacle, too, to the benighted heathen of two civilized nations being engaged in a death struggle with each other, is ill calculated to inspire that heathen's acquiescence in, and he will be inclined to repudiate the idea that: "He called us to deliver, His land from error's chain." F. Z. S. P.

SPARE THE EAGLE

This isn't a political editorial. The United States government is engaged in the work of trying—only trying—to save the eagles from destruction. The bald eagle—which isn't bald, by the way—is the national emblem, to which dignity it soared, as an agricultural department bulletin tells us, on June 20, 1782. If book memory is not at fault it was Ben Franklin who deplored in language nothing short of viciously traducing that the eagle was a thief, an oppressor of the weak, a villain generally, and in no way the proper kind of a fowl to represent the hopes, the aspirations and the character of the American people. Benjamin was a good philosopher but a poor ornithologist. The eagle does

occasionally rob a fish hawk of its quarry, and thus perhaps the bird for the moment, becomes thief and oppressor in one, but the eagle does more good in a day than the fish hawk does in a life time, and yet the free born American citizen protects the fish hawk and shoots the eagle.

Every once in a while the papers have an account of how some bold countryside gunner has slain an eagle "which measured seven feet from tip to tip." The gunner is the fool's hero for a day, and another eagle, worth his slayer's weight in gold, is lost to the sky line.

The eagles once gone are forever gone. The birds refuse to reproduce their kind in captivity. There is to be no heritage of slavery for their offspring. Isn't there something in this that makes the bird fit to stand as an emblem for the American? The lion accepts the prison for itself and its whelps with no growl save for one of joy over getting its meals without the necessity of going hunting. The eagle accepts imprisonment with fierce protest, and refuses to make it the lot of eagle posterity.

The man who has seen an eagle soaring or clasping "the crags with hooked hands," and who can not find in the bird something which makes it worthy of a place on a free people's shield, is a man who hasn't soul enough to make him deserving of the shield's protection.—Chicago Evening Post.

CLOSE CRITIC OF THE COW

He was a well-known artist and he was standing near the offspring of his brain—those original expressions flow from us sometimes—in the picture gallery, when an old gentleman whose attire suggested a country tailor suffering from neuralgia approached, inspected the picture and burst into a paroxysm of laughter.

"Seems to amuse you, sir," said the artist, huffily.

"It do that."

"It isn't meant to be funny!"

"Noa? Well, I never!"

"I've been offered \$500 for that picture. Probably you don't think it's worth it; probably you think you know more about it than all of the best critics, who have praised the work—eh?"

"Don't know nothing about art, mister," said the old fellow, wiping his eyes, "but I be dead nuts on cows. Where did you see that cow what you've painted there getting up from the ground forefeet first? I've had fifty years of farmin' and I never see a cow get up that way yet."—London Answers.

WOULD ACCOMMODATE HER

Attorney General Moody was once riding on the platform of a Boston street car, standing next to the gate that protected passengers from cars coming on the other track. A Boston lady came to the door of the car, and as it stopped, started toward the gate, which was hidden from her by the men standing before it.

"Other side, please, lady," said the conductor.

He was ignored as only a born-and-bred Bostonian can ignore a man. The lady took another step toward the gate.

"You must get off on this side," said the conductor.

"I wish to get off on this side," came the answer in tones that congealed that official into momentary silence. Before he could explain or expostulate, Mr. Moody came to his assistance.

"Stand to one side, gentlemen," he remarked. "The lady wishes to climb over the gate."—New York World.

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REWARD FOR INFORMATION AS TO whereabouts of Carl E. Massie possibly passing as C. E. Wilson, age 16, dark hair and eyes, left home in September, likely working on a farm. S. G. Massie, Hopkins, Mo.

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