

Valparaiso University

ValpoScholar

The Cresset (archived issues)

11-1940

The Cresset (Vol. 4, No. 1)

International Walther League

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.valpo.edu/cresset_archive



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#), and the [Public Affairs, Public Policy and Public Administration Commons](#)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by ValpoScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Cresset (archived issues) by an authorized administrator of ValpoScholar. For more information, please contact a ValpoScholar staff member at scholar@valpo.edu.

NOVEMBER 1940

THE

CRESSETT

Words in Wartime

Naturalism in
American Education

Nightman
in an Alembic

Verse



A REVIEW OF
LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 4 NO. 1

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

O. P. KRETZMANN, *Editor*

O. A. DORN, *Managing Editor*

Associate Editors

E. J. FRIEDRICH
WALTER A. HANSEN

O. A. GEISEMAN
A. R. KRETZMANN

AD. HAENTZSCHEL
WALTER A. MAIER

W. G. POLACK

Contributing Editors

A. ACKERMANN
OTTO H. THEISS

THEODORE GRAEBNER

ALFRED KLAUSLER
MARTIN WALKER

Volume 4

NOVEMBER, 1940

Number 1

In This Issue:

NOTES AND COMMENT.....	1
THE PILGRIM.....	<i>O. P. Kretzmann</i> 10
NATURALISM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION.....	<i>L. G. Bickel</i> 16
THE ALEMBIC.....	<i>Theodore Graebner</i> 22
MUSIC AND MUSIC MAKERS.....	<i>Walter Hansen</i> 29
THE LITERARY SCENE.....	45
THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS.....	61
THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES.....	62
THE MOTION PICTURE.....	66
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	68
EDITOR'S LAMP.....	72
FORTHCOMING ISSUES.....	Inside Back Cover
PICTORIAL:	
Luther's Father.....	33
Luther's Mother.....	34
The 95 Theses.....	35
Title Page, First Luther- an Hymn Book.....	36
First Page, First Luther- an Hymn Book.....	37
Raising of Lazarus.....	38
The Holy Supper.....	39
Altar Panel, City Church	40
VERSE:	
Youth Places a Want Ad.....	42
Sailor.....	44
Deserted Barn.....	44

THE CRESSET is published monthly by the International Walther League. Publication office: 425 South 4th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Editorial and subscription office: 6438 Eggleston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter October 25, 1937, at the post office at Menasha, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879. Application for entry as second-class matter at the post office at Minneapolis, Minnesota, pending. Subscriptions for United States and possessions, \$2.00 per year; elsewhere, \$2.50 per year.

Entire contents copyrighted 1940 by International Walther League.

THE
CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

Words in Wartime—Vitamins—Oil from Vegetables—Eternity and Education—Life in America—We Feel a Draft—Common Sense on the Campus—and others



Words in Wartime

WARS and rumors of wars have a tendency to lead to the coining of new words and to bring about novel and specific uses of words that have been in existence for a long time. The upheaval of 1914-18 gave us such gems as "camouflage" and "strafe." In those days a soldier of France was spoken of as a "poilu," the German warrior was referred to as a "boche," and the American infantryman was called a "doughboy." Toward the end of the war the word "tank" came to be used to designate a new instrument of death.

Today the term *Blitzkrieg* is being done to death, and we hear much about "bottlenecks." "Black-

out," an expression formerly confined to the vocabulary of those who spoke and wrote of stagecraft, has now acquired a meaning which causes one to think of the horrors of warfare in the air. The verb "Hitlerize" and the noun "Hitlerism" date back to 1933, when a smallish, energetic, glib-tongued, and slightly bemustached man from Austria became chancellor of Germany and proceeded to rearm the country on a large scale. Men began to speak of a "fifth column" when Generalissimo Francisco Franco was marching on Madrid. Those who give vent to the fear that "another Munich" may result from the present cataclysm in Europe have in mind Neville Chamberlain's ill-fated airplane flights of

appeasement and the type of diplomatic victory which the *Fuehrer* and *Il Duce* won when Czechoslovakia was sold down the river. "Evacuate" is another word which donned wings of the morning and flew out of the mouths of many strategists and millions of terror-stricken civilians when the periodic crises that arose in Europe before the actual outbreak of the life-and-death struggle now going on caused men, women, and children to think with horror of the death and the destruction that would be rained down from the air upon cities and villages. It was not a new word, to be sure; but, in the mouths of soldiers and shuddering noncombatants, it was invested, so to speak, with a significance far more terrifying than it had ever carried with it in any previous war. Commanders who are endowed with a psychological turn of mind loathe the term "evacuate" since, in their opinion, it literally stinks—as they put it in their blunt way—of defeat. Nevertheless, they have neither the power nor the influence to prevent its widespread use. Monstrosities like "decontamination" and "deratization" are bandied about in spite of their ugliness. The proper noun "Quisling" has now become both a common noun and a serviceable verb. *Stuka*—a contraction of the German *Sturzkampf*—bids fair to become a loanword in more than

one language. Many writers of English are beginning to spell *Luftwaffe* with a small "l."

The longer the present war lasts, the more new words will be thrust into our vocabulary. Some of them will be hideous; others will surely be pearls of great price. Language, you see, is not something that exists apart from the life of mankind. It is part and parcel of our very being. In times of stress and turmoil it is likely to beget new ways of expression far more prolifically than when what Warren G. Harding used to call "normalcy" is the order of the day.

But wartime, with its many officials and its miles of red tape, often gives a new lease on life to a stilted and heavy-footed manner of speaking. In an effort to eliminate the clogging effects of "officialized" jargon in Britain, Winston Churchill, himself a master of direct and pithy English, recently declared, "Let us have an end with such phrases as, 'It is also of importance to bear in mind the following consideration' and again, 'Consideration should be given to the possibility of carrying into effect,' etc." The Prime Minister of England has undoubtedly done his mother-tongue a good turn. Isn't it altogether ridiculous to say, "It has been decided by us in due course to acquire by purchase through the regular chan-

nels of trade the specified amount of the commodity in question—to wit, twenty tons of a specific paste, trademarked *Gets 'Em*, to be employed for the purpose of large-scale deratization” instead of, “We have made up our minds to buy twenty tons of *Gets 'Em* rat poison”?



Vitamins

RESearch is bringing to light ever new facts regarding the nature and influence of vitamins. Among the results of recent studies are the following. Vitamin C, ascorbic acid, was found to be twice as plentiful in strawberries as in orange juice, and turnips and raspberries are practically as good a source for it as tomatoes; blueberries, plums, and peaches, however, contain smaller amounts, and blackberries and cherries hardly any. Brown, discolored fruit is not only unpleasant to the eye, but with its color it has lost vitamin C through oxidation. The reason why some fats and oils easily turn rancid, while others do not, seems to be the absence or presence of vitamin E. After the addition of some of this vitamin, lard kept fresh as much as thirty times as long as usual, and when the vitamin was removed from vegetable oils which usually keep well, they quickly turned rancid.

Vitamin A has been considered indispensable to all forms of animal life. One exception has now been found: the cockroach. This pest will thrive without it. Experiments are being carried on at Harvard to determine whether vitamin K may be of service in preventing cancer.



Oil from Vegetables

HOW will men manage when they have used up the stores of coal and oil that are laid away under the earth's surface? The coal will last for a long time to come, perhaps some thousands of years, but it is not so with the oil. Eighteen billion barrels of petroleum have been taken out of the earth during the last twenty-five years, and the rate of production is still rapidly increasing. The discovery of new reserves, on the other hand, is falling off. It is likely that the pools of liquid oil on which we are now drawing will be exhausted before the end of this century. Yet there is nothing in that to worry about, according to Dr. Ernst Berl of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, speaking before the American Chemical Society. We'll just have to depend on the farmer for our coal and oil or, rather, for the materials to make them out of. Dr. Berl has taken such things as

corn, wood, seaweed, leaves, and molasses and from them has produced in his laboratory crude oil, soft coal, and asphalt. His process consists of heating carbohydrates, together with limestone, under great pressure. The resulting substances have exactly the same properties as the corresponding products of nature. It is especially interesting that Dr. Berl says that by the use of his method vegetable matter can be turned into coal or oil within two hours. Would it be presumptuous to suggest that, on this showing, the geological time-sheet, as it relates to the Carboniferous Period, might be revised a little?



The Saddest Place

INTO our folder marked "Communism," all sorts of queer clippings and pictures, those dozens of little items which over a period of years give an accurate picture of the growth and decline of an idea, are constantly being dropped. We have the features of Karl Marx and Karl Radek side by side. Or here is a picture of Beatrice and Sidney Webb, who wrote, not so long ago, a fulsome eulogy of the Stalinist way of life. Then there are the little Associated Press and United Press dispatches informing the world that John Doeski has been shot and

that at last Russia has produced a staggeringly large amount of iron ingots. As each item slips into the folder, the evidence grows stronger that one more dream has turned out to be just a dream. The saddest items we are dropping into that folder these days are G. E. R. Gedye's dispatches from Varna, Bulgaria. Gedye was recently asked to leave Moscow. Now he is able to tell quite a bit, if not everything, about the New Way of Economic Life.

One hears again that political discussion is barred, with the exception of the line laid down by *Izvestia*. Radios are a luxury which only capitalists may enjoy. It's the small, everyday things that bring out the fact that Russia must be the saddest of all places to live. For four long, dreary months the only vegetables to be had were white cabbages, potatoes, a few deformed carrots. "If you want a pair of shoes in Moscow, the only hope of getting them—and that a faint one—is to go to one of the illegal but tolerated street markets where a 'speculator' . . . will produce furtively from beneath his overcoat a single pair, for which you may have to pay anything up to three or four times the proper price."

There are many other such incidents which Mr. Gedye reports.

They fill one with inexpressible sadness. There is something engaging in man's efforts to solve the age-old quarrel between the haves and the have-nots. One had almost hoped Karl Marx had the answer. The motto, "From each according to his abilities; to each according to his needs," attracted us as few economic mottoes have. But as our favorite easy-chair philosopher, Albert Jay Nock, points out, "It never occurred to Marx to ask himself just what there is in human nature to give any assurance that society can operate on that principle." He makes the disillusioning statement that "man tends always to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion."

We shall keep on storing clippings in the folder labeled "Communism." Some day there won't be any items to file because the practice of Communism will have ceased. Right now we are indulging our soul in a deep bath of Russian sadness.



Eternity and Education

YOU may have overlooked it or have thought it of no significance that there was no comment on education in the September issue. We knew September would see millions head-

ing toward the classrooms, and we also knew that September 3 marked the anniversary of Mr. Chamberlain's decision to protect Poland. We had no heart left to comment on the glories of modern education in Europe and America.

Now that we begin another volume, we shall simply restate the one motivating and unifying factor which ought to be back of all education. If that premise is absent, then everything is decidedly wrong with the world. We do know that the premise is missing or forgotten when we observe the thoroughly amoral and immoral behavior of most human beings, whether they live in Europe or the United States. The purpose of all education is to train man to reach eternal life. That is stating the truth in an untheological form. Because man ought to be so educated, it is obvious that his entire relationship to society must be perfectly coordinated with the knowledge that in the end he must face eternity.

If educators had concerned themselves, not only with man's mind, but also with man's soul and will, these last troublesome decades, it is doubtful whether the American social structure would be threatened by moral uncertainty and intellectual instability. On the occasion of Ford-

ham University's one hundredth birthday, the Very Rev. R. I. Gannon said that "Fordham feels that no one can educate a man unless he knows what man is for." Here is one reason why there has been something of a moral debacle in secular education. Many educators did not know what man was for. Here is also the secret of the gradual resurgence of the church college and university. The faculties of such institutions know that there is a close, inseparable relationship between education and eternity.



Life in America

AT FIRST we had planned a long leader in the *London Times* tradition on the spread of anti-Semitism in this land of the free and home of the brave. An impassioned, soundly argued editorial on the Jewish problem (if one may call it that) would be a worthy way to start a new volume. After we had the leader written, neatly double-spaced and properly marked for the printer, we ran across this news item. We reprint it without comment.

"BATH, ME. Varnish was smeared over the store fronts and windows of eight Jewish-owned establishments before dawn. The police are checking

on German sympathizers in their search for clues.

"Appearances indicate that the marking was done with an ordinary paint brush, but there were no identifying marks to indicate that the perpetrators were members of some organization opposed to Jews. There is ground for belief that persons living elsewhere did the job, similar acts of vandalism having been committed in Lewiston a few weeks ago.

"Sam Praver, a wholesale dealer in fruit and produce, who keeps a truck in front of his warehouse, reported that all the tires had been slashed."

And that's the editorial.



We Feel a Draft

NOT having reached the state of doddering senility, we receive an invitation from Uncle Sam for October 16. . . . No. R. S. V. P. required. . . . "Der Tag" dawns bright and clear. . . . "A beautiful day in Chicago." . . . Without further ado, we make tracks for the registration office in the high school down the street. . . . We feel a strange, depressing sensation as we go down the long, dark corridors. . . . They form an unpleasant contrast to the bright autumn sunshine outside. . . . Is this contrast, perhaps, symbolical

of what the future holds for our land? . . . Are we about to exchange the bright sunshine of peace for the grim darkness of war? . . . God forbid! . . .

So it has really come to this. . . . They call it "selective service." . . . That's a polite way of saying it. . . . But no matter how thin you slice it, it's still conscription. . . . "Regimentation," if you will. . . . We feel our Anglo-Saxon gorge rising. . . . But then, again, we recall that St. Paul has something to say about matters like this. . . . "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; the powers that be are ordained of God." . . . That settles it. . . .

We approach the lady at the desk. . . . Obviously a schoolmarm. . . . How is it that you can always spot them? . . . But she turns out to be a chummy soul. . . . "Name?" . . . We break down and confess. . . . "Date of birth?" . . . "Oh, so you've just had a birthday! How nice!" she gurgles. . . . "Place of birth?" . . . We tell her. . . . "One of the finest cities in the U. S. A.!" she exclaims. . . . We glow with pride. . . . Here unquestionably is a woman of keen discernment. . . . Uncle Sam has made a wise choice in picking his clerks for the 72nd precinct, 15th Ward. . . . But she wants to talk some more about our native bourn. . . . She spent her summer vacation there . . .

had a lovely time. . . . She even saw our Alma Mater. . . . We are, it seems, kindred souls. . . . But, back to the interrogation. . . .

We blushinglly confide the color of our eyes, complexion, hair. . . . These intimate details disposed of, she hands us a little card to sign. . . . "Oke Doke," she twitters. "That's all. Hope to see you again!" . . . We pick up our hat. . . . Our registration has become a delightful tête-à-tête. . . . But we wonder about that last remark. . . .

Well, all that remains now is to await the summons. . . . If called, we shall immediately apply for a captancy. . . . In the meantime, we shall tote around our little white card . . . the constant reminder of October 16 . . . and the profound significance of that day . . . a day that marked the beginning of a new epoch in American history.



Common Sense on the Campus

ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, President of the University of Chicago, made a speech the other day. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the university, and it was a gala day at Chicago. The throng of notables who assembled in the three-million-dollar Rockefeller Memorial Chapel

to listen to youngish Dr. Hutchins really heard something—something which we hope they won't soon forget. They heard the voice of a man who has had the courage and the vision to cut away the mass of excrescences that have grown out of the body of American education and to devote himself and the great institution of which he is the head to the true ideals of education and of academic freedom. It was the voice of one who views education in its true perspective in relation to the society in which we live and the objectives for which we should be striving.

Hutchins began by decrying the tendency to make education the "American substitute for a national religion." He scored the trivial reasons for going to college on which his own generation was brought up: "Making friends, having a good time . . . and advancing in the social or financial scale." Brushing all this aside with a gesture of contempt, he went on to reaffirm the principles to which his own university is dedicated: "Never to become a trade school, or a country club, or a kindergarten, or a body-building institute, however popular or even lucrative some such transformation might have been. The University has tried to remain a place for the training and exercise of the highest powers of man. It has

tried to symbolize the eternal value and dignity of those powers." Somehow, those words make sense. They seem to bear out the thesis that the scholar is the most important figure on the campus—not the football hero.

But then the eminent doctor really began to warm up. Lashing out at the futility of the prevalent philosophy of materialism and emphasizing the supreme importance of spiritual ideals, he declared: "This country has subordinated these ideals to other aims, such as material comfort, which seemed to it more pressing. But even the most ardent apostles of material progress are faltering now; for the tremendous advances which this century has seen have failed to bring with them that universal happiness which they were warranted to produce." That sounds like what the Church has been saying all along.



When Winter Comes

HITLER and Mussolini have again met at the Brennero. The memory of what happened after their last meeting is still too vivid for us to underestimate the importance of their latest conference, for after the two dictators met in the railroad car at the Brenner Pass on March 18, history began to move at a dizzy

pace. Twenty-two days later the Nazis moved into Denmark and Norway. Within fifty-two days the mechanized legions of Hitler began their relentless drive into the Low Countries and Northern France. On the eighty-fifth day Italy entered the war, to give disintegrating France the *coup de grace*. And it was just ninety-nine days after First Brennero that France surrendered.

Now, as winter approaches, we cannot help but wonder whether history will be made as a result of Second Brennero with the same dramatic and breath-taking swiftness. Things have already begun to happen. Thousands of gray-uniformed Nazi soldiers have moved into Rumania, bringing that unhappy country entirely within Berlin's orbit. Japan has started talking "tough" to Uncle Sam. The Axis has served a set of demands on hapless Greece. Turkey's position roughly corresponds to that of a man sitting on a powder keg. The Vichy Government has initiated stringent anti-Semitic measures. Hitler has held a series of dramatic conferences with Laval, Petain and Franco. Spain appears to be holding a trump or two, to be played when Hitler gives the signal. The reopening of the Burma Road did not immediately result in war, as some had prophesied,

but the situation is still loaded with dynamite. England is upsetting Hitler's time-table by her epic heroism in withstanding the incessant raids from the air which aim to break her morale and lay her open to conquest, but the prospect of a harrowing winter looms up before her. The United States is making ready for war by the first peace-time conscription in the history of the Republic. And in the background lurks the shadow of the Sphinx in the Kremlin, who may well have it in his power to tip the scales decisively in one direction or the other.

Tremendous and far-reaching developments seem to be in the offing. And we cannot escape the feeling that there is something fundamentally wrong and indecent in the fact that two men, meeting in a railroad car up in the Brenner Pass, can of themselves decide the issues that will mean life or death, security or despair, happiness or misery, for untold millions of their fellow-men.

The whole picture would be hopelessly black—were it not for our resurging faith in Him who holds the destinies of all mankind in the hollow of His hand, and who, when His hour has struck, will break His enemies with a rod of iron.

The PILGRIM



By O. P. KRETZMANN

*"All the trumpets sounded
for him on the other side."*

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

A BOOK OF DAYS

Saturday

THE past sixty days have been a time of unrest and change for the scribbler of these lines. . . . Last month I wrote the column in the quiet of the North Woods. . . . This month I am writing in a hotel room at the heart of one of the world's largest cities. . . . As a result, words and thoughts may be even more haphazard than usual. . . . It is really surprising to see how much we are the creatures of time and space. . . . Here I have been wandering into the

second half of my journey in the fond belief that I was comparatively rootless. . . . Should the time ever come when I would be compelled to move my activities from one spot on the earth's surface to another, it would be a comparatively simple matter to take my desk, my chair, my lamp, and my books and move hence. . . . That time has now come, and the process was not nearly so simple. . . . It was easy enough to pick up the things which the years had brought, but it was far from easy to set them down again in any acceptable order. . . . Some books were too near, and others too far away. . . . Agatha Christie's horror story, *And Then There Were Nine*, landed beside Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses*. . . . Luther came so close to a history of the Society of Jesus that they both looked uncomfortable. . . . No doubt months will pass before life assumes an intelligible pattern. . . . Meanwhile I am less at home than for many a year. . . . Perhaps a good thing. . . . The distinction between roots and ruts is often too fine for comfort. . . .

Is it not true that one of the gracious elements in our last "moving day" will be the fact that we shall not be compelled to take anything with us? . . . I have heard people say that this is unfortunate, even fearful. . . . Hardly true. . . . To know that

we can leave as free as when we came, with nothing in our folded hands, seems to me a splendid thing. . . . There will be no truck at our door and no need to rearrange our poor things in a new home. . . . To go without bag and baggage is to go lightly, quietly, and swiftly. . . . Of course, you need something in your heart to go like that. . . . The sure knowledge that the furniture of the new home has been arranged from eternity. . . . That the books are written in letters of fire and gold. . . . That everything will be in its proper place forever. . . . I know that for a little while I shall be surprised that things which were in corners here are in the center there, and that little things will have become great things, and great things will have become little things. . . . But not for long. . . . It will be good to remember that my new home was built on a Cross, that the nails were driven to last forever, and that the place was prepared by One Who also lived here. . . .

Sunday

To church this morning. . . . Many people there. . . . Some by custom, some by compulsion, some by faith. . . . One man, coming to this church today, would perhaps judge it by the young woman three rows in front of me. . . . She is adorned in fine raiment,

mascara and lipstick, and has evidently come to the house of God to see her boy friend. . . . Another man would judge this church by the woman on the other side of the center aisle, whose lips move in prayer and in whose eyes there is the light which once awed emperors and kings. . . . The Church should be judged by what it has done—not by what it has been unable to do. . . . Has it failed with the young woman three rows ahead of me? . . . Perhaps, but there will be a day when the tears streak the mascara and the lips are twisted under the red. . . . Then we must look again. . . .

The preacher talks about the importance of the individual. . . . A good sermon. . . . He says that finally we must face our greatest responsibilities—to God, to the Church, to the world, to ourselves—alone. . . . Much truth in that, although at the end my ears were waiting for a few words about the Communion of Saints. . . .

To the celebration of an anniversary in the afternoon. . . . 1940 is a hard and evil day for preachers. . . . The men, however, who celebrate their twenty-five years in the holy ministry today must be at least partially rewarded by the evident love of their people. . . . Personally I like preachers. . . . With all their faults, they are still among the hidden great in the modern world. . . . In an-

other place I wrote something for them a few months ago which I should like to repeat here. . . . "I am a preacher. I am one of the greatest line in the history of men. My fathers in God were Isaiah and Jeremiah, Peter and Paul, Luther and Walther. My line reaches back beyond the Cross to the days before the flood came over the earth. Only because of the Church I serve and the Word I preach does God permit the world to roll on its way. I have watched men step quietly through the last gate because I had been permitted to show them the way. There are men and women, and children too, before the throne of Heaven today who are my children. They are there because God let me bring them there. The saints of the Church are my joy, and the sinners are my burden. I am an ambassador of the King of kings. My lips are among the few left in the world that speak truth. I, almost alone among men, deal day after day with eternal things. I am the last echo of a far voice that forever calls men Home. I am the hand of the Bridegroom, the shadow of the Cross, the trumpet of the King. Neither obscurity nor unpopularity can rob me of my glory. It is not my own, but the reflected glory of Him Whose free and happy slave I am. I am a driven man. I must preach faith

in a world that disbelieves, hope in a time that has no hope, and joy in an hour that knows only sorrow. I am at home in a tenement house or in a mansion because my home is neither. I and my people alone stand between the world and destruction. The flames on my altar will not die, and the lights in my sanctuary will not be quenched by flood and storm. I am a preacher—and, more than ever, glad of it." . . .

Monday

To the office today. . . . Always a place of wonder. . . . All over the premises, upstairs and downstairs, are young men and women whose activities are a profound mystery. . . . In some cases, of course, their work is obvious. . . . A prim young lady seated efficiently before a typewriter must be bringing something new into existence—a letter, an order, a copy of a speech which might be better forgotten. . . . But the others—those who seem to transfer papers from one pile to another pile—those who put other papers into large boxes called files—those who open and close envelopes—these, it seems to me, are the real heroes of the modern world. . . . The unsung martyrs of our passion for bigness and order and efficiency. . . . If they ever stop to think—as they probably do—that some of their labors are devoted to du-

bious purposes—seeing to it that lines like these reach a few people with reasonable promptness, they would probably rise up in rebellion. . . . Imagine the upheaval in our civilization if one fine morning the stenographers of the world would arise and say, “We will not type your letters unless you have something to say.” . . . Or the file clerks would appear in the door and shout, “For years there has been nothing worth saving in this office.” . . . Or the order clerks would present a memorandum, “Unless your magazine improves and you really write something worthy of type, we shall no longer notify John Smith that his subscription has been gratefully received.” . . . A fearful thought. . . . Herewith dismissed as quickly as it came. . . .

A few hours with last week’s publications. . . . Church journals first. . . . About one hundred of them slide across the desk every seven days. . . . A melancholy procession. . . . Only a half dozen magazines in the entire ecclesiastical world are really well edited. . . . Rarely is there an authentic, fresh, and original pen. . . . Editorials which are a rehash of old sermons—reviews of world events based on a hurried reading of the *Chicago Tribune*—devotional materials written because page one has been set aside for something “devotional”—school-

girlish reports of conventions at which the Rev. Joseph Griggsby delivered “an inspiring sermon”—lengthy accounts of hikes, marsh-mallow orgies, banquets—articles on “Capital and Labor,” in which it is pointed out that capital and labor should get together—articles for and against war, which are only a dim reflection of the realities of the here and now—reports on the splendid work of St. Tophat Church, which has just moved its building to a swank suburb because negroes and wops were beginning to sit on the church steps on warm summer evenings . . . This is the stuff of which most ecclesiastical journals are made. . . . A shocking reflection of futility, aimlessness, and forgetfulness. . . .

So back to the room to read a new book by Edward Rochie Hardy, Jr., entitled *Militant in Earth*. . . . A good one-volume history of the relentless march of the Church toward new frontiers. . . . The birth of the Church in the pagan Empire. . . . The struggle between Christendom and Islam. . . . The Reformation and the Counter-Reformation. . . . The Evangelical revival. . . . The great missionary expansion in the nineteenth century. . . . An excellent antidote for the retreat of St. Tophat Church. . . . Especially good is Mr. Hardy’s analysis of the relation of Christendom to

the world in which it lives. . . . The title of the chapter is "Citizens of Heaven": "As time went on, the Christians developed a sense of themselves as a foreign body within the body politic. Prayers were to be offered 'for Emperors and all those in authority, that we may lead a peaceful and quiet life,' much as English churches on the Continent pray for the local civil authority. A famous passage in the *Epistle of Diognetus*, a Christian writing of the second century, speaks of the manner of life rather than of external customs. They are at home everywhere, yet foreigners even in their own fatherlands. They take part in the common life of earth, but their real citizenship is in heaven. They love all men but are generally hated. Their religion, that is, compared with the public cults, is an unseen and often unwelcome message from a higher world. In times of persecution this separate loyalty was a serious charge, and might be reaffirmed as a challenge. So the Church of Smyrna in its account of the martyrdom of Polycarp, written soon after the event, dates it 'when Statius Quadratus was proconsul, but when Jesus Christ was King forever.' The Emperor's sovereignty would not be recognized even in the customary formula of dating. In a similar spirit the deacon Sanctus, in

the persecution at Lyons in 177, answered all questions of name, age, status, and so on, with the words *Christianus sum*." . . .

Tuesday

Other publications must be read this morning before I return to the office. . . . Moving and meetings have thrown me behind schedule. . . . Perhaps a few words about some of our famous contemporaries would not be out of order. . . .

The magazine called *Time*. . . . An accurate and, on the whole, factual publication. . . . Its artificial smartness and stylistic peculiarities are, however, serious handicaps. . . . *Time* seems to feel that it must always speak with tongue in cheek. . . . A little childish. . . . Like the little boy on the street corner who says, "Look how tough I am! Nobody can kid me." . . . This attitude is reflected also in the notorious use of the "loaded" adjective. . . . It has a way of dismissing a man with a slapstick modifier. . . . Summary: Good, but not to be trusted implicitly. . . .

The Reader's Digest . . . Undoubtedly the most remarkable phenomenon in the magazine world. . . . The only magazine which is edited entirely from the point of view of reader interest. . . . *The Reader's Digest* has no unified policy or principle. . . .

There is, also, a slight bias against religion which distorts its reflection of the place of faith in the modern world. . . . The process of condensation cannot be entirely objective. . . . It is, therefore, always advisable to check condensed articles in the *Reader's Digest* against the originals. . . . The elimination of a single sentence can change the meaning and direction of an essay. . . .

The *Atlantic Monthly* . . . Still the solid, staid standby of well informed men and women. . . . Not as flashy as *Harper's*, but definitely more lasting. . . . During the past year the *Atlantic Monthly* has devoted more space to religion. . . . It is probably more sensitive to the changing currents of our time than the journals which are edited by men and women who still live in the twenties. . . .

Other reading matter of an average day . . . Publishers have been very good to the CRESSET during the past year. . . . Not only in the number of books forwarded for review, but also in information concerning the publishing business which usually goes only to booksellers. . . . We like, for example, this story by Mr. Walter Van Tilbur Clark, author of *The Ox-Bow Incident*. . . . He tells the tale of the farmer in Texas who was the sole witness to a frightful railroad accident on the single-track line that ran practic-

ally through his back yard. He was called to testify at the inquiry that followed the wreck and asked to tell exactly what he had seen. . . . "Well," said the farmer, "I looked in one direction and saw Number Forty-One coming along lickety-split at about sixty miles an hour. Then I looked the other way and saw old Number Eighteen rolling along from the opposite direction even faster. It was a cinch they was goin' to smash head-on!" . . . "Ah, exactly," prompted the judge. "Now tell these gentlemen exactly what you did when you saw this happening." . . . "Couldn't do nothing," said the farmer. "Only thing I could do was stand and think to myself, 'What a way to run a railroad!'" . . .

Perhaps this note should also appear here today. . . . An aspiring author came to the Random House offices the other day with an idea for a new book about the war. "Your idea is a good one," an editor explained to him, "but, unfortunately, about eleven people have been in before with exactly the same notion, and no one knows how many have brought it to other publishers." . . . The disappointed author's comment, it seems to me, put all the problems of an aspiring young writer into a nutshell. . . . "The trouble with me," he said sadly, "is that I have too many contemporaries!"

*An American educator analyzes the development
of modern educational trends . . .*

NATURALISM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

By L. G. BICKEL

EVERY theory and system of education is based on a philosophy of life. The dim past and a distant place may serve as an illustration. China developed, on the teachings of Master Kung, a philosophy of life quite unique and, in a sense, quite satisfactory as far as existence in this world is concerned. The basic thought of Chinese philosophy rests upon the rock of family organization and reverence for the elders, living and dead. Forms, ancestor worship, respect for the past are its chief virtues. Chinese education takes its cue from this outlook on life. Formal Chinese education under the old regime was in thorough harmony with the ideals of the worship of the past. In fact, as time went on Chinese formal education became almost totally separated from routine affairs of life and functioned chiefly in maintaining traditional customs

and in providing a method of selecting certain officials.

Medieval thought, centered in the world to come, dominated its era to such a degree as to result in a practical stagnation of material progress in most fields. Government, science, intercourse by means of communication and transportation were arrested much like the Sleeping Beauty in the legend of that time. Educational practice again conformed closely to the philosophic outlook of the leaders. Since the chief object of existence—in fact, the only important purpose of life—was the preparation for the life that is to be, educational practice was little concerned with mundane things. Schools for the masses were well-nigh non-existent. Schools for the clergy confined themselves to the barest essentials in terms of the dominant viewpoint of the Middle Ages.

The present totalitarian viewpoint in statecraft is having a decided influence upon the educational philosophy which dominates the schools of Germany today. One who reads the available materials and studies the pronouncements of the leaders of the Third Reich, from the Fuehrer down, cannot help but be convinced that a radical revolution in thought and practice has taken place in the Fatherland. The same may be said of Italy, where under the reforms of Gentile a very clearly defined shift in educational thinking has displaced the traditional practices.

No valid reasons seem to exist why the principle that education follows the dominant philosophy should not hold in our country. Our experience is strictly in line with this law. America, from Colonial times to Emerson, was influenced by European thought. In the seventeenth century men's interests were chiefly centered in God. The Puritans, as they have come down to us in history, bear out this statement. Others prove the same thing. The Spanish influence was largely and lastingly religious. The Germans were equally concerned with religion as their dominant interest.

The Eighteenth Century

In the eighteenth century the interests became divided. Religion

was still a large factor in the life and thinking of the American people. However, Nature began to capture some of the attention of the populace. The challenge of the frontier begot a new spirit of freedom which was quite opposed to the traditions of the Atlantic seaboard. The more rebellious spirits sought the wide open spaces, not merely for more elbowroom, but also for more intellectual room. Not only the men who failed to conform to man's laws left the security of the settled sections, but also those whose thoughts and words proved to be out of harmony with the current systems either left or were requested to leave and struck out for the frontier.

Furthermore, certain doctrines which were being imported from abroad began to take root in the virgin soil of a free and unrestricted people. The teachings of the thinkers in France became popular. We are best acquainted with their influence in political life while the principles underlying our political organization had much deeper implications. The notion of the infinite perfectibility of man, as propounded by the French educators and theorists, suited the radical element in American thought perfectly. They were eager to shed the somber coat of Calvinism for the many-colored coat of Naturalism. They

were in direct opposition to the dogma of the total depravity of man and envisioned a new world built on the slogan of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Kandel says that by the middle of the century "the critical spirit was fully aroused and resulted in a rationalism strongly influenced by French thought."

During the nineteenth century the interest of men transferred itself mainly to Nature, in contradistinction to the previous center of interest in God. Deism, a point of view which in its essence eliminates the authority of religious teaching, had succeeded in separating philosophy from theology. The tone of religious life tended to diminish. The trend toward Naturalism became increasingly pronounced. The development of Naturalism followed closely the European movement. Riley says, "Naturalism was an orderly reproduction of the European movement deriving its mechanical notions from Newton; its physical from Hartley and Darwin."

The Trend in America

Colleges in America were affected by this trend. Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, even before 1789, were dominated by deism. Benjamin Franklin was a deist and freethinker. His influence in education was profound in more

ways than one. Here we are concerned with his influence in the direction of Naturalism. As founder of the University of Pennsylvania, he was instrumental in eliminating the common religious test on the part of the school for the teachers. He was instrumental in building in the city of Philadelphia a spirit of science and naturalism. Thomas Jefferson held similar views. Through the life and work of these giants of intellect a nation was wrought; but by the same means the religious outlook, conceived as a Way of Life directed by the Word of God, was wrecked.

Gradually the new states assimilated the current theory of life in their laws. While the Colonial period is characterized by the religious ideals dominating the schools, the eighteenth century witnessed the introduction of Naturalism and the State theory of education. By the nineteenth century there was considerable evidence that the traditional religious spirit and point of view were on the way out of the schools of the new nation. Beard says, "The colonies were from the first hospitable to the spirit of science, and by secularizing political processes and march of scientific skepticism still deeper inroads were made into the sovereignty of theology and mysticism, especially among the educated classes." The

gradual expansion of the secularization process may be traced in the legislative enactments in the various states. From the time of the arrival of the first colonists until the nineteenth century it had been an accepted principle that the education of the youth was a church function. Then state aims were included, with the result that the "otherworldly" point of view had to yield here and there. The end was that secularization became a reality and a fact. It should be noted in passing that the point of view represented by the colonists, especially the Puritans, is in the last analysis as untenable as that of complete secularization.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the leaders in the political camps each had a plan of education in his pocket and was ready to talk about his own pet notion as to how the national system of the new government should be organized. It was more than chance that the new constitution did not set forth a program of education, since it is one of the most important and vital problems any government has to face. The fact of the matter is that it was a case of leaving out an important factor because it was quite impossible to find a solution which would have been acceptable to any considerable portion of the leaders of the time.

It is well known that men like Jefferson, Franklin, and others actually did put their ideas of education into operation in their own bailiwicks. The University of Virginia stands as a living memorial to Jefferson's ideas in education.

Horace Mann

The omission of specific prescriptions for a national system of education in the Constitution left the question to be solved by the states themselves. After 1812 came a period of outstanding organizers and administrators in state systems of education. Of these Horace Mann was the greatest. It may serve some purpose to get a glimpse of his philosophy since his influence belonged not only to his state but extended far and wide. Horace Mann, according to Hindsdale, his biographer, was the great herald of the New Deal. Christianity to him was a system of exalted ethics rather than an evangelical message, or gospel; he built on Nature rather than Revelation.

Due to his objections to particular dogmas, Mann finally came to the position, "that the state was justified in excluding all religious teaching; but the indispensable moral instruction and training must be supplied." His theory of education demanded that science and the scientific method should dominate the cur-

riculum. As a result he stressed science and physiology. Knowledge of nature was to be the solution to all of man's difficulties, and the source of his perfection.

During the second quarter of the nineteenth century official reports of European systems of education were made public in this country. These had a profound influence on the thinking of educators and statesmen in the new country. The revival of experimentation in education in Europe produced interesting and striking results. Rousseau had supplied the theoretical basis for a type of training which, at the time, was new and untried, at least as far as European countries were concerned. Pestalozzi had given the dreams of Rousseau form and substance by putting into practice the principles he had propounded. The emphasis of education on this life, as a preparation for this world rather than for the world to come, together with the current state theories of education gradually focused the attention on the scientific method to the extent that the nineteenth century found "its ideals, methods, and results patent in every department of human knowledge."

Another indication of the trend of the day lay in the opposition which developed against the exclusive study of the classics. This merely indicates the growth of the

naturalistic trend. More and more this life becomes the crucial issue through the domination of the scientific method, evolutionism, and agnosticism.

The main sources of the strong naturalistic trend lay in the theories of evolution, particularly the theories propounded by Darwin and the works of Spencer, which were widely read and well received in America. Shortly after the Civil War, *The Descent of Man* was published. Ingersoll—the Thomas Paine of the era—was at his zenith. Huxley was fighting the theologians. The theologians have always been poor fighters in their conflict with the leaders in naturalistic thought. The difficulty lies, as we see it, in their attempt to compromise or to resolve their differences by logic. This does and must fail in every case. Christianity cannot yield one iota of truth to so-called science.

Theological traditions were being surrendered by the close of the nineteenth century to such an extent that science was enthroned in America and became itself a kind of dogmatic religion whose votaries behaved much like theologians, pretending to possess the true key to the riddle of the universe, as O'Connell puts it.

We must call attention to one more leader in the field of education at the close of the nineteenth century in order to bring

the naturalistic tendency into bold relief. This man is Charles Eliot. Irving Babbitt says of him, "In the field of education at any rate, Eliot stood head and shoulder above his contemporaries for over forty years." Eliot was a Unitarian by preference and did not believe in Christianity as a revealed religion. He said, "The religion of the future will not be based on authority, either spiritual or temporal"—"not bound by any dogmas, creed, book, or institution."

The chief tenet of this new re-

ligion is "the doctrine of the sublime unity of substance, force, and spirit, and its chief precept, 'Be Serviceable.'" Eliot's conception of God was pantheistic. His educational philosophy was in harmony with his point of view in religion. We find, therefore, that the educational aims which he propounded are personal culture and social efficiency. Everywhere the interest in this life is dominant. The individual personality tends to be submerged for the benefit of the common good.

+

The Classics—

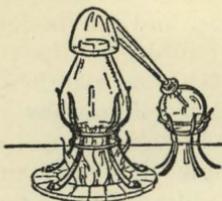
"I believe all scholars lie. . . . An ancient friend of mine, a clergyman, tells me that in Hesiod he finds a peculiar grace that he doesn't find elsewhere. He's a liar. That's all. Another man, in politics and in the legislature, tells me that every night before going to bed he reads over a page or two of Thucydides to keep his mind fresh. Either he never goes to bed or he's a liar. Doubly so: no one could read Greek at that frantic rate: and anyway his mind isn't fresh. . . . I don't object to this man talking freely of the classic, but he ought to keep it for the voters. My own opinion is that before he goes to bed he takes whiskey: why call it Thucydides?"—STEPHEN LEACOCK.

"Diplomacy is to do and say
The nastiest thing in the nicest way."

ISAAC GOLDBERG

"Practical politics consists in ignoring facts."

HENRY ADAMS



THE ALEMBIC

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."

HOLLAND, Gold-Foil



Nightmare. I have had a bad night. For my reading under the night lamp I chose, unfortunately, Dr. Leo L. Stanley's book, *Men at Their Worst*, just published by the Appleton-Century Company.* The publisher's announcement seemed to promise something new as "an authentic social document"—telling "from first-hand experience hundreds of astounding stories of human er-

**Men at Their Worst*. By Leo L. Stanley, M.D. Collaborator, Evelyn Wells. New York, 1940. Price: \$3.00.

ror and punishment." Coming from a medical man who has for twenty-seven years been Chief Surgeon of the California State Prison at San Quentin, one would expect a variety of experience; and one is not disappointed. Into San Quentin, this largest of all penal institutions, pour malefactors from every part of the globe. 40,000 were admitted during Dr. Stanley's period of service. Of these over a thousand died in prison, and more than one hundred and fifty were executed: hence, with the aid of a skilful literary collaborator, the Doctor is able to make his book reading of the most engrossing kind.

Only, one must not read it just before falling asleep. The second chapter leaves you wide awake. It bears the title, "My Staff Wore Stripes." From this chapter onward one bears up against the clatter of bolts withdrawn, the shuffling of heavy shoes tramping in line down the cement corridors, the odors of cell buildings and mess hall, the clink of the gun up in the watch tower, and the phantasmagoria of the execution chamber and the dissecting room. The hangings begin pretty early, around chapter five. There is a picture of the gallows of thirteen steps, the knot of six loops placed behind the left ear, and the tipping of the trap. Once the black cap slips, and Dr. Stanley de-

scribes the look upon the features. After some five pages of this, he deposes that "death by hanging is a fearful ordeal." We have always thought that it was. Some chapters are devoted to individual criminals whose record of crime and of deportment in condemned row each contains enough material for a paddock filled with nightmares.

There are lovely people who mix a handful of ground glass with the sugar supply of a man in the next cell. "Pranks, Cranks, and Thanks" is the heading of a sprightly chapter in which "Butch" figures largely. "He was squat, bow-legged, and repulsive, with stiff porcupine hair, a beetling brow, small stony eyes, and flopping, sensual lips." His end is described. Falling on his back in a driveway during a handball game, he fell under a truck which that moment roared around the corner of the lower prison. "Butch's head was smashed flatter than a prison pancake."

The book is all just like this; and when you have laid it away and put out the light, you will continue for an hour or two to walk amidst that ghastly crew—Blue Beard Watson who had killed seven of his twenty-two wives, Scotch Mary, Dallas Egan, the Tiger Woman, the "Borgia of the Sierra," dancing a weird polka in an atmosphere filled with

curses. You will finish the book next morning, as I have done today, and you will witness the Christmas show done in the women's quarter ("Hen House"), with gun-molls, hoodlums, burglars, and narcotic fiends doing the Holy Mother and the angels in a setting of Bethlehem, crib, and all. Then, for full measure, the details of another execution. At the door a black draped coffin. . . The professors waiting in the morgue. . . It took twelve and one-half minutes this time. . .



The Death Penalty. Dr. Stanley asks: "Am I for or against capital punishment?" His answer is indecisive: "I cannot say. I can arrive at no definite conclusion regarding its benefits or disadvantages to society. Even religious teachings are contradictory. 'An eye for an eye' vetoes 'Thou shalt not kill.'" A little farther down: "Evidently the time for the abolishment of capital punishment has not come. But as society advances, it casts about for more humane means of legalized death."

I am not surprised at the indecision of Dr. Stanley on this point, although I am amazed at the superficial nature of his remark on the "religious teachings." Certainly, any casual reading of the texts which he quotes would be able to resolve the "con-

tradition" which he finds in these passages. It should be clear to every reader of the Old Testament that the prohibition, "Thou shalt not kill," is against murder, and not against the punishment for murder. For the taking of human life, the Mosaic law prescribes the death penalty. "He that killeth any man shall surely be put to death" (Lev. 17:17). This law could not be set aside by the clemency of a judge or a governor. "Moreover, ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, which is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death" (Num. 35:31). After the Deluge the divine command given to Noah was: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed" (Gen. 9:6).

Neither did Jesus set aside the Old Testament precepts under this head. All of us are familiar with His words to the Apostle Peter: "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

No sane person denies that an individual has the right to take life in self-defense. To kill a highway robber who threatens your life or a burglar breaking into your house at midnight is not regarded as murder. This is killing in self-defense and is justifiable by law in all civilized nations. The state should have the

same right to protect its life, that of its citizens as a whole, as the individual has.

Nor is the argumentation against legal executions more acceptable from the standpoint of reason. If the state has not the right to inflict capital punishment, where does it get the right to imprison the murderer for life, or indeed for any length of time? Freedom is regarded as an inalienable right, the same as life. A common argument against capital punishment is that we cannot restore life to a man who has been executed if it is afterward proved that he was innocent. The same can be said of imprisonment. The years spent in prison can never be restored to a man who is later found to be innocent.



— What Shall We Do With Our Murderers? The question is insistent, and no community can withhold its reply. An answer of some kind must be given. There is much maudlin sentiment that calls itself love for humanity. Many persons have more sympathy for the criminal, however diabolical his deed, than for the victim and his family. But lawgivers cannot escape the decision to do something, *something* with the murderers whom they have on their hands. The answer has been given:—"Why not lock them up

for life? Society must protect itself. Besides, we must discourage crime. So let us make life-long imprisonment mandatory for every case of murder in the first degree!" I was much interested in the discussion of capital punishment by James B. Holohan, who retired in 1936, after eight and one-half years as warden of the penitentiary at San Quentin. He had officially witnessed fifty-seven hangings, and although he "went through a mental hell" whenever he had to officiate at an execution, he declared in a syndicated article his firm belief that the death penalty should be retained—though he would approve the gas chamber as an improvement on the gallows. He quotes the enemies of capital punishment who would substitute life imprisonment, "without hope of pardon or parole." Warden Holohan explains why he would absolutely oppose such a move. He says—and his words must carry conviction to anyone giving them serious attention:

A prison filled with men condemned to such punishment would be the world's worst hell.

Murderers robbed of the hope of pardon or parole, doomed to live on in prison until they die, would be the most desperate, fiendish human beings on the face of the earth. If you "threw away the keys" this desperate brood would take any kind of a chance to escape. You would sim-

ply be sacrificing the lives of the men whose task it was to keep them imprisoned as well as the lives of peace officers in recapturing them.

No ordinary prison could hold such men. You would have to build a fortress bristling with machine guns. And over the gloomy portals would be the message, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." Take hope away from any man, especially an imprisoned man, and what's anybody's life worth to him?

For it is worse than death to a man to know that the only way he will ever leave prison is, as they say, to go out feet first. No matter how slender is the hope of winning eventual parole, still a convict will nurture the thought that he may have the good fortune to get some consideration. Remove that hope, and a prison can be reduced to a shambles by wild plots to escape.

 **A. Is In Jail.** I heard of him under date of July 9, 1940, from Mexico City. He knows a person who knows me and who has spoken very highly about me, and so he writes to me out of the Mexican prison to which he has been sentenced for bankruptcy. He communicates to me a very intriguing matter and makes a most unusual offer, begging me "to treat this matter with the most absolute reserve and discretion."

Here's the proposition. This chap, A.—in durance vile for

bankruptcy—is a man of considerable means. In fact, one might call him fairly well-to-do. To be specific, he possesses the sum of \$285,000 in U. S. currency. This money he has in bank bills hidden in a secret compartment of a trunk that is now deposited in a custom house in the United States. This is not all: my Mexican friend also owns several suitcases, on which there is an embargo. "One of these suitcases contains a baggage check that was given to me at the time of checking my trunk for North America; this trunk contains the sum above mentioned." Now it will be necessary for me to come to Mexico City, pay the expense of lifting this embargo, and then, the letter reads, "I will give you the third part of the said sum." I have figured out the amount, and it seems to be \$95,000. Check me if I am wrong.

In case there should be slight misgivings on my part, a most unworthy suspicion that all might not be well with this proposition, my new Mexican friend explains that he is able to write this letter because he is in charge of the prison school (everybody knows that prisoners in charge of a school for convicts have the free run of the post office facilities, with complete absence of censorship or shameless prying into your letters). But how get in

touch with my newly discovered *amigo*? The jail authorities pass his letters without any inspection, but if I should address a letter to him—aha! that's a different story. But there is a most ingenious way that will secure privacy for the second half of this correspondence. There is a person whom A. trusts absolutely and who will deliver any mail intended for him. His name and address: Antonio Sanchez, Balderas 78, Mexico City.

While it is true that some of the details of A.'s predicament seemed to require clearing up, I was beginning to toy with the train schedules and to evince some revival of interest in the stock market—the sum of ninety-five thousand dollars would be too large to carry on checking account even for a year or two—when . . . the mail man deposits the June issue of the *St. Louis Better Business Bureau Bulletin* on my desk, with the following item on page 3:

**The Spanish Swindler Is in
Bankruptcy Now**

The hoary old Spanish Swindler, who emigrated from Spain to Mexico several years ago, sings a slightly different song lately. The second paragraph of his letters now reads:

"I am in jail, sentenced for fraudulent bankruptcy, and I beg you to inform me if you are willing to help me save the amount of \$285,000 in bank notes that I possess in a trunk

in a custom house in North America."

Two St. Louisans turned over similar letters to our office on May 29th. On the same day an Ohioan stopped with St. Louis friends while en route to Mexico to help the jailed bankrupt. His St. Louis friends insisted he call our office, and we changed his itinerary plans. He returned home. A Chicago professor lost \$4,000 in this swindle last year.

So it seems we shall have to look forward to editorial fees from the CRESSET as a guarantee, humanly speaking, of our own Social Security.**



They Get Their Man. I am not referring to the Canadian Mounted Police. I am referring to the embattled farmers of the Ozark hills. It has not happened in the memory of the oldest settler that a prisoner who escaped from an Ozark jail regained his liberty. Every Ozark mountaineer knows every soul living within a radius of twenty miles, and no stranger can pass through the hollows or walk down the "dim roads" that are cut through the oak woods without being spotted as a stranger and, in case he is an escaped prisoner, without being tracked down and recaptured.

Criminals know this and usual-

ly give the Ozarks a wide berth. They will not even stop for gas if they travel on Highway 66 but get out of the area as quickly as they can without rousing suspicion. Sometimes a luckless bandit will be arrested and held in the county jail for trial. It is a singular fact that such captives immediately resign themselves to their fate. No lawyer can make an impression on an Ozark judge or obtain a favorable verdict from a jury made up of men from the hills. As for escape—

Escape is simple enough. The Ozark jails are poorly constructed, and the watch is often off duty. No one bothers much about prisoners because there is no danger that they will remain uncaught if they make a break, and the juries assess fearful punishments on culprits who have broken jail. It was either in Pulaski or Phelps County that a chap was clapped into jail when caught with a stolen automobile. Unwisely he had stopped for a quart of oil. After three weeks of sojourning in his flea-ridden and evil-smelling cell, and after noting no improvement in the food in spite of his most vociferous complaints, he one night waxed desperate and broke out. He knew that recapture would be certain, and he had no intention of escaping trial. But he was famished, and from a grocery on the other side of the

**[A far and courageous hope. Editorial fees from THE CRESSET will not feed a canary on a strict diet.—Ed.]

courthouse square occasional odors of fresh bread and other edibles had been wafted to him. He broke out of jail that night and broke into the grocery. He picked a good ham and cut out four inches from across the center. He spread some golden Missouri butter over thick slices of rye bread—felt around in the vegetable shelves and selected a few handfuls of green onions—and sat down for a feast. When he had satisfied his hunger, he sought and found bottled beer on ice. He drank two bottles on the spot and

took with him three bottles when he slunk back across the courthouse lawn, passed the snoring guard, and went back to his cell.

This account takes on something of a heroic cast when it is considered what the sanitary conditions of the average Ozark jail are. I did not know this when I first heard the story, but I have since learned the details as member of the Missouri Welfare League, which takes (somewhat unwelcome) interest in the way in which "penal institutions" are managed in the Missouri Ozarks.



Prayer on a Windy Night

Oh, God, I am afraid!
 There is so much to break a heart!
 But mostly, tonight,
 I am hurt with the wildness
 Of this wind
 That shakes the naked boughs
 And blows against pale stars.
 My laughter is caught away,
 And the new song
 I felt so sudden on my lips.
 How shall I hold Peace
 In my heart,
 When all my being aches whitely
 Toward the wildness
 That is a heedless wind running?
 . . . Dear God,
 You make the world too beautiful!
 . . . I am afraid.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

*Opera Today Needs Composers
With the Vision of Gluck*

 George Frederick Handel, in whose makeup there was a curious mixture of pomposity and ingenuousness, once said of Christoph Willibald Ritter von Gluck (1714-1787), "He knows no more about counterpoint than my cook."

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, philosopher and musician, who had been declaring with all the emphasis at his command that the French language was utterly unsuited to opera in the grand style, recanted when he heard Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*. The remarkable blending of music, action, and words which the renowned sage found

in the impressive work from the German-Bohemian composer's pen convinced him that he had spoken and written out of turn. He realized that, in opera, music can and should be far more than a vehicle for the parading of fine voices and for the display of exceptional vocal skill.

Gluck's achievements were epoch-making. He was at once an intrepid trail-blazer and a great reformer; he paved the way for Hector Berlioz and Richard Wagner just as Berlioz and Wagner, in turn, prepared the path for Richard Strauss and others; he knew that every instrument in the orchestra has a function, a message, and, if you please, a personality, of its own. After Gluck had broken the ground, the Italian school mingled some of his revolutionary methods of writing opera with its own fustian and floridity, composers in France took more than one leaf out of his book, and Germans learned from him that the effective expression of dramatic scenes, utterances, and situations presupposes infinitely more than a mastery of time-honored, meticulously catalogued, and scrupulously applied rules.

Not many of Gluck's works are produced in this day and age; but those who write operas in our time as well as those who stage them owe him more than some students of music are wise enough

to realize. Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson* or Walter Damrosch's *The Man Without a Country* may, at first blush, appear to have nothing whatever in common with Gluck's *Alceste*; yet both works, as Mr. Taylor and Mr. Damrosch will readily concede, are builded, to a large extent, on the principle enunciated by the man who had the perspicacity to declare, "My intention was to let the music perform its proper function—namely, to serve the text and not to interfere with the action or to weaken it with superfluous embellishments." Young Gian-Carlo Menotti, who, a few years ago, gave us *Amelia Goes to the Ball* and later stirred up many a heated discussion with his adroitly constructed radio-opera, *The Old Maid and the Thief*, may, on the basis of a perfunctory analysis, seem to be as far removed from Gluck as Madagascar from Saskatchewan: yet honest and accurate scholarship recognizes the fact that both men strove to devise music which would emphasize and reinforce the dramatic content of their *libretti*.

Let no one imagine that Gluck invariably produced masterpieces. Some of his output had little or no intrinsic worth. He ground out a large amount of excellent balderdash before he became one of the choice and master spirits of his age, and a goodly mass of

high-grade dross continued to emanate from his fertile brain even after he had begun to institute his widely discussed reforms. His knowledge of the mechanics of composition was never comprehensive, and he was far from casting all tradition by the board; but he took delight in looking beneath the surface of things. In addition, he understood well both the art and the value of pulling the proper wires at the proper time. An imposing wealth of technical learning, coupled with a desire to display what he knew, might have made him a third-rate Bach or a second-rate Handel, and music would have lost a great pioneer.

Born in Bavaria

 Gluck was born in Erasbach, Bavaria. His father, Alexander Gluck, was a forester. Circumstances soon made it desirable for the family to move to Bohemia, and, when Christoph Willibald had reached the age of twelve, he was sent to the Jesuit school at Kommotau. Here he learned to play the harpsichord, the violin, and the organ. Later he went to Prague, where he came under the guidance of the highly accomplished Bohemian monk, Bohuslav Czernohorsky, who was director of music at St. Jacob's Church and had won some measure of distinction because he had given in-

struction to the famous Italian violinist, Giuseppe Tartini. In Prague, Gluck concluded that it would be advantageous for him to add an acquaintance with the intricacies of the 'cello to his accomplishments. He earned a living by singing in church, playing the fiddle at dances, and giving concerts. It is probable that the budding composer acquired his predilection for opera during his sojourn in the Bohemian city. The works of Johann Adolf Hasse, famous for his prolific pen and, later on, one of Gluck's rivals in Vienna, were greatly in demand at the time.

When Gluck came to Vienna in 1736, fortune began to smile on him and, with few interruptions, continued to smile on him throughout his long career. He found employment at the court of Prince Lobkowitz, his father's liege lord, and here he became acquainted with the Lombard prince, Melzi, who took him to Milan, where he received the best training in music he had ever enjoyed. His teacher was the renowned organist and choirmaster, Giovanni Battista Sammartini, who is sometimes spoken of as the precursor of Joseph Haydn.

Four years later Gluck completed his first opera. Its title was *Artaserse*, and the librettist was Abbé Pietro Metastasio, a man gifted with an exceedingly facile

pen but, like most of his contemporaries, pitifully blind to the fact that prominent composers of opera as well as their collaborators were barely scratching the surface. Gluck availed himself of the services of Metastasio until it dawned upon him that radical reforms were needed. Another librettist, Raniero da Calzabigi by name, wrote the texts for some of his epoch-making "reform operas"—*Orpheus and Eurydice* (Vienna, 1762), *Alceste* (Vienna, 1767), and *Paris and Helen* (Vienna, 1770). Metastasio, fluent and popular though he was, had to give way to librettists of a more progressive turn of mind.

Gluck worked with speed and signal success. By 1745 he had given birth to ten operas in the popular Italian style. His constantly growing fame led to an invitation to come to London to compose works for production at the Haymarket Theatre. But there was a marked lack of enthusiasm in England. Handel, who had forsworn opera for the much more lucrative oratorio, poured out scathing denunciations, and others echoed the strictures of the pompous man who had electrified the British Isles with *The Messiah*. As a result, Gluck shook the dust of Britain from his feet and toured Germany, Bohemia, and Denmark as the director of an opera company.

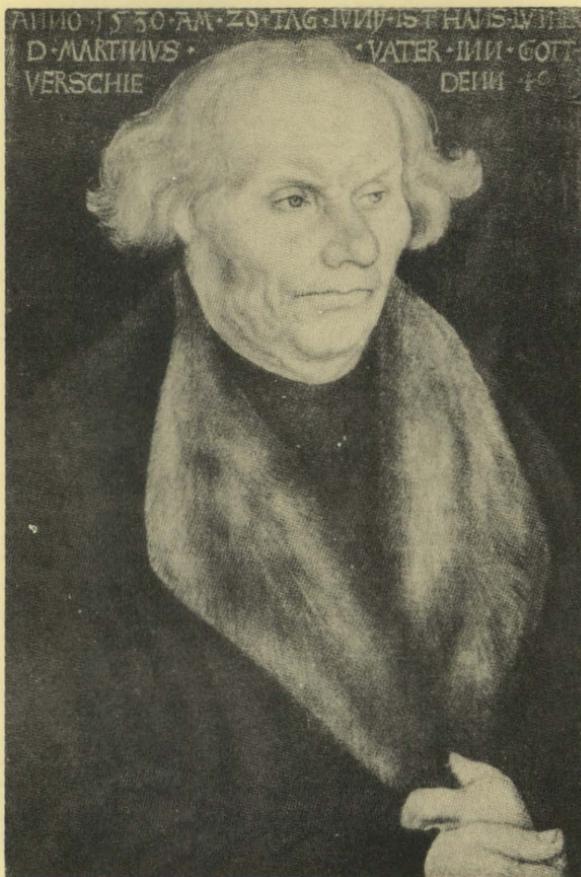
Profitable Experience

♪ But the experience in England was profitable for the forward-looking composer. In fact, the sneers of Handel, coupled with what he learned in Paris from Jean-Philippe Rameau, induced Gluck to resort to painstaking introspection. He soon saw that in clinging faithfully and without vision to the traditional mode of composition he had been failing to hit the operatic nail on the head.

Gluck's position as conductor of the Vienna opera from 1754 to 1764 afforded him excellent opportunities to enrich his knowledge. It is true that he continued to pour out a certain amount of drivel even after he had been appointed *Hofkapellmeister*; but ideas and convictions with respect to needed reforms were taking form in his mind and clamoring for expression. In 1762 he wrote *Orpheus and Eurydice*. The work shocked the diehards, pleased those who were inclined to be progressive, and, incidentally, earned much money for its creator. *Alceste* came a few years later and was followed by other important works, such as *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The astute composer had thrown a bombshell into the world of opera, and the reverberations are being felt to this very day.

As said before, Gluck was favored by fortune. The wife whom he took unto himself in 1750 was by no means beautiful; but she had money and good sense. In 1773 Marie Antoinette, who at one time had studied singing under the noted composer's tutelage, overruled the impossible terms of a hostile and haggling producer in Paris and enabled Gluck to come to the French city to direct his *Iphigenia in Aulis* with amazing success. The Pope conferred upon him the Order of the Golden Spur, and even the bitter feud which arose between the Gluckites and the partisans of the Italian composer, Niccolò Piccini, left him unscathed. He won the admiration of Mozart, and, when a stroke of apoplexy carried him away on November 15, 1787, he was wealthy and famous. Good food and drink had always played an important role in the Gluck household. There were no children.

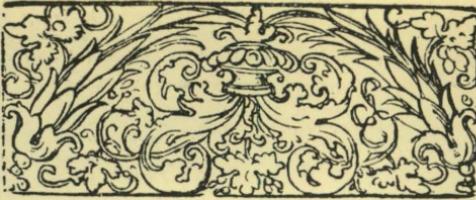
Even if we knew no more of Gluck's music than the imperishable aria, *Che farò senza Euridice*, the wild and grippingly descriptive *Dance of the Furies*, and the enchanting *Ballet des Champs-Elysées*, from *Orpheus*; the *Divinites du Styx*, from *Alceste*; and the delightful *Gavotte*, from *Iphigenia in Aulis*, which Johannes Brahms transformed into a piano solo for Clara Schumann, we



In the month of Luther's birth we present the famous Lucas Cranach (the elder) portraits of Luther's father and mother. Cranach's notable ability for depicting character is well illustrated by these pictures.



Lucas Cranach (the elder) was recognized by Dr. Martin Luther as one of the greatest artists of his time. The great Reformer praised his contemporary's beautiful painting of "Christ on the Cross," which is now in Muenchen, most highly.



Etlich Criftlich lider
Lobgefäng/vñ Psalm/dem rai-
nen wort Gottes gemef/aus der
heyligē ſchafft/durch mancher-
ley hochgelerter gemacht/in der
Kirchen zū ſingen/wie es dann
zum tayl berayt zū Wittenberg
in übung iſt.

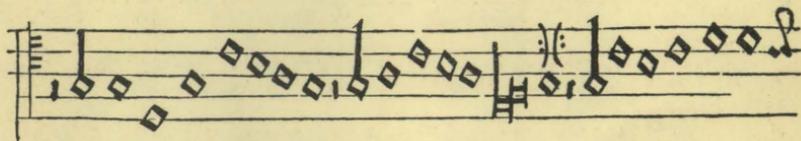
wittenberg.

M. D. Xiiij.

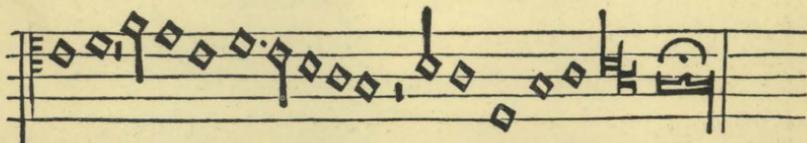


Printing aided the musical development of the Church of the Reformation most nobly. The reproduction above shows the title-page of the first Lutheran hymn book published in 1523. (The date line shows 1524 in error.)

**Ein Christenlichs lied Doctoris
Martini Luthers/die vnaussprechliche
gnaden Gottes vnd des rechten
Glaubens Begreyffendt.**



Nun frewt euch lieben christen gmeyn.



Nun frewt euch lieben Christen gemein/Vnd laßt vns frö-
lich springen/Das wir getrost vnd all in ein/Mit lust vnd
liebe singen/Was got an vns gewendet hat/Vnd seine süsse
wunder that/Gar theur hat ers erworben.

Dem Teuffel ich gefangen lag/Im todt war ich verloren/
Mein sündt mich queller nacht vñ tag/Darinn ich war ge-
boren/Ich viel auch ymmer tieffer drein/Es war kein güts
am leben mein/Die sündt hat mich besessen.

Mein güte werck die golten nicht/Es war mit in verdor-
ben/Der frey will hasset gots gericht/Er war zum güte er-
storben/Die angst mich zu verzweyffeln treyß/Das nichts
dann sterben bey mir bleyß/Zur hellen müßt ich sincken.

The first page of the first hymn book carries in its type face the same characteristic strength and style which was a part of the beauty of the first printed books. This copy of Luther's hymn book is preserved in the Lutherhalle in Wittenberg.



Following the peculiar custom of the time, Lucas Cranach (the younger), produced these great paintings for various churches in the land of the Reformation.

The above picture of "The Raising of Lazarus" is in the Church of St. Blasius in Nordhausen. The donor, Burgomaster Meienburg, is kneeling in the center foreground surrounded by his family. On the left, in the background, Luther and a number of co-workers.



This picture of "The Holy Supper" was painted by Lucas Cranach (the younger) in 1565 for the Castle Church in Dessau and reproduced two years later in the Church of St. Agnes in Koethen. Christ is in the center—the twelve apostles (with the exception of Judas) are all represented by great characters of the Reformation history.



Lucas Cranach (the younger) painted the center panel for the altar of the City Church in Weimar in 1555. In the background are Old Testament scenes and, in the foreground, at the right, the blood of the Saviour strikes the head of the elder Lucas Cranach, who is standing between John the Baptist and Dr. Martin Luther.

should be constrained to acknowledge him as a master-melodist.

True, there are tedious passages in the best works of Gluck, just as there are barren spots in the powerful music dramas of Wagner and Richard Strauss: but the revolutionary achievements of the man were so far-reaching in their scope that it would be the height of squeamishness to hold

him to strict accountability for his intermittent sojourns in the densely populated kingdom of hack-writing. One does not disparage the great masterpieces created during the past century and a half by saying that opera today is sorely in need of composers who are endowed with the vision of Gluck.

Recent Recordings

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Op. 73*. The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.—Mr. Ormandy gives a memorable performance of this serenely beautiful work. His reading of the slow movement—a movement bristling with tremendous difficulties in the matter of exposition—proves conclusively that he must be numbered among the significant conductors of the present time. Victor Album M-694.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT. Selections from *Die Winterreise*. Lotte Lehmann, soprano, with Paul Ulanofsky at the piano.—The frequently misused adjective "great" is never out of place when it is applied to the lieder of Schubert and to the artistry of Mme. Lehmann. The selections in this album are *Die Post, Der stürmische Morgen, Die Nebensonnen, Die Krähe, Täuschung, Mut, Der Lindenbaum, Im Dorfe, Rückblick, Der Wegweiser*, and *Das Wirtshaus*. Mr. Ulanofsky

plays the accompaniments with arresting tonal beauty and with a sensitive feeling for style. Victor Album M-692.

CÉSAR FRANCK. *Organ Music*. Dr. Charles Courboin, playing the organ of the American Academy of Arts and Letters of New York City.—Dr. Courboin, one of the ablest organists of today, shows us all the mystic beauty of the *Pastorale* (from *Six Pieces for Organ*), the *Pièce Héroïque*, the opening movement of the *Chorale No. 1, in E Major*, and the *Chorale No. 3, in A Minor*. The recording is excellent. Victor Album M-695.

JOSEPH HAYDN. *Concerto in D Major for Harpsichord and Orchestra, Op. 21*. Wanda Landowska with an orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot.—The composition itself bubbles over with good humor, and the performance reaches a high peak of excellence. Victor Album M-471.

VERSE

Youth Places a Want Ad

They are breaking up our patterns.
They are laying the ax to our design
As the wide-eyed Goth laid his
To the mosaic Roman swan to see if it lived.
They are pouring the acids on the mortars
That cemented us into a plan.
The old mortar is pulp
And the new colors hurt.
The materials are good and the artists are good,
But there is no idea.
At strange places they lay strange figures,
Radio, national planning, or psychology,
And if they do not match we have a mural.
And many of us are left over after the canvas is filled:
So they put us in a corner in a heap.

They brought us up on story books,
But we missed too much between the lines
And are never able to fit the chapters of our lives
Into the plots that we have learned.

Like Shelley's cloud we silently laugh
To see the jig-saw games our giants play:
Brittania spreads its wings and shrinks in dread
To see the shadow of the iron hawk across the channel rise
As if to swoop upon its chicken-house of cards.

The hooked cross tattoos a perfect pattern,
But there is room for only those who raise their arms
And Aryans.

The Rising Sun, bringing no pretense of plan,
With shrugging shoulders smirks:
"The Nipponese delight to shoot. What else to do?"

Lost in the blizzard stalks a Shape,
Half cunning Bear that masks as foolish fox,
Half boorish fox that plays the cunning fool;

And blind to all but red
 It lumbers like a Frankenstein,
 Emitting grunts of glee
 At every tint incarnadine.
 Columbia moves a mountain range, creates a sea,
 To give the land security,
 But fifty million Yankees,
 Flicking ashes from their cigarettes,
 Upset the applectart;
 Beneath the national dome the marionettes
 Dance when the merry-go-round is wound
 And fish when the music's too profound.

A row of babes, we give you, playing chess.
 This is no complaint,
 For we do not demand a pattern
 Nor fear to face new winds on every side.
 We have come but to announce
 That now we know this is a battlefield,
 A no man's land, and not a landscaped lawn.
 Do not lay your old designs before us
 Nor have us look for plan where there is none.
 Or do we whistle in the dark,
 To smother, too, the nameless fears that Hamlet had?
 Are we so brave
 That we may face each shapeless moment as it comes
 And make it cower at our will?
 Or does Time's army loom a little large?
 And do his henchman Minutes
 Come a trifle thick and fast?
 And will our scars have time to heal
 Ere we are pierced again?
 It seems we have not pushed so swiftly forward—
 If at all.

Ah, much we promise if a man lay out a road again.
 We wait to crowd about the merchant crying out: "New lamps for old!
 New bottles for the newest wine have I, new peace to men!"
 Poet, prophet, preacher, if you have them, make your call more bold.
 See, our wine is wild! See, our flame is guttering in the urn!
 Show us a picture with a plan, new lamps—or old ones—if they burn!

—WALTER MUELLER

Sailor

I heard a sailor say strange words,
 Winged as the flight of birds;
 Words clothing life with mystery:
 Satin sails on a turquoise sea,
 Beaches rimmed with tropic green,
 Swords flashing with true steel's bright sheen.
 And now and then his secret laughter
 Shook the smoke-dark, heavy rafter
 Above his head, and he'd go still
 As a man who feels a wind blow chill
 From a hidden street; and his eyes were thick
 As the smudge from a smoldering candlewick.
 He whispered names of far-off places;
 Stared through smoke at forgotten faces.
 And when he staggered with rolling hips
 Down the street toward anchored ships,
 The moon that hung by a single star
 Was red as a blood-stained scimitar.

—ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

Deserted Barn

No cart stumbles, creaking, at the door.
 Old harness scrapes against the cobwebbed walls,
 And mice have nibbled at the rafters' core
 Until they lean at every empty stall.
 A golden dust eddies across the boards;
 This was the place where weary hoofs at night
 Shook the thick planks and rattled drying gourds
 Hung on long strings. Now sifts the sun's pale light
 Through cracks in roof and beam, and nothing moves
 Except in shadow: nothing speaks the name
 Of one long since departed, but who loves
 In his mind's eye to reconstruct the frame
 Of all that once to him was so well known—
 Its memory is music round him blown.

—ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

THE LITERARY SCENE

*Read not to contradict and confute—nor to believe
and take for granted—but to weigh and consider.*

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Readable Scholarship

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS: A Critical Survey and 219 Bio-Bibliographies. By Fred B. Millett. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1940. 716 pages. \$3.75. Textbook edition, \$2.85.

THOSE who have used, or heard of, *Contemporary British Literature: A Critical Survey and 232 Author-Bibliographies* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1935) have waited for the appearance of *Contemporary American Authors: A Critical Survey and 219 Bio-Bibliographies*. The scope, purpose, and usefulness of this new handbook can be presented with the greatest economy of words from the author's own "Foreword."

"This book has a dual purpose: to give a fairly full and systematic account of American literature since 1900, and to furnish biographical and bibliographical information concerning 219 contemporary American authors. Both parts of the book should prove useful to a variety of persons: to the reader and student desirous of orienting himself in contemporary literature; to librarians, collectors, and booksellers who desire convenient

checklists of a large number of contemporary authors; to reviewers and reference workers in this difficult field, and to teachers whose pleasant opportunity it is to discuss contemporary literature.

"The Critical Survey which precedes the Bio-bibliographies treats the major literary types and the major and some of the minor authors who have expressed themselves in these types. It differs from other attempts to survey this rich and bewildering field in the fullness with which it considers, not merely such conspicuous forms as the novel, drama, and poetry, but such neglected forms as biography, criticism, and literary journalism generally.

.

"The biographical sketches which precede the Bibliographies vary in length with the significance of the writer and the amount of available material. In every case, I have appealed to the living authors treated for material to supplement that contained in the obvious biographical reference works, and, in almost two-thirds of the cases, I have received generous amounts of information and have incorporated it in the sketches.

In such instances, the printing, as a whole or in part, of the letters received constitutes the first edition of these letters.

“In the Bibliographies, I have attempted to give the full title and date of appearance of the first edition of all books, pamphlets, broadsides, and leaflets published in the form of separates up to January 1, 1939. Works edited, compiled, translated, or illustrated by the author, as well as poems set to music, are included.”

The reading again of the last quoted paragraph and the multiplication of that paragraph by 219 alone reveal the magnitude of Mr. Millett's work. Not only has he listed titles of all books and pamphlets by contemporary writers, but he has classified titles under each author. For instance, the bibliography following the one-page biographical sketch of Kenneth Roberts has these headings: Historical Novels, Essays and Sketches, Journalism and Travel, Satire and Humor, Play, Opera, Pamphlet, Editor [of]. This bibliography is followed by “Studies and Articles,” entries of sources of information on Roberts. Three pages are devoted to Roberts; Edwin Arlington Robinson, who comes next, receives six pages, of which one and one-third pages are biography, one and one-third pages are titles of Robinson's works, and three and one-third pages are entries of book and magazine material about Robinson.

In order to guide the student of our twentieth-century literature, Mr. Millett has placed an asterisk before

titles that seem most worthy of the reader's immediate attention. Such starring is, of course, always open to academic or unreasoned quibbling, but certainly the resulting list of recommended books appears to be as close to the collective judgment of the most scholarly American and foreign observers as any list that could be made. The number of books marked in the different classes follows:

Autobiography	15	History	. . . 7
Biography	. 15	Humor	. . . 9
Criticism	. . . 16	Novels	. . . 87
Dramas	. . . 43	Poetry	. . . 42
Essays	. . . 26	Short Stories	16

(If one read a book a week, he could complete the list by March, 1946.)

The bio-bibliographies occupy 462 pages, the select bibliographies (the list mentioned above and another list on social, political, and literary history) occupy 14 pages, and the indexes occupy 36 pages. Preceding this factual material is a 100,000-word critical survey—204 pages.

This critical survey will surely become a classic example of American scholarship in its most attractive guise. It is comprehensive, but economical in words. It exhibits a classification and an evaluation of literature evoked from assiduous study. The writing is lucid, urbane, and witty.

In the first twenty pages, “The Background,” Mr. Millett discusses the political, economic, social, intellectual, and artistic milieus since 1900. Then he surveys American literature during this period, devoting a “chapter” to each of the six major

literary types he mentioned in his "Foreword," plus the short story.

In Mr. Millett's evaluation of literature the traditional and modern approaches seem skilfully blended. Strong aesthetic feelings modify a sociological interest in the intellectual temper of twentieth-century America. In each chapter he classifies literature of a major literary type by sub-types, or by chronology, or by geographical regions, or by themes. He discusses the merits of the chief authors within each category. Certain early figures in the period receive re-valuation, and the writers of our own day receive appraisals that seem as fair as tentative judgments may be.

The style of the writing can best be illustrated by quotation, though quotation will only hint at the scope and the quality of the entire survey. From the chapter on the novel, the following judgments are as illuminating as they are gently amusing:

"Of these [late sentimental realists] the most prolific and conspicuous is Kathleen Norris, whose formula for fiction for the women's magazines has brought her larger financial than artistic returns. Mrs. Norris is skilled in combining the emotionally problematical with a fundamental ethical conservatism that makes her novels morally undisturbing to hundreds of thousands of readers. . . . On a slightly more elevated plane of novelistic accomplishment is the work of Fannie Hurst (*q.v.*), a less prolific and more honest manufacturer. . . . She is expert in the ways of metropolitan New York, and some of her most effective fictions have drawn on the

picturesque careers of characters of Hebraic-American stock. Miss Hurst's crowded canvases are too highly colored, the paint is laid on with strokes too broad to permit of much aesthetic subtlety."

Fred B. Millett taught contemporary literature at the University of Chicago from 1927 to 1937, and he is now teaching at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. His *Contemporary American Authors* is the one single book for everyone who claims interest in modern literature; for the student of modern literature it is indispensable. The casual reader should ask his nearest public library to purchase this book, for many casual readers will want to look at it occasionally.

PALMER CZAMANSKE

Scholarly Work

FROM MARX TO STALIN—A Critique of Communism. By James Edward Le Rossignol. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1940. 412 pages. \$3.00.

THE death of Leon Trotsky, former leader of the Fourth International, has focused attention on the various radical parties which claim that they alone are orthodox interpreters of Marxian philosophy. Bitter struggles between such rival groups as the Socialists, Social Democratic Federation, Industrial Workers of the World, and the Communists make it difficult for the non-radical to penetrate this maze of dialectical discussion.

Professor Le Rossignol, Dean of the College of Business Administra-

tion, University of Nebraska, in his book attempts to meet the needs of laymen anxious to obtain a clearer picture of these party differences. The author has written a lucid, scholarly, and penetrating analysis of the origins, development and principles of the Communist and Socialist groups. Footnotes are included, and readers who wish to continue their research will find a very complete bibliography after each chapter.

Dean Le Rossignol defines Socialism as "the social philosophy which hopes for and advocates the collective ownership and operation of most, if not all, of the means of production and the distribution of the social income in some equitable way." Socialism proposes to substitute a co-operative commonwealth for competitive capitalism.

Marxian Communism is compared to religion "whereof the proletariat is its god, capitalism its devil, Marx and Engels its prophets, their writings its sacred books, the social revolution the end of the present world, and the classless society the final millennium or heaven on earth." Most radicals and probably all orthodox Christians would take exception to this view.

He claims that the early Hebrews were the forerunners of Utopian Socialism. (The Utopians, unlike the Marxians, believed that benevolent industrialists would abolish the evils of the capitalist system.)

Professor Le Rossignol explains that "the idealism of the prophets was vastly broadened and humanized

by Jesus and His disciples, but even they did not advocate any sort of socialism, nor any specific reforms other than charity."

Despite these early manifestations of socialist thought, most writers declare that Plato's *Republic* and later More's *Utopia* were the foundation of Utopian Socialism.

Mr. Le Rossignol observes that while Marx and Engels denounced the Utopians as dreamers and unscientific, they themselves were impractical and visionary in promising their followers a classless society.

Marx preached the doctrine of the communist revolution and the overthrow of capitalism in his *Das Kapital* and also in the *Communist Manifesto*, which he wrote in collaboration with Frederick Engels. The long-awaited revolution did not arrive either in 1848, 1859, or in 1873. Marx and his followers lost their revolutionary fervor, deprecated violence, and in general became more evolutionary than revolutionary.

However, in the twentieth century Lenin and the other Russian revolutionists revived the earlier Marxism and created a new Communist party. Stalin declared, "The whole truth is that Leninism is not merely a revival of Marxism, but is a step forward. Leninism is a development of Marxism adapting it to the new conditions of capitalism and to the class struggle of the proletariat."

Marx had predicted that the revolution would first appear in the highly industrialized countries, but instead it appeared in primitive, agricultural Russia, where a land-hungry

population, crushed by a feudal aristocracy, finally rose in rebellion.

The author, while admitting that there is a large body of underprivileged workmen and farmers in the United States, still thinks that revolution is an impossibility in this country because these people consider themselves of the middle class and believe that the U. S. is still a land of opportunity. Even the proletariat may be reluctant to exchange their position for a dubious and uncertain Utopia.

We find that Prof. Le Rossignol himself engages in wishful thinking when he speaks of the country as a land of opportunity for the masses. No doubt many educated young men will find positions in our industrialized society, but we are not so sanguine as to the future of the "one-third of a nation." While these people may not follow the doctrine of Marx, they provide a fertile field for fascist propagandists. The fascist revolution is more to be feared than the rise of Marxist Communism.

EMIL HENRY EISENTRAGER

Blue Ribbon Tattler

GOSSIP: *The Life and Times of Walter Winchell.* By St. Clair McKelway. The Viking Press, New York. 1940. 150 pages. \$1.75.

A SHORT time ago, I happened to be discussing the weal and the woe of this pock-marked world of ours with a philosophically inclined gentleman who, somehow or other, always manages to keep abreast of significant and insignificant trends. Since journalism plays

a prominent part in the exciting drama now being enacted before our eyes, my friend and I began to talk about columnists, their ways of writing, and their influence. Scanning the pages of the morning paper in a search for more fuel to burn in the course of our little tête-à-tête, we bumped our noses into a sample of that widely syndicated, bitterly excoriated, and extravagantly eulogized bit of tittle-tattle which is known to millions of our countrymen as *Walter Winchell on Broadway*.

"Winchellism," said my worldly-wise friend, "is a festering sore on the body of newspaperdom. It represents a loathsome type of hack-writing. But, like many abominations, it is popular. Time out of mind the denizens of this world have been afflicted with ears that itch to hear the gibble-gabble of talebearers. Naturally, it is profitable for the same reason. The blue-ribbon gossip-monger of the twentieth century is a rich man. Prying and babbling have given him a huge bankroll and much influence."

Since it was time for me to inject my own mite into the conversation, I quickly interposed, "I agree with what you say, and, in addition, I, for my part, am convinced that Westbrook Pegler, a master of barbed invective, hit the nail squarely on the head when he referred to Winchell as a 'men's room journalist.'"

"But," I added, "isn't it possible to blast Winchellism out of our daily papers? Won't Pegler's pointed truth and the jibes of other highly respected journalists be able to squelch

the glib-tongued chatterer? Can't they nullify his influence?"

"Beware of optimism," returned my philosopher friend. "In my humble opinion, Winchell will keep on muddying a large part of our press and many of the ether waves as long as he has the ability and the desire to continue on the pathway of prying and tattling. When he relinquishes his post, there will be others to step into the breach. Even now there are numerous imitators and understudies. Yes, Winchellism, I'm afraid, is here to stay. Mind you, I don't say that decent journalism shouldn't go on assailing the prince of gossips from the right and from the left, from the top and from the bottom, from the inside and from the outside. But the man has a thick hide. Besides, there are flatterers without number. And how His Nibs adores flattery! No rat ever nibbled at cheese with greater alacrity."

"You're right," I broke in. "Winchellism we shall always have with us. Still, it would be foolish, yes, downright criminal, for those columnists who believe in and engage in decent journalism to stop pelting the high priest of talebearing with their bombs. Perhaps even he has one or two thin spots on his skin. After all, it may be possible to induce him to mend his ways. Who knows? At any rate, the champions of accuracy and high standards in news-reporting can't afford to overlook the necessity of setting their faces like steel against cheapness, vulgarity, and an ego larger than the Grand Canyon."

Not long after our conversation, the postman brought me St. Clair McKelway's book on Winchell and Winchellism. "Will it be gossip about gossip?" I wondered. "Will it defeat its purpose by stooping to the type of writing which it sets out to torpedo?"

II SOON found out that Mr. McKelway's well-written account of the great mogul among the gossip-mongers had a large hogsheadful of merit. It will tell you how and why "Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter" came to be what he is and to do what he does. After you have read about his background, his struggles, and his success, you will, I am sure, join me in prescribing the following formula for a lucrative career as a purveyor of gossip: Take an intelligence that is by no means outstanding, add a thick hide, stir in an inordinate desire to pry into the secrets of your fellowmen, season with an itching palm, pour in a generous amount of legal advice on how to dodge the teeth of libel laws, mix all this with a following large enough to enable you to demand of your publishers and your sponsors that they assume full responsibility for your vaporings, then drop into the simmering mess the cheap stunt of forming a few tricky word-combinations, and, when the brew has come to a boil, flavor it with several gallons of rancid egotism. I almost forgot one indispensable ingredient—the "guts" to trumpet forth to the world that you are a wizard in the

matter of "scooping" the other fellow. But don't be unduly concerned about the truth or falsity of what you say regarding your "scoops." Follow these directions to the letter, and, if you have the "breaks," you will be well on your way to becoming a three-tailed pasha among the gossip-hawkers.

Don't worry too much about accuracy. Tell the world, if you so desire, that an occasional slip causes you intense pain; but bear in mind that—as Mr. McKelway states—the "ex-hooper" who brought about "the only significant change in American journalism produced by the post-war generation" dispenses "a large number of flat statements" that are "impossible to prove or disprove." Delude yourself into the belief that your percentage of "scoops" is high, and don't be afraid to give this information to your readers and hearers. Be proud of your distinction even though here and there sticklers for honor in journalism may be inclined to dispute your word. Associate with gangsters of the stripe of Lucky Luciano, if you like; but be careful to remain on good terms with the F.B.I. Write "patter"—"patter" that is "arresting, ungrammatical, slangy, and vulgar." Have a body-guard.

It is barely possible that some of those who absorb Mr. McKelway's fascinating book will declare, in spite of all, that—as J. P. McEvoy put it in the *Saturday Evening Post* last year—"Walter Winchell belongs in that illustrious company of Greeley and Dana and Pulitzer and Medill"; but

I venture to predict that the majority will agree with the author's belief that "gossip-writing is at present like a spirochete in the body of journalism." Mr. McKelway goes on to say: "Its symptoms are not always apparent. Without making its presence known to those who have been infected by it, it has influenced the attitude of journalists everywhere toward their responsibilities as journalists. It can contaminate in subtle ways the work of honest writers who would confess that they still have the old-fashioned notion that the written word should be used to elevate the public taste rather than to pander to human weakness."

Intrigue in Byzantium

BASILISSA: A Tale of the Empress Theodora. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1940. 307 pages. \$2.50.

THE career of John Masefield has been strange and varied. He was born at Ledburg, in Herefordshire, in 1878. Authentic details and established facts concerning his childhood and early youth are meager. We know that he was poor and unhappy and that, at the age of thirteen, he joined a training-ship as an apprentice. The next ten years were spent in travel in the Americas and in England. Conjecture has fashioned many legends pertaining to this period of his life; but Mr. Masefield has neither corroborated nor denied these stories. The publication of the *Salt Water Ballads*, in 1902, marked the modest beginning of his literary

activities, and the appearance, in 1911, of *The Everlasting Mercy* proved to be the turning-point in his career. This fine narrative poem evoked a storm of condemnation from those who found its brutal realism shocking and repulsive; it brought paeans of praise from those who found in it a vital and necessary force in the growth of the art of writing. During the World War years Mr. Masefield was associated with a Red Cross unit. His experiences in the Dardanelles campaign have been vividly and accurately portrayed in *Gallipoli*, assuredly one of the most important records of some of the horrors of the terrible tragedy that engulfed the world in 1914. During the past twenty years critical essays, lectures, poems, plays, and novels have appeared in rapid succession. Upon the death of Robert Bridges, in 1930, John Masefield was chosen by David Lloyd George to be "the King's Poet," the Poet Laureate of England. A modest and retiring man, Mr. Masefield has gone his quiet way. He abhors and shuns any form of notoriety or publicity. In recent years he has given us *Dead Ned*, *Live and Kicking Ned*, and *The Bird of Dawning*. His latest book, *Basilissa*, was published in September.

Not many famous personages in the history of the past have suffered so cruelly and so unjustly at the hands of an unscrupulous historian as has the Empress Theodora. In the early years of the seventeenth century, the infamous *Anecdota* or *Secret History* of the Greek historian, Procopius, was discovered, edited,

and published. This book purported to be the ninth volume of his *History of the Court of Justinian* and was at first accepted at face value. Gradually, however, scholars who made an intensive study of the mannerisms and the characteristics of the writings of Procopius realized that the sensational accusations made against Theodora were based largely on hearsay and not on actual, first-hand knowledge. The renowned Greek hated Theodora. Consequently, he was always ready to believe and to record the fantastic tales circulated by her enemies. The *Anecdota* stands discredited now. Theodora, Justinian, and many other victims of Procopius' slanderous pen have been exonerated. The vicious charges made against them have been proved false.

THEODORA was born into the theatrical world. Her father was Acacius, a bear-keeper in the Hippodrome at Constantinople. It seems natural enough that Theodora and her elder sister, Comito, should both have become dancers and actresses. Acting was a despised profession, and it was generally assumed that those who trod the boards were little better than pariahs. The right to Christian burial was denied them. Many churches refused them admittance, and any form of polite association with them was prohibited. Actresses were more unfortunate than actors, since girls were considered fair game by the wealthy habitués of the theater. Traffic in youth and beauty was open and uncensored. Small wonder, then, that the name Theo-

dora is inevitably and inexorably followed by the phrase, "actress and courtesan." The young daughter of Acacius was ambitious. She was unhappy in the world of tawdry make-believe, but firm in her determination to escape from its sham and its shame.

Mr. Masfield concerns himself with only one brief period in the life of Theodora. When the story opens, we find the future Empress of the East stranded in Antioch. Her brief career as the mistress of Hekebolos, the governor of Pentapolis, is over, and she is making her way back from Egypt to Byzantium. On the journey from Alexandria to Antioch, Theodora's money and jewels are stolen. A chance meeting with the famous dancer, Macedonia, whom she had once befriended, brings her timely help. Theodora joins the ballet troupe of the great impressario, Sosthenes, and returns with them to the City. Here she meets Justinian, nephew and heir of the "old Emperor," Justin I.

In Antioch, Theodora had learned of a plot to overthrow the government in the coming elections. Justinian's friends immediately rally to his aid. Their loyalty and devotion and Theodora's keen wit and quick resourcefulness enable Justinian to make short shrift of plot and plotters. The attempted coup proves abortive, and the succession of the line of Justin is assured.

Mr. Masfield has taken most of his characters from the pages of history. The old soldier-emperor, Justin, and his empress, Euphemia, are

portrayed with fine sympathy and understanding. In the characterization of Theodora we find many of the qualities which were to make her the able and powerful Basilissa. But the young Justinian bears little resemblance to the mighty man who revived for a time some of the glory of ancient Rome. Historians tell us that Justinian possessed to an extraordinary degree the art of understanding others, and it seems unlikely that intrigue should or could have gone undetected in his own household.

Basilissa is written in the language of today. Even the staunchest admirers of the author admit that there are many imperfections in his novels. In *Basilissa* the plot moves slowly and in a cumbersome manner; but there are paragraphs of great beauty, and in its pages Mr. Masfield has recaptured for us much of the color and the splendor of the Empire of the East.

ANNE HANSEN

Still Atherton

THE HOUSE OF LEE. By Gertrude Atherton. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. 1940. 302 pages. \$2.50.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON published her first novel forty-eight years ago. She now has thirty-three novels, a volume of essays, three volumes of history, a book on war, an autobiography, and a half dozen other books to her credit. She was born in San Francisco, where she still lives, but has traveled widely. Her acquaintance with many parts

of the world is reflected in her novels by the fact that the locale of many of them is outside of our country. For her war relief work from 1916 to 1918 she received three decorations from the French Government. She also has honorary degrees in Letters and Law, the former from Mills College, the latter from the University of California.

Her California novels, beginning with *Rezanov* and *The Splendid Idle Forties* and concluding with *The House of Lee*, present a complete social history of San Francisco. The latter book deals with the present and present-day problems. It is the story of a mother, Mrs. Edington, her daughter, Mrs. Lee, and her granddaughter, Lucy Lee. As a result of the depression and what followed in its wake, the family fortune has dwindled into startling smallness and insufficiency. What remains is inadequate to keep up the House of Lee, which for generations has been the home of this wealthy and aristocratic family. The three women must adjust themselves to a declining income and the social changes of the times. The problem of the story is how these three ladies, grandmother, mother, and daughter, all of them untrained in business, maintain themselves and find places for themselves, without sacrificing their social standing. The story moves slowly, but steadily. Its real strength is not in the plot, but in the admirable characterization of the leading figures. Although Mrs. Atherton sometimes oversteps the line of strict propriety by letting the young

people in her story be too frank in some of their language, there is not enough of it actually to spoil the book. Mrs. Atherton also lets us know through the mouths of her creatures that she does not like the New Deal.

Memoirs

CITIES AND MEN. By Inman Barnard. Edited with an introduction by Sisley Huddleston. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1940. 256 pages. Indexed. \$3.00.

THIS is a volume of memoirs by a nonagenarian, Inman Barnard, dean of the American colony in Paris. We wonder what has become of that colony since the Nazis' conquest and the establishment of the Vichy Government. Perhaps this book will prove to have been the swansong of the group.

Mr. Barnard's life has been a long and active one. His contacts were so wide and varied that his life story is a history of some of the most important events of the last seventy-five years. He was nine years old when he was taken to see Abraham Lincoln. His story ends with an epilogue in which he tells how Hitler broke his pledge of the Munich Agreement when he invaded Bohemia and Moravia. From Abraham Lincoln to Adolf Hitler—what changes Mr. Barnard witnessed in a lifetime!

Between the lives of these two historic opposites, the author presents to us Gordon, martyr of Khartoum,

Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm I and II, Leopold of Belgium, the brutal slave trade of Africa, the stately Lord Tennyson, the sad Victor Hugo, Grand Duke Alexis, James Gordon Bennett, whose secretary and confidant he was for many years, and a host of others. He tells the story of the youthful Rudolf of Hapsburg and his tragic death. He visited the famous Mt. Athos with its ancient monasteries. He tells why Panama is not German. He tells in detail the story of the ex-Kaiser's ungrateful treatment of Bismarck, and his shameful behavior in connection with the death of his grandfather and of his father.

As these pages give us the impressions of a man who was a close observer and careful student of human nature and who had at the same time an unflinching sense of humor, they are an important contribution to the literature of our times. We can well appreciate his statement, "I am grateful that my life has been so rich and varied."

A Christian Gentleman

PILGRIM'S WAY. By John Buchan.
Houghton Mifflin Co., New York.
336 pages. Indexed. \$3.00.

THIS is the autobiography of Lord Tweedsmuir, former governor-general of Canada, who died last February, shortly after this book was completed. The author describes his volume as "an essay in recollection." He surveys the last forty years, describes the outstanding

events of his life, and gives his interpretation, sadly at times, of this rapidly changing world of ours. He says only a little about his life as a man of letters, as a biographer, novelist, and historian, with nearly two score books to his credit; but he gives us fine pen-pictures of the men he met or worked with as a public servant.

The son of a Scottish clergyman, John Buchan grew up among the shepherd people living in and around his father's parish. Here, as a mere lad, he learned the art of fly-fishing, which continued to be his favorite sport throughout his long and busy life. He knew poverty, hardship, and self-denial before he achieved success at Oxford, in the service of his government, and as a writer. The book reaches its first climax in the story of his experiences in the Boer War. His participation in World War I was as an attache to G.H.Q. in France and as director of Intelligence and Information for the War Cabinet. In the years that followed, we see him active as publisher and writer and in Parliament. Five years before his death he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, in which capacity he established a splendid record for service to the crown. His many social and political contacts gave him a wide acquaintance. Of his many pen-portraits, some of the most interesting ones are of Lord Grey, Sir Henry Wilson, T. E. Lawrence, and King George V. Of Lawrence he writes, "If genius be, in Emerson's phrase, a 'stellar and undiminishable something,' whose origin is a mystery and

whose essence cannot be defined, then he was the only man of genius I have ever known."

The author is often in a philosophic mood, and his views, the result of independent thought, are worthy of consideration. What he has to say about the intellectual atmosphere of the post-war period may be summed up in a few sentences of his own:

"It was a difficult time for those who called themselves intellectuals. They found themselves living among the fears and uncertainties of the Middle Ages, without the support of the medieval faith. The belief in the perfectability of man, the omnipotence of reason, and the certainty of progress, which began with the French Encyclopaedists and flourished among the brisk dogmatists of the nineteenth century, had more or less ended with the War. It was very clear that human nature was showing no desire to be perfected, and that the pillars of civilization were cracking and tilting. The inerrancy of science, too, which had sustained the Victorians, was proving a broken reed, for science was going back upon itself, cultivating doubts and substituting probabilities for certainties. The world of sense and time had become distressingly insecure, and they had no other world.

"There was also a curious deterioration in literary manner—it had nothing to do with morals. Frankness in literature is an admirable thing if, as at various times in our

history, it keeps step with social habit; but when it strives to advance beyond it, it becomes a disagreeable pose. Among civilized people after the War the ordinary conventions held, but in literature, especially in fiction, a dull farmyard candour became fashionable, an insistence upon the functions of the body which had rarely artistic value These dull salacities had their comic as well as their offensive side, for novelists who had been noted for their virginal decorum, would now interpolate little bits of irrelevant coarseness to show that Master Slender was also a man of mettle."

REFERRING to the rise of the dictators and their limitation of personal freedom, he writes:

"Today we value freedom, I think, as we have not valued it before. Just as a man never appreciates his home so much as when he is compelled to leave it, so now we realize our inestimable blessings when they are threatened. We have been shaken out of our smugness and warned of a great peril, and in that warning lies our salvation. The dictators have done us a marvellous service in reminding us of the true values of life."

When he writes of our own country, which he knew exceptionally well for a foreigner, he does so under the chapter title "My America." He has many salient sentences: "Half the misunderstandings between Britain and America are due to the fact that neither will regard the other as

what it is—in the important sense of the word—a foreign country. Each thinks of the other as a part of itself which has somehow gone off the lines." With all our faults—which he is inclined to extenuate—he admits a liking for almost every kind of American save those who decry America. He lauds our home-life, and of those who laugh at the dullness and pettiness of the "small town," he says, "From what I know of small-town life elsewhere, I suspect obtuseness in the satirists." American hospitality leaves him breathless. It is for him one of the wonders of the world. He maintains that if democracy in the broadest and truest sense is to survive, it will be mainly because of our guardianship. With all our imperfections, we have a clearer view than any other people of the democratic fundamentals, he states.

WE SHALL conclude our review with a noteworthy paragraph in which the author states his views as to the future of this world:

"Today the quality of our religion is being put to the test. The conflict is not only between the graces of civilization and the rawness of barbarism. More is being challenged than the system of ethics which we believe to be the basis of our laws and liberties. I am of Blake's view: 'Man must and will have some religion; if he has not the religion of Jesus he will have the religion of Satan, and will erect a synagogue of Satan.' There have been high civilizations in the past which have

not been Christian, but in the world as we know it I believe that civilization must have a Christian basis, and must ultimately rest on the Christian Church. Today the Faith is being attacked, and the attack is succeeding. Thirty years ago Europe was nominally a Christian continent. It is no longer so. In Europe, as in the era before Constantine, Christianity is in a minority. What Gladstone wrote seventy years ago, in a moment of depression, has become a shattering truth: 'I am convinced that the welfare of mankind does not now depend on the State and the world of politics; the real battle is being fought in the world of thought, where a deadly attack is made with great tenacity of purpose and over a wide field upon the greatest treasure of mankind, the belief in God and the Gospel of Christ.'

"The Christian in name has in recent years been growing cold in his devotion. Our achievement in perfecting life's material apparatus has produced a mood of self-confidence and pride. Our peril has been indifference, and that is a grave peril, for rust will crumble a metal when hammer blows will only harden it. I believe—and this is my crowning optimism—that the challenge with which we are now faced may restore to us that manly humility which alone gives power. It may bring us back to God. In that case our victory is assured. The Faith is an anvil which has worn out many hammers."

A Candidate Speaks

THIS IS WENDELL WILLKIE: *A Collection of Speeches and Writings on Present-Day Issues* by Wendell Willkie. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. 1940. 280 pages. \$1.50.

SINCE this is a campaign book (as the price shows), many who read it will be either delighted or disgusted with it according as they are blindly attached to one political faith or another. It happens that the reviewer, who normally has Republican inclinations, has not so far been able to make up his mind how to vote this fall. That may help to make him more objective and open-minded than if he were committed to a definite choice. Again, it may not.

A thirty-seven-page biographical introduction to the volume by Stanley Walker is well done, as campaign biographies go. It sets forth, as a campaign biography should, that the candidate is just plain home folks, human and likable, that he can look policemen straight in the eye, and that he is obviously the people's choice. Two items were new and interesting to us: Willkie has never owned an automobile, and he carries no watch. The odd statement occurs that "he is in favor of regulation of abuses."

The body of the book contains fourteen speeches and articles by Willkie, most of them of recent date. They are offered, of course, to acquaint the reader with the man and his political faith and philosophy. Willkie emphasizes again and again

that he is a liberal, that the basic issue in this campaign is governmental regulation and regimentation vs. individual freedom, and that he stands squarely for the latter alternative. The freedom to which he devotes most of his attention is freedom of enterprise. He asserts that the New Deal has paralyzed the forces of recovery by cutting the ground from under private business through fostering mistrust of it, competing with it, and tyrannizing over it. It is now above all needful, he holds, to set private enterprise free, not of all regulation, but of unnecessary restrictions. If this is done, he promises, America will enter on a new era of well-being and progress.

Such a turn of affairs is no doubt devoutly to be hoped for—and yet we have been unable to become enthusiastic over the prospects of a happy change even if we should give Willkie a one-way ticket to Washington. His intentions appear to be most commendable, but he does not seem to know in detail how they are to be carried out—at any rate, he does not take us into his confidence. From all that he says it looks as if he is possessed of an easy assurance that if business is only given the green light the wheels of industry will begin to buzz, the vast amounts of idle money will be put to work, there will be jobs for the millions of unemployed, and prosperity will be back again. Is it really so simple as all that?—or, rather, is Willkie so simple as all that? Does he actually believe that our troubles are due merely to dislocations in our

own national economy and that to cure them we need only go off in full-blast production, regardless of the rest of the universe? If he knows better, he successfully hides his better knowledge.

On the war there is very little—fine generalities, but nothing definite. The “subject guide on important questions” at the beginning of the book does not even list the war. And yet America is interested in that subject more than in any other. If the Republican party is defeated at the polls, it may well be because it has missed its chance on the war question.

We took up the book with the hope that we might be converted. The hope was not realized. We are still seeking an anchorage.

Wells Without Optimism

BABES IN THE DARKLING WOOD:

A Novel. By H. G. Wells. Alliance Book Corp., New York. 1940. 410 pages. \$2.75.

SINCE 1900 the books of Herbert George Wells have been definitely hopeful, definitely liberal, and definitely reformist. With varying degrees of intensity, they have exhibited a belief in the ability of science to correct a wasteful, muddled social order. Mr. Wells rarely tired of optimism: for instance, he invented the myth of the “war that will end war.” World War I, however, did shock him into belief in a personal God, though he later explained in his autobiography that God as presented

in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* (1916) and *God, the Invisible King* (1917) is not a Heavenly Father but simply a leader and perhaps merely a personification of the Five Year Plan.

World War II has shocked Mr. Wells into belief in behavioristic psychology and out of belief in God, even as leader or as comrade. He explains his present state of mind in *Babes in the Darkling Wood*. He speaks also of a profound social revolution, like that which he expounded in *The New World Order*. Believing that all the religions and patriotisms have killed one another, he hopes that a Common Human Imagination can be awakened, and that a new social order will provide “organized economic freedom throughout the world, education for everyone as much as they can stand, universally accessible knowledge, freedom of movement about the world, the maximum of private ownership in one’s own body and mind.”

Mr. Wells says in his introduction to *Babes in the Darkling Wood* that he has again used the dialogue novel as a vehicle for ideas because the profound change in human thought and human outlook demands expression in terms of living human beings. When an author declares such intent, there is no point in criticizing the book for lack of action or criticizing characters’ speeches for a lecture quality. Mr. Wells has done exactly what he set out to do, and, as one might expect from a past master, he has done his work well.

His characters, for instance, are remarkably vivid.

But when Mr. Wells implies that a new social order, behavioristic psychology, and opposition to Christianity are the subjects of the deepest thought in the English-speaking world, one may say that two of the strikes are fouls. It is undoubtedly true that a world reconstruction of some sort occupies the minds of many great thinkers. Books, pamphlets, magazine articles are in every library. But behavioristic psychology is already an episode in the history of psychological study. Who follows Watson and Pavlov today? And opposition to Christianity is likewise outmoded, even among university students. Churchmen say that the last decade has brought renewed interest in religion and that young people especially are going to church. The number of intellectual leaders who see that social progress cannot be divorced from Christianity steadily grows larger.

Babes in the Darkling Wood reports the mental exercises of two intelligent young people between June, 1939, and May, 1940. Stella Kentlake, Newnham undergraduate, and Gemini (James) Twain, an Oxford man, objected to any kind of compulsion or obligation, whether such obligation were found in marriage or education or war, or possibly in business. They said they stood for the free, abundant life.

When Gemini's ideas led to disinheritorship, he started off for a visit

to Soviet Russia, where he could study a political system and a "freedom" that approached his ideal. The invasion of Poland and of Finland disillusioned him and left with him experiences of fear, horror, and helplessness, and the devastation of his world-outlook. At Flens, Sweden, he was knocked senseless by the explosion of a carload of ammunition, and suffered temporary paralysis, blindness, and insanity. His slow recovery was accomplished chiefly by the devices of Stella's Uncle Robert, a philosopher especially interested in psychosynthesis. The story ends with the marriage of Stella and Gemini, and when total war gripped Britain, Stella became a nurse and Gemini went off to work on a mine-sweeper. The war to get rid of a dangerous nuisance had interrupted their discussion of world revolution.

Science and optimism have failed Mr. Wells. His Babes found no steady ideals for society and no faith for their hearts, and hence they never came out of the darkling wood. They planned a World Federation in which people governed themselves by the Right Thing to Do, but they saw that in a thousand matters men "have not the necessary knowledge and wisdom."

Perhaps the versatile mind of Mr. Wells should give Christianity an honest trial. The moral idealism of Christianity would give him a foundation on which he could build, and Someone could tell him the Right Thing to Do.

PALMER CZAMANSKE

THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS



BY THE EDITORS

A brief glance at recent books—

WHERE GOD MEETS MAN

By O. A. Geiseman, M.A., S.T.D.
Ernst Kaufmann, Inc. New York-
Chicago. 1940. 214 pages. \$1.50.

OUR esteemed associate editor, Dr. O. A. Geiseman has published his second volume of sermons under the appropriate title *Where God Meets Man*. Since many of our readers are acquainted with our associate we take pleasure in announcing the appearance of this volume. It is in Dr. Geiseman's happiest vein—terse, popular, modern. He speaks the language of the twentieth cen-

tury with the accent of eternity. A good book of sermons.

SPY AND COUNTERSPY.

By Emanuel Victor Voska and Will Erwin. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. 1940. 322 pages. Illustrated. \$2.75.

THIS book teems with excitement. It deals with the adventures of an American citizen of Czech birth who carried on important undercover work against the Germans during the first World War, foiled many attempts at sabotage, and rendered yeoman service to Thomas Masaryk in the establishment of the ill-fated Czechoslovakian republic. There are fifteen breath-taking chapters.

HYMNS FROM THE HARPS OF GOD

By W. G. Polack. Ernst Kaufmann, Inc. New York-Chicago. 1940. 125 pages. \$1.00.

THIS volume by one of our associates offers brief comments on a number of great hymns. These comments contain biographical data, a review of their origins, and interesting side lights. The Church Militant on earth has a remarkable heritage of sacred song. Professor Polack is an authority in the field. Also this volume reflects careful scholarship and a profound love for the hymns of the Church.

The OCTOBER Magazines

Each month THE CRESSET presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.

Fortune

Fortune Survey

Results in this survey indicate that two factors which have been considered of major importance in the presidential election have been decidedly overrated: the third-term issue and Willkie's former utility connections. 13.2 per cent reject the third-term tradition altogether; 51.8 consider a third term permissible at a time of national crisis; 29.9 are against a third term under any conditions; 5.1 don't know. The feeling toward Willkie is influenced as follows by his past connection with a utility: more favorable, 19.8; no difference, 57.6; less favorable, 13.9; don't know, 8.7.—

Regardless of what they hope personally, 58.1 expect Roosevelt to win; 24.2 look for Willkie to come out on top; and 17.7 don't know.—63.6 believe that the election will be close, 26.2 believe not, and 10.2 don't know.—57.9 expect to vote for the same party locally (county and state) as nationally, 24 for a different party, and 18.1 don't know.—It must be remembered that this survey was made in September.

Forum of Executive Opinion

This poll of 15,000 top-ranking business executives deals with the national defense situation. Opinion on our present efforts for national preparedness is divided as follows: they are as effective as it is reasonable to expect, 24.2 per cent; only moderately effective, 51.9; comparatively ineffective, 21.6; don't know, 2.3. So 73.5 per cent feel that the situation is not what it should be. The blame for this state of affairs is laid on a number of factors, outstanding among them the tax amortization problem, the bottleneck in machine tools [which we have been shipping to Britain, regardless of our own needs], government slowness and indifference, and various labor conditions. As for themselves, the respondents feel quite guiltless. Yet 58.8 per cent of them admit that "businessmen of their acquaintance have reservations

about rearmament work." The chief reasons given for these "reservations" are the belief that the Administration is anti-business in attitude, the delay in letting business charge off the cost of new plants, the fear of interference with their labor policies, and the fear that they will not make enough profit.—There seems to be food for some thought in this last sentence.

The Atlantic Monthly

Hitting Power. Does Our Air Force Lack It?

By FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

Today the United States finds herself in the unenviable position, in a world of broken promises, of having no adequate defense. A noted student of aviation maintains that "our unpreparedness for the new technique of warfare as initiated by the Nazis is beyond belief. Roosevelt's fantastic talk about 50,000 aeroplanes has no basis in common aviation sense. To be successful in the modern type of warfare a nation must control the air and the bases of air power." Mr. Drake expresses Hitting Power in tons of explosives per day dumped upon a city or country. That country which has the heavy bomber, the fast, long-range, weight-carrying bomber, has the advantage. Mr.

Drake insists that within one year we could develop an air striking force of 10,000 planes which would be superior to any in the world. Why don't we? Mr. Drake gives the answer.

Undergraduates and the War

By PAUL P. CRAM

When Professor Arnold Whitridge attacked the American undergraduate's lackadaisical attitude toward the present European slaughter, he aroused a hornet's nest of replies. In the last issue two undergraduates wrote a spirited defense. In this issue Professor Paul Cram analyzes the letters which the Atlantic received from undergraduates all over the United States. A large percentage of America's young men see no reason for fighting. Professor Cram scolds the youngsters in no uncertain terms. "An undeclared war, universal, remorseless, unending, aims at the extinction of democracy. . . . The new strategy of this new kind of war . . . seeks to anesthetize the soul and to splinter the unity of democracy." Granting the correctness of Professor Cram's assumption that the present war is largely a moral issue, then it is shameful that our young men are indifferent to the "greatest crisis of civilization since the Christian era." On the other hand, when Professor Cram states that

American youth is inherently selfish and material-minded, one must admit there is considerable truth in his statement. In particular, he assails the American educational system, which has relegated the Bible and the Classics to the limbo of outworn traditions. "No integrated, general, spiritual or ethical discipline filled the vacuum." Finally he attacks the pretensions of modern science. He asks the disturbing question: "Can all possibility of a connection between the prestige of German science and the ruthlessness of Nazidom be excluded?" Here is an article which demands reading.

Scholars Poor and Simple

By DOUGLAS BUSH

The ancient quarrel between the scholar and the literary popularizer is aired in a thoroughgoing manner. Dr. Bush expresses his contempt for popular biographers, historians, and scientists who attempt to make learning palatable via the medium of literary cocktails. He damns in particular those biographers who "tell all" and forget to add anything new to an estimate of a great man. "One may seriously ask, Are people led by vulgarity to an appreciation of art that is not vulgar?" Readers of the *Alembic* will appreciate this essay.

Harper's

The Failure of France

By ROBERT DE SAINT JEAN

At the outbreak of the war, the author was head of the North American department of the Ministry of Information in Paris. He writes, "We were beaten in seven days." It is this startling fact which the author attempts to explain. He discounts treason as the cause of France's failure and finds the real reason in political rather than in military considerations. Political considerations hampered Premier Paul Reynaud and made it impossible for him to stave off defeat. In back of the military and political errors, however, the author finds deeper evils that gnawed at a democracy which was no longer what it had been.

Why Hitler Wins

By CARL DREHER

"Hitler is winning the war because he has been fighting it with an industrial and engineering economy while the democracies have been fighting it with a money, or financial economy. This observation of Dorothy Thompson is the thesis which this article develops and traces historically. As an alternate system the author proposes what he calls "Democratic collectivism," implemented by a sense of solidarity

and collective goal. He realizes, however, that no system can succeed until we have overcome our spiritual debility. In no other way can we "make a civilization above the animal level by freeing the machine and by freeing men from the machine."

This Pre-War Generation

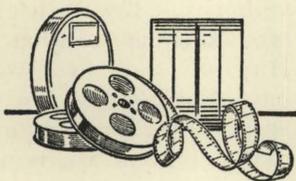
By MORTIMER J. ADLER

"How did this pre-war generation come to be what it is?" In answering this question the noted Chicago University professor discusses Archibald MacLeish's ex-

planation which placed the blame upon modern literature as the corrupter of youth. He finds that the cause lies deeper. "It is the misuse of science, intellectually as well as practically, which is to blame . . . positively the exclusive adoration of science; negatively, the denial that philosophy or theology can have any independent authority." This article is a vigorous summary of what President Hutchins and Professor Adler have been saying for the past years. There are many indications that educators are beginning to listen.

*

THE MOTION PICTURE



THE CRESSET examines samples of Hollywood offerings.

WYOMING (M-G-M)

Against a background of scenic splendor comes another Wallace Beery picture. This time the "bad man" operates in Wyoming. With unerring aim he rids the country of all the other bad men, although himself a notorious character, sought after by the law. Eventually, he redeems himself as, almost singlehanded, he holds off an invading horde of Indians from the settlers until help arrives in the form of General Custer and his soldiers. The film is a "natural" for Wallace Beery, western, and what have you. Beautiful

shots of the famous Jackson Hole country in Wyoming.

CITY FOR CONQUEST (Warner Brothers)

James Cagney and Ann Sheridan are costars in this film, which is based on Aben Kandel's novel of the same name. The story, like *Our Town*, is told through the eyes of an old-timer, with Frank Craven as narrator. It would have improved the film if this feature had been left out. In the cast are also Frank McHugh, Donald Crisp, George Tobias, Blanche Yurka, Thurston Hall, Lee Patrick, and Jerome Cowan. The scene is set in New York's lower East Side. The lives of four children born and raised there are depicted, the whole revolving around the love of Danny Kenny (Cagney) and Peggy Nash (Sheridan). Both Cagney and Sheridan give an excellent account of themselves.

THE WESTERNER (M. G. M.)

The spirit of the old Southwest is caught up in this moving drama of life on the frontier, with its humanity strangely commingling sentiment and cruelty, and with the struggle of the rancher against the farmer supplying the background for the action. The title role is played by Gary Cooper,

and he has given an interpretation of a light-hearted, playful, yet courageous and resourceful young American seeking fortune and adventure in the Far West. There is a hanging or two and some shooting, but the direction has avoided over-playing these incidents of the story.

PASTOR HALL

A propaganda film depicting the ruthlessness and fanaticism of Nazi reign in Germany. The play is a production of James Roosevelt. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has an introductory appraisal. Anti-New Deal citizens who viewed it during the pre-election months will say that the film is chiefly propaganda for the third-term candidate. Those who take the film at face value will be filled with horror and loathing for Hitler and his crew. Those of pro-German leanings will denounce it as lying propaganda pure and simple. Assuming that the film deserves to be taken seriously as an artistic production, one must

admit the psychological finesse of releasing it during the months preceding the national election. As for its historical merit, there is some justifiable doubt whether the physical mistreatment of Pastor Hall, here depicted, has actually been inflicted on persons of non-Jewish blood and of Pastor Hall's social standing. Aside from this, the present reviewer is not inclined to look upon the incidents of the film as exaggeration. The various details of the plot no doubt could be duplicated many times from the history of the early stages of the rise of Nazidom. Massed together, however, in a screen play of ninety minutes, the impression is too much that of an unreal phantasmagoria of horrors, pictured with an evident desire to make the present reign of Germany hated by the American movie-goer. We cannot help adding the observation that the sermons, prayers, and pastoral advice of Pastor Hall contain nothing distinctly Lutheran. The direction has badly fallen down in this respect.

LETTERS

to the

EDITOR

A Voice from China

Hauchang, Honan, China

August 10, 1940

Editor of THE CRESSET,

SIR:

The May issue of the CRESSET has an article on "The Motion Picture" by *A Reviewer*. From this article I quote the following: "The truth is that movie criticism has no initial tradition to follow. It has no set of, let us say, Aristotelian principles or standards upon which to base its considerations of a given film." I understand what the reviewer means. But is this statement true? Do not we as Christians have our principles or standards in the decalogue and the Bible? Any institution that has such a demoralizing influence on the people of today as the moving picture should not be given favorable comment in a magazine such as the CRESSET.

There are, of course, films that are of an elevating moral character, where the actors and actresses are

trying to maintain high moral ideals. But the stage as it actually exists today certainly exerts a most degrading influence on those who have anything to do with it.

In the comments in the Motion Picture department of THE CRESSET we read about murder, divorce, and sin of every description. It is true that THE CRESSET does not approve of some of the films, but in writing about them you are unconsciously furthering the cause of that institution. The motion picture is occupied with the most degrading sins in society today, and the actors and actresses are notorious for their wicked conduct. There are, of course, Christian men and women on the stage today, but as a whole their lives are open to fierce temptations and most of them yield to these temptations.

I have read Dr. Walther's book, *Law and Gospel*, and several others written by men of your church. These books are very fine, and if the Lutheran Church and the Christian Church throughout the world put these thoughts and truths into practice we would become a greater salt and a light in the decaying society about us. It is one thing to be perfectly orthodox and interpret the Word of God correctly, and another thing to know and do instinctively what will please God. It seems to me that in your writing about the motion picture there is a tendency to please men. Therefore I have written these lines.

VICTOR E. SWENSON

Acting President of the
Lutheran Church of China

[This is a familiar and, we believe, specious argument. It presupposes that sin can be effectively opposed by ignoring it. Thousands of Christian men and women now go to the motion pictures indiscriminately. Is it wrong to sharpen their judgment and conscience by pointing out what is good and bad, right and wrong, in the products of Hollywood? If the great majority of our readers were unconscious of the problems raised by the motion picture, we would not touch on them. For this reason we have paid little attention to the legitimate theatre. Too few are touched by it. But the motion picture is in the next block. Is it wrong to say what we think of it?—Ed.]

A Little History

October 7, 1940

SIR:

In the September CRESSET, page 50, in reviewing *The Complete Greek Drama*, by Oates and O'Neill, your reviewer drags from its grave the hoary old tradition that the Arabs burned the Alexandrian library in 640 A.D.

He states: "When that torch was thrown into the vast collection of papyrus and vellum on which was preserved all the literature of half a millennium of Greek genius, the world of thought suffered a loss to which no calamity before or since that event can bear a comparison. It was then that the greater part also of Greek drama was destroyed."

There is not a particle of contem-

porary evidence to support this tradition; it is not mentioned by a single Christian, pagan, Jew, or Moslem who lived within a century after the supposed event. The story rests upon the unsupported word of Abulpharagius, a Christian Armenian who lived in the thirteenth century.

Ample positive evidence exists to disprove the implication that the ancient library was destroyed by the Arabs. Yes, there once was a famous Greek library at Alexandria; Ammianus Marcellinus, a Roman historian of the fourth century A.D., on the authority of contemporary records, states that its 70,000 volumes, collected by the Ptolemies, were burned when the city was sacked by Caesar in 48 B.C.

What could be salvaged from the Ptolemaic collection formed the nucleus of a second Alexandrian library, which was housed in the Temple of Serapis; this was destroyed by the Christian bishop, Theophilus, in 389 A.D. From documentary evidence of the first decade of the fifth century, we learn that a third Alexandrian library at that time no longer contained the Ptolemaic collection.

Therefore, if the Arabs destroyed the library—which is extremely doubtful—we may agree with Gibbon, who suggests that at the time of the Arab conquest of Egypt the library housed chiefly a mass of theological polemics on the Arian and Monophysite heresies.

WALTER I. BRANDT

Assoc. Prof. of History

New York, N. Y.

Dead Skunks

SIR:

Enjoyed the last Pilgrim very much. But on one point I disagree with you and Mr. Ansber. The strongest smelling thing in the world is neither one dead skunk, nor two dead woodchucks, but one live skunk. Two dead woodchucks under the cabin, or one dead skunk in the same position do constitute a problem. But the situation is quite stationary, and can be handled in many different ways, including a long pole with a nail on one end. But it is a different story with one live skunk. The situation he creates is mobile, changeable, perplexing. Should one take the offensive or the defensive? The potentialities for unpleasant incidents are incalculable. Don't be afraid of a dead skunk. He is practically harmless. But the living skunk? That is a different question. If all the skunks in the world were dead skunks, it would be a somewhat better place to live in, the smell notwithstanding.

JOHN SMITH

Cleveland, Ohio

The Movies Again

DEAR SIR:

My compliments to the young lady from California, Marian McGrew (any relation to Dan McGrew), who chose to differ with me in regard to the movies. But was that kind to assume that my taste is so depraved?

Having spent the greater part of the last twenty-five years trying to instill a sense of values in my own and other people's children that statement came as a surprise. Would I rise just a wee bit in her estimation if I intimated that "Our Town" and "All This and Heaven Too," were so infinitely superior to "Murder on the Yukon" and "Fu Manchu," that I hesitate to place them in juxtaposition.

Miss McGrew undoubtedly has the advantage of me. I go to the movies on an average of three or four times a year. Most of what I know about them I get from the neighbors' children. Perhaps they aren't authorities. My own children attend so very seldom that it comes as a surprise. So then, armed with this meager supply of ammunition I wait until I see the whites of the critic's eyes and then I fire a tremendous salvo. Nobody is more surprised at the ensuing confusion than I. In this case all I succeeded in doing was to wound one non-belligerent.

As far as I am concerned the movies could completely vanish from the American scene and life would go sweetly on. But the movie industry appears so extremely viable that we shall have to consider them, and that brings us to my particular bias.

As the leader of our Junior Bible class I am concerned with the problem of bringing these young people into closer contact with their church and giving them a broad Christian

outlook on life. Many of them have access to the pages of the *CRESSET*. They may not be interested in the other departments, but they do read the movie comments, and by and large they are extremely critical of the findings.

We can't expect the *CRESSET* to be "all things to all men" but these young people know that the criticisms are the opinions of the leaders of the church and it bewilders them to find themselves so at variance with these worthy minds. The Pilgrim, September 1940, writes as follows of the rising generation, "Their appalling cynicism concerning the church."

Surely we ought not permit such a condition to be aggravated merely because people live on different levels of appreciation of the arts, if the movies can be so classed. Give our young people time and they will grow into a proper appreciation. The problem then for the leaders of the church is to present a critical, Christian evaluation of the movies,

free from lofty condescension and that "artier than thou" attitude.

I doubt whether the youth regard the movies as art, to them they are sheer entertainment to enjoy for their excellence or to be amused by if they are "corny." It's all a matter of approach. Youth giggles, maturity glowers. It's far better to develop their "apparatus criticus" to detect what is base, tawdry, or trivial, than to condemn seriatim.

They will be more ready to accept preachments on morals if they have not first been alienated by a top-lofty approach to the "art" of the movies. After all histrionics must yield precedence to the art of living, the greatest of the fine arts.

At any rate we have been encouraged. Our barrage has not been in vain. My juniors report that the *CRESSET* is becoming almost human in its treatment of the movies lately.

And begging Miss McGrew's indulgence, may I be permitted to continue to sign myself,

HERB. BRUMMER



Contributors=Problems=Final Notes

IN the early part of the century there was a wide-spread notion that education is the cure for all ills of society. It was believed that poverty, vice, crime, and all other social problems, including even war, would rapidly fade out if only all people could be sufficiently educated; and secular education was supposed to be adequate to the purpose. The passing years have dispelled this delusion, but many do not understand even today why those bright hopes were foredoomed to disappointment. Our major article, written by Prof. L. G. Bickel, Ph.D., of Concordia Teachers' Seminary, Seward, Nebraska, goes far toward providing an explanation.

*

Our guest reviewers this month are Palmer Czamanske (*Contemporary American Authors* and *Babes in the Darkling Wood*), Emil Henry Eisentrager (*From Marx to Stalin*), and Anne Han-

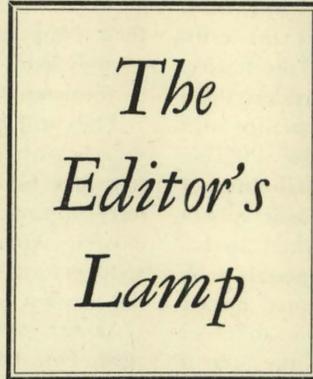
sen (*Basilissa*). Mr. Eisentrager, whom we welcome to our pages for the first time, is an instructor in history at one of the New York City high schools.

*

Our poets of the month are Walter Mueller of Kansas City, who has appeared in our pages in previous issues, and Eleanor Alletta Chaffee, a newcomer whose work shows promise.

*

With this issue THE CRESSET begins its fourth volume. The editorial staff looks back upon the past three years with deep gratitude to the many men and women who have made continued publication of the journal possible. Our managing editor hopes that the forthcoming campaign for subscriptions will materially increase the number of our readers. We join in that hope. We are more deeply persuaded than ever that THE CRESSET can and should fill an important place in the thought of Christian men and women.



FORTHCOMING ISSUES

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

A PASTOR LOOKS AT LIFE (II)

DEMOCRACY AND CHRISTIANITY

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

J'ACCUSE!	<i>Andre Simone</i>
THE BELOVED RETURNS.....	<i>Thomas Mann</i>
COUNT TEN.....	<i>Hans O. Storm</i>
ESCAPE FROM FEAR.....	<i>Walter Pitkin</i>
THE TROJAN HORSE IN AMERICA.....	<i>Martin Dies</i>
THE GREAT CIRCLE.....	<i>Carleton Beals</i>
GUSTAVE ADOLF—THE GREAT.....	<i>Nils Ahnlund</i>
I SAW FRANCE FALL.....	<i>Rene DeChambrun</i>
LANDFALL	<i>Nevil Shute</i>
MADAME DORTHEA.....	<i>Sigrid Undset</i>
MEN AT THEIR WORST.....	<i>Leo L. Stanley, M.D.</i>
MY NAME IS MILLION.....	<i>Anonymous</i>
ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN.....	<i>Hartzell Spence</i>
THE PRESIDENT MAKERS.....	<i>Matthew Josephson</i>
THE SECRET FRONT.....	<i>Paul Gallico</i>
THE SHINING TREE.....	<i>Collection</i>

