

passions, embittering hearts. It is sowing seeds of bitterness and hatred which will grow through the coming years. It is taking the sunlight out of the present, and filling all the horizon with gloom. Has ever such a crime been committed since Cain slew his brother?

It is a sin. It is an offense against Almighty God. It is an insult to the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Look at it in the presence of the cross on which the Prince of Glory died. If the Christian religion is true, then this European war is a crimson, awful, damning sin. The Man of Galilee has said: "Love your brother as yourself," "Love one another as I have loved you." And the nations of Europe have said: "We will not have this man to reign over us." The New Testament says "Be kind, be tender-hearted, be forgiving, serve, sacrifice yourself for others, following the example of Jesus of Nazareth." You can not dip down anywhere into the New Testament without finding a sentence which breathes condemnation of war.

If then war is an atrocity, a blunder, a crime, and a sin, we ought to hate it. Mankind has never hated war. That is why war survives. Men have admired war, and eulogized it, and loved it, and millions do all this even yet. Art has put a laurel wreath upon his brow, and philosophy has thrown round its shoulders a purple robe, and militarism has blown through silver trumpets its glowing gospel of preparedness, and the hearts of men have been moved and won.

Europe has never hated war, and that is the chief reason why she is now bleeding at every pore. To scores of Europe's exalted thinkers war has been a necessity, a school of virtue, a mother of all blessings. The army and navy have marched at the forefront of all her processions. Army and naval officials in gold braid and brass buttons have held exalted place at all her social and political functions. War games have been the most thrilling of all her pastimes. What European nation has ever despised war? When the first Hague conference assembled the representatives of the nations did not set themselves to the task of abolishing war. Their chief concern was to perfect the rules under which the barbarous game could be played. They discussed the rights of neutrals and the rights of non-combatants, and the rights of non-fortified places, and the rights of prisoners, and the rights of the wounded, and the nature of the bullets, and the establishment of prize courts; but they did not face the only question of importance—the question of how to abolish war. A second Hague Conference was held, and once more, time was frittered

away in discussions concerning disputed points in the methods of waging war. There was no hatred of war in Europe to compel these representatives of the nations to grapple with the cardinal problem: How shall we put an end to war?

Do you think Americans hate war? Millions do, and other millions do not. There are multitudes of Americans who are still blinded by art, and hoodwinked by philosophy, and beguiled by militarism, and while they deprecate war, and occasionally say a disparaging thing about war, they do not hate it with a hatred which affects their character and moulds their action.

Humanly speaking then, this war was necessary in order that men might learn wisdom. Millions of men are in the trenches. It is well that they should be there, for it is only there that they can learn what war is. It is well that the war is going to be a long one, because important lessons are not easily learned. Europe has for centuries been worshipping Mars, and it is time that she was learning that men can not worship Mars and Christ. She must be taught to abhor that which is evil. She must cease to be conformed to the ways of the pre-Christian world, and be transformed by the renewing of her mind that she may prove the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. There is nothing which Europe so needed to know as what war is. And there is nothing which our republic needs more to know. We need to have kindled in us a deeper and a hotter hatred of this primeval abomination. We need to read about its horrors. We need to look upon the appalling panorama of purgatorial misery which is unrolled daily before our eyes. We ought in imagination to walk through the trenches and see these chambers of horrors after the last charge. We ought in imagination to walk through the hospitals where there are men with arms torn off, and legs torn off, and jaws shattered to pulp, and abdomens ripped open and the intestines protruding, and eyes torn from their sockets hanging down on the cheeks, and skulls cracked open and brains oozing out. We ought to move among the dying and the dead, and see men in convulsions writhing in agony, and listen to the piercing cries of men pleading for someone to come and end their torture. We ought to gaze on these sights of hell, and breathe in the odors of gangrened flesh, and the stench of unburied corpses. Do you say this makes you sick? Do not turn away. You ought to be made sick. The whole world must be made sick. Until it is nauseated by the loathsome smells and horrifying spectacles of war, it will never hate it. And until war is hated it can not be abolished. What we need is an ever deepening horror of war. We shall end war when we abhor it. We shall abhor it when we once see it. We can see it if we look steadfastly upon what is now going on in Europe. War, for once, has had all its gold braid, and pageantry stripped off of it; all of its glitter and pomp have been burned away. Look at Belgium! Look at Poland! Look at the ghastly heaps of the Armenian dead. There is no longer any glamour of war except in the imagination of fools. Listen to what a captain of the Prussian guard, Marshall von Biberstein, wrote just before he died, to the Fridenswarte from the trenches: "Mankind must learn to conquer war. It is not true that peace is only a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. Man must conquer war. There must, there will come a time which will know war no more."

A poor man should be polished, for he receives many hard rubs.—Ex.

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RILEY'S FIRST POEM APPEARED IN 1870

James Whitcomb Riley's first printed poem appeared September 7, 1870, the year he was 17, in the Poet's Corner of the Greenfield (Ind.) Commercial. It was entitled: "The Same Old Story":

The same old story told again—
The maiden drops her head,
The ripening glow of her crimson cheek
Is answering in her stead.
The pleading tone of a trembling voice
Is telling her the way
He loved her when his heart was young
In Youth's sunny day;
The trembling tongue, the longing tone,
Imploringly asks why
They can not be as happy now
As in the days gone by.
And two more hearts tumultuous
With overflowing joy
Are dancing to the music
Which that dear, provoking boy
Is twanging on his bow string,
As, fluttering his wings,
He sends his love-charged arrows
While merrily he sings:
"Ho! Ho! My dainty maiden,
It surely can not be
You are thinking you are master
Of your heart when it is me."
And another gleaming arrow
Does the little god's behest,
And the dainty little maiden
Falls upon her lover's breast.
"The same old story told again,"
And I listened o'er and o'er,
Will still be new, and pleasing, too,
Till "Time shall be no more."

Riley sent two or three of his first productions to the Indianapolis Mirror, which were printed. The editor, however, wrote to the en/vo bard

that he had better devote his talents to prose.—Chicago Tribune.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY

A lawyer was examining a Scottish farmer.

"You affirm that when this happened you were going home to a meal. Let us be quite certain on this point, because it is a very important one. Be good enough to tell me, sir, with as little prevarication as possible, what meal it was you were going home to."

"You would like to know what meal it was?" said the Scotchman.

"Yes, sir, I should like to know," replied the counsel, sternly and impressively. "Be sure you tell the truth."

"Weel, then, it was just oatmeal!" —Pittsburgh Chronicle.

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