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1919! Why, it is not so long since I read a book—it was much talked of at the time—proving that war was impossible under modern conditions. And, besides, it did not seem thinkable that the world, having emerged from the Dark Ages some centuries since, should enter still darker ages. Surely, mankind has been acquiring a little common sense—coming to realize not merely the wickedness and the barbarism, but the crass stupidity of war! Surely humanity has grown somewhat in grace and culture and kindness and sanity through the ages! Twenty-three centuries have passed since Plato taught a serene idealism in the olive groves of Academus; nineteen centuries since a Greater than Plato stood upon an olive-crowned hill and put forth a strange new religion all compounded of Sweetness and Light. Surely the poor, dull world has learned a little of the lesson—has caught something of that divinely gracious spirit? Surely war has become an unthinkable absurdity, an impossible anachronism! Yes, I surely have been dreaming—a prolonged and ghastly dream. I must have been reading late last night—reading old Gibbon, too—reading of the wild work of Goth and Hun and Vandal in those dark days when the wonderful civilization of Greece and Rome came tumb-