

I don't know whether either Sweltzer or Thompson has made use of the issue to help his cause, but neither can fairly be charged with raising the issue, because the fight was on in every state in the union before either of them was mentioned as a candidate for mayor of Chicago. It will doubtless be a live issue in next year's presidential election, as it was in elections all over the country last year.

There is no reasoning with it. The fires of hatred rage fiercely until they burn out and die down, and then we have religious calm for another 20 years.

But while it is on it is discussed at the family fireside, around the family table, at the shop, the store, the factory and wherever men and women congregate. The prejudices of parents are communicated to children, and these innocents of different faith learn to hate one another without knowing why. And even with children entirely too young to know the meaning of any creed.

I have been through two of these trying periods in the life of this republic. First in the early seventies, when as a pupil in the public schools I fought with my schoolmates the Catholic boys of the parish school a block away. In the winter time we had real snowball battles, even going so far as to put stones in the snowballs and "water-soakers" with which to soak our "enemies," the Catholics.

One day I came home somewhat bruised from battle and my father asked me what I had been doing. I told him, and rather proudly boasted that "We licked the Catholics today."

His face sobered, and he took me into his library. He was a lawyer, was then on the bench, and had been an officer in the union army during the civil war. Religiously he was a Methodist, and was superintendent of a Methodist Sunday school, which I attended.

In the library he put an arm around me and said: "My boy, I felt that way toward the Catholics once. I want you to fight them as you are now. On the battlefield of Stone River I saw the little Sisters of Mercy

risking their lives to help my wounded comrades, and without asking what church any of the poor fellows belonged to. And my bitterness toward the people of ANY church then passed from me forever. I hope you will never hate any human being because he doesn't belong to your church."

That was my first lesson in tolerance, and I have tried to communicate it to my own children.

Twenty years ago I passed through the second of these religious wars. And it was certainly the hell that Gen. Sherman said war was. It seemed as if a plague of hate had swept the city where I then lived to its furthest corner. It entered into all of the relations of life. Even in business both Catholics and Protestants boycotted those of opposite faith. Children who have been loving playmates caught the fever and called one another names. Christians who professed to believe that God is love, Christians who professed to believe that they were children of the same God, became almost frenzied with hatred—and it took years for that community to work the poison out of its system.

Then, as now, the plague was nationwide. I passed through it with none of that hatred in my heart, but with a heart sick with pity for all who were sick with hate.

The calm followed. Children grew up and forgot. Neighbors gradually got well again and resumed their former friendly relations. Politicians who had played this religious issue to their own selfish advantage passed from public office and dropped back out of sight into the crowd. Men and women went back into their churches and worshipped God as they had worshipped Him before; and all as if a tornado had passed and its