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THE CRESSET

The Open Bible and Luther, II

M. REU

Scenes of Nebraska's Memorial Capitol

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Twenty-five Cents

VOL. 2 NO. 4

The CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

Propaganda—Coughlin Considered—Things Move in Europe—Labor's Problems—The Religion of Students—

By THE EDITORS

The President Speaks

SEVERAL weeks have passed since the President addressed the 76th Congress on the state of the nation and the newspapers headlined his warning on the growing menace of the dictators. In the perspective of these early days of 1939 a few remarks may be made on a speech which will do much to influence the attitude of the world toward the United States.

Whatever view one may take of the President's attempts to ameliorate the ills of the country during the past five years it is evident that he knows what is wrong, and that he has the courage to try and right it. But more than this, his address evidences a basic understanding of the differences between the ideologies of democracy and fascism. Christianity has lived under forms of government other than the democratic, but it has never lived without compromise or fear under an ideology which denied the dignity of man and his basic right to self-determination. The task of the Western Hemisphere, according to the President, is the preservation of religion, democracy, and international good faith.

The President is conscious of the large element in our own country which is looking at happenings in dictator countries through rose-tinted glasses—ad-

miration of the ends achieved and complete indifference to the methods used. The worship of success in America is taking its toll and the achievements of the dictators are applauded while the path they trod and the sacrifice of human values and dignity they laid on the altars of this ancient god are ignored. The President is aware that the processes of democracy are complicated and that the American mind is impressed by quick and complete results such as the dictator countries seem to have achieved. This seems to be the basic fallacy in our admiration of the god of success. Do we want to get things done, at whatever cost to our integrity as human beings, or do we want to grow, preserving in the process those things which alone will make possible our enjoyment of the ends achieved? We applaud the President's determination to support a society which leaves open the way to religion by giving man freedom to order his relation to his God, places emphasis on the ideals of democracy, as giving man the opportunity to respect the rights and liberties of his fellows, and insists on international good faith, which alone proceeds on the assumption of the unity of the human race. The path along which the lumbering processes of democracy lead us may be longer, but when we reach the end of the road our capacity for enjoying the labor of our hands will be unimpaired.

The strong "rearmament for defense" note in the address is distasteful to anyone who listened to the radio dispatches during the weeks leading up to the Munich pact. That a loaded gun will not long remain undischarged is true. But the President's motive seems to be above reproach. It is very much like that of the newsboy who takes a route on New York's East side and delivers his papers with impunity because the neighborhood toughs know he has taken boxing lessons. The danger from armament will come when we give up delivering our papers.

If the President's statements regarding his desire for peace are to be taken at their face value, this annual address must have been an unpleasant task. Yet it reveals a practical combination of idealism and realism which promises well for the future of the nation.

Propaganda?

THIS is not to be a warning against being influenced by international propaganda. It is a warning against refusing to accept facts on the plea that they are the product of propaganda. This is said with special reference to the

news about Nazi regulations of the church and persecution of the Jews.

The very word "persecution" rouses the ire of some well intentioned people. They don't believe the Jews are persecuted. They "discount everything" they read in the press dispatches. They look upon all news unfavorable to Hitler's regime as colored, overdrawn, exaggerated, as lies—Jewish propaganda.

THE CRESSET has at various times referred to the Nazi attitude on religion and the treatment accorded the Jews. The authors of these articles can state that everything which has been said in these columns has been based on better evidence than press dispatches. The writers have sources available which in the nature of the case must remain undisclosed. Their attitude towards Naziism is grounded on documentary evidence and on the word of eye and ear witnesses.

We know—positively—that the story of the dreadful night of November 10 to 11, 1938 as told in the American Press was true. We know that the fire departments were under instructions not to put out the fire in Jewish quarters unless Aryan property were threatened. We know that the police were instructed not to interfere with mobs that were throwing dishes, clothing and furniture out of Jewish dwellings into the streets. We know on most unimpeachable testimony that there have been thousands of suicides among the harassed Jews.

We know that the state church of Germany is not to be separated from the state but to be placed under more direct supervision and control with tyrannical limitation of the congregations in the calling of preachers. Dr. Martin Reu has stated in print that these regulations, if carried through, signify the end of the Christian Church. We know that all churches are under restrictive laws, that do not permit them to have meetings in the open air or in public halls. We know that soundly Lutheran books protesting against the new heathendom which has the official backing of the state have been suppressed and their further printing prohibited. We know that such a thing as universal religious freedom, as we know it in the United States, does not exist in Germany. And we know finally that there are good Christians who are burdened in conscience because they stand by and permit these violations of fundamental Christian principles to continue without a word of protest, because such protest would mean the concentration camp.

The editorial staff is far from asserting that all news about German conditions which comes with a Paris or London date-line is

true. On the other hand, unquestionably the worst has not yet been told, because it cannot be done without violating confidences which must be regarded by us as sacred. Aside from the word of eye and ear witnesses, however, we have the German papers which are sent to prominent Americans of German descent in the hope of winning them for the Nazi philosophy. The charge of an anti-Christian fanaticism and of a propaganda intended to stir up trouble both in North and South America can be proven from these German newspapers to the satisfaction of everyone who has not closed his mind to the facts.

Poison from Royal Oak

AT THE present moment few men are more dangerous to American ideals than the shouting radio priest of Royal Oak, Michigan. Fr. Coughlin has always been more or less irresponsible in his public utterances, but his disregard for truth and for American traditions has reached new depths during the past two months. His notorious radio speech inciting to race hatred has now been riddled by a startling barrage of facts. In his effort to pin the responsibility for world communism on the Jewish race, he referred to a document issued by the United States Secret Service. Responsible officials of the Service have denied the existence of such a paper.

Most amazing of all has been the revelation that Fr. Coughlin uses Nazi sources of information for his radio addresses and signed articles in "Social Justice." In the closing days of December the *New York Post* printed in parallel columns a speech by Dr. Goebbels delivered in 1935, and excerpts from an editorial in "Social Justice." At least eleven paragraphs were almost identical in wording. As far as we know, all other American newspapers ignored the story. It is, however, vastly important since it brands Fr. Coughlin as the most sinister figure in our democracy. We are glad to see that several leaders of the American Catholic hierarchy, notably the Cardinal-archbishop of Chicago, have repudiated Fr. Coughlin and all his works. It is time to label him openly as un-American and un-Christian.

How to Pay Debts

SO France and England are beginning to show an interest in the war debts they owe us. They think of making some arrangement about them. No, no, they are not going to pay what they owe. First of all, they feel that the debt should be greatly scaled down.

This has been done once before. Then we should forget all about the unpaid interest that has accumulated and pay that ourselves. As for the reduced sum that remains: will they pay that? Sakes alive, No! We are to lend them about 90 per cent of that sum, which they will then return to us by way of payment. This, they hold, should make us feel so kindly toward them that we will again open the doors to them for further unlimited borrowing. What security will we have for any repayment in the future? Why, our happy experience with them in the past and, in addition, as many honeyed words as we may like. This poor commentator confesses that he has achieved a headache in trying to understand the mystery of such high finance. All that he is clear on is that the international bankers who will handle any moneys that change hands will get their commissions, as they always have.

Student Religion

THE *N.S.F.A. Reporter,* official organ of the National Student Federation, in its issue of December 10, 1938, has an article on "Religion in Colleges," dealing particularly with Swarthmore College. "Of 350 polled at Swarthmore," one reads, "101 were avowed agnostics." "Sixty-five of the seniors said they had changed their ways of thinking of religion. Seventy-five of those whose religious beliefs had changed said it was on account of courses in philosophy. Others said zoology, history, and courses on Milton were other influences." At Swarthmore, the report says, the philosophical approach to religion is most popular whereas throughout the country there has been an increase in a sociological or psychological approach. No wonder that many students confess that they are "mixed up" in religious thinking when they try all manner of approaches to religion except the religious approach. The only way to make that approach is to read the Bible or hear its message with an open mind, leaving it to the Spirit of God to work conviction and faith in the inner man. All other so-called approaches lead in the opposite direction.

The Show Must Go On

WHEN we begin to speculate on what the next few months are likely to bring, we must be careful to consider not only what bumptious, grasping, and insatiably ambitious dictators like Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler can afford to do, but also what they cannot afford *not* to do. When the supreme master of the lives and destinies of the Italian

people embarked upon his arduous and expensive campaign in Ethiopia a few years ago, many thousands of shrewd observers shook their heads and prophesied that the widely heralded adventure in empire-building was doomed to certain failure. But the high and mighty Signor Mussolini knew that, once the die had been cast, he dare not turn tail and run away like a whipped puppy. He deposed the self-styled Lion of Judah and won for himself a somewhat barren country. Now his rigidly controlled press has begun to clamor lustily and persistently for more territory; and it is not altogether unreasonable to take for granted that Herr Hitler, who, in all likelihood, has a few more axes to grind, is secretly blowing wind into the sails of the oratorically inclined Italian who seems to imagine that he is a reincarnation of none other than the great Julius Caesar himself.

Italy produces no rubber, no tin, no nickel, no tungsten, no mica, no chromium. She must import nearly all the cotton, coal, wool, oil, iron, steel, and copper she uses. Even meat and grain must be brought in from other countries in no inconsiderable quantities. Besides, there is no other nation on earth which has a more dangerously exposed coastline. All these considerations are weighty, of course, when we think of the probability of war; but, even so, external diversions are absolute necessities in the hectic careers of dictators. Since countries that are repressed, over-armed, and underfed must have some sort of outlet for their pent-up emotions, the brow-beating and blunt-spoken Benito and some of his carefully coached coadjutors have been at great pains to impress upon the cannon-fodder at their disposal that war is wonderfully beautiful. The all-powerful heads of totalitarian states must constantly make gains and advances of some kind, and, for this reason, it is safe to assume that there will be vigorous acting on the European stage as soon as the weather begins to be favorable for military operations. It would be flying into the face of cold logic to imagine that the pact of Munich was the last act of the exciting drama.

We hope and pray that there will be no war; but if a holocaust descends upon Europe and Asia, we want our country to remain aloof. Now is the time for us to let our government know in no uncertain terms that our people have no desire whatever to be drawn into the witches' cauldron which is simmering on the other side of the Atlantic. We need not be afraid of impressing this fact too frequently or too emphatically upon our president and our legislators. If we fail to do so while we have the opportunity, we may live to rue our negligence.

Union Labor's Task

WHEN, early last December, the city of St. Louis faced the serious crisis of having its water supply cut off as a result of a labor strike, the people of that community were confronted with an example of unscrupulous and vicious labor leadership. To say that a large number of people, favorably inclined toward union labor before, have changed their opinion as a result of this experience, is putting it mildly. It was another instance, of which there have been too many lately, which emphasizes the need of better leadership for labor than it has enjoyed in recent years. Labor has had the sympathy and encouragement of most of our people in the past, but it cannot expect support in the future unless it sets itself to the task of establishing peace in its own ranks and choosing trustworthy leaders who have the respect and confidence of the people. No sensible person will deny that the rank and file of labor are honest, peace-loving, and law-abiding citizens. The crisis in St. Louis brought a demonstration of this fact in the declaration made by the representatives of twelve local labor unions, which stated:

"We are of the opinion the strike should never have taken place. . . . It was uncalled for to risk the health and safety of the people of St. Louis and to close industrial plants, throwing thousands of people out of work. . . . We will do everything in our power to oppose any strike at water plants or anything of a similar nature."

Nevertheless many labor unions have permitted themselves to be controlled by men who are hoodlums and racketeers. Unless there is a thorough house-cleaning soon, labor will lose, not only the advantages it has won by a valiant struggle in the past, but also the good will of the general public. Such a loss would be the more deplorable because it is so unnecessary.

The Mysterious Col. Lindbergh

HE WENT to England with his wife and baby for reasons never published. Was it fear of further criminal designs upon his home? Was it the unconscionable snooping of newspaper reporters into his private affairs? We were never told.

Then the Lindberghs bought a lonely island off the coast of France and found it so inhospitable, due to storms and fogs, that they went to Paris. We see the Colonel landing in Moscow, then in Berlin, next in London. About this time one of the American air-transport companies takes his name off its letterheads. It is all very mysterious.

Somehow the foreign correspondents have attached very great importance to the Lone Eagle's recent travels. It is asserted that his investigation of the German air forces as compared with Russian and French, caused the British Government to consent to the reduction of Czechoslovakia. He found the Soviet air fleet "without leadership and in a chaotic condition." The exact data which were submitted to him by the German leaders have never been published, but they evidently gave the jitters to the British and the French.

The German Government confers upon Col. Lindbergh the highest honors which it can bestow upon an aviator.

In England he moves among the highest circles of the nobility favorable to Germany and has been a guest of Lady Astor. He is never interviewed; he never speaks for publication.

Regarding his trip to Moscow in October, the Communist party newspaper *Pravda* complained that he had "barged into Moscow without an invitation," "that nobody invited him, and that if he was permitted to come it was because Americans had requested it." A little farther down the paper calls him "a stupid liar," guilty of "insolent attacks on the Soviet Union."

We are mystified, not only by the strange diplomatic missions of Col. Lindbergh, but also by the limitations which Russia is placing on visitors from abroad. They consider it bad manners for anyone to come to Moscow without invitation and thus add to the impression which the world has of Russia as a huge concentration camp. Imagine our complaining about a traveler from Germany or China "barging" into Chicago or coming "without invitation" to Chattanooga.

"Whither Slovakia?"

THE question is asked by an editorial writer in an American-Slovak paper. After the "shameful settlement of the boundary claims of Hungary" under the pressure of Germany was made public, little was noted in the daily papers about this despoiling of Czechoslovakia; yet the Slovak editor asserts that this settlement ceded "the most productive area of Southern Slovakia, and incidentally deprived the country of our kin of one-third of territory." It is impossible for anyone to keep track of the complications which the events of the last few months have brought into the life of the Slovak people. There have been reorganizations and reorientations, adjustments, political mergers, until the mind is confused by the changes in the po-

litical setup. A new National Guard has been formed which seems to be acting without orders or authority, harassing travelers, impeding trade, travel, and commerce. The attention of these bands is focused on the Jews, and miniature pogroms are being staged. The mob cries for the blood of its former leaders and calls the former president, Eduard Benes, now teaching in the University of Chicago. The American-Slovak editor writes: "The good will of the country built through painstaking labors of twenty years is rapidly crumbling. Forces of destruction are aided and abetted by the powers to be in the practices of the dark ages to win the doubtful favor of a circus mob . . . following the suggestions of the madman of Berlin."

When the Law Aids the Criminal

SOME years ago a St. Louis patrolman, Bernard Early, was shot to death in a tavern, and a certain John Neary was duly tried, a verdict of guilty returned by the jury, and punishment fixed at thirty years in prison.

The sentence has been set aside, and the entire machinery of the courts must start over again because of "error in Instruction No. 4," as stated in a decision by a judge in the criminal division of the circuit court.

Now what was wrong with "Instruction No. 4"? This instruction, in defining malice aforethought, should read "malice aforethought is malice with deliberation," but the stenographer, in transcribing the instruction from printed forms, wrote that malice aforethought is "malice *without* deliberation."

Because the judge's stenographer in transcribing the instructions to the jury, wrote the word "without" instead of "with" the course of justice has been thrown into reverse and the convicted slayer must be tried again.

This case calls to mind the release of George Christup, who was sentenced to life imprisonment under the habitual criminal act when found guilty of the robbery for which he was serving a 10-year sentence. By agreement with the Circuit Attorney, Christup had pleaded guilty of robbery November 4, 1935, but his 10-year sentence was dated from November 4, 1934, because he had been in jail for a year before entering his plea of guilty. This, it now appears, constitutes being "illegally held" in prison. At a former stage of the trial of this criminal the Supreme Court reversed the original conviction because he had "escaped" from a Colorado prison while serving a

term for robbery. The language of the habitual criminal statute provides certain additional punishment for any crime committed by one who has been "discharged" from prison. The law does not cover the possibility of *escape.*

Here we have the sublime absurdity of the law increasing the punishment of a man who has been *discharged* from prison but permitting the lesser punishment to go into effect if the criminal *escaped* before he had served his sentence!

Some day, somebody will garner undying fame for having taken the leadership in the reform of American criminal law. The billions of dollars which we must spend in the control of crime would be greatly reduced if it were not for the technicalities which jurisprudence today offers to the defense of criminals. And every dollar which crime costs us is raised by taxation.

Strange Crime

"Kansas City, Kan.—Mr. Leopold Poldoski was fined $300 and costs for assault in charges growing out of a New Year's fracas at the Blue Bird Tavern. Mr. Poldoski broke one rib of Mr. Steven Billson, with whom he had an argument about 1 A.M. The fine was stayed. Leopold Poldoski plays the bass viol in a local orchestra."

IT IS the last sentence that accounts for our heading. New Year's quarrels are not news. Broken ribs are not strange. But a bass viol player who commits assault and battery is unheard of.

If ever there is a body of innocent and god-fearing men, honest tax payers, and faithful husbands, it is the guild of bass viol players. They are almost wholly lacking in criminal tendencies. They are great altruists, who for the sake of the meager parts assigned to them—except in Beethoven's Seventh—devote themselves to an instrument, of which the transportation problem alone entails real sacrifices. There they stand, in the back row, wearing eyeglasses, drooping on their instruments as if suffering from sleeping sickness. When they get into action (except in Beethoven's Tempest) they as likely as not play the same note thirty-two times and then stop 68 measures. Think of coming in neatly on the beat of the 69th, counting every beat, lest they crash noisily into the preceding phrase or pause. And after an evening of this, each makes with his bull-f—bass viol for the bus or street car, no automobile being built to accommodate the animal.

What happened to the Kansas City bass viol player? Did something snap? Did his years of introversion seek an outlet in a brain storm, with Mr. Steve Billson as

innocent (or guilty?) object of attack? A strange crime. Can it be that CIO has done its infamous work on this artist?

Certainly, the life of a bass viol player must predispose for mental depression, and the wonder is that they figure so rarely in the courts. No pleasure is derived from playing the bass viol as a solo instrument. It isn't being done. No musical literature has been written for it. No artist can play the thing to entertain his friends. It is a weird profession. The wonder is, that more Leopold Poldoskis do not mayhem more Steve Billsons.

What's in a Name?

THE Negroes of the Southeast have always followed a system of their own in selecting names for their children. We shall never forget Ivory Ann, for instance, that little pickaninny, black as coal-tar, who was baptized in our congregation, nor the ebony-skinned twin sisters Ula May and Lula Nay. But Dr. A. P. Hudson, of the University of North Carolina, has gathered an array of names far more bizarre and amusing than these. In a lecture on "The Science of Naming Negro Babies," delivered recently before the North Carolina Folklore Society, Dr. Hudson pointed out that the flamboyant naming of Negro babies may be traced back "to Reconstruction days, when freed Negroes eagerly seized the opportunity to exercise a hitherto unknown privilege," and that many Negroes, like the Indians, "were greatly influenced by time, circumstance, and environment in finding names for their children."

Under the spell of religion, for instance, names like these were given, "Image of Christ Lord God Brown," or "I Will Rise and Go Unto My Father Smith," or "And Seven Times Thou Shalt Walk Around Jericho." At times the name of the child was very significant, as in the cases of the following illegitimates, "Petty Larceny," "Haphazard," "Lucky Blunder," "Lazy Love," and "Sterilizer." Others were named after familiar institutions and things, such as "Seaboard," "Free Press," "Methodist Conference South," and "NRA." Then there are names that reflect certain experiences of the parents; for instance, "Nary a Red," "Delirious," "Positive Wassermann," and "Lucy Never Seen Joe Smith." In addition to these names Dr. Hudson mentions many others that are hard to classify—"Dollar," "Sunday May Ninth," "Filthy McNasty," "Big Apple," "Lightning Twice," and the like. A baby who refused its food was immediately called "No Dine." But the names of twins are especially attractive. Just listen to these: "Nicknack"

and "Bootjack"; "Maters" and "Taters"; "Gasolene" and "Kerosene." It must be a real pleasure to have twins if one can deck them out with such captivating and euphonious appellations.

And yet, are the names that certain white people nowadays give their children much better?

A Parable of Ahfed the Wise

I MADE a Journey on a train, and delayed taking my meal in the Dining Car until the Rush had subsided, as I prefer to eat my Food undisturbed and unhurried. The Steward placed me in a chair across from a man who was reading a Newspaper while he was Finishing off his Java.

After I had writ my Order for a dinner within the limits of my Financial Resources, and the Ethiopian had read it and departed, the Stranger opposite me laid down his paper, and looked over at me. Then I noted by the unmistakable glint in his Eye, that he was a man of Conversational Tendencies.

And he said, Howdy, have you read the Evening Paper?

And I said, Only the headlines.

And he said, I'm not just a headline reader: I read Everything. I like to keep up-to-date and know what's going on. Now here's an interesting Article—

Just then the Ethiopian came with my dinner. As I tucked my napkin under my Chin, I said, Tell me about it while I eat.

And he said, O.K. It's all about a nine-year-old girl, named Bertha, down in the Virginia Mountains. She has been complaining that a Spirit bounces her bed so hard at night that it gives her the Backache when she tries to sleep. What do you think of that? he asked, as he lighted a Cigar and blew the smoke into my eyes.

As soon as I had swallowed a Helping of salad, I said, Not much. It takes a Lot of bouncing to give a healthy girl a Backache.

And he said, Well, there seems to have been quite a Lot of it at that. They even called in the neighbors as Witnesses. What I don't see is why Something like that should happen to a nine-year-old girl 'way off in such an out-of-the-way Spot.

And I said, She probably is an imaginative Child who craves attention, and that is her way of getting it.

And he said, It wouldn't do for you to say that in front of her Father. The Newspaper quotes him as saying, Anyone who thinks my daughter's puttin' on her own devilment will find themselves lookin' up a hog rifle with a four-foot barrel.

And I said, There are two things to say about her Daddy's

statement. Firstly, he no doubt has given it the right name, Devilment. Secondly, I have learned this much in my life-time, that when anyone must Bolster up an argument with Threats, his case is a weak one.

And he said, Well, you've got something there.

And I said, Furthermore, the whole thing strikes me as an instance of History repeating itself.

And he said, How so?

And I said, Back in 1848, another nine-year-old Girl, named Kate Fox, and her Sister heard strange noises, Rappings at night. It was also in a small out of the way place, Hydesville, New York. That nine-year-old Girl said the Spirit which was doing the Rapping was that of a murdered Pedlar. She and her Sister received a great deal of Publicity. In fact, that was the beginning of what we call Modern Spiritualism.

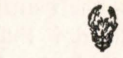
And he said, That's right. I remember reading about that in a Book.

And I said, Yes, the more we read Books the more we learn how much History repeats itself. It was Kipling who reminded the world that Modern Spiritualism had its Prototype in the Witch of Endor. And what the same great Poet said about other so-called modern things being as Old as the hills, is also true of Sects and Cults:

"The craft that we call modern,
The crimes that we call new,
John Bunyan had 'em typed and filed
In 1682."

And he said, Come to think of it, that's really a Mouthful.

And I said, swallowing my last morsel of Pie, You said it.



Phoenix from Ashes

ON THE twenty-fourth of August, in the year 79, the city of Herculaneum, together with her sister-metropolis Pompeii, was buried under the fiery ashes of Mount Vesuvius. For centuries after great streams of lava flowed down upon Herculaneum, covering her treasures with a sheet of lava from forty to one hundred feet thick. The ancient city was gradually forgotten, and a new town, Resina, arose over her ruins. But in 1737 the excavation of Herculaneum was begun by the King of Naples. Excavations were continued in 1828 by the city of Naples and a number of famous archeologists, only to be given up again on account of the tremendous difficulties encountered. In 1927 the Italian Government resumed the work and has persisted in it under the determined leadership of Mussolini to the present day. The town of Resina is rapidly disappearing, and the ancient city of Her-

culaneum is once more coming into her own. Day after day American-made drills are uncovering the unsuspected glories that lay hidden under heavy blankets of lava. Says the *Agenzia d'Italia e dell'Impero* of Rome:

"The most interesting of all the discoveries has been and will remain the Villa dei Papiri, also erroneously called the Villa dei Pisoni, where the most complete and fascinating library ever imagined in the wildest dreams of a scholar was discovered. Many exquisite houses and dignified temples have also been brought to light, and now Herculaneum offers a field for study quite as vast and complete as Pompeii itself.

"One especial point of interest lies in the fact that the two cities are so utterly diverse; in Herculaneum all the houses have roofs, windows, verandas and balconies, while no wall posters, electoral manifestoes and various polemics are to be found, as in Pompeii. In fact, after a little restoration work has been done, the houses seem to be awaiting the moment for their inhabitants to take up their daily routine once more."

Prayer

Dear God,
Make me a vessel deep enough
To hold this beauty of things!
Fashion me on the wheel.
I am eager clay
That would cherish Beauty
Without one drop flowing over.
Fire me in the whitest flame!
I would be strong, oh God,
And not break with my burden.
Set me in the shadow,
Away from the crowds who barter,
And let me be still,
Keeping Beauty cool within my deep.
Dear God,
I am clay made aware
To the service of beauty You wrought.
O God, dedicate me!

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Mid-Winter Housecleaning

COLUMNISTS are strange people. . . . The knowledge that a daily, weekly, or monthly stint of writing must be done colors the warp and woof of life. . . . His entire existence is dominated by the single voice and thought, "Is this grist for my mill?". . . As a consequence, he soon begins to carry a little black notebook, and all the pigeon holes on the desk are stuffed with materials on which he hopes to make more or less sagacious comment sooner or later. . . . Ever since Socrates commented sporadically on the follies and foibles of Athens no columnist has been able to exhaust the materials he gathers. . . . He is the squirrel with too many nuts. . . . For purely physical reasons, however, there must be an occasional housecleaning. . . . This is happening now. . . .

Among THE CRESSET'S omissions for 1938 we are particularly regretful over the fact that Lewis Mumford's notable book, *The Culture of Cities,* was not reviewed with the attention it deserved. . . . Fifteen hundred years ago, in the city of Hippo, in North Africa, a tired old man turned his face to the wall and said: "I am going home to the City of God.". . . The barbarians from the north were knocking at the gates, and St. Augustine was turning away in horror and exultation from the ruins of his hopes on earth to their final realization in another and better world. . . . Today his great book, *The City of God,* is still an important contribution to the philosophy of history and a significant milestone in the quest of man for the Ultimate Good. . . . Obviously the twentieth century cannot produce another *City of God;* that requires a greater faith than we have been able to muster.

. . . But similar circumstances, with equally sinister barbarians knocking at our gates, make such a book as Lewis Mumford's, although on a lower level of truth, necessary and important. . . . As we look back on the year of our Lord 1938, this book was probably the most memorable contribution to the thought of humanity. . . . It is true, of course, that the history of human thought during the past twenty years has little to its credit —and that little is probably a subtraction rather than an addition. . . . The two decades since 1918 have seen the death of the shallow optimism and blind complacency which paraded under and around the Idea of Progress. . . . Mr. Mumford's book is another spade at the funeral. . . . With much feeling and erudition he traces the rise of cities in the Western World. It is a distinct shock to moderns to discover that a scholar like Mr. Mumford, no medievalist or Catholic, believes that the medieval town comes nearest to being the ideal city. . . . Built originally for protection it became a highly flexible organism dominated by the cathedral and immediately responsive to human needs. . . . The city was for men, not men for the city. . . . The crooked streets were deliberately designed to break the wind—overhangs gave shelter against rain—there were gardens behind the houses and within the wall. . . . Mr. Mumford to the apostles of Progress: "In the domain of cities we have tardily begun to realize that our hard-earned discoveries in the art of laying out towns, especially in the *hygienic* laying out of towns, merely recapitulate in terms of our own social needs the commonplaces of sound medieval practice.". . . A book worth remembering. . . .

Another matter. . . . In a corner of the desk we find a note reminding us to say something about the need for wonder in the modern world. . . . Especially wonder over little things—the last red touch of sunset on water—the stillness of trees at dusk—the sudden smile of a child—songs in the night—the inexplicable death of a rabbit under our wheels on an Ohio road. . . . These are the stuff of life and living, and the sense of wonder over their meaning must remain. . . . Here is a subject for further consideration. . . . Much of the space in the pigeon holes is devoted to quotations picked up in casual reading. . . . Here, for example, is an important paragraph from Jacques Maritain's *Lettre sur l'Indépendance.* "Let me here state the inner conflict, which to my mind, hinders so many generous efforts for the expansion of the Kingdom of God. There is the social or sociological

instinct of earthly collectivity, an instinct which is worldly. This would set up Christians in a closed system . . . a fortress built by the hand of man, behind whose walls all the 'good' may be assembled, thence to do battle against the "wicked' who besiege it. There is, on the other hand, the spiritual instinct, an instinct which is of God; this would have Christians disperse throughout the world which God has made, to bear witness within it, to bring it life. . . . How shall men, separated from us by the battlements of age-long prejudice, take account of our faith, if we, instead of reverencing their souls, their aspirations, their anxieties of spirit, remain entrenched in pharisaic isolation? . . . The Christian must go into the world, speak to the world, be in the world and penetrate the world to its uttermost depths, not only to give testimony to God and to eternal life, but to do, as a Christian, his human work in the world."

Stray verses we find in all corners. . . . Here is one from a British weekly, apparently a new *Benedicite* for men who work with their hands. . . . If it were universally spoken and sung there would be no capital and labor difficulties. . . .

They sing with their tongues of bright steel to the Lord,
As organs they peal to the praise of the Lord.
We rejoice that all utter in solemn accord
A *Te Deum* of work to the praise of the Lord.
This guerdon, ye brethren, all life shall afford—
In every vocation the praise of the Lord.
We mould and we stamp to the praise of the Lord
We print and we etch to the praise of the Lord,
We inscribe and we pack to the praise of the Lord.
We write and design to the praise of the Lord.
We plane and we build to the praise of the Lord.

Four lines for this time of the year from an unknown poet:

It's a dark and dreary season—
Christmas trees are in the gutter—
That's the fundamental reason
It's a dark and dreary season.

Or this from Arthur Guiterman:

Truth is cold as a sea that's frozen,
Bitter and sharp as a dragon's tooth.
What makes a friend like a lie well chosen?
What makes a foe like a rankling truth?

Or the moving lines from Lord Gorell's *Ode to Peace:*

The world is like a soul that long has bowed
Its broken empire to Hell's gloomy might
And with an inward sickness turns at last
Its wearied being towards the light. . . .

Night lingers on distrustful, but the day
Shall break upon our journey as we climb;
The peaks are flaming now, and presently,
Led by the patient steps of Time,
That shepherd of the human flocks,
Light shall descend with comfort richly hued,
Shall be a beacon for the multitude,
And new shall be the vision round the rocks of age-worn custom and internal feud.

Undoubtedly the dominating question in 1939 will be: "Democracy or Fascism?". . . Perhaps it is well to print the best definition of democracy written in 1938. . . . It appears in Hamilton Fish Armstrong's little book, *We Or They*. "To be liberal does not mean to understand all principles and to have none. The democratic principle is that the majority has the right to govern and that the minority has the right to criticize and oppose the majority. The liberty of the majority is limited by the right of the minority to dissent from the majority; in this right originate all the other rights of the citizen. But the right of the minority to dissent is limited by the right of the majority to rule, and by the majority's duty to restrain minorities which threaten to overthrow the majority by force and destroy all liberties. The majority has the moral right to exercise power, but it is the trustee of that right and must so exercise its power that a different majority may overrule it tomorrow, and another majority may overrule that one the day after. The majority of today shall not put chains on itself and on all future majorities any more than it shall make people of a particular color slaves. It shall not accept a dictator. Even the sovereign right of the people stops short of the right of suicide.

"This is not a compromise between doctrines. It is a doctrine, the democratic doctrine, which proclaims the right of free competition between political parties composed of free individuals as the best method of assuring peaceable progress. It proceeds through trial and error. It is based on the assumption that no man is infallible and that there does not exist a political science. When one discards this doctrine one must accept the dictatorial doctrine, according to which there are infallible men whose commands are not to be opposed. Lenin was right, Mussolini and Hitler are right: between the two doctrines there is no compromise. Our society or theirs. We or they." . . .

Back to another lamentable omission from the pages of THE CRESSET during 1938. . . . Somehow we neglected to mention the

death of Edith Wharton. . . . Her passing was like the blotting of a star from our horizon. . . . Despite some critics to the contrary, we still believe that her *Ethan Frome* is one of the greatest novels ever written in America. . . . Her strength lay in the remarkable precision of her style. . . . There is hardly a misplaced word or a slovenly sentence in all her novels. . . .

February 1939—the world still totters on the brink of war. . . . Somewhere we find a few notes concerning modern war. . . . Three propositions are axiomatic. . . . 1. The people of the world, the ordinary men and women, do not want war. 2. War today is necessarily "total" war, waged not between armies, but between peoples. 3. The world today is, whether it likes it or not, materially speaking, a unity. Most clearly we remember the words of Lord Baldwin, "There is no one in Europe today and I don't care who he is, who does not know what war in the long run means. It means the degradation of the life of the people. It means misery compared with which the misery of the last war was happiness. It means in the end anarchy and world revolution and we all know it." . . . Perhaps the profoundest crime of war in the modern world is that before it takes a man's life it mutilates him to the innermost core of his personality. . . . During 1938 someone suggested that in the next war the side on which there will finally be some survivors will be victorious. . . .

About a year ago we referred to Albert Jay Nock's famous invention, "The Oxometer." . . . It was an instrument designed to separate truth from falsehood in all public speech. . . . Recently the *Publishers' Weekly* turns the same type of machine on book advertising. "A book advertisement is placed here, the dials are adjusted, and this infra-red bulb is turned on. Immediately the actual copy in the ad is blotted out, to be replaced by the thought that flashed through the advertising man's mind the moment he finished writing it. Would you care to make a test?

"The question had scarcely been put when I grabbed up a copy of the morning paper, turned to the book page and tore out an ad at random. It was set up very fancy, in Huxley Vertical, and read:

> The Melville-Adair Company announces, with pride, the publication of *The Enchanted Fawn,* by Ralph Darnley. An exquisite narrative poem of life in the primeval forest.

"I handed the piece of paper to the old man. He placed it on the shelf inside the box, fussed with the dials a moment, snapped on the light, and then motioned to me. I looked through the glass. The printed text had disappeared and, written in an eerie, neon-like purple script, I read these words:

We had to take this turkey to get Darnley's next novel. A swanky spread like this may land us just enough of a snob sale to pull us out of the red.

" 'It's a trick,' I said to myself. 'He can't repeat.' I asked: 'Mind trying again?'

" 'Not at all,' the old man answered.

"I tore out another advertisement, choosing more carefully this time. It contained just a quote:

'Hot literature,' says the New York *Times* about *Blond Babies Never Cry*, the new novel by Sewell Levering.

"Again the old man adjusted the knobs and snapped on the light. I peered through the top and read:

What the Times really said was: 'If this is Mr. Levering's idea of "hot literature" his mind needs air conditioning.' But can I help it if I haven't got room for the whole quote?

Notes on the Preacher's dictum, "There is nothing new under the sun." . . . Look at the following statements: "The present occupant of the White House is little better than a murderer. He is treacherous in private friendships, a hypocrite in public life, an imposter who has either abandoned all good principles or else never had any." . . . "The President is a low cunning clown. He is the original gorilla. Those who seek the ape man are fools to travel all the way to Africa when what they want can be so readily found in Springfield, Illinois." The first of these charming quotations refers to George Washington, the second to Abraham Lincoln. . . . Compare what is being said about them this month. . . . What lessons in time. . . .

A Frenchman was relating his experience of studying the English language. He said, "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, that if I was tied I was fast, that if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across this sentence, 'The first one won one one-dollar prize', I gave up."—*Fiction Parade.*

A clear picture of the great Reformer's knowledge and understanding of the sacred text—

THE OPEN BIBLE AND LUTHER II

By M. REU

IF IT is correct to say that the Middle Ages had lost, not the Bible itself, but the proper understanding of the Bible, then we know why through Luther's translation the Bible became an open book. God led and trained Luther step by step for the right understanding of the Scriptures and thereby enabled him to give us the Bible as an open Bible. I must limit myself to the most important factors.

1. By nature God had given Luther a clear mind, rich and deep, with an extraordinary ability and fine sense of languages. It is significant that during his stay at Erfurt he was not content with the scholastic studies prescribed by his course; he also read the Latin poets, Ovid, Vergil, and Plautus, perhaps also Horace and Juvenal, and he read them so eagerly and with such interest that even decades later he could quote them with ease. When he entered the cloister he gave up all his former books, but these poets he took along. He had learned Latin in school but never had a regular course in Greek or Hebrew. Yet he mastered both of these languages. Since the Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew and he felt that the knowledge of this language would be of value to him in his understanding of Scripture, he bought a Hebrew grammar and dictionary as soon as it had left the press in 1506. He also took up the study of Greek, finding some help for this task in his friend Johann Lang. The knowledge he thus acquired without a regular teacher was rudimentary, indeed, and the following years left him very little time to advance in this study. But a foundation was laid, and as soon as, in

1516, the first printed edition of the Greek New Testament had appeared, he bought a copy and used it. In May or June it had left the press at Basel, and in August he already quoted it in his lectures on Romans. He never laid it aside again. When young Melanchthon came to Wittenberg in 1518, Luther did not feel himself too old nor too dignified to base his New Testament lectures, no longer on the Vulgate, but on the Greek original.

So it was with Hebrew. His lectures on the Psalms between 1513 and 1515 show how he used the little Hebrew he had acquired. In the year 1516 there appeared the first Hebrew Psalter published in Germany, and a year later Luther's friend Johann Lang gave him a copy. Now he devoted the little spare time that was left to him to a more thorough study of this language. When at the end of 1518 he began his second course of lectures on the Psalter, he based them on the Hebrew as the determinative text. Later on, when he started his work on the translation of the New Testament, in December, 1521, it was self-evident to him to base his translation on the Greek original. When in the fall of 1522 he began to translate the Old Testament, he did the same with the Hebrew text. From his manuscripts that have come down to us we learn how difficult it often was for him to understand the Hebrew text correctly, but he did not give up till he overcame all obstacles in the way. In Job, he, together with his helpers, sometimes could hardly finish three lines in four days, but he persisted. From the minutes of the Revision Commission at work since 1531—not before that year (all other notations are wrong)—it is astonishing to see with what care Luther, together with his coworkers, considered every Hebrew and Greek word, how well he was acquainted with all the various shades of meanings and how he never rested till he was clear on the meaning of the original. To him every Hebrew and Greek term was a part of God's Holy Word; he saw the majesty of the Almighty and Gracious One behind it; and therefore he did not dare to stop till the divinely intended meaning was found and correctly expressed. That helped to make the Bible an open Bible.

His Own Tongue

2. And how well was Luther at home in his German, the language into which the Hebrew and Greek was to be translated? Being the son of the common people, all the riches, the directness, vividness, and concreteness, but also the coarseness of the language of the common people were his own; yet, being trained in Cotta's noble house at Eisenach, he learned the language of the cultured groups, a

wholesome bridle against the rude and low. His intermingling with all classes of people at Erfurt and on his many and long journeys on foot through the land, especially towards the west and south, widened not only his geographical horizon, but also enlarged and enriched his vocabulary. The use of the German in the class rooms of the university—he was the one professor in Germany who at times spoke the vernacular in his lectures—its frequent use in the pulpit of the Stadtkirche at Wittenberg, gave him that fluency, readiness, and ease of speech in which he later excelled. His acquaintance with the German mystics, especially with that fine little book, *Ein Deutsch Theologia,* led him not only into a wealth of fruitful thoughts, but it also taught him how to express the motions of inner life in a most alluring and winning German. His native disposition for all wholesome frolic, merry-making, and dancing, his life-long study of folklore and song, his open ear for the sonorous, the musical, the rhythmical, made his language full of feeling, gave to it movement and measure alike. Add to this his love for his German people, the healthy national pride, and above all the consciousness of being their God-sent prophet and being in duty bound to give them his all, and you will understand how well prepared he was to give to his people a Bible as they never had one before, true not only to the original text, but likewise true to the innermost nature of the German language.

At Home in the Bible

3. Through Luther's translation the Bible became an open book again because this translation was made by one who lived and moved in the Bible as in his Father's house and who had taken from its riches day by day. Luther's familiarity with the Bible is a unique phenomenon. Here neither Bernard of Clairvaux nor even Augustine can be compared with him. Since he had learned in the Latin school at Mansfeld Scripture passages and Psalms, since he had bought that postil at Magdeburg with its many biblical pericopes, since he had seen the first complete Bible, since he had heard daily a chapter from the Bible at Erfurt, he had already collected a great treasure: but how he read the Bible after he had gotten his own copy when he entered the cloister! Soon he was so at home in this copy that he knew what was to be found on most of its leaves. From 1506-1512 he kept on reading, reading and meditating; from 1512-1522 the Bible was the basis of all his lectures. It was to him like the hammer that crushes the rock, like the thunder that frightens the sinner, like the

voice of the righteous judge that enters the heart as a sword piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart. And it was to him as the balm for the wound, as the voice of the friend, as the gospel of good tidings, mighty to save, to comfort, to help. He experienced it as Law and as Gospel, being terrified by the one and allured, charmed, and brought to peace by the other. His external acquaintance with the Bible had become the means of its inner appreciation and growing comprehension. He experienced the Scripture, and by the way of this experience he learned to know it better and better; he took the Bible into his heart, and so his heart and life grew more and more together with the Bible. He understood the Bible, its divine power and its final scope, and just this helped him to give us an open Bible.

The Heart

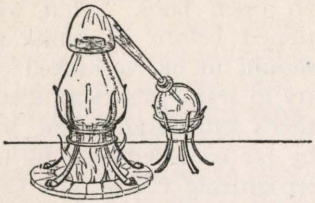
4. And yet the principal reason why through Luther's translation we have an open Bible has not yet been mentioned. It is this: After living and moving in the Bible for many years, all at once, Luther had his eyes opened by the Holy Ghost to the heart of Scripture, to that blessed fact that God, through Christ, the Crucified and Risen One, has Himself wrought a righteousness for us that makes us righteous in His sight and that this righteousness can be made our own by faith. It is not necessary now to remind you of that awful fight through which Luther had to go because he thought the term *righteousness of God* in Romans 1:17 spoke of God's punitive righteousness, according to which God would give the sinner whatever he deserves. Then God appeared fearfully angry towards him, and he himself knew no refuge whither he could flee, no consolation within or without, but everything had only one voice for him: the voice of never ceasing accusation. At times that burning fight became so hot that if it had continued half an hour longer he felt he would have been destroyed and his bones would have become ashes. But at last it pleased God to take his servant out of this fearful furnace. When, in the fall of 1514, Luther prepared his lecture on Psalm 71 and meditated upon the words, "Deliver me in thy righteousness" then all of a sudden it dawned upon him that if righteousness of God delivers a man, it cannot be punitive righteousness by which God declares the sinner righteous in his sight. Through this God-given understanding Luther felt as if he had been re-born anew and as if the doors of Paradise had been opened wide before him. But how can God, the Holy One, pronounce the

sinner righteous? Does he not lose His own righteousness in doing so? Here was the point where Luther began to understand Christ. By his sufferings, death, and resurrection, Christ has satisfied all demands of God's holiness and punitive righteousness. Since Christ has taken upon Himself the sin of man and its curse, God can no longer punish the sinners; He cannot demand double payment. For Christ's sake He can pronounce the sinner righteous without endangering His own holiness in any way. After Luther had recognized this blessed fact the whole of Scripture offered a different aspect. It now became to him the message of God's grace, of His saving righteousness and forgiveness, of redemption and eternal life for all who believe. He now had recognized the heart of Scripture, the center of God's whole revelation. And it was in the light of this knowledge and experience that he now read his Bible. In the light of this knowledge and experience he translated the Bible: and it is this that made the Bible an open book. What we mentioned before is significant and should not be overlooked when we try to learn what was new in Luther's Bible translation, but it is by far overshadowed by this: In recognizing Christ, the Crucified and Risen One, Luther had recognized the living contents of Scripture, the one person that permeates all its books, although in varied degrees, the central light from which all parts receive their illumination. This was an entirely new light. No one since Paul had thus looked at the Bible; even in Augustine you find only small beginnings. Now, if this is the center of Scripture and if Luther translated the Bible in the full view of this truth, then we need not wonder why his translation made the Closed Bible of the Middle Ages the Open Bible of the modern world.

Longing

Let me walk the fields again
And sing for the wind
Or talk to the rain.
Let me leave these spires
And roofs and walls
That swarm with neon fires.
Give me the prairie places,
And forgetfulness of faces . . . faces . . .

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE



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*

A Referendum on War, as called for in the Ludlow Bill, is still regarded by some of my friends as the only safeguard against our nation's being dragged into a European war. They cannot understand the opponents of that measure. It seems to them that every good American and every lover of peace should subscribe to a resolution which demands a popular vote on participation in war, except in "the event of invasion and attack." In support of the measure, Senator La Follette said that, in a national vote, the country would go ten to one against entry into the war. We are reminded pertinently of the entrance of America on the side of the Allies in 1917, only a year after Wilson had been re-elected on the Platform, "He kept us out of war." The speech of President Roosevelt at Chicago in 1937, with its sharp references to undemocratic nations, was evidently intended to sound out the temper of the people toward our involvement in some foreign quarrel. My friends do not understand how, especially in view of what happened in 1917, anyone can oppose the Ludlow resolution as preposterous and vicious.

Viewed superficially, the proposal seems not only inoffensive, but provides a most equitable and democratic way of keeping our country out of unnecessary wars. As Professor Gideonse of the University of Chicago recently said, "We democratically elect our dog-catchers, so it easily seems not undemocratic to let the people elect whether to go to war or not." He continued, "It has not occurred to these democrats that when a mad dog gets loose we don't hold an election to see who is going to catch him." He added: "There is one thing to be said of our repre-

sentatives in Congress—they are representative. Indeed, my experience with them leads me to believe that any difference is in their favor. There is evidence to show that they are not so easily swayed by propaganda as are their constituencies."

More than this might be said. I shall not urge the breach which the Ludlow Bill would make in our system of representative government: we have a right to change that system if we want to. I shall not here raise the question whether the powers of government as we define them in the light of such texts as the thirteenth chapter of Romans would permit these powers to be stripped of authority in such an essential point. I shall not stop to discuss the fairness of a proposition which makes it possible for the people to crowd an unwilling administration into a "popular war" and then expect it to come out victorious. All these questions are really academic. What we are confronted with is a nation goaded on by propaganda from without and from within into a position of more and more pronounced hostility against one foreign nation —Germany. One of the highest officials of our government has publicly denounced the Hitler regime, and he was followed by the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with a statement (a "personal utterance") which declared that "the people of the United States do not like the Government of Germany." When an apology was demanded for such expressions, the German diplomat in charge at Washington (the Ambassadors of both nations having been withdrawn) was told in strong and uncompromising terms that the United States offered no apology. Now consider that even early last fall one of the popular surveys revealed the fact that more than fifty per cent of the average American citizenship was opposed to Germany. (Lest it be said that these surveys mean little, let me remind you that this same survey, previous to the election in November, predicted, within a fraction of one per cent, the exact proportion of the votes polled by Lehman and Dewey in New York State.) Very probably, it would now require only a few additional provocations for a popular referendum *demanding war with Germany*. Aside from the fact, then, that any such method of declaring war would place the United States in a most unfavorable position, now that a nation must be lightning quick on the draw to win; disregarding also the fact that such a referendum at a time when the minds are inflamed with passion would lead to bloodshed and murder, to arson and rioting—would be an occasion which Communists and other agitators would seize upon for unleashing the passions

of the mob—forgetting about all these possibilities: what guarantee have the friends of Germany (which are today identified to a large extent with the supporters of the Ludlow Bill) that the very measure by which they hope to keep our country out of war will not be the means of plunging us into armed conflict?

"No Aggression!" Here is the platform, I am told, on which all honest friends of peace can unite. We may not all go the length of pacifism and declare all war to be a sin. We may not pledge ourselves, as did a modernist preacher, never again to participate, directly or indirectly, in any future war. We may not be conscientious objectors like the Quakers and the Mennonites. We may not lend support to the communistically-inspired propaganda against officers' training courses at the universities. Let us say we are just plain citizens who would look upon service in time of war, whether on the front or at home, as a simple duty which we must accept together with the rights of citizenship. We would then still distinguish between a righteous and an unrighteous war, and if the case were a clear one, should rather go to prison than directly or indirectly support a war which we know to be unrighteous. What's wrong about that?

Nothing is wrong about it, but there are two assumptions which those of us who urge this distinction are apt to make without warrant. The first assumption is that it is possible, under present-day conditions, in all cases to establish whether a war is righteous or unrighteous, and whether participation in it is morally right or morally wrong. Italy's war in Ethiopia was certainly unrighteous, and Ethiopia had a moral right to defend herself. From this we conclude that in any other case we shall be able to make a similar clear distinction. Whoever believes this has no recollection of the tangled tissue of motives that led to the entrance of one nation after another into the World War in 1914. There is even now a great network of secret diplomacy encompassing every nation on the globe, and no one but the Omniscient will be able to weigh in every case the exact proportion of blame and merit. The very question, which *standard* shall be applied in judging of a matter of civil government—the standard of Christian conscience or that of natural law—is a subject for a month's silent meditation.

The other assumption is that the watchword, "No aggression!" is simply identical with the demand that there must be no unrighteous war (and will the reader please take note that we are not here thinking of the thorough-going

pacifist, who pronounces all armed conflict unrighteous). But is it not possible to find the greater unrighteousness on the side of the nation which technically is being made the point of first attack? Today we have such a thing as economic warfare, by which it is possible, without declaring war, yes, and without firing a shot, to destroy a nation. Aggression accordingly can take the form of doing nothing, of withholding all exports, or of conspiring with other nations to do nothing, to have no trade, no dealing, no intercourse whatsoever, and permitting the nation at which this arrangement is directed either to die of famine or to be overwhelmed by a military enemy.

But the difficulty is even greater. What do we mean by "aggression"? Does the reader realize that committees of the League of Nations have debated this question for years and have come to no conclusion? It seems so simple to say that the aggressor is he that fires the first shot. But there are economic methods, as just pointed out, as deadly as a battery of eighteen-inch naval guns, more certain in their destructive force than a thousand bombers. By the right kind of diplomacy the most deadly work can be done before a shot is fired. At any rate, we should like to offer a prize for an unassailable definition of the term, "war of aggression," a definition so worded that it will clearly identify every war of aggression with an unrighteous war. Here is food for another month's quiet cogitation.

The First Casualty. I have seen a cartoon bearing this title. It shows a battlefield with shells bursting, and there are a number of graves, one of them marked with a cross on which is inscribed the word TRUTH. Do not doubt it: the first to die in any war is the Truth. War makers must first of all pervert the minds, destroy sane judgment, and rob conscience of her natural powers in order to gain their ends. I heard Boake Carter say at a dinner-meeting recently that the means of propaganda today surpassing every other in possibilities of evil is the radio. The press is still free, he said, and so is the lecture platform, in democratic countries. He declared, and in this he spoke as an expert, that the news emanating from foreign countries is reliable, at least in what it *says*. The censorship in Europe and in Japan is so thorough that much indeed may be withheld, but the cabled reports are, on the whole, very reliable. Propaganda is carried on by two agencies: by the editorial writers and headline experts, and by the international radio. This refers to time of peace. When war is declared, truth dies as the first

casualty, and thereafter only military headquarters know what is happening.

But as a half truth is always worse than a lie, so even the truth may be told about another nation in such a way as to make a distorted picture, causing the hated nations to appear as made up of sadistic scoundrels, if not of fiends incarnate. All of which we shall keep in mind as the drama of international hatreds and jealousies and various types of racial insanity is developing before our eyes during these early months of 1939.

A Madhouse. If you went to the nearest insane asylum, the sounds emanating from the cells and wards would give you an impression of what he will hear who listens attentively to the noises that are shaking the ether today in Europe. That continent surely is passing through a period of wholesale demoniac jitters. Most of it we do not comprehend. This writer does not know why Italy and France are snarling at each other over some part of North Africa which to an American visitor looks like something that dropped off the end of a truck. But they almost came to blows about it in December. Any number of incidents occurred on both sides which three months from now may be interpreted as acts of armed aggression. Next we hear from our Ambassador Kennedy (who talks too much—or maybe he is "inspired"—no one knows) that war is just around the corner. And the papers tell about England's plan of spending $100,000,000 on bombproof shelters. Those demanding that Chamberlain put the heat on Germany are—would you believe it?—the British Labor Party! (And we have been told that the industrialists want war, while the laboring man is a pacifist.) Oswald Pirow, Defense Minister, returns to South Africa and says all Europe is at the brink of war. Then there is talk of all Ukrainians uniting into a new nation, which would mean Russia, Hungary, Poland, and Germany at each others' throats. All European countries are voting new billions, in the aggregate, for *additional* armaments. An editorial in *Le Journal de Moscau,* which is the mouth-piece of Stalin, declares that "Europe faces events still more grave than those of September, 1938." A highway is being built across the Sahara Desert for transporting cannon. All this sounds like the raving of madmen—sometimes mounting to an actual bedlam, as when the parliament of Italy one day for a solid twenty minutes indulged in an orgy of yells and jeers on hearing a report about French Africa. Germany says that it will drop the complaint about Ickes' speech be-

cause it wishes to "observe the spirit of Christmas"—and on an adjoining column the *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis prints a cable about Jews having their frozen feet amputated in concentration camps. Japan snarling at us because we extend a loan of twenty-five million to China. And now the otherwise bitterly Anti-New-Deal magazine, *The Sphere,* in a two page double leaded editorial calls upon industry to support President Roosevelt's "adequate armament" program. Why? Because, in the opinion of *The Sphere,* the democratic nations will be called upon to crush Germany, and the United States must be in a position to assure these nations of "material support."

All this to the present writer sounds like stark insanity. He agrees with the friends of the Ludlow Bill in the opinion that our country has no business to help the madmen of Europe to settle their accounts. And he still hopes that the tremendous propaganda machinery now in operation will not achieve its aim—the repetition of the folly of 1917, when we sent our boys to the Western Front to "save the world for democracy."

Is Nothing Real? What we are going to say is a drop from majestic, continental lying (by the war-makers) to a bit of popular nature-faking; but since we are so close to the second of February, we cannot help but repeat the above question, asked by a newspaper reporter after an interview with Prof. George G. Goodwin of the Museum of Natural History in New York City. Prof. Goodwin announced that the groundhog is not a hog, but just a rodent, a kind of cousin to the squirrel twice removed. Then he went on to say that the hedge-hog isn't a hog either, but just a porcupine, another rodent. But there is worse in store for those who expect the groundhog to indicate whether there will be six weeks more of winter weather. It is contained in a report from Chicago which quotes the weather-forecaster there, Mr. C. A. Donnel, as saying that the whole business of the groundhog seeing his shadow on February 2 is a myth. It appears now that this animal is never known to come out of his hole on February 2 except in zoos, when cold water is poured down his neck. His earliest recorded awakening from his winter sleep is February 7, and in North Carolina at that. Usually he sleeps until March.

Just how Candlemas Day got mixed up with weather forecasting I don't know. At any rate, whether the day starts clear on February 2, or whether it is overcast, that says absolutely nothing about the weather we can expect. And we are now told that the

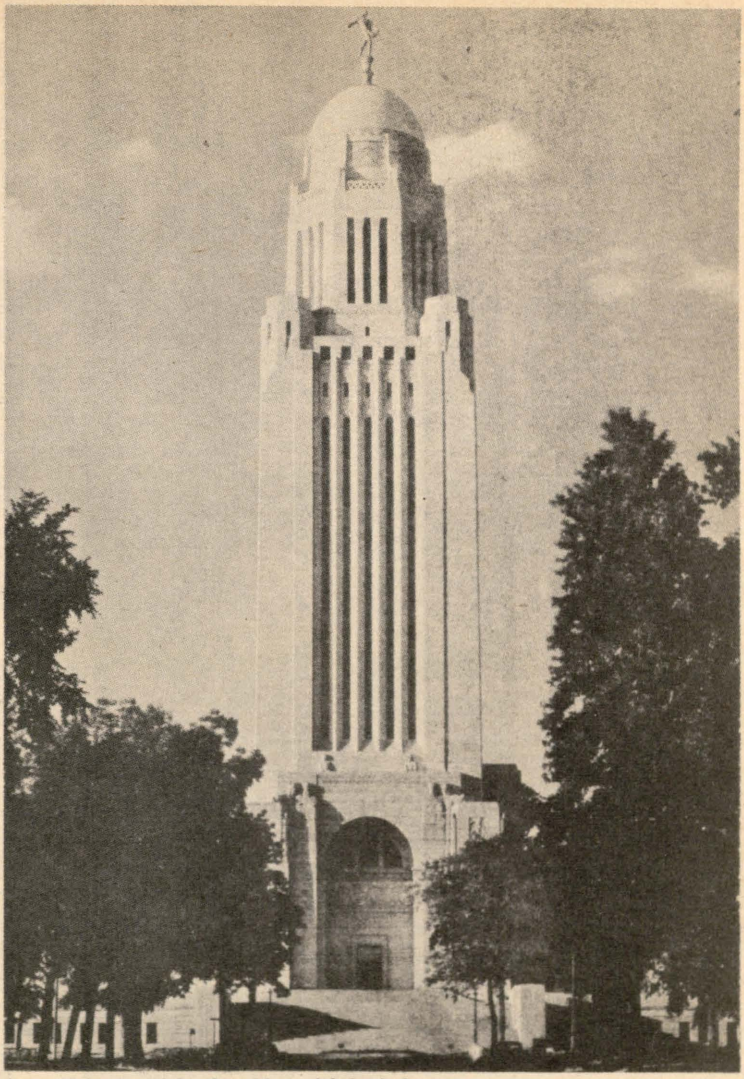
groundhog doesn't come out that day. And he isn't a groundhog but a kind of chipmunk. And since you have started us on this, the robin is not a robin but a thrush; and the buffalo is not a buffalo but a bison; and the elk is a wapiti, and the cotton-tail is a hare, and the Belgian hare is a rabbit. And so, if you have had the patience to listen so far,—"So much—there my yucca fruits lie," as the Apache story teller is fond of saying in popular proverb when ending a tale—*Dakogo shi goshkann dasdaja.* (I find this in the marvelous missionary monthly, *The Apache Scout,* July, 1938.)

Noteworthy Words

Coming back home after a summer abroad, it has seemed to me that the ocean which separates America from Europe has not in our lifetime been so wide or so deep. For though some of the problems which trouble Europe exist here as well, American problems are in the most fundamental sense different from European. And the difference is this: That here there is still so large a margin of safety that American mistakes are not irreparable, whereas in Europe every problem is tragic, involving the issues of life and death, of the will to exist, and the right to survive.

Here, for example, a strike is a strike, costly, inconvenient, angry, but nevertheless an episode which in no ultimate sense touches the national independence or the constitutional order of the American people. But in Europe almost any large strike carries with it the danger of a general catastrophe, either of a convulsive class struggle within or of a new invitation to aggression from abroad.

Here again the problem of the Government finances is serious and may have large consequences in the long future; but in the remaining free countries of Europe, the collapse of government finances is not only a more immediate danger, but it may well involve the system of representative government and the essential liberties of the citizen.

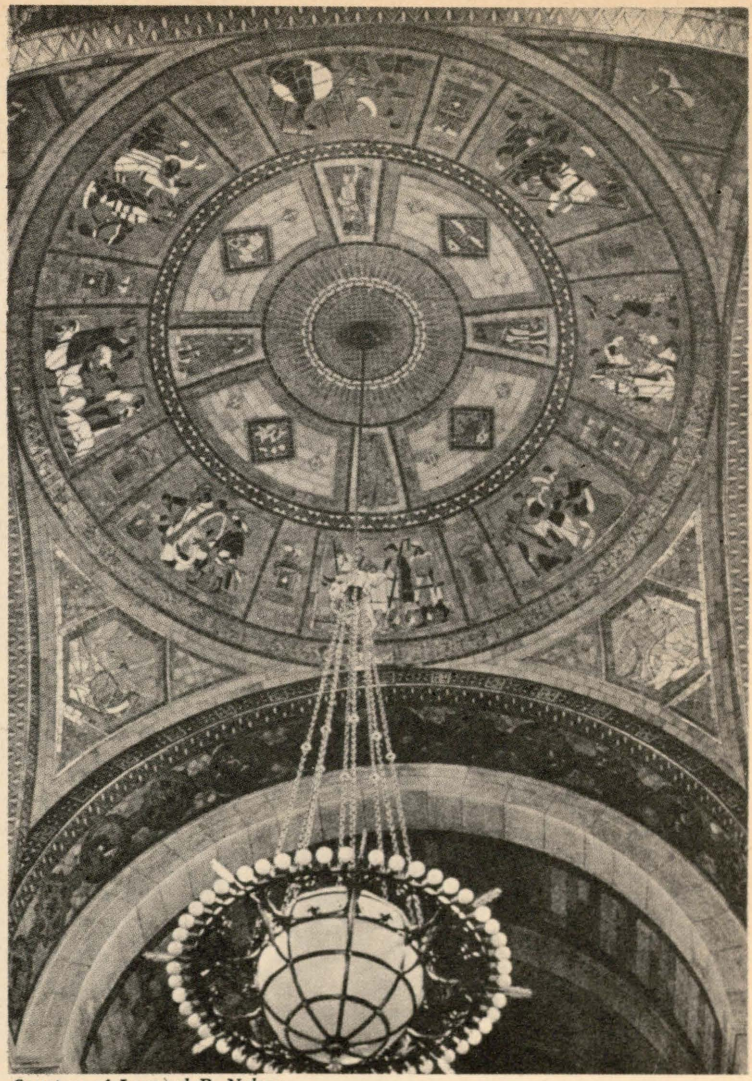


From Nelson's "Nebraska's Memorial Capitol"

In all America there is no more beautiful building in public service than the Nebraska State Capitol. It dominates not only the city of Lincoln, but also the entire countryside. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue was the architect, and his genius was ably aided by Dr. H. B. Alexander, Lee Lawrie and Hildreth Meiere.

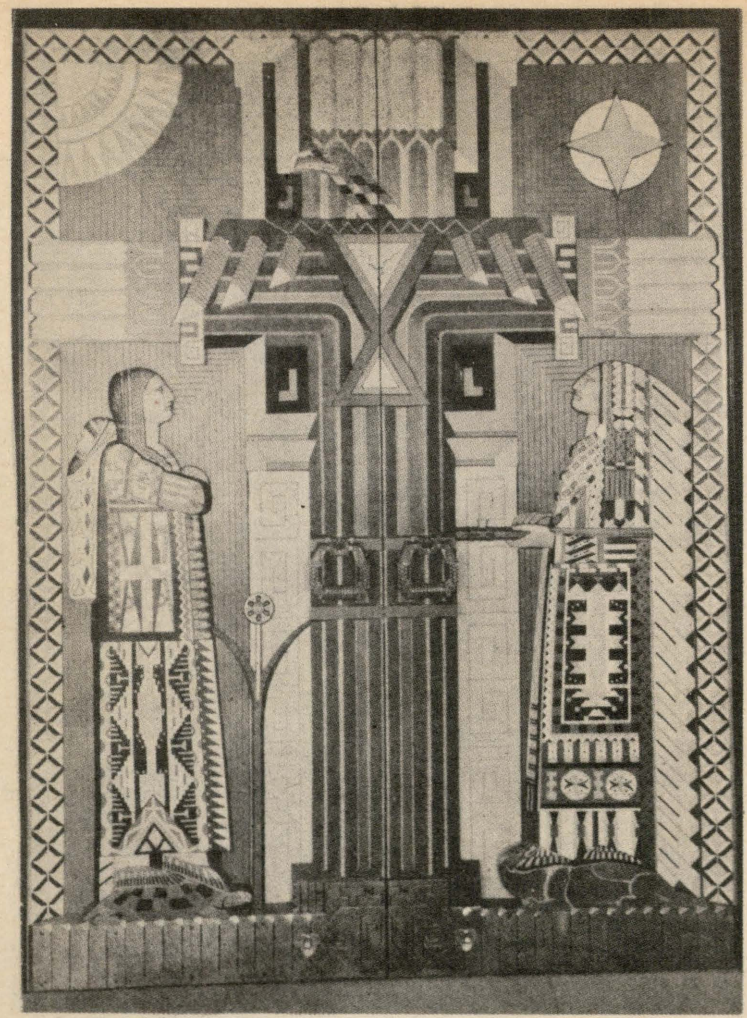
Courtesy of Leonard R. Nelson

This bas-relief over the north door shows a typical pioneer party crossing the plains of Nebraska. The rising sun, the eagle of destiny and the pioneer scout are all included as symbols of the early life on the plains. The guide on horseback is a direct portrait of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). The inscription over the portal should be written over the doorway of all who love freedom.



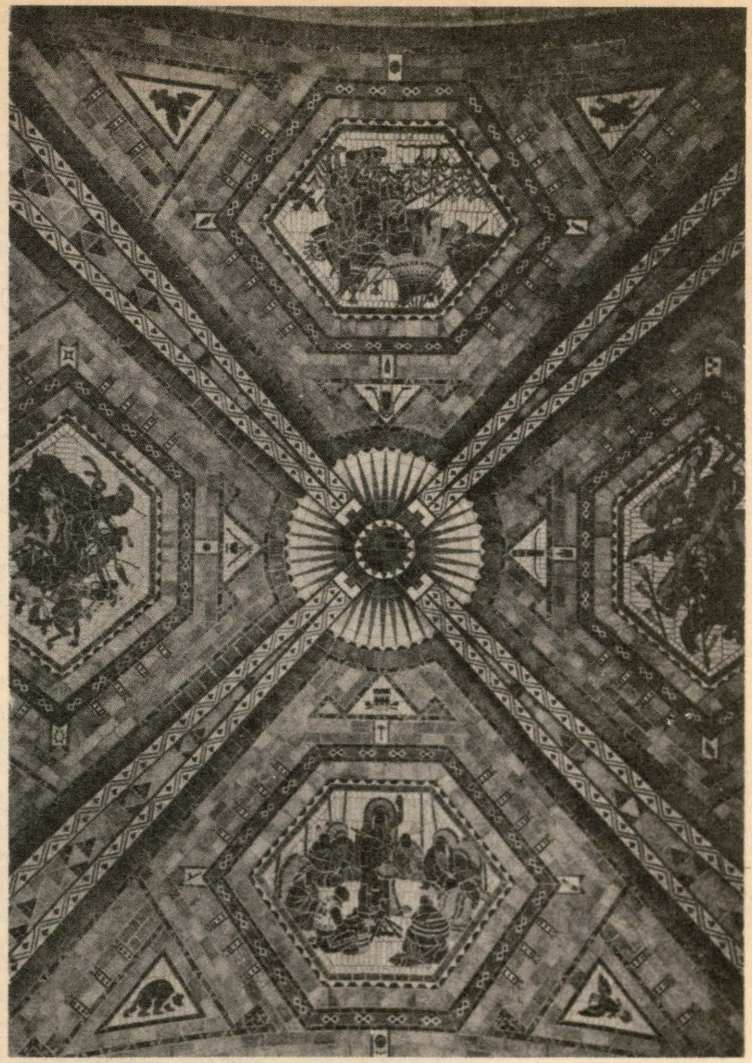
Courtesy of Leonard R. Nelson

The symbolic art of the Capitol carries through into the interior. The dome of the vestibule typifies the "Gifts of Nature to Man on the Plains of Nebraska." The eight mosaic tile panels represent the eight first fruits of the soil of Nebraska. They are cattle, sheep, swine, maize, wheat, grasses, fruits and flowers. The panels are alternately separated by altars and doors, symbolizing the relationship of religion and civic duty.



Courtesy of Leonard R. Nelson

The Senate Doors are the work of a Nebraska citizen, Keats Lorenz of Lincoln. He worked over three months on each of them and used only hand knives and chisels. The doors are of solid black Honduras mahogany, four inches thick, and weigh seven hundred and fifty pounds each. The corn plant, or maize, in the form of the cross or "Tree of Life" forms the center. The chief with his peace pipe is shown on the south door and the squaw with her papoose on the north door. The chief stands on the otter, symbol of medicine, and the squaw stands on the turtle, symbol of the productivity of life.

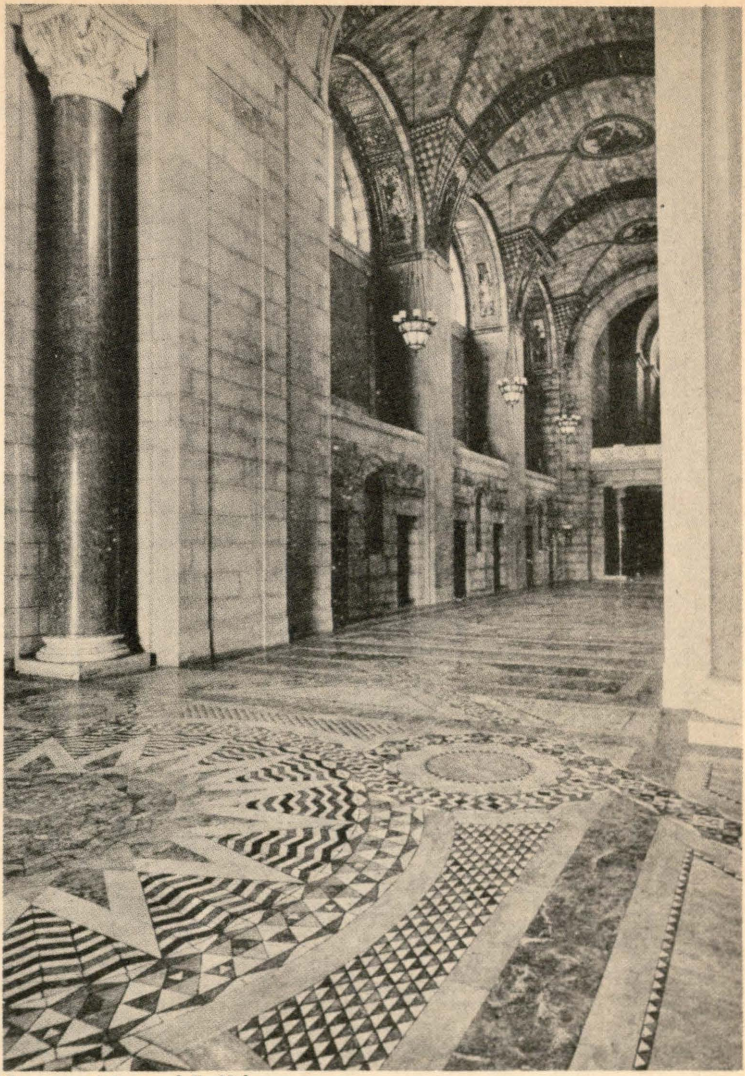


Courtesy of Leonard R. Nelson

The ceiling of the Senate chamber is in the form of a quartered dome decorated in mosaic tile. The sun disc forms the center and in the four panels Hildreth Meiere has put her most brilliant action. They represent "Indian Buffalo Hunt," Indian War Party," "Indian Peace Council"and "Indian Life." Smaller Indian symbols of life and the elements are found on the triangular panels surrounding the hexagons in each quarter of the dome.

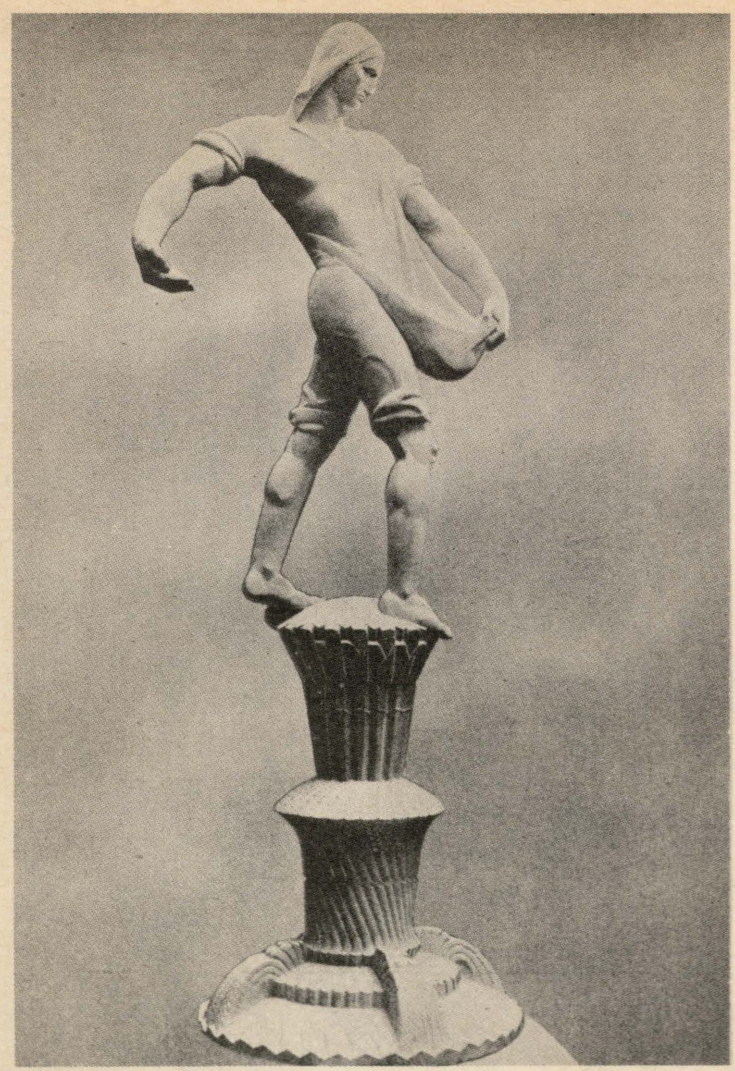
Courtesy of Leonard R. Nelson

The Nebraska State Law and Miscellaneous Library is housed in the south arm of the great Capitol. The chamber is one hundred and four feet long, seventy feet wide and thirty-two feet high. The north lunette shown above was painted by Elizabeth Dolan, a Nebraska artist. It represents "The Spirit of the Prairies." It pictures the pioneer mother with her children and a dog, standing somewhere on the plains of Nebraska.



Courtesy of Leonard R. Nelson

Many artists have selected the allegorical floor of the Nebraska Capitol as the most beautiful marble mosaic floor in the world. The work was all done by hand on the place and each piece was cut from Champville White (from Italy) or Belgian Black, in order to fit its individual place. The three great panels represent "The Spirit of the Soil," "The Spirit of Vegetation" and "The Spirit of Animal Life." The view above shows the foyer as seen from the vestibule.



Courtesy of Leonard R. Nelson

Above the dome rises the figure of the Sower. This thirty-two foot statue, which weighs over eighteen thousand pounds is the real climax of the great building as it stands barefooted above the corn and wheat on top of the gold glazed tiles of the tower. The Tower is a little over four hundred feet high and the figure, therefore, can be seen far and wide—an exaltation of a humble task into the place of greatest prominence on one of the most beautiful of all buildings ever erected.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Was Moussorgsky the Greatest of All the Russian Composers?

A few years ago, a distinguished Russian artist said to me, "Modeste Moussorgsky is, by far, the greatest of all the important composers of Russia." It is entirely possible that there was no exaggeration whatever in his emphatic statement.

We know that it is often dangerous to use the superlative degree in a categorical manner; but at times it is best and wisest to give forthright expression to one's convictions without paying overmuch attention to conflicting opinions. The noted musician who declared that Moussorgsky was the greatest of all the Russian composers spoke out of the fullness of his own heart as well as on the basis of an extensive acquaintance with the music produced in his native land. There are many who share his belief.

If we take technical skill alone as the yardstick with which to measure a composer's significance, we must admit that, among the Russians, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Rachmaninoff stand head and shoulders above Moussorgsky. The works of these men reveal a mastery of harmony, praiseworthy skill in the employment of contrapuntal devices, and a remarkable understanding of the art of writing effectively for the orchestra. Moussorgsky, on the other hand, never submitted to a comprehensive course in harmony, and it is more than probable that many of the principles of counterpoint were as strange to him as the language of the Hottentots.

It is a well-known fact that a thorough grounding in the purely technical aspects of an art may, at times, serve as a hobble rather than as an aid. Naturally, it would be the height of folly to say to a budding composer, "You need not study harmony! You may throw counterpoint to the four winds! Pay no attention whatever to form!" But Moussorgsky was not compounded of ordinary clay. He was a transcendent genius endowed with the ability to make his way without benefit of detailed instruction. In more than one respect he was a law unto himself. Would it be stretching a point to

suspect that mastery of what are commonly known as the "ins" and "outs," the "ifs" and "buts," of composition might have had a tendency to fill his brain with stifling inhibitions? Would much book-learning have deprived his music of its sweep and its elemental power? On the other hand, it would not be entirely wide of all rhyme or reason to assume that a man who died in a fit of delirium tremens may have been altogether too spineless to devote a large amount of time and effort to the acquisition of the rudiments of his art. Perhaps Moussorgsky would have become a far greater composer if his backbone had been stronger and his technical equipment more extensive. Who can tell?

But we must take the man as he was. I know of no more beautiful tribute to his awe-inspiring genius than is contained in the following words written by Lawrence Gilman, music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune:* "The immense pitifulness, the sorrowing tenderness, the fathomless compassion of Moussorgsky's music are among the precious heritages of our time. There is nothing at all like it in the whole stretch of the art as it has come down to us. Its simplicity of accent and gesture, its overwhelming sincerity, its unsounded depths, are without analogy. In some of Bach's chorale preludes, in certain episodes of *Pelleas et Melisande,* we catch glimpses of a world not far removed from that inhabited by Moussorgsky at his most typical. But his world is his own—there is none other like it in music."

A Sensitive Mind

Modeste Petrovich Moussorgsky, pianist, baritone, and composer, was born on March 21, 1839, and died on March 21, 1881—on his forty-second birthday. At an early age, he showed unusual musical ability; but, as stated before, his training in many of the essentials of the art was by no means comprehensive. Upon bidding farewell to formal schooling, he entered the military service of Russia and was enrolled in one of the crack regiments maintained by the Czar. In this way, he was able to earn a livelihood.

Moussorgsky's proficiency as a pianist and the fine quality of his voice combined to make him a welcome guest at numerous social gatherings. The music of the great German masters, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann, as well as that of such intensely nationalistic Russian composers as Alexander Dargomijsky and Michael Glinka, made a profound impression upon his remarkably sensitive mind, and his own efforts in the field of composition began to reveal extraordinary inventiveness, great depth of feeling, and a pro-

nounced leaning toward the dramatic. He was not a prolific writer. Detesting anything that even resembled a carefully ordered routine and becoming more and more deeply absorbed in music as time went on, he decided, contrary to the advice of wise and considerate friends, to shake the dust of the army from his feet. But after he had left the military service, he soon began to feel the distractingly and distressingly uncomfortable pinch of poverty. He took a minor government position for a while; yet the very thought of being required to do a certain thing at a certain time was revolting to the exceedingly high-strung man. Deplorably deficient in will-power, he sought exhilaration and temporary surcease from his worries in drugs and strong drink; but the cruelly treacherous excesses soon began to do their terrible work. Both his character and his body were totally ruined. At the time of his premature death, he was a complete wreck.

Moussorgsky left us two operas, *Boris Godounoff* and *Khovantchina,* the scores of which are laden with truly great music. They were subsequently edited and revised by Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff; but it must be said that, here and there, the editing and the revising detracted from the inherent strength of the compositions.

Then there are three incomplete works in the operatic field, *Salammbo, The Marriage,* and *The Fair at Sorochinsk.* The collection of tone pictures for the piano, entitled *Pictures at an Exhibition,* must, I believe, be numbered among the imposing landmarks in the domain of programmatic writing.

Some critics do not hesitate to say that Moussorgsky's songs represent the highest point of his ability as a composer. His grimly and bitingly sardonic setting of Goethe's *The Song of the Flea* is well-known throughout the world.

The graphic and gripping fantasy for orchestra, called *A Night on a Bare Mountain,* was composed in 1867. Moussorgsky himself, uncompromisingly dissatisfied with what he had written, made several revisions of the composition, and, after his death, it was re-worked by that great master of orchestral cunning, Rimsky-Korsakoff. The composer affixed the following program to the score: "Subterranean din of supernatural voices. Appearance of Spirits of Darkness, followed by that of the god Tchernobog. Glorification of Tchernobog. Black Mass. Witches' Sabbath. At the height of the Sabbath, there sounds far off the bell of the little church in a village which scatters the Spirits of Darkness. Daybreak." *A Night on a Bare Mountain* is even more compelling in its vivid tone-painting and in its elemental frenzy than

the exciting and brilliantly scored *Witches' Sabbath,* which the French composer, Hector Berlioz, incorporated with such stirring effectiveness in his monumental *Fantastic Symphony.*

Coda

A Note on a Great Conductor

A number of months ago, this column promised that it would have something to say about Artur Rodzinski, the man whom the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra is more than fortunate to have at its helm. Somewhat surfeited with the wholly undistinguished conducting of John Barbirolli, who presides over the magnificent New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at the present time, your commentator has often wished that the extraordinarily able Dalmatian-born musician, instead of the urbane Englishman, would occupy the podium in Carnegie Hall on Sunday afternoons, when millions of listeners throughout the length and breadth of our land have a wonderful opportunity to revel in the music which is so capably broadcast by CBS. And why, pray, have the recording companies been neglecting the impressive artistry of a man who must be numbered among the truly great conductors of today?

At this writing—a few days before Christmas, 1938—Dr. Rodzinski is conducting the splendid NBC Symphony Orchestra during the absence of the incomparable Toscanini, and we have been able to note again that there is a remarkable blending of learning, sagacity, and sensitiveness in what he does. His readings of Tchaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony* and of Stravinsky's *Fire Bird Suite* on Saturday evening, December 10, 1938, were charged with that type of perspicuity and eloquence which only a master in the complete sense of the word is able to have at his command. Your reviewer recalls very vividly the day, two seasons ago, when he sat in the front row of Carnegie Hall, directly beneath the podium, and observed at close hand the phenomenal skill and the thoroughgoing sincerity with which Dr. Rodzinski goes about his work. There are few conductors like him in the world; but there are numerous leaders who need not yield one inch of ground to Mr. Barbirolli.

No competent observer of the contemporary musical scene will venture to deny that the city of New York has one of the finest orchestras of all time; but it is certain that a large measure of the ability of the organization will remain hidden, like a light under a bushel, as long as its members are under the leadership of a man who, as conductors go, is merely good and decidedly not great. As

the shepherd, so the flock. According to all indications, at least some of the scales are beginning to fall from the eyes, not only of many of the concert-goers of New York, but also of a constantly growing number of radio-listeners. These remarks, frank as they are, are not to be construed as a diatribe against Mr. Barbirolli, who has many admirable qualities as a musician; but, since the huge metropolis of our country is the most important music center of the entire world, and since what is done there reaches out into every nook and cranny of our land, its wonderful orchestra should have a great master of the art of conducting as its leader. The directors of the organization and its manager owe this not only to the music-lovers of Gotham but also to the country as a whole.

Recent Recordings

RICHARD WAGNER. Leopold Stokowski's *Symphonic Synthesis of the Prelude, the Liebesnacht, and the Liebestod from Tristan und Isolde.* The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski.—The reading is charged with gripping intensity, and the tone produced by the orchestra is beautiful beyond the telling. Victor Album M-508. —Excerpts from *Parsifal* and *Lohengrin.* Lauritz Melchior, the great *Heldentenor,* with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. —When the two masters, Ormandy and Melchior, join forces with one of the four really great orchestras of our time to give us Wagner's unparalleled music, the result is subjugating in its eloquence. The selections from *Parsifal* are *Die Wunde* and the *Schluszgesang,* sung by Amfortas; the excerpt from *Lohengrin* is *Lohengrin's Abschied.* Victor Album M-516.—*Overture to The Flying Dutchman* and *Grand March from Tannhaeuser.* The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham.—Here we have by far the most satisfactory recording of the graphically descriptive overture ever issued, and Sir Thomas conducts the stirring march with profound understanding. Columbia Album X-107.

OTTORINO RESPIGHI. *The Birds: Suite for Small Orchestra.* Brussels Royal Conservatoire Orchestra under Desire Defauw.—A thoroughly delightful and deftly scored suite of program music. The *Prelude* is based on a piece by A. Pasquini (1637-1710); *The Dove* is founded on a composition by the seventeenth-century writer, Jacques de Galbot; *The Hen* is after Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764); *The Nightingale* has its origin in a tidbit from the pen of an anonymous English composer of days long since gone by; and *The Cuckoo,* like the *Prelude,* comes from Pasquini. Columbia Album X-108.

Books—some to be read—some to be pondered—some to be enjoyed—and some to be closed as soon as they are opened.

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Another Doctor Novel

DR. NORTON'S WIFE. By Mildred Walker. 269 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. $2.50.

THIS novel mingles love and medicine. Its background is that of a modern medical school; of teachers, students, hospital, operations, diagnosis, petty jealousies, and ambitious dreams. Its chief characters are Doctor Dan Norton, successful professor of medicine; his invalid wife, Sue Norton; and her sister, Jean Keller, attractive divorcée. The theme is the love and loyalty of the doctor and his wife.

Mildred Walker, the author of this singularly moving drama, has the necessary background in her own life for the writing of a story with such a setting. She was born in Philadelphia, the daughter of a clergyman, and began to write at an early age, only to have her ambitious manuscripts returned with embarrassing regularity. At Wells College she studied literature under Robert P. Tristram Coffin and won high honors. After graduation she taught school for a short time and then went to work at Wanamaker's, where she progressed from the bargain basement to a copy-writing desk in the advertising department. Then she married. Her husband, a young surgeon, set up his practice in a small Upper Michigan village, where she, as "Mrs. Doc," was the recipient of freshly caught white-fish and gaudy costume jewelry, brought to her by her husband's grateful patients. Her life for three years in this lumber country served as the background for her first novel, *Fireweed,* published in 1934, which was awarded the Avery Hapwood Prize of the University of Michigan, where she took her M.A. while the "Doc" taught and studied in the medical school. Her second novel, published in 1935, *Light from Arcturus,* was written in Great Falls, Montana, where her husband has a practice as a specialist in internal medicine, and where they have lived for the last five years. *Dr. Norton's Wife* is her third novel.

Dan and Sue Norton were happily married. He was a respected member of the medical faculty, and his clinical judgment was equal to that of any man in the country. She had fitted herself admirably to the position of a professor's wife and had become secretary of the Faculty Women's Club. Filled with the zest of life, she had looked forward eagerly to years of active participation in all the affairs that Dan's work would include. The idea of ever becoming a "useless" invalid had been farthest from her

thoughts. Then shadows crept into the sunny pattern of her life. During a sabbatical year she and Dan had visited England. They had bicycled through Cornwall, and people told them afterwards that Cornwall was too full of hills. Her dream of having children remained unrealized when, as the result of a miscarriage, she learned that barrenness would be her lot. Little by little other symptoms of oncoming invalidism appeared, until finally Mrs. Norton finds herself on a hospital bed, in a secluded room of her own home, with a nurse in constant attendance, and her sister, Jean Keller, established as housekeeper for Dan. That is the situation as the story opens. She does not yet know what Dan and his colleagues have kept from her by careful pretenses—that she will never recover; but as the story unfolds under the skilful pen of Mildred Walker, the realization of the hopelessness of her condition begins to impress itself more and more on Mrs. Norton's mind, and therewith also the problem of Dan's love and loyalty to her. She passes through various mental trials until jealousy closes her heart against both Dan and her sister, but in the end, even though she now knows that she will never get well, she is able to overcome her envy and jealousy by the knowledge and certainty that her life and Dan's had gone so far beyond that of her sister Jean's and Dan's young people.

Mildred Walker's story exhibits her as a true artist. Her style is clear and honest. She restrains successfully any impulses that might have tempted her to make it a sordid tale, with a view of finding it on the best-seller lists. It would not surprise us, however, if her book were to receive a very general welcome from our reading public for the very reason of its innate honesty and sincere artistry.

Good Biography

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAUGHTERS. By E. F. Benson. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.00.

AGAINST a typically Victorian background Mr. Benson has sketched with a diminishing number of strokes Queen Victoria herself, her five daughters, and, incidentally, other historically notable characters, such as William II, last of the kaisers, and Nicholas II, last of the czars. He presents a really colorful panorama—royal matchmakings that proved singularly happy maritally; scenes of romping children and domestic contentment; pictures of tragedy, bereavement, and sorrow, lighted by Christian faith.

The Queen's oldest daughter, Victoria, impulsive, artistic, intellectual, married the liberal Prince Frederick William of Prussia (for three months before his death Emperor Frederick III) and became the mother of William II, who succeeded her husband on the German imperial throne. She opposed Bismarck and won his lasting hatred. Too English to suit the Prussians, and too Prussian to suit the English, she suffered much because of malicious gossip and wilful misunderstanding. She suffered more, after her husband's death, because of studied neglect on the part of her inconsiderate son, William.

The second daughter, Alice, lovable, generous to a fault, married Prince Louis of Hesse and became the mother of the last Czarina. She devoted herself to him, to her large family, and to his people, with a zeal that almost constantly overtaxed her strength. During the Austro-Prussian War, when her adopted country fought against Prussia (the adopted country of her older sister), her territory was occupied and pillaged. Alice

"was busy collecting sheets, old linen and rags, and making shirts," nursing the wounded herself, and training much-needed nurses. The loss of her sunniest child, "Frittie," who fell from an open window while playing in her bedroom, left her permanently saddened but bravely attempting to keep up her spirit. Diphtheria invaded her family and claimed another child, a daughter, May. After she had nursed her other children and her husband through to convalescence, she contracted the disease herself and died.

Princess Helena, the third daughter, married Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, whose duchies had been annexed to Prussia by Bismarck, leaving Christian a man without a country.

Because she had found foreign marriages "full of trouble and anxiety," and because she wanted the last of her daughters near her, Victoria married her fourth daughter, Princess Louise, to an independently wealthy Englishman who later became the Duke of Argyll. The fifth daughter, Princess Beatrice, she married to Prince Henry of Battenberg with the understanding that they were to remain in England, constantly near her. These two daughters, Louise and Beatrice, are still living.

Mr. Benson's style is simple, direct, unobtrusive. Occasionally the poet snatches the pen from the biographer and produces a passage such as that which describes the young Queen Victoria assuming her regal dignity: "The shell of the chrysalis cracked and the metamorphosis to a winged and jewelled being was accomplished without any stretching of folded membrane and fluttering expansion." But these rhetorical flowers merely add variety to an already colorful background.

Taken as a whole, the work is excellent in content and tone. No psychoanalytic tommyrot, no biographic omniscience, no smut mar the story of what was essentially a serious, moral, but by no means "stuffy" Victorian family. One cannot help wondering what a biographer of the modern debunking school would have done with the same material.

H. C. GRUNAU

Provincial New Yorker

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY. By Irwin Edman. The Viking Press, New York. 1938. 270 pages. $2.50.

JUST why this book bears the title that it does is not so clear as it might be. Dr. Edman is, indeed, a philosopher, as the catalog of Columbia University will testify; evidently, also, he has holidays, vacations, which he has repeatedly spent in lands across the waters. But of the twenty chapters in the book barely half deal with incidents that occurred in connection with those travels. There were probably not enough incidents to make up a volume, and so the rest of the space is given to a variety of topics, the favorite topic being Mr. Edman himself. It is significant that, by way of preface, the book carries an *Apology for Not Writing an Autobiography*. Now it is, of course, the usual thing to write the preface last, after a book is finished. This indicates that the author, when he had written the twenty chapters, became conscious of the fact that he had put himself very much into the foreground, with chapters on former students, former teachers, his housekeeper, his boyhood, and intimations of philosophy in [his] early childhood. Hence, it would seem, that somewhat strange *Apology*.

It is to be regretted that there was not enough "foreign" matter to round out the book, for what there is of it is delightful, both in content and in

presentation. One meets a French doctor who, when in Paris, pretends that he is a Hollander using English as an intermediate language, because that gets him as good service as foreigners receive. One becomes privy to the problems of a girl in Luxembourg who sees the years slip by because her lover, a dentist, cannot muster the courage to propose. There are Syrian boys in Beirut who ask about Western dancing customs. They admit that they can dance," but not with respectable girls; that is, not with respectable *Mohammedan* girls. It's a different story with Jewish or Christian ones." There are sketches of a visit to Greece and of visits to Greek temple ruins in Sicily. Those who have wondered whether Englishmen are sane and, if so, what makes them appear otherwise, are offered a remarkably lucid and judicious discussion of that engima.

Too bad, as indicated before, that the whole book does not deal with foreign scenes and impressions! Fully half of it speaks of America, and that half is of poorer quality, for Edman, unfortunately, is not an American, but a New Yorker. He grew up and went to school in the very neighborhood where he now lives and teaches. He writes, "I suspect that tiny neighborhood will linger subterraneously in any thinking, however cosmic in its theme, on which I might ambitiously embark." His suspicion, we take it, is fully justified. People who grow up in New York City and continue to vegetate there, never being transplanted elsewhere by a kindly fate, are, as O. Henry pointed out, the most provincial creatures on this side of the water, if not on all sides of all waters. Edman runs true to type. America to him means New York City and possibly a bit of Connecticut. Nowhere else in this country has he had any experience worth recounting, but incidents that would be quite banal elsewhere appear significant to him if they happened in New York. Since he has always lived in the shadow of Columbia, his estimate of that educational factory can only be what it is: he regards it with a kind of boyish awe. In typical New York—Hebraic style he is distressed at Nazism and Fascism but is at the least tolerant of Russian revolutionism.

As one lays down the book, one does so with a certain feeling of hollowness and futility. One has travelled through it with a genial egocentric bachelor who at times writes amusingly and comments entertainingly and even trenchantly on the more superficial aspects of what he sees from his ivory tower of classicism and the arts but who is not deeply committed to any of the things by which men live and die. Religion he waves aside. He seems to think it amusing or brilliant that, when a young woman student complained to Prof. James Harvey Robinson, "You are taking away my faith," he replied, "But if I took away a headache you would not complain." His comments on world problems and movements are unimportant, and his chief concern is what the changes in the world may do to his ivory tower. —An odd slip is that though he has written a book on *The Mind of Paul,* he visualizes the apostle as speaking on the Unknown God *at Corinth.*

Muckraking Again

LORDS OF THE PRESS. By George Seldes. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1938. 408 pages. $3.00.

GEORGE SELDES has an intimate acquaintance with the personalities of the men who own the American daily papers; and he posesses a vivid journalistic style. One should think that with these two

qualifications a book of four hundred pages by George Seldes would stack ace-high as a source of information regarding the Lords of the Press. Yet nothing is farther from the truth.

From the first page to the last (literally) his book is a treatise on the one theme: the newspaper owners practically without exception are "enemies of the American people" (page 18). In dealing with their employees they are "treacherous and dishonest." They are "moral slaves whose minds are paralyzed by the specter of profits." The cartoonists uphold "the tradition of prostitution of talents in newspaper offices" that waver between "the alternative of loot or laurels." They are simply "in the money camp."

MR. SELDES makes no secret of his pro-communistic leaning. Besides coloring the entire volume, his economic radicalism crops out in dozens of places. General Motors "declares $64,000,000 dividends to men *who have done nothing*"—while on the other hand the Russian system aims at "the eventual liberation of mankind from every social, economic, political and moral chain." Laboring men who are not affiliated with a union are "scabs" (page 188).

A number of great American newspapers are characterized, and the dynasties of the newspaper magnates are passed in review. Wherever we look we see "capitalism" engulfing the enterprise. There is nothing but contempt for the Hearst papers, not because of their sensationalism, but because they oppose radical movements. "The Red-baiting Hearst rags," summarizes the newspaper empire of the Lord of San Simeon. Black, of the Baltimore papers, starts out well but has now made his peace with capitalism. The New York *Times* is not spared. It is characterized by "prejudice, bias, unfairness to liberalism and democracy, unfairness to labor, to all progressive movements and their news, and to the forward march of civilization." Nothing much worse can be said about any institution. The Chicago *Daily News*—"directed by the men of big business." That is enough to damn it. And so on down the line. Even though the American papers are not like the European, bribed directly by some wicked interests, yet "ninety per cent of the American publishers unbribed support tory and reactionary men and ideas, fight reform and progress."

Mr. Seldes records some interesting facts regarding the wealth of the lords of newspaperdom. The New York *Daily News* employs 2,500 persons and is at the top as a profit maker. Its owner is Joseph Medill Patterson. On the estates owned by Chandler of Los Angeles—these include a cotton plantation which produced $18,000,000 worth of cotton in 1919 and a 340,000-acre hunting preserve —there is "child labor, peonage, blood-shed, and violence." The Howards own twenty-four papers, the U.P. service, and radio stations, forming what President Coolidge called "a world power, influential beyond the dreams of any of its founders." The elder Scripps built up a thirty million dollar business. Dewart of the New York *Sun* is a multi-millionaire. The Reids of the *Herald-Tribune* (New York) are worth some fifty million dollars. Gannet of Albany and Rochester is worth $12,500,000—a pauper compared with William Randolph Hearst, ruler of a $220,000,000 domain.

Unsupported by any reference to sources, the chapters of Seldes' *Lords of the Press* possess no value beyond such intrinsic evidence of truthfulness as they may bear. It does not seem possible that an entire industry

should be so completely sold out to the enemies of democracy and of civilization as the American newspapers are here pictured to be. One asks, Does it require the volume of a journalist published at this late date to reveal to Americans the anti-social nature of the daily press? Why, one would ask, is there no reference to such newspapers as the Atlanta *Constitution,* the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*? Was there no muckraking possible in the counting-offices of these journals? Somehow the suggestion that ninety per cent of the press is controlled by the pocketbook and "bought brains" (page 35) simply won't wash.

The author is quite outspoken in his criticism of the Catholic hierarchy, terming the pressure of the Catholic Church "one of the most important forces in American life."

It's a Racket

IT'S AN ART. By Helen Woodward. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1938. 405 pages. $2.75.

DOUBTLESS, few of us really believe the attractive claims made in the flashy ads of today. It requires no great intelligence to see the exaggerations and misrepresentations gleaming on bill-boards and in magazines or coming over radio. Yet statistics show that two products exactly alike will sell in the ratio of their advertising. Apparently we like to live in the dream world created by advertising. Or are we so confused by the dazzle and the glitter of it all that our clearer vision has become blinded?

It is to this audience that Helen Woodward brings *It's An Art.* Advertising raises the standard of living! is the noisy cry of the ad-man. If advertising raises the standard of living, Mrs. Woodward argues, every product should be an improvement over that which it displaces. Friendly but uncompromising, she marks discrepancies between theory and policy in the automobile industry, the furniture industry, the food industry, and others. She is well qualified to write her story. Her experience within advertising agencies, as copy-writer and in other capacities, dates back to days before advertising was the highly organized and intently studied device of today's selling program. The agency, she says, has had much to do with the development of present trends. Being in the middle, between manufacturer and medium (magazine, newspaper, radio, etc.), the agency is out to make as much money as possible. High-pressure tactics are directed upon the consumer so that the manufacturer sells his goods and the agency keeps the account. It is a fascinating and exciting game of trying to see how much it can put over on the public.

A great deal of effort is often made to determine which appeals are likely to sell the most goods. Mrs. Woodward takes us through a typical problem of a typical modern agency, such as the Frank Presbey Agency, with which she was associated for many years. The problem of selling canned fruit is approached with extensive preliminary social research. Who buys fruit? What do people read? The customer—what is she like? These are questions answered by a careful study of Department of Labor and Department of Agriculture statistics and by personal questionnaires sent into the homes. The result is an appeal to the house-wife to buy canned fruit because it will save her time, because it will save her money, and because it will make her husband love her more.

Such frantic efforts to strike the Achilles' heel of the consumer, feels

Mrs. Woodward, belie the claimed integrity of the advertising business. The date on Chase and Sanborn's coffee and the tendency to incorporate vitamins into such varied articles as hot dogs, chewing gum, facial creams, and cough drops add to the argument. The successful campaign in California by the Lord & Thomas Agency to defeat the chain store tax strikes her as a prize piece of craftiness.

It is amusing to observe that at times the author becomes a victim of her own schooling in the very devices of the copy-writers she criticizes. A glance through *Good Housekeeping* reveals the claim that of all the products bearing the *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval less than 30% have ever been advertised in that magazine; yet Mrs. Woodward states, "It might be amusing, if you have plenty of time, to try to find the *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval on something that has never been advertised in *Good Housekeeping*." Is she openly contradicting *Good Housekeeping* and telling us that the Seal of Approval is never found on an article not advertised at some time in the magazine, or is she employing the ad-man's clever device of implying something without exposing himself to the need of proof? If Mrs. Woodward slips into the techniques of her profession and occasionally "writes copy" to gain a point, she merely certifies her extensive training in the field she observes critically. She seems, however, to be transferring writing habits acquired in advertising to the field of more serious authorship.

You will like this book. It is easy to read. It is up-to-the-minute with its information. It is alive with poignant facts and figures regarding the whole showy business of advertising. Because the tone often reverts from the indignant to the jovial, there is many an opportunity for genuine amusement. The ads of yesterday look very funny against the sophistication of today.

You may not always agree with Mrs. Woodward. To her, present advertising tactics have important social implications. The consumer who cannot afford to give up the old becomes dissatisfied and in time, possibly, communistic. It puzzles her that the industrialist who promotes such advertising cannot comprehend this. She takes the subject seriously because she has had her fill, while some of us, perhaps, will prefer to go on buying thirty-five-cent Old English Lavender Soap because it has a dignified wrapper and a pleasant odor. RUTH SEIDEL

Dixie Code

THE FATHERS. By Allen Tate. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1938. 306 pages. $2.50.

"THE SOUTH," wrote Allen Tate, in an essay, several years ago, "clings blindly to forms of European feeling and conduct that were crushed by the French Revolution and that, in England at any rate, are barely memories." Almost all the people in *The Fathers* are Southerners in that sense, with the possible exception of George Posey. Papa Buchan, who calmly retells the legend of Medea while the southern armies are fleeing before the northern hordes; Jane Buchan, who enters a convent mentally deranged; the various Buchan brothers; John Langton, who might be called the villain of the story; even the Negroes, Yellow Jim and Coriolanus: all these seem to belong to that world which the narrator, Lacy Gore Buchan, describes as "a world where people communicated only through their infirmities, in hushed voices, a world in which the social acts became

privacies." George Posey alone attempts to defy and smash the somnolent atmosphere of decay and classicism, two terms having synonymous meanings in the novel.

Given such a world and given the setting of the opening days of the Civil War, Allen Tate, in this his first novel, is torn between the problem of writing a novel of sensibilities in the Jane Austen manner or a novel following the Stendhal pattern of the decadence and disintegration of the ego. There are times when the irony, never emphasized, assumes tragic proportions. At other times the narrative portions of the novel overshadow the satire. *The Fathers* is the story of the Buchan family in northern Virginia before the Civil War and during the early months of actual conflict. The Buchans are people of refined sensibilities. They have an acute horror of vulgarity of every sort. George Posey courts Susan Buchan, wins her hand, and at the same time attracts the devotion of Susan's younger brother, Lacy. Papa Buchan refuses to see the coming of the War between the States. He cannot understand the reasons for a conflict which is both undignified and contrary to all codes of honor. George Posey is one of the few who sees the war coming. He is resolved to make money out of it. When the Civil War at last does break, both the Posey and Buchan families are involved personally and tragically. Despite the fact that Susan Buchan Posey is estranged from her husband, George Posey, her brother, Lacy Gore Buchan, impelled by curiosity and an inner need for clarification about the ruthless character of his brother-in-law, follows him to the battlefields. The novel ends inconclusively just after the battle of Bull Run.

There is considerable violence in the story, but the violence is implied rather than expressed. The tragedy of the extinction of the old Southern ways is an under-tow pulling along underneath the surface of the narrative. This may be because the narrator is an old, retired physician telling the story of the two families as seen through the eyes of his adolescent years. The novelist, through the narrator, offers an explanation for the quietness of the story and for the fact that emotions are not thoroughly expressed, "There is not an old man living who can recover the emotions of the past; he can only bring back the objects around which, secretly, the emotions have ordered themselves in memory." For this very reason the novel misses fire. There is no pointing-up of the dramatic scenes. In real life, it is true, our dramatic moments may come unexpectedly and rarely, without a proper build-up. The artist must select, erase, heighten, and add in order to recreate emotion until that emotion hits the reader with a powerful impact. In one scene, for example, the murder of Yellow Jim and brother Semmes is related matter-of-factly. One is not plunged into the terror and tragedy of the fratricide because the build-up has been too analytical. The criticism may also be entered on the record that irrelevant details are inserted which have no bearing on the growth of the novel.

THE entire tragedy of *The Fathers* lies in the fact that the pre-war Southerner deified dignity and honor. The men and women of the South had a code, indefinable, yet tragically inflexible, which in the end brought only grief. One thinks of some old Roman senator when Papa Buchan walks through the pages. The novelist might have expanded and exposed the paradox of Papa Buchan and the Southern way of life. But all the characters, as Lacy Buchan declares, suffered from the logic of honor. They may have

committed many injustices, but "they always knew where they stood." Sometimes the characters are just a trifle stuffy and unbelievable.

Despite these criticisms Allen Tate has written a masterful first novel. There is genuine craftsmanship in the construction. Each section of the three parts of the novel heightens the tragedy of the coming destruction of the families. A second reading brings out the superb structure and content of *The Fathers* even more forcibly. The main criticism that this novel is cerebral rather than emotional must stand. This should not deter the potential reader. Those who want a novel far above the ordinary kind are urged to read *The Fathers*. It lends itself to slow, deliberate, contemplative reading. Mr. Tate, who is a leading American literary critic and a distinguished biographer and poet, deserves to be encouraged to write more novels.

Psychology and the Golden Rule

MIND, SELF, AND SOCIETY. From the Standpoint of a Social Behaviorist. By George H. Mead. Edited, with Introduction, by Charles W. Morris. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 401 pages. $5.00.

GEORGE MEAD, late professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago, together with John Dewey formed the nucleus of the "Chicago" school of pragmatic philosophy. It is in this volume that Mead lays the scientific basis for that philosophy. Believing that the "philosophy of a period is always an attempt to interpret its most secure knowledge" and assuming that "no item of knowledge seemed more secure by the last century than the doctrine of biological evolution," his task was to "reinterpret the concepts of mind and intelligence in the biological, physiological, and sociological terms which post-Darwinian currents of thought have made prominent." Mead combed the field for his answer. The former stages of psychology-associationism, parallelism, functionalism, and behaviorism could not solve his problem as to how the full-fledged, reflective, creative, self-conscious mind appeared. Nor had Hegel and Royce with their idealistic philosophies, Cooley or Giddings, Tarde or Baldwin, or Wundt found the answer. Thus Mead attacked the problem and came to the conclusion that mind and self were, without remainder, social emergents, and for the first time attempted to isolate the mechanism of their genesis, in language in the form of vocal gestures. "It is in these terms that Mead endeavored to carry out a major problem of how to bridge the gap between impulse and rationality, of showing how certain biological organisms acquire the capacity of self-consciousness, of thinking, of abstract reasoning, of purposive behavior, of moral devotion; the problem, in short, of how man, the rational animal, arose." (xvi)

He attacks this problem from the vantage point of a social behaviorist, differing fundamentally from Watsonian behaviorism. Assimilating much of psychoanalysis, existential and *Gestalt* psychology, he cracks down on Watson's narrow view of behaviorism, those who deify the conditioned reflexes as a basis for explaining all human conduct, the S-R clique of American psychologists, and the instinct doctrine addicts. What is Mead's social behaviorism? Unlike Watson, he "recognizes the parts of the acts which do not come to external observation, and emphasizes the act of the human individual in its social setting." He studies the individual from the point of view of his conduct, which is primarily social.

The individual's rational behavior is organized around objects or significant symbols-objects which present both meaning and stimulus. For example, a piece of chalk becomes an object when we understand its meaning and have incorporated into ourselves a plan of action in regard to that chalk, i.e., when we have visualized in our perception the line of activity we would follow were we actually to pick up the chalk and write. Or, a chair to an adult has a meaning which the infant does not have but which he later acquires. This meaning, then, is a social creation in that society has predefined the object for the individual and has attached to it a meaning. Thus the chair may be a physical object or bare stimulus for all people, but it becomes a significant symbol or object to those only who see it in its meaning and know its function, which function is determined by society and is thus social. Hence, social behaviorism. His program for his behaviorism is to "determine the conditions under which the experience of the individual arises for the purpose of controlling that experience."

IN THE process of the development of mind, Mead attempts to trace the transformation of the biologic individual to the minded organism through the agency of language as communication. This presupposes two conditions: the existence of a peculiar type of society and the biological capacities for such action. Mead isolates two types of communication (and here he is following Wundt). The first he terms the "conversation of gestures," exemplified in a dog fight where each dog determines his behavior in terms of what the other is beginning to do. The stimulus which one dog gets from the other is a response which is different from the response of the stimulating dog. The very fact that the dog is ready to attack another dog becomes a stimulus to the other dog to change his position, which in turn causes the first dog to again change, and so *ad infinitum*. However, this is meaningless and unreflective behavior, for the dog *does not* actually say, "I will feint in this direction so that the other dog will move here where I can better attack him." This type of behavior is characteristic of animals and may be of humans, as is seen in boxing or fencing, but it becomes significant when the boxer plans his attack. Here, in this conversation of gestures, language does arise, says Mr. Mead.

Still this type of activity is not language, i.e., the meanings are not yet in mind. For this to happen, the gestures must become significant. The individual must be able to interpret his own behavior and call out the same response in himself which he calls out in the other. Then only does he have a basis for reflecting upon his activity and controlling it. The individual then has an idea behind his act. The act answers to meaning in the first person which calls out the same response in another person. Man is able to do this only because he has the physiological mechanism needed to take another's rôle and view himself from the point of view of others. From this source issue meaningful gestures, or significant symbols. Mind has emerged.

Mead believes that the vocal gesture is the one capable of becoming such a significant symbol, for no other gesture affects the individual so much as does his speech. We hear ourselves talk and can control our speaking. Vocal gestures, then, are the fountainhead of language, of all significant symbols; hence, also, of mind.

Mind, then, is the presence in behavior of significant symbols, or action on the second level, and it emerges when the organism is able

to point out the same meaning to himself as he points out to others. Intelligence, foresight, choice, reflective thought, the learning and teaching process, are all dependent upon the vocal gesture to a great extent. Thought is nothing but the internalization of the conversation of gestures.

The biological basis for this scheme and its correlate—the great qualitative differences between animals and man—rests in the main upon a triadic base: (1) the complex cortex, which exists in the form of neurons that make possible multitudinous responses and enable the nervous flux, which is initiated by the stimulus, to pass through an intricate and lengthy pathway before it reaches the effector muscles; (2) the temporal dimensions of the nervous system, which make possible delayed action and permit of a slowly developing act to be controlled in its development by acts which it itself originates; and (3) the place of the human hand in the isolation of physical objects.

In the development of self, Mead uses similar analyses. For a person to have a self means that the individual must be able to act towards himself as others act towards him and to call out the same responses in his "self" that he calls out in others. Here again the significant communication is strategic, for only in so far as the human being is able to assume the rôle of others and view himself as others see him can he beget a self. In the development of self, the individual makes of himself an object. For example, he wants to praise, kick, condemn self—the same responses that others might make towards him in that situation.

Mead traces this development of self through three stages: the meaningless stage, in which the child observes action but does not grasp its meaning; the play stage, where the child assumes different rôles and acts towards itself as that person whose rôle he takes is accustomed to acting, e.g., a child playing "Indian"; the game stage, where the individual takes a number of rôles simultaneously, this being tantamount to taking a generalized rôle of a number of people. Having such a self introduces the control element, because the individual acts in accordance with what is expected of him by the group.

THIS, in the main, represents Mead's analysis. Naturally, there are several basic objections to his thesis. In the first place, Mead makes the mistake of believing that what he describes as going on in the development of an infant, also goes on in the development of the race—the Law of Recapitulation. If his assumptions were correct, our good anthropologists would waste their money going to primitive places to study "primitive" man when they could view the same phenomenon in a nursery. Criticising Watson for describing and not explaining, Mead has fallen into the same pit.

Secondly, his insistence on the evolutionistic theory as something secure and scientifically stable reaches far into the dogmatic field. Less dogma of Mead's variety and more of the attitude of one reputable anthropologist who stressed the truth that evolution as a fact will probably never be proved but that as a *working hypothesis* it sets up more significant problems than any other, might be of some service.

Pragmatism has as one of its aims the guidance of human behavior. Granted that we act according to certain expectations which society has set up for us, Mead fails to show, as is typical, where society gets its code of morals, or precepts, to define the expectations. Only through terminological laxity and intellectual horseplay has Mead avoided the gap be-

tween the social response through which the vocal gesture becomes a significant symbol and the attitude of moral devotion through which the individual, by assuming the rôle of others, identifies his own good with that of the community.

Agree with his philosophy or not, one must admit that Mead's analysis is profound and original. Of interest especially to social scientists and psychologists, his book sets up significant problems also for the student of religion. With language as his knife, he has thoroughly decapitated the "animal" psychologist and all those who see in man only quantitative differences from the animal.

HUGO BECK

Ephesus in America

THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING LORD. By K. O. Lundeberg. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. $1.00.

IN A day and age when a new spirit of study is coming over young and old alike and the contemplation of things divine is becoming more and more the treasure of large groups within the congregation, a book such as this helps to fill an apparent void in the literature of the Church. It is surprising how little material, aside from the large Bible commentaries, is available for classes and individuals who desire to study the individual books of the Bible, and it is heartening to find Lutheran authors providing such material in the language of the people.

Pastor Lundeberg chose well when he selected the Epistle to the Ephesians for this practical exposition. It is of this epistle that Luther wrote, "It is among the best and noblest books of the New Testament, which shows Christ to thee and teaches all that is necessary and blessed for thee to know, even if thou shouldst never see or hear another book or doctrine." Again, conditions in Ephesus at the time of Saint Paul were not unlike conditions which prevail in our great metropolitan centers today, and the warnings, exhortations and practical applications of divine truth, as well as the constant stressing of the doctrine of justification, are things which we too, of necessity, must impress upon the hearts of our people of the 20th century Church.

Only a few miserable huts remain of the magnificent Ephesus of Paul's time. The story of the church at Ephesus is a solemn warning to us Christians to walk carefully, not to lose the first love, but to love the Savior with a love incorruptible. Only, as the Epistle to the Ephesians points out, when we come to a clear realization of the blessings with which Christ has endowed us do we possess the best protection against spiritual dangers; only with deeper insight into the unsearchable riches of Christ will we be determined to guard and keep those spiritual possessions.

We cannot agree with the author's view of Predestination, but aside from that his presentation of scriptural doctrines is excellent.

The prayerful study of Pastor Lundeberg's book by the individual and by classes will do much to enrich the Scriptural intelligence and the spiritual life of the students.

H. H. ENGELBRECHT

Head and Heart

EMOTION AND THE EDUCATIVE PROCESS. By Daniel A. Prescott. American Council on Education, Washington, D.C. 1938. 323 pages. $2.00.

THE American Council on Education is an association of educational institutions and groups which makes it its purpose to advance American education by means of

systematic study and experiment. It operates through committees of competent scholars. This book is the report of such a committee and is the outcome of about four years of work. The problem attacked is that of the proper place of emotional factors in education, and only an "exploratory study" of the problem is offered. "The committee," one reads, "is aware of the limitations of its own knowledge and thinks of the present report as a mere beginning."

The committee's work has been to make a careful and thorough survey of the whole field assigned to it, to search for and indicate the problems that call for solution, to determine and set forth the present state of knowledge, opinion, and disagreement on the issues involved, and to suggest at what points research is required and how it could probably best be made. The term "emotion" has been extended to include all affective experiences, thus bringing into its range also the feelings and the emotional coloring of attitudes. Many readers will find new, but illuminating, the distinction that is made of three levels of intensity in emotion (mild, strong, disintegrative) and their influence. The study is broad enough to give attention to the influences of emotional factors in the lives of both normal and unadjusted children and of the teaching personnel and to discuss these in their widest bearings. Throughout the volume the attitude is thoroughly scientific and cautious, as is evident from such expressions as the following: "Taken altogether, the experimental data concerning the influence of affective factors on learning are very inadequate."—"The whole area . . . bristles with unconquered mountains of ignorance."—"Can teachers be trained in these respects? We do not know for sure, but many believe that they can." The book is not intended for the general reader, but those who are alive to educational problems will read it with much interest and profit.

On some points the committee has come to definite conclusions. It says, "The job of education is not done when knowledge is disseminated and increased. If the scholar, concerned with his primary business of knowledge, fails to deal with the whole man, particularly with the control of passion and the guidance of desire, he may properly be charged with contributory negligence when the democracy becomes either a mob or a regimented army, when freedom to learn or to teach disappears, when the neglected emotions submerge the life of reason, and so force recognition of their claim to a share in the lives of men." These words show that the committee is convinced that a merely informative education fails lamentably of meeting the needs of either the individual or society. Would that all who are engaged in religious teaching assessed the rôle of the emotions as clearly as does this committee! Then there would be less wearisome drill of religious information and more fruitful effort to commend the living values of religion to heart and life.

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.

THIS PEACE. By Thomas Mann. Alf. A. Knopf, New York. 38 pages. 75 cents.

THE world's most famous novelist presents his picture of the peace of Munich. Mr. Mann believes that the determining factor at Munich and Godesberg was the "nightmare of Bolshevism, the dread of Socialism, and of Russia." The thesis of this little volume is that at Munich the European democracies took refuge behind the Fascist bulwark against Communism. The continent will now rapidly become Fascist, and the lines will inevitably be drawn so sharply that war will result. A dark picture illumined only by Thomas Mann's faith in the final victory of democracy.

MUSIC ON RECORDS. By B. H. Haggin. Oxford University Press, New York. 164 pages. $1.25.

In the world of music the most striking development in recent years has been the increasing interest in recorded music. The trashy character of many of the offerings of radio has compelled a great number of people to turn to recorded music and phonographs for richer enjoyment than the radio can offer. For some time Mr. Haggin has conducted a fortnightly review column of recordings in *The Nation*. The present volume summarizes his experience with recordings and offers many valuable suggestions, both technical and esthetic, to those who enjoy phonographs.

JOHNNY GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. By Ruth Brindze. Vanguard Press, New York. 230 pages. $2.00.

Slowly but surely the consumer is beginning to receive the attention which he deserves. Innumerable organizations and books now give him the information denied him by much modern advertising. This particular volume is directed to the child as consumer. It is interesting and revealing also, however, for adults. Since children are usually the largest consumers of candy and ice cream Miss Brindze devotes much space to these two articles. She warns children against the legend appearing in tiny type, "added acid, artificial flavor," and so on. Well worth reading.

FASCISM FOR WHOM? By Max Ascoli and Arthur Feiler. W. W. Norton, New York. 338 pages. $3.00.

In a consideration of the Fascist countries of Europe one of the most

important questions is, "Who really benefits from Fascism? Why have so many nations turned away from democracy?" Two distinguished members of the New School of Social Research endeavor to answer. They believe that in the final analysis no one profits from Fascism, not even the capitalists who first subsidized the Fascist parties. The value of this particular volume lies in the fact that it is the first joint analysis of the general phenomenon of Fascism as it appears in Germany and Italy. A valuable contribution to an understanding of current problems in social history.

U.S. CAMERA ANNUAL 1939. Edited by T. J. Maloney. Wm. Morrow & Company, New York. 196 ill. pages. $2.90.

A must book for all interested in the technique and achievements of modern photography. A most important and interesting section of the volume is devoted to forty-one F.S.A. pictures. In more graphic form than any spoken or printed word, these pictures present the distressing side of American life. In the foreword Mr. Ed. Steichen writes, "Pictures in themselves are very rarely propaganda. It is the use that is made of pictures that makes them propaganda." In view of the increasing significance of the picture magazines, photography is undoubtedly of greater social importance than ever before.

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES AND THE SUPREME COURT. By Felix Frankfurter. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 139 pages. $1.50.

The leading light of the Harvard Law School and the recently appointed member of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Felix Frankfurter presents an interesting survey of the late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. For students of law and constitutional government Holmes is a significant figure. For general readers he will perhaps be remembered longest as one of the immortals of English prose. Much of the lasting influence of his dissenting opinions can be traced to his ability to shape his words to the line of his thought.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE. By A. I. Oparin. The Macmillan Company, New York. 270 pages. $2.75.

The author is connected with the Biochemical Institute of the Russian Soviet Republic. His book has been translated by Sergius Morgulis of the University of Nebraska. The purpose of the book is to show that life may have originated on earth from non-living matter through a very elaborate discussion involving an understanding of elementary chemical processes. The book bristles with formulæ of the chemical composition of organic substances. The theory proposed is this: "The generation of living things must have been inevitably preceded by a primary development on the Earth's surface of those organic substances of which the organisms are constructed." Oparin, therefore, first of all endeavors to prove the possibility of a primary formation of organic substance on our planet. To this program the greater part of the book is devoted. He believes that by studying behavior of the simplest organic substances one can discover the path which the evolution of organic substance has followed. In spite of its mass of data from the field of chemical analysis the book does not progress beyond a theory regarding the origin of life in the primordial waters. Not one instance is adduced of a substance endowed with the properties of life arising out of non-living matter.

The JANUARY Magazines

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

The Atlantic Monthly

Where Now Is Britain?

By GRAHAM HUTTON

One of the editors of the London *Economist* discusses British foreign policy as determined by the Conservative Party. The article is a devastating analysis of the Cliveden set which is careful to placate the Italian and German dictators. Members of this set include Sir John Simon, Earl Baldwin, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson (the editor of *The Times*) and smaller fry. The pre-War mentality of these people, which attempts to appease the "burglars" of continental Europe, will soon be unable to fathom the ways of the masses whose eyes have been opened to Mr. Neville Chamberlain's suicidal policies.

Germany's Purpose

By FRITZ BERBER

Here is an article which gives a neat, fairly unbiased summary of the Nazi policies and beliefs. The writer is a high official in Germany's propaganda agency. He makes the important statement that "the German Reich . . . has no further territorial claims in Europe." Likewise Herr Berber says that Germany unqualifiedly rejects the League of Nations as a suitable instrument for international co-operation. He advocates the principle of European Collaboration first used during the Czechoslovakian crisis. It would be well to compare the reasoned statements in this article with Herr Hitler's impassioned statements in *Mein Kampf*.

Reaching For The Stars

By NORA WALN

We single out for review this time the second part of Nora Waln's serial on present-day Germany. She tries desperately hard to interpret without bitterness or malice the *Dritte Reich*. She succeeds. Her Quaker upbringing

simply prevents her from adopting a hostile attitude. For sheer beauty of narrative and for heart-rending incidents the second installment is incomparable. The serial is not a novel, nor is it a detailed study of present-day Germany. It is a record of days spent in Nazi Germany. For those who want another viewpoint on what is happening in Germany, *Reaching For The Stars* is recommended. If this is propaganda, then it is propaganda of a very high sort.

The Ivory Tower

By E. M. Forster

It was high time someone defended "The Ivory Tower." If some critic wished to condemn a writer, the epithet, "The Ivory Tower," would be applied. Lately this term has become synonymous with "Escapism." The distinguished British writer maintains that if we flee from civilization out of fear, then hard things should be spoken against "The Ivory Tower." If, however, we seek "The Ivory Tower" in order to get something finer and greater than the multitude contains, then we have chosen a legitimate reason for escape.

Fortune

Fortune Survey

Fortune's current sampling of American public opinion shows the following results: 1.60 per cent favor joining with other democratic nations to prevent further expansion by Hitler and Mussolini. 2. Armed intervention on our part is favored, if certain countries should be invaded, by the following percentages: Canada, 73; Philippines, 46; Mexico, 43; England, 28; Brazil, 27; France, 22. 3. As to the peace of Munich, 47 per cent think that it was "too bad" but was the best thing to do under the circumstances; 12 consider it highly commendable; 27 condemn it; 14 don't know. 4. 76 percent believe that if there had been a war in Europe last September, the U.S. would eventually have been drawn in. 5. 66 per cent believe that there will be a general European war in the next few years, and 50 per cent believe that we will be drawn into it.—Two years ago only 47 per cent believed that there would soon be a major European or Asiatic war, and only 22 per cent expected we would be drawn in. 6. 46 per cent think it good that Roosevelt's purge failed, 11 consider it bad, and 42 don't know or don't care.

Vacations in Winter

This is a study of the vacation habits of persons with incomes of $7,500 or more, living east of the Mississippi. Many of these take more than one vacation a year, and there is a decided trend toward

winter vacations. The order of the most popular vacation months is: August, July, February, March, January. Almost two-thirds (of Mid-Westerners, 98 per cent) travel at least 500 miles away from home. Nearly a third take their vacations outside the U.S., but those who stay in this country show the following preference of environment: seashore, 31 per cent; mountains, 20; country, 13; lakes, 12; motor trips, 9; cities, 6. In summer the favorite choices are: Europe (12.5), Canada (11.4), New Jersey (10.2), Maine (9.7); in winter: Florida (35.1), West Indies (8.5), California (7.8), Bermuda (6). A majority (57 per cent) "rest and read" when on vacation, while 24 per cent go in for sight-seeing and education. Swimming is the most popular outdoor sport, while bridge leads indoors (60 for women, 39 for men). Drink and high living are slightly more popular among women than among men.

Forum

'Unser Amerika'

By S. K. Padover

This article deals with the efforts of German propaganda agencies to "arouse those of German blood to the sense of brotherhood and solidarity" with Germany. Quotations are given to show that efforts are being made to convince Americans of German blood that their contributions to the national life have not been properly recognized and that by asserting themselves and linking themselves more closely to German principles and ideas they will serve best their own interests and those of America. It is asserted that by this means Germany hopes at least to keep America from entering another war on the side of England and France. It is to be hoped that Mr. Padover will write an equally illuminating article on British propaganda in this country, tracing it from the institution of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships to the projected visit of their Britannic majesties.

Adjusting Yourself to Yourself

By Winfred Rhoades

The most difficult task in the world, the author holds, is "adjustment to the facts of life, adjustment between the dissentious elements within the self, adjustment of mind and spirit to the great mystery of existence." Illustrations are drawn from life to show how people suffer because they are at odds with themselves or with reality and how a relatively simple adjustment may again make life worth-while. Especially is self-pity exposed as "perhaps the most disintegrating of all emotions." Suggestions for self-adjustment are made, and the article

concludes with the words, "The greatest and most assuring support, the firmest ground for the greatest number of people in all ages, has been the thought of God and the cultivation of intimacy with God."

Munich: Two British Views

I—The Great Betrayal

By WICKHAM STEED

"Honor, dignity, and all save the avoidance of present conflict which some still call 'peace' " has been lost by the action at Munich, and the British government has been an accomplice in "a great betrayal of human freedom, democratic principle, and, it may well be feared, national safety." The British face the grimmest prospect that has faced them since Napoleon triumphed at Austerlitz.

II—Toward International Amity

By CECIL HARMSWORTH

Chamberlain's action was the most important and beneficent stroke of British statesmanship in our time. The Czech problem was no affair of Britain's. A destructive war was averted, and there is no reason why the differences still outstanding with Germany and Italy should not be resolved on terms of amity, for there is unquestioned good will between the peoples of Germany, Italy, and Britain.

Harper's

England Moves Toward Fascism

By ELIOT JANEWAY

That England is now basing her economy on arms rather than on world trade is the fact presented in this article. Armaments are to relieve the post-war economic distresses. By spending $5,000,000 a day for war supplies as she is now doing and by increasing this amount steadily, England hopes to regain the losses suffered in her world trade. The fact that exports for the first seven months of 1938 were the smallest in fifty years reveals the real economic problem which Britain must now face. "When an industrialized democracy fails because its national income is stagnating (as Britain's is), because its standard of living is slowly sinking, armaments provide the answer." This answer, however, implies the kind of control and the kind of economic arrangements that are typical of totalitarianism. The article is valuable for the light which it throws upon the road of economic recovery which the governments of today are taking. It is the old tragic road on which men walk in hate and end in war.

The TVA and the Utilities

By RICHARD HELLMAN

This description of the Tennessee Valley Authority and of its at-

tainments is presented from the viewpoint of its value as a part of the effort to control the power industry. State commissions, it is claimed, have failed to regulate public utilities because of the theory of valuation which they must apply in determining prices that would guarantee a "fair return" on the "fair value." The TVA, however, is an attempt at the regulation of utilities by "protective competition." The author contends that the progress in recent years of the Southern utilities in the task of rural electrification must be ascribed largely "to the example offered by the TVA, along with fear of competition from the TVA." The article is an enthusiastic endorsement of the accomplishments of the TVA as well as of the social and economic philosophy behind this project.

The Strange Ways of Allergy

By George W. Gray

This popular discussion of allergy in its various manifestations includes not only interesting case histories, but also the theories which are advanced to explain this strange malady and the treatments which are being given for its cure. "About ten per cent of the population of the United States is allergic to a marked degree, while if minor allergies are considered the proportion runs close to fifty per cent." Wheat, eggs, and milk respectively are the principal causes of food allergy in this country. It is suggested that our civilization may to some degree be responsible for the increase in the incidence of allergy. In general, this presentation is a good demonstration of the possibilities of popularizing effectively scientific subjects and researches.

Scribner's

"don herold examines" our "revolution"

He breaks a lance this time in behalf of those who (like Carole Lombard) earn large salaries and have most of their earnings taken away by the "soak-the-rich-to-succor-the-shiftless policy" of the Roosevelt regime. The don contends that most big incomes reflect public service. He cannot abide the prevalent theory that a man who is earning half a million dollars a year is stealing it. He claims that the man leaning lazily on a shovel in some WPA project is much more apt to be a thief, in the social sense, than a man who has conceived a way to earn a half-million a year from the sale of something that 120,000,000 people can use. Formerly the romance in the lives of at least half of the American people was to work hard so they might some day be moderately rich. "But Mr. Roosevelt has kicked away the pot at the rain-

bow's end, and all we can do now is sit down on a bench in Long Beach, California, and rot, and chew terbaccer, and wait for thirty dollars every Thursday . . . of Carole Lombard's money."

I Wish and Wonder

By MARGARET MACPHAIL

Night scene at an airport. A Life in the United States article. The author and a companion frequently visit a nearby airport to watch the arrival and departure of air liners. She describes interestingly the various buildings, safety improvements, conveniences for the traveling public, and both the passengers who arrive and depart as well as the people who meet them or see them off. Her feelings are summed up in this paragraph: "Slowly the crowd dissolved around us. For many minutes my companion and I remained, heads on arms, leaning against the fence. Our eyes scanned the dark, star-flecked skies to the south and west where the big birds had flown and disappeared. The same wishing and wonderment which carried the eyes of our fathers down the track of the fast-disappearing train fifty years ago, led our gaze into the dark trail of the speeding planes."

Drunken Driver

By WILLIAM DAVISON

A first hand account of a drunken man's car ploughing through a crowded sedan, the deaths, the investigation, the trial. Another "Life in the United States" article. This article was selected by the editors of *Scribner's* magazine as the winner of the first prize, one thousand dollars, in its "Life in the United States" Contest.

We shall not attempt to summarize this article as it ought to be read by every automobile driver in the United States, especially by those who insist upon driving their cars at high speeds after they have indulged too freely in alcoholic beverages. The grim tragedy that descended upon an innocent family as a result of the collision described may be duplicated at any time in your family or mine unless public opinion is sufficiently aroused to force the public officials in charge of law enforcement to mete out drastic punishment to those who drive in a drunken condition. In this particular instance, although the drunken boy killed two persons and almost maimed a third for life, he only received a fine of $250 and was not to drive a car for one year.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Stage and Cinema

SIR:

Dr. Graebner's discussion of the movie, "You Can't Take It With You," in the "Alembic" of last issue is exactly what I've been wanting. THE CRESSET should not overlook such an important influence on our life as the movie is, if it is to be the type of magazine it professes to be. We already have a superabundance of movie reviews in other magazines and newspapers. However, a discussion of the motif or central thought of a picture as Dr. Graebner has presented it is not to be had, as far as I know, and it certainly is necessary. The general run of people make of the movie a source of entertainment alone and not of intellectual stimulation. Such a discussion as this one would stimulate thought. If a page or so were devoted to one important picture each month with a discussion leading from the film, regarding the acting, the different methods of handling the same plots by the movie and the theatre, or the theme, THE CRESSET would be rounding out its program and adding a useful feature. My only hope is that the commentator would not take a condescending attitude toward the movies. Too often that indicates snobbery, especially by people acquainted with the legitimate stage. Incidentally, I wish THE CRESSET would explain just why the stage is held by some people to be so superior to the movie. They both have faults; furthermore the stage has had centuries of experience to eradicate its flaws.

RUTH FRITZ

St. Paul, Minnesota

The Place of Drama

SIR:

It happens, that, only a few days before the December issue came to me, I had made a special effort to see the picture "You Can't Take It with You" and was, in turn, much interested in the review offered by the Alembic.

Editor Graebner's compliments are, I believe, in order. And, unfortunately, what he says under the paragraph headed "2. The Worst" is likewise correct. The fact that our movies do not present what we know to be first things in their proper place is to be regretted. I doubt, however, that we can presume to handle this situation too critically. This, especially, when we have a story and picture which is at least constructive morally. We all concede that there has been at least some progress toward the betterment of the moral aspect of the movies, and so without the efforts of our own good Lutheran influence.

I would question the inference that we have a right to expect the world of entertainment to teach religion, but I sincerely hold that we have every right to expect that entertainment be morally correct and conducive to the influence of religion—which must come from outside the theatre.

It is my suggestion that we point

out that which is wrong, that we endorse that which is good, and then add to that the influence of the church. We cannot hope to have Christianity emanating from every aspect of life. We can only expect that Christianity's influence be reflected by what men do.

WM. ZEITER

Chicago, Illinois

Walking and Thinking

SIR:

Trace the efforts of man to counteract his real or imagined insecurity. The means are material and intellectual tools on the one hand, and on the other a wavering succession of world views. These views have sought to shrink the imperfect present back toward the past of a Golden Age, then forward to a Millennium. Consider the sage in the shady seclusion of a Massachusetts village; Edison or Pasteur in their inviolate laboratories; in such lives dedicated to thought, social life is reduced to a minimum. It is little more than soft accompaniment to the working of the mind, as the hum of the spinning-wheel is to Marguerite's reverie. However, most men must feel life going on near them as a tonic.

Over against the calmness and concentration of the life of a Spinoza set the existence of most people. Rich and poor are driven slaves, drudges. Millions are oppressed by manual work, either because there is too much of it, or because the life has been taken out of it by standardization or because of the anxiety of not having any work to do. The rich, living on their elementary instincts, seek happiness in pleasures, affairs or power. Egotism gives men the shadow for the substance. What chances men miss for mental improvement by their inveterate habit of keeping up six conversations when there are twelve people in the room.

Better the man who thinks and walks, who trails his feet across the country and ventilates fundamental things. Let him thread views and arguments and chains of reasoning, all that divides man from man. It is possible, simultaneously, to walk and to think. Walking, the reflex action of the legs, is compatible with that sustained and coherent activity of the mind called thinking. However, there must be something more to walking than a mere swing of the legs, and the country more than a colourless aliquantum of miles. There must be a receptivity and passivity of mind to grasp the character of the country. Athletics, said a philosophical historian, "wash the brain"; if that be so, a good country walk cleans the heart. You get away from rivalries and trivialities, from gossip and paltriness. You take along a vacuous mind, otherwise you shall not reap the harvest of a quiet eye. You can think of this or that slightly or ponder the particularities of persons and things and times and places, which form a staple food of conversation. The bodily swing leads to that sense of intimacy with fresh air, odour-laden from orchard and wood, the verdure-clad meadows, the everlasting hills—all things which are the walker's ideal.

The mind seems to work when the body is set a-going. Now, the mind of the student is in the realm of essences implied in his symbols. For the student of Latin, reading his authors with the help of a dictionary and a grammar, his mind is in Rome, in the Senate, where the issues of peace and war are being decided. It is in the palace of Augustus, where the court poet, Virgil, is touching the heart of the empress. So, too, the music-student is physically in interaction with the keys of his instrument. But his

mind is living in the concert-rooms of Paris and Vienna with Chopin and Liszt for company. The dream is the reality, and the actualities of the concrete situation a mere setting for his dream.

Walking induces a more concrete habit of thinking. When you have let a problem simmer at the back of your head for the whole of a ten mile walk, you will find, at the end, that it has worked itself into your system, and your verdict on it is the concrete verdict of your whole being. In his altitude of thought, the walking thinker experiences the infinitely varied feelings of the walker. His higher faculties operate actively, not missing that feeling attained by ministering to the soul through the body. Through the agency of a quiet mind and a co-ordinated body the immortal being has received the gentle nutriment which is its due.

ORVILLE GENSMER
Portland, Oregon

Index Wanted

SIR:

My CRESSET arrived this morning, and I must confess that any misgivings I had with respect to the continued high quality of your publication have been groundless. I subscribed from the beginning and anticipate each new issue eagerly. If I might make a humble suggestion, I believe that it would be helpful to those of us who keep our magazines to have an index published covering past issues.

LAWRENCE S. PRICE
Fremont, Ohio

Thank You

SIR:

I find it necessary from time to time to write a check for this or that publication to insure its coming to my address. Occasionally I survey my depleted checking account and decide to let the subscription "expire."

The check which you find enclosed has been written with more enthusiasm and whole-hearted willingness than you can possibly imagine. I am actually happy to send it and insure myself against the stimulating loss of THE CRESSET's invigorating and educational columns.

You may indeed add my name to the many who have already expressed their appreciation. The fact that so many rushed to their pen or typewriter helped delay my expression. From the first published number to the very last, I have, with very few exceptions, enjoyed every word.

ARTHUR R. M. KETTNER
Tacoma, Washington

Preacher in Prison

SIR:

I feel that a statement such as the following which appeared on page 10 of the October, 1938, issue of THE CRESSET does far more harm than good, "Since the present writer during thirty or forty years of active membership does not know one Lutheran who today is serving a sentence in a state's prison." Witness the sensational publicity given the Lutheran pastor now serving life at the Bismarck, North Dakota, penitentiary for the poison murder of a maid!

MR. ERLING ROLFSRUD
Fargo, North Dakota

Jews and Egyptians

SIR:

Perhaps you remember the letter written by the Archbishop of Canterbury, published in the London *Times* in November, 1938, condemning the

Germans on account of their anti-Semitism and especially the heavy fine imposed on German Jewry.

I wonder if you have read the letter signed by Hoda Charaui, Leader of Egyptian Women, sent to the London *Times* and addressed to the Archbishop:

"You did not raise your voice when England in *1924* imposed a fine of 500,000 pounds ($2,500,000) on Egypt in respect of the murder of Sir Lee Stack, the English Sirdar, and ordered the withdrawal of Egyptian troops from the Sudan, in spite of Egyptian guiltlessness. Today the British troops are killing men, women and children in Palestine, although they are innocent and commit only the 'crime' of defending their country. Against this, my Lord Archbishop, you raise no protest. Why then do you suddenly protest because the Germans have imposed a fine as compensation for the crime against the German diplomat in Paris, the reason for which was given by the murderer himself as 'revenge on Germany'? No Jew has protested against this crime. Is your friendship only for the Jews? What principles determine the difference between good and evil?"

"Hoda Charaui"

Now another question: did the U. S. Government raise a protest against the British at that time? or did the Churches of America take any action? F. BRAUN

New Hampton, Iowa

Basque-English

The following (reports a correspondent) is an effort of a Basque youngster to write our elusive language:—"Pack up yeo trabois in yeo oult kit bagg and smile, smile, smile. Wail yeof a lusifa tu lait yor fag, smile, bois, dact de stail. Wad's de uis of quarriling? It neva was quez quail. So pack up yeo trabois . . ."

He has got the hang of the thing anyhow. There are still two thousand of them in the care of the Basque Children's Committee in London, and a big essay competition has been arranged. It is to be hoped that Young Smiler gets a good one in. He will be a trier.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Contributors—Problems—Final Notes

The Editor's Lamp

FOR the first time in its brief life THE CRESSET must record the death of one of its close associates, the **Rev. Paul G. Lindemann** of Redeemer Church, St. Paul, Minnesota. So many formal obituaries have appeared since his death in mid-December that THE CRESSET can only add a brief word of profound sorrow and equally profound gratitude for a remarkable life, whose service and achievements are written deep into the history of the Church.

Paul Lindemann's last illness had already touched him when he was asked to join the editorial council of THE CRESSET. The willingness with which he assumed the added responsibilities of a place on its staff and his ready endorsement of its plans and ideas were typical of the man. In spite of the exacting demands of a large parish and many other duties his contributions to "Notes and Comment" and his reviews of books were not only frequent but also remarkably incisive. Many of the most thoughtful editorials came from his pen. With a lifetime of wide and varied reading as a background he brought to THE CRESSET a clear insight into the problems of the Church and an incisive literary style. He had something to say and knew how to say it.

In the first issue of THE CRESSET we laid down as its charter the words of St. Paul: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." In the light of **Paul Lindemann's** life, these words have acquired a new richness of meaning. Much has been written about his work as a pastor, teacher, editor, and executive. It remains for THE CRESSET to say that he was a cultured Christian gentleman.

His associates on the staff of THE CRESSET will remember his courage and consistency in his unceasing battle with the enemies of the Church, both within and without her walls. If during his later years, he seemed occasionally to tire, it

was only momentarily. The enemies had multiplied, and no one saw their power more clearly than he. But through every battle he seemed to have ever before him the ultimate aim of his own existence and the final consummation of the Church. Toward them he pressed without facile compromise and permanent defeat. In the loss of his physical presence we have lost much, but the Church in heaven and on earth is one. His faith and hope will live here while he lives there. THE CRESSET hopes to continue to reflect the strength by which **Paul Lindemann** lived and died.

✠

THIS month we present the second and concluding article from the pen of **Dr. M. Reu** on *The Open Bible and Luther.* THE CRESSET is deeply grateful to the author of these illuminating essays for placing his accumulated scholarship at the disposal of our readers. **H. H. Engelbrecht** (*The Church of the Living Lord*) is pastor of Zion Church, Tacoma, Washington. **H. C. Grunau** is Professor of History (*Queen Victoria's Daughters*) at Concordia Collegiate Institute, Bronxville, New York. **Ruth Seidel** (*It's An Art*) is associated with a chemistry laboratory in Chicago. **Hugo Beck** (*Mind, Self, and Society*) is a graduate student at the University of Chicago.

Note on the cosmopolitan character of the *Literary Scene:* An interested reader tells us that in the first thirteen issues of THE CRESSET 124 books from forty-seven different publishing houses were reviewed. Harper's leads with thirteen.

Good friends in increasing numbers are sending us the price of one or more subscriptions to be applied to the introduction of THE CRESSET into University libraries or into the hands of individuals who may not be able to afford a subscription. We are deeply grateful for this thoughtfulness on the part of our readers.

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:

Oil Madness
More on the Motion Picture
On Being Right
Glimpses of Nazi Germany

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

This is My Country ..... *Soyan Christowe*
Wisdom's Gate ..... *Margaret Ayer Barnes*
Crippled Splendour ..... *Evan John*
Behind the Ballots ..... *James A. Farley*
A Puritan in Babylon ..... *Wm. Allen White*
Wind Without Rain ..... *Herbert Krause*
Freedom of Man ..... *Arthur H. Compton*
General Manpower ..... *John S. Martin*
American Labor ..... *Herbert Harris*
Guns or Butter ..... *R. H. Bruce Lockhart*
Understanding Youth ..... *Abingdon Press*
Address Unknown ..... *Kressman Taylor*
Danger Signal ..... *Phyllis Bottome*
Young Doctor Galahad ..... *Elizabeth Seifert*
Days of Our Years ..... *Pierre van Paassen*
Disputed Passage ..... *Lloyd C. Douglas*
The Man Who Killed Lincoln ..... *Philip van Doren Stern*
The Wild Palms ..... *Wm. Faulkner*
Royal Regiment ..... *Gilbert Frankau*
Song of Years ..... *Bess Streeter Aldrich*