
After the War.

[By Henry Geo. Abrahamovitch.]

In ancient times people were happily never troubled by any such problem as "After the War." When Rome declared war against a people, then that war never ceased until that nation was utterly and hopelessly doomed. It but seldom happened that they were satisfied merely to crush their enemy and then sue for peace, but, as a rule, did not stop until he was quite annihilated. Titus, having captured Jerusalem after a protracted siege, took captive everyone that had not previously perished by the sword, and so tore up by the roots the entire Jewish nation from the blood-stained soil of its ancestors. If he did not, after all his efforts, quite succeed in bringing about the total annihilation of that people, that is owing to the extraordinary vitality of the Semitic race, a people that could subsist upon a spiritual fatherland after that material fatherland had slipped from under their feet. Later on, in the year 357 C.E., at the historic battle of Strassburg, the Emperor Julian displayed such ruthlessness that, of the hundreds of thousands of Germans facing him earlier in the day, only a scatter-

earlier in the day, only a scattering remnant remained—those who escaped across the Rhine. But in modern times, those who dared to follow these examples of the ancients were few in number. It is indeed related of the Spanish Marshall Sanchez that, when he lay dying and his father confessor reminded him of the last duty of a dying Christian, to forgive his enemies, the marshall replied that such were unnecessary in his case. "Why?" asked the astonished professor. "Because I have no living enemies." "How can that be?" "Yes, father," the dying man ventured to explain, "all those whom I had suspected of being my enemies I have had duly killed there and then, so there is no one left for me to forgive."

But Sanchez and the Roman generals have long since passed to the limbo of oblivion. These lucky fellows certainly knew well how to avoid the problem of the "hereafter." But we cannot follow in their footsteps. I will be exceedingly careful and neither break my neutrality of opinion, nor indulge in any idle prophecy. I will venture no opinion as to the outcome of this unprecedented world-conflict. I am quite well aware that the allied nations are confident of an ultimate victory. Yet, no matter how lurid a picture each one of the combatants it surely does

the combatants, it surely does not seem to include the total annihilation of his adversary. For it is totally impossible to kill forty millions of Frenchmen, and forty-eight millions of Englishmen, not counting the nine million Belgians, one hundred and eighty million Russians, and fifty or sixty millions of Japanese, and the principality of Monaco thrown in for good measure. Even so it is quite impossible to butcher sixty-seven millions of Germans, besides sundry Austrians, Hungarians and Turks. All the nations that are at one another's throats to-day will survive the conflict, no matter how great the carnage and destruction in their land. And once a peace is adopted, no matter whether good or bad and whatsoever the cost, they are bound to resume their old accustomed life on the same old continent. They will again be each other's neighbours, and will once more face each other and cross one another's path. How will they meet each other and look into one another's face? How will they be able to speak, and indulge in common-place amenities of life, with the past rising like a spectre before them, and their regrettable acts of the past three years haunting their memory?

I speak not of the actual harm done by means of destructive

done by means of destructive weapons, as this will soon be forgotten. Soldiers in general have but a poor memory, and their impressions are brief and superficial, as history will amply prove. It is also quite sufficient to see what's going on to-day to learn the truth of it. The opposing soldiery of contiguous trenches greet one another with a smile on their lips, exchange small favors, show friendship to one another between butcheries. They kill one another without a trace of hatred, and soon learn to respect each other by their observation of the quiet, almost reluctant manner in which each one goes about to perform his duties as a soldier, without the infusion of any unnecessary cruelty into his disagreeable acts of duty. These people will find it easy to exchange the clasp of friendship after the deplorable nightmare will be over. But behind these sold phalanxes of fire there are the columns of calumny; there are the governments who, by means of many-hued official publications, by means of diplomatic circulars and parliamentary debates, deign to brand their opponents as liars and thieves, and the scum of the earth. And there are the "professors" and various agitators who rove about from one neutral country to another, very apostles of hate;

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or those who besmirch the cathe-**

dral with words of cheap depreciation of all and sundry of art and letters and faith that happen to be the spiritual property of the present opponents. There are the journalists who keep on for ever dishonorably attacking the enemy; those who, with a cold, calculating brutality, thrust a rough hand into all his sensitive parts and inflict upon him injuries that never will entirely heal, injuries which can never will be quite forgotten or forgiven. The age in which we live is pre-eminently regardful of the rights of man. Therefore, it would be far more benefit for the humanity of the world if the people of that calibre will arm themselves with strong knowledge, and display the nobility of their character, and give practical evidence of the great sense of fraternity and righteousness.

Hence, we will all await with pleasurable anticipation the hour when the plaudits of the people announce that the right thing has been done in 1918. Be just, and have consideration for the sorrows of others."