

he went about the world, and how strangely, for the delight of purchasers and for his own delight, he has mixed himself with what he has seen! He must have walked along many beaches, studying with open inaccurate eyes the amphibious fauna which abound, I am told, in such places. He has wandered in many forests, looking at waving branches tipped with life, at roots and webs and insects. The idea came to him of marrying two small fishes to a bit of fossilized wood, that something new in favrile glass might be given to mankind. China has been to him a treasure house, in which he has found models to alter and mar. He has travelled in Benares, he must have dreamed dreams by the well once filled with the sweat of Vishnu, near the Manikarnika Ghat. He has brought home the desire for studded jewels all over a shape. Woman, had Mr. Tiffany created her, instead of having two only, would have had many breasts, and each breast, instead of having one only, would, if Mr. Tiffany had created woman, have been all encrusted with nipples.

Blurred tumult, spotty color and iridescent unrestraint give feature to Mr. Tiffany's art. Here and there he begins to correct himself, as in this good red vase, only to falter, to fall, to feel irresistibly the temptation to be himself all over the vase's

neck. Downstairs there are a few lovely shapes in metal, but here again he fell. The patterns on the edges of these Greek shapes are not Greek and incisive, but blurred and smirched.

And yet, although he has done so many things that he ought not to have done, no two alike, you cannot feel unkindly toward him. His own human kindness, his desire to give by his art as much pleasure as art and nature have given him, is both real and obvious. He likes to let your eyes, as they look at glass for windows, see a world of snow and pine needles, of rocks and cold streams. Let us remember this kindness, this something likable, as we leave the retrospective exhibition, trying to forget it, trying not to think of the people who will buy all these things and possess these things and never break these things.

For people have bought and will buy. The explanation of this paradox is simple. Mr. Tiffany's art work has an uncanny unity. Had any specimen of it, except a painted picture, been shown to Adam when he was naming things by divine instinct, Adam would not have hesitated, whether the specimen were enamel, metal or favrile glass. Adam would have known at once that he was face to face with The Wedding Present.

EZRA THARP.

CORRESPONDENCE

Why Not Freedom of the Seas?

SIR: The *Realpolitik* motive of appeal to national interest and the sanction of a new internationalism mingle rather oddly in that astonishing apologetic for an alliance with Great Britain, "Submarines as Commerce Destroyers." Certainly after that article Mr. Santayana can hardly accuse THE NEW REPUBLIC of being pro-German. Although the present war might be thought normally to suggest the folly of alliances—what substantial conflict of interests, for example, is there between France and Austria?—the attitude of THE NEW REPUBLIC has consistently urged the United States to an alliance with England, and the key to that attitude is very frankly revealed in the article I have mentioned. Sea power is the hard, stubborn fact which all our Angell's tears cannot wash away. That sea power is admittedly England's. You tell us either that we must compromise with that power—or, more euphemistically, make an alliance with it—compete with it (involving enormous waste), stand pat and try to assimilate the new intruder, the submarine, into the existing structure of marine or English law—which has already and would in the future mean a reign of terror on the high seas—or, finally, support the German position concerning the freedom of the seas. With great justice you describe the German position as one which would sanction "the right of all nations to trade during war almost to the same extent that they do during peace."

Here are four possible courses of action which about cover

all the ground. Among them it is our business to discover one to which we can attach the driving power of a national policy. The policy of competition seems stupid and wasteful. Even President Wilson, now that he has had a chance to think it over, must be a bit ashamed of that sentence in his western trip about our navy being second to none. As for standing pat, has not the whole history of our relations with belligerents during the present war been a painful example of the impossibility of such a policy? We cannot blow hot and cold at the same time. We cannot insist on the right of visit and search without practically asking Germany to abandon her whole under-sea campaign. Yet we cannot admit that a submarine commander can lawfully torpedo a vessel which is "attempting to escape" without practically inviting Germany to sink vessels first and explain afterwards, without forcing England to arm its merchant vessels and then quarreling with Germany because it complains of that armament. We have teetered between what at bottom are irreconcilable positions until we are dizzy.

Two radical alternatives remain—an alliance with Great Britain or a support of the German contention for the freedom of the seas. Our selection of the latter of these seems to fill the author of the submarine article with a sort of sacred horror. He admits that we have flirted with such an idea in the past (and so has France, too), and he might have added that we have thought so highly of the German contention that we went to war with Great Britain once in support of it and twice seriously threatened to go to war.

But to-day there is no health in it. The right of commerce to continue in war very much as in peace doesn't seem on the surface such a sinister possibility. The author of the submarine article, however, has made a remarkable discovery—he says that the existence of such a right would make us the accomplices of aggressive military land power. Now I lay it down as a challenge, just how does it? If freedom of the seas, in the German sense, existed, how would that make us the accomplice of anybody? Provided public opinion in the United States felt very strongly that a nation had unjustifiably declared war, is there any reason that such public opinion might not find expression in the declaration of an embargo upon all exports to that country? All that freedom of the seas would do would be to throw back upon ourselves the decision as to which nation we should help, instead of forcing us to accept Great Britain's word for it. The justice of causes would be something to disturb our own conscience rather than England's. And who can so confidently assume that a time might not come in which our strongest desire might be to help England's foe, instead of, as it is to-day, to hinder her? What warrant have we for assuming that Britannia's shield will always be bright?

The other radical step we may take is to abandon our isolation and form an alliance with Great Britain. Unfortunately this proposal gets an unfair advantage from carrying with it the specious implication of being a step towards internationalism. I for one believe in international organization, but I do not see that our allying ourselves with Great Britain would contribute towards that organization any more than, let us say, the alliance between Germany and Austria has already done. Internationalism means organization on international grounds, not on du-national grounds. Yet I should hardly demur from this proposal, did I perceive any strictly American interest that would be conserved by it. What would be gained? Nothing—except the strengthening of friendly relations and the extirpation of any temptation to start a dreadnought race with England. The first of these desirable results lies always within our power; the second is absurd anyway, doubly absurd if we give the submarine a recognized place. What we should find happening would be that we would often be fighting England's battles. And alliances have a curious way of dissolving quite suddenly. You cannot postulate their imperishability. If we formed an alliance with Great Britain and put ourselves under the naval guardianship such an alliance would involve, our position on the dissolution of that alliance would not be enviable. What the writer seemed to have in mind was this: Let us join the mistress of the seas; together with her we can jointly control the commerce of the world. But this dream, even if we granted that the two partners never would quarrel, would have rude awakenings when hostile torpedoes went crashing against the hulls of the allied American and British fleets and merchant ships—especially merchant ships. "Hence, it is," continues the article, "that organized sea power will be obliged to outlaw submarines as commerce destroyers." That is, it will be if English marine law is to be saved. For *Realpolitik* that is pretty academic. Whether we like it or not the submarine has come to stay, just exactly as whether we like it or not poisonous gases have come to stay, just exactly as whether we like it or not "civilization" has come to stay. If the law doesn't fit these new weapons, then the law must yield. Would the law yielding to the point the Germans ask be so terrible? Would all our hopes for civilization stagger if during war all nations traded "almost to the

same extent that they do during peace?" What are you afraid of?

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The Free Man and the Citizen

SIR: Mr. Perry's article in the issue for March 25th, "The Free Man and the Soldier," leaves me wondering. He first explodes the fallacy that compulsory military service is responsible for the lack of civil freedom, of high individualism in Germany. He cites the military system in France and in Switzerland as evidence to the contrary. He explains the English antagonism to such a system as temperamental rather than logical. The contrary side, that lack of compulsory military service produces great individual development and permits civil freedom, Mr. Perry destroys by an analysis of the results in this country of that very lack of military service. The absence of discipline has tolerated our selfishness instead of perfecting us as individuals. The civil freedom we possess we owe directly not to a lack of system, but to a presence of it in constitutions and laws, a system demanding regard for the rights of others. Aside from a few political liberties, we are a sodden lot, fond of what money will buy, complacent, aggressive, envious, or bitter in our selfishness, according to our chances at wealth.

The question which the article leaves is this: If we grant that a universal military system reflects the spirit of the people behind it, what are we to expect in a military system in America? If a system imposes upon the people only those characteristics which exist in the people, what would be the effect in America of an army animated by a fondness for material possessions, a greed for more possessions, a timidity in the face of irrational, irresponsible mass opinion? If military service produces evil only as it reflects evil, and good only when good lies behind it, how can we through such service "cultivate the soldierly qualities, or acquire the capacity for organized action" to which Mr. Perry exhorts us? Is compulsory military service the remedy for the selfish, narrow conception of social responsibility which Americans admittedly possess? The gross selfishness which results from the truculent laissez-faire tradition does argue for the need of some organizing, cohering, illuminating force. Instead of a system, however, which by Mr. Perry's own argument might easily become a wealth-acquiring tool, why not formulate a system of compulsory industrial service? Perhaps then we might come to have in America Free Men and Citizens.

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More About Mesopotamia

SIR: With regard to a letter published by you, and entitled "Trak not Mesopotamia," may I call your attention to the fact that the name of the Turkish province is "Irak," not "Trak." I should like to add that the entire modern province of Irak corresponds approximately to the ancient Babylonia, but at the present time the regions between the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, both above and below Bagdad, are known both in England and on the Continent as "Mesopotamia," and are likely in the future so to be known, although the geographical appellation is somewhat misleading to students of ancient history.

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Books and Things

ONE should not be ashamed to acknowledge the pursuit of the secret of life. That secret, however, is shockingly elusive. It is quite visible to me, somewhere in space. Like a ball swung before a kitten, it taunts my eye. Like a kitten I cannot help making a lunge after it. But tied to the ball there seems to be a mischievous invisible string. My eye fixes the secret of life but it escapes my paw.

During the Russo-Japanese war I thought I had it. It involved a great deal of stern discipline. Physically it meant giving up meat, Boston garters and cigarettes. It seemed largely composed of rice, hot baths followed by rolling in the snow and ju jitsu. The art of ju jitsu hinted at the very secret itself. Here was the crude West seeking to slug its way to mastery while the commonest Japanese had only to lay hold of life by the little finger to reduce it to squealing submission. The sinister power of ju jitsu haunted me. Unless the West could learn it we were putty in Japanese hands. It was the acme of effortless subtlety. A people with such an art, combined with ennobling vegetarianism, must necessarily be a superior people. I privately believed that the Japanese had employed it in sinking the Russian fleet.

Thomas Alva Edison displaced ju jitsu in my soul and supplanted it instead with a colossal contempt for sleep. An insincere contempt for food I already protested. No nation could hope to take the field that subsisted on heavy foods—such unclean things as sausages and beer. The secret of world mastery was a diet of rice. "We all eat too much" became a fixed conviction. But Mr. Edison forced a greater conviction—we all sleep too much as well. This thought had first come to me from Arnold Bennett. Sleep was a matter of habit, of bad habit. We sleep ourselves stupid. Who could not afford to lose a minute's sleep? Reduce sleep by a minute a day—who would miss it? And in 500 days you would have got down to the classical forty winks. Mr. Edison did not merely preach this gospel. He modestly indicated his own career to illustrate its successful practicability. To cut down sleep and cut down food was the only way to function like a superman.

Once started on this question of habits I spent a life of increasing turmoil. From Plato I heard the word moderation, but from William Blake I learned that "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." From Benjamin Franklin I gathered the importance of good habits, but William James gleefully told me to avoid all habits, even good ones. And then came Scientific Management.

The concept of scientific management practically wrecked my life. I discovered that there was a right way of doing everything and that I was doing everything wrongly. It was no new idea to me that we were all astray about the simplest things. We did not know how to breathe properly. We did not know how to sit properly. We did not know how to walk properly. We wore a hard hat, it was making us bald. We wore pointed shoes, it was unfair to our little toe. But scientific management did not dawdle over such details. It nonchalantly pointed out that "waste motions" were the chief characteristic of our lives.

One of the most fantastic persons in the world is the public official who, before he can write a postal order or a tax receipt, has to make preliminary curls of penmanship in the air. Observed by the scientific eye, we are much more fantastic ourselves. If our effective motions could be registered on a visual target, our record would be found to resemble that of savages who use ammunition without a sight on their guns. If we think that the ordinary soldiers' marksmanship

is wasteful, we may well look to ourselves. Our life is peppered with motions that fly wide and wild. It begins on awaking. We stretch our arms—waste motion! We ought to utilize that gesture for polishing our shoes. We rub our eyes—more foolishness. We should rub our eyes on Sunday for the rest of the week. But it is in processes like shaving that scientific management is really needed. Men flatter themselves that they shave with the minimum of gesture. They believe that they complete the operation under five minutes. But, excusing their inaccuracy, do they know that under the inspection of the scientific manager their performance would look as jagged as their razor-blade under the microscope? The day will probably arrive when a superman will shave with one superb motion, as delightful to the soul as the uncoiling of an orange-skin in one long unbroken peel.

In reading the newspaper a man most betrays the haphazard, unscrutinized conduct of his morn. We pick up our paper without any suspicion that we are about to commit intellectual felony. We do not know that the news editor is in a conspiracy to play on our minds. If men gyrate too much physically, they certainly are just as anarchistic when they start to look over the news. It is not so much that they begin the day with devouring the details of a murder or lull themselves with some excuse for not reading a British note on the blockade. It is the fact that they are led by a ring running through their instincts to obey the particular editors they read.

Viewing myself as a human machine, I cannot understand how the human race has survived. Even conceding that I was normal, it is so much the worse for normality. I simply belong to a monstrous breed. There is not one important layman's practise that we have organized with regard to discipline and efficiency. If bricklayers waste motions in laying bricks, how about the motions wasted in lifting one's hat and the circumvolutions in putting links in one's cuffs? How about the impulsive child who wastes motions so recklessly in giving his mother a hug? The discovery seemed chilly that everything could be scientifically managed, everything could be perfected if one took up an altitudinous position at the centre of one's life. But a fear of being chilly is a mark of inferiority. It ill becomes a human machine.

Yearning to live scrupulously on twenty-four hours a day, with vague longings to eat very little and sleep very little and master ju jitsu and breathe deep and chew hard and practise Mueller exercises and give up tobacco and coffee and hug my mother scientifically and save waste motions in putting on my shirt, I happened to come across two European thinkers, a physician and a metaphysician. Paralleling Shakespeare's knowledge of dead languages by my own knowledge of live ones, I could not read these masters in the original to determine whether they blended like oil and vinegar or fought like water and oil. But in the eagerness of philosophic poverty I grasped just two delightful words from them, "instinct" and "repression." The metaphysician's secret of life, apparently, was to drop using one's so-called intelligence so frantically, to become more like those marvels of instinct, the hyena and the whale. The physician merely seemed to put the ten commandments in their place. To tell the truth, his detection of "repression" gave me no tangible promise. I exculpate the doctor. But the evolutionist turned my thoughts away from the early worries of discipline. This is the latest ball in the air that the kitten is chasing, with no suspicion of any tantalizing invisible string.

F. H.