

trating the wits than in allowing the vehemence of passion to scatter them to the four winds of heaven.

He tells his friends that the Kaiser is a sane, clever man of courage and address, and that if they really wish to send him to St. Helena they had better cool off, and try to beat him at his own game.

They reply, "You are a damned swine of a pro-German; he is a furious madman, the king-epileptic of a race of sadistic necrophiles." They have to talk in this medical way, because it no longer sounds sensible to say that a man you dislike is a devil from hell, as Procopius said of Justinian, and the English of Shelley, to take two examples; nor would it be very effective to call him an atheist, a wizard, or a heretic, except in certain small old-fashioned religious circles. The "educated" (God help us all!) have thrown off the religious superstition, but they are slaves to the pseudo-medical superstition; so if you disagree with anybody now-a-days about the color of a necktie you must call him a fetishist, or an algolagnist, or something else out of a manual of popular pathology.

But a sane observer is no longer susceptible to silly rages of this sort.

He detaches himself wholly from that which he observes. His temperature remains steadily at 98.4 degrees Centigrade; and if there be any symptoms of diseased imagination in any such person it is shown by this paper, in which it is proposed to try to convince a lot of escaped lunatics that they had better return quietly to the asylum.

III.

BOTH England and Germany at the beginning of the war were full of people like Little Willie Brown. The bombardment of Cuxhaven and Kiel and Heligoland was conceived of as an edition de luxe of the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. People remembered the sketches of that business in the illustrated weeklies from youth or childhood. The principal preparation necessary was the selection of the flags required for signalling "Well done, Condor!" or words to that effect.

Similarly, many people in Germany doubtless supposed that a Zeppelin had but to drop a bomb on London and it would ignite like a heap of shavings soaked in paraffin. The French, having had their eyes opened in 1870 by the blows to the national ego, suffered from no such hallucinations, and the average Russian had, of course, no ideas at all.

However, war is a liberal education, and after a year of it most persons of intelligence perceive not only that there is going to be no walk-over, but that a decisive issue is almost impossible. Some cling to the idea that the continuous and increasing strain will lead to a climax in which something will snap suddenly; and indeed the unhappy plight of the Allies gives some color to the theory. But even in that favorable case, the collapse is probably not so complete as it appears.

Von Hindenburg will not care to have eight hundred miles of communications to maintain until he has built a maze of strategic railways to help him. Napoleon, who had beaten the Russian armies out of the field, was destroyed by forces little better than guerilla bands. The Germans, however, know Napoleon's campaign better than the Russians themselves. They will not repeat his blunders. A sweep through France seems ultimately less unattainable; but Joffre is yet unshaken. Indeed, the morale of his troops seems to have improved continually; and he has undoubtedly held enormous forces in reserve. Even the raw levies of the British may become serviceable as time goes on. Of course, there is the strong probability of a revolution in England, but, putting that aside,

the Allies have held the western front throughout this year, and they are likely to do so next year. Germany cannot be beaten until her country is overrun by the Allies; and if she were invaded, every woman would become a Joan of Arc. The English have been so deluded by their debauched press that they cannot conceive the temper of the German people, or their moral strength. Their own hypocrisy compels them to attribute the same quality to their antagonists; they imagine that the German's oath to save the Fatherland is cant and bluff like their own twaddle about Belgium. Such psychological limitations are plainly the penalty of egoism; the passionless study of Nature is the key that fits the wards of knowledge. There is no intoxicant like desire. It is the general paralytic that combines monstrous and irrational delusions born of a chronic inflammatory condition of the ego with progressive and incurable impotence.

I think then that we may consider it certain that this war is not going to terminate like a melodrama. And the only hope of peace, or even of truce, is, in my opinion, this, the gradual development of a balanced comprehension of the circumstances in the minds of the saner citizens of all countries concerned. Each man for himself must recover from the war-fever, return from the land of delirium, look facts fairly and squarely in the face, suppress indignation, anger, and the lust of revenge and booty, become mindful of certain essential characteristics of the situation, and, putting aside envy, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness, try to acquire the very useful mental habit of sweet reasonableness.

WE may pause a moment to catalogue the demands of the Jingo, Chauvinist, Pangerman, Slavist and Irredentist, as the five principal nations concerned respectively call their more dangerous lunatics. Their nationality is the only distinction between them; each has very much the same insane program, the essence of which is that he wants the moon.

To particularize in this case:

England wants (1) the German colonies; (2) the German navy; (3) Heligoland, and the dismantling of the coast fortresses; (4) an indemnity of a billion sterling; (5) security against any advance of German interests via Baghdad, or any arrangement which might forward these even indirectly.

France wants (1) Alsace-Lorraine; (2) probably, a great deal of extra territory; even, maybe, the Rhine as frontier; (3) an indemnity of a billion of francs; (4) security against further attack, perhaps through annexing Belgium to France.

Russia wants (1) Constantinople, and the Balkans; (2) Galicia; (3) Danzig; (4) an indemnity of a billion of roubles; (5) the earth.

Germany and Austria want (1) Belgium; (2) Calais, and its hinterland; (3) the freedom of the seas; (4) Poland, as a barrier against the eternal menace of Russia; (5) an indemnity of a billion marks; (6) a genuine settlement of the Balkan question.

Italy wants (1) anything it can get; (2) less vaguely, the "lost provinces," (why not Britain, stolen shamefully from the Italians about 1,600 years ago?); (3) Savoy and Nice (if France is sufficiently weakened by the war to enable Italy to turn traitor again with impunity); (4) an indemnity of a billion tons of spaghetti.

It is certain that none of these nations can get everything on this program, and it is certain to most unprejudiced people at least that in every case it would be very bad for the nation itself to get its demands granted.

In order to gratify the legitimate and wholesome desires of all the parties to this dispute, it will be necessary for us to be neutral. Even if we are patriots, we must become neutral in order to be true patriots; for the sweet reason-