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THE CRESSET

The Vatican and Washington, D.C.

J. FREDERIC WENCHEL

An Anatomy of Lying

Is Fine Art a Delusion?

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 2 NO. 6

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

Holes in the Wall—The New Pope—Airplanes and France — Yellow Poker Face — Law-Breaking Stars

By THE EDITORS

Holes in the Wall

THERE is undoubted soundness in the suggestion which has recently become current, that the strongest defense of our democracy against the penetration of European totalitarianism is, after all, an increased determination to make our democracy work. Democracy, like ancient Rome, will have crumbled on the inside before it falls victim to the barbarian forces on the outside. This is our gravest danger and also our greatest opportunity. When Oswald Villard in a recent issue of *The Nation* asserts that the people of Puerto Rico are far worse off today under our "democratic" rule than they were under the Spanish flag, he is pointing out a breach in our walls and a hole in our defense far more serious than a lack of strong fortifications or of bombers. It is, therefore, not surprising to note that the Nazi press is directing some telling bombardment against this weak spot. To close this gap would, in the words of Mr. Villard, "do infinitely more for our national safety, honor, and prestige than a dozen battleships."

If our administration of Puerto Rico were the only vulnerable spot, we could perhaps throw stones with some confidence, even if not with perfect equanimity. But when we read of the refusal of the D.A.R. leaders in our nation's capital to rent Constitution Hall for an appearance of Marian Anderson, the famous Negro contralto, we have the uneasy feeling of being surrounded by too much glass. This feeling deepens when we learn that the District of Columbia board of education has followed in the mud prints of the

D.A.R. and has refused the use of the Central high school auditorium for the Marian Anderson concert. There is just enough truth to hurt in the reported observation of Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, "Such childish discrimination makes ridiculous and hypocritical American protestations against outrages suffered by minorities in Nazi Germany and other parts of the world." The discrepancy between our profession of democracy in our Constitution and our practice of it in our attitude toward the American negro, and the continued success of a large section of the South, despite Supreme Court decisions, in withholding from the negro his constitutional right to vote, reveal a hole in our democratic wall which has all too long been in urgent need of repair. We are happy to note that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has resigned from the D.A.R. in protest against its undemocratic attitude toward a great negro artist.

The New Pope

IN THE shortest election since the elevation of Leo XIII to the papacy, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, papal secretary of state, was elected the 262nd pope. There can be little doubt that the prompt election of Cardinal Pacelli was a gesture of defiance by the College of Cardinals over against the Fascist and Nazi governments. No one in the entire College had worked more definitely against the encroachment of the state in the totalitarian nations. It was generally known that many of the anti-Fascist addresses of Pope Pius XI were inspired by the cool, calm, hard mind of Cardinal Pacelli. In fact, it is probably true that he was the moving spirit behind the aging and ailing Pius XI for several years.

As this is written the German newspapers are already expressing their dissatisfaction with the choice of the College of Cardinals. Apparently the Cardinals from the so-called democratic countries had more to say about the election of Cardinal Pacelli than had been predicted. Whatever the final outcome may be, we can now be certain that the Roman Catholic Church has a head who is known for his shrewd diplomacy, his calm clarity, and his fundamental opposition to the totalitarian régimes. His influence on the course of Roman Catholicism in the world will be incalculable. No doubt the entire western world will watch his course with interest, if not with apprehension.

Airplanes and France

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING, writing from Washington for the *Chicago Tribune,* throws light on the scandal connected with the giving-up of our best military airplane to France. The deal was engineered by William C. Bullitt, our "millionaire playboy" ambassador to France. Bullitt, who is characterized as "an intense Francophile, credulous to the point of gullibility, emotional, and easily influenced by highly placed persons, whom he cultivates," had the support of Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury. These two were able to get the President to override the strenuous objections of the Secretary of War and his experts and to sacrifice the airplane. Why did they go to such lengths to gain their purpose? Henning mentions, as one possibility, "that they were actuated by racial antipathy to Nazi Germany." Morgenthau is, of course, a Jew, and so is Bullitt on his mother's side. Another possibility is their partiality to France.

This is certainly a matter of utmost seriousness. It seems evident that the interests of America have, in the transaction, been subordinated to other interests of one kind or another. Whatever these other interests may have been, any public officials who can be shown to have placed America second in their allegiance deserve to be relieved of office promptly and ungently.

Yellow Poker Face

IS THE carefully timed occupation of the Island of Hainan another cannily executed squeeze-play on the part of the wily Japanese? Why did the yellow men decide to embark upon their clever little scheme just as soon as it became reasonably certain that Francisco Franco would finally succeed in inflicting a crushing defeat upon the Spanish Loyalists? Why did they make up their minds to put their fingers into the French sphere of influence just as soon as they knew full well that both France and Britain would be feverishly and desperately busy trying to prevent the Rome-Berlin Axis from reaping too significant a reward from the victory of the Rebels? Is it logical to believe that the occupation of the strategically important island will be merely temporary, that it is nothing more than a vitally necessary measure to enable the forces of the Mikado to prosecute the war against China with increased efficiency and with greater dispatch? Did Hitler and Mussolini have a hand in the maneuver? Dare we suspect that Nippon may be thinking longingly of the Dutch East Indies, of the Philippines, of Australia, and of Singapore?

We know that Japan, in spite of the none too healthy condition of her exchequer, is shrewd, determined, bold, and utterly unscrupulous. In addition, her poker face usually stands her in good stead when she sets out to gain an objective. While we look anxiously in the direction of Europe in an effort to learn what Germany, Italy, France, and England have up their sleeves, let us not forget to pay a good deal of attention to the movements of crafty Nippon. Even a schoolboy can understand that a terribly serious collision of imperialist interests is now taking place in the Orient. By no stretch of the imagination can it be charged that students of international affairs show signs of being afflicted with a fatty degeneration of the intellect when they assert that Japan discovered an attractive opening for another adventure in banditry and then stepped in as soon as she thought the omens were favorable.

Law-breaking Stars

TO TRANSGRESS the laws of our country is to break trust with the American people. When such transgressors are persons whose income or livelihood depends directly upon the popular support of our citizens their unlawful acts take on an even more serious aspect. Thousands of our thoughtful fellow-citizens realized this recently when it was made public that two prominent radio performers were accused of smuggling precious jewels into the country. It has been reported that 30,000 letters were received by one sponsor and 15,000 letters by another demanding that the accused performers be taken off the air. Thus far these requests have remained unheeded because the sponsors have not felt the disapproval of the general public sufficiently in a falling off in the purchases of their wares. Whether in these instances popular disapproval will become strong enough to force the removal of these stars remains to be seen. Nevertheless no one can blame any patriotic citizen for expressing his strong disapproval of such breaches of trust by turning the dial of his radio to another station when such persons are on the air.

A Parable of Ahfed the Wise On the Sparkplug

I SATE behind the wheel of my Antiquated Jaloppy. The sun was shining Brightly, the birds were singing Sweetly, and I was at Peace with the World. Suddenly the Beauty and Stillness of the Pleasant Countryside was Rudely Disturbed by a series of Terrific

Explosions that came forth from my Motor and the Engine began to buck like the Proverbial Broncho.

Now my knowledge of the Inner Workings of my Jaloppy is Extremely Elementary and the possibility that I might lift up its Hood and Successfully Adjust any minor Mechanical Irregularities is extremely remote. Therefore I was Mightily Gratified that I was nearing a Village, where peradventure I might find an Expert Mechanic who would correct the Trouble in the Bowels of my Jaloppy.

As the Grimy Son of Vulcan, whom I found in a shop Adjacent to a Filling Station, examined the Engine, he gave forth Gutteral Sounds that informed me my Timing was out of Whack, the Spark-plugs needed Cleaning and Adjusting, and that the job would take Several Hours to complete.

There was nothing Else to Do About it so I sate me down on a convenient Oil-Drum and Patiently Awaited the conclusion of the Task, fervently hoping the bill would not be greater than the Small Amount of Cash I had in my Jeans.

And I mused upon the Automobile and all that it has done to change the life of All of us during the past Score Years and more. And I remembered that it was the Invention of the Spark-plug that was so important in perfecting the Inner Combustion Engine, without which if we had any at all, our Cars would probably all be like the old-time White and Stanley Steamers.

And I remembered that many of the Mechanical Terms of Automobile Parts have passed into the Vernacular of our People; that in our various Societies, Social, Industrial, and Political, certain Persons are known as Spark-plugs because their Fiery Enthusiasm verily keeps the Other Members of the organizations from Lethargy and Indifference, even as the Life of the Party keeps a social gathering from Insipid Boredom.

And I meditated on the fact that for many years the Democratic Party had been wallowing in the Slough of Despond until it chose Franklin Delano as its leader, and that he has been the Spark-plug of its organization ever since, and that for many Moons the Republican Party has been praying for a Spark-plug of His Sort, to bring to life the old and dried bones of the Elephant.

But as I recalled my Dilemma on the Highway when my Jaloppy's Spark-plugs had gone off on a tantrum, not because the Spark-plugs were not functioning, but because the Timer was out of commission, I concluded that Spark-plugs have their place in Social groups, in Political Parties,

and in Automobiles, but if the machine is to function properly, it is Most Important that the Timing be right.

The Lowly Comma

A SAD failing of many otherwise estimable people is their lack of conscience when it comes to commas. They sprinkle them about, when they write, as if it made little difference where they fall. They commafy their writings in a random way, about as one salts soup. To those of this gentry who are not hopelessly committed to their evil ways the following historical narrative may serve as a warning and an admonition.

The New York *Daily News,* in a recent issue, published an interview with Miss Clare Booth, author of several Broadway hits. It stated, among other things, that Miss Booth's hobbies included "surfboard riding, shooting cats and needlepoint." The newspaper, in due time, appeared on the streets, and, also in due time, darkness fell over Babylon-by-the-Sea, and its inhabitants went their several nocturnal ways, iniquitous or otherwise. The next morning, when the sun was just beginning to take a good look at the great city across from Weehawken, a telegram was handed to the editor of the *News.* It was signed by Alma Eleanor Catts, President, Bronx Chapter, S.P.C.M.F.F.F. (which is interpreted to mean, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Man's Four-Footed Friends).

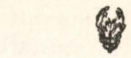
Alma Eleanor had her warpaint on, as the editor realized when he read what her telegram said, to wit: "Feel that you should write strong editorial condemning heartless hobby quote shooting cats unquote of successful cynical Clare Booth which she so brutally confesses to in your paper." The editor did what he could: he explained that there should have been a comma after "shooting." That relieved the situation as far as the four-footed cats were concerned, but drop a tear, please, for poor Alma Eleanor Catts. Miss Booth, asked to comment, said only, "I love real cats, but not some lady cats I know."

And all for a comma.

Above the Palms

THE Golden Gate International Exposition is open. On February 18, more than 130,000 people crowded the gates of Treasure Island on San Francisco Bay to be in on the grand opening. The attendance on Washington's Birthday was greater by some 30,000, and the officials of the Exposition are reported to be jubilant, not only because the weather for the

first week was most favorable and the crowds large beyond expectation, but also because the average expenditure of each visitor to the Fair has been $2.40, and they had estimated only $1.20. Accordingly, the financial success of the Exposition is now heralded as assured. In addition to the natural beauty of its setting, its impressive architecture and landscaping, and its interesting exhibits, the Exposition has unfortunately and unwittingly epitomized the spirit of the age in a very graphic way. Along the Avenue of Palms, which leads out from the Court Pacifica, there stands a gigantic cash register, a contribution of the National Cash Register Company, which rises ominously above the palms to dominate a large section of the Pageant of the Pacific and to indicate the daily attendance figure, which now totals more than half a million. If the visitor to Treasure Island returns home with an all too vivid impression of finances, it will be due undoubtedly to the sinister influence of this mammoth exhibit among the palms. Why the officials of the Exposition granted such disturbing prominence to a prosaic cash register suffering from hypertrophy can only be imagined or, perhaps, explained only by the cash register itself. At any rate, we cannot blame the officials for the rumor spread by visitors to the Fair that Sally Rand is outdrawing Michelangelo.



Catching Them Young

TAKING candy away from a child has always been regarded as a mean trick, but a meaner one, the Federal Trade Commission believes, is using illegal dodges to make children buy candy. Specifically the Federal Trade Commission objects to the use of lotteries in the sale of candy. Punchboards are one variety of this dodge. Not only is the child's natural taste for candy exploited, but in addition his appetite for candy is whetted by the fever of gambling. For a penny, a child punches a slip of paper out of a punchboard. Then, if he punches a lucky name or winning number, he gets a penny piece of candy and a special prize—perhaps a nickel piece of candy.

What often happens, of course, is that if a child doesn't win a prize the first time, the gambler's fever gets hold of him, and in the heat of it away goes his pocket money, not to mention his appetite, as the result of eating too much candy.

There are variants of this practice, and one in particular deserves mention. It is called the "break and take lottery." The child buys a penny chocolate and breaks it

open. If the center is colored, he gets another piece of candy free. If it is white he does not. Observers have reported clusters of children, in candy stores near schools, "breaking and taking," and stuffing their mouths full of chocolates as fast as their pennies permit in an eager chase for a colored center.

Use of any lottery in the sale of commodities is rated as an unfair method of competition. Where these cases are reported to the Federal Trade Commission, it proceeds against the persons involved.

The Power of Religion

THE February issue of the *Survey Graphic* presents a deeply significant article by the British journalist, F. A. Voigt. On the basis of careful examination Mr. Voigt considers the status of Christianity in the two countries where it is under fire today, Russia and Germany. His conclusion concerning religious conditions in Germany is consonant with the entire history of the Christian Church: "The two Christian Churches exercise a greater power today than they did under the tolerant Republic before the despotic Third Reich." The article in the *Survey Graphic* is another example of the growing importance of religion in the modern world, even to the secular mind. It is said that Prof. Einstein was thoroughly amazed when he discovered that the only effective opposition to the excesses of Nazi-ism came from the Confessional Church. Before our eyes lies another demonstration of the ancient truth that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Pots and Kettles

DURING the past month Chicago has again passed through the quadrennial nightmare known as a city election. The four candidates seemed to spring directly from the pages of a political satire. There was Edward J. Kelly, protégé of the Roman Catholic Church, present incumbent, and a man who belatedly paid over $100,000 in forgotten income tax a few years ago. There was Thomas J. Courtney, who never heard of civil liberties and whose greatest achievement to date has been the smashing of a number of handbooks by methods which closely approximate those of the dictators. There was Dwight H. Green, Republican, young utilities lawyer, who seemed to have no idea of the real issues involved in the campaign. There was Wm. Hale Thompson, who rode into office two decades ago on a wave of Irish and German votes, gar-

nered by his avowed intention to keep King George V out of Chicago. It was all very sad.

On the evening of election day we wandered around to a few polling places to interview the gentlemen who actually carry on in the local precinct. The Democratic watcher told us succinctly, "The thing is in the bag." The Republican drew us around the corner and wailed: "What are ya gonna do against a machine like that? If ya got four votes in your family, ya get $5.00 for standin' here and 'watchin' the place.' The five bucks are paid the minute the four votes are in. See that house over there? Twenty-three people live in it. And there ain't a Republican vote in the whole joint. All WPA workers. What are ya gonna do when ya are up against an outfit like that?" Here is Democracy at its worst. It may be comparatively easy to dismiss this wholesale corruption with a shrug of the shoulders, but it also has a very serious side. To survive, Democracy must be as clean as possible. Waves of stupidity and corruption like those in the recent Chicago election do more to undermine the foundations of Democracy than all the rallies of Communists and Bunds.

It struck us particularly that almost all the people who were conscious of the dark side of the election were members of the Christian Church. But they did nothing about it. Apparently they never thought of applying the principles of Christian ethics to political life. It is significant that the recently convicted Tammany District leader in New York, James J. Hines is an active Catholic. Until members of the Christian Church resolve to apply Christian ethics to the political life of America, especially in its larger cities, our politics will continue to operate on the lowest possible level.

The Hines Case

THE sensational trial of James J. Hines has finally come to an end, and the "blue ribbon jury" has found the defendant guilty. When reporters asked the convicted man how he felt about it all, he countered with the question, "How would you feel if you got kicked in the belly?" The energetic district attorney, Thomas E. Dewey, on the other hand, declared that the jurors had "reasserted the ability of democracy to clean its own house and cast out those who betray it."

Although we rejoice whenever the corruption which, sad to say, is so prevalent throughout the length and breadth of our land is brought up short with a whacking kick in the belly, we do not relish the many and manifold political

implications of the notorious Hines case. They cause decent citizens everywhere to hang their heads in shame. One wonders whether the *New York Times,* which, according to its own everlastingly repeated statement, purveys all the news that's fit to print, would have devoted more than four pages of its February 26 issue to the affair if the entire matter were not so closely bound up with national politics. As a result of the verdict of the jury, the party to which Mr. Hines belongs has—at least in some quarters—suffered a loss in prestige for the time being, while Mr. Dewey, whose political affiliations happen to be on the opposite side of the fence, is being vigorously ballyhooed as truly remarkable presidential timber.

We do not question the sincerity and the personal integrity of the victorious prosecutor, nor can we be sorry when men convicted of the doings for which Mr. Hines was brought to trial are stopped sharply in their tracks; but we should feel much happier about the whole New York mess if its political angles and repercussions were not stressed in the press and on the air to the point of paying little or no attention to its many moral implications. Much more than the occasional conviction of racketeers is needed to bring about a more wholesome and more savory state of affairs in the United States. It is vitally important that citizens be led to a realization of the age-old and ever-pertinent truth that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Light

AN ELDERLY lady without near relatives found herself an inmate of a Home for the Aged. She began to suffer from senile dementia, and her antics became a nightmare to those in charge of the "home." The institution's doctor finally sent her to a county psychopathic hospital for observation and diagnosis. Her pastor and the officers of her church followed her case with sympathetic interest. Two weeks of observation and careful examination revealed that the patient ought, in her own interest as well as that of everybody else, to be committed to a state institution for mental cases. The hour and day for her trial were set. The court convened at the appointed time, and the case was called. The doctors and social workers of the psychopathic institution, the superintendent of the "home," the pastor and the attorney of the patient, plus several interested friends walked into the court-room.

The judge and jury were seated behind a long table, listening to the testimony. Suddenly the court procedure was halted. A note was delivered to the judge. Someone had called the state's attorney's office and asked that the case be postponed so that additional investigations might be made in the old lady's interest. The judge, without a moment's hesitation, announced the request and postponed the case for one week. Thus did American justice cast its protecting arm about a poor, lonely, and mentally helpless old lady, lest she be dealt with unjustly. The extra precaution was unnecessary in this instance, for she was clearly a mental case, but the act of the judge revived a sometimes waning confidence in the humaneness and justice of American courts. It seemed good to be living in a country in which such guardianship would be given by a court to one who had neither power nor wealth which could speak for her.

More Light

EVERY intelligent American citizen knows that the continued life of our free and democratic forms of government depends on the preservation of a proper balance between the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of our government. When, in the dark days of the depression and in the years which followed, an extraordinary amount of power was given to the executive branch of government in order to meet emergency needs more rapidly and effectively, and when great pressure was exerted to bring the United States Supreme Court into step with new social attitudes in modern government, many American citizens feared that the proper balance between the three branches of government had been lost forever. Recent events do not, however, support such a pessimistic view. The Supreme Court has, by its verdict on the sit-down strike and its reversal of National Labor Relations Board's decisions, manifested an independence of action which is heartening, while it has at the same time also begun to manifest a greater appreciation of human, as compared with material, values. Meanwhile Congress has begun to assert its independence from the executive branch of government by its refusal to vote relief appropriations in the amount asked by the President and by its loud, if not learned, criticism of the President's foreign policies and armament program. We suspect that the President's views are the wiser, but we appreciate the rather naïve caperings of a free Congress even though they be folly. The three branches of government are again

in safe balance, and the liberties we prize—liberty of speech, of press, of religion, of free assembly —are with us to stay for yet a while.

Science and Truth

YESTERDAY it was bitter cold, and so the weather report cheered me when it said of today: "Thursday fair and warmer." It persisted in its goodly message this morning, only becoming more articulate in it: "Fair Thursday; rising temperature; gentle to moderate west to southwest winds." Alas, the promise made so deliberately and insistently has not been redeemed. I know, for it is now Thursday night. Since morning the wind has come from south and southwest, and it has blown strong and hard and has shaken much snow from its wings. All day long the sun has not so much as dreamt of peeping through. It has been colder than yesterday. Meteorological science, with its network of stations and all its instruments and observers, has spoken, and its words have been empty of knowledge.

I have recently followed again a trial in which the sanity of a man was at issue. A number of men qualified as scientific experts. The same question was propounded to them all, and some emphatically said yes to it, and some just as emphatically said no. Yet both sides spoke in the name of science.

Is science, then, a fraud and a joke? Far from it. It is one of the most marvelous achievements of the human mind. But that means that it is human, and to be human is to be fallible. The fallibility of science shows itself again and again in fields in which we can check up on it by observation, though these are the very fields in which it is at home and the only ones in which it can properly employ its methods. How much more fallible, then—yes, unworthy even of serious regard—are statements which are made in the name of science about matters that in their very nature are beyond the reach of scientific observation, investigation, or verification.

The Uncle and Competitors

IN PARIS, when Jacques or Francois needs some cash in a hurry to buy a stove or pay a doctor's bill, he is likely to go to the municipal pawnshop. He says, "I'm going to see my aunt."

In the United States there are no municipal pawnshops. Instead of "my aunt," there is, to be sure, the private pawnbroker who is "uncle" to his customers.

A study has been made of the

amount of money borrowed by American citizens in the course of a year. The estimate for 1936 is 14 billion dollars, and this does not include mortgages on homes or unpaid doctor bills—nor does it include loans on insurance policies or loans from friends and relatives. Of this amount the pawn shop got perhaps 160 million dollars. The pawnbroker institution is a peculiar one since the pawnbroker is half merchant, half lender. He lends only against the security of the pledge. Since about one of every two pledges is not redeemed, he must be shrewd and speedy at appraisal of everything from watches, furs, clothing, and luggage to fraternity pins and firearms. Every day, in the city of New York alone, over 5,000 watches and 6,000 pieces of jewelry are "hocked." Interest rates vary from 12 to 120 per cent a year. A model State law drafted by the Russell Sage Foundation—but not widely enacted—allows 3 per cent per month on the unpaid balance of the loan.

While the pawnshop is the most ancient institution in the loan business and is often related to crime, it is a respectable business, while the loan shark operates only technically within the law. The amount borrowed from these usurers is about the same annually as the loans from pawnbrokers.

By far the largest amount, almost half a billion dollars, is obtained from licensed small loan (or personal finance) companies.

The chief source of consumer credit, unfortunately not available to many of the needy, is the credit union, which is a savings and loan co-operative. Credit unions are organized among people who not only know each other, but have easy contact with each other—people who work together, or belong to the same church or trade union or co-operative society. Most common form of credit union is that organized by employees in a single factory or shop or business office. The interest rate is about 1 per cent per month, and interest is paid only for the period the borrower has the money. Credit unions can make their rates low because they lend members' savings. There are no large profits to be made, although members' savings usually earn 3 to 6 per cent dividends a year. Only about 80 million dollars are borrowed from such institutions annually.

The Federal Government pays an average rate of interest of 2.59 per cent on the public debt. An industrial enterprise may borrow $100,000 from the bank at 6 per cent a year. But private citizens have to pay, as a rule, anywhere from 10 to 50 per cent interest, often a great deal more.

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The Heart of History

GOOD FRIDAY. . . . The most important day in the history of man. . . . Let a man say what he believes about the six hours from nine until three and we shall know, as surely as we can in the time of Good Fridays, the eternal fate of his soul. . . . Strange things happened on the little hill nineteen hundred years ago, but none more strange than the fact that the hands of God pressed the story of man into six hours. . . . Nineteen centuries of birth and death, of pomp and circumstance, of crashing empires and falling sparrows, have not given men a new way to see the Cross and its meaning for those who pass by. . . . The Roman governor still walks the streets of the world, touched but not persuaded, glimpsing heaven and choosing hell, the twentieth century man—proud, careful, cynical, afraid in his bravery of the greatest courage in life, the courage of faith. . . . All the others are here too—the mob blind to everything but blood—the blind leaders of the blind who fear that the power of heaven will take away their power on earth—the unseeing who make a holiday of hate out of the suffering of God. . . . For six hours—for nineteen hundred years—it goes on, the traffic along the road beside the Cross, where men and women pass and linger and look, or hurry by; and every man's life is changed by the look he gives the stricken figure upon it. . . . This is all he can know, or needs to know, here and hereafter. . . . Whatever else may grow dim, or be broken and lost, the darkness of the Cross lights up his way homeless and alone without it, a shining light across the dark. . . . The mystery of mysteries. . . . A limp, torn body hangs upon a Cross, but in it, above it, beyond it, is the Light that never was on land or sea. . . .

All great events of history have been misunderstood. . . . The Cross is no exception. . . . Why has this

pouring of the world's sorrow on one Head held men these many years? . . . Is it because suffering is a language that all men can understand? . . . Is it the terrible fascination of the triumph of evil? . . . Is it a momentary glimpse into the hidden heroism of the soul of man which, embodied in its best and fairest, can reach heights of unselfishness unconquered by those whose only destiny is the dust? . . . Men have said these things and have lost the fulness of the Cross in its splinters. . . . There is no need to explain the Cross. . . . God has explained it. . . . Over and over again so that no one might misunderstand, but perhaps most clearly and finally in the twenty-five words which we know as John 3, 16. . . . The Cross is eternally silent unless it speaks, now and for all time, of the reality of sin, the sureness of judgment, and the conquering love which forgives sin and removes judgment by the atoning death of Him Who became the everlasting chalice for all the tenderness of God and all the broken hopes of men. . . . This men must mean when they say "I believe in Jesus Christ," or they may as well say "I believe in Stephen" or "in Joan of Arc." . . .

Six hours and nineteen hundred years. . . . We hear again the loud voices saying that His day is done. . . . So men heard them during those six hours, and in every generation since. . . . But reiteration has never made a thing true. . . A cross still towers above the thrones that men build for their idols, and a crown of thorns is still greater than all the crowns of gold the world has known and will know. . . . 33 A.D. to 1939 A.D. . . . The heart of history—the heart of God—and here and there the believing heart of man. . . . This is all of Good Friday. . . .

Anatomy of Lying

LYING has always been one of the favorite pastimes of humanity. . . . In truth there are some philosophers who hold that the human race as it is constituted today would not be able to bear the sharp, white light of truth in the relations between men with men and nations with nations. . . . It is, however, also true that it has remained for our age to organize lying as it never has in the long story of men's lies. . . . Lying has become a fine art. . . . Today it has more machinery at its disposal than ever before. . . . With his natural tendency toward lying, man has promptly seen the tremendous possibilities in the new means of transmission of lies. . . .

Of late we have been compelled by circumstances to make a cursory study of the technique of lying. . . . The following points present

a tentative anatomy of lying. . . . Undoubtedly some of our readers have made a closer study of the subject and can fill in the obvious gaps in this study. . . .

1. Lying, in order to be effective, must not be entirely untrue. . . . It is much better to indulge in half truths. . . . Never tell an outright lie. . . . Point out, for example, that there are some powerful Jews in Wall Street, without laying yourself open to contradiction by saying that Wall Street is dominated by Jews. . . . Half truths are much more potent than downright lies. . . . A few night ago we heard the following statement over the radio. "X cigarettes are winning the highest percentage of new friends in the popular price class." . . . Note that statement. . . . Note the word "percentage." . . . Note the words "popular price." . . . In complete isolation the statement may be perfectly true, but in the total situation of selling cigarettes in America the statement is absolutely meaningless. . . . It is a half-truth—or less. . . .

2. In order to gain entrance for lies, be sure to use capitalized catch words which automatically create an emotional reaction in your audience. . . . Examples: Fascism, Communism, Liberty, International Jew, Democracy. . . . If those words are used often enough, almost any lie will be possible.

3. To lie efficiently, it becomes necessary to choose your emphasis. . . . This is closely related to our first point and might also be called generalization from a few isolated instances. . . . Example: Last month a Lutheran pastor addressed a notorious rally of the German American Bund in Madison Square Garden, New York City. . . . Already journals of opinion are drawing dark conclusions concerning the Lutheran Church from this isolated appearance of a misguided German American who happens to be a Lutheran pastor. . . . Example: A leading American journal recently featured a series of articles intended to demonstrate that the Catholic Church has Fascist tendencies. . . . This may be true, but the argumentation of the articles belongs under the anatomy of lying. . . . On the basis of a few isolated examples, the writer attempted to build up a case against the entire Catholic Church.

4. One of the most attractive ways of lying is the method of false analogy. . . . America condemns the persecution of the Jews in Germany and the Nazi newspapers point to the prevalence of lynching in the South. . . . The analogy appears to be true until one remembers that all decent public opinion as well as the laws of the United States are opposed to lynching. . . .

And so forth. . . . Lying as a fine art has become a fascinating

study. . . . An evening at the radio, a few hours with newspapers, or a reluctant attendance at some political rallies, will furnish more material than THE CRESSET can publish. . . . The entire matter is worth careful attention. . . . Historians say that whenever a revolt broke out anywhere in the Roman Empire the first question of the assembled senators was *Cui prodest?* "Who benefits?" . . . Apparently the Romans were wiser than we. . . .

Staff's End

OUR few remarks concerning education in the last issue have brought a number of echoes. . . . While we investigate the matter further, we suddenly run across a statement by Napoleon at the sessions of the Council of State in 1804. . . . His words have the ring of prophecy: "Up to the present, the only good education we have met with is that of the ecclesiastical bodies. I would rather see the children of a village in the hands of a man who only knows his catechism but whose principles are known to me, than of a half baked man of learning who has no foundations for his morality and no fixed ideas. Religion is the vaccine of the imagination; she preserves it from all dangerous and absurd beliefs. An Ignorantine friar knows enough to tell a working man that this life is but a passage. If you take faith away from the people you will end by producing nothing but highway robbers." . . . This has come true. . . .

THE CRESSET'S record for reviewing all the best sellers has been remarkably high. . . . Now and then, however, illness or some other contingency to which human flesh is heir prevent the review of a book which should receive notice. . . . This has happened in the case of Pierre Van Paassen's *Days of Our Years*. . . . A really remarkable volume. . . . It is the autobiography of a Dutchman reared in Holland and Canada against a Calvinist background, at one time close to the ministry, and during the past fifteen years a roving correspondent for various newspapers. . . . If half the stories Van Paassen tells are true, his book is one of the most significant of the decade. . . . He retells the old legend of the appearance of Pope Benedict XV in No Man's Land in October 1917. . . . He reports that Marshal Lyautey of France analyzed the trial of Jesus and insisted that he would have shot the Galilean long before He came to Jerusalem for the Passover. . . . He presents the most vivid picture of Ethiopia before and during the Italian conquest we have seen anywhere. . . .

Van Paassen can hardly be called a Christian in the historic

sense of the word. . . . All the religion he has left after fifteen years of knocking about the world is a vague humanitarianism. . . . For this reason, perhaps, his repeated and telling attacks on the Roman Catholic Church must be taken with more than the usual grain of salt. . . . At times, however, his criticisms have the ring of inherent truth. . . . Look, for example, at his description of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain before the Spanish Civil War. . . . "I had seen religious processions in 1931, one in Seville and one in Saragossa, still another in Cáceres, a small town where there were thirty-eight monasteries, the one standing next to the other in an endless row like the cathedrals in the Kremlin of Moscow, processions carrying a golden-diademed statue of the Virgin which was literally buried under jewels, diamonds, rubies, smaragds and other precious stones, including decorations and stars of the kind worn by victorious generals and diplomats on their gala uniforms. Priests in golden vestments walked under baldachins of purple and damask, swinging censers of silver and filigree, preceded by banners of silk and jewel-studded croziers, surrounded by lace-wearing acolytes, train bearers and boys in violet soutanes carrying glittering boxes containing relics, followed by a monstrance of a value of three million pesetas that burst upon the eye like a cluster of diamonds. And looking on, pouring from the putrid alleys of the Triana quarter in Seville, and saluting the Real Presence by dropping on their knees, I had seen the hollow-cheeked, ragged, barefooted Magdalenes, the disheveled women, the unkempt hungry children, the very flesh and blood of Jesus." . . .

Reading with a purpose is, we suppose, necessary. . . . There are, however, hours when the greatest pleasure comes from haphazard turning of pages that have long remained untouched. . . . In such an hour we suddenly struck a translation of the greatest medieval hymn, the *Dies Irae*. . . . It is to be found in the posthumous poems of Swinburne (of all persons). . . . Perhaps we are wrong, but it would seem that none of the many translations of this famous hymn has so definitely caught the sonorous organ-like chords of the original. . . . A few stanzas . . .

"Day of wrath, the years are keeping,
When the world shall rise from sleeping,
With a clamour of great weeping!

"Earth shall fear and tremble greatly
To behold the advent stately
Of the Judge that judgeth straitly,

"And the trumpet's fierce impatience
Scatter strange reverberations
Thro' the graves of buried nations.

"When the just are troubled for thee

Who shall plead for me before thee,
Who shall stand up to implore thee?

"Lest my great sin overthrow me,
Let thy mercy, quickened thro' me,
As a fountain overflow me!

"For my sake thy soul was moved;
For my sake thy name reproved,
Lose me not whom thou hast loved!

"Yea, when shame and pain were sorest,
For my love the cross thou borest,
For my love the thorn-plait worest.

"By that pain that overbore thee,
By those tears thou weptest for me,
Leave me strength to stand before thee.

"When thy sharp wrath burns like fire,
With the chosen of thy desire,
Call me to the crowned choir!

"Prayer, like flame with ashes blending,
From my crushed heart burns ascending;
Have Thou care for my last ending."

Moonset

With stately step the Goddess of the Night
Has trod her nightly course from East to West;
Her work is done. She sinks at last to rest
'Neath yon black brooding rock. The soft, pale light
That tended her along her star-flecked way
With her is gone; the great white disk, which late
Gave light to all the world, bids no beam wait
To light it still, nor sheds forth yet one ray.

Through gloom of night I too must find my way;
I too, when I have run my course, must sink
Beneath the cold, black hills of death. I pray,
When I have passed, men still of me may think
Some little while, that my light shed abroad
May help to guide some falt'ring soul to God.

A MINISTERIAL STUDENT

Our correspondent at the capital presents some observations on relations between the Roman hierarchy and the U.S.A.—

THE VATICAN AND WASHINGTON, D.C.

By J. FREDERIC WENCHEL

BEAUTIFUL Massachusetts Avenue with its double line of linden trees has become the avenue of the newer embassies and legations. The Roman Catholic Church is erecting a pretentious edifice at the cost of $500,000 opposite the Norwegian Legation and not far from the imposing complex of buildings comprising the British Embassy. Many people are asking, "Is the Roman Catholic Church getting ready for an accredited Papal Legate to the United States"? The big sign says, "The future home of the Apostolic Delegation." No doubt the Roman Catholic Church greatly desires one, and is paving the way for it. This is in accordance with its spirit and policy. It is always anxious to link up with governments, and to have official recognition, and to play an important part in public affairs. An American legate would add to its prestige and power. He would occupy the limelight at public functions. In Catholic countries he has precedence over the representatives of national governments. He represents the church, and the church is higher than the state. Official precedence would not be accorded in this country, but it would prevail, practically. The advent of Cardinal Mundelein in Washington causes a far greater stir than that of any ambassador. Politicians and government officials fall over themselves to do him honor.

A Little History

We had a minister at the Vatican from 1848 to 1866. There was justification for this at that time. The Pope was then the temporal head and sovereign of the papal states, which comprised over 16,000

square miles of territory, including the important city of Rome. Congress failed to appropriate funds and so ended our representation. There was a great deal of opposition to this representation because of the Pope's intolerance against Protestant churches. Although we had a minister to the Vatican, Rome has never had a legate to the U. S. government. How people felt at that time is shown by the unfavorable reception that Cardinal Bedini received in the United States in 1853. He was on his way to Brazil as Papal Nuncio. Minister Case, our minister at the Vatican, asked that the Cardinal and his delegation be received by the President. He did this at the request of the Pope. This gave rise to an impression that he had come to broach the question of diplomatic representation. He brought letters from the Pope. What they contained is not a matter of record. That the above-mentioned impression prevailed, however, even at the White House is shown by the description of the reception which Edna M. Colman gives in her most interesting book, *Seventy Years of White House Gossip*. She writes:

"According to the story as related by the military attaché on the President's staff, now deceased, the President and his advisers were at a loss to determine just how to make a diplomatic denial of the plea. As the delegation filed into the East Room, in which the President, Cabinet, Supreme Court and representatives from Congress were assembled, the entire group was keyed up with curiosity as to an answer. After all the ceremonies of introduction and greetings and felicitations had been exchanged, this plea was presented to the President in a letter written in the Pope's own hand. . . . He (the President) suavely sidetracked a definite answer by explaining that the position of the United States among nations required that its dealings be conducted with the head or reigning ruler. This appeared impossible, as from their own statement Christ was head of the Church and State of Italy.

"As there was nothing more to be said, the delegation merely bowed itself out and all present were requested to maintain silence on the subject."

This occurred under President Pierce, and not under Fillmore as she states. Bedini's visit was resented by very many people, and here and there insulting demonstrations against him occurred, even bad eggs being hurled at him, so that the Secretary of State found it necessary to express regrets. A great change has taken place since then. When a few years ago Cardinal Pacelli, the papal secretary, visited this country, even though it was again in-

timated in the press that he had come on the same mission, there was no unpleasant incident of any kind.

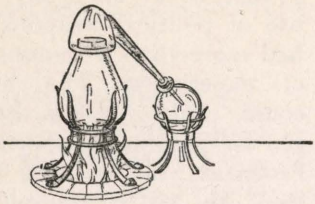
The Chicago Cardinal

Before the visit last autumn of Cardinal Mundelein to Rome, he visited the President. The daily press stated that "the President turned virtually the whole day over to his friend, Cardinal Mundelein." The President and the Cardinal, side by side in a limousine, drove to the Navy Yard to attend Navy Day exercises. They were greeted with cheers along the way and were received at the Yard with a detachment of sailors by the Commandant. The afternoon they spent together on the President's yacht. Whether they discussed the question of diplomatic representation, as some of the newspapers surmised, we do not know. It may have been only a political move; it was just before the November election. There is no question of the effect that day spent with the President made on Europe. There was a general feeling, as the press dispatches showed, that the Cardinal was coming directly from the President to take up with the Pope the question of diplomatic representation. The official papal organ, *L'Osservatore Romano,* according to Dr. Frederick Juchhoff, Ph.D., D.C.L.A., a noted political writer, contended for a resumption of diplomatic relations, pointing to "the large number of Roman Catholics in America and their intimate bond with the Vatican—a bond which is really far stronger than that which binds them to the nation under whose protection they live and prosper!"

Cardinal Mundelein was given a reception far beyond any ever given any American Cardinal, or any prominent American man or woman. Here are some of the interesting highlights according to the *New York Times* of November 5, 1938. "Upon arrival on board the *Rex* at Naples the Cardinal was received by representatives of the United States, the Holy See, and the Italian authorities. The reception committee included U. S. Ambassador William Phillips; Edward L. Read, counsellor of the Embassy; and Captain Thaddeus, Jr., naval attendant." They had traveled all the way from Rome. "A little later the Cardinal and his suite and the welcoming committee were picked up by the barge of Rear Admiral Henry E. Lackey, commanding the U. S. Mediterranean Fleet, and taken aboard the Cruiser Omaha where there was a luncheon in his honor." In Naples, after he had been given military honors, "the Cardinal entered a special train the government had placed at the disposal of the U. S. government." When the train reached Rome, "the entire U. S.

Embassy staff was presented as well as the heads and staffs of various embassies and legations." These extraordinary honors were arranged at the express request of President Roosevelt, according to the press dispatches from Rome.

Never was the time so propitious as at the present. In the last five or six years Roman Catholic prestige has increased greatly in Washington. It has more prominent men in key positions and more people in office than ever before. We are not writing from a partisan political standpoint, but are dealing with a matter of fact. The Roman Catholics have always been more in evidence during the incumbency of Democratic presidents than during Republican régimes. Explain it as you will. This was true of Cleveland's administration; it was certainly true of Wilson's; and it is most certainly true of Roosevelt's. Since Congress never abolished the office of U. S. minister to the Vatican, President Roosevelt, it is generally held, would be within his powers to name a minister to the Vatican again. He would have to ask the Senate to confirm him, and congress to appropriate the necessary funds. Would congress turn it down? We have serious doubts whether the majority would vote against it. They would be denounced as bigots; they would face political death. The Roman Catholic church is an adept in effective use of political weapons. It has had more than a thousand years of experience. The hierarchy could easily stir up their people by presenting opposition as Protestant bigotry and persecution. In his resolution in the House, Congressman Shanley, a Roman Catholic, extolling the late Pope and proposing that it adjourn in his memory, took occasion not only to refer to him as the supreme sovereign of the Roman Catholic Church, but also as the sovereign of the Vatican City. This is preposterous. Of what does the Vatican City consist? It embraces less than 150 acres of territory and 1006 inhabitants. It was not worth mentioning. Congressman Shanley must have had some purpose. This morning's *Washington Post,* February 24, in a column called "Over the Coffee Cup," written by Harlan Miller, has this interesting item: "4:21 P.M. Took a look at the new Apostolic mansion almost finished, where the new Pope's envoy will live some day. It's one of the three or four most magnificent diplomatic buildings in Washington, what they call a palace in Italy, and not far away is the site of the new German Embassy which Hitler keeps delaying."



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*

Is fine art a delusion? You have occasionally asked yourself that question. Maybe you haven't put it just that way. You may have asked, "These Raphael madonnas, like the Sistine, are they as fine as they are said to be, or is it something that only a professor of painting can see?" Just to assure you—the Sistine Madonna is a wonder and deserves the room it has all by itself in the Dresden Museum. It is utter perfection in color, drawing, and composition. (And the Virgin is all gentleness and compassion, while the Child on her arm has the flaming eyes of an angry judge. You can see this effect only in the original.) And in the great hall adjoining, Murillo's Holy Night, which you have seen reproduced a dozen times, is as marvelous in its illumination as the text books describe it. There is no delusion about the art of the great masters. It is not something that you imagine you see because the art teachers tell you to see it. If people stand and gape and see nothing and still pretend to be entranced, that is their business. It does not make the rest of us hypocrites.

That the appeal of true art is genuine was brought home to me on more than one occasion. I am thinking of some experiences with architecture. (Really what started this disquisition on art was the somewhat comprehensive praise given to Goodhue's Capitol building at Lincoln, Nebraska, in the last issue of CRESSET—which, being called "one of the most beautiful of all buildings ever erected," must be *some building.*)

We were touring in Ohio and were heading through the northern tier of counties for Cleveland. We were making up lost time when we came through the town of Fremont. Driving down the main street, we saw a building

—a Building, let me tell you, which made the young person at the wheel park immediately at the curb, no one complaining, and we all got out and spent a half hour looking at the outside and the inside of a church* which had just been put under roof, its window-openings closed with paper. As we were leaving the structure, we saw on a blue-print, left on the stonemason's table, the name Ralph Adams Cram.

I was member of a committee selecting an architect. We had seen a dozen colleges and universities. We were at Princeton, New Jersey, and on a turn of the road in the campus caught sight of a building of which we knew a little later that it had secured for its designer the most distinguished honor ever received by an American architect—the gold medal of the A.I.A. and the gold medal of the New York Institute. We did not know it then; but we knew that we had found our architect. Visit the dining halls of Princeton University designed by Charles Z. Klauder and tell me whether in all America you have seen anything more lovely in stone masonry than these window arches and the perfect proportion of their tracery? Don't ask me to define what makes these Princeton dining halls one of the most beautiful groups in America. Go, and see them. And no longer think that great art is a delusion.

Living art and dead. It is not a matter of age. The art of Botticelli, who died 1515, is still living art. And I could show you some portraits and landscapes, some sculpture and architecture, which are devoid of all appeal to the spirit although they are the work of artists still living. The spark of genius was not present in their production. Nor is living art guaranteed by a great name. Critics will tell you that even among the works of the great masters you will find occasionally paintings, bronzes, buildings of ordinary craftsmanship.

The genius of Goodhue. To make clear what I mean, walk with me up Fifth Avenue in New York City and as you walk north in the Fifties, you see a huge bulk on the right, its façade crowned with two enormous towers. That is St. Patrick's, Roman Catholic. You enter, and the tremendous nave comes into view, with rows of stately columns, windows of magnificent stained glass, and at the far end the sanctuary with white marble altar. A notable structure, colorful, splendid in its ornamentation, every line correct in its observance of the principles of gothic design.

We continue our walk up Fifth

* Grace Lutheran Church (A.L.C.)

Avenue, and at Fifty-Third Street, on the left, there is St. Thomas' Church, Protestant Episcopal. You enter, and as you pass through the door that opens into the nave, your eyes, getting accustomed to the gloom, make out the details of pillars and arches, and at the sanctuary the splendid pulpit, carved panels, and the high altar of white marble. You need not be a religious person to feel the difference between this shrine and St. Patrick's. The great Catholic cathedral is indeed Gothic architecture. It was constructed out of the handbooks of gothic, and every line has some counterpart in a hundred European cities. Tremendous, overpowering in its bulk, its appeal to my sense of the magnificent almost too obvious. Every little finial and spandrel meticulously correct—and the whole structure lacking just one thing, a soul. St. Thomas' not nearly as large as the cathedral, is living architecture. What I mean is that, as you take in its lines, the spirit of the place seems to be straining for utterance, its aggregate of limestone, granite, terracotta, colored glass, oak panels, and carved marble, all working their joint impression, an appeal to something within you which, in its turn, tries to find the answering word. Physically there is a thrill, and when the sun shoots unexpectedly a broad ray through the south windows, and the contrast of arches and dark recesses is brought out, if, in addition, some far-off choir sings at practice, or the organist brings in a few banks of pipes to fill the great space with harmony, you have the mystic experience aimed at through years of toil by the application of the full power of the genius of Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue.

You will want to visit other churches of Goodhue's—the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, facing Lexington Avenue at Sixty-sixth Street, selected by a group of famous architects as one of the fifteen most beautiful buildings in the United States—magnificent and absolutely unique, though modeled on fourteenth-century Gothic. Nowhere else will you see such a reredos, a screen of carved Hungarian oak that rises behind and above the main altar to a height of 46 feet. Then you will visit St. Bartholomew's, which is Byzantine, if I remember correctly, the church where high society is christened and married. And again there is nothing like St. Bartholomew's, at least not on this continent. The last church built from the designs of Goodhue is the chapel of the University of Chicago, beautiful in outline, with buttresses and panels ending in statuary on the south façade, a church which seems like

a desecration of sacred art inasmuch as it has no altar but—would you believe it?—three chairs against the back end of the sanctuary.

I still consider the church at West Point the highest achievement of Goodhue's genius—with its castle-like side walls and the two enormous buttresses on its front elevation—one of the most impressive churches ever built and the only example of military gothic in existence.

All of these churches are living, breathing art. Their architecture does not fail to impress the rudest mind. Its impressiveness requires no technical knowledge of architecture. That shiver which you feel as you enter one of these churches—or St. John the Divine, or Maryland Cathedral, or East Liberty, Pittsburgh, or Valley Forge, or Washington Cathedral, or any of the three Trinity Lutheran in Detroit, Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne, or any of the churches built by Goodhue or James Gamble Rogers or Cram—this response which they evoke in your soul, the master artist has meditated and worked for over his drawing-table many hours before the first complete draft of each of these structures was made.

"What we architects can do," said Mr. Goodhue to me some few years before his death, "is this emotional thrill that you felt, the shiver that goes over you when you enter a really fine church interior." This was at the Hotel Jefferson in St. Louis after a visit to the small, but well-designed, Christ Church Cathedral—in which Mr. Goodhue admired the altar though he declared that it was a "crib from Winchester." But, "this is all we can do," he said, when we were in his room, "and there the minister must begin; on that he must build up. We can create the religious atmosphere, the emotional background on which the messenger of the pulpit can play as on a sounding-board and evoke spiritual reactions—the religious impulse, the spirit of worship, sacrifice, devotion. All our designing and scheming," he continued, "all our figuring of stresses and strains, the complex work of writing specifications, the selection of materials, and the tedious work of dealing with contractors and engineers, all that has a single purpose, and that purpose is realized in the effect on your emotions as you open your eyes in the finished building. It is only a matter of pillars, stone arches, bits of stained glass, painted-in hands and faces, some carving in wood and marble, polychroming, a gleam of bright metal here and there, deep shadows, a lofty dark ceiling, and out of these natural elements your churchgoers get that which you want for

your sermon, the religious mood, the attitude of worship."

Later I visited Mr. Goodhue in his studio in New York City, and from his portfolio of sketches he showed me some, rather complete, of buildings that were never erected, others showing his ideal of what might have been done with the buildings that, even as they are, represent the pinnacle of the American builder's art. But even in the first rough drawings of these churches there was evident the striving for that mystic appeal, and through all the many transformations of composition, the breath of a living art. In the designs for the Lincoln Capitol—the attempt to suggest the wealth and power of a great state. But the conscious search for the ineffable, the infinite, in the drawings which projected a house of worship.

Can art create religion? Possibly what I mean can be stated best in the words of Dr. Theodore Buenger of Concordia College, St. Paul, who addressed his students, after his return from a European trip, somewhat as follows:

> Speaking of great church buildings, I wish to warn against that misplaced romantic view that takes these sensations produced by beautiful architecture to be religious emotions; they are absolutely only aesthetic, artistic. Emotions excited by the architecture of a Protestant church are not any different from those aroused by a Catholic place of worship or by a Turkish mosque, be it St. Sophia in Constantinople, the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, or one of the many in Cairo. You commit a logical error if you expect to get religious exaltation from fine church architecture; that can be called forth only by the Word of God, either directly, or indirectly by some circumstance that—and be it a cock's crow—recalls to your mind and memory the Word of God.

Asked to give some specific experience, Prof. Buenger said:

> I had a real devotional Sunday morning in the great Paris Notre Dame. I had sat through the high mass and studied the architecture. A low mass followed, but I continued to think in terms of Gothic piers and arches, triforiums and clearstories, and colored glass. One of the great French organists, Leone de St. Martin, was at the console, and our Lutheran "De Profundis" resounded; it called to my mind my shortcomings, but when it was followed by "O Bleeding Head and Wounded," I had sweet consolation. The organist had a full Bach program.

In this Dr. Buenger is absolutely right. While it is not to be admitted that the appreciation of high art is based upon a delusion, or on self-deception, it is very true that the thrill which we receive from a beautiful church-building—and this goes for reli-

gious painting, sculpture, music, even poetry—may not be a spiritual reaction at all, but purely the response of our esthetic sense. As every human being has an artistic sense which responds to rhythm, proportion, and the balance of the elements of beauty, so he has also within him something that will respond to the infinite, a feeling of exaltation, a mental thrill, which causes that chill or shiver which is its physical manifestation.

Here is the danger of deluding ourselves into thinking that things are all well spiritually with us because we can feel the solemnity and mystery of a fine church interior, a Bach cantata, an ivory crucifix.

If you wish proof for these statements, consider the ecstatic delight which an austere Puritan like John Milton received from the contemplation of a Gothic sanctuary and from the chanting of Gregorian anthems—all of which were to him, as a Protestant, the trappings of Antichrist, idolatrous abomination. This gives me an excuse for closing my rambling discourse on Art and Religion by quoting from *Il Penseroso* those lines which must forever stand among the glories of English poetry—

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowéd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

❖

The Unpardonable Sin

Were Americans in their place, they might do no better with the issues that divide Europeans. Almost certainly they would do no better. But Americans are not in the place of the Europeans and the essential difference is so great a good fortune that we must in honor realize that our failure to make the most of it by treating our problems with intelligence, good will, and with hope would be the unpardonable sin.—WALTER LIPPMAN.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

A Composer of Rare Refinement Is Fascinated by This Thing Called Jazz.

Charles Martin Loeffler, the son of a scientist, was born in Alsace in 1861. When he was ten years old, he was taken to Russia, where he began the study of the violin. Later on, he lived for a time in Hungary and in Switzerland. In 1881, he came to the United States and played in the orchestras of Leopold Damrosch and Theodore Thomas. In 1882, he became a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and from 1885 to 1903 he shared the first violin desk with the famous Franz Kneisel. He then resigned in order to devote himself to composition. His death occurred in 1936.

There are some who maintain that one may not refer to Loeffler's music as distinctively and unmistakably American in character. They point out that the extraordinarily retiring musician was born and educated in Europe, and they go so far as to declare that he was essentially of the dim and distant past.

But, when all is said and done, is it necessary for a composer to be nationalistic either in the spirit or in the letter of his works? If he produces music which has beauty and worth, he has rendered a significant service. And that is precisely what Loeffler has done.

Is it fair, however, or true, to assert in a dogmatic manner that Loeffler's writings contain no genuinely idiomatic American elements? Is it not reasonable to assume that a man of his learning, experience, and sincerity caught much of the spirit of his adopted land, and that he had the ability to give expression to certain aspects of that somewhat intangible and indefinable something known as the American character in a manner which goes far beyond the obvious? Unfortunately, one seldom has the opportunity to hear his works. Drivel is doled out in superabundance; but Loeffler's compositions are performed only now and then.

We know that the jazz idiom,

which reared its head in our country and soon grew strong, popular, and blatant, is condemned in the lump by some writers. But musicians who like to explore thoroughly every nook and cranny of the art to which they have dedicated their lives saw long ago that certain examples of this beguiling type of composition contained kernels of genuine worth. Loeffler, too, was fascinated by the novel outcropping. In the third movement of his *Partita for Violin and Piano*—the movement called a *Divertissement*—he shows us what a composer of surpassing skill and deep-felt seriousness of purpose could do with the jazz and the blues style. Here he pointedly refutes the charge of those who may still be inclined to contend that his music pays no heed whatever to things that are characteristic of American life.

The composer never becomes vulgar in the *Divertissement,* and it is probably safe to say that what he wrote will never become known as one of the rousing and smashing "hits" of the century. His treatment of the jazz idiom is refined. Its melodic content, its harmonic dress, and the fabric of its counterpoint have passed through the purging fires of good taste and sterling musicianship. In other words, the *Divertissement,* like the entire *Partita,* is the work of a true poet.

The composition was performed for the first time at a festival of chamber music in Chicago in the autumn of 1930. It has the following four movements: *Intrada, Sarabande and Variations, Divertissement,* and *Finale (Des Tendres Adieux).* Dedicated to Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, who has done so much for music in our country, it is based, to some extent, on a little motif compounded of the three tones, E, E flat, and C, which, in the German terminology—E, Es, C—are the initials of the well-known patroness of the tonal art.

Fortunately, the *Partita* is available in an excellent recording. It is played with penetrating understanding by Jacques Gordon, violinist, and Lee Pattison, pianist (Columbia Album 275). Included in the set is a performance by the same artists of Loeffler's *Peacocks,* arranged by Mr. Gordon from *Four Melodies for Voice and Piano.*

The fact that the theme of the *Sarabande* is taken from one of the harpsichord suites of the famous writer and composer, Johann Mattheson (1681-1764), is further proof of the breadth of Loeffler's learning.

Those who have the opportunity to hear performances of Loeffler's orchestral works, *Memories of My Childhood* and *Pagan Poem,* will realize at once that he was a composer of truly remarkable skill and sensitiveness.

Recent Recordings

Orchestral

JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 102, in B Flat Major.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—This ever-delightful work is filled to the very brim with good humor. It should be heard and reheard, studied and re-studied, by those who are inclined to believe that Haydn's music has long since become old-fashioned. Koussevitzky's reading is exemplary in every way. Victor Album M-529.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Symphony No. 3, in F Major, Opus 90.* The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Felix Weingartner.—It is difficult to understand why so many of those who descant on the great composers and their music still cling lovingly to the curious and utterly fallacious notion that there is no great amount of warmth and color in the works of Brahms. The performance of the *Third Symphony* under the scholarly baton of Weingartner holds one under a strong enchantment and affords a persuasive counterblast to the persistently repeated charge that the somewhat untidy bachelor was not much more than a master-manipulator of the technique of composition. Columbia Album 353.

RICHARD WAGNER. *Overture* and *Venusberg Music (Paris Version) and Prelude to Act 3 of Tannhaeuser.* The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. —Grippingly intense performances of thrilling and gorgeously scored music. The members of the snobbish Jockey Club of Paris, through whose machinations *Tannhaeuser* was cruelly hissed from the boards in 1861, will always be known in the history of the tonal art as hidebound champions of crass stupidity. Their boorish deportment upset the high-strung Wagner at the time; but it did not and could not prevail against his great opera. Victor Album M-530.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI. *Overture to La Scala di Seta.* The B.B.C. Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—How spiritedly, how buoyantly, and how dramatically this overture has its little say when the peerless Toscanini wields the baton! Victor disc 15191.

KARL MARIA VON WEBER. *Overture to Oberon.* The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham.—An imperishable masterpiece superbly played. Columbia disc 69410-D.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Overture to Coriolanus.* The London Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter.—Herr Walter sets forth the majesty of this great work with consummate mastery. Victor disc 12535.

Choral

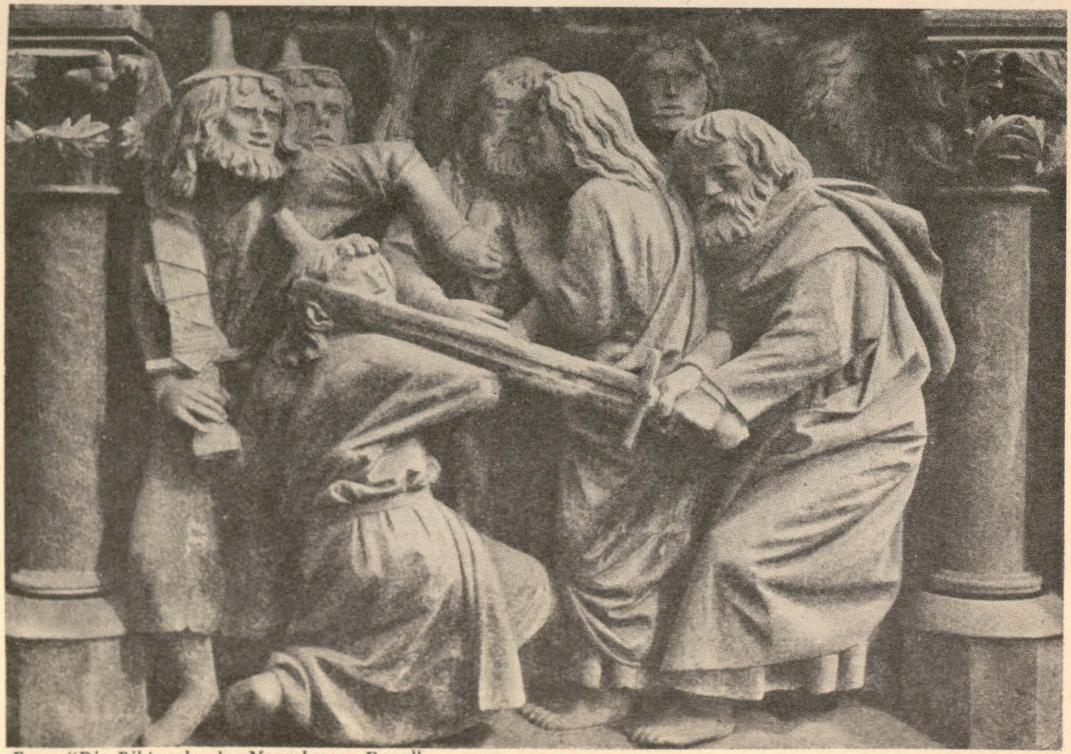
GABRIEL FAURE. *Requiem.* Performed by Le Chanteurs de Lyon, soloists, and Le Trigintour Instrumental Lyonnais under E. Bourmauck, with Edouard Commette at the organ. Recorded in the Cathedral Saint-Jean, Lyon, France.—A sub-

From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

The Cathedral of Saint Peter and Paul in Naumberg is without doubt one of the greatest German Cathedrals. In 1249 Bishop Dietrich found a real genius, nameless through all the years, who ranks with the greatest men of Germany in the other arts. The stone carving of the Holy Supper shows the Lord's grand detachment as He offers the sop.

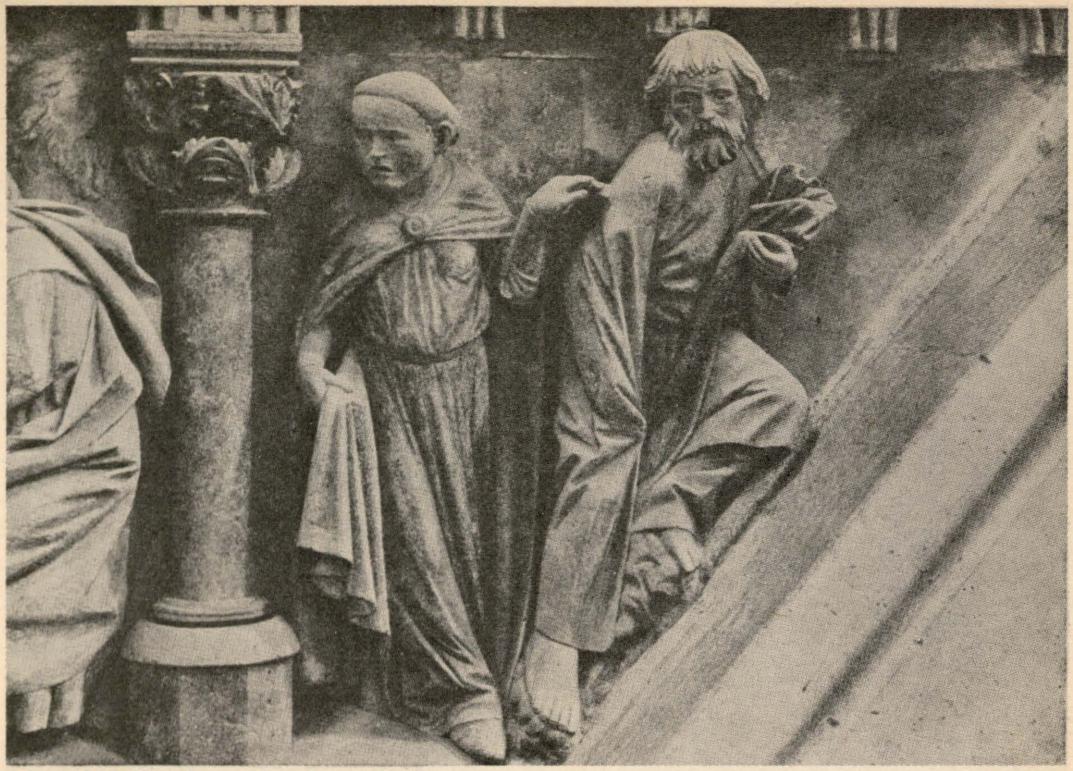
From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

The Naumberg Cathedral has an East and West Choir—a rarity in the great churches of the period. The stone reliefs here pictured run across the top of the screen which separates the West Choir from the nave. "The Thirty Pieces of Silver" is filled with intrigue. Everyone is whispering to everyone else.



From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

The screen between the nave and the West Choir has two portals—one under each arm of the Crucified, Who occupies the center of the screen on a huge cross. A beautiful way of emphasizing Christ as the "Way." "The Capture" is distinguished by the kiss of betrayal and the mighty sword of Peter.



From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

As the gable over the crucifix rises, the figures in the stone frieze conform and rise with it. Peter's anxiety to get away from the accusing maid could hardly be made more graphic. At the left, behind the pillar, we see Christ turning to look on Peter.

From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

The scene of the trial before Pilate is excellent. The detachment of the Saviour is as complete as always. The concentration on the face of the servant, the accusing Jew and Pilate's head, fairly bursting with emotion and indignation, are some of the finest medieval portrayals in stone.

From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

On either side of the Saviour's cross there are the familiar statues of Mary, His mother, and St. John, the beloved disciple. Mary's face is magnificent in its sorrow and pain and the drapery of her headdress is as soft and fluent as fine linen.

From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

St. John, on the Saviour's left, has turned away from the cross. The lines of his face and his tears show clearly how deeply the death of his beloved Lord has affected him.

From "Die Bildwerke des Naumberger Doms"

The nameless artist of 1249 and later reaches his greatest power in the heaviness of the head, the hair and crown of thorns of the Saviour. This is one of the very best stone carvings of the head of Christ to be preserved from this great age of the Church builders.

limely beautiful but rarely heard composition from the pen of one of the most sensitive French composers of recent years. The music of Faure (1845-1924) is wrought with striking elegance and refinement. No student of sacred music can afford to overlook the moving *Requiem* which he wrote on the occasion of the death of his father. Columbia Album 354.

ALEXANDER ARCHANGELSKY. *God, Hear My Prayer (Psalm 55).* The Don Cossack Choir under Serge Jaroff.—Here we have choral singing that strikes eloquently upon the heart. The opposite side of the disc brings us a magnificent rendition of Lvovsky's impressive *Requiem.* It is important for us to remember that the sacred music of the Greek Orthodox Church—largely modal in character and harking back, through Byzantium, to ancient Greece—is, on the whole, unique in its gripping solemnity. Columbia disc 7352-M.

PAUL TCHNESNOKOFF. *Nunc Dimittis* and *Gloria,* edited and arranged from the Greek Orthodox Liturgy by Noble Cain. JACOB HAENDL. *Adoramus Te, Jesu Christe.* The Augustana Choir under Henry Veld.—This well-trained choir sometimes stresses mere vocal effects at the expense of intrinsic musical values. Victor disc 15214.

DMITRI BORTNIANSKY. *Hymne des Cherubins, No. 7.* PAUL TCHNESNOKOFF. *That My Prayer May Arise.* Choir of the Russian Cathedral of Paris under Nicolas Afonsky.—The singing is impressively opulent. Victor disc 36223.

Violin

FELIX MENDELSSOHN. *Concerto in E Minor, Opus 64.* Yehudi Menuhin and the Orchestre des Concerts Colonne under Georges Enesco.—When two artists of the stature of Menuhin and Enesco join forces to give us a reading of Mendelssohn's well-known masterpiece, we can rest assured that the result will be noteworthy in the full sense of the word. This seems to be the one and only reason why a new recording of the ubiquitous concerto is justifiable at the present time. Your commentator still prefers Fritz Kreisler's sanely chosen tempo for the slow movement (Victor Album M-277). Victor Album M-521.

Piano

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Toccata and Fugue in C Minor* and *Toccata and Fugue in D Major.* Artur Schnabel.—Rhythmically buoyant and crystal-clear performances of two infectiously melodious compositions. The fugue of the first work makes the blood dance in one's veins. Victor Album M-532.

JOSEPH HAYDN. *Concerto in D Major, Opus 21.* Marguerite Roesgen-Champion, pianist, and the Orchestre Symphonique of Paris under M. F. Gaillard.—Another example of the gracefulness and the effervescent good humor so characteristic of Haydn's music. Columbia Album X-118.

VERSE

From the Shadows

White
Lies the paschal moonlight;
White
On dome and tower and wall.
White
And undisturbed the moonlight
Lies on Kidron and on Olivet.

Black
Lie the woven shadows;
Black
Beneath the clustered trees.
Black
Beneath the gnarled and ancient trunks
Lie the shadows.

Red
Fall the beading drops;
Red
They gather, slow and round;
Red
They tremble, quiver, then run down—
Red drops in the shadows.

So red the Blood . . .

So black the horror of the guilt . . .

So white the shining peace
That sleeps upon my soul—
Sleeps like paschal moonlight—
Sleeps as moonlight lies
On silent city, empty slope, and midnight road—
Sleeps as moonlight
Lies on Kidron and on Olivet
In white, unbroken flood.

RICHARD A. JESSE

Books—some for all time and all men—some for this time and generation—some for nothing and nobody.

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Lingering Echo

I BROADCAST THE CRISIS. By H. V. Kaltenborn. Random House, New York. 1939. 360 pages. $2.00.

THE crisis referred to in the title is the international excitement caused by the annexation of Austria. The book tells something about the technical feat of sending foreign news over the air, minute by minute, as the statesmen made it, and it contains verbatim selections from the radio addresses of Hitler, Masaryk, Daladier, Eden, Mussolini, Chamberlain, and others. The bulk of the volume consists of the comment by "H.V.K." on the dramatic sequence of events, comment that was with all its spontaneity so illuminating that it compelled universal admiration.

For all that, *I Broadcast the Crisis* is a book of only ephemeral interest. It abounds in repetitions and has preserved a profuse wordiness which was excusable in the comment (which in the broadcast had to be without any preparation), but which is offensive on the printed page. There is no need of printing such remarks as: "Well, we'll know more tomorrow as to what happened, we probably won't know until tomorrow afternoon because such conferences require more time than we anticipate"; or this: "We've got to study all these dispatches from Europe with the utmost care"; or ten lines of comment on the fact that the State Department is silent. On page 41 we actually are told that another broadcaster's description of a tennis match "originally scheduled for this time, will be heard immediately after the following special broadcast." On four separate occasions we are informed that the Czech troops and police "exercised great restraint," *"remarkable* restraint." Kaltenborn perpetuates errors that were excusable in September, 1938, but are not so today, as when we are told, September 17, that "Germany is entirely mobilized;" September 20, that Germany is "absolutely quiet;" September 23, that the German army "will be under arms" very soon; and September 24, that it was after all the ordinary maneuvers which "normally" come to an end October 1. We thank the publisher for appending the British White Paper of September 21, and other important documents, in the appendix;

but when Litvinoff's address to the League of Nations is printed in full: why not the address of Mussolini delivered at Trieste, September 18—a triumph of oratory which deserves to become a classic?

After all, a stirring episode, and the refrain of the comment on September 19 is apt to remain with us: "So while Europe seems destined to remain at peace, it is only a truce; force has triumphed, in the end, alas. The world will have to pay for the concessions that it makes tonight."

Religion Gone Wrong

DISPUTED PASSAGE. By Lloyd Douglas. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1939. 432 pages. $2.50.

LLOYD DOUGLAS was a Christian minister for thirty years, and he brings the religious element into his stories; but one can hardly accuse him of belonging to the class of so-called fundamentalists. In fact, *Disputed Passage* labels him as an out-and-out syncretist. Through the lips of his principal female character in this tale he presents the philosophy of Confucius and the religion of Buddha in a most favorable manner, and at the same time he allows the orthodox teachings of Christianity to appear foolish, if not altogether ridiculous. *Disputed Passage* is therefore decidedly unfair to true Christianity.

It is also another book about doctors and hospitals. The market is rapidly being cluttered up with novels about the medical profession. The plot centers in a clash between Dr. Tubby Forrester, teacher, surgeon, scientist, renowned for his accomplishments in the field of neurology, and his student, John Wesley Beaven, who later becomes Forrester's assistant. At the opening of the story the first run-in between the two occurs in the classroom. Tubby Forrester delights in casting slurs on the Christian faith, and he believes his student, named for the founder of Methodism, to be a believer. So he allows himself the pleasure of ridiculing the faith by making young Beaven the target for his biting remarks—a most despicable classroom procedure, about the unseemliness of which Mr. Douglas seems to be totally unconscious.

The antagonism between the two men continues during the ten years that follow although each recognizes the other's ability, and in spite of Tubby's animosity Beaven rises to the post of Forrester's assistant both on the faculty of the medical school and in the hospital. Mr. Douglas allows the younger man to become like his teacher in everything, including his contempt for the orthodox faith. They are as alike as two peas in a pod. Both are brilliant, headstrong, devoid of sentiment, arbitrary. Both hold Dr. William Cunningham, a brilliant physician, to be somewhat of a quack because, in healing men's bodies, he also takes into consideration their soul's welfare. In the end Beaven discovers that the humanitarian practice of Cunningham has value and force that reach deeper than the cold, intellectual method of Forrester.

The romantic part of the story revolves about the love that springs up between Beaven and Audrey Hilton, daughter of a steamship captain, who after her mother's early death

was placed by her father in the care of a wealthy Chinese merchant in Hongkong. She is brought up in this Chinese home and becomes Chinese in her mode of life and in her belief. It is in the conversations between Beaven and Audrey that the author allows his syncretistic views full play.

Mr. Douglas' skill as a teller of interesting stories is also very evident in this novel, and he succeeds in keeping the reader in suspense until the very end. The contrast between the Chinese and American *Weltanschauung* is brought out particularly in some of the conversations between Beaven and his Chinese student, Abbott. One pointed paragraph will illustrate. Abbott is speaking about our much-vaunted progress: "Maybe a dozen lives saved today in Michigan through new inventions in surgery. As many lives lost by new invention of automobile. Airship makes it possible for important men to speed up their business transactions. Also provides new engine of slaughter. And business not much improved, I think. Radio is remarkable invention; gives you world news. Formerly the poor and ignorant did not worry about the world, for they did not know its daily troubles. Now everybody knows; everybody frets; everybody scared."

Crippled Splendor

THE LOG OF A LAME DUCK. By Audray Alexandra Brown. Macmillan Co., New York. 1939. 292 pages. $2.00.

UP IN Malahat Beach, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, there is an institution where crippled children are mercifully treated and, if it is humanly possible, restored to some degree of physical fitness. It is the Queen Alexandra Solarium, otherwise known by the significant name, the House of Good Hope. This institution forms, in the main, the background for the story of a "Lame Duck," in the form of a journal prepared by one who, though she was no longer a child, was none the less admitted to the House of Good Hope and rehabilitated there.

Miss Brown was the "Lame Duck." Able to walk as well as anyone until she was twenty-two, she had been so careless of her health as to trudge out in a storm in thin-soled slippers and to sit for hours on a rock by the sea in midwinter. As a result she had contracted arthritis, which had pounced upon her like a wild beast and left her so crippled that she could neither stand alone nor walk.

For eight long years, wearisome years and trying, the best she could do was to move herself about on a little chair with wheels. Then, through the kindness of her "Dresden China Lady," she was admitted to the House of Good Hope, not exactly as a patient, for she had passed beyond the age limit, but as an honorary member of the staff.

Her "log" presents the story of her cure in 82 sections, beginning November 18, 1934, and ending September 29, 1935. The account is so vivid, so naïve, so humorous, and so tragic at times that it will make a deep and lasting impression on its readers, old and young.

The author is a true poet and, as Lady Tweedsmuir says in her foreword, "she makes us see the everyday life of the crippled children and

the nurses through a poet's eyes." Her vivid portraits of the little crippled girls are most delightful. The children are shown as real children, not puppets or paragons of virtue, but perfectly natural and, but for their deformed bodies, normal. They have good times. They are often naughty and disagreeable. Furthermore there is real individuality, as might be expected from children of different races and various kinds of background. The atmosphere is truly Christian.

Roots of Naziism

WHY HITLER CAME INTO POWER. An Answer Based on the Original Life Stories of Six Hundred of His Followers. By Theodore Abel. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1938. 315 pages. $2.75.

THE distinction of this study of the causes which led to the rise and the success of the Hitler movement lies not in its discovery of new facts but rather in its method of research. Prof. Abel of the sociology department of Columbia University gathered the material for his study from the results of a literary contest which he conducted among members of the Nazi party. He offered prizes totaling four hundred marks for the best autobiographies of any persons in Germany who were members of the National Socialist Party before January, 1933. The contest was launched in June, 1934, and the manuscripts were submitted in September of the same year. A total of 683 manuscripts was received. Eliminating forty-eight biographies written by women, because they were relatively few, and also others because they were too brief to be of value, Prof. Abel based his study upon the remaining six hundred life histories. He is conscious, however, of the objections which can be raised against the reliability of these autobiographies as source material and, therefore, devotes much of the *Introduction* to a defense of the dependability of the manuscripts which were submitted.

The first portion of the book presents a history of the Hitler movement, divided into three periods. It is an especially lucid presentation of the conditions in post-war Germany which favored the growth and the development of the Hitler movement.

In the second part of the book, Prof. Abel analyzes the factors which led to the success of the Nazi party. He regards the widespread discontent in Germany after the Revolution of 1918 as the fundamental factor. Among the causes for the prevalent discontent he lists a general dissatisfaction with the Republican régime, the Versailles Treaty, and the economic disaster which resulted from the cost of reconstruction, the loss of world trade, and the payment of reparations. Because the Hitler movement built upon the foundation of discontent an ideology which combined nationalism with socialism, strong patriotic feeling for the unity of the German people with the desire for social justice, it succeeded where the many other parties failed. In addition to this advantage, the National Socialist Party had in Hitler what the author calls a charismatic leader, one who "is able to in-

duce in others the feeling that he is called upon to fulfill a mission, that he possesses a superhuman endowment and can exercise authority that 'resolves all doubt and hesitations', Hitler succeeded in impressing people in just that way."

As a final and important factor in the successful propaganda of Naziism, Prof. Abel selects its emphasis upon anti-Semitism. "Next to attacks on the government, it was probably the most frequently discussed theme of the propagandists of the movement." It was this anti-Semitic clause in its racial doctrine rather than the preaching of Aryan superiority or of the mysterious force of blood affinity which made Naziism so attractive to large numbers of the German people. The popular and brutal slogan, "Jude verrecke," played no small part in winning support for the Hitler movement. In explaining this pathetic fact, Prof. Abel writes: "The tendency to interpret personal experience in a fashion that made the Jew the culprit, the prevalence of anti-Semitic literature in Germany, the acts of violence perpetrated on Jews, have for their background a tradition which is at least a thousand years old. Whenever there was a crisis and the concomitant widespread dissatisfaction, some group or individual is always to be found to start a wave of anti-Semitism. This was the case, for example, after the trying times of the Napoleonic invasion, and particularly between 1873 and 1893, the period following the Franco-Prussian War, when the nation was shaken by a severe business crisis and disturbed by the political struggle between the liberals and the conservatives. New pretexts, like the accusations of intended political domination with evil designs on the German nation (Grattauer, 1819), of interfering with the racial mission of the German people (Marr, Duehring, Chamberlain, in the 'eighties and 'nineties), took the place of the religious pretexts of the Middle Ages."

These factors, Prof. Abel concludes, together with thorough organization and propaganda, operated not independently, but functioned rather as a pattern in which no part was more significant than the others. "The development of the movement was inevitable once a pattern had developed in which widespread and persistent discontent, purposes that appealed to prevalent sentiments, efficient organization and propaganda, and charismatic leadership had made their appearance and had become co-ordinated in their effect." This sentence summarizes the answer to the why of the Hitler movement which Prof. Abel finds in the six hundred autobiographies which he studied.

In urging this interpretation, Prof. Abel rejects the psychoanalytical explanation of Frederick Schuman's *The Nazi Dictatorship* and also the Marxist explanation of John Strachey's *The Menace of Fascism.*

The final chapter offers six complete life histories, written respectively by a worker, an anti-Semite, a soldier, a middle-class youth, a bank clerk, and a farmer. They are valuable, not only for the personal and intimate view of Naziism which they present, but also for their revelation of the religious fervor with which the Hitler movement is supported and defended by its adherents. That

Naziism is a religion is a conviction which *Why Hitler Came into Power* strongly enforces, particularly in its last chapter. This is its strength, and also its tragedy.

Whatever doubts may rise against the source material which Prof. Abel uses, his book is nevertheless an able account of the Hitler movement up to September, 1934. It has the added merit of vitalizing and personalizing the historical data by a constant reference to the autobiographies. We may not accept Prof. Abel's explanation of why Hitler came into power, or we may regard it as incomplete and inadequate: but yet we shall be indebted to him for an unusually interesting and objective presentation of the historical facts surrounding Hitler's rise to power. This is the chief value of this book and makes it a noteworthy addition to the many volumes on Hitlerism which have appeared in recent years.

Education of a King

THE SWORD IN THE STONE. By T. H. White. With Decorations by the Author and End Papers by Robert Lawson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1939. 312 pages. $2.50.

THE education of a king, for that matter of any world-shaker, is of keenest interest to the outsider. What wouldn't we give to know the educational background of, say, the mad Czars (how many mad Czars were there?) or Johnny Appleseed or General Franco! Of course we have the formal record of education for most of these notables, but we don't know what kind of teachers they had or what sort of associates were theirs when they swiped apples from the neighbor's orchard. Those are the things that determine a person's character.

Here in *The Sword in the Stone* we have an account of the education of one of the great English kings (Historians, please do not quibble). Undoubtedly, if England had been blessed with more kings like the one whose educational case history is recounted in these pages, we all would have little reason to worry about the fall of Barcelona or umbrella-carrying Prime Ministers.

The Wart's schooldays were passed very charmingly in the company of Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Colonel Cully, Sir Grummore Grummursum, and many others of the great English in *Who's Who.* The Wart encountered dragons; he met the unhappy Questing Beast; he was on conversational terms with Archimedes; and he had the dreadful experience of having the five-hundred pound giant, Galapas, come after him with a butcher knife. There are, naturally, many more people in the story, people, mind you, not characters. Poor old King Pellinore spent most of his lifetime hunting the Questing Beast in the Forest Sauvage and said he preferred that manner of life. His adventures will pluck the heartstrings of the most unsympathetic, matter-of-fact reader.

By rights more factual information about *The Sword in the Stone* should be presented in this review. The Wart is the boyhood nickname of the future King Arthur. This book is all a prelude to the magnificent medieval fete when the Wart pulled

the shining, bejewelled sword out of the anvil which rested on a stone. That feat made him king of England. Would he make a good king? That is just what this narrative proves. King Arthur became the best king England ever had because he had the finest education any English lad possibly could have. He received the kind of education which Mr. John Studebaker, Commissioner of Education, should inaugurate without further ado in the American public schools. The Wart learned science first hand; he met Dictators; he learned that Power can be abominably abused. His teacher was Merlyn, who was able to summon Neptune out of the castle moat or turn the Wart into a badger at will. He turned the Wart into a perch for several hours so that the Wart might learn something about Physics. He granted the Wart's wish to be turned into a falcon. It was as a falcon that the Wart met the terrible-tempered Colonel Cully who had to spend most of his life with a hood slipped over his head. The Wart learned the value of human life when he had that perfectly horrible adventure with a hideous witch, Madame Mim, who loved to pop fat boys into her frying pan.

The book defies analysis. It is charmingly written. Every page reveals an amazingly intricate knowledge of medieval customs. Woven into the story are countless references to present-day affairs. The story seems harmless enough on the surface. Slow, meditative reading, however, will reveal to the reader that Mr. T. H. White is writing more than a story. Yet a child could read the book with an enjoyment an adult could possibly never obtain from it. If this is one mark of a classic, then *Sword in the Stone* has a distinction few modern writings ever achieve.

Meet Colonel Cully, Kay, Sir Ector, Merlyn, Madame Mim, the Questing Beast. Long may they live!

God and Man

STRANGERS ON EARTH. By Sverre Norborg, Ph.D. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1938. 152 pages. $1.00.

WE HAVE learned to pick up a new volume from the pen of Dr. Norborg with high expectations. In *Strangers on Earth* the author does not let us down. This presentation of Old Testament characters forms a fitting companion volume to *God-Controlled Lives,* published the year previous, and reviewed in THE CRESSET, February, 1938. In the latter volume Dr. Norborg offered an analysis of nine New Testament characters, or, more specifically, a study in the technique of the Master in remolding these nine lives. In the present volume the author presents eight Old Testament heroes and one heroine, analyzes their characters against the background of their time, shows wherein their faith consisted and how it manifested itself, depicts their struggles and triumphs, and then in each case makes pointed application to our times. In nine pen-pictures these characters are made to live and walk before our very eyes: Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Hannah, Samuel, David, and Job. These pictures are gratifying and satisfying; they help us rightly to understand life and to evaluate its true meaning.

They offer hope and courage in these dark days of disillusionment and discouragement. They point the way out of the labyrinth of conflicting human emotions and experiences to the foot-path of peace, the narrow way of walking with God in the thoroughfare of faith and obedience into the eternal Homeland.

In these studies Dr. Norborg again shows a penetrative insight into the mind of man and into the heart of God, as revealed in the Bible. There is everywhere a beautiful blending of the skill of a professional psychologist, the knowledge of a theologian, and the simple faith of a true believer.

"One day he was no more, but he left a life behind him as an explanation." This opening sentence of *Strangers on Earth* is indicative of the author's directness of approach, so characteristic of the American short story. The description throughout is clear and crisp, the character delineation keen and strong. The language at times is ultra-modern. Thus we are told of Elkanah (p. 63), "He could not take it." We are inclined to think that in sentence structure our good author has somewhat overworked the asyndeton. This form of writing, of course, has its advantages, but too much asyndetic construction makes for abruptness and breaks the smooth flow of thought. There are really too many incomplete sentences to harmonize with the otherwise elegant style. Too often the logical subject is implied rather than stated; in other cases the predicate must be inferred by the reader. While such broken style may indicate the meditative mood of the writer, it does not produce the same in the reader, and at times it spoils the smoothness and rhythm of the narrative. From a theological standpoint we place a question mark behind point one at the bottom of page 87, "The free decision of conversion."

The following quotations offer fair samples of the author's thought and style:

"Our common life has been motorized and depersonalized. . . . To any critical observer it seems clear that the prize in gullible mythology and dogmatics does not go to the believer in God's Word but rather to the man who can digest the fantastically hasty generalizations of what is supposed to be "science." . . . Biblical faith never was a guess in the dark nor an hypothesis resting on human reasoning power. . . . To the philosophers God is an idea, more or less vaguely conceived. To faith God is *will,* challenging our whole existence in its will-ful resistance and will-less drifting. . . . Faith is not a complicated abracadabra; it is an attitude of utter simplicity. . . . God sometimes gives dictators real surprise gifts. . . . Where is the man or woman who has never met God's call with a manufactured dishonesty called an excuse? . . . No matter how high a man may soar or how low a man may fall, there will always be this unbreakable, natural tie between him and his mother. . . . God never uses anesthetics or morphine when He cuts the heart with His Word, sharper than any two-edged sword. . . . In the realism of faith Job gave to all believers the abiding truth and wholesome warning that man is born to be a stranger on earth."

The Future of Christendom

THE CHURCH FOLLOWS ITS STUDENTS. By Clarence Prouty Shedd. Yale University Press. 1938. 327 pages. $2.50.

THIS book is the first to present a comprehensive picture of efforts made by various church bodies to provide for the spiritual needs of their students at non-denominational universities. The history of such efforts begins with the first decade of this century. Why no earlier? In 1890 only two of the 17 largest universities (Michigan and Harvard) had more than 2,000 students, and only four others had more than 1,000. By 1900, however, only one of these universities enrolled less than 1,000, while seven enrolled between 2,000 and 3,000 and two exceeded 3,000. The rapid expansion of university enrollments which has continued to the present had begun. Therewith new problems arose for the churches. It became clear that where large numbers of students were involved they could no longer be properly cared for through efforts of the local churches. The conviction grew that "the average minister in the university community had neither the time nor the special training required to help students meet their religious problems." As a result one after another of the larger denominations took notice of the situation and made efforts to remedy it, usually through the appointment of special university pastors.

The second decade, 1910-1920, saw student work placed almost everywhere under national denominational auspices. It had become clear "that no wide extension of this movement could be hoped for until the denominations in their national assemblies accepted responsibility for it and put upon appropriate national agencies the obligation for guiding its development." The Baptists saw, as early as 1910, that "no picayune policy" would serve. By 1920 national organization of university work had been effected by Presbyterians, Baptists, the United Lutheran Church, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Disciples, and Roman Catholics. Since then the work has steadily expanded, except during the worst of the depression years. About 200 full-time university pastors are now active. Dr. Shedd estimates that 150,000 students affiliated with the denominations represented attend the institutions which these men serve, and that 75,000 of these students participate in the activities sponsored by the pastors. A comparison of policies and methods pursued by different groups and at different places shows certain similarities of procedure, but also many divergences.

In view of the growing apostasy from Christian fundamentals in most Protestant denominations, it is not surprising that the emphasis in the student work of these bodies is shifting more and more toward "social-mindedness"—which may mean anything from rescue work to the espousal of communism. What goes for religion in such a case is often no more than a vague deistic groping for all sorts of hazy "values." Under these circumstances denominational differences naturally disappear, and so there is among these groups an increasing urge toward interdenomina-

tionalism, into which they would like to draw all that in any way calls itself Christian. To this movement, which he favors, Dr. Shedd devotes much attention. He says, indeed, "Students are not going to be won to a Christian view of life nor will they be made leaders in the task of building a Christian social order by tricks of personality and program. Even participation in well-conceived plans of social action will have little consequence in later life unless the student is helped to base such activity on the enduring foundations of a religious faith." But "religious faith" of any kind will evidently satisfy his specifications, for he speaks for "an oecumenical fellowship in which all Christian students experience the fundamental spiritual unity of the Church of Christ." How there can be "fundamental spiritual unity" between those who worship Jesus as God and Lord and those who reject His testimony of Himself and pronounce Him a mere man, Dr. Shedd does not stop to explain.

Lutheran university work is given considerable space in the book, but only that which is done by the United Lutheran Church. There is not a single word to indicate that the other two-thirds of the Lutheran Church in America have so much as discovered that they *have* university students. What sort of scholarship this is it would be hard to say. Possibly Dr. Shedd does not like conservative Lutherans and has relegated their existence to his subconscious. What this may do to him, unless he is psychoanalyzed in time, is, of course, unpredictable.—On the other hand, the fact that the Synodical Conference is the largest church body in the country which has made no adequate national provision for its students must fill with sadness all those who wish it well.

Penetrating Scholarship

MUSIC, HISTORY, AND IDEAS. By Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1938. 292 pages. $3.50.

EVERY sensitive observer knows that the book-market of today is being inundated with hopeless mediocrity and unspeakable trash; but to sincere searchers for reading-matter of genuine worth it is both gratifying and comforting to discover that, now and then, there appear volumes which give every indication of being destined to carve out for themselves a place of lasting prominence and importance. Dr. Leichtentritt's monumental contribution to the vast and only partially explored field of musicology comes like a breath of fresh air in an age when tons upon tons of balderdash about music and musicians are being inflicted upon the constantly growing number of those who burn with eagerness to learn more about the art itself as well as about its prophets and its apostles.

Music, History, and Ideas fills one with humility. Each and every one of its 292 pages—and, mind you, we are including the introduction, the bibliography, and the index—is laden with solid learning. But do not think that, as you read what the distinguished Jewish author has to say, you will constantly and everlastingly be referred to more or less copious footnotes. Dr. Leichtentritt may not be a

past master of the English language; but he is one of those unusual scholars who have the ability to compress a wealth of substantial information, many weighty opinions, and numerous thought-provoking conclusions into readable sentences, paragraphs, and chapters without clogging the text and boring the reader with the wholesale use of asterisks or little numbers. There are, in fact, only nineteen footnotes in the entire volume, and the majority of them are very short.

Many years ago, that truly great critic and humanist, Georg Brandes, wrote: "I shall endeavor to treat the history of literature as humanly as possible, to go as deep down as I can, to seize upon the remotest, innermost psychological movements which prepared for and produced the various literary phenomena; and, on the other hand, I shall try to present the result in as plastic and tangible a form as possible. . . . First and foremost, therefore, I shall trace everywhere the connection between literature and life. . . . I go down to the foundations of real life and show how the emotions which find their expression in literature arise in the human heart." Dr. Leichtentritt, writing *Music, History, and Ideas* in the same tonality, tells us: "The study of music is generally pursued from one particular point of view; a certain instrument is learned, or the art of singing is cultivated; the technique of composition is studied, or the history of music is surveyed more or less carefully. In the course of a general musical education, one may even combine the study of several of the topics just mentioned. Yet specialized studies of this type cut music off from its natural connection with the spiritual and material world and leave out of consideration the fact that it is only one part of general culture." The author then goes on to prove to the hilt that sociology, political history, geographic conditions, languages, physics, mathematics, literature, architecture, sculpture, painting, dancing, acting, the industrial arts, religion, philosophy, aesthetics, and "the meditation on the inner meaning of human life and art" are all, to some extent, inextricably intertwined with music. It is vitally necessary, he tells us, to try to determine what the tonal art and its innumerable manifestations mean "in the vast symphony of nature, in the immense compass of culture."

As we come under the spell of Dr. Leichtentritt's penetrating scholarship, we find some conclusions which are sure to draw fire. To say, for example, that "Kant's categorical imperative finds its musical parallel in Beethoven's music" is to give expression to a beguilingly interesting opinion; but the statement is entirely too wide in its scope. In fact, it can be utterly misleading. A painstaking re-examination of Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos* will, I believe, disabuse Dr. Leichtentritt of the notion that "in Bach's music the different orchestral instruments are chiefly representative of a certain pitch or tone region." Such a theory will certainly not meet with the unqualified approval of those who, like the writer of this review, are convinced that, in more than one respect, the great Kantor's remarkable cunning in the art of instrumentation clearly adumbrated many subsequent achievements.

"If Luther," declares the learned author, "had done nothing else, his magnificent German Bible would have sufficed to give him a place of honor in the history of both music and literature." Even non-Lutheran scholars will admit that this assertion from the lips of a Jew is wisdom pure and undefiled.

In a brief review, it is necessary to refer to statements apart from the context into which they are woven; but, even though the entire tenor of Dr. Leichtentritt's argument cannot be given here, I believe it is exceedingly dangerous to write in a categorical manner: "Without Schiller, no Beethoven, no Wagner; without Goethe, no Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, or Brahms." Overstatements have a pronounced tendency to introduce an element of weakness into any discussion.

The book deals in a masterful way with such giants in the earth as Wagner, Brahms, Bruckner, and Mahler. In another publication, your reviewer has already taken issue with some of the author's conclusions about Debussy. It is both refreshing and invigorating to find a sane and thoroughly sound treatment of Handel and his unmistakable penchant for the dramatic. Chopin is called the real father of impressionistic music. There is much sagacity in what Dr. Leichtentritt has to say about Max Reger and Ferruccio Busoni; but the somewhat fulsome prophecy that Cherubini "will some day be rediscovered and will be generally accorded the rank of a great and venerable master" will cause no end of head-shaking. And, to hasten toward the conclusion of a distressingly meagre review of a magnificent book, a Bach enthusiast will, I hope, be pardoned for having a triumphant and, perhaps, a somewhat wicked, gleam in his eyes as he quotes the following wisdom-laden words: "We may safely judge a person's understanding of music by his attitude toward Bach, and we may also safely consider that a man who is bored by Bach is completely ignorant of artistic music."

Music, History, and Ideas will, I suppose, not be grist for the mill of those who neither know nor are in any way concerned about the difference between, let us say, *Pop Goes the Weasel* and the *Prize Song* from *Die Meistersinger;* but it should be read and re-read by all those who have a sincere desire to learn a great deal about what music is and what it means. It will add many cubits to their intellectual stature.

The chapter headings are: *The Music of the Greeks, Gregorian Chant and Romanesque Art, The Gothic Period, The Renaissance, The Reformation, Seventeenth-Century Baroque, Baroque and Rationalistic Traits in Bach and Handel, Classical Tendencies of the Later Eighteenth Century, The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Age, The RomanticMovement, The "Music of the Future,"* and *The Twentieth Century.*

Poetry About a Poet

MARTIN LUTHER IN ENGLISH POETRY. Edited by W. G. Polack. Published by Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis. 1938. 80 pages. $.25.

THIRTY-ONE poets of England and America pay tribute to the Church's great Reformer. The editor

has gathered a rather choice group of selected verse which portrays the many-sidedness of Luther in an attractive way. Robert Montgomery is represented very strongly with fifteen selections from his epic poem "Luther" and the editor has also used the sainted F. W. Herzberger's "Luther Songs and Ballads" to good advantage. Longfellow's stirring "Our God, a Tower of Strength Is He"—(too little known) with its smooth and vigorous translation of "Ein' feste Burg," is worth the price of the book alone.

Students, teachers, and pastors will find this booklet a valuable addition to quotable materials, and the general reader will discover some really rousing passages—as Virginia D. Simms' poem at the close—

How much we owe—all faiths, all creeds, all lands—
To him who taught with fearless tongue and bold
Salvation purchased not with works or gold;
Nor hushed his voice for threatening commands.
Luther, we need thy spirit at this hour;
Above the world's doubt let us hear thee say
In ringing syllables, unwavering, sure,
With all thine own conviction's mighty power,
"If it be man's work, it will pass away:
But if it be God's work, it will endure."

Almost a lament for what we are—

Books reviewed in THE CRESSET *may be purchased from* THE CRESSET, *6438 Eggleston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.*

The Promise of an Everlasting Spring

How glorious is autumn's full, fine gold,
Its multi-colored, rich, and varied hue,
Wherein each yielding year doth fully fold
The sylvan slopes and mountains. To our view
A beauty brings, which e'er entrancing grows:
A vision glorious, superb, sublime,
Upon the canvas of creation throws,
Surpassing human efforts! It's divine!

Then Winter! Death!—But waning, it sends Spring.
The Hand of God, in ending nature's sleep,
Brings gorgeous glory into every thing—
The world in new and lustrous lure doth steep.

O God, to autumn of our life do bring
The Promise of an Everlasting Spring!

W. H. HAFNER

THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS

BY THE EDITORS

A brief glance at books published during the month preceding the date of publication of THE CRESSET.

REACHING FOR THE STARS. By Nora Waln. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 380 pages. $3.00.

MRS. WALN is an American Quaker who spent four years, from 1934-1938, in Germany and Austria. Her book is probably the most moving account of conditions in the land of the Nazis. A warm friend of German culture and tradition, Mrs. Waln distinguishes sharply between the Germany which the world sees and the old Germany which still slumbers beneath the surface manifestations of Naziism. She does not believe that the present régime can permanently stifle the cultural tradition and the unique charm of the German character. We consider this the most important and significant book yet written on the human side of the German revolution.

POPE PIUS THE ELEVENTH. By Philip Hughes. Sheed and Ward, New York. 318 pages. $3.00.

POPE PIUS XI AND WORLD PEACE. By Lord Clonmore. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. 306 pages. $3.00.

PIUS XI, APOSTLE OF PEACE. By Lillian Browne-Olf. The Macmillan Company, New York. 257 pages. $2.50.

Here are three biographies of the late Pope which present different aspects of his long life in the Catholic Church. Of the three, the volume by Mr. Hughes is undoubtedly the best. It covers not only the life of the late Pontiff but also presents a fairly accurate picture of the times in which he lived. Obviously, the description of his relations to the Fascist governments are somewhat colored and tendential. It is, however, a thoroughly integrated picture of the 261st occupant of the papacy.

INSIDE RED CHINA. By Nym Wales. Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York. 356 pages. $3.00.

This volume is probably the best account of recent developments in the communistic sections of China. It is a companion volume to *Red Star Over China.* If Western observers have wondered about the stubborn

resistance of the communist armies as well as of the forces of Chiang Kai-shek, the following paragraph will provide the answer: "The fundamental idea in our strategy must be to realize a war of maneuver and of annihilation. That is, we must decisively destroy small units of the enemy. We must chop every advance into pieces as it thrusts forward. . . . In general, we must avoid formal positional warfare wherever it is possible to maneuver. . . . Of course, there must be positional defense of large cities, but the position in the defense plans should be by *points* and not by a *line*—that is, we must hold our stationary points but not the line between them, which we defend by maneuvering in that area, and by annihilating parties of attack. . . . Defense by points instead of by a line makes it possible to use a small force to attract a big force of the enemy; thus a minority can force the enemy to deploy big forces around it, thereby making it impossible to use these forces elsewhere; thus the enemy cannot utilize its men efficiently." The volume is indispensable to students of conditions in modern China.

UNIONS OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING. By Robert R. R. Brooks. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. 296 pages. $3.00.

Finally we have a complete and unbiased account of the Wagner Act in actual practice. It is probably true that nowhere have the reports in the daily press been more unfair than in their covering of the work of the National Labor Relations Board. Mr. Brooks' study is an excellent antidote to the campaign of distortion which has been going on for the past year. He points out that in no less than 55 per cent of the total actions to come before the Board, it was possible to get both sides to agree to a settlement. The Board has had to make final ruling in only 5 per cent of the cases submitted to it. As far as the controversy between the American Federation of Labor and the C.I.O. is concerned, Mr. Brooks points out that the Board has favored the A.F. of L. in a slightly larger number of cases. The total picture presented by Mr. Brooks is that of an able, hard working, unbiased government agency which has suffered tremendously from a hostile press.

THE SEVENTH HOUR. By Grace Livingstone Hill. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. 320 pages. $2.00.

Here is another book from the prolific pen of this author. The pattern is much the same as before. The sort of Christianity she presents is also the same shallow, sentimental, revivalistic kind that is typified in the Gospel song which is used to bring about the conversion of one of the chief characters in the story. Whatever its appeal may be to a certain circle of devout readers, we can neither recommend the book as literature nor its presentation of the Christian faith as truly representative of a virile, well-grounded, Scriptural Christianity.

The MARCH Magazines

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

Harper's

In an Era of Unreason

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

All logical arguments advanced against America's participation in war are irrelevant because the decision to enter war will not be made by reason, but by emotion. "In America in 1939 this is to say: America can stay out of war, but it won't. It won't, because it will not wish to." Any analysis of the possibilities of war which ignores "emotional allegiance and instinctive preferences" is irrational. The conclusion, therefore, that armament for America is today advisable and necessary is inescapable, if we accept the author's premises. What makes this article disconcerting is the fact that its reasoning, as gloomy as it is, cannot be easily refuted.

Doing Business in Germany

By GUNTHER REIMANN

This discussion stresses the difficulties under which the business man in Germany must labor during this period of gradual fusion between private enterprise and State bureaucracy. It is a very clear picture of business conditions and of government regulations and explains why the Party economists are comforting the business man with the exhortation to live dangerously.

Seattle, Washington

By GEORGE R. LEIGHTON

This article concludes the story of Seattle begun in the February issue and portrays especially the changed fortune of the lumber industry and the struggles of the labor movement in the Northwest. Again, in the story of Seattle, George Leighton has performed a valuable service in exposing some of the deep problems of our industrialization. These studies of Shenandoah, Louisville, Birmingham, Omaha, and Seattle which have appeared in *Harper's* during the past year will soon be published in a book entitled: *Five Cities,* The Story of Their Youth and Old Age. This book will be

an interesting contribution to the history of the rise and decline of some of our most powerful industries.

Scribner's

Clare Booth

By Milton Mackaye

Scribner's examines a playwright, Clare Booth, the glamour girl of letters, who started out in life with a none too affluent childhood, and after trying her hand at various things, made the acquaintance of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at whose Long Island home she met the man who became her first husband, George Tuttle Brokaw. By him she had a daughter, and from him a Reno divorce and a settlement of $425,000. Then she entered the literary field as associate editor of *Vanity Fair*. After three years she left this magazine and tried her hand at playwriting. Several plays were flops. *The Women,* which ran for 657 performances in New York, made a fortune for her and the producer. This play was also produced abroad, but not in England. "The Lord Chamberlain wanted to make too many changes in the script to fortify the institution of marriage." Her present success, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye,* is "actually a slanderous attack on the sophisticated circles to which the playwright herself belongs." Her present husband is Henry R. Luce, editor and major stockholder of *Life, Time,* and *Fortune*. Besides, she has "a house near Greenwich, Connecticut, a tremendous apartment at the Waldorf Towers in New York, a plantation at Moncks Corners, South Carolina," and "the best butler in the world."

Fast Freight

By Gilbert H. Burck

This is an illuminating article on the methods employed by the railroads to keep the trucks from running off with their business. It presents a vivid picture of such fast freight trains as the Baltimore and Ohio's *Merchandiser,* which covers the 525 miles between New York and Pittsburgh in less than thirteen hours, carrying a motley assortment of freight items, some as small as a shoe box, some as large as a crated piano, all requiring quick delivery. The *Merchandiser* takes its shipments from New York and has them in Pittsburgh for nine o'clock delivery the next morning, at a shipping cost so low that the trucks cannot compete, and giving its owners a net income per trip of $3000. During the Christmas season, for instance, Pittsburgh department store buyers were in the habit of making purchases in New York, assigning them to this train, and wiring a description back home. That very

night, while the train was on its way, advertisements offering its cargo for sale were being printed in the morning papers. The author mentions similar trains on other roads in his story, such as the Cotton Belt's *Blue Streak,* the Southern Pacific's *Zipper,* the I.C.'s *Merchandise Special,* and the Pennsylvania's LCLs.

Education of a Spy

"Some people rebel against the discipline of formal education. We should like to pass on to them some information we found in a book called *Secret Life of a Secret Agent,* by Henry W. Lanier. In the —— Intelligence Service training school, according to Mr. Lanier, prospective agents are required to learn the following:

"Geography—every capital and key city in Europe and many in Asia and Africa; complete details of their locations, harbors, sea and land defenses, railroads, highways, canals, power houses, gas plants, water supply, dams, bridges, tunnels, and food warehouses; also topography and other details about the surrounding country—rivers, mountain passes, roadways, army posts, fortifications, munitions works, steel plants, oil supplies, mines, and factories. All this to be memorized exactly.

"Next: Fluency in at least four languages, more if possible; general knowledge of mechanics, applied physics, chemistry, new inventions, current politics, and trade conditions.

"Next: (From highly specialized textbooks, subject to constant revision) a mastery of make-up, physiognomy, photography, fingerprinting, handwriting, lock-breaking, codes and cipher systems.

"Next: Expertness in operating autos, airplanes, boats (motor and sail), horseback riding, mountain climbing, skiing, swimming and diving, climbing ropes, scaling walls, marksmanship (pistol and rifle), fencing, wrestling, jiujitsu, wielding sandbag and leaded cane, and, if necessary, stealing, bribing, and murdering without leaving traces. Any of these skills, it is said, may be handy in an emergency.

"And when the secret agent knows and can do all these things, he must be able to do something even harder: keep quiet about it."

Fortune

The First Fortune Round Table

With this article *Fortune* inaugurates a new feature. It synthesizes the opinions of eleven well-informed men on the subject, "The Effects of Government Spending upon Private Enterprise." The group of eleven consists of five business leaders, a judge, a farmer, a labor official, an

engineer, a writer on economics, and a professor of economics. The majority of these men agreed on certain general principles. They held that neither the government-spending school nor the budget-balancing school is fully in the right, but that the truth lies in between. The government, they opined, should *invest* its money so as to increase productive opportunity rather than merely *spend* to create purchasing power, but this should be done within the framework of a periodically balanced budget and a dependable debt-retirement plan.—*Fortune* regards this as an "impressive unanimity." Your paragrapher, after careful reading of the full discussion, is fortified in his previous belief that economic theory is mere personal opinion and that it is not at all significant whether people happen to agree on it or disagree because nobody knows, in any case, who is right.

Fortune's Survey

Roosevelt is still approved of by 63.5 per cent of the population, at least to the extent that they hold that "the good he has done definitely outweighs the bad." However, only 36.9 per cent say that they would vote for him if he became a candidate next year, while 13.3 per cent are undecided, and the rest would vote against him. So, as things stand, he would have to gain all the undecided ones to win a bare majority of the popular vote.—Seventy and one-half per cent of the people have not yet made up their minds as to who should be Roosevelt's successor. Among the few who have opinions, Garner leads with the Democrats and Dewey with Republicans.—A strong majority on all economic levels (except Negroes) favor reduction of federal spending and balancing of the budget.—Only 21.5 per cent want the WPA continued on the present scale. Even of the unemployed 50.3 per cent think that WPA should be continued on a smaller scale or relief be handled by the states only.

Forum

Hitler's Aerial Triumph

By Marc A. Rose

There has been much difference of opinion about Germany's actual power in the air. Rose claims that, on the basis of most extensive research into this question, he is in a position to give the facts. These turn out to be amazing. Hitler, he says, today has a fleet of between 16,000 and 18,000 planes—three times as many as Britain and ten times as many as France. This disparity is constantly growing because of the superior organization of German

production, so that under no foreseeable circumstances could the others even begin to catch up with Germany. Furthermore, the German air fleet is faster and better armed than its rivals. This "means that Germany, supreme in the air, is supreme in Europe" and that Hitler, if he wishes, "can wage war full of confidence in quick and devastating victory." "Even American help, if offered again, could not arrive in time."

The Fortunate Spinster

By CAROLINE FUHR

Caroline has written this article in a desperate effort to make herself believe that she *wants* to be a spinster. She counts off on her fingers all sorts of advantages of her single estate, beginning with the fact that she can always drive her car herself. She can "cite innumerable cases" of married women who never get to drive a car—which, of course, is terribly sad. The conversation of married people, she seems to have observed, is an "eternal talk about Mrs. Baker's new dress, the need for a refrigerator, and the price of butter at the chain store." Caroline's talk is much loftier. And, oh, yes! she knows a man whom she could get if she just wanted to!—(Please pardon a little personal note here, gentle reader:—Dear Caroline, we understand. We have known others who reacted like that, including a man who descanted on the advantages of being bottled up in a penitentiary. Our advice is: Cheer up; adopt the offensive; and, dollars to doughnuts, you'll yet land you a man.)

The Wall Street Dream Market

By FRED SCHWED, JR.

When a priest of Isis is seized with a fit of frankness in explaining the mysteries of his craft, it is good listening. So is it when Mr. Schwed, who works in Wall Street, unburdens his forthright soul. The things that are exchanged in Wall Street are "quotations, orders, bluffs, fibs, lies, and nonsense." This article is devoted exclusively to the nonsense. Wall Street's appeal rests on the premise "that there are somewhere people of such experience and insight that they can predict with some sort of accuracy the future behavior of securities" and the like. The catch is that there are no such people. Those who want to be regarded as such hide their shortcomings by talking intricate mumbo-jumbo. That impresses people and makes them think the premise is proved.—How can Schwed talk like that? Won't such disclosures turn people away from Wall Street? Whoever thinks so does not very well know his fellowmen or maybe himself.

The Atlantic Monthly

What Makes an American

By Raoul De Roussy De Sales

A noted French correspondent attempts to answer the age-old question: what makes an American. The first ingredient in the make-up of the average American is a profound distrust of Europe; secondly, a hearty isolationism distinguishes the American from the European. The last, and possibly the most important distinguishing factor, is a reawakened nationalism which will be able to resist the degrading moral and political forces at work in the world. Worth reading to discover why you love your country.

An Appeal to Sanity

By Alfred North Whitehead

The distinguished philosopher proposes the question: "What is the justification of 'isolation,' when evil is turbulent in any part of the world?" In the course of the article, Dr. Whitehead supports the efforts of Germany's present unification policy. He maintains that the Germans have a perfect right to unite all Germans living in surrounding countries. Germany is to be checked the minute she attempts to expand at the expense of the development of other self-contained states. He discusses the Jewish problem and adds several new facets to the age-old question. Dr. Whitehead says that isolation is justified until a particular type of civilization is threatened. "Each nation is a trustee for the fostering of certain types of civilization within areas for which it is directly responsible." This is an article far above the current type appearing in magazines.

The Defeat of the Schools

By James L. Mursell

Once more the problem of education is tackled, this time by a Ph.D. from Columbia's Teachers College. "In the grand struggle to get subject matter off the page and into the head, the schools are suffering a spectacular and most disconcerting defeat." The result of many investigations seems to show that the average student, whether in the grades or in high school or in college, simply cannot master the chief subjects of the curriculum. Dr. Mursell proposes that we follow the ancient dictum "One man's meat is another man's poison" in attempting to educate young America. The schools are, in brief, to become increasingly flexible in determining what Johnnie Jones and Susie Smith are to learn.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Chain Stores and Pants

SIR:

Many chain stores will open in a community, start their cut price business and attract a lot of trade, but will take little or no interest in community welfare and promotion. If the venture does not pay in a town the head office issues orders to pull up stakes. Chain stores usually open in areas where a market has already been established.

The independent, home town merchant often starts in a humble way, struggling along for his business and for his city. He is entitled to a legitimate profit and his prices are based on what he can buy his goods for in the market. He can't possibly compete with the monopoly of chain store purchases, nor afford to take a loss on so-called "leader" items in order to attract trade. When he requires funds to finance his business he pays his six and seven per cent at the bank since he is not the head of a chain store outfit able to procure cheap money. Over a period of years he can recount where he has helped many an individual over some rough spots, until times got a little better, or the doctor was paid, or until the first check arrived. He worries for his business and he worries for his town, and if the community has thrived he is happy he has had a part in it.

And while I have the opportunity let me comment on some more buckwheat contained in the March CRESSET. "Adventure with a Needle" must have been written by the same man who wrote "Chain Stores." He not only wants chain stores for low prices, but he also wants to beat a tailor out of a job by attempting to shorten his own pants! [*The note was written by a cleric who uses a tailor only for his wife's 1932 winter coat.*—Ed.]

B. J. JORDAN

Decatur, Illinois

Nebraska Art

SIR:

All the beauty of the Nebraska State Capitol cannot be photographed. It's an experience!

The Capitol can be caught in numerous moods, in the varying background of sky, clouds, sun, moon and stars and atmospheric conditions. At night the powerful flood lights seem to make the Sower pose as if it were his "first night." The scene during darkness is so deceptive that you want to touch it to see if it's real.

When a mist is hanging low over the city, near midnight, the basic flood lights slantingly pierce the slowly rolling fog and create four ghostlike forms high in God's sky! And when the sun rises in all its early glory the Capitol is set afire and radiates with vermilion!

When I look upon these moods of unequaled beauty I remember that God is creating a frame of beauty around man's masterpiece.

RUTH SEGNER

Lincoln, Nebraska

SIR:

All that I know about art could easily be placed in a small corner of the library owned by the average uneducated illiterate. But for once I did enjoy the art section of THE CRESSET, that of the last issue, showing a few scenes from the Nebraska State Capitol. It reminded me of a few years ago when a few of us neighborhood kids, as members of a 4-H club, put on a demonstration and won a blue ribbon at the Nebraska State Fair. In our spare time we slipped over to the Capitol building and gave it our critical examination. We were in the basement, as high in the 400 foot tower as we could go, in the governor's reception room, court room, gave the legislators' easy chairs a severe service test, etc. In fact, if we missed anything, it was because the elevator girl wouldn't let us off on certain floors without a pass.

The Nebraska State Capitol is interesting to every visitor, especially when it is studied with the aid of a guide who will demonstrate the wonderful acoustics of the court room, or tell the story of the artistic pictures of the floors and ceilings in different rooms of the structure.

An interesting feature that should not be overlooked is that this finest state capitol in the union was built entirely free of debt, according to Nebraska's "pay as you go" policy. So we have no bonded debt, no state income tax, and no sales tax. Nebraska remains the nation's "White Spot."

GILBERT HOEGEMEYER

Lyons, Nebraska

SIR:

Being a former citizen of the Cornhusker commonwealth, I greatly appreciated the group of pictures featuring "Nebraska's Memorial Capitol." I might offer an interesting sidelight on the "Figure of the Sower" which surmounts the entire building. A few seasons back a well known football correspondent arrived in Lincoln a few days prior to an important intersectional football game to be played there. He stated that he found the entire city in a state of great excitement. That was not unexpected, but the subject of their excitement was. For the chief topic of discussion was—not football, but "The Sower." The community was divided into two factions. One declared quite definitely and uncompromisingly that when Nebraska farmers formerly scattered their seed upon the ground as depicted by the statue, the right hand and the right foot were drawn back simultaneously. The other faction was just as emphatic and uncompromising in declaring that the attitude of the figure is correct in stepping forward with the right foot while the hand is drawn back in the act of scattering the precious seed. As far as I know, the question is still unsettled, presumably because there are no old timers left who really know, and the present generation wouldn't do it right anyhow.

ALB. BOSTELMANN

Williamsburg, Iowa

Bad Taste

SIR:

The beautiful scenes of Ozark regions in natural color were counterbalanced in the technicolor picture, "Jesse James," by a rather low conception of morals as applied to the fifth and seventh commandments, and by the totally unnecessary and blasphemous remark of a preacher who, in one scene, announced from the pulpit that he had once resigned from the ministry in order to "earn an *honest* living." The remark had absolutely nothing to do with the plot, but it provoked the anticipated "guffaws" of the audience. Can anything be done about such unearned publicity?

M. R. KLUENDER
Maywood, Illinois

Thank You

SIR:

Just having finished two delightful evenings with No. 4, Volume 2, of THE CRESSET, I am moved to put down some of my thoughts concerning this valuable review of contemporary thinking and doing.

Even though I am not in a position to have access to the latest books nor the time to read them, I am delighted with your new department, "The Cresset Survey of Books." It helps to keep one up to the minute. I have also noticed the new style of type used and like it.

Your reproductions of the beautiful artistry to be found in the Nebraska State Capitol are well done and to me were like receiving a letter and pictures from home, since Nebraska was my home state for many years.

May I join with the reader from Fremont, Ohio, in asking for an index of last year's numbers? I am planning to have my copies bound and would surely appreciate having an index. I wonder whether there might not be a good many other readers who would be glad to buy an index if one were published.

I have friends and acquaintances who enjoy my CRESSET with me and when some casual acquaintance happens to ask me what I am reading and what its origin is, I feel that I have one more good reason to be proud I am a Lutheran.

BONITA M. HIGHLEY
Seattle, Washington

More on Colonies

SIR:

I have no fault to find with the facts as recounted in the article "The German Colonies—Prospect and Retrospect." The statements made therein may be well documented, for all I know. Certainly, I would not care to challenge them, nor would I care to apologize for, i.e., defend, the cruelties thus charged against the German Colonial Administration.

My objections, if that be the right term, are based upon different considerations. I object because the article is an example of special pleading. Anybody can prove anything by judiciously choosing his arguments. What, e.g., could one not prove against the character of the American

people if one would go muck-racking through the history of America and then assemble all the shameful chapters in one volume to the exclusion of all others!

Furthermore, the article by Mr. DuBrau leaves certain inferences to be drawn. An honest estimate of its value must take into consideration these inferences as well as the plain statements. One of these inferences is that the German administration of African colonies has been worse than that of other European powers. That inference is not justified.

Yet one thing more. Whether you intended it that way or not, the article to which I refer has taken its place among the journalistic productions of our day in a barrage of publicity to create sentiment against a return of the colonies in question to their rightful owners. By means of it you have contributed to the perpetuation of a manifest injustice. You have taken an attitude that seems to me not only un-brotherly and un-Christian because of its inferential untruths, but an attitude that is un-American as well.

The term "Americanism" is a wide and elastic one. But if the responsible statesmen of a nation may be presumed to speak for their nation, then there can be no question as to what attitude a truly American spirit should take. Both President Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing have condemned the colonial arrangements made at Versailles in the strongest of terms and castigated the greed and the hypocrisy which dictated these arrangements.

HANS BOENING

Detroit, Michigan

The Author Replies

SIR:

No inference was intended that German colonial administration had been worse than that of other European powers. We believe it was a flat failure. The article deals with no colonial comparisons whatsoever. But if any reader wishes to draw such inference, the author has no objection. German administration may not have been worse, but it certainly was not as wise. Other powers no doubt were more careful in covering up their colonial troubles.

We cannot agree that non-return of the colonies constitutes an injustice. Germany, and especially the present "Germany" of the Third Reich is as little the "rightful owner" of its former colonies as Mussolini is of Ethiopia, or Germany of Sudetenland which never was part of the German Empire.

Nor will it do to refer to the shame of Versailles and interpret it in favor of Germany. If there is any hypocrisy it is in the shouting and wailing of the Germans themselves in referring to that treaty. We Americans who sincerely and justly condemn the Versailles Treaty nevertheless remember that it was at Brest Litowsk in March 1918 that Germany manufactured Versailles for herself. And Brest Litowsk was the more cruel of the two. The German terms to Russia were of unbelievable harshness. It demanded nothing less than the dismemberment of Russia, its complete isolation from the Baltic, and to top it all off, the terms of peace were not kept by Germany and her armies continued marching. It was the brutal

"peace" of Brest Litowsk that led Wilson to abandon his peace policy and frightened him into uniting with the Allies. Upon the perpetration of Brest Litowsk a contemporary German historian wrote: "Our insane lust for conquest, and our looting of Russia has broken Germany's neck." Thus the Allies in turn imposed the unjust terms of Versailles.

R. T. DU BRAU

Los Angeles, California

War of Democracy

SIR:

Not all glittering things are gold. Not every republic is a democracy. Not every democracy is by and for the people. Therefore one sentence at least in "Against Japan" was incorrect: "Loyalist Spain is really fighting the world's war of democracy." Was Loyalist Spain really a democracy by and for the people? Was it not just a name under which everything was covered? Loyalist Spain was fighting against the totalitarian states. But a war is more or less negative, because it destroys. Democracy does not want to destroy but to build up. Only in a case of emergency should it take refuge in the weapon of destruction. Did Loyalist Spain really represent the sentiment of the Spanish people? Russia was as much interested in Spain as was Italy. Foreign powers were fighting on each side. At the beginning of the civil war the Russian units dominated Spain. The newspaper men told us that they were the only ones having any fighting value. Communistic Russia has no interest in Democracy, except to destroy it. Who enrolled the volunteers to fight for Loyalist Spain? Who provided the passports for them? Were those agents not connected directly or indirectly with communistic organizations? The killing of many priests and nuns in Spain was not done in the name of Democracy but in the name of Communism. The same tactics and means once used so successfully in Russia were employed in Spain. We believe in the value of human life. To Communism it is cheap. We have always believed that Communism has nothing in common with Democracy. It is hardly a pleasure to be called a friend of the Russian government nor a privilege to have it as an ally. A wolf is no good playmate for a flock of sheep.

BERTHOLD KORTE

Bellwood, Illinois

The Church and the Jew

SIR:

In the January CRESSET your able editorial and "cry in the wilderness," viz. "Terror in Germany" (p. 15) contains the sentence, "Nail the protocols of the Elders of Zion as a lie!" Allow me to present you with the *Jewish Peril and the Hidden Hand,* which gives testimony anent the "protocol lie." The great name of Prof. Strack alone should suffice. The booklet I am sending is by the Rev. Elias Newman, an erudite Jewish-Christian friend of mine, trained in Berlin, now a Scandinavian Lutheran missionary, the only Christian Jew ever given a write-up in the great "Jewish Encyclopedia." He has written many apologetic treatises, and is worn and

suffering because of "Christian lethargy." As you know, the Lutheran church has done very little to convert Jews. Jewish missionaries have always received scant encouragement. Of my own aged friend, the Rev. Nathaniel Friedmann of New York City, a Synodical report (1935) says, "The missionary is in contact with hundreds of Jews who *welcome* him and *receive his instructions with open hearts.* . . . The former mission hall was discontinued without doing harm to the work. The Rev. Friedmann now reaches more people (3011 house-to-house calls made, etc., etc!) in his services which are held in Jewish homes." Yet—never a word about this in *theological papers and magazines!* Lutheran bodies pass resolutions condemning Communism. But never a resolution condemning *by name* Fascism and the horrible Trotzky-Bolshevism of the arch hypocrite Hitler! (Anyone who has the stamina to read the unexpurgated *German "Mein Kampf"* and still hold a brief for Hitler is blind.) Meanwhile the Pope speaks up for the Jews, the *Quakers* go to Germany and help the Jews. We turn our backs on the most staggering misery a race has ever endured, emulating rather the notorious priest and Levite than the Samaritan. We have no money even for the suffering Hebrew-*Christians* from Germany, but we *have* money to do traveling in ill-starred Germany, where we act "absolutely correctly" so as not to offend Hitler. Lutherans—even most pastors—do not know much about present day Judaism. Generally speaking, Jews *do not know even the Old Testament,* or very little of it; know *next to nothing* about Messianic prophecies. Nor do they doggedly and "willfully lock their hearts to them." They widely believe that New Testament Christianity is *Roman Catholicism,* which they consider pagan. Lutherans stress Scripture passages dealing with Jewish *hard-heartedness* and seemingly methodically fail to emphasize in any way passages which would encourage Jewish missionary work, such as this one: "And the Word of God increased and the number of *disciples* multiplied in Jerusalem *greatly;* and *a great company of priests were obedient to the faith"* (Acts 6: 7). *Jews pray* for their *enemies* on some of their great holidays. Would *we* ever do that for the *Jew?* I never heard of it, though I have been a Lutheran all my life. The terrible sufferings Jews have undergone for *their faith* compares with what the Christian martyrs have suffered for Christ. And it isn't Satan who causes a Jew to remain loyal to Jehovah! If the religion of the Jew were of *this world* only "the world would love its own." The religion of the Devil causes no world-hatred. It takes the name of the true God (though He may appear partly "distorted") to do that. So the misery goes on! "Bow down that we may go over! And thou hast laid thy *body as the ground* and *as the street to them that went over"* (Isaiah 51, 22). Evidently God still has something to do with the Jews, and it is "not all over with them." It "pays" to go after the Jew. A Jew who becomes a Christian is apt to become a Christian of note (e.g., the famous theologian Philippi and numerous others).

HELMUT KROENING

Saint Paul, Minnesota

Correction

SIR:

In Dr. Reu's article (February, p. 24) a misleading misprint crept in. The Psalm which determined Luther's change of heart was not Psalm 71 but 31. The words are: *"In justitia tua libera me."*

P. E. KRETZMANN
Saint Louis, Missouri

Film Criticism

SIR:

The High School students hereabouts are delighted over THE CRESSET. In the December issue, page 17, however, I must disagree with the writer of this article. I am certain it was his liver acting up again, for the thing which "laid the audience in the aisles" was not the 'God Willing' of Charley Ruggles, but the bump on the head just after he said it. Personally, I thought that Ruggles left the scene as one impressed with the higher ideals of Bobby Breen and with the wistful note of one who wished he could understand them too. The story ended with Ruggles uncertain but Bobby inexpressibly happy in Goshen. And what's wrong with that?

THEO F. A. NICKEL
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

He's Glad

DEAR SIR:

My purpose in inditing a letter to you at this time is to express my heartfelt admiration of the sound, sensible, and thoroughly Christian manner in which your columnist, Theodore Graebner, discussed certain aspects of Marc Connelly's epoch-making play, *The Green Pastures,* in the March issue of THE CRESSET. I had the good fortune to see the stage production of the masterpiece, in which that truly great Negro actor, Richard B. Harrison, appeared with such impressively remarkable artistry as *de Lawd,* and, a few years later, I was greatly edified by the excellent film version, in which the leading part was portrayed in an admirable manner by Rex Ingram. To my surprise, I discovered that there were some who, without knowing the play itself and without being possessed of any firsthand knowledge of the religious life of the Negroes of the deep South, declared brusquely and categorically that Mr. Connelly's drama was nothing short of sacrilegious. I, for one, could not toot into their horn, but, as one says in everyday parlance, I stuck by my guns. Naturally, it is a source of comfort and consolation to find that my own frankly and openly expressed opinions with regard to the fine play are shared by your able columnist.

The pointed and sane remarks about the syrup contained in such rich profusion in *Sweethearts* were music to my ears. Nelson Eddy has a remarkably opulent voice; but his futile attempts at acting have that exacerbating lack of toothsomeness which one invariably associates with an underdone pie.

M. I. GLADD
Chicago, Illinois.

Contributors—Problems—Final Notes

The Editor's Lamp

WITH profound gratitude to our Editorial Associates we call attention to the increasing variety and timeliness of the paragraphs under "Notes and Comment." The growing efficiency of THE CRESSET editorial system makes it possible to include comments on almost every phase of world events during the month. We believe that not a single event of major importance has been overlooked in the current "Notes and Comment." Unfortunately, the latest manifestations of Herr Hitler's *"Drang nach Osten"* came too late for comment. Our notes on affairs in Central Europe must necessarily be based on foreign sources, particularly the newspapers of Germany. The accuracy of American correspondents is, by and large, remarkable, but a monthly publication owes it to its readers to cover all pertinent materials. Unfortunately, Herr Hitler did not date the various events scheduled in *Mein Kampf*. This time even the weeklies were caught off guard.

The increased space devoted to editorial paragraphs has again compelled us to reduce the number of major articles to one. J. Frederic Wenchel, our editorial observer at the Nation's Capitol, presents a most timely consideration of the mysterious building now nearing completion at Washington. Surely the imminent possibility of the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Vatican is a matter of concern to every American.

The poets of the month are Richard A. Jesse, W. H. Hafner, and "A Ministerial Student" who, somewhat prematurely, was the subject of an editorial note last month.

Lack of space has prevented the appearance of the regular "Check List of Books" in this issue. We hope to present it in the May issue.

Our Managing Editor informs us that he will be happy to send sample copies of THE CRESSET to persons whose names are submitted by our readers. A post card to the editorial office, 6438 Eggleston Ave., Chicago, Illinois, will receive prompt attention.

We are most grateful for the favorable reception accorded the "Cresset Survey of Books." It is a matter of pardonable pride for THE CRESSET to point out that during the eighteen months of its existence it has omitted only one best seller from its reviews. This particular book was morally so objectionable that it was not dignified with a review. All other best sellers have been reviewed, at times well in advance of their appearance on the best seller lists. This has been accomplished largely through increasingly cordial relations with publishers.

In the May issue THE CRESSET will begin to review a certain number of motion pictures each month. After a careful consideration of all phases of the many problems involved, the editors believe that this major cultural phenomenon in American life cannot be ignored. Eighty-five million people attend motion pictures every week. Approximately thirty million are under twenty years of age. Together with the radio the motion picture is undoubtedly one of the most important factors in the cultural life of America. THE CRESSET will consider the motion picture in exactly the same way as it has presented reviews of books. Spiritually and morally it will make no concessions.

"If the Jews in America, anxious to help their persecuted brethren abroad, will contribute their dollars and their moral support, and not try to drag this country into the picture as a nation, more good will be attained and danger of war, with the result of even greater persecution, avoided."

BOAKE CARTER

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:

THE DETECTIVE STORY
GLIMPSES OF NAZI GERMANY
NETSUKES
OIL MADNESS
FARMER, STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
ON BEING RIGHT
PROBATION, PRISONS, PAROLE

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

FROM UNION SQUARE TO ROME ..... *Dorothy Day*
THE NEW WESTERN FRONT ..... *Stuart Chase*
A PECULIAR TREASURE ..... *Edna Ferber*
WICKFORD POINT ..... *John P. Marquand*
LUTHERAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES .... *Walter H. Beck*
MEIN KAMPF ..... *Adolf Hitler*
THAT'S MY STORY ..... *Douglas Corrigan*
SALUTE TO FREEDOM ..... *Eric Lowe*
WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA .... *Harold D. Lasswell* and *Dorothy Blumenstock*
CRIME AND THE MAN ..... *Earnest Albert Hooten*
THREE HARBOURS ..... *F. van Wyck Mason*
MUSIC AND THE LISTENER ..... *Harry Allen Feldman*
THE MAN WHO KILLED LINCOLN ..... *Philip Van Doren Stern*
WILD PALMS ..... *Wm. Faulkner*
STORIES OF THE EAST VIKINGS ..... *G. Bie Ravndal*
REMEMBER THE END ..... *Agnes Sligh Turnbull*
BEWARE OF PITY ..... *Stefan Zweig*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