

domestic affairs, it is becoming increasingly clear that the next President will need to be a man not only of high intellect and character but of proved capacity to do things, and Herbert Hoover stands out. The readers of this journal, however, will be chiefly interested in the bearings of the Presidential campaign upon the national and international aspects of the Anglo-Irish conflict, to which we now pass.

Whether the intervention of our country in the domestic politics of another country be well or ill advised—and upon this we shall have a word to say in concluding this article—it is certain that at no former Presidential election has Ireland been so potent a factor. We have mentioned above the efforts which are being made to cement the union of the Labour and Irish vote. Such a combination would be powerful in any case, but it is more than probable that a large portion of the German vote, and indeed, every anti-British element in the United States, will be attracted to the combination. Until quite recently the Democratic Party had almost a monopoly of the Irish vote—not, as commonly asserted, with a silly joke about “agin-ness” thrown in, on account of that party’s having been so long in opposition as the result of the Civil War, but for reasons too complicated and numerous to give here. Whether Mr. Walsh and Mr. de Valera invited the snub they received at Chicago with a view to strengthening their position at San Francisco we cannot say, but beyond question it will have that result. The Irish in America can now be for the Democratic Party alone, as much as in the politics of these islands they are for Ireland alone. Hiram Johnson is quite as likely as Hoover to transfer his Presidential ambitions at San Francisco, and he would be much more likely to get the Irish vote. Upon the big international issue Irish pressure might well outweigh the unwillingness of Democrats to come out too openly against the President for his failure to allow this small nation to be heard at Paris.

No one can reasonably complain if the majority of our fellow-countrymen—abnormally restricted in their national development at home, and debarred by every means known to British diplomacy from any influence upon international affairs—take pride in this demonstration of political capacity in their race abroad. But there is another side to the question. The case of Ireland for self-government is sufficiently strong to stand on its own legs, and does not require any outside assistance. In our view, reliance on the aid of American public opinion is hardly distinguishable from reliance on the British Liberal Party, and is a complete denial of the whole *Sinn Féin* position, which postulates self-reliance. Moreover, this appeal to outside opinion is extremely dangerous, as it practically pledges Ireland to acquiesce in an adverse decision on its claims. One cannot go to arbitration without being prepared to abide by a defeat as by victory. Let us assume for a moment that there is a party in America with definite anti-Irish views, and that that party is returned to power. What will be the value of Mr. de Valera’s American campaign when the American Government, voicing public opinion is prepared to approve of the most reactionary and oppressive measures which the War Office can devise? No; the Irish case must not be settled on the hustings of Chicago or San Francisco; it must be settled by Irishmen meeting in Ireland; and, if any appeal to outside opinion is to be made, it must be addressed, not to the managers of American political parties, but to the opinion of the whole civilised world.

AN IRISHMAN’S DIARY

I lay down my pen. An Irishman’s Diary in this last number is closed and locked, and I feel a sense of loss. You, my reader, will—may I say it?—feel the loss of a paper that you felt meant—or tried to mean—something for the country, that tried to reflect the best thought that was in it, if not in politics, at least in letters. But I, the mere chronicler of the thoughts that come to me day by day, sometimes serious, and—such is the imp which possesses me—oftentimes droll, feel that the loss is personal to me. Never can I hear your honest voice again or strive to tell you what I think about the tragi-comedy in which you and I both play our parts. We were children of an hour, my kind and indulgent reader, and the grave gods have called one of us to the dust. I salute you as I go, all of you, kindly readers, indulgent critics, fond colleagues and friendly. Nay, not I salute you, but we; for Sigma speaks with me—Sigma first and then Tau who speaks to you, passing with gaps we thought not of—thought rather would with the years be filled to Omega. So it is written. If we have failed may your memories be as pleasant as ours. I take my place hand in hand upon the stage with my predecessor, and both of us make our final bow.

SIGMA—TAU.

THE SITUATION OF WHICH WE TAKE LEAVE

The situation to which THE IRISH STATESMAN introduced itself a year ago was bad enough. The one from which it bows itself out to-day is, as Michael Angelo said when he compared his work with Brunelleschi’s, “different but not better.” Let us point out the more striking features of the landscape. And let us begin with the other end of Europe, at the risk of being reminded that the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth.

The Supreme Council, we are told by Mr. Lloyd George, has, after fifteen months deliberation, decided that it is desirable to trade with Russia on certain conditions. *Dáil Eireann*, whatever its shortcomings, has at least intelligence enough to be able to reach conclusions of that elementary sort without any conditions at all in fifteen minutes, if not in fifteen seconds. Yet Mr. Krassin, the Soviet enemy, a man of distinguished capacity, on being asked point blank whether he found the statesmen of England noodles, replied (though without expressing surprise at the question) that he thought they knew pretty well what they wanted, and were open to reason as to how to get it, whereas the French statesmen not only wanted to eat their cake and have it too, both in Russia and Germany, but could not be brought to see that the fact that there is at present no cake constitutes an insuperable practical difficulty. Now, as the French are supposed to be nothing if not logical, and the English are supposed never to know what they want, but always to grab it without pre-