

we abandon it in practice for the veto of the Great Powers. In any event when you have such a gap in responsibility and power between, say, Liberia and the United States of America some compromise between practice and theory in this matter becomes inevitable. I hope, however, that we can find a better one than giving five states a veto and lumping all the others together in an unprivileged group. Likewise, sovereignty, in its unrestricted nineteenth century sense, is also becoming a relic of constitutional theory. It must be clear now to all who care to think about it, that while the enduring values of national loyalty and patriotism must be preserved, nevertheless in this age of atom bombs and supersonic speed, certain aspects of national sovereignty have to be abandoned in the interest of greater international security. Somehow the duty and loyalty we rightly owe to our own state must be reconciled, in our own interest, with our obligations to other peace loving and democratic states with whom our welfare, indeed our very existence, is bound up.

How can this be done? Certainly not by exalting nationalism into a narrow and exclusive creed. May I quote the New Yorker again. Its editor had a Christmas dream a few years ago. Here is how he wrote it down:

"This is the dream we had, asleep in our chair, thinking of Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine, and of how the one great sky does for all places and all people.

After the third war was over (this was our curious dream), there was no more than a handful of people left alive, and the earth was in ruins and the ruins were horrible to behold. The people, the survivors, decided to meet to talk over their problem and to make a lasting peace, which is the customary thing to make after a long, exhausting war. There were eighty-three countries, and each country sent a delegate to the convention.... Each delegate brought the flag of his homeland with him - each, that is, except the delegate from China. When the others asked him why he had failed to bring a flag, he said that he had discussed the matter with another Chinese survivor, an ancient and very wise man, and that between them they had concluded that they would not have any cloth flag for China any more.

'What kind of flag do you intend to have?' asked the delegate from Luxembourg.

The Chinese delegate blinked his eyes and produced a shoe-box, from which he drew a living flower which looked very like an iris.

'What is that?' they all inquired, pleased with the sight of so delicate a symbol.

'That', said the Chinese, 'is a wild flag, *Iris tectorum*. In China we have decided to adopt this flag, since it is a convenient and universal device and very beautiful and grows everywhere in the moist places of the earth for all to observe and wonder at. I propose all countries adopt it, so that it will be impossible for us to insult each other's flag.'

'Can it be waved?' asked the American delegate, who wore a troubled expression and a Taft button.

The Chinese gentleman moved the flag gently to and fro. 'It can be waved, yes,' he answered. 'But, it is more interesting in repose or as the breeze stirs it.'

'I see it is monocotyledonous,' said the Dutch delegate, who was an amiable man.