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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 3 NO. 9

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The CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

Elegy—The Railroad Tangle—Isolationism and the Politician—The Isolationists—The Interventionists—The Pilgrim's Pilgrimage

By THE EDITORS

Elegy

THESE lines are written a few hours after the armistice between France and Italy has been signed. Last night the battle of Britain began, heralded by the new screaming bombs. The story of the last forty days is without a parallel since Calvary. Much of it is still dark. It may be years before we know the full story of the treachery, dishonor, and fatal weakness which destroyed France in a month.

June 1940 marks the end of an epoch. Civilizations fall when strength has gone out of them. We can now look back and see the beginnings of the decay which has come over Western civilization.

Humanly speaking, everything now depends on the mind and purposes of Adolf Hitler. As a conqueror he faces grave decisions. Will he attempt to bring the war to a swift and terrible conclusion? Will he seek to consolidate his gains on the Continent and thus condemn the world to a long siege? The answers to these questions may be known before this issue of THE CRESSET reaches our readers.

It is a grave and important hour for America. Can Totalitarianism and Democracy live side by side in the modern world? Before many months pass this question, too, will be answered.

It is a grave and solemn hour for the Church of God. The world in which it has lived for four hundred years is sinking into chaos. A new

world is being born. The Church must face it without fear and without despair. This generation of Christians, as few other generations in the history of the Church, is called to search the ways of God, and to draw new strength and wisdom from the old fountains. This, too, shall pass away and out of it, please God, will come a Church surer of her task and nearer her final destiny.

The Railroad Tangle

ANNUALLY American railroads receive about $35,635,000 subsidy from the Federal government. Despite that huge amount, railroads are not in a healthy condition. Very few roads are completely free of debt; in fact, most of them are laboring under various forms of receivership or complicated mortgage arrangements. Although many railroads have recently modernized their passenger service and are making strenuous efforts to speed up freight service, the competition from other forms of transportation oftentimes proves too much for America's first great monopoly.

Figures recently released by Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Co-ordinator, seem to bear out the age-old contention of railway men that the government subsidizes other modes of transportation at the expense of its best tax-payer: the railroad. The waterways receive approximately $125,528,000 annually, whereas the amount of service these waterways render to the public is negligible. Air transport likewise receives whopping subsidy for services that are in many ways still in the experimental stage. Worse yet, according to railroad men, the highway users have received the largest amount of subsidy in the building of highways.

One solution for the troubles of the sick man of American life is to increase his subsidy or to lessen his tax burden. Many an American community is unhealthily dependent on the railroad for its economic existence. It also seems no more than fair that waterway subsidies should be cut a good three-quarters, to a sum more commensurate with the amount of service they render. Railroads are still a vital factor in American transportation. They cannot be permitted to struggle against unfair competition.

Basement Philosopher

I SUPPOSE it's all right to be married, but it certainly ruins a man's chances to do anything out of the ordinary. Not just because it must be a married man's chief purpose in life to get

his wife silk stockings, bridge prizes, and the seven thousand other things she needs to live. What I mean is that when you get the germ of a big idea your wife is almost sure to give it a shot of roach powder before it can move a leg. Modesty keeps me from saying any more than that I sometimes wonder how famous I would be by now if I hadn't married Minnie.

About the quickest way to become famous is to explain something that hasn't been explained yet. That is science. Now I believe nobody has ever really explained why babies yell and act as they do. I was on the trail of clearing up that mystery the other day, and from what has been said you can guess why I didn't.

There is a baby next door that stops yelling only long enough to get wound up again: so Minnie and I have been going to the movies a good deal of late. We saw *Drums Along the Mohawk* and some other early American pictures, and I noticed that I more and more felt that the baby's performance reminded me of something. The other evening it suddenly popped into my head—Indians! Same shrill notes, same quavers, same bloodcurdling effect—and so on.

That set me to thinking, and the next day I could say to Minnie, "I believe I can now explain why babies yell and act as they do. It's never been done before."

"What hasn't been done before?" she asked. (She knew, of course; but that's the way women are.)

"The explaining," I said. "It's like this: when a baby notices that it's in America, it gets the notion that it's an Indian, and so it acts like one."

"Why does it think it's an Indian?" Minnie wanted to know.

I had her there. "Because it hasn't had any history and doesn't know that America has been discovered. They aren't told about Columbus till Third Grade or so."

Minnie had no comeback.

"Have you ever noticed," I continued, "how they talk before they learn American? It sounds like Indian talk to me. And how they like to take hold of your hair and pull it? They probably say to themselves, 'Scalp 'um paleface!' "

"But how do they know in the first place that they're in America?" asked Minnie.

"That," I answered, "is a point I'm not quite clear on yet. But with all the rest explained so nicely, this can wait."

"Well," said Minnie, "I'm glad if it can. But I'm afraid the basement can't. You know how often I've reminded you of it. Better clean it up and forget about the Indians."

There you have it: no head for

science and other higher things, but only for tiresome, dirty basements. You see what I was getting at in the sad remarks I made at the beginning?

Isolationism and the Politician

SOME of our publicity-hungry aspirants to the presidency are vociferously declaring that it is the bounden duty of the United States to pursue a policy of the strictest isolationism with respect to the wars now raging in Europe and Asia—but let us not forget that it is one thing to prate volubly of isolationism on the hustings and altogether another thing to be a thorough-going isolationist after one has been elected to the highest office within the gift of our people. History proves that not a single president of our country has been able to close his eyes to significant trends and happenings in other lands. We venture to believe that if an outspoken advocate of uncompromising isolationism is nominated in the summer and elected in November, he will be compelled by the irresistible force of circumstances to modify his attitude as soon as the shouting and the tumult connected with vote-getting have subsided. In making this statement we are merely facing realities. It is utterly illogical to conclude that opposition to out-and-out isolationism either indicates or implies a desire to become actively involved in the war: but we know that neither Franklin D. Roosevelt nor the next president, whoever he may be, can afford to ignore the far-sweeping implications and repercussions of the terrible conflict now going on.

The Isolationists

SOME American citizens are being designated nowadays as "isolationists." They are the people who believe that America should in no wise intervene in the present European conflict and that it should devote itself wholly and solely to the interest of the American people. They are of the opinion that we can be quite unconcerned about what happens in Europe.

Needless to say, such a point of view is wrong. It is wrong not because we think that America ought to rush into this war, but it is wrong because no one part of the human family can dissociate itself from any other part of that family. So long as any part of the human family suffers, all other parts will be compelled to pay the price in one way or another.

The Biblical truth is that the human family is one and that men in one country should be earnestly concerned about the

well-being of men in any other country. God has not only tried to teach men this truth in the Bible, but he has also had it brought home to us by social studies and by the advent of modern means of transportation and communication, through which the nations of the world have literally been placed next door to one another. While the intelligent Christian citizen may think in terms of honest political isolationism, he can never forget the sorrow and suffering of the European nations now engaged in war.

The Interventionists

WHILE one type of American is being designated as "isolationist," another type is being spoken of as "interventionist." People who belong to this type believe that we ought to enter the war at the earliest possible moment. If newspapers may be believed, the number of these people is growing. They argue that in the present European conflict democracy and totalitarianism are at each other's throats and that since we believe in the democratic way of life we ought to be ready without further ado to shed the life blood of America's finest manhood on distant foreign fields of battle. They believe that the issue can finally be decided only by bombs and cannon.

They too are wrong, for if history proves anything and if the experience of the first great World War means anything, then we ought to know by now that no man, and certainly no nation of men, can ever be conquered by force. You can chain a man and you can kill a man by force, but if you truly want to conquer him, you can do so only by love and kindness. Hence we believe that every intelligent Christian citizen of America ought to bring to bear whatever influence he may have to the end that our country will render every service possible toward bringing about a greater degree of equity and justice toward all men everywhere and that it ought rather to think of helping the war-stricken nations of the world as well as such other nations where millions of people have never yet known what it means to enjoy wholesome food, to wear adequate clothing, and to live in comfortable homes. (And since we have millions of just such people in our own land, let us first wipe out that disgrace!) If the Christians in our land can become sufficiently vocal and articulate to develop such genuine altruistic attitudes toward other nations and assume leadership in such a program of international relationships it will actually confer a real

blessing upon others and do more toward undermining force and brutality than can be achieved in any other way.

If anyone has any doubts on this score, he need but look to the figure of Christ and the mighty conquests which His message of love achieved in a world than which none could have been more unpromising. He overcame the resisting hearts of Jews and Gentiles and cleaned up social evils which had been accepted as an essential part of life for many generations before His day.

What we want, then, is neither isolationism which tries to withdraw from the sorrows and needs of others nor interventionism which relies upon horrors and bloodshed but rather prayer, love, and the active readiness to help wherever help may be given toward feeding and clothing people and sharing with them the abundance of material and spiritual blessings.—Let us arm for defense, but let us help, give, and love for real conquest!

Murder as a Profession

THE war aside, probably the most astounding event in American life in recent months has been the investigation of the huge murder combination by Brooklyn's District Attorney, William O'Dwyer. Leader of a murder monopoly which seems to cover the nation is Abe Reles, a bully, tough gangster, sadistic killer who has confessed to eighteen murders and in the course of his criminal career has been arrested forty-three times. This Abe Reles confesses that murders were ordered and committed to keep "The Combination" going in the racketeering in the garment and fur industries, flour trucking, the bakery trade, and the narcotics and gambling rackets which are or have been added by equally notorious racketeers. When a member of the combination failed to kick in a certain amount of the take, orders were given to get rid of the traitor. Thus a fellow-gangster, George Rudnick, was strangled with a rope, his body was jabbed sixty-three times with an ice pick, and his skull was bashed in with a meatchopper. These are minor details.

The more disturbing feature about the entire investigation is the revelation that crime is highly organized in the United States. According to Abe Reles, if any murder has not been solved within a reasonable length of time, the unsolved killing was the work of the trust. In other words, what we have in the United States is a working model in the underworld of the modern monopoly. Gangsters have copied the methods of

our large corporations. The ruthlessness of the business corporation has been adopted by the cheap gangster in the conduct of his affairs. The implications of such a revelation are startling, of course. That American business should serve as a model for the underworld is disturbing. Is there a basis of comparison? Possibly a remote one in most cases, although it is true that business has employed thugs and other small-time crooks as strikebreakers.

Still more disturbing is the thought that our country should harbor such a huge, devitalizing cancer for such a long period of years. Attorney O'Dwyer deserves the help and co-operation of every American in his effort to get to the bottom of the newest profession. We hope that the result of his work will be a thorough analysis of the primary causes back of the rise of men like Abe Reles.

July and Democracy

IT ISN'T only July 4 that stands out in the current month during this year of grief and bloodshed. There are some other dates in American history which fall in July and which offer a good jumping-off place for profound remarks about the state of democracy in a totalitarian world. For instance, on July 1, 1863, the Battle of Gettysburg started, a battle fought to keep alive a union of states interested in a single political concept. Then there's the Battle of Bull Run, on July 21, 1863. Jump forward about fifty-five years, and you have the battle of Chateau Thierry, of July 18, 1918, when American soldiers demonstrated their willingness to defend the same political concept their forefathers fought for. Go farther back in American history, and the interesting fact emerges that it was in July, 1777, that Lafayette arrived on these shores to help us fight the British.

Now all of these dates should make us write a spread-eagle editorial on the red-white-and-blue, but despite all the provocation we're going to remain calm and not write an analysis in the light of what's going on in Europe. Maybe that's cowardly. Maybe we should take a deep breath and go off the deep end. It just can't be done. The impact of all the other solemn editorials in this issue has left us groggy, and we're going out to weed the petunia bed.

Clearer Vision

ONE of the most remarkable developments in the recent history of thought has been the

growing realization that the materialism and agnosticism of the past fifty years are directly responsible for the present plight of the Western World. Voices which have never been raised on behalf of religion today unanimously affirm that man's only hope lies there. Many of these commentators may not yet know the full meaning and value of historic Christianity, but they are at least blindly groping in that direction.

One of the manifestations of this tendency lies in the growing disbelief in the power of education without God to solve the problems of men. A few days ago, for example, the thoughtful columnist of the *Chicago Daily News,* Mr. Howard Vincent O'Brien, wrote: "For a long, long time, now, we have believed—with hardly a dissenter—that education was the key to liberation. Know the truth, we have told one another, and it will set you free.

"Year after year we have piled up our investment in education: and what does the balance sheet show us, now?

"It shows that we have learned how to make and use bigger and better explosives: and what else it shows I cannot, at the moment, see. At enormous labor and expense, we have taught ourselves how to be more adept in destruction—the fine flower of our brains is the bomb.

"Traveling about the country, I have observed that the people had lavished more money on their schools than they had on their churches. And, in this fact, it seemed to me that there might be some explanation of the predicament in which the world finds itself."

Democracy

THE preservation of Christianity does not depend on democracy. The Christian Church has been able to flourish under almost every form of government provided that government kept its hands off the legitimate concerns of the Church. On the other hand, no student of history can overlook the fact that a free democracy is most favorable to the free course of the Gospel in the world. Democracy cannot be identified with Christianity, but it has often been a very valuable aid.

In order to recall the essentials of democracy, Henry Noble McCracken, President of Vassar College, offers America a brief catechism on this form of government. Not all the questions and answers are of equal value and a few (for example, No. 16) are wrong. It is of interest because it clearly presents that blind trust in education as the foundation of democracy which O'Brien attacks in the preceding article.

1. *What is the purpose of democracy?*
   To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our descendants.
2. *What are the blessings of liberty?*
   The enhancement of life.
3. *What enhances life?*
   Growth, with adaptation to things experienced.
4. *What is this process called?*
   Education.
5. *How does democracy survive?*
   By education of the whole people.
6. *What is essential to democracy?*
   To keep the way open by which adaptation is possible.
7. *Does any other kind of government do this?*
   No; either it stands bound by unchanging creed or custom, or else it is revolutionized by arbitrary will of its leader.
8. *How does democracy keep the way open to adaptation?*
   By preventing usurpation of power by any one group, through a periodical access to public opinion.
9. *How is this review by public opinion made possible?*
   By enlightenment through education.
10. *What are the means of education?*
    Free worship, free speech, free press, free schools.
11. *What danger inheres in democracy?*
    The lasting control by any one group of all the means of education.
12. *What is the remedy?*
    To encourage cooperation, to adjust disputes, to tolerate free criticism, to apply early the known principles of science, art, and philosophy in an experimental manner.
13. *What is the danger inherent in dictatorship?*
    When all think as one, only one thinks.
14. *What do the others do?*
    They obey, under pressure of forced feelings.
15. *Why is this dangerous?*
    Because, being irrational, it leads to violence and destruction.
16. *How can we find a rational way of living?*
    Only by education in a democracy.
17. *Is there, then, no escape from education in democracy?*
    No, education is the very life of democracy, the process by which it survives.
18. *What happens to education under dictatorship?*
    Those parts that find favor flourish for a time; but soon they lose favor, and the substance dries up and dies, while only the form remains.
19. *How do we know?*

From the history of dictatorships.

20. *What has destroyed democracies in the past?*
    The failure to maintain the process of continuous adaptation.
21. *What kind of education does democracy need?*
    The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
22. *What is the obligation of a teacher in a democracy?*
    To think straight, to love truth, to respect his school, his scholars and that which he teaches.
23. *How may rival groups in a democracy live at peace?*
    By a decent respect for the opinions of others; by self-restraint in speech and action, by conference with others, by study of their ways, by mutual cooperation in all matters of common humanity.

What Is Truth?

THERE can be little doubt that the American people are growing more and more distrustful of their daily newspapers. Almost everything that is printed and much of what comes over the radio is dismissed with the contemptuous word "propaganda." Especially Americans over forty were too badly burned by distortion of the truth during the first World War to be anything but thoroughly disillusioned.

It should be said, however, that one of the most vicious forms of propaganda is the statement that all news is propaganda. That is obviously not true. By and large, American journalists in Europe have done an excellent job despite the enormous difficulties under which they labor. In general, we may, of course, discount all atrocity stories and pictures. Nothing is more easily faked than the picture of a dead child lying on a road. It is also necessary for the careful observer to watch for all evidences of censorship. The phrase "it is not known" or a general vagueness in the dispatch immediately discloses the dark hand of the censor at work.

With these reservations, however, one must say that the American press has presented a remarkably honest and authentic picture of developments in Europe since September 1, 1939. Despite tendencies on both sides to slur over defeats, the official communiques issued by the High Commands are generally reliable, even though it is necessary at times to wait until they confirm each other. Reporters who sit at the end of trans-Atlantic cables are experienced men who are able to spot propaganda even in its most subtle forms.

It is interesting to trace a European story from its source to its eventual appearance in an Ameri-

can newspaper. After a correspondent writes a story it is sent to the censor and then returned, each page stamped with his official approval. The dispatch is then forwarded to the relay bureau. Often it goes by wire and by mail so that the relay bureau (if there is time) can compare the two versions. If the censor eliminates the heart of the story, the correspondent may well cancel it completely. Some fascinating anecdotes have come out of Europe concerning the ingenuity with which American correspondents have evaded censorship. When, for example, the Barcelona government moved out of the city, the censor would not permit any reference to this important fact in a dispatch. The manager of the press bureau in Barcelona inserted just three words in the heart of an apparently harmless message which told the whole story to the London office. The words were "Big Shots Scram."

It is necessary for the careful reader of American newspapers to distinguish between "fact" stories and "think" stories. The latter are interpretations of trends given by experienced correspondents on the basis of the facts which they have observed. The value of "think" stories depends entirely on the standing and experience of the correspondent. Such men as Mowrer, Lochner, Tolischus (until his recent expulsion from Germany), and others have a calm, dispassionate approach to European problems which makes their "think" stories most significant.

Despite many mistakes and failures, the American press is essentially honest. It is probable that the American people today know more about European conditions than any other nation on the face of the earth.

The Pilgrim's Pilgrimage

SINCE the Pilgrim is about to turn a corner on his road, let me, who have followed his steps with interest, tell you a bit about the way he has so far come. The pilgrimage began on a lovely day in May, on Strawberry Hill, Stamford, Connecticut.

The pilgrimage then moved down the coast to Baltimore, Maryland, when rompers replaced the three-cornered ensign and the pilgrim staff became a barrel stave, supporting an already weary frame. At the highest spot on Hoffmann Street, the Pilgrim watched for his beloved fogs rolling in from the Chesapeake.

In two years the course bends northward again to New York City and a house next to the New York Central tracks. According to autobiographical accounts the elementary schooling was evenly divided between learning to throw a baseball and cultivating a spat-

tering of accuracy with over-ripe cantaloupes. After sufficient exposure to the mysterious elements of elementary education the prep school at Bronxville absorbed the adolescent's interest for six years. Reliable sources report that at least four years of the six were spent hanging around first base for reasonably good ball teams and sacrificing a tooth or two for good old Alma Mater on the gridiron.

St. Louis—baseball—hot weather —the "Alma Mater"—chairmanship of the Student Body, and the still more mysterious pursuits of theological study occupied the next four years. An offer from the St. Louis Cardinals aroused interest between the third and fourth year, but it was quickly submerged under a thesis on "Philonism and the New Testament." Armed with an S.T.M. and a reasonably good first baseman's mitt, the Pilgrim began teaching at the Theological Seminary in Springfield, Illinois. From the fall of 1924 until January, 1934, various and sundry landlords and cleaning women found their way around among books, newspapers, and magazines and reminded him "that this is the first of the month."

Early in 1934 the call of the Walther League and Highway 66 brought him to Chicago to take over the duties of Executive Secretary. For six years he toted the Pilgrim's staff and the League Mirror back and forth across the country on such means of transportation as passes to Walther League officials allow. Forty thousand miles a year on the rails and in the air was considered fair attention to duty.

In May of this year the call to Valparaiso University as President engaged the attention of the Pilgrim and his fellow pilgrims in the League and on THE CRESSET staff. The Pilgrim decided that Valparaiso gave him a chance to use the knowledge gained from experience with pastors and laymen throughout the country in one of the greatest enterprises of the Lutheran Church of this century. The Pilgrim's editorship of THE CRESSET goes with him into the new office on the campus of Valparaiso.

Into that office the staff has already sent its own best wishes for blessings upon their colleague's new charge and the sincere and earnest request to continue as THE CRESSET's Editor-in-Chief and "The Pilgrim."

Both THE CRESSET and the University will surely profit by this arrangement and contact. New understanding of the problems and needs of youth and keener appreciation of THE CRESSET's position of influence ought surely to develop from the new connection between our editor and our Lutheran University.

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Footnotes to War

JULY 1940. . . . More than nineteen hundred Julys since Calvary, but never has the need for clear thinking been more desperate. . . . Now, as seldom before, we need the steadying strength of eternal principles in a world of chaos. . . . We must know again that the lights are still there no matter how black the night. . . . For the moment—but only for the moment—eternal principles may be footnotes to the story men are writing in blood and tears. . . . Footnotes, however, which will one day again be lifted into the text of the world's history by the hand of God. . . . Time to recall a few to be filed for future reference either in heaven or on earth. . . .

First Footnote. . . . All events in the history of the world must serve the Church. . . . The universe, from the Pleiades to Hitler, stands because the Church is here. . . . Late at night, as the weary voices of men in the capitals of Europe stumble out of my radio, I can realize with startling joy that all the machine guns of the world can rattle away and in the end shall not have brought down one angel. . . . For the moment—but only for the moment—they are the loud accompaniment to the relentless music of the living God. . . . Out of the welter of events we must now build a philosophy of history. . . . It is a curious thing that a consistent, unified view of the world and time is ordinarily achieved only by the very great and the very humble. . . . St. Augustine and the old peasant woman whom I met in Canada a few weeks ago. . . . As I entered the little house on the prairies of Saskatchewan she was seated beside a table on which there were a Bible and a radio. . . . The voice of God and the whisper of the

world. . . . For almost eleven years she had been chained to that chair by a crippling arthritis. . . . In a language which was rich with the strength of the earth and the years she told me how the world looked through the glasses of her Bible and her radio. . . . She said: "Men have done great things during the past few years. They are able to move across the earth faster than ever before. They can cross the seas in great ships. They can fly through the air more swiftly than the birds. It seems now as if they can go almost anywhere. But at the end there is a narrow ditch about three feet wide which stops them in their tracks. No machine can carry them across that last great barrier. . . ." In a few sentences she had consigned the mad men of our modern world to the dust. . . . This is a philosophy of history. . . .

Second footnote. . . . A philosophy of history which knows that the purposes of God are being accomplished is not, however, a passive philosophy. . . . It is my duty to fight evil wherever and whenever it may appear. . . . Especially in times like these the Christian mind and heart live under protest. . . . I have been dismayed lately to see good Christians retire into a shrugging quietism. . . . They use the Christian philosophy of history as a hiding place rather than a point of attack. . . . The fact that God will eventually make good come out of evil does not release the Christian mind from the unrelenting fight against wickedness. . . . We pray as though everything were in God's hands; we work as though everything were in ours. . . . There may be a mystery here, but it is a mystery for our minds and not for our hands. . . . We may not be able to explain the ways of God with man; but we do have His clear, eternal Word as a guide for action and not as an excuse for retreat. . . . "Thy will be done" is a prayer that the divine purposes be accomplished on and in the world which is Thine. . . . It is also a prayer which is terribly personal. . . . "Thy will be done" at whatever cost by me over against this world which rejects Thee. . . . De Caussade once wrote: "All that is done in us, around us and by us, contains and conceals the action of God. There it is most truly and certainly present, but invisible; so that it always surprises us, and we only recognize its working when it is withdrawn. If we could pierce the veil, God would show Himself to us without ceasing, and we should realize His action in all that happens to us. To each thing we should say, *Dominus est.* It is the

Lord. And we should find in every circumstance that we had received a gift from God. We should consider all creatures as feeble tools in the hands of an all-powerful craftsman, and should easily recognize that we lack nothing, and that God's continual care gives us at each moment that which is best for us."

Third footnote. . . . In times like these it is particularly important to emphasize the principles by which a Christian lives in the world. . . . Especially his relation to the governments of this earth. . . . Here the guiding lights are the first and fourth verses of the thirteenth chapter of the Letter to the Romans. . . . As long as the governments of this world do not cross the boundaries imposed by the will of God, the Christian heart will be loyal to the constituted authorities. . . . This loyalty is not confined to mere lip service but extends to the heart. . . . No fifth columnist can be a Christian. No Christian can be a fifth columnist. . . . Since God has placed me in this blessed land I must be profoundly and unswervingly loyal to the democratic principles of political and religious liberty laid down in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States. . . . It is impossible for a Christian to be loyal to any other government, its ideas and ideals, rather than to his own. . . . The only reservation is that the government must demand nothing of the individual which will be against his conscience. . . . When the will of God and the will of the State conflict, there can be only one answer. . . . I must obey God rather than man.

Fourth footnote. . . . It is tragically important for the Christian heart not to lose its moral sensitivity in these calloused days. . . . While I remember that in all the struggles and conflicts of this present world there are no saints but only sinners fighting each other, I remember on the other hand that there are types and degrees of evil. . . . Although my choice is never between black and white, but only between shades of grey, I must nevertheless make the choice. . . . In the storm which is now sweeping over Europe, I recognize that the values of Western civilization as we have known them for several hundred years are being defended by the Allies. . . . I have no use, moral or intellectual, for the Nazi approach to life and government. . . . I believe that the preservation of the values of Western civilization will be more favorable to the building of

the Church on earth than their destruction. . . . I look with profound misgiving upon the possibility of a world which may be dominated by the Nazi theory of the Totalitarian State and its all-inclusive power. . . . Two things I must see clearly. . . . First, wrongs have been committed on both sides. . . . Secondly, the greater wrong for the present and the future lies with the powers that would destroy the values of Western civilization. . . .

Fifth footnote. . . . Perhaps a minor one. . . . Again and again one is shocked by the utter disappearance of all honor and decency in Europe. . . . War is never especially conducive to the preservation of the sense of honor, but there have been times, even in the stress of conflict, when it was preserved by men who were Christians and gentlemen. . . . I am not now referring to Christian ethics. . . . I mean the rules by which men, even beyond the pale of the Church, have learned to live in the Western world. . . . Discounting many things as propaganda, I cannot forget the awful news pictures of the bombing of Elverum, Norway. . . . Elverum was an open town. . . . The Nazi fliers knew what they were doing. . . . They were destroying private houses in a helpless village. . . . In a country which had given them no cause for offense. . . . To brush this aside with the phrase, "War is war," is neither Christian nor civilized. . . . For that sort of thing I can have nothing but horror and contempt. . . . This applies especially to the brutality and indecency of the speech of Mussolini announcing Italy's declaration of war. . . . Almost incredible in its cynicism. . . . The Mediterranean jackal branded himself for all time. . . . The Roman emperors, whose successor he claims to be, must have turned over in their graves. . . .

Sixth footnote. . . . I cannot feel the full horror of the European tragedy without remembering constantly that beyond the abstractions in the headlines are the pitiful stories of individual men, women, and children. . . . "Paris Falls." . . . "Thirty Divisions Attack." . . . "A Thousand Bombing Planes Swoop Down." . . . All these are the masks which hide the terror of the individual soul. . . . To see the realities of war I must remember the German mother whose boy is now buried in France, the Belgium child wandering along torn roads, the British youngster who is the rear gunner in a bombing plane. . . . These, and these alone, finally

count. . . . For them the world has suddenly become a mad slaughterhouse. . . .

After I wrote the last sentence I saw a striking article in *The Christian Century* by Devere Allen under the title, "I Ought to Forget Them." . . . Graphically he illustrates what I mean. . . . He writes:

"Madame Albert was a waitress, tall, gray-haired, kindly, efficient, almost aristocratic, obviously too cultured for some of her companions. And strained. Her husband lived in a wheel chair, and the slightest shock would put a final stop to the heartbeats by which he feebly, though tenaciously, clung to life. Once well off, Madame Albert now kept a job which gave them a meager existence, if all went well. Often it didn't; there were days when her eyes bore signs of crying, and when she spoke restrainedly of close calls during the night. Once, flushed and happy, she showed up after a day's absence and explained that she had been able, for the first time in several years, to go by train to Mons, twenty-five miles away, to see her aged mother, 'Yes, my husband with the help of some friends managed all right, though it takes so little to send him into one of his dangerous attacks. Perhaps I can go again some time!' I read, only a little after, that 'a number of trains bearing refugees from the bombed area had been sent to Mons, crowded with women and children.' . . .

"Drenched miserably by a cold rain that turned their khaki coats to straitjackets and plastered their legs with yellow mud, the young conscripts near the front examined my papers with grave care, looked everything over, then flashed companionable smiles. It was at one of the most jittery sectors. 'Any news?' they asked, noting that I carried journalist's credentials. I told them what I knew and distributed papers, one day, two days out of date, on which they fastened hungrily. One of them retreated to the only shelter afforded in the downpour—a place for two feet, and only two, in a tiny, dung-filled shed. 'How is it in America?' they wanted to know. 'Will America come into this war?' 'In such a big country, you must feel pretty safe.' 'It's hard to know the feeling of being far away from war; it's every twenty-five years for us.' 'Can't blame America for not wanting war. Maybe we'll all escape it, at that.' I looked at them calculatingly, trying to guess which ones might live to reap grain fertilized by the blood of the others. With warnings ringing in my ears about the mined roads and the muddy places close to the water barrier, I drove away. I *could* drive away. . . ."

Beneath all this is the realiza-

tion, too, that after twenty centuries of Christianity one of its by-products has been the development of a fundamental decency in the common man. . . . A careful observer of world events recently said: "The European situation could be solved if one hundred men were lined up against a wall and shot." . . . No doubt this solution is too simple. . . . There are economic and political factors involved which cannot be ignored. . . . It is, however, true that the essential decency of the common man must somehow return to greater power. . . . We cannot forever continue to place unlimited power in the hands of a few. . . .

Only footnotes. . . . Perhaps no one will pay much attention to them. . . . The tired voice of the commentator from Bordeaux sounds in the night: "I return you to NBC, New York." . . . Dawn is breaking over Europe. . . . One day there will be another dawn, shining and eternal. . . . Breathless, humanity will wait for the final verdict on history. . . . It will not be, I know and believe, in terms of war and bloodshed, dictators and death, fear and hate. . . . There will be a voice speaking of forgiveness, of a cup of cold water, of enduring unto the end. . . . And the headlines of time will become the footnotes of eternity. . . .

The Difference

"A graduate is one who is proud of his alma mater. An alumnus is one who is ashamed of her when she begins to lose football games. An alumnus writes more checks than a graduate, and is in every way a sterner man. He makes certain demands, and he stands by to see that the goods are delivered. He is a realist. He knows the value of professors and instructors, and rightly assigns to them a very minor role in the educational process. He sees to it that these learned cogs are paid strictly according to their services. He reserves his real enthusiasm for the football coach, and makes sure that the salary for that position will attract the kind of man who can win games and keep his desk clear."—ROBERT LITTELL.

A critical evaluation and appreciation of a great poet—

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

By allan hart jahsmann

I HAVE a friend whom I admire even more for what he thinks than for what he does. His deep insight has shown him the hollow world, and has set him above it. But, unlike natural man, who, in his pride, finds it easy to scoff and ridicule, this friend looks at the world with sympathetic love because he sees behind the world the hand of a loving God. This man is Robinson.

Basic, I think, to his greatness, is his being an individualist. Like Hector Kane,

> " 'Nothing was ever true for me
> Until I found it so,' said he."

I had almost feared that, in the face of reality, an intelligent person today would not dare to see anything but despair, much less profess faith in a God. Robinson has risen above popular intellectual attitudes.

Critics accuse him of pessimism and coldness. Fortunately, I think, he has had, in words from *John Brown,* a strange content, a patience, and a vast indifference to what men say of him and what men fear to say. His content has kept him to his ideal of love while men accused him of hate.

I do not ignore the critics, but rather I disagree vehemently with them when they say that Robinson is hard and bitter.

He sees, as Bokardo's wife (I presume) so clearly saw, that "Time will have his little scar." He also sees big scars: Richard Cory, The Poor Relation, Bewick Finzer, Aaron Stark, in fact all of his characters have the scars either physically or spiritually.

In addition to presenting vividly failures of life, he analyses them and gives us an understanding of them, as in these few lines from *The Poor Relation:*

"Her lip shakes when they go away
And yet she would not have them stay.
She knows as well as anyone
That pity, having played, soon tires."

But it seems to me that real understanding is more closely related to sympathy than to hatred. I do not believe there need be a conflict between reality and ideals. A recognition of reality, I should think, ought to convince one even more of the need of ideals.

I feel it is unfair to accuse Robinson of pessimism simply because he sees reality—the emptiness of life. He does more than merely recognize and present its failures and bitterness: he loves and pities the unfortunate and offers them a spiritual thought for adjustment in this life as well as a hope for a future life.

It may be that I am over-excited about this point—that I am reading my thoughts into much of Robinson's writings. I have perhaps searched too hard and long for a positive philosophy in modern literature. My thesis, however, seems so clear to me that I find it difficult to express it.

In *The Garden,* he sees

". . . the plot where I had thrown
The fennel of my days on wasted ground,
And in that riot of sad weeds I found
The fruitage of a life that was my own.
My life! Ah, yes, there was my life indeed!
And there were all the lives of humankinds;"

Not a very beautiful picture so far, but he continues. He finds something beyond reality:

"And they were like a book that I could read,
Whose every leaf, miraculously signed,
Outrolled itself from Thought's eternal seed,
Love-rooted in God's garden of the mind."

His *Octaves* are rich with his belief in the love of God behind the confusion of the world:

VII

"The guerdon of new childhood is repose:—
Once he has read the primer of right thought,
A man may claim between two smithy strokes
Beatitude enough to realize
God's parallel completeness in the vague
And incommensurable excellence
That equitably uncreates itself
And makes a whirlwind of the Universe."

VIII

"There is no loneliness:—no matter where
We go, nor whence we come, nor what good friends
Forsake us in the seeming, we are all
At one with a complete companionship;

And though forlornly joyless be the ways
We travel, the compensate spirit-gleams
Of Wisdom shaft the darkness here and there,
Like scattered lamps in unfrequented streets."

IX

"When one that you and I had all but sworn
To be the purest thing God ever made
Bewilders us until at last it seems
An angel has come back restigmatized,—
Faith wavers, and we wonder what there is
On earth to make us faithful any more,
But never are quite wise enough to know
The wisdom that is in that wonderment."

XII

"With conscious eyes not yet sincere enough
To pierce the glimmered cloud that fluctuates
Between me and the glorifying light
That screens itself with knowledge, I discern
The searching rays of wisdom that reach through
The mist of shame's infirm credulity,
And infinitely wonder if hard words
Like mine have any message for the dead."

Or this from *The Prodigal Son*

"Brother, believe as I do, it is best
For you that I am again in the old nest.
You will thank God some day that I returned,
And may be singing for what you have learned,
Some other day; and one day you may find
Yourself a little nearer to mankind.
And having hated me till you are tired
You will begin to see, as if inspired,
It was fate's way of educating us."

I should hardly call this pessimism. It is a belief in the hand of God. The first octave also expresses it clearly here

"We thrill too strangely at the master's touch;
We shrink too sadly from the larger self
Which for its own completeness agitates
And undetermines us; we do not feel—
We dare not feel it yet—the splendid shame
Of uncreated failure; we forget,
The while we groan, that God's accomplishment
Is always and unfailingly at hand."

Robinson's confidence in God's guidance of the world reveals itself, too, I think, in his figurative use of "The Light." He uses the symbol also in the sense of inspiration or opportunity, as in these words from *The Man Against the Sky,*

"And we, with all our wounds and all our powers,
Must each await alone at his own height
Another darkness or another light,"

or perhaps in the sense of truth to one's self, as in the words of Hector Kane,

"He told us, one convivial night,
When younger men were not so bright
Or brisk as he, how he had spared
His heart a world of pain,
Merely by seeing always clear
What most it was he wanted here,
And having it when most he cared,
And having it again,"

I feel Robinson had also a spiritual meaning in mind. When Archibald says to the boy,

"The light, my boy,—the light behind the stars.
Remember that: remember that I said it;
And when the time that you think far away
Shall come for you to say it—say it, boy;
Let there be no confusion or distrust
In you, no snarling of a life half-lived,
Nor any cursing over broken things
That your complaint has been the ruin of.
Live to see clearly and the light will come
To you, and as you need it.—",

he is also telling the boy to trust in God. That message, I believe, is his answer to the despair in the world.

"This we know, if we know anything:
That we may laugh and fight and sing
And of our transcience here make offering
To an orient Word that will not be erased,
Or, save in incommunicable gleams
Too permanent for dreams,
Be found or known."

What gives that thought power in Robinson's writings is the fact that he has reached it through careful and vivid intellectual analysis of reality. It isn't mere emotional idealism. The wife in the poem *Bokardo* doesn't preach. She masterfully moves the reader as well as her husband to put faith above reason by fully agreeing with all of Bokardo's sad views of life but offering to him a hope in the face of his arguments.

"There's a debt now on your mind
More than any gold?

Well, be glad there's nothing worse
Than you have told.

I say that because you need
Ablution, being burned?
Well, if you must have it so,
Your last flight went rather low.
Better say you had to know
What you have learned.

And that's over. Here you are,
Battered by the past.
Time will have his little scar
But the wound won't last.

There'll be falling into view
Much to rearrange;
And there'll be a time for you
To marvel at the change."

It is his faith in God, I am

convinced, which is also the basis for his belief that "the wound won't last." When he says that time will change unfortunate conditions in which one finds himself, I feel, perhaps because I prefer to feel, that he means God, whom he sees behind all, working in His time. Such a faith leads Tristram to say, "I leave all to God."

Further evidence of his belief in a revealed God of love is, for me, his faith in a future life of bliss, which, he says, in his sixth octave, all right science comprehends. I'm wondering, too, whether this octave doesn't also indicate a faith in the Bible.

"When we shall hear no more the cradle-songs
Of ages—when the timeless hymns of Love
Defeat them and outsound them—we shall know
The rapture of that large release which all
Right science comprehends; and we shall read
With unoppressed and unoffended eyes,
That record of All-Soul whereon God writes
In everlasting runes the truth of Him."

The tenth octave also gives to man an eternal soul.

"Where does a dead man go?—The dead man dies;
But the free life that would no longer feed
On fagots of outburned and shattered flesh
Wakes to a thrilled invisible advance,
Unchained (or fettered else) of memory;
And when the dead man goes it seems to me
't were better for us all to do away
With weeping, and be glad that he is gone."

And in the beautifully expressed words of Isaac:

"And we are playing life out in the shadow—
But that's not all of it. The sunshine lights
A good road yet before us if we look,
And we are doing that when we least know it;
For both of us are children of the sun,
Like you, and like the weed there at your feet.
The shadow calls us, and it frightens us—
We think; but there's a light behind the stars
And we old fellows who have dared to live,
We see it—and we see the other things,
The other things. . . ."

The words of Shakespeare, "We come, we; and when we're done, we're done," are not Robinson's. His words are these:

"But this we know, if we know anything:
That we may laugh and fight and sing

And of our transcience here make offering
To an orient Word that will not be erased,
Or, save in incommunicable gleams
Too permanent for dreams,
Be found or known."

I think one clearly finds a tone of at least sympathy in most of Robinson's poems, or the love of the type which Old King Cole held for his sons: Though they were not the sons he would have chosen, should he, less evilly endowed, by their infirmity be frozen?

"They'll have a bad end, I'll agree,
But I was never born to groan;
For I can see what I can see.
And I'm accordingly alone.
With open heart and open door,
I love my friends, I like my neighbors.

There may be room for ruin yet,
And ashes for a wasted love;
Or, like One whom you may forget,
I may have meat you know not of."

In the poem *Cliff Klingenhagen,* supreme happiness on earth is implied as the result of a type of love.

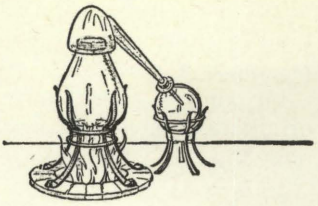
Perhaps the last four lines of the twenty-second octave summarizes what I think is Robinson's philosophy.

"He sees beyond the groaning borough lines
Of Hell, God's highways gleaming, and he knows
That Love's complete communion is the end
Of anguish to the liberated man."

I have said that I admired him more for what I thought he said than for what he did. Certainly, I admire him, too, as an artist: his skill at painting people vividly with single strokes, his ability to portray personality and to make it universal, his wide and pleasant use of verse forms, his rich detail. But what gives all this its supreme flavor is, I think, his philosophy.

White Man's Knowledge

"The white man knows how to make everything, but he does not know how to distribute it."—SITTING BULL.



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*

"They Had a Coal-black Baby." Of course, this would not cause much comment and would hardly justify a paragraph in these all too scant columns of THE CRESSET, if the opening pronoun referred to negro parents. But the reader knows the context in which the news is generally heralded. A fair-skinned (blond??) girl from the South marries into her boss's family—happy wedlock—social queen—two, three, four fine children and THEN "they had a coal-black baby." The poor girl had a few drops of negro blood in her veins—and so—a blasted home—wife in seclusion—children hurried to a ranch in the Southwest to start life anew, and what not. All because there had been a few drops of negro blood.

When confronted with some ineradicable misconception of the church or its doctrines, let us pause before we decry as futile the publicity efforts of the church. The man of science is in the same boat. The field of scientific legend does not yield a single yard to the advance of knowledge. And so the fable that a woman with some hidden Negro blood, "passing" as white and married to a White, might give birth to a coal-black baby continues to live and prosper, all scientific fact to the contrary notwithstanding.

We are here not in the field of guesswork. Some years ago a small group of the Missouri Academy of Science met at the home of Dr. Meiners in St. Louis to compare notes on entomology. Dr. Meiners has a very fine collection, and the others were chiefly university men interested in the study of insects. On the "program" was Dr. Anderson of Missouri Botanical Gardens. He had a blackboard and some crayon and for three hours demonstrated the Mendelian Law. The question

of human genetics was raised, and in particular the factor of skin color. It was demonstrated to us mathematically as allowing of no exception that when a Mulatto mates with a White, the result may be increasing blends in the direction of white and occasional dominance of a darker skin color, but never by any possibility (we are speaking of natural law, not of miracles) "a coal-black baby."

The blackboard lesson of Dr. Anderson was called to our minds in the reading of the chapter on skin color in *You and Heredity* by Amram Scheinfeld.*

On the subject of the skin color genes it is pointed out by means of diagrams just why in a union of two Mulattos the offspring may be of a variety of shades, ranging from the darkest black of any Negro grandparent, to the light skin of the fairest white grandparent. On the other hand a truly black-skinned child can be produced only if both parents carry some Negro-skin-color genes.

—The Chicken First or the Egg? It is a very ancient trick question but has recently been given a new point from the angle of evolutionary science. Thinking of chickens as an example of a biological species, the question resolves itself into this: Did a new kind of chicken arise, which then produced a new kind of egg?

Or did a new kind of egg originate, which then produced a new kind of chicken?

It is well known that Darwin accepted the first theory. He believed that varieties could differ to an unlimited extent so that new species would arise and branch off from the general stem of the type or family.

Today the question whether the chick was first or the egg, in the development of new forms, is answered not by beginning with a certain kind of bird, as Darwin did, but by beginning with a certain kind of *egg*. Something happened to the genes in a certain egg, it is said, while Darwin believed that something happened to the *bird,* and the bird passed it on through its eggs. This was the theory of acquired characteristics held by Darwin and by all scientists until the modern science of genetics was developed. The new text on heredity from which I have just quoted is very definite on this point. It assumes as a definite fact that the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics has been completely discredited.

In other words, the assumption

* *You and Heredity*. By Amram Scheinfeld, assisted in the genetic sections by Morton D. Schweitzer, Ph.D. Illustrated by the author. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 1939. Price $3.00.

is that since rays of some kind, X-ray or cosmic, can cause a gene to mutate, the arrangement of the atoms might be changed and so there would be a "mutated" gene in the fertilized egg which would result in a new type of animal or plant.

Now this might do pretty well as a temporary hypothesis were it not for the fact that those modifications which are noted as due to such an influence upon the germ cells *have practically all been harmful.* They caused an injury to the factors of inheritance, with the result that the individual usually perishes. I have also read that the cosmic ray, for instance, will cause a speeding up of the rate of reproduction in insects only when these are taken into the stratosphere, and that the effect of radium rays (in a state of nature) is noted only in the recesses of caves. Under such conditions, how could animals and plants live and procreate? And yet this is the only theoretical accounting for the evolutionary process held by any scientist today. In other words, there is no explanation today by which scientists can account for the changes and processes by which the innumerable types and species of living things, including man, were evolved, if the theory is true.

But the developments in the science of heredity have reduced in other ways the field of what we actually know about ancestry, whether it be in the development of animals or of plants, or in human history. For instance—

The Kallikaks and the Jukes. These were the classic horrible examples of bad pedigrees as told in yesterday's sociology books. They are still quoted in classrooms by professors who have not caught up with the procession. In case you have forgotten, here is the story of the Kallikaks and the Jukes. The first is a fictitious name made up of the Greek words for "good" and "bad." It was given by Dr. H. H. Goddard, then director of an institution for mental defectives in New Jersey, to a family group which he had occasion to study. One branch was good, composed of intelligent and respectable citizens. The other abounded in half-wits, drunks, and criminals. Dr. Goddard traced back the one branch, the good, to a Revolutionary War soldier and his wife, a worthy young Quakeress. The other, the evil streak, he traced to another mate, a feeble-minded girl in a tavern, whom the same ancestor had met while a-soldiering. "But, remember," says Mr. Scheinfeld after telling the story, "this study was begun in 1898, before there was any science of genetics." He then proceeds to analyze the case thus:

Suppose the child of the feeble-minded tavern maid was a degenerate because of bad heredity (and there is as yet no evidence that "degeneracy" is inherited), then, "by what gene mechanism did he become that way? No single dominant gene could produce any such complex condition, nor is there any known gene that can singly produce even feeble-mindedness. Recessive genes would have had to be involved. Which means that as such genes must come from both parents for the effect to assert itself, no matter how chock-full of 'black' genes the feeble-minded mother was, the worthy Martin Kallikak, Sr., himself had to be carrying such genes if the condition of his presumptive son, 'Old Horror,' was due to heredity. And that would mean, in turn, that the 'good' Kallikaks also received some of those 'black' genes!"

In a similar way the "Jukes" (also a coined name) have been ruled out of the genetics textbooks. This was another unsavory clan abounding in every known type of human riff-raff, one of the earliest investigated by the sociologists. In this case R. L. Dugdale, a New York Prison Association inspector, discovered that these families all had a common ancestry in two eighteenth-century brothers who had married a pair of disreputable sisters. Intensifying their relationship was the fact that the Jukes were much inbred. Now, the mistake made by Inspector Dugdale was his assumption that "pauperism," prostitution, and criminality—even the tendency to have illegitimate children—had an hereditary basis—"in other words," is the comment of Amram Scheinfeld, "that morals, habits and other acquired bad traits are inherited—*which, of course, we now know is unfounded.*"

We do not have to go into details of Mendelian and later genetics in order to understand the error in these deductions. Not heredity but the frightful social conditions under which the Kallikaks and the Jukes lived, not the "black" genes but the "black" environment, worked this terrible result. It is because earlier investigators did not quite see this distinction that their studies are now greatly discounted. To quote Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan:

"The numerous pedigrees that have been published showing a long history of social misconduct, crime, alcoholism, debauchery and venereal diseases, are all open to the same criticism from a genetic point of view, for it is obvious that these groups of individuals have lived under demoralizing social conditions that might swamp a family of average persons. It is not surprising that, once begun, from whatever cause,

the effects may be to a large extent communicated rather than inherited."

 —**Other superstitions buried** by the science of genetics are theories like these: Brunettes live longer than blondes; short people live longer than tall (or vice versa); premature gray hairs mean early death; bald-headed men die before those not bald; men with more hair on their chest live longer than those with little hair, etc. Not one of these theories has yet been found to have any scientific basis. In the book which has just started us thinking along these lines, *You and Heredity,* the author also takes up the speculation regarding the effect of alcoholic drinking on one's age. Mr. Scheinfeld's conclusion is: "The best existing evidence is that moderate drinkers live as long as do abstainers but that those who drink to excess have their lives shortened." Nothing new in this result of contemporary science.

In addition, there is little to be said about expectancy of life than that women slightly have the advantage of the men. Basing its result on U.S. mortality statistics for 1935, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. has established that while at the age of thirty a man may expect to live thirty-eight more years, a woman's expectancy is forty-one. At forty, the figures of expectancy are twenty-nine for men and thirty-two for women. At fifty the figures are twenty-two and twenty-four respectively. At sixty—fifteen and sixteen. At seventy—nine and ten. Even at eighty, the woman has still an additional expectancy of half a year, five and one half as compared with the man's five. These figures may not seem to mean a great deal, but as a result there are at middle age fifteen per cent more females than men and at extreme old age almost twice as many.

As for the professions, *You and Heredity* places unskilled laborers at the bottom as having the highest mortality rate. Farmers once were in the lower bracket, but they now rank among the most long-lived occupations. Among women in any occupation, teachers have the lowest death rate. Clergymen live much longer than the general average, while doctors, with the chances they have to take in treating the sick and with the irregular hours they are compelled to keep, have a higher death rate than other professional men. The general rule, with some exceptions, seems to be that the higher up the social scale you are in earnings and position, the longer you may expect to live.

 —**The Problem of In-Breeding.** The "eugenics" of twenty-five

years ago is today largely a collection of theories dead and discarded. The very word has passed into disrepute with scientific writers. There was a great outcry against "in-breeding"—in spite of the fact that in the animal world the most intensive kind of in-breeding is depended upon in order to secure the best results. The most valuable strains among our pedigreed dogs and poultry are obtained by crossing and re-crossing the same strain, and I am told that every race horse in the country can be traced back to three Arabian steeds that were imported to England several centuries ago.

The truth seems to be that in-breeding is bad, very bad, when there are serious flaws in the physical or mental make-up of the parents. In such a case the union of those related in blood is almost certain to be productive of children physically and mentally defective. And still there is something questionable about the record of the idiot, weakling, deaf, and otherwise defective children that once were found in areas where in-breeding was the rule, as in parts of Switzerland and Scotland, also among the "poor whites" of the Southern states. It is a question whether the lack of proper food, the abominable housing conditions, and other social factors did not largely contribute to the sad results.

The sturdy Pitcairn Islanders, magnificent in physique and mentally alert, are the highly inbred descendants of the famed mutineers of the *Bounty*. In general, the matter resolves itself into the problems of good and bad genes, exactly as if man and wife were not related by blood. And since we are trying to rid ourselves of an inheritance of false scientific ideas, it should be remarked that even speaking of "blood relations" involves an erroneous concept, as if blood had anything to do with heredity. As a matter of fact, in the course of the hereditary process, not a single drop of blood is transmitted from parent to off-spring. Nothing, absolutely nothing material is received by children from their parents except forty-eight chromosomes. It is on account of this fundamental fact that almost everything that once passed for scientific genetics has gone out the window—with the result that mysteries more profound than any even dreamt of by scientists of a generation ago have opened up to the investigator, with this two-fold result: that the physical basis for any explanation of the evolution of species has been demolished, and the adorable wisdom of the Creator has been revealed in the stupendous marvels of the germ cell.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

A Music Critic Calls Forth A Blitzkrieg

Ralph Wadsworth Homespun, music critic of the *Times Gazette,* seated himself before his typewriter, lit a cigarette, gathered his thoughts, and began to peck furiously at the keys. He had just come from a recital given by an effusively advertised Russian pianist whose name was Nicolas Brumovitch. The newspaper's deadline was staring him in the face. Besides, he was a bit ruffled.

"Who or what gives anyone a right," mused the critic, "to speak of Brumovitch as a great master of the keyboard? I'm going to do what I can to explode that ridiculous notion."

Ralph stopped for a moment and puffed leisurely at his cigarette. Suddenly a still, small voice whispered into his left ear: "Don't forget that the concert was presented by the influential *Matinee Musical Society.* Mrs. Rhea Sylvia Bashadaradus and the husband of Mrs. Romano Virgilio II will be furious if you 'roast' their favorite pianist. They will snub you and declare all the way from Dan to Beersheba that your impertinent mouth should be stopped. They will complain to the editor. In addition, many of those who attended the concert will rise up against you. Didn't they applaud the recitalist lustily and thunderously?"

The voice of warning could not make its way out of Ralph's right ear, as he desired, because another word of caution, coming from the opposite direction, blocked its path.

"Watch your step, old man," was all the second voice had to say. But it was grimly insistent.

Since the admonition assailing our reviewer from the right was stopped in its tracks by the exhortation attacking him on the left, Ralph, concluding in a trice that, when all is said and done, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, ignored both onslaughts, took another cigarette, unbuttoned his shirt collar, and proceeded to deal with

Brumovitch exactly as he had determined to do at the outset. "After this—the *Blitzkrieg*," he said.

"They tell me," wrote Ralph, "that Nicolas Brumovitch is a great pianist. I want to believe them because I like to be edified and because I am always eager to be inspired. Would that I could reach down into my quiver of adjectives, pluck out those that are strongest, and declare that the recital presented Wednesday evening in the beautiful hall of the *Sons and Daughters of Progressive Thought* was an event of paramount importance in the cultural activities of our city! But I refuse to be a hypocrite.

A Brilliant Technic

"Yes, I know that Brumovitch plays scales with almost unbelievable fluency, tosses off arpeggios with astounding smoothness, executes passages in double notes with dumbfounding agility, and lets trills flow from his wonderfully trained fingers with such speed and evenness that one stands agape at the magic of his technic. His mastery of octaves is stupendous. His tone is a benison to the ear. His control of dynamics is a joy. He can thunder in a way to make the very welkin ring, and he can whisper in a manner that brings to mind the soft, gentle purring of a tenderly caressed cat. At times his playing is breathtaking in its sweep, like a rushing, mighty wind; at times it is as delicate as the marvelously co-ordinated movements of a tiny goldfish.

"Nevertheless, Comrade Brumovitch missed the bus—as Sir Neville Chamberlain would say. If we submit his readings of two of Johann Sebastian Bach's chorale preludes, as arranged for the modern pianoforte by Feruccio Busoni—*Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland* and *Nun Freut euch, lieben Christen*—to a searching examination, we find, to be sure, that there was exemplary lucidity in the playing. The exposition had sheen and impeccable precision. Inner voices were brought out with a masterful control of dynamics and with uncommon tonal opulence. But some of the majestic solemnity of the first prelude went by the board in the process, and, although Brumovitch unfolded the extremely difficult filigree-work of the second masterpiece with fabulous wizardry, the declamation of the *cantus firmus* was conspicuously lacking in warmth as well as in body. There was no *Innigkeit*—to use an untranslatable German expression. In other words, the playing reached a phenomenally high peak of mechanical excellence but fell dismally short of true greatness. Brumovitch did not succeed

Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

The earliest traditions in art were undoubtedly developed among the Egyptians. The Walters Art Gallery of Baltimore has an exceptionally fine collection of small objects from this period.

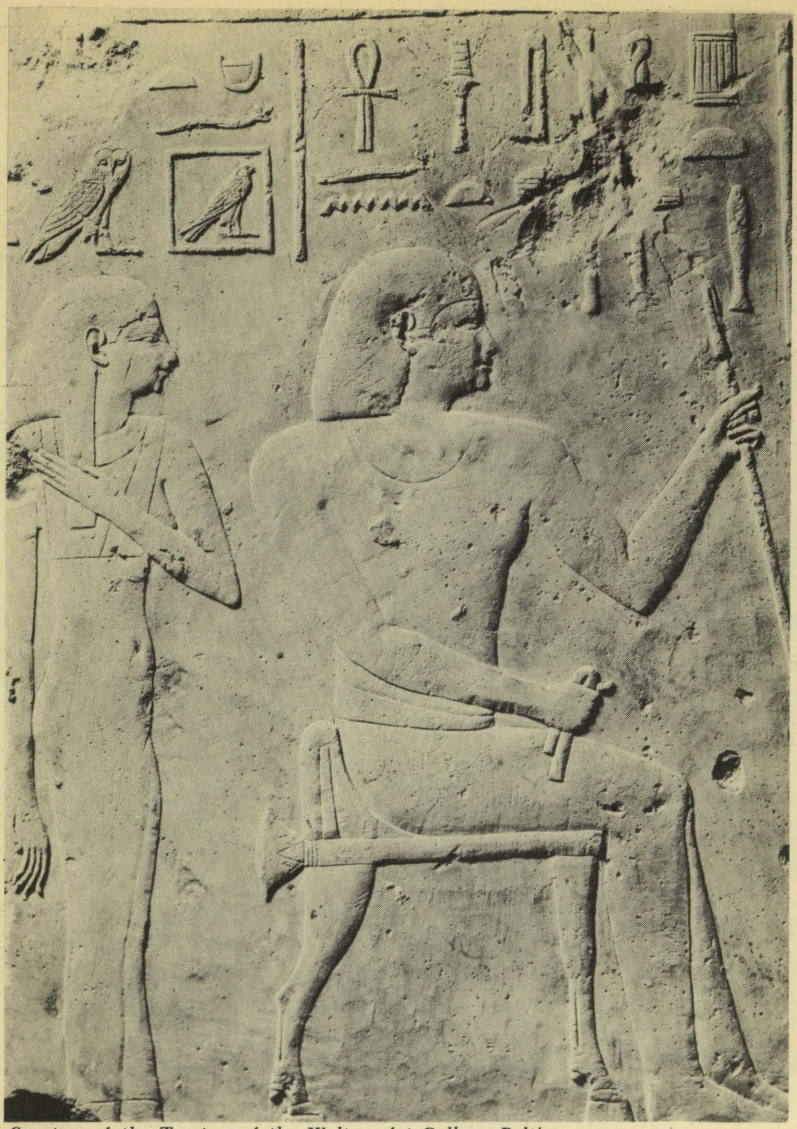
This is one of a group of wood statues from the tomb of Itef-ib and dates from about the year 2000 B.C.

Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

This head from a coffin cover comes from the XVII to XVIII dynasty (about 1500 B.C.). The coffin cover was all of wood with the face carved and then it was covered with plaster and painted. The plaster and paint have come off this fragment, revealing the simple carving of the wood.

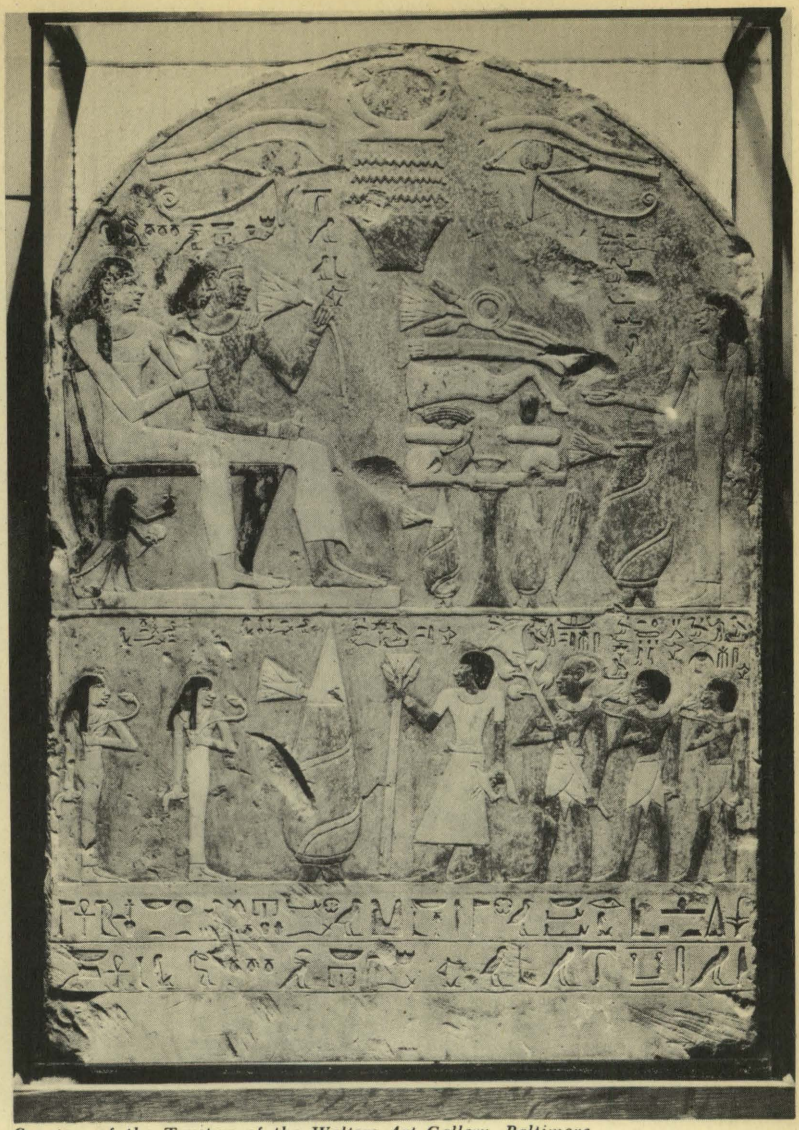
Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

A painted lime-stone head of a ruler of the XVIII dynasty, probably Queen Hatshepsut, who ruled alone despite male opposition. She always showed herself in the portraits as a man with a beard.



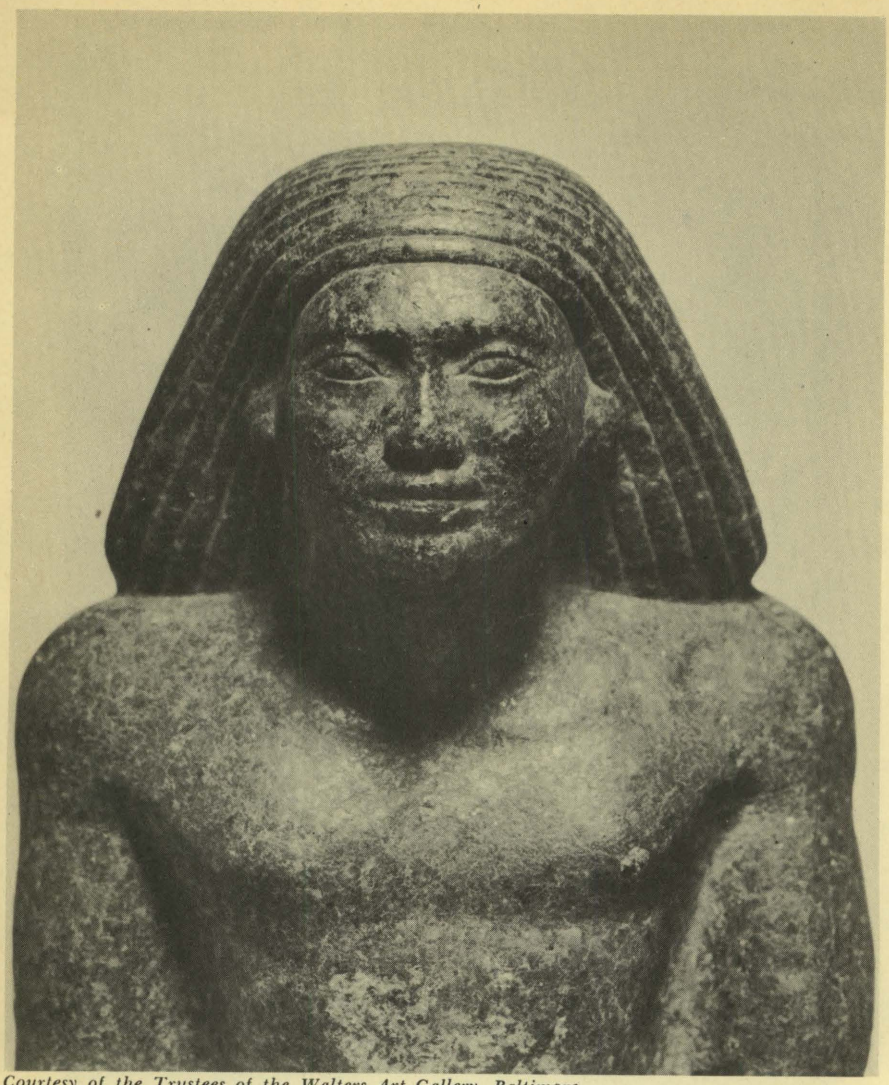
Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

This detail of a relief from a tomb of the Saitu period (about 600 B.C.) shows the deceased seated on a chair enjoying a musical entertainment while his wife stands behind him.



Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

From the period of the New Kingdom comes stele of Tembi. It shows the deceased and his wife receiving offerings from their four daughters and three sons.



Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

This magnificent male head and bust of black granite dates back to the Old Kingdom of Egypt about 2600 B.C.

Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

This black granite head shows an Egyptian Pharaoh wearing a war helmet adorned with the uraeus, the sacred asp, symbolizing royalty. This head has been called Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, but the identification is disputed.

Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore

This wood statue dates from the Old Kingdom (about 2600 B.C.) It is the portrait statue of an important Egyptian from his "mastaba" tomb, a flat topped tomb built at the time the pyramids were made for the kings.

in fathoming the intrinsic strength of Bach's matchless art.

"Next our highly praised pianist turned to Chopin. He bowed gracefully to the audience, girt up his loins—figuratively speaking, of course—wiped the sweat from his brow, drew a deep breath, and played the monumental *Sonata in B Flat Minor.* Every tone was carefully chiselled. Every expression mark was punctiliously observed. The tempi were orthodox, and the damper pedal was used with rare skill. There was no trace of muddiness in the performance. Yet, as I listened to Comrade Brumovitch, I was reminded of the carefully planned dissections that take place in an anatomy classroom. The demonstrator wielded his scalpel with amazing precision. Every single note and every single rest was held up to view. But where was the fire that coursed through Chopin's bloodstream as he unburdened himself of the soul-searing *Sonata?* Where was the breath of life? Where were those subtleties in agogics and accentuation that individualize a reading and prove beyond peradventure that the playing comes from the heart as well as from the head?

"There was power in the first part of the *Scherzo* as expounded by Brumovitch—power to spare, power such as one finds in a Nazi dive-bomber; but it was without color or resiliency. In fact, it was well nigh meaningless. The gripping rhythm of the *Funeral March* and the electrifying eloquence of the trills in the part assigned to the left hand had not made their way into the pianist's flesh and blood. He played the *Trio* with admirable accuracy; but under his fingers the unforgettable melody became cloying. With all his dumbfounding technical dexterity, Brumovitch did not succeed in presenting the imperishable *Funeral March* as a threnody inspired by the sufferings of the composer's native Poland. And what shall one say of the pianist's conception of the strange *Finale*—a *Finale* as unique in music as the last movement of Tschaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony?* The speed was there, the clarity was there, the proper gradations in dynamics were there; yet, as I listened, I felt as though a bayonet of cold steel was being thrust through my vitals.

Depth Is Needed

"In Franz Liszt's *Sonetto del Petrarca*—a work copiously flavored with love-sickness—in the famous Abbe's concert study, called *Gnomenreigen,* and in the late Leopold Godowsky's exceedingly difficult treatment of melodic material taken from Johann Strauss' *Die Fledermaus* Comrade

Brumovitch proved to the hilt that for sheer brilliance of technic he has few rivals among his fellow-pianists. Nevertheless, I am convinced that it will not be possible to speak of him as a great artist until depth and reserve have assumed a much more prominent place in his playing.

"One word more, by way of caution. Let no one assume for a single moment that I undervalue the tremendous importance of an all-embracing technic. I know that a high priest of the art of playing the piano must possess Gargantuan mechanical skill. He can never have too much dexterity. But I am equally sure that there can be no true greatness unless vision and understanding work hand in hand with technic."

Ralph had finished. His manuscript went to the copy desk and was then rushed to the composing-room. Soon it appeared in print.

The winds of controversy blew, and the rains of vituperation descended. Mrs. Rhea Sylvia Bashadaradus turned up her nose, and the husband of Mrs. Romano Virgilio II made no attempt whatever to conceal his scorn. The *Blitzkrieg* had broken out in all its fury. Yet, as a result of the hectic arguments that were stirred up, interest in music was greatly intensified in the community. Ralph was neither beheaded, nor was he forbidden to write as the spirit moved him. One day he received a letter which read as follows: "No one can deny that music and its devotees thrive on the clashing of frankly and honestly ventilated convictions—particularly in our democracy, for which, in these days of turmoil, upheaval, repression, and frustration in other countries, we have more reasons than ever to be deeply grateful. If there were no conflicting notions, the arts in our land would soon sink to a pitifully low level. Needless to say, no person who is genuinely interested in real progress wants to see such a state of affairs come to pass."

This story, by the way, is purely fictional. Its one and only purpose is to show that controversy based on knowledge and honesty invariably begets interest and leads to progress.

Recent Recordings

JEAN SIBELIUS. *Volume VI of the Sibelius Society. En Saga, Op. 9; In Memoriam, Op. 59; The Bard, Op. 64; Entr'acte, A Spring in the Park, and The Death of Mélisande, from Pelléas et Mélisande, Op. 46; Valse Triste, Op. 44; Prelude to The Tempest, Op. 109 (a).* The London

Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham. — Important works of a great master performed *con amore* under the direction of one of the foremost conductors of our time. Victor Album M-658.

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EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG. *Concerto in A Minor, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 16.* Arthur De Greef, pianist, and the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald.—Another opportunity to procure a good recording of an important composition at a reasonable price. Victor Album G-6.

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THE LITERARY SCENE

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

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

Great History

COMPETITION FOR EMPIRE, 1740-1763. By Walter L. Dorn. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1940, 426 pages. $3.75.

THIS book is a recent and notable addition to Harper's *The Rise of Modern Europe* series, which is projected to survey the period from 1250 A.D. to the present in twenty volumes, and is under the general editorship of Professor W. L. Langer of Harvard. As explained in the publisher's notice, "during the past generation so many accepted views and historical interpretations have either been fundamentally altered or discarded that the need for a competent restatement and reconsideration of the whole field can hardly have escaped anyone even superficially acquainted with the subject." The reading of Professor Dorn's volume has made it obvious to this reviewer that this claim is well founded, and that placing under tribute the vast labors of modern historiography and the plethora of specialized studies and monographic researches to effect a new synthesis of modern history has long been overdue.

In many ways the period from 1740 to 1763 embraced the two most crucial decades in this long three quarters of a millennium, for it was during this brief period that modern European imperialism at length emerged from its feudal chrysalis of dynastic patrimonialism and began casting its tenuously spun network over the entire globe—with what reiterated writhings and horrible internecine convulsions the elongated and fearsome shadows of contemporary events attest. If, to change metaphors, the "general reader"—whose "generality" we surmise will be limited to those of rather wide mental latitudes . . . would feign understand how the present kettle of fish began to brew, he might well read this book. In a style that is felicitous, energetic, and often brilliant, the reader will be conducted on no conventional museum tour of facts, but on an interesting and, on occasion, a provocative analysis of the social dynamics of the period.

One might wonder whether a writer could expand the history of twenty-three years into more than four hundred pages without succumbing either to vacuous discursiveness or to wearisome minutia. Prof. Dorn has succeeded admirably in exhibit-

ing the trees without losing sight of the woods. Each of his eight chapters deals with a vital aspect in the emerging chess-game of imperial power politics, while several of them are notable either for a fresh treatment of old themes or for adducing new data and interpretations.

Chapters 1 and 2 sketch the general outlines of the existing competitive state system and the development of the leviathan state out of the earlier semi-feudal patrimonial dynasties. Illuminating to this reviewer is Dorn's evidence that the absolute monarch of this period was not, in general, as absolute as we had been wont to suppose. The sphere of purely *personal* government tended to be confined to matters of court intrigue, social rivalries, or to the facade of officialism that had some stake in the royal exchequer. More fundamental matters, it appears, of substantive law, of economic and financial administration, and even of foreign policy, were apt to be subject to considerable institutional and bureaucratic control. It is surprising to note that even the great Bourbon was frequently faced by the French *parlements*' "refusal to register the royal edicts" thus exercising "a salutary restraint on the despotism of the crown." To be sure, Frederick the Great was something of an exception —though not entirely so—but then it is apparently the prerogative of genius, however sinister, to defy convention.

Interesting, too, is the discussion of the social effects of militarism (p. 12), in view of the assertion that "war itself became a basic ingredient of European civilization." In the light of Europe's tragic plight one wonders whether the advantages of discipline, social dynamism, financial and economic rationalization, and bureaucratic efficiency might not have been attained at less cost in brutality, blood, and tears. Chapter 3 gives an interesting account of the developing organization and traditions of Europe's 18th century military establishments, particularly the French and Prussian armies, and the British navy.

CHAPTER 4 tells the story of the Continental War that ended in the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. It was a typical European "peace," that is, a cessation of hostilities—with embittered Austria, guided by the canny Count Kaunitz, biding her time to repay the Prussian Frederick for the Silesian steal. To this reviewer at any rate, Frederick looms as Germany's evil genius whose profound psychological impression on the soul of Germandom, after all accounts are balanced, has been Germany's and Europe's misfortune. Frederick precipitated that psychotic dissociation in the Germanic soul which is revealed in the otherwise amiable German disposition as an astonishing ὕβρις, an egotistical and arrogant Titanism manifested in all of Germany's aspirations toward the role of a great power. It is obvious that Hitler has studied Frederick. The latter's cynical remark, "If there is anything to be gained by being honest, honest we will be; and if it is necessary to deceive, let us be scoundrels," might well have been read in *Mein Kampf*.

The 5th chapter, "The Age of the Enlightenment," is a masterful portrayal of the 18th century *Zeitgeist,* to my mind the best single chapter available on the subject. Dorn's estimates are always judicious, historically objective, and—what is rarer in historians—his philosophical orientation is quite adequate. On the whole, the author's treatment, agreeable to an historical treatment, is expository rather than critical, though apparently he has a generous sympathy for the age's anti-clericalism and its war on "theological sophism." It is perhaps harder for the average reader —especially one of evangelical persuasions—to do justice to the Enlightenment, than to animadvert upon its defects: its over-hasty reduction of man and the cosmos to rationalistic blue-prints, its superficial understanding of the sinister power of evil in the human spirit, its shallow appreciation of religious intuition and mystical imagination, its fatuous optimism regarding progress by mechanistic social science, its unfortunate illusion that the supernatural is tantamount to superstition and merely the illusive antithesis of the natural. On all these issues Voltaire, as Professor Dorn notes, met his intellectual match in Pascal. Nevertheless, Dorn rightly stresses the positive rather than the negative theses of the Age of Reason. Events have shown that Christianity had to pass *through,* not *circumvent,* the Enlightenment. Science as a vested interest or as a disguised naturalistic metaphysic no doubt deserves to be strictured, but alas for him who, in so doing, would encourage departing from the path of candor, intellectual integrity, and fearless honesty. Can we say that the Church has been a conspicuous and notable champion of these ideals? Despite all its deficiencies, the Enlightenment and its protagonists understood that *indubitable fact is not to be argued with.* It was resolved, therefore, once and for all to have done with illusions once their fraudulent character stood revealed by all reasonable facts and probabilities. And in vain did ecclesiastical authoritarianism and theological orthodoxy hurl itself against this resolution. Voltaire, as the saying goes, poured the baby out with the bath. In all honesty, however, the water was pretty dirty. His mockery and biting irony was not without fair provocation. Professor Dorn's characterization of Voltaire as "this luminous genius who spent his life in a passionate propaganda for enlightenment, justice, religious tolerance and intellectual freedom" is, we believe, a just appreciation.

THAT much for which the Enlightenment stood was anti-Christian is true. But what passes for "Christian" in any particular age has not infrequently proven to be a dubious excrescence upon the central verities, a theological elaboration that time's passage reveals to have been relative to historic circumstance and to the existing state of knowledge. The powerful fermentations caused by the influx of new knowledge, such as, for example, the Newtonian science, may be viewed as the inevitable transition to a new intellectual and cultural synthesis. Such an age is productive

of skeptical negations which are eagerly exploited by the chronic theophobia of the natural man, who is always ready to celebrate another Götterdämmerung. But, as Carlyle says in his illuminating essay on Voltaire—which, by the way still stands as an incisive critical appreciation—"Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear."

The remainder of Professor Dorn's volume reveals the fateful elaboration of the opening themes. Chapter 6 deals with the colonial expansion of the seaboard powers, England and France, and the inevitable collisions of imperialistic interests that attended the process. The last two chapters detail the origin and course of the Seven Years' War, in which the continental rivalries between Austria and Prussia become hopelessly (and needlessly) involved with the colonial rivalries of France and England. The "Diplomatic Revolution" (Chapter 7) explains how Kaunitz succeeded in detaching France from her Prussian alliance, thus forcing England and Prussia together against the vast continental alliance of France, Austria, and Russia. The resulting "Seven Year's War" (Chapter 8) reveals Frederick with undenial military genius and sagacity extricating himself from seemingly overwhelming disaster, and England emerging victorious in her colonial struggle with France. The latter, tied to the coat-tails of extra-French interests, thus loses on both land and sea—a tragic and ironical prototype of present events.

W. O. DOESCHER

A Counterblast to Göbbels

PARIS GAZETTE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press, New York. 1940. 860 pages. $3.00.

MANY are convinced that the power of the pen will eventually prevail against the forces of destruction and persecution unleashed by Adolf Hitler and his adroitly regimented minions. They set great store by the ability of clever writers to unmask the *Führer* and to stir up world-opinion against all that has been done in the Third Reich to suppress the freedom of its citizens. The blight of totalitarianism, they reason, will ultimately be driven from Germany, Italy, and Russia by a steady curtain-fire of books, articles, and speeches.

Our copy-books and our school-readers continue to tell us that the pen is mightier than the sword; but we sometimes wonder whether the individual who formulated this dictum in the dim and distant past would have been so sure of his ground if, by some miracle, he could have envisaged the phenomenal development and the ruthless employment of such destruction-dealing weapons as flame-throwers, eighty-ton tanks, and dive-bombers. Would he have flung his famous saying into the world if he could have foreseen the stream-lined efficiency of the fists, the boots, and the truncheons of the German Gestapo, the Italian OVRA, and the Russian OGPU?

Sober reflection, however, convinces us that our proverb-maker would have clung tenaciously to his

belief; for, if he had been endowed with the vision to see that man's ingenuity would some day contrive indescribably terrible weapons of destruction, he would, at the same time, have realized that immense propaganda-machines would be required to pave the way for the instruments of death. In other words, there had to be a *Mein Kampf* and a Joseph Göbbels before there could be a large-scale production of flame-throwers, tanks, and dive-bombers. No one knows better than Hitler himself that words, carefully chosen and constantly repeated, have done as much as armaments to overrun Poland, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and a large part of France.

It is logical, therefore, to conclude that the ability of Lion Feuchtwanger is a thorn in the flesh of the Nazis. Writers of his stature can do much to knock away the props on which the Hitlerian ideology is perched.

Göbbels is a clever, resourceful, persistent, and unscrupulous artisan; Feuchtwanger, on the other hand, is an artist. The wily chief of the Third Reich's propaganda-service knows how to carry on wars of nerves and how to threaten nations with roaring planes, parachute troops, and fast-moving *Panzer* divisions; the exiled novelist has steadfastly appealed to the reason and sympathy of mankind.

There are those who declare that Feuchtwanger, too, is a skillful propagandist. Their contention is correct; yet one notes a fundamental difference between him and Herr Göbbels. The mouthpiece of the Hitlerian colossus preaches the doctrines of force and relentless persecution; the novelist shows us the fathomless folly of Jew-baiting and proves beyond question that a totalitarian government rests, to an appallingly great extent, on the systematic choking of thoughts and aspirations that are fine, free, beautifying, and ennobling.

ACCORDING to Feuchtwanger's own foreword, *Paris Gazette* does not represent "any actual living person or any actual event"; but the author states at the very outset that he has "made use of two motifs from recent history: the kidnapping of an emigrant journalist and the purchase and consequent sabotage of a German emigrants' newspaper by agents of the Third Reich. The actual kidnapping received world-wide notice; much less is known of the newspaper episode, which occurred in German-speaking territory adjacent to the Third Reich."

The scene of the novel is laid in Paris. A wealthy Jew has been induced to finance and manage a German newspaper—the *Paris Gazette*—in which the case for the refugees is proclaimed and the practices of Hitlerism are attacked. An able journalist on the staff of the paper—a journalist whom the Nazis have every reason to fear—is lured into Switzerland and kidnapped across the border into Germany. Sepp Trautwein, a composer who has fled from his native Munich because he could not abide the principles on which the Nazi system was founded, is then persuaded to take the abducted writer's place. Although he is busily at work on an oratorio, he considers it his sacred

duty to consign music to a secondary position in his life in order that he may work wholeheartedly for the release of his imprisoned friend. He inveighs against Naziism with all his power, and eventually the kidnapped writer is freed from the concentration camp and permitted to return to Paris. After many bitter experiences, Sepp goes back to his music and gives to the world a significant symphony, called *The Waiting-Room*—a symphony born of the trials and the hopes of those that have been hounded out of their fatherland.

Feuchtwanger uses a large canvas for his story; but he works with an exceedingly fine brush. Poets, novelists, and diplomats, poverty-stricken refugees and persons of wealth and leisure are painted with surpassing skill. There are Nazis and Communists. Fierce struggles for bare existence are contrasted with loose and lascivious living. Treason stalks abroad among the refugees themselves. The *Führer's* agents in the French capital do not hesitate to flout and circumvent some of the supposedly sacrosanct tenets of National Socialism. We see how the wide-reaching repercussions occasioned by the technique of Hitlerism affect the youth. The book is filled with pathos, tragedy, and heroism; yet the closing chord is one of hope. Details are heaped upon details; but everywhere we find masterfully drawn characters, brilliant clarity, and deep-seated conviction.

The kidnapped journalist in Feuchtwanger's novel is moved to declare: "Today if a Shakespeare or a Dante were to come and write the most burning verses on the barbarities of the Nazis, if a Swift or a Voltaire were to pour his bitterest scorn on their lack of judgment and taste, if a Beaumarchais or a Victor Hugo were to write the most trenchant articles about them, it would change nothing." We wonder. The very fact that the Nazis are eager to silence Feuchtwanger and other writers of outstanding importance is proof enough that the ideology which produced a Göbbels does not underestimate the tremendous power of the pen. In the final analysis, it is fear that moves the apostles of totalitarianism to set their faces like flint against freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

A Great Woman

CLARA SCHUMANN: A ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY. By John N. Burk. Random House, New York. 1940. 438 pages. $3.00.

JOHN N. BURK, music critic, historian, and program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has given us the first full-length biography of Clara Schumann to appear in America. His admiration of the great woman pianist is immediately apparent. He has drawn largely on her extensive diary, which was begun in her childhood and carried on until the last months of her life, and on her voluminous correspondence.

Clara Wieck Schumann's position in the history of music is important and unique. Months before her birth Friedrich Wieck had determined that the eagerly awaited child should be a daughter and that he would dedicate all his talent and energy—he was

richly endowed with both qualities—to the making of a truly great pianist. His special ambition was to give his own method of teaching a full trial, to build from infancy, thoroughly, broadly, and honestly. He knew that the success of his boldly conceived plan would make him the most famous teacher in all Europe.

WIECK had no desire to add another mere *Wunderkind*—or, as he scornfully expressed it, a "performing monkey"—to the mushroom crop of virtuosi being groomed in France, Germany, and Austria. No, his child was to establish a new and greater tradition. She was to be a shining light, a torch for his creed. Accordingly, when the little object of all these great plans arrived on September 13, 1819, she was immediately named Clara. Surely, not even her enthusiastic father could have dreamed how singularly prophetic this name was to be; nor could he have foreseen that the frail babe was to become one of the chief figures and a shining symbol of the golden age of music.

Clara's public career began when she was eight and continued almost without interruption until encroaching deafness and a recurrent cramping arthritis forced her retirement more than sixty-five years later. Time brought her fame and honor, the warm admiration and the sincere respect of illustrious contemporaries, the unwavering love and the profound devotion of two immortal composers, and the rare privilege of introducing to audiences throughout Europe the music of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, and Brahms. It also brought heartaches, tears, and disappointments. Only the simple courage and the quiet fortitude of a truly noble spirit enabled her to bear without bitterness the tragic illness and the untimely death of a deeply loved husband. Again and again the Dark Angel carried away a beloved child, and after every visitation Clara found solace and refuge in a renewed dedication to her self-imposed crusade for the music of Schumann and Brahms.

On a bright September day in 1853 a shy, shabby youth entered the Schumann home for the first time. This was Johannes Brahms. The Schumanns immediately recognized the potential greatness in this young stranger from Hamburg. Until the day of Clara's death in 1896 Brahms derived from his association with her the same stimulus and the same inspiration that were so valuable to Schumann. Both men submitted to her every new manuscript, and the richly gifted woman not only appreciated the value and the significance of the new music but also worked tirelessly to bring its message and its beauty to others. In doing so she erected for herself an imperishable monument; for as long as the world honors the genius of Schumann and Brahms, it must honor the memory of the woman who was truly "a shining light" on their paths.

Mr. Burk has made Clara, Friedrich Wieck, Robert Schumann, and Brahms the principal characters in his book; but he has also given us a revealing glimpse into the lives of other great personages of the period. In the important cultural centers of

Leipzig, Weimar, Düsseldorf, Paris, Vienna, and London we meet Goethe, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner, Berlioz, Joachim, Paganini, Jenny Lind, and a host of others. We rub elbows, as it were, with the great and the near-great.

Clara Schumann deserves to be recommended wholeheartedly and without reservation to all readers of good books. It is an inspiring human document, dealing as it does with an age in which the creative genius of men found expression not in death-dealing tanks and bombers but in the building of timeless beauty and in devising beneficent healing for some of the dread diseases that beset mankind.

ANNE HANSEN

Social Document

CITIZENS. By Meyer Levin. The Viking Press, New York. 1940. 650 pages. $2.75.

SOME critics say that Meyer Levin is a propagandist. He is, for he has written a novel about the Little Steel strike in South Chicago, and he has taken a side. Most of us take sides on significant problems.

Mr. Levin is also a capable, sensitive novelist. He has planned his book with care, and he has written it in strong, effective prose. Of his reason for mingling fact and fiction, he writes convincingly in "A Note on Method":

"This novel does not pretend to be a complete fiction, for the events described here as of Independence Day, 1937, were derived from the events of Memorial Day, 1937, in the same locality.

"The reader may wonder, then, why I did not write a precise history, using the actual names of places and persons. I did not do so because the form of the novel appeared to permit me the most effective interpretation of those events and of the conditions which gave rise to them. Furthermore, the historical pattern had gaps in a few essential contours, where facts had not yet come to light; and I felt that by transferring to fiction I could suggest some content for such gaps."

The embryo of this novel may be found in the *Nation* for June 12, 1937, where, under the heading, "Slaughter in Chicago," Mr. Levin reported upon the Memorial Day riots. From that anger-arousing report developed the story of Dr. Mitch Wilner, non-partisan bystander who became partisan within a year, and the stories of nine men who died of bullet wounds: Ladislas Wyznowieki, crane operator; Jesus Hernandez, migratory worker; Gus Lindstrom, catcher at a steel-rolling machine; Herman Baumann, wood-worker; Bill Donovan, operator of a furnace charging-machine; Damon Antinoous, second helper at a blast furnace; Randy Carey, operator of a steel shearing-machine; Al Nicoletti, scarfer of steel slabs; and the Negro Ephraim Law, operator of a slab straightening-machine. The story of the tenth man who died, Stanley Dombrowsky, is told through Dr. Wilner's search for motives.

It is through the nine biographical interludes that the author strikes his heaviest blows for American labor. The ten names are as American as

the names on many a football team. Each of the persons has in his own way attempted to understand America, in some cases perhaps in the wrong way, and each has sought a livelihood. A fair, democratic America, wealthiest land in the world, glad to call herself a melting pot, might have arranged her industrial economy so that each of the men could have continued to earn his living instead of dying on the battlefield of "Puritan" industry. Now we know that in the struggles between capital and labor there has been un-Christian greed on both sides; but we also know there is little reason for a worker's family to go hungry.

THE portrait of a crane operator, or of a roller in the steel mills, strikes with terrific impact upon the reader. These are the people who run our American machines. Involved in a controversy they hardly understood, believing in the American rights of collective bargaining and picketing, they were merely surprised, confounded, and embittered by bullets and tear gas.

Dr. Mitch Wilner treated the wounded after the Fourth of July picketing parade, examined the bodies of the dead in the morgue, and appeared before a citizens' mass meeting to classify the gunshot wounds. Ousted temporarily from his allergy clinic on account of his chance connection with the riot, he made up his mind to learn about the workmen's side of life, to search for the reasons for strikes, to delve into industrial policy. He found each labor group determined to gain fair wage scales and the benefits of seniority for workmen, yet each group diseased with suspicion of another group. He found industrial policies lagging far behind the speeches of tycoons. He found in the workers some of the un-American ideologies about which tycoons complained, ideologies apparently grasped by workers simply because they were "taken in" by unscrupulous agitators. He found that the early antagonism between Chicago police and laborers had been constantly stimulated every few years. He attended the hearing before the Senate Committee (on Civil Liberties), then saw a coroner's petty inquest reverse half the evidence presented to the Senate Committee.

As Wilner probed, he slowly and subtly drifted to the side of the strikers, saw the failure of human intelligence on both sides to avert the strike, and passed moral judgment upon people and events.

The author reminds us that *Citizens* is not a report, not a history, not an exposé. It is a novel of interpretation. It is a distinguished novel because Mr. Levin does what he set out to do, because he has exercised restraint in indicating the development of opinions, and because he does pass moral judgment. Its flaw is the basis of the author's moral judgment: a philosophy essentially impersonalistic and scientific. Mr. Levin seems to believe that most of men's motives may be interpreted through a mere rationalizing psychology, that industrial economy should be analyzed only from the view of deterministic materialism. Like the chief character, who sees the labor

disputes as a laboratory where he may investigate, the author apparently depends upon naturalistic science both for facts and for human values. Now the reality of naturalistic science does not include the whole reality, and it neglects or avoids many of the poignant, enriching, and most valuable experiences of life. Hence, the book never reaches an interpretation of spiritual causes. The author's implied doctrine of freedom has no root in personalism (as defined by Borden Parker Bowne, at Boston University from 1876 to 1910); his observation of employer and employee has not extended to a plant like that of Golden-Rule Philip Nash in Cincinnati.

As a social document this novel stands nearer to Muriel Rukeyser's interpretation of the Gauley Bridge tunnel tragedy in *U.S. 1* than it does to *The Grapes of Wrath.*

PALMER CZAMANSKE

Wisdom

THE ART OF LIVING. By André Maurois. Translated by James Whitall. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1940. 323 pages. $2.50.

IT IS good when an experienced, thoughtful friend sits at ease with us and we listen quietly while he speaks of the world and man's life as he sees them. There should be just the two of us. The hour and the mood must be propitious, and he must speak without reserve and without pretense—as one may to a friend—making no effort to impress or to appear other than he is or to force his utterances into some artificial framework, but giving voice to his thoughts as if he communed with himself. Then our friend will do us true service. We may not agree with him at some points and at others he may touch on matters that do not interest us, but in the main he will either fortify convictions that we already hold, clarify ideas of ours that were still turbid, lead us to new insights, or furnish us food for further thought.

If we met André Maurois, member of the French Academy, in person, we could hardly hope to have such intimate fellowship with him. There would be the bar of language, and various French peculiarities and mannerisms of his might further stand in the way. If, for instance, we met him at dinner, we might be very unpleasantly affected by the way he pulled his fried snails out of their shells. Worst of all, there is no bond of ancient friendship between us.

But all of these obstacles are swept away when we settle down with his book. Here he meets us on a common plane, for he writes of things that are of general human interest and writes of them simply and unaffectedly. Now and then, indeed, his personal background peeps through. To him, as a Frenchman, for example, mistresses are familiar and accepted social phenomena. In religion he appears to be a nominal Catholic who has a traditional respect for religious beliefs but who is not deeply committed himself. One follows his discussion with pleasure and profit, however, because it is sane, mature, kindly, and candid.

It is not a philosophical system that

he presents, but a collection of shrewd comments on the world and human life—*Lebensweisheit,* as the Germans call it, wisdom of life. The translation is smooth and flowing. The chapters deal with the art of loving, the art of marriage, the art of family life, the art of friendship, the art of thinking, the art of working, the art of leadership, the art of growing old, and the art of happiness. A few excerpts will illustrate the style and character of the book:

"A great love can endow the simplest person with discernment, abnegation, and self-assurance."

"During our children's adolescence we must try to recall our own and not complain of them for having the thoughts, feelings, and moods that belong to adolescence."

"It is easy to be admired when one remains inaccessible."

"After difficult days spent in an indifferent or cruel world, students, philosophers, cabinet ministers, soldiers, and artists are happy to become again children, parents, grandparents, or simply men, when they sit down to their evening meal in the family circle."

"Almost all men improve on acquaintance."

"If our friends have needs that we can satisfy, we should relieve them of the necessity of seeking our help."

"Some are spared the hardest work, while it is the daily necessity of others, and deep hatreds spring up in this way. Is it possible to remedy an evil as old as the human race? Revolutions have always failed to do it; they will always fail because they take into account neither eternal man nor the truest of all doctrines—that of original sin."

Hound of Heaven

THE LABYRINTHINE WAYS. By Graham Greene. The Viking Press, New York. 1940. 301 pages. $2.50.

TWO countries which have either outlawed or effectively curtailed the activities of the church, Russia and Mexico, have been the object of close scrutiny on the part of clergy and laity the past years. Can nations which have barred the Christian faith continue their course of affairs and provide a rich, meaningful life for their citizens? One knows the answer, but the speculations leading up to such an answer may fill many an hour with thoughtful, troubled discussion and study.

Graham Greene, an English novelist with an enviable record of distinguished novels, examines a province in Mexico where the churches have been closed and where the priests have been driven underground or executed. It is a dismal story he has to record. One sees suddenly and sharply that the leavening influence of the Gospel, watered down as it was in this province, did contribute to purposeful living.

This novel is not just the story of a people deprived of its church and clergy. It is really the story of an individual priest, faithless, weak, ineffectual, a sad imposture of a man of God who attempts to flee the Cross, who is unwilling to face the consequences of being a Christian. He is, as he admits, a "whiskey priest." "The good things of life have come to him

too early—the respect of his contemporaries, a safe livelihood. The trite religious word upon the tongue, the joke to ease the way, the ready acceptance of other people's homage . . . a happy man." Here is another characterization of the man: "He *had* ambition: he saw no reason why one day he might not find himself in the state capital, attached to the cathedral, leaving another man to pay off his debts in Concepcion. An energetic priest was always known by his debts."

The priest knows he will be executed if caught. He is violently afraid of death and ashamed of being regarded as a martyr. In a series of startling escapes he dodges the searching party and firing squad until at last, weary of the pursuit, he says, "I've had enough of escaping." Eight years he had run away. He has lost. The Hound of Heaven has caught up. The priest is betrayed by a miserable half-caste who wants the reward posted for the priest's capture. As the priest awaits the moment when he will be led away to his trial and death he confesses that he has always been a proud, lustful, greedy man, utterly incapable of understanding the sacrifices demanded of a Christian. "Because pride was at work all the time. Not love of God. . . . Pride was what made the angels fall. Pride's the worst thing of all. I thought I was a grand fellow to have stayed when the others had gone. . . . It was all pride."

The final tragedy of his life is that he must die without the comfort of a fellow priest administering the last rites. Choked with fear, incapable of preparing himself for eternity, he is led before the firing squad.

There are some remarkable portraits in this novel in addition to the study of the main character. The lieutenant who relentlessly pursues the priest through the wilds of the Mexican province stands forever as the symbol of an unhappy atheist. Then there is the study of "Judas Iscariot," the miserable half-caste who hangs on doggedly to the priest in order to betray him at the propitious moment and obtain the large reward posted for the priest's capture. There is also a collection of peasants, exiles, and Mexican patriots.

GRAHAM Greene uses superb artistry in the construction of the novel. It is not tragic that the priest must die alone, but that the lieutenant, the foe of religion, cannot win his fight against religion. At the very moment when the lieutenant thinks he has wiped out the church through the shooting of the last priest, another priest enters the province, prepared to carry on the work. The lieutenant cannot realize that he will forever lose and be himself caught by the Hound of Heaven in the labyrinthine ways of life. There is grand writing in the description of the flight of the priest, of the moment when he enters prison, and of the hour when he must hurry to the bedside of a dying gangster who has fled to Mexico.

Graham Greene utters sharp criticism of the church in Mexico, but fundamentally he belongs to that select group of modern writers who believe that the salvation of this world depends upon God's mercy

toward erring mankind in the person of the eternal Son of God. It is without any hesitation that the reviewer urges the thoughtful Christian, lay or cleric, to read *The Labyrinthine Ways,* not alone for its story but also for its implications. The result of such a reading will be deeply rewarding.

Catholic Solution

RURAL ROADS TO SECURITY. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti, LL.D., and Rev. John C. Rawe, S.J., LL.M. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. 1940. 387 pages. $2.75.

THIS book is written by two clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church. Their background and training are such that they are well qualified to write on their chosen subject, for the former has served as president of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and is sponsor of the Granger Homestead, while the latter is Professor of Philosophy, Sociology, and Political Science at Creighton University and a student of co-operatives.

The book is divided into two main sections. In the first part the authors describe the evils of a highly urbanized and industrialized society. They show the damage done to family life, religious life, health, man's economic status, his sense of personal responsibility, and his interest in creative effort by an urban and industrial civilization.

The second part of the book is devoted to the presentation of a practical plan by which they hope to counteract the urbanizing and industrializing processes. They thoroughly believe that many of our social evils in America could be corrected if great masses of presently underprivileged individuals could be provided with small tracts of land, ranging in size from one to five to twenty acres. According to their view, people living in simple but adequate homes on such small tracts of land could spend part of their time in earning cash money through work in nearby industries, while they devoted the remaining part of their time to work on their land. The authors advocate cultivation of the soil not so much for the purpose of raising so-called cash crops for market purposes as for the growing of vegetables and fruits which will be consumed by the grower and his family. They believe that if governmental or private funds were made available for such developmental and communities of this character could spring up in all parts of our country, large numbers of people would find better food, better health, better homes, and better economic status. They further believe that such improved living conditions would in turn encourage larger families, and that lovelier and more intimate family life would contribute to the development of finer character and tend to keep people more interested in things spiritual.

The authors are also persuaded that if such communities of small land owners and farmers in general throughout our country are to succeed, it will be necessary for them to engage in co-operative ventures. They believe that this will greatly reduce the cost of living on the one

hand and on the other hand allow farmers to receive a fuller and more just reward for their labors.

While the authors give the impression of being very familiar with their subject, they, unfortunately, failed to do justice to their task in so far as their literary effort is concerned. One gains a painful impression of repetitiousness and of a certain literary slovenliness while reading the book. The writers also find it impossible to conceal their denominational bias and their warped historical judgment arising from the same. This is evidenced by their statement on page 3, where they say: "When the renaissance individualism cast off moral restraint through the influence of the Reformation, the road was paved for a materialistic philosophy. Liberalism saw only good in the ambitions of men, demanded fullest liberty for the satisfaction of personal aggrandizement without hindrance of law, or organization, or any effort to safeguard one man against the greed of another." It need hardly be said that only those who are blinded to the actual facts of history by deep-seated prejudices subscribe to such an evaluation of the Reformation.

The authors have added to the body of their book an appendix in which they describe a number of ventures in which their theory is being carried through successfully in their opinion. They also present an extended bibliography which any student interested in this group of social problems will find very valuable.

While we regard some of the judgments expressed by the authors concerning the evils of modern urbanism as well founded and while we admit that the picture which they paint of the communities which they would build is very attractive, we cannot say that they have altogether persuaded us of the feasibility of their plan when applied on a large scale. What did interest us, however, beyond words, was the fact that two Catholic students of social problems, obviously writing principally for Catholic readers, were boldly advancing a suggested solution for social ills by proposing a manner of life which would be more conducive to wholesome and spiritual living.

War and Peace

NON-VIOLENCE IN AN AGGRESSIVE WORLD. By A. J. Muste. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1940. 203 pages. $2.00.

THIS volume offers a passionate presentation of the power of love as opposed to the power of cannon and bombs as a means for conquering the world for greater happiness.

The reviewer cannot subscribe to the author's interpretation of some Bible passages and to some of the views which he expresses about the church and theology, but he was profoundly impressed with the general argument presented in the volume. The argument is about as follows:

Humanity is in a wretched way. Some nations have and others do not have the wherewithal for a decent existence. Those who today "have" acquired what they have chiefly by means of force and warfare. They are unconcerned about those who do not have and are ready to preserve the

status-quo at all cost, even at the cost of war.

The nations who do not have are determined to get what they believe they ought to have. They are ready to pay the price of war to achieve their ends.

But war has never yet brought anything except misery to men, even to those who were regarded as the victors. One war has made another war inevitable and in the matter of money and human blood has always exacted a terrible toll. Misery and unhappiness have always been the end result.

Since man's way of solving social problems has failed and all his means of force and ruthlessness have ended in tragic failure, it is high time that Christ's way of love be given a chance.

The author knows full-well that persons both within and without the Christian Church will cry: "Visionary! Idealistic!"—But he is not at all taken aback by the cry. He carries his argument through with conviction, shows again and again that force has settled nothing, that wars can only bankrupt and exterminate, and that in the final analysis non-resistance, kindness, justice, and mercy can alone hope to achieve constructive ends.

He recognizes the difficulties which such a program of non-aggression presents, but he believes that if all Christians in all lands who have the love of Christ in their hearts will espouse such a program, the Spirit of God will achieve undreamed-of victories, and blessings will accrue to masses of people who today know nothing but the horrors of war and who have no hope but that of suffering and extinction.

If the question of "War or Non-Aggressive Means" were to be argued in public, we should prefer to be on the author's side. We commend this book for reading to the thoughtful and discriminating reader.

The American Press

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR. By Neil MacNeil. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1940. 414 pages. $3.00.

THE author of this book is assistant managing editor of what may well be called the greatest newspaper in the United States, *The New York Times.* Naturally when he discusses the methods and ideals of the newspaper he chooses much of his illustrative material from his experiences with *The Times.* Adolph S. Ochs, whose monument is *The New York Times* of today, is to him the ideal publisher. "He had editorial honesty, editorial conviction, editorial independence. He insisted on the highest ethical standards in news, in editorials, in advertising. He sponsored complete and objective coverage of the news, regardless of race, color, or creed. He encouraged his editors to comment on events according to their honest convictions and without fear or favor."

In general, we may call this book a reply to George Seldes' *Lords of the Press,* reviewed in THE CRESSET some months ago. As against the selfish and reactionary crowd of plutocrats, pictured by Seldes as the editors and owners of the American newspapers, Mr. MacNeil believes that on the whole the American dailies are con-

trolled by public-spirited men who have retained some conscience over against the public and the nation. MacNeil does not deny that the interests of the owner and of the newspaper as a business are apt to affect the policy of the newspaper. Financial success is accepted as the accolade of public approval of the work of editors and reporters. "There is a tendency, even on the best newspapers, for the economic, political, and social views of the owners to seep down through the entire organization. This tendency may make editors sympathetic with the status quo and with the maintenance of institutions that have outlived their usefulness."

Without Fear or Favor is an immensely interesting book. The high art of reporting and editing the news, the foreign correspondents, the Washington correspondent, the editors of the financial and sport pages, work of musical and dramatic critics, picture service, features—all these matters are of interest to every newspaper reader as they are here set forth by an expert. "Few columnists," he says, "have Winchell's talent and almost none of his adroitness. In many cases the results are lamentable. The libel laws are the one restraint, and a dexterous columnist finds it easy to circumvent them." There is today less yellow journalism, "much less," than we had a generation ago. Pressure groups are active, and when he mentions these (p. 306) we feel that the author does Protestants an injustice by presenting them as equally guilty with the Catholics ("the farmers, the Catholics, the Protestants, the Jews, the Negroes"). On the other hand, we must not underestimate the power which the newspaper wields over advertisers. "The metropolitan newspaper is often stronger financially than its greatest advertiser. In many cases it can better afford the loss of the advertisement, its decrease in revenue being smaller proportionately." *The Times* has beaten several "strikes" of advertisers in the past decade, in one case a strike by eleven department stores. In these strikes the newspaper sells the normal advertising position of the strikers to their business rivals, and the increased trade of the rivals and the drop in that of the strikers brings results. The strikers are usually glad to get back into the newspaper, sometimes at higher rates.

A book which could have been written only by an expert journalist of many years of experience.

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Foresight

"That once famous cosmopolitan financier, Chauncey M. Depew, told his nephew that the horseless carriage would never supplant the horse and kept the young man from investing $5,000 in the business of a visionary mechanic named Henry Ford."—David Cohn.

THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS

BY THE EDITORS

A brief glance at recent books—

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

By Patience, Richard, Johnny Abbe. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 254 pages. $2.00.

THEIR first book, *Around the World in Eleven Years,* written by the Abbe children several years ago, relates their impressions of places visited in Europe. This was amusing because people, places, and scenes were seen through children's eyes; their viewpoint was most startling and refreshing.

Their new book, *No Place Like Home,* is the story of Europe as witnessed by these children just before the outbreak of the present war. They go abroad with their mother and revisit all the places they once knew before dictators came and threw the world into such confusion. The children listen, play, and take notes, comparing the old and new in Europe. Patience, Richard, and Johnny talk to many people in many countries and feel the tenseness, fear, and uneasiness, expressed not so much in words as in actions. For instance, in Berlin Patience notices that the people cheer both Goebbels and Goering—but the cheering for Goebbels is not, she points out, like the cheering for Goering.

One may question the advisability of taking youngsters to Europe to expose their childish minds to impressions during precarious times, even if their mission was to learn history and (while not mentioned) earn money by writing another book.

These children have a good sense of humor. We wish we could bring this to you, but we believe we should be found wanting. You will have to read for yourself. The book may be tucked in one's vacation valise.

M. DORN

MY TEN YEARS IN THE STUDIOS

By George Arliss. Little, Brown and Co., Boston. 1940. 349 pages. $3.50.

THE veteran of stage and screen in England and the United States, George Arliss, continues his autobiography begun several years ago with *Up the Years from Bloomsbury.* This section of his life story is a fascinating account of his years as a

film actor. Mr. Arliss offers a lengthy discussion of the importance of the actor in the making of a movie. His opinion as to the supreme importance of the actor in the movie runs counter to the well-known opinions of such directors as Alfred Hitchcock and Frank Capra. Nevertheless, the aspiring actor, amateur or professional, can find a wealth of material in the experiences of an actor of the old school. The book is profusely illustrated and thoroughly indexed.

AN OZARK ANTHOLOGY

Edited with an introduction by Vance Randolph. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 374 pages. $2.50.

A WELL-KNOWN student of life in the Missouri and Arkansas Ozarks presents fifteen nationally known writers who know the Ozarks. Some of the short stories are rather weak and over-sentimental. A story, *Bank Robbers Eat Ham,* by William Cunningham, and a personalized account of a dry spell, *Drought,* by Eleanor Risley, are ably written. The remainder of the book conveys a distinct impression of a vanishing people, but hardly more. The anthology will interest Ozarkians.

WORLD'S END

By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press, New York. 1940. 740 pages. $3.00.

FEW living men have written more books than Upton Sinclair. In this, his latest novel, he tells the story of Lanny Budd who is thirteen when the story begins and nineteen when it ends. It is a tale which has now become familiar to all readers of modern literature, the story of the development of a young man in the twentieth century. Lanny's wanderings across Europe and into New England give Mr. Sinclair an opportunity to expound his social and political philosophy. This has always been his weakness as a novelist. It is usually difficult to tell where the novelist ends and the tractarian begins. As usual, however, many sections of the book are eloquent and thought-provoking.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CONFLICT

By Edwin H. Rian. Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan. 1940. 342 pages. $2.00.

STUDENTS of theological trends know that for several decades a heated controversy has been raging in the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. This controversy finally resulted in a division and in the establishment of the Orthodox Presbyterian Church in 1936. The present volume is a careful, scholarly history of the conflict. Mr. Rian is President of the Board of Trustees of Westminster Theological Seminary, the theological school of the Orthodox Presbyterian Church. He presents a significant and telling exposé of the method and thought of Modernism.

Modernism is not only a heresy. It is not Christianity. This fundamental fact Mr. Rian's book makes very clear. In an eloquent conclusion he summarizes the approach of the Orthodox Presbyterian Church. "The

Church today must do what it has done in ages past; it must call the people back to faith in the Son of God as the Saviour of men and the only way to God, and direct their thoughts to the Bible as the only and final rule of faith and life. When this is done—and it must be done, for it is the only reasonable and consistent view of life—then the Church will regain its position of spiritual power, fulfill its divine commission of preaching the gospel of the grace of God and become the means of restoring men and women to spiritual communion with God through Jesus Christ. The gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. It still has miraculous and divine efficacy to change the lives of men and women into saints of God. It still can make God the center of life from which all else radiates. And for those who by grace believe, it is doing that today."

CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM

By John MacCormac. The Viking Press, New York. 1940. 278 pages. $2.75.

IT MAY safely be said that the great majority of American citizens are not sufficiently conscious of the vast empire to the north known as the Dominion of Canada. In this excellent volume Mr. MacCormac presents an accurate picture of every phase of Canadian affairs. It is probably the most objective and informed description of Canada published in more than a decade. Since the policy and position of Canada will become increasingly important to the United States if present trends in Europe continue, every thoughtful American should know more about the Dominion. We believe that Mr. MacCormac's book is an excellent introduction to the subject.

Query

Who boils the milk for babes in war torn lands?
How many mothers rise with aching hands—
Aching with emptiness no tasks can fill—
Heartsick with longing that no words can still—
To face each day with children gone away
Far from their homes, for safety hid away?
Who tucks them in with loving care, and stands
Beside them as they fold their little hands,
And helps them pray? Do they remember God,
Or are their guardians, worn to weary clod,
Forgetting souls in multitude of care
For little bodies, trusted to them there?

DORIS R. KRUDOP

The JUNE Magazines

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

Fortune

Fortune Survey

A sampling of opinion among all classes of workers, both organized and unorganized, reveals the following: 56.6 per cent believe that labor unions should keep out of politics; 18 that workers should support one of the two major parties; 11.4 that a national labor party should be formed; 14 don't know. (C.I.O. members voted: 45.8; 22.9; 24.2; 7.1.)—The following persons are graded by labor in this fashion (helpful; harmful; don't know)—Henry Ford: 73.6; 12.3; 14.1. Senator Wagner: 51.8; 5.6; 42.6. William Green: 49.7; 18.2; 32.1. Frances Perkins: 43.4; 19.4; 37.2. John Lewis: 32.6; 44.6; 22.8. Earl Browder: 4.2; 39.4; 56.4.—The blame for the present conflict between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. is ascribed as follows: Lewis, 39.4; Green, 11; both, 21.6; neither, 3.8; don't know, 24.2.—Picketing is regarded in this light: good, 21.9; depends, 15.1; bad, 55.5; don't know, 7.5.—The judgment on most union dues is: higher than necessary, 39.7; about right, 31.7; not high enough, 1.5; don't know, 27.1.

The Philippines

The hopes, fears, and predictions about the Philippines, bandied back and forth between "imperialists" and "anti-imperialists" around 1900, have been chiefly remarkable for not coming true. The islands have not proved of any great importance to us financially. We have not oppressed the Little Brown Brother, as was feared by some. Nor do we seem to have trained him very successfully for self-government. Some impressive things have been done for the natives. The population, in 40 years, has risen from seven to sixteen million; plagues have been wiped out; the standard of living has been greatly improved. But the nature of the Filipinos has remained unaltered. They continue on the whole passive, indolent, and irresponsible, the only exceptions being such smaller groups as the Moros, who are half-savage. What will happen

if we turn the islands loose in 1946? The "democracy" of the "free" Philippines will probably be a form of dictatorship à la Central America. There is no soil for a real democracy: practically no native middle class; only the very rich and the very poor. The mercantile functions through which a middle class is most easily generated, are in the hands of Chinese. Even in agriculture the Japanese show themselves superior. What will happen to Filipino economy if, after 1946, U. S. tariffs come into play? And what of Japan? No wonder that more and more of the *politicos* who have been shouting for independence are beginning to favor a re-examination of the question. What course will be to the best interest of the United States is hard to say. Too many imponderabilia are involved. "There are no certainties, no clear choices in the matter."

The Atlantic Monthly

The Conflict of Youth

By LORD HALIFAX

Speaking in official capacity as Foreign Secretary of Great Britain and Chancellor of Oxford University, Lord Halifax's address to the Oxford undergraduates is reprinted in the June issue of the *Atlantic*. Lord Halifax insists that the present conflict in Europe is not to be laid at the door of age. He says emphatically that the war today is a fight between youth and youth. The essential problem which must be analyzed and solved in our time is a spiritual problem. He appeals to British youth to reassess its spiritual loyalties and to remember that the Pax Britannica is the highest and noblest cause in the world. The essay is a remarkable defense of England's motives for entering World War II.

Is Pacifism Enough? A Christian Determination

By THE RIGHT REVEREND G. ASHTON OLDHAM

Here is an able analysis of the dilemma in which genuine pacifists in the United States find themselves as the war in Europe grows more bitter. The writer says that "too often pacifism is over-concerned with the physical and material, lays too much stress upon death and suffering as compared with moral and spiritual values. Even when it does not do this, it still remains negative in character, and so ineffective." He insists that some wars have been justified and that the use of force to stop the march of unrighteousness is necessary. Many of the premises which the Right Reverend Mr. Oldham makes can be found in the Augsburg Confession.

Native Wood Notes

By WILSON FOLLETT

Those who lament that the old-fashioned essay has vanished should turn to Mr. Follett's lengthy study of the uses and value of wood. One might call this essay the Memoirs of a Dendrophile. In the final analysis the essay is a defense of the New England way of life. And a very noble essay in defense it is. Recommended for leisurely reading.

Harper's

Ninetieth Anniversary Number

Enter Atomic Power

By JOHN J. O'NEILL

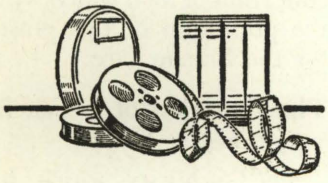
The splitting of the uranium atom is an accomplishment of contemporary scientific research which promises to bring further amazing power under human control. The Science Editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune* has written an interesting account of this accomplishment and of the possibilities which it holds for the future. Each disintegrated uranium atom releases 200,000,000 electron volts, and it is estimated that "one gram of matter would release 62,500,000,000,000 pounds of energy. This would be sufficient to raise the Empire State Building (weight 303,000 tons) 20 miles high." If about two pounds of Uranium 235 rapidly exploding all of its atoms in a chain reaction, can set free such tremendous power, it is not surprising that the harnessing of this power for practical purposes, if successful, may well "promise the dawn of a new era for mankind." The greater the prospect that man may gain the use of such staggering power, the deeper the need for an education of men which will make the possession of this power safe for the human race.

The Function of a Teacher

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

The publicity which has recently come to Bertrand Russell gives both timeliness and interest to this presentation of his ideals of teaching. The article may be summarized as a plea for a thorough-going liberalism and for the pursuit of the scientific method to its bitter end. To function successfully and in harmony with the ancient ideals of his profession the teacher must be independent of the beliefs and prejudices which his employers consider useful. The scholastic profession "ought to have more opportunities of self-determination, more independence from the interference of bureaucrats and bigots." Only those who refuse to recognize any authority beyond that of the individual mind will find this discussion beyond criticism.

THE MOTION PICTURE



THE CRESSET *examines samples of Hollywood offerings.*

IT ALL CAME TRUE (Warner Brothers)

This picture features Ann Sheridan, Jeffrey Lynn, and Humphrey Bogart as the principal actors.

It is a movie of the dishwater type, in which there is no real acting, no real drama, no real humor, no real tragedy. We would advise that you waste neither time nor money on seeing it.

EDISON, THE MAN (M-G-M)

This picture is a joy and a comfort to behold. Joy—because it so far exceeded our anticipation and because it is comforting to know that Hollywood can still produce something really fine.

Here is the story of a man—a man who lived and made his name revered for ages and ages to come—a man portrayed by a star who is supreme in ideally characterizing real men. For Spencer Tracy is "Edison, the Man."

The foreword of the picture strikes the keynote. A quotation from Emerson, it reads: "The true test of a civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out."

Then follows a most faithfully and almost reverently presented biography of Edison's manhood. And it has everything—drama, humor, romance, suspense—all those elements which make up a great story. Added to that the matchless courage, loyalty to family and friends, and amazing ingenuity which were Edison's make the picture a splendid tribute to the memory of a great man. Recommended without reservation.

FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS (M-G-M)

Eddie Cantor tones down his broad comedy in a story about a baby and a girls' school. We recall a French movie with a similar theme and a German movie with many of the same situations.

The comedy drags, and Cantor is decidedly out of place. Poor stuff.

FLORIAN (M-G-M)

The story of a horse ties together an account of the collapse of Vienna and a tragic love story. The photography is above average. Lovers of horseflesh will dote on the movie. Don't let publicity on the picture mislead you. The movie is second-rate.

LILLIAN RUSSELL (20th Century-Fox)

This picture is produced by Daryl F. Zanuck, with Alice Faye playing the part of Lillian Russell; Don Ameche, the role of Edward Solomon, her husband; Henry Fonda, the role of lover; and Edward Arnold, that of Jim Brady, the wealthy industrialist who strives for her hand. The picture tells the story of an ambitious and able girl who becomes the stage idol of American and European theater audiences and who achieves fame and wealth with her singing voice. It teaches the age-old moral which everybody knows but only a few believe: namely, that money and glory in themselves do not spell happiness and that life always exacts a price for all we get. The musical numbers are of a light Gilbert and Sullivan type; the action is punctuated by some Weber and Field humor. The early death of Lillian Russell's composer-husband introduces the element of pathos, and her final marriage to the now divorced lover of her youth presents an angle whereof the Christian cannot approve. It is not a great picture with great acting; neither is it the worst we have seen.

MY SON, MY SON! (United Artists)

The title of this picture is taken from David's words concerning Absalom. The production is based on Howard Spring's novel by the same name. The principal parts are played by Madeleine Carroll, Brian Aherne, and Louis Hayward.—The hero, an aspiring writer, rescues a helpless girl, marries her, and becomes the father of a son. The mother is portrayed as a Christian who is concerned about her soul and that of her child, but whom the husband finds harsh, dull, and unromantic. The hero thinks in terms of fame, money, and earthly pleasures. He spoils his son, who grows up to be a ne'er-do-well. He encounters a more attractive and romantic young woman. His wife meets with accidental death. His heart is broken when his own son falls in love with the woman whom he loves and when that same son seduces a dear friend's daughter who in turn is in love with him, and who upon her seduction commits

suicide. The good-for-nothing son finally is thought to redeem himself by dying as a hero on the battle field.—While sin is not portrayed as paying dividends in pleasure and satisfaction and while the picture does teach the moral that a spiritually untrained child brings only heart-ache and sorrow, it, on the other hand, certainly does not portray Christian character as lovely and lovable.—The acting is good. The drama presents moments of real poignancy, but its message is garbled and confusing.

THE MORTAL STORM (M-G-M)

Unless we miss our guess, this picture is going to make movie history. For Hollywood has gathered an array of top-flight actors into a production that is undisguised, double-barreled anti-Nazi propaganda, calculated to fill the audience with a feeling of horror and revulsion at the Nazi way of life. At that, "The Mortal Storm" is a gripping, moving story, ending upon a note of tragedy. It concerns Prof. Roth, a Jewish professor in Germany, who is made to feel the full brunt of Nazi persecution because of the accident of his birth, and who comes to a tragic death in a concentration camp. Meanwhile his Aryan stepsons have ardently embraced the Nazi philosophy, while his daughter Freya (Margaret Sullavan) and her sweetheart (James Stewart), revolted by the tyranny and brutality of the Nazis, attempt to flee across the border. They are pursued by a Nazi patrol, led by Freya's former suitor (Robert Young), who shoots and mortally wounds the girl.

The appearance of this picture just at the present moment clearly shows the trend of the times. But we must sound a warning against allowing our antipathy and contempt for the Nazi philosophy to be fanned into a blind and fire-breathing hatred of all things German. The need of the hour is cool heads and seeing eyes. So—don't let "The Mortal Storm" make you believe that our holy obligation is immediately to declare war against Germany.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Art

SIR:

I have no ear for music. I can't distinguish the finer shades of color. I don't understand modern poetry, and I don't like Bach. All this, combined, makes me a "low-brow" of the lowest rank. But I read the "Alembic," and I want to learn if possible to appreciate some of the higher things of life. I imagine there are other people like me. To the editors of THE CRESSET I come for help. Your Music Critic is doing something for my music appreciation —whenever I can understand him. Maybe you can help me in other ways. What is there about a poem which makes it worth while? How does a painting differ from a photograph? What are the principles behind these forms of art? What do they try to express and how do they try to express it? Although there are many magazines and reviews of literature, there is none of which I know which deals with these questions. In the field of æsthetics there is much which THE CRESSET can do for people like me. Will it?

JOHN PRESTOW

St. Louis, Mo.

Encouragement

SIR:

Behind the complexities of modern life with its new deal legislation, large-scale charities, labor movements, old-age pension schemes, and psychological clinics many conflicting philosophies and ideologies are at work. Some of these go back to eighteenth century materialism; others can be traced to French Utopianism or German mysticism; still others are developments of our American ideas of the last century concerning equalitarianism, individual and social democracy, and manifest destiny. An unweaving of the complicated threads of modern thought is extremely difficult. An understanding of the fundamental and basic political, social, economic, and religious thoughts of our day, their origins, tendencies, implications, and possible consequences will be of great value to us. It will aid us in understanding the problems with which we are confronted.

Important as this study is, comparatively little attention is given to it in the magazines and digests of the day. Most articles deal with only the surface aspects of the questions which they discuss. In many of its articles THE CRESSET has looked under the surface at the deeper issues. It has concerned itself with the fundamental philosophies and basic impli-

cations of the question which it is considering. For this the editors should be thanked and should be encouraged to do more of this in future numbers.

FRED STRANG

Omaha, Neb.

Beyond Nationalism

SIR:

The last issue of THE CRESSET impresses me even more than did previous issues with its honest, and what to me appears to be a successful, effort to maintain a truly neutral attitude in regard to the war in Europe. That editorial policy which considers sin to be sin, regardless of who the transgressor is, and military aggression to be a wholesale crime regardless of whether the aggressor is German, Anglo-Saxon, Slav, or Turk, simply commands respect. And my respect for this attitude of THE CRESSET is the greater for the knowledge that the editor and associate editors have a nationalistic background which could influence them in favor of one of the parties in the conflict.

After seeing those who had heatedly denounced the Versailles treaty settle down to a philosophic calm now that the alleged victims of Versailles are knifing one victim after another, it is a wonderful relief to receive and read THE CRESSET. After all, don't we all know that there were military victories and peace treaties before Versailles? Don't we know that Versailles brought not only the humiliation of one nation, but it brought political freedom for nations who had been not only humiliated, but enslaved by the losers of Versailles?

THE CRESSET's treatment of international questions is very plainly a triumph of Christianity over nationalism. Our Church will never suffer embarrassment because of this policy of THE CRESSET. Would to God we had more of this attitude; more of the realization that the cause of God's Kingdom, the cause of the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant is infinitely more important than the political interests of one nation, or one dictator; more of that harmony and love between Christians of two different nationalistic backgrounds which our Lord promised under the figure of the beating of swords into plowshares; more realization of the ideal, "There is neither Jew nor Greek . . . for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." If our Church is to accomplish its great mission, we must not identify it with one racial or language group.

A. VALENČÍK

Cleveland, Ohio

Christian Education

SIR:

The conclusion to your editorial, "What? No Grammar?" remains true: parochial schools are needed. For they make possible Christian training in the doctrines of our church and Christian applications in every subject and situation in the classroom. But need we fear pedagogical techniques now in vogue in the primary schools of America?

Dalton plans and Progressive

Schools were to be feared. But educators agree that the pendulum is swinging back. Fortunately Ontario did not keep pace with the first educational experiments. In waiting it gained by the mistakes of others. Now, however, it is in step with the most modern program—"humane and realistic, unencumbered by the dead wood of a formal tradition, quickened by enquiry and experiment, and inspired by a vivid appreciation of the needs and possibilities of the children themselves" (Ontario Programme of Studies). The modern program frowns on radical methods.

You were shocked by the information that no grammar is taught in some schools. Such schools are not truly modern. Grammar came into disrepute among educational reformers, it is true. The reason for this seems to be that early English grammars "were modelled as closely as possible on the pattern of the old Latin grammars" (The Teaching of English in England). These were defective because they attempted to explain the structure of the very different English language in terms of the highly inflexional Latin. Now in the modern school the "dead wood" of grammar has been discarded. But "the case for teaching pure grammar, *a grammar of function, not of form* is an exceedingly strong one" (The Teaching of English in England).

In functional grammar parts of speech are learned not for their own sake and preferably not in special lessons, but rather gradually and incidentally in all language activities. Grammar is not considered a separate subject, but part of the course in English. This course is designed to develop in the students a genuine love of good reading and the power to express themselves correctly and effectively in oral and written language. Grammar plays no mean part in realizing this aim.

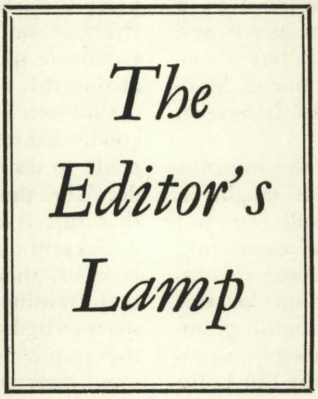
Children are still subjected to "the good, solid stuff." That is, children are made to do things they don't like to do. The thoughtful teacher realizes that this is a training for a life of duties and obligations. Since learning is labor, there will be no dearth of that training. More useful than the sugar-coated pill is the motivation of the pupil. It is axiomatic that the more interested one is in a problem, the more whole-hearted effort he will put forth in solving it. The teacher's aim, then, will be to awaken and sustain interest, to appeal to the child's interests and experiences, whenever possible.

We believe that present pedagogical techniques presage sound secular education—not only locally, but throughout large sections of America.

RUTH WEICHEL

Elmira, Ontario

Contributors—Problems—Final Notes



OUR major article this month (Edwin Arlington Robinson) examines an important figure in modern poetry. Perhaps our readers will welcome it as a momentary escape from war headlines and political convention broadcasts. Allan Hart Jahsmann is a graduate student at the University of Chicago.

Our guest reviewers this month are Anne Hansen (*Clara Schuman*) and Mildred Dorn (*No Place Like Home*). We are especially happy to welcome as new reviewers W. O. Doescher, professor of Philosophy at Capital University (*Competition For Empire*) and Palmer Czamanske, instructor in English at the same school (*Citizens*).

No editorial office in these days is able to escape the breathlessness of the new pace of history. This is especially true of monthly publications. As history begins to gallop, deadlines become meaningless. In these trying hours we are especially grateful for the constant encouragement of our readers expressed in such letters as the communication from A. Valencik published in this issue. We can only promise that we shall honestly endeavor to meet each new issue as it comes over the horizon.

The list of forthcoming articles looks unusually interesting. Since the world situation is covered in the "Notes and Comments," our articles will be devoted to other subjects. Perhaps essays of this type will be more important to our children's children than the faint echo of the marching feet of men in the pages of THE CRESSET.

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:

DIVORCE

GAMBLING IN GRANDMA'S GOWN

NATURALISM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

A PASTOR LOOKS AT LIFE (II)

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

A PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION ..... *Edgar Sheffield Brightman*

MEN AGAINST MADNESS ..... *Lowell S. Selling*

WHENCE? WHITHER? WHY? ..... *Augusta Gaskell*

AMERICAN FAITH ..... *Ernest Sutherland Bates*

GUSTAV ADOLF—THE GREAT ..... *Nils Ahnlund*

FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER ..... *Rev. Geo. B. Gilbert*

PROLOGUE TO WAR ..... *Elizabeth Wiskemann*

I MARRIED ADVENTURE ..... *Osa Johnson*

THIS IS ON ME ..... *Katharine Brush*

ASIAN ODYSSEY ..... *Dmitri Alioshin*

JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING ..... *Jean Giono*

NEMESIS? ..... *Douglas Reed*

NIGHT IN BOMBAY ..... *Louis Bromfield*

WHY EUROPE FIGHTS ..... *Walter Millis*

THE BRITISH EMPIRE ..... *Stephen Leacock*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