"Ancient and Modern Warfare"

The art of war is probably as old as the human race — certainly it is as old as human history. The remotest traditions show us man making war upon his brother man even as the beasts of the fields made war upon one another. It would seem as if nature 'aided and abetted' this feud for the attainment of her inexorable ideal, the "survival of the fittest."

The world still contains a few savage races, and by going among them we can get a pretty accurate idea of what primitive warfare was like. For the
ordinary person however an examination of the relics found in our museums will be enough—perhaps too much. The assegai of the Hottentot, the club of the Maori, the boomerang of the Australian, the poisoned arrow of the Chokla are specimens of the weapons that various races still employ. In the earliest stages man probably fought with the fist, then he used stones, then clubs, then the sling and so on until the modern man developed the obnoxious quick fire, which has revolutionized war and made it more destructive than ever.

While, however, the mere mechanical instruments of war have shown wonderful development, the behaviour of the belligerent towards each other has changed in an equally remarkable manner. War is
The argument that war has become less revolting or less ugly is futile; the plain truth is that it has become more terrible. But in this one may see hope. At the present time England and Germany are having efforts of philanthropy, so that they will be contended, with the enemy wounded, with the Russian soldiers under arms. It is more mercy, as was shown by the valiant efforts of philanthropists, to save from drowning, the Russian soldiers, to save from the number of men disabled tremendously large. The argument that war has been less revolting or less ugly is futile; the plain truth is that it has become more terrible.
a ludicrous but not inexpensive race for armaments. England trying to bully Germany into ceasing to build dreadnoughts, Germany coveringly replying by rattling the sword in the scabbard. Mutual fear of annihilation combined with the awful destruction which would ensue, prevents them going to war. This destruction then is the hope and may eventually lead to the true realisation of Tennyson's dream about—

The Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.