

Peace" at Madison Square Garden. There were many German societies officially represented, but the feeling was not particularly pro-German. It was chiefly pro-American, including a love of fair play. But when a speaker wanted to rouse the hundred thousand people present to an absolute fury, he had only to gasp "New York press," and they rose and roared. Such loathing and contempt I have never seen expressed so fiercely. And it must be remembered that these people were the public to whom that press appeals for pennies. The situation is intolerably rotten. I am first of all the friend of Ireland in this war, and after that the friend of France; but the method of her sympathizers makes me vomit. I should like America to insist on the integrity of France—but these English flunkeys are an abomination unto the Lord.

## II.

## THE HYPHENATED AMERICAN.

Of these there are three principal kinds: the Irish-American, the German-American, and the Anglo-American. Many other races are, of course, represented, but they have not come to the front in the same way, or kept their nationality. The shrewdness and courage of the Irishman have won him an unique position in politics and laws; the thrift, foresight and industry of the German have made him supreme in commerce and manufacture. The Anglo-American is not a genuine case of surviving nationality, for the real old English blood is not hyphenated at all. That is the old style American, whether in Boston or Richmond, and he hates England more than the Irish themselves (for the Irishman finds it hard to bear malice). But the real American is brought up on the Declaration of Independence. Few Englishmen have read that remarkable document. It is a standing insult to the ability of Burke, for it is the strongest possible indictment of a whole people! There are twenty nine paragraphs, differing but slightly in the degree of their damnation. The rest of the Declaration of Independence is but exordium to and corollary of this rehearsal of British abominations. And, as with a branding iron, all this is literally burnt into the blood of every American of old stock.

However, in the smart set generally, especially in New York, there is a violence of Anglophilia based on the stinging shame of the fact that English visitors do not consider them gentlefolk. So the schools and colleges do all in their power to turn out "English gentlemen" from such recalcitrant material as is furnished by admixtures of various bloods, principally Portuguese. The result is very satisfactory. It is these good people who are more English than the English, and their comparative success is due to their extravagance of snobbery. Unfortunately, as a class, they are wealthy and idle, and the British aristocracy—as mirrored by the gutter press—is their constant model in all things. The plain Yankee is a damned good sort, of simple Republican manners, and one can respect and like him, for all his contempt of "effete Europe." The Southern gentleman is just a gentleman of as distinct yet recognizable a breed as the Indian, Chinese, or Montenegrin gentleman. He is himself, and is not trying to be anybody else. But the Anglo-American is always anxious to wear the same neckties as Lord Flip, and drink the same brands of champagne as the Earl of Flop. He wears evening dress whenever he can, and supports the Broadway chicken upon the Broadway lobster. It is the most vicious and corrupt class in the country, and it thinks itself the salt of the earth in its moments of intoxication. When sober, it climbs desperately after the estate which is the birthright of the poorest country gentleman in England. It is from this class that the noise proceeds, and the pass-

port thereof is that it is bad form to be pro-German.

## III.

## WHAT AMERICA THINKS.

The attitude of the real American is very concise. He has a gift of epigram, often expressed in the most pungent slang ever invented in any country in the world. And this is the placard which hangs in thousands of business offices all over America:

"If you want to fight, go to Europe.

If you want to talk war, go to hell.

This place is neutral."

There was never so clear and so emphatic a definition of a mental attitude. The more you think it over the more you are annoyed at its perfect literary form. It says everything, and not a word is wasted.

## IV.

## WHAT AMERICA FEELS.

Since, however, all men must have some sympathy, however remote, with all actualities, there is undoubtedly a certain feeling even among the great silent masses of the people. Taciturn and self-centered, going on their own way with bitter earnestness, they are yet not without great human qualities. These are principally shrewd common sense and a love of fair play. There is a certain hysterical class which reads the papers and is (at least subconsciously) influenced by them; but the members of this class are not in positions of responsibility. Men who have won their way in the world have done so by energy and courage, no doubt, but they have also, nearly always, possessed a great sense of actuality. Poverty, or struggle, has taught them to look at facts. Such men were never for an instant deceived by the lies of the press. Every one of them knew of his own knowledge what Germans were like; he did business with twenty of them every day. He saw them steady, sober, thrifty, honest, reliable and industrious, incapable of aggression, and progressing by dint of attention to business, and all the homely virtues of his own old stock. The attempt to represent them as drunken fiends, lawless, savage and cowardly, was consequently ludicrous. When the Lusitania sank, he saw the German side of the case instantly. He couldn't see why the hell the durned fools couldn't keep out of the war zone. And the hysterical shrieks of papers notorious for lying headlines, and the most infamous traffic in indecent advertisements, only moved him to scorn. Go to war? Not he. He might sell munitions to the allies; that was business. The Germans might sink the ships; all the better; it meant a repeat order. Hard as nails, you bet your life!

This sentiment was so universal that Bryan, having carefully canvassed opinion all over the West and South, took a chance to resign on a "peace program." And the story goes that Wilson then checkmated him by beating the sword into a ploughshare, and soaring as gently as any sucking dove in that famous second note to Berlin. We read it with amazement; why on earth had Bryan resigned? It was as war-like as an invitation to dinner! (Well, we shall read the sequel of that story in 1916.) I personally have no doubt that Wilson knows the temper of the country as well as Bryan does, and has deliberately created delay upon delay, and encouraged Berlin in a similar course, in order to allow the few noisy folk who were screaming for revenge for the Lusitania to cool off. No; there is nothing to it.

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