

culminate with a great world exhibition to celebrate all commerce joined in peace by the completion of the Panama Canal—just as the world seemed ready for a step up the ladder of progress—behold a war cloud bursts, and eight nations—five of which are major powers, are involved in war.

The poor little white Dove of Peace fluttered and fell at the first cruel scratch from the talons of the Eagle of War, and the world is wondering and suffering and gasping with horror and terror.

The peace conference even laid down rules and regulations for "civilized warfare," and the cannon and the bomb, the rifle and the bayonet have hissed back their cruel laugh and shown us all that there is no such a thing as "civilized warfare."

And what does it all mean?

Have the Altruists all lived and worked and thought for nothing?

Have women come into the game of life in the past generation with their wondrous power of organization as shown at their world's represented congresses and passed resolutions of peace and arbitration to be absolutely ignored by the sons to whom they have given birth?

Has Democracy appeared on the stage only to have the curtain rung down at the beginning of the first act and slapped in the face by autocracy?

Is there any meaning to the great platitudes about the "Brotherhood of Man" and "Love your Neighbor as Yourself," and "We're all one human family."

Is Neitzche right and will war eternally return to tell its gruesome story?

Faith has been wrested from the faithful.