

began and America finally entered the conflict for right it was little wonder that her gaze, being cleverly concentrated upon distant wrongs, those which had been perpetrated against her nearest neighbor passed almost unnoticed. The cry of Serbia and Belgium was a noble war-cry, but who, now looking back, does not see that it nearly served to stifle the cry of suffering Ireland?

Aroused to Ireland's Support.

What else can explain the ominous silence that prevailed even among our otherwise loud-voiced leaders until the great meeting in New York broke it and sent out to the world the clarion call—not Belgium and Serbia alone, but all small nations must be made secure in the entirety of their liberty. Yes, Belgium and Serbia by all means, but Ireland too, and Ireland first by every law of historical justice. Belgium and Serbia—yes, for yesterday they were bruised and wrecked and overrun—but Ireland first—for not yesterday, but for 700 years, she has suffered infinitely more than 100 Belgians and Serbias combined.

Yes, the voice rang out, in God's name, let us rescue the Belgians and the Slavs and the Jugo-Slavs, and the Czechs, and the Slovaks. But in heaven's name are we mad, or blind, or both, not to see and understand that all the wrongs under which these various distant peoples have groaned have been perpetrated with impunity for seven long centuries against that little island of emerald green set in an amethyst sea, whose sons in America's fateful hour did more for America and for the cause of Americans than all the Belgians, Serbs, Slovaks, and Czechs of all history.

That was the cry of pure, unadulterated, and sincere justice which rang through the rafters of the Garden Theatre six months ago this very night, and which, flying through the great metropolis, sped along its broad avenues out into the ample continent of all America. In one brief hour the ominous silence which had settled over all was broken forever. The very press which for months had refused even for pay, which is much to that kind of press, to mention the very name of Ireland, was finally compelled by a public sentiment that blazed with indignation at this muzzling of the people's voice to yield, grudgingly at first, a little paltry paragraph.

"Censorship" Overcome.

To-day, not paragraphs, but columns and pages even, tell the glowing story of the people's final triumph over a paid censorship which threatened to stifle the very voice of the American people raised in Ireland's defence. In six short pregnant months we have witnessed with eyes filled with amazement and gratification the onward movement of the great tidal wave, which, steadily going from State to State, finally reached its highest mark in the nation's very capital, and to-day the chief assenter and defender of the cause of Ireland's freedom is the most representative and the most powerful deliberative body in the whole world—the Senate of the United States of America. In the noble voicing of that claim we are proud to state that the two honorable Senators of Massachusetts had a princely share. Long live America, the true home of freedom. All honor to the Senate, the defender of true liberty. The eternal fight for freedom has had many decisive moments in history, but no one will deny that one of them, not the least significant in its instantaneous effect, was the meeting in Madison Square Garden on December 10, 1918.

The great war indeed was then over and the cry of peace was in the air, a cry which after four long dismal years the whole world heartily welcomed. But the peace which the world gladly welcomed was the peace which in reality would bring back complete justice and order; not the sham of peace which, while crushing one monster of might, would only fatten another. That sort of peace might be patched up in Europe centuries ago, when the kings with a sly wink at each other divided up the people's possessions among themselves. America in those days scarcely even existed, or at least Europe was not conscious of her existence or cared little for her opinions. But to-day

America not only exists, but Europe knows and understands America's power in the world, and, what is even more significant, America understands at last her own power in the world. Be it said forever to her glory, the first great exercise of that power has been for the loftiest idealism that the story of the world has ever told. For not for conquest or the division of spoils, not for the impoverishment and ruin of an enemy, America threw the great weight of her power into the world balance, but simply and solely that justice and right might prevail all over the world. That was the cry that was raised when the strength of America was most needed. That was the cry which rallied the millions of our noble youth to offer their very lives at its call, and that cry will never cease until universal justice has been done.

"Until Ireland has been finally liberated from an age-long yoke, infinitely more galling than that which any other land has been compelled to bear, that war-cry of America will still resound throughout the earth.

"Let them who hear it beware not longer to defy it, but while still there is time to recognise it, acknowledge it and obey it. The time has passed forever now when England can say to America: 'The question of Ireland is our affair.' For America to-day will answer: 'It was your affair for centuries, and what have you done with it; so were the life, the peace, and the prosperity of the American colonies your affair, and what did you do for them? No, the question of Ireland is no longer your affair alone, it is the affair of universal justice. It is the international affair of the rights of small nations which you have strangled and are to-day stifling by armed force. It is the affair of the universal principle of self-determination, which is not your affair, but the affair of the whole civilised world, America included.'

Before the war, we of America only wanted to be let alone to attend to our own affairs in peace, but in the middle of that great war you found you needed America, and raised a pitiful cry for assistance. O, yes, America you found was idealistic, but you must not now forget that she is not quixotic. America entered the great war enthusiastically, yes, but also very deliberately and on certain distinct terms. You knew the terms. They were put very clearly, and you not only repeated them, you endorsed them, approved them, and openly accepted them as an inviolable contract before the whole world. Our valiant men never went forth on a wild goose chase over the wide seas. They went out for a set purpose, and they made that purpose very clear. That purpose was that by their aid right should triumph over might and the powerful should cease to rob the weak. Not you, not any of you, or all of you won the great war, and you know it well; though now that it is won, you already try to forget it.

America won the war, and won it—not for you. There was no special reason she should win it for you at the price of her own blood and treasure. America won the war for the rights of all humanity, and, having won it at a tremendous cost, she certainly will hold to the conditions under which she fought. So, if the rights of small nations and defenceless peoples were centuries ago a little trifling matter to be handled about by royal despots as one of their sacred privileges, or if the question of Ireland's historic rights was considered before the great war, one which England alone could settle, to-day such a claim is blasphemy and an open defiance to all the principles in defence of which our valiant men offered their lives in the great war.

Misrule Causes Emotion.

We are well aware that in certain English circles the American is still considered, very tolerantly, of course, as rather given to flights of oratory, whereas the English mind boasts of its cool-headed and practical qualities. Well, this is no flight of oratory; it is a very cool and unemotional assertion of a very practical truth. We will admit that it is extremely difficult to read the story of English brutal misrule in Ireland without the deepest possible emotion. At least we Americans find