

It is the business of economic science to fight it out in practice as well as in theory. The same must be said of free trade and tariff. The end is not yet.

It remains to say a word of art, science and literature in relation to war. War is the reckless destroyer of all the works of man. Bridges and churches and cities and universities have all gone ruthlessly down in this terrible cosmic cataclysm. Peace in her own quiet way like the ants will go about rebuilding it all. Industry will have to reconstruct the avenues and ways and means of commerce. Steel and iron must do their part before gold and silver can begin. When the essentials and life-giving things are reconstructed men will begin again to build their churches, their universities, their art institutes. Will science point out the way to many changes? No doubt. Will art improve on Rheims and Namur? It is to be feared it will not. The ages and inspiration and faith are gone that produced those unparalleled monuments of the human genius. As of old and always, science and art will work hand in hand and will produce things useful and æsthetic. For men always seek the beautiful as well as the useful, the true and the good. Churches and galleries and theatres then will arise from the ashes and the blood and the destruction of this war.

And as to literature, it has always flourished in periods of stress and war and strain. Fires burn then fiercely in the human heart and it is then that men do their best, say their best, and sing their best. The songs of hate produced in this war are a new thing in literature. Whether these were primarily poetical or political it is hard to say. It is well known however, that hatred is a greater asset in a soldier than patriotism and therefore this form of literature may have been studiously inspired and written. Certainly for a year and a half no other subject could have been profitably discussed, as men are too distracted and preoccupied with the unreliable fortunes of war to devote much time to or concentrate on the subjects of peaceful pursuits. And after the war when the lengthening perspective of time lets men look over the fields of carnage and into the motives of men dispassionately, they will begin to write their Ilyads and their Odysseys. Poetry will receive her inspiration from the genius of war and under his ægis she will make the mighty legions of the dead do their deeds of honor over again. She will make them shout and sing as they did in the camp and in the charge and she will place on their heads the garlands of victory whether they won or lost. And history will impartially rummage the archives of every chancellery on earth, will get the figures and the facts and the motives of men and she will write them with