edgment of defeat. But how can this be accomplished, seeing that the Allies are by no means agreeable to it? It might have been possible only if America had swallowed the bait thrown out by Von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech, and consented to formulate peace terms which German "magnanimity" would accept. To us here in Britain the suggestion may appear so chimerical as to savor of dreamland. But with due regard to the state of public opinion in both Germany and America, and also perhaps to a certain vacillation which has characterized British policy both before the War and since, it might be estimated very differently by the Kaiser and his Ministers. Otherwise it is not easy to account for the Chancellor's speech, or for the freedom with which the newspapers have been allowed to discuss the question.

If then the Germans were really manœuvering for peace, their only hope of success depended upon the friendship of America. This they have now jeopardized. Is it conceivable that they should sacrifice it altogether?

AMERICA MARCHING INTO WAR

ROBERT M. WERNAER

Y brothers!
Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution!
What do you think that we should do?
What do you think is the voice of solemn command
Should War show us his ugly face?
And not merely now—
The Present is only a gleam in the transit of Time—
What should we do when in future times War threatens?
Do not deceive yourselves!
It will not be an easy task;
For we are a nation of many nations,
And against one we may have to fight.
Do not deceive yourselves!
Our patriotism is not securely founded.
There are defects in the structure of the building.

We have not the pure vision of a great uniform plan. We do not know wherein this nation differs from other nations. Not all of us know! not all of us know! That is the sad plight.

We are still bound to the race we came from. Still bound to old-world traditions.

Many of us! Too many of us!

Those born abroad, and those born on this soil.

Those of the new stock, and those of the old.

Our faces are turned backward.

One half of us gives the hyphen,

The other half takes it.

Do not deceive yourselves!

It will be a great human struggle, a momentous test.

It will be a test of true Americanism.
"What is the War about?" will be the question.
"Is America in it? The Spirit of our land?"
Ah, it may be our undoing!

But then you will say: "We are prepared; Our youths are drilled; Our ships ready to steam out to meet the enemy." Neither army nor navy will save you.

You say: "We have a big country." Size will not save you.

You say: "We have money, money!" Riches will not save you; They are against you.

You say: "We have learned many things; We are skilled; we are efficient." Efficiency will not save you.

You say: "We have allies." Allies will not save you; They may blur your vision.

You say: "In the fight all races will join hands." Yes, they will. I believe it. But what will come after the fight?

After the fight?

No, my brother, nothing can save you; Can save our country, Your country, my country; Nothing you can think of; Nothing that you can see with your eyes; That can be weighed and measured. No, my brother!

A sore the war may leave that will never heal,
A poisoned sore,—
Unless we know, before God our Maker,
That the war is fought in the name of the Soul of our land;
For keeping alive its Spirit, Mind, and Being;
For the sacred bond by which we all are united;
For the preservation of America's lofty ideals,—
A democracy of many peoples,
A race-freed humanity,
The great Cosmic Experiment,
The new free State of Man
Which we, through our Soul and our blood, have won.

If this be the banner that is carried before us, With a brave heart we shall go into battle-One we shall be! Justice, truth, the lofty ideal, will be our defenders; They and brotherhood will heal all wounds. But the other war! The selfish war! The "patriotic" war! The race war! The war engendered by hatred and fear! The war for the profit of our body! The war on account of an alliance merely! A victory won would be A dagger thrust into our country's Soul, America would cease to be-The shouts of victory Would be a requiem Bewailing! We should once more be Like the countries we have left behind— No more!

UNIVERSALMILITARYTRAINING

HOWARD H. GROSS

(President, Universal Military Training League)

PERMANENT moral regeneration of the individual is induced and promoted by an accompanying physical regeneration. Flabby muscles, bleary eyes and a pouch of fat suggest feebleness and flabbiness. Whipcord muscles and a clean-cut symmetrical physique are the concomitants of clean living and a clean mind. Exceptions to the rule do not override it. A cripple may possibly become a great poet, but hardly a leader in industry or finance wherein physical endurance is important. In literature and the arts persons of frail frame may possibly excel, as Pope did, but this does not indicate at all that physical debilitation necessarily is the handmaid of genius.

Nationally speaking, upbuilding of the physique of our young men by Universal Military Training will be a blessing. Give our boys purer blood, greater physical resistance, larger lung capacity, stronger heart action, the endurance or skill to walk or ride great distances, and you will have morally regenerated the American boy. Juvenal, Roman poet, two thousand years ago, hit it off in his popular reflection: "Mens sana in corpore sano." Rome's glory began to fade when the patricians and the Roman soldiers forgot the correlation between physical and moral development.

The lasting impression on the national citizenry is created by that influence which most changes the character (for the good) of the most people. Military training will do much to bestow upon the citizens of the future a common viewpoint and will emphasize the fact that the patriotism of service is essential to popular government. The signs of the times, the world afire with war, may signify that we are nearing the day when the acid test will be applied and we shall know whether popular government shall survive or perish. Through military training a man becomes more