S ENTIMENT! There is enough of the world in the United States to fill all our own orders, to stock our own house to have a surplus for Asia and Africa. We have choices varieties for every State in the Union; something wonderful to please the genial South, the sensitive North, the comfortable Middle West; and we have a mixed orange-pulse blend which the whole country crops with gratification. Candidates, Congressmen, political bosses, ardent upon every subject except revenue, heaped under them to the exclusion of realities, and with fantasies to the exclusion of facts.

There is one most popular watchword, good every day in the week, and in every township of the Republic. "We are at peace." "We are at peace with the whole world." The more we think about it the more self-congratulatory we become. The nobler and better we appear in our own eyes. We talk about our ocean boundaries as if we had wisely and with forethought created them, as if they were dikes which we had built to protect the sacred soil of freedom. We ask no paltry questions, such as: "With whom should we be at war?" "Who wants to be at war with us?" "What should we be at war about?" We talk about our country in the abstract, as a living thing, dwelling too closely upon our relations with Mexico. If there are moments when the ingratitude of the noble Mexican freedmen (whom we armed) wound our souls, and if there are other moments when the ingratitude of the acid Mexican aristocrats (whom we placed in power) vex our understanding, we write our scruples and upbraid our liaisons.

"We are at peace." It has been an envoy and expansive word. It has been a word of so many of the disadvantages of war; but we can, if we try, war sentimental in tone, and that is an insalubrious gain.

Consider the frame of mind which finds expression in the same verb, published in The Survey, out the heathen music of "Auld Lang Syne," and called "The Land Where Flushed Elms." War-torn and torn from sea to sea, to the Old World home where God called America to be.

The look where naught is heard.
No unused web of ancient wars
Her spirit is all peace.
Great can so protect her foes.

Torn away amid a world where
Why the new may stand in strength and
Great war has stood her dikes above.

So France, fighting with her back to the wall for her home and her freedom, is insane. England, who held her word and her honor more sacred than safety, is insane. England, defending the principle of democracy for which we stand committed, is insane. But America, who bom an armed harpy out of war, fighting little and getting much, building up her trade, and spreading dimensions to the west Indies, which will be yielded up to her by incomes of matters, is in the right visiting, was not compelld to have her safety, by the partiality to the disease of the generation. She saw that the insane ones of life, is a basic form of self-definition. The New York State, German Catholic Central Council bills in its report before the Central Verein in August: "We scarcely expected that the whole of more than a hundred thousand Catholic priests in our country, including the priests, and almost the entire clergy, are not to be found in any other country in the world." The clergy of Central Europe is, in the words of the New York Times, all the people are terrified by the_semantics of a great and insistent one, that is it in France. Every devil of violence played and executed by an alien, and aimed at the core of the United States, is more than a crime against our laws; it is a danish fling that it is a crime for our Government. Such shameful and inhuman acts of violence and cruelty are not, therefore, in the eye of men, nor in the eye of God.

The United States is a land where hatreds die, why are our industrial disputes settled by strikes to the accompaniment of the Popular Front. There are many of these, France and Belgium, which have been alternately ex- teromatically sacred to all Catholics, which shot the priests, and carried on shyness to oner. Some of them include the religious order, the hospital church, and ravaged home. Some- thing falls short of the number of the young women of Poland and the departed women of Lux. But is the number of all the men, and women, and children of the United States, which is the total of those of the number of the United States, is more than a crime against our laws; it is a danish fling that it is a crime for our Government. Such shameful and inhuman acts of violence and cruelty are not, therefore, in the eye of men, nor in the eye of God.

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are worse things than dying in a strange and hostile land, if one dies bravely, with clean hands and a good record. Sir Francis Doyle, whose love for courage and loyalty was of that simple character, discarded by our complex generation, has immortalized the "Private of the Buffs," a soldier named Moyse, who was done to death as revengefully in China as Captain Fryatt was done to death in Germany:

Today before the foeman's brown
He stands in Elst's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

If Irishmen in the United States can reverence nothing British, let them honor the memory of two Irish soldiers, Private Patrick Moran of the Connaught Rangers and Private William Devlin of the Munster Fusiliers. These men were prisoners in Germany. These men were offered their liberty and invited to join Sir Roger Casement's expedition. These men refused and were shot. When we are handing out halos to "martyrs," why not Moran and Devlin candidates for decoration?

And now, at this stage of the game, along comes Professor Münsterberg, who has dropped the threatening tone of his earlier manifestos, who makes no alluding to the "crushing power" of the German vote, which, less than two years ago, he wielded like a battleaxe over our heads, and who sings sweetly with a siren note of the love which Germany, England, and the United States are coyly concealing from one another. As a combination of mind reader and prophet, Professor Münsterberg stands without a peer. He has made a rash boast of his hypnotic powers, assuring the Harvard Summer School that they were irresistible; and perhaps he is now engaged in hypnotizing nations. When England has been strafed into yielding up her mature affections to the imperial sutor who wooed her as William of Normandy wooed his Matilda, then the virginial heart of the United States will be more easily won. The elder bride will bring the sea for a dowry, the younger the trade of half a hemisphere; and in return for these wedding portions the Kaiser will, with his strong right arm, protect England from Russia, and the United States from Japan. It is such a picture as only the German academic mind could conceive. It has all the vril semblance of the German academic camel, and all its practical utility.

France, beloved of the nations, is to be excluded from the nuptial chamber. Three is company in this case, and four a crowd. Old friendships and old animosities will go to the scrapheap together. Only old bugbears will be tenderly preserved, to frighten the clinging consorts, and show them the value of a champion. The Slavic peril, that one of our infants, and the less tangible horror which another German professor strikingly calls "the coming on-rush of the rumbling yellow race wave"—these are the apparitions which are expected to strike terror into the hearts of the English-speaking race, and compel it to seek a protector.

What does not occur to Professor Münsterberg, or to any German mind, is that the present war has forever altered our standards of civilization and of frightfulness. We can never go back to the old ones. Russia deported numbers of Jews, and it was a cruel thing to do. But Turkey, with the connivance of her Christian ally, Germany, who refused to interfere, has murdered so many thousands of Armenians that Russia's restricted inhumanities have been cast forever in the shade. Moreover, Russia gave to the exiled Jews some chance to realize on their property, and always the sad comfort of clinging to one another for support—fathers and sons and husbands protecting daughters and mothers and wives. The Germans deported twenty-five thousand non-combatants from Lille and nearby towns, with no warning save the announcement on placards that they were to be sent away at the discretion of their masters, with no knowledge permitted them of their destinations, with no possessions save scanty bundles of clothes and household utensils, and with no pretense of protection from possible ill-treatment and shame. Ten thousand women, picked out at random by inspecting officers, were taken from their homes as unconcernedly as if captured Lille had been captured Troy. It was an unusual incident to be witnessed by the twentieth century, and inclines us to think we will take our chances with the "onrush of the rumbling yellow race wave," rather than with the super-kultur of the superman. A point overlooked, and very naturally overlooked, by Professor Münsterberg is that Great Britain is a democratic country. The temper of the people must always be reckoned with. Now diplomats forget quickly. It is an art they set themselves to learn. But the people forget very, very slowly. Not in two or three generations will the hatred engendered by injustice and inhumanity be blotted out from their tenacious memories. What Spain was to England in the sixteenth century, what France was to England in the eighteenth century, Germany is, and will be, to England in the twentieth century. She has done everything in her power to win the abhorrence of British democracy; she has gone out of her way—as in the shooting of Captain Fryatt and Edith Cavell—to enrage and insult the British public; and a German professor (who has plainly never heard of Jenkinson's ear) talks glibly about Great Britain and Germany as allies of the future. No liberal government can count on its people as pawns in the game it plays. In August, 1914, I asked a Roman banker how Italy would stand. "Italy answers that question," he said. "Our diplomats make treaties, but our people fight; and no power under Heaven could compel Italian soldiers to fight by Austria's side."

And the United States? Well, we too have our grievances and our aspirations. We too are a democratic country, with a healthy memory for friendship and for wrongs. Russia was very rude to us about our passports; and Great Britain (though it is by her help we have minted our millions during the war) has lacked consideration for our mail and our exported "luxuries." But neither Great Britain nor Russia has dynamited our property and murdered our citizens. True, Germany has signified her readiness to overlook the Lusitania incident, and expects us to do likewise. True, she will probably refrain, when she is our ally, from blowing up our cargoes. These are graceful concessions. Pacifists and sentimentalists may make the most of them. But hard-headed Americans think that Berlin should pull her chestnuts as best she can out of the fire she has kindled. After all, we are a grown-up nation. If we cannot now protect our own possessions, our own industries, and our own citizens, we never will be able to protect them. If we cannot now trade with Europe, preserve the respect of Japan, keep Mexico in order, and meet an industrial, as well as an international, crisis with courage and a sense of honor, we never will be able to do these things. And until we prove our resolution as well as our reasonableness, sentimentality is out of place, and self-congratulations out of order. The time for singing hymns to ourselves has plainly not yet come.