

and the popular view of the war. Nothing else will explain the horror of the Northcliffe press in Britain and the Pan-Germans in the Central Empires at the seemingly simple, obvious human request to say exactly on what terms they would consent to make peace. Why should they call it a terrible blow to them? They quote Lincoln, but Lincoln, who was not entangled in ulterior purposes, never hesitated to say concretely on what terms he would make peace. He knew and every one knew exactly what the terms were. But the imperialists are afraid to tell the terms for two reasons: those terms might divide both coalitions amongst themselves, and would tend to divide the people from the governments in every country where public opinion has any power. The resentment in tory circles everywhere is the anger at a man who has unloosed forces which will in the end unseat the war parties. They are quite right when they say he has struck a blow at the morale of the nations. But it would be no less true to say that he has sounded a call which will restore the morale of liberalism.

There would be no justification whatever for this intervention if he had not at the same time offered to share the responsibility. It is because America is ready to pledge itself for the popular objects of this war that the action is justified. No one in Europe who is honestly fighting simply for security and a measure of justice can in the end regard this offer of ours as anything but friendly and hopeful. For what it says to Europe is this: we will guarantee with our resources and our lives the objects of the western democracies, but before we do that those objects must be distinguished from the objects of the imperialists. The note is a declaration of our alliance with the liberals of Europe.

And in that light they are beginning to understand it. Everywhere the division of liberal and tory has begun. A world-wide debate which no censorship can repress is in progress; and during that debate we shall witness the gradual isolation of those who are inspired merely by narrow class and national purposes. The most terrible danger of the war has probably been scotched. That danger was that the peace would be made by reactionaries on the ruins of Europe, and that it would be a peace which was the prelude to a diplomatic and commercial war. So long as the decision rested entirely in the hands of the belligerents the democracies were forced to believe that safety could be secured only by the destruction of the enemy's power. And since that was the only means of safety, they were compelled to submit to the growing dictation of the war parties. The entrance of a fresh and powerful neutral, honestly disinterested but not uninterested, has destroyed that necessity.

Once the necessity is destroyed the leadership of the war parties is no longer necessary, and liberalism can again become expressive. The offer of our aid plus the request for definition is a fatal blow at the ascendancy of the European reactionaries. Because of it the moderates will make the peace.

That is why the first exclamations need not disturb us, nor cause us to swerve. They were exactly what was expected, and they will not dominate. The logic of the situation is so powerfully on the side of the President that the complexion of the talk will inevitably change. The movement which he has initiated cannot fail to grow, and everywhere it will assume sooner or later the form of a struggle between the progressives and the extremists. That is a bitter struggle in which to take part. It will require a tenacity of purpose which cannot be balked by outcry and misrepresentation. The purpose will not fail if the magnitude of the event is understood in America, if our opinion refuses to be diverted by the inevitable antagonism which a bold and liberating move arouses in conventional and timid minds. Those who have cried for a leadership expressive of American idealism and interest have it now. Many will not recognize it at first, but in the end they must.

## New Masters for Old

NO nation has imported more paintings and exported more painters than America. Our millionaires and the museums they endow have ransacked Europe, ravished masterpiece after masterpiece from the outraged guardians of old-world culture, and even, in recent years, have bought much of the best work of successful contemporaries. Meanwhile, America has been sending away its young artists. Most of those who could by hook or crook afford it have gone to Paris, Rome and Munich. After recognition by the continental critics and public, some of them can safely return. It is probable that the works of those who succeed will find a ready market in America at large prices—after the process of developing and appreciating their genius has been accomplished.

After all, France has the better of it. She can well afford to let us have some of her masterpieces in exchange for the years our young painters spend with her and the things that attract them. For if art means anything to a nation, the rows of pictures on the walls of a museum are not themselves that meaning—they are but the record and the stimulation of experience. To acquire them

without having taken any part in bringing them forth is like buying a diploma from a university. It can signify little except to one who has earned it. To experience a living art is more necessary for a nation than to lay up treasures in museums.

Yet the cultivation of a living art is not something that can be accomplished over-night by taking thought; and the way to accomplish it is not to moralize over provincialism, *épater les bourgeois*, or attack the crusty academicians. Every country has its collectors who will buy only what is approved, every country has its academies that will approve only what is traditional, and nowhere do young artists thrive on subsidies, or compete successfully in the public eye with the money-making occupations. There are, however, certain irreducible minima. There must be courageous independent criticism. There must be a public, however small, that is willing to risk its attention, its money and its reputation for taste on what it likes, and be genuine enough sometimes to like what is new and unacknowledged. And, as corollary to these, there must be plenty of chance to see unrecognized work, and a market not only for pictures costing a thousand dollars and up, but for pictures costing a hundred dollars and down.

The caesura in our appreciation of painting was emphasized when the war sent to New York a large number of the young men and women who had been students abroad. Those who were hopeful of American art welcomed this accident; it was predicted that their mere presence would vitalize us. But the young painters soon began to discover the unbridged moat between the student who can sell nothing and the established success. Unless by luck an artist could find a patron or arouse a sensation, there was no place for him—he had to earn his living by such irrelevant means as drawing for the magazines and advertising agents. Unless he could sell his paintings for a high price, he could not sell them at all. He found a small dilettante public, flighty and superficially sophisticated, and a conventional Academy. There were few contacts for him, he could not strike root, and he longed for Paris.

It would be impossible to pick out in Paris any one factor which makes the difference, but it is possible to indicate the sort of institution which helps. In 1884 there was formed the Society of Independent Artists, for the purpose of giving everybody a chance to exhibit. Every year this society shows, without exclusion of any kind, all the pictures submitted to it. The city gives the land, and on the land is erected a rough temporary structure with the requisite amount of wall space. Out of the five or six thousand paintings hung, four or five hundred are usually sold—most of

them at low prices. Such an exhibition necessarily includes many horrible examples. It necessarily arouses much ridicule, and many people go to it as they would to a circus. But, on the other hand, many of the contemporary masters first exhibited in it, and founded their reputations there. The essential fact is that such an exhibition makes the necessary contact between the public and the young painter. It emphasizes the principle that in art it is more important for the public to make up its own mind than to accept uncritically the valuations of the authorities, that it is better to develop one's own taste even if that taste is bad than to learn by rote the good taste of some one else. It suggests to the man who can afford only ten dollars for something to put on his wall that he can own a real painting—one which might some day be as highly valued as the treasure of the millionaire. It suggests, too, that there are paintings for which the world is richer though they never achieve fame and enormous money value. One need only look into the window of any popular "art store" to understand how much better off the American public would be if it bought, instead of cheap reproductions, even the crudest paintings by any beginner who takes his art seriously.

For these reasons it is gratefully to be recorded that a Society of Independent Artists has been formed in New York and will give during the winter an exhibition similar in purpose to the famous popular salon of Paris. Even if it accomplishes nothing more than to attract speculators in futures, some born painter may be prevented from pouring his soul into the promotion of shirts and collars. But the society will indeed do the nation a service if it makes us even dimly aware that the business of a people is to live an art, rather than to buy it ready-made.

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# The Religious Revival: II

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**T**HOUGH about the great questions of life, thought and reasoned direction, this is what the multitude demands mutely and weakly, and what the organized churches are failing to give. They have not the courage of their creeds. Either their creeds are intellectual flummery or they are the solution to the riddles with which the world is struggling. But the churches make no mention of their creeds. They chatter about sex and the magic effect of church attendance and simple faith. If simple faith is enough, the churches and their differences are an imposture. Men are stirred to the deepest questions about life and God, and the Anglican church for example obliges—as I have described. It is necessary to struggle against the unfavorable impression made by these things. These things must not blind us to the deeper movement that is in progress in a quite considerable number of minds in England and France alike towards the realization of the kingdom of God.

What I conceive to be the reality of the religious revival is to be found in quarters quite remote from the religious professionals. Let me give but one instance of several that occur to me. I met soon after my return from France a man who has stirred my curiosity for years, Mr. David Lubin, the prime mover in the organization of the International Institute of Agriculture in Rome. It is a movement that has always appealed to my imagination. The idea is to establish and keep up to date a record of the production of food staples in the world with a view to the ultimate world control of food supply and distribution. When its machinery has developed sufficiently it will of course be possible to extend its activities to a control in the interests of civilization of many other staples besides food stuffs. It is in fact the suggestion and beginning of the economic world peace and the economic world state, just as the Hague Tribunal is the first faint sketch of a legal world state. The King of Italy has met Mr. Lubin's idea with open hands. It was because of this profoundly interesting experience that in a rather unsuccessful book of mine, "The World Set Free" (May, 1914) in which I represented a world state as arising out of Armageddon, I made the first world conference meet at Brissago in Italian Switzerland under the presidency of the King of Italy. So that when I found I could meet Mr. Lubin I did so very gladly. We lunched together in a pretty little room high over Knightsbridge, and talked through an afternoon.

He is a man rather after the type of Gladstone; he could be made to look like Gladstone in a caricature, and he has that compelling quality of intense intellectual excitement which was one of the great factors in the personal effectiveness of Gladstone. He is a Jew, but until I had talked to him for some time that fact did not occur to me. He is in very ill health, he has some weakness of the heart that grips and holds him at times white and silent.

At first we talked of his Institute and its work. Then we came to shipping and transport. Whenever one talks now of human affairs one comes presently to shipping and transport generally. In Paris, in Italy, when I returned to England, everywhere I found "cost of carriage" was being discovered to be a question of fundamental importance. Yet transport railroads and shipping, these vitally important services in the world's affairs are nearly everywhere in private hands and run for profit. In the case of shipping they are run for profit on such antiquated lines that freights vary from day to day and from hour to hour. It makes the business of food supply a gamble. And it need not be a gamble.

But that is by the way in the present discussion. As we talked, the prospect broadened out from a prospect of the growing and distribution of food to a general view of the world becoming one economic community. I talked of various people I had been meeting in the previous few weeks. "So many of us," I said, "seem to be drifting away from the ideas of nationalism and faction and policy, towards something else which is larger. It is an idea of a right way of doing things for human purposes, independently of these limited and localized references. Take such things as international hygiene, take *this* movement. We are feeling our way towards a bigger rule."

"The rule of Righteousness," said Mr. Lubin.

I told him that I had been coming more and more to the idea—not as a sentimentality or a metaphor, but as the ruling and directing idea, the structural idea, of all one's political and social activities—of the whole world as one state and community and of God as the King of that state.

"But I say that," cried Mr. Lubin, "I have put my name to that. And it is *here*!"

He struggled up, seized an Old Testament that lay upon a side table, and flung it upon the table. He stood over it and rapped its cover. "It is *here*," he said, looking more like Gladstone than ever, "in the prophets."