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MARCH 1938

THE CRESSET

Are We Educated?
P. E. KRETZMANN

Check List of Books

The Decline and Fall of Sinclair Lewis

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 1 NO. 5

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

March—and the editors consider Silk Stockings and Urbanization—The C.I.O. and Euthanasia—Communism and Educational Standards.

The Modern Octopus

ONE OF the most important documents to come to our attention in recent months is a monograph entitled "Our Cities, Their Role in the National Economy" issued by the Urbanism Committee of the National Resources Committee. Graphically it portrays the significant fact that approximately 70,000,000 Americans today have their destinies linked with the "gravitational field" of the city. During the depth of the depression there was much talk about a definite trend away from our great urban centers. Such hope, however, was premature. The urbanization of America has gone on at only a slightly decelerated pace.

A century ago we did not have a single city with 100,000 inhabitants, and nine-tenths of the country's 13,000,000 were classified as rural. Today ninety-four cities in the 100,000 class dominate the social and economic life of more than one-third of America. Another 3071 communities are listed by the census as "urban"—containing 2500 or more inhabitants. New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia have an average population density of 18,000 per square mile, while the national average is 42. Massachusetts and Rhode Island are over 90 per cent urban, New York and New Jersey over 80 per cent, and California 75 per cent. Investigators have discovered that population drift follows wage opportunities and that, with further industrialization, we may look toward more of the same tendency during the next decade. Even now ten per cent of the people of the country are living on .02 per cent of its surface.

The enormous social, economic, and even religious implications of this concentration of our population are only gradually becoming evident. We are piling up housing problems, health

and hygiene difficulties, crime, immorality, destitution, delinquency, and religious indifference. The tragic feature of the situation is that the great majority of those who drift into metropolitan centers are merely shuffling along in dumb and blind obedience to forces which they do not understand. Since there is at present comparatively little city planning the situation calls for long-range and eventual drastic action.

Euthanasia

CONTRARY to popular opinion, euthanasia, "this modern proposal with a melodious name and the mercy motive," is not modern at all, but almost as old as paganism itself. In its crudest forms it was practiced by many barbarous tribes of the ancient world. Plato and Aristotle were among its most eloquent defenders, and even Sir Thomas More, the author of *Utopia,* embodied it in his description of the ideal commonwealth. Moreover, we have ample reason to surmise that euthanasia in some form or other has been practiced clandestinely, although perhaps only in extreme cases, even among the most civilized nations down to the present time. But the modern world has never sanctioned it. Not only the Church and the State, but also the medical profession consistently pronounced the sentence of condemnation upon it. Tearing the mask of a spurious humanitarianism from its face, they have courageously called it by its real name —murder.

But about two years ago, when the British Parliament was asked to legalize the so-called "mercy-killings," the matter suddenly became a public issue of almost universal interest and was debated with unwonted fervor by persons in all walks of life. And the discussion is still under way. Just the other day the press reported a number of drastic resolutions favoring euthanasia which had been passed by a society which prides itself upon its high humanitarian idealism. Apparently the time is not far distant when pressure will be brought to bear upon our government in the interest of legislative action favorable to the practice of euthanasia.

At the outset euthanasia was recommended only for "incurables whose physical sufferings are unbearable to themselves." But, as might have been expected, the matter did not stop there. Soon prominent physicians and even clergymen went so far as to assert "that the right of human society to protect itself and its members against deterioration and ultimate destruction transcends individual rights. . . . It may justifiably go so far in certain circumstances as painlessly to remove those unfortunates who constitute a useless burden to themselves and to society." (*Forum,* December, 1935.)

What is this but a wilful reversion to paganism in its most uncouth form? True, the twentieth century highpriest of euthanasia is more

scientific, more "merciful" and more refined than most of his spiritual forebears in ancient times were. The Greeks and Romans exposed their unwanted infants to the fury of the elements and the fangs of wild beasts; the Spartans hurled the burdensome members of society into a rocky chasm near Mt. Taygetus; and the Sardinians battered the heads of their old men into pulp with clubs. Our age is gentler and more sympathetic. An innocent hypodermic, a lethal potion—and all is over. But fundamentally the act is the same. Dr. W. C. Woodward of Chicago, Director of the American Medical Association's Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation, hit the nail on the head when he declared: "The doctor who deliberately causes death prematurely, even for the purpose of relieving a patient of suffering, is guilty of manslaughter or murder."

This is also the Christian position. And no man whose code of ethics, personal as well as professional, is deeply rooted in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, will ever be in danger of being deceived by the specious arguments of the smooth-tongued advocates of modern euthanasia—Dean Inge and his confreres to the contrary notwithstanding.

800 Millions

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has asked Congress to appropriate 800 millions for warships and aeroplanes.

It is wise, no doubt, to arrange for a well-trained, well-equipped fire department before the fire, rather than to wait until after the family home lies in ashes. We cannot, therefore, carry banners in the pacifists' parade and condemn the request of our Commander-in-Chief. But we do agree with all sane humans, pacifists and non-pacifists alike, that "war is hell." The limitations of my vocabulary prevent me from saying what I think about armed conflict in which homo sapiens commits atrocities which would make a jackal blush.

But if war is so terrible as the dead, the crippled, the shell-shocked, the orphaned, the widowed, and the impoverished abundantly testify, then why is man so exasperatingly foolhardy as to adhere to a way of life which can only end in war?

Go where you will, and you discover that each nation looks out for itself, no matter what the cost to others may be. This is as true of our United States as it is of Great Britain, France, and every other country. If we have more food than we need for our own people or than we can profitably export, we would rather destroy it than send it gratis to our hungry yellow or dark-skinned brothers beyond the seas. The writing of international treaties is, if not in its technique, then, at any rate, in its motives, in one class with the operations of horse-traders. The representatives of this or any other country would be decried as traitors, should they honestly and frankly negotiate a treaty intended to benefit some other nation without the

return of greater benefits to ourselves. Public opinion would most assuredly regard such as either "fools or knaves." The services of a national leader, be he dictator, president, or king, are, in fact, evaluated on the basis of his ability to secure advantages for his people over others.

Despite all that history has taught and all that modern study of sociology has revealed concerning the interdependence of men, nations still act as though they deemed it possible to live in isolation and to be sufficient unto themselves. Witness the pitiful spectacle of a Hitlerized Germany standing as a lone and snarling dog about the bleached bone of its material possessions.

This is not the way to peace and human happiness. Humanity is one. It issues from the hand of the same Creator. It possesses but one Father. Its unity cannot be destroyed by seas and mountains, by national boundaries, military fortifications, or other artificial barriers. The sorrows and joys, the good or evil, of one member of this family affect in greater or lesser degree every other member thereof, no matter how distant he may be, either as to space or time.

This may sound strange to our ears, for modern man has been reared on a high-powered, double-barreled philosophy of self. He has been taught to live by the principle which declares for "the survival of the fittest" and proclaims "might to make for right." Selfishness in all its myriad forms has been presented in most attractive garb as something to be cultivated, nourished, and admired. This has been a fearful and grotesque lie. Its application to life has resulted in unspeakable misery.

The truth lies elsewhere. Jesus expressed it in a word when He said: "Let him who would be greatest among you be your servant." He expressed it in deed when He died on the Cross that we might live. While only the true Christian has the proper motivation for obedience to this injunction, the world, convicted of the sin of selfishness, must admit its moral grandeur.

Armaments for protection? Yes, in a world of men gone mad with greed and power. Armaments for aggression? No, and no again, lest our brother's blood taint our souls and rest as a terrible curse upon our heads.

War and Stockings

HOW unpredictable an action is with regard to its consequences! To what unexpected results it may give birth! These remarks, though quite impressive, are not exactly novel, for they have been made, off and on, since Methuselah was weaned. Nevertheless, as time wings its way, it furnishes new illustrations of their truth. Who would have thought, for instance, that, as a by-product of the Japanese invasion of China, many millions of American men should find a strange, wild hope sprouting in their breasts? Yet that

very thing has come to pass. Like an electric shock word ran through the nation that women had started a movement to show their disapproval of Japan by discarding silk stockings. As was to be expected, men everywhere pricked up their ears and registered incredulity and joy. Though the fact has been kept out of the public prints by the Stocking Trust, no problem facing the American man has seemed so nearly insoluble as that of keeping his womenfolk in silk stockings. The trouble, of course, arises from the fact that they are all made with that little irreversible zipper arrangement that generates the familiar runners, this being no less true of the expensive dollar-thirty-eight kind than of the forty-three-cent brands. That the zipper will work is guaranteed, the only question being how soon. Improved methods of manufacture are making them work sooner and sooner. It is this that has caused husbands and fathers of grown daughters to stop smoking and to wear frayed ties and five-year-old hats. Doctors report that, except among the very wealthy, the arrival of a girl baby is being regarded as an affliction because of her candidacy for silk stockings. But let us not warm up any more of this gloomy stuff. Brighter days are in the offing.

The new paragraph that begins here is addressed to the men. The ladies will stop reading at this dash.—Now, then, men, we must do what we can to encourage the movement for cotton stockings. Let us play up Japanese atrocities whenever we are at home and hint that the silkworms are somehow in on them. Let us speak affectionately of the little cotton worms that spin the snowy cotton. As for the faint-hearted souls who think that a revolution in stockings is out of the question, let them look back into history. Forty years ago it wasn't even supposed to be known that women wore stockings. Any allusion to the fact would have been improper. When the wash was hung on the line, the feminine stockings were carefully screened from the eyes of passersby by hanging bed-sheets and other innocent things all around them. Men passing a stocking counter in a store would look the other way and blush. Such conversations as this took place between mother and son: "John, I don't want to see you with that Jennie again. The idea! To bring that kind of a girl around when you come from such a fine family and when your Gramma Wuckopp's brother almost became a minister!"—"Why, mother, what's the matter with Jennie?"—"The matter? John, I hate to say it, but I guess I have to. Well—why—she showed her stockings when she was sitting in that chair. So there." That was the recessional for Jennie, and finally she was glad to marry a Mr. Nieselmueller who lit the oil lamps along the streets.

How the stocking situation has changed from that day to this! Why may it not change again if we make the most of the opportunity that Japan is giving us? Only we must pull to-

gether, plan wisely, and keep the knowledge of our plans from the opposite, or, as one might say, the contrary, sex.

The Ways of Russian Communism

ONE IS not likely to be much surprised at any unusual news that comes out of Russia. A country whose rulers boast of atheism and recognize no law except expediency and their own will and caprice, must be expected to give birth to strange monstrosities of principle and action. It was quite in keeping with the pathology of the whole communistic movement that, among other things, its leaders, who started out to bring about unity of thought and action by slaughtering millions who disagreed, or were suspected of disagreeing, with them, soon found themselves disagreeing with each other and conspiring for each other's ruin. The bitterest hostility developed between the two chief leaders after Lenin's death, Stalin and Trotsky, and after Trotsky had unsuccessfully tried to overthrow Stalin, he was banished. That left Stalin in control, and he proceeded to make himself dictator in illustration of Prince Buelow's dictum, "The guillotine of Robespierre is always followed in history by the sword of Napoleon." When anyone stood in Stalin's way, he was accused of being a Trotskyite and promptly "liquidated," or murdered. Presently Trotsky himself was formally accused, tried in his absence, and pronounced guilty of plotting the destruction of communism and Russia.

This last action proved just a little too much for some tender-hearted American friends of communism. They had not been unduly disturbed at the mass-murders in Russia, at the deliberate starving-to-death of entire villages and towns, at the most systematic inhumanity the world has ever seen. They had been broad-minded about these things. But to have such charges raised against Comrade Trotsky—that was too much! At that their indignation flamed, and they formed a Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky. Prof. John Dewey of Columbia University, a member of the Committee, declared that this matter constituted "a challenge to the conscience of the world." To meet this challenge, the Committee appointed a commission of five to try Trotsky on the charges raised against him. Three of the five (Prof. Dewey, Suzanne La-Follette, and Benjamin Stolberg) were members of the Defense Committee, but as members of the judicial commission they expected henceforth to be regarded as perfectly impartial judges. Last spring the commission met with Trotsky in Coyoacan, Mexico, and asked him about the charges. One of the members of the commission, Carleton Beals, resigned in disgust. The rest published their findings in December and, lo! found that Trotsky is innocent.

How is this for ridiculous farce!

Imagine a movie showing Al Capone and another gangster chieftain robbing, murdering and torturing as they please, in sweetest harmony, their friends considering all this quite normal. But by and by they fall out, and Al Capone is accused by the other gangster of double-crossing him. Now some of Al's friends go into action and proclaim publicly that saying such things about Al is "a challenge to the conscience of the world"—and so on. Wouldn't such a movie be considered too silly for words? And is the action of Prof. Dewey and the others any less silly? Doesn't it look as if communism deprived its friends not only of their religion and their moral judgment, but also of their common sense?

But the oddest thing is that, shortly after the appearance of the commission's report, Prof. Dewey declared in a speech that no good is to be expected of Stalin or of Trotsky either. And that makes one think Prof. Dewey is beginning to see light.

C.I.O.

EVERY person who is a friend of the American laboring man must lament the strife and discord which has arisen in the ranks of labor itself. All efforts to bury the hatchet and establish a unified labor front have thus far failed. And in the meanwhile the Committee for Industrial Organization has been widely condemned and denounced as an instrument deliberately devised by atheistic communism for the destruction of American institutions and the American way of life.

The C.I.O. should without qualification be condemned for every act of illegality. Its forceful leader, John L. Lewis, should be held in contempt if he allows personal ambition or personal animosity toward A. F. of L.'s Mr. Green to divide American labor into warring camps. Whatever elements of Russian communism may have found their way into the C.I.O. or any other circles should be summarily dealt with as un-American, un-Christian, and inhuman, and be shown the kind of consideration commonly accorded rattlesnakes.

But when all this is granted, it yet remains to be said that the C.I.O. could come into existence only because there was a crying need which was not being met. The American Federation of Labor may well be charged with gross neglect. It had come to be something of a class organization. It cared for those skilled in trades, the plumber, painter, carpenter, bricklayer, but it overlooked the millions who lived as helpless cogs in the complex machines of modern American industries. These were unorganized and lacked the advantages of collective bargaining. Then came the C.I.O., and millions accepted its leadership in order to gain by organization what they could not attain by individual action: decent working conditions, decent hours, decent pay.

Whatever one's personal emotional

reactions may be to the C.I.O., its leaders, and its methods, the truth is that it stands there as an unanswerable argument to the fact that men who will not deal with others as they should like to be dealt with themselves, are likely to have strange, costly, and painful experiences.

Higher Standards for Radio Programs

WHEN George Henry Payne, member of the Federal Communications Commission, recently spoke before the National Conference on Educational Broadcasting in Chicago, he advocated improvements in radio program standards with which every intelligent citizen must be in accord. Mr. Payne's declaration that the average radio program is addressed to an intelligence possessed by a child of 12 is no news, but his insistence that this standard must be raised is refreshing and laudable.

Mr. Payne answers the question: What shall we do with radio?

"We must establish in practice what has been accepted in theory and law, that the radio waves are the inalienable property of the public. Program standards must be established corresponding to technical standards.

"The broadcaster should be required at regular intervals to account for his stewardship, and if he has not met the standards set, the frequency he enjoys should be thrown into the public domain and made available for assignment to those who can and will meet the program standards, for program standards are far more important than technical standards. Technical standards are only a means to an end, whereas programs are an end in themselves.

"I hope that all this can be done by the Federal Communications Commission under the existing law. If it cannot, then further legislation may be necessary."

Assuming that the primary purpose of the radio is entertainment, he adds, "we must also make a parallel assumption that such entertainment should be worthy of civilized human beings and not tainted by commercialism or propaganda. There is, of course, no valid reason why an educational program, unless it is about relativity or the conjugation of the Greek verb, cannot be made entertaining enough to attract a large group of intelligent people. We hope such minorities have not as yet lost all privileges and rights, even if their buying power is small."

Pointing out one of the gravest dangers of our present radio standards, Mr. Payne concludes:

"There is the danger that radio and the movies will in time make us a nation of grown-up children. An intelligence which befits a child of 12 is a beautiful thing when found in a child of 12, but not in a child of 30.

"If I seem to be excessively critical

of the commercial broadcasters, it is principally because I believe that it is their duty to give immediate practical help towards the solution of this important cultural problem. While it will be necessary to make studies in radio, the vital problem is to create machinery which will build good programs and put them on the air.

"More than two years ago, I suggested that educational and civic groups should organize for the purpose of creating such machinery. I am happy to say that my suggestion has been followed and that specific plans looking forward to coöperative action have been developed.

"As I see it, it is in this direction that the hopes of educational broadcasting lie."

The Dean Has No More Terror

PROF. OTTO HELLER, Dean emeritus of Washington University, has some mordant remarks on evasive stunts which have recently been taking the place of real education. He suggests that instead of the haughty "No pasaron!" (They shall not pass!) school houses will soon have over their entrance the strange device, "Let All Pass." He refers to the proposal of a school official of New York City who had learned from a school principal that one of his boys had been for three years on an involuntary sit-down strike in the ninth grade and there was no prospect of his moving up. It so happened that this chap was put to work cleaning the wall paper in the classroom. It was also observed that other boys were voluntarily employed in painting furniture, polishing automobiles, etc. Now, then, Whereas All activities are equally educative, and Whereas schoolboys are always up to doing something or other, Therefore, Be It Resolved, There is no reason why a boy should be denied promotion in grade just because he cannot keep up with his studies. The proposal has been favorably reported out of committee.

In Chicago something of a tempest has been created in educational circles since the effect of Superintendent Johnson's no-failure program has been observed. An elementary teacher has told the public that in one of the schools the faculty was notified (in meeting) that children whom it would be impossible to promote because their work falls too far below the grade standards, but who yet must be promoted so that the records of the school would meet with favor in the eyes of the superintendent, were to be demoted at this time and then passed on again at the end of the term. It is said to work out this way: A child who under normal conditions would repeat 6A must under the new plan be demoted to 6B and then be "promoted" to 6A, where he would spend the next semester. Elsewhere we read that the principle underlying this program is the financial cost of

failure in class. "It is costly to fail students." This does not seem to make sense. If the law requires, as it does, that the child must be in school until he is sixteen, what is the difference if at that age he is in the first or fourth year of high school?

We are fast heading toward Balkan state conditions. A news letter of the American Colleges in the Near East, just circulating in the press, tells of the celebrations in honor of the birth of an heir to the throne of Bulgaria, on the morning of June 16. "A public holiday of three days was declared. In the schools the holiday was extended to five days, just at the time when the final examinations were to begin. Another interesting feature of the celebration was the declaration of the Ministry of Public Instruction that the scholarship mark of students in all schools would be raised by one point. The marking system in Bulgaria is on the basis of six. According to the special regulations, a student who had a mark of four was automatically raised to a mark of five, and so with all other marks. As this made it impossible for any student to fail to pass, the final examinations of the year were rendered useless." Quite a pill for our Bulgarian colleagues, but after all not as subversive of certain fundamental conceptions of education as the attitude toward classroom, teacher, and grades displayed by the pupil in the Chicago grammar school who said to his class-mate, "All you have to do is go down town if your teacher gives you a D."

Logic and the New Deal

THE President has charged that certain rich malefactors have deliberately brought on the present recession in order to discredit the policies of the New Deal, especially the imposition of heavy taxes on business. Mr. Hearst editorially ridicules these charges. Is it reasonable, he asks, to suppose that there are men who would destroy their own prosperity and sabotage the businesses which they have built up at great labor and sacrifice, just to spite the New Deal? This argument seems to have gained considerable currency, even among intelligent people. But how lame and feeble it really is! It assumes, for one thing, that the men in question are men whose welfare is bound up with the success of business enterprises. What if they should, on the contrary, be mere manipulators who will gladly wreck any business, or, for that matter, the whole country, if they can profit by it? Or is it inconceivable that even such men as Mr. Hearst has in mind might stage a business recession in the shrewd expectation that they could thereby compel a revision of their taxes and so, in the end, more than recoup their losses? Such things have happened before. Regardless of how one may feel about the New Deal in general, poor logic is poor logic, and the very fact that Mr. Hearst can do no better than offer such a naïve argument, makes one wonder whether all is as it should be with those whose spokesman he is.

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

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

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Collect for Peace

THE Pilgrim is going nowhere tonight—except on that universal journey marked by the ticking of the clock. . . . Beyond the frosted window the silence of the snow is in the land and the time of quiet has come. . . . It is a night made for doing nothing. . . . Surely everyone who lives in these alien years must face at times the sharp want of something like these nights of brightness and snow—the need for permanence and peace and the turning of the mind to the record and remembrance of things lasting and eternal. . . . It is only from a high and quiet place that one can put things in their proper order. . . . Day after day we see God striking into history in the judgment of events, but the rustle of His garments as He sweeps through the immensities of time is lost in the dull murmur of routine. . . . Only on nights like these, when the light falls warm on the sacred page, can one forget the welter of strife and steel and the voices of those who see life only in black and red. . . .

In such hours we turn like a prisoner released to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the Holy Gospel according to St. John. . . . Everything we need is there —from the eternal answer to all the Kyrie Eleisons of the world "Let not your heart be troubled" to the eternal Hallelujah "I have overcome the world." . . . We need nothing beyond that. . . . His candles fill the night and in the smallest room the company of cherubim stand by. . . . Something lost returns and there is new strength for all the unbearable things that men must bear. . . .

And so—as the clock points to the beginning of another day we turn to the greatest prayer ever spoken by lips not inspired—the Collect for Peace at the close of the Order for Vespers—so often read, so seldom heard: "O God, from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: Give unto Thy servants

that peace, which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen."

Peace is there and nowhere else. . . . Two years ago Dorothy Kissling, who seems to know that, wrote for the second Friday in Lent:

"Master, receive me in Thy way,
For I am spent who followed mine;
Seal me from every alien sway,
Close to me every door but Thine.

And if Thou wilt, I journey on,
And if Thou wilt not, bid me wait;
It is enough for me to know
Whose hand it is that bars the gate.

It is enough that Thou art here;
No other joy is joy to them
Who wake from sleep and find Thee near,
Whose lips have touched Thy garments' hem."

Words and Music

THE year of our Lord 1938 is now well on its way. . . . For two months, then, we have had time to meditate at odd moments on the mordant irony of the closing lines in *The Education of Henry Adams,* one of the most important books ever written in America. . . . It was the year 1918. . . . Mr. Adams was saying farewell for himself and his two friends, King and Hay: "Education has ended for all three, and only beyond some remoter horizon could its values be fixed or renewed. Perhaps some day—say 1938, their centenary—they might be allowed to return together for a holiday, to see the mistakes of their successors; and perhaps then, for the first time since man began his education among the carnivores, they would find a world that sensitive and timid natures could regard without a shudder." . . . Stay where you are, Mr. Adams—it is a day when "the keepers of the house tremble and strong men bow themselves and those that look out of the windows are darkened, and the mourners go about the streets. . . ."

A wave of the hand to the unknown author of a few lines we have stared at these many days:

"The greatest heroes that I know
Are those who are afraid to go
But go" . . .

Passing note. . . . It is time to express some grave doubts over the manner in which the phrase "He is a man of conviction" is almost universally used as the final accolade it is possible to bestow on a man. . . . We have heard it applied to the most hare-brained negativists, the most fearsome obscurantists, the squeakiest wheels on the wagon of progress. . . . A man stands up and is against everything—and we mumble admiringly "He is a man of conviction." . . . It is simply not true that the mere possession of "strong convictions" is cause for

cheering. . . . The convictions must be true and right and good before they are worth the slightest attention. . . . The devil is also a person of conviction. . . .

On the Fine Art of Getting Socked

LONG ago when life was young and fair we spent every moment that could be spared from parochial school, Sunday school, and the manifold duties devolving upon the preacher's kids, on the streets of New York. . . . Years later when we first heard of Darwin's struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest we brought to it a profound and sympathetic understanding. . . . In fact, our entire existence was world history in miniature. . . . There were pogroms, undeclared wars, snipings, contraband goods, bombings, international insults between the Rosenbaums and the Galottis, and incessant guerrilla warfare. . . . In all these matters the preacher's kids (it may be said at this late date) were enthusiastic participants. . . . Perhaps the only difference was that they entered a fight a little cleaner behind the ears (especially on Sundays) than the Goldsteins and the Fracchias. . . . When it was all over all racial and national lines had been wiped out in the common problem of torn stockings, bloody noses, and the immediate need for explaining matters to an older generation waiting at home for the preacher's kids, the Rosenbaums, and the Galottis with the fine impartiality of razor strops. . . .

Yet there were fights in which we had only an academic interest. . . . When the Crotona Avenue gang came across the Tremont Avenue tracks in order to wreak bloody vengeance for insults from the Kossowsky kids we watched with a cool detachment which would have pleased our Sunday school teacher. . . . It wasn't our fight—and our only interest was the observation of new and fascinating techniques which might be of value at another time. . . . With an enthusiasm undimmed by the years we still remember the day when the Crotona Avenue gang introduced rotten cantaloupes as a substitute for tomatoes. . . . It was magnificent. . . . Since cantaloupes were much heavier and larger than tomatoes they required closer infighting, but when they were delivered from above, especially from the roof of Mr. Antonio Cateatti's woodshed, they were enormously effective. . . . We still consider it a tribute to our military acumen that we immediately recognized their value. . . . Thereafter the preacher's kids, much to the bewilderment of the older generation, unanimously demanded cantaloupes for breakfast every morning. . . .

But that is not what we had set out to say. . . . Memory is running away with purpose. . . . The point is that nine times out of ten our

most tragic defeats came in battles in which we had started out as an innocent bystander. . . . Inevitably and invariably we were drawn in—and inevitably and invariably we immediately got conked on the beezer. . . . Every military strategist will recognize the general truth of this. . . . The casual spectator is not prepared for war. . . . He is always in danger of being attacked by both sides. . . . Hate, like love, has a strange way of veering suddenly. . . . And so, again and again, the satisfying noises of squishing cantaloupes and tearing pants would be supplanted by the battlecry "Let's get the preacher's kid"—and from that moment things began to grow very sad. . . . We shall never get over the stubborn unbelief with which the older generation greeted our excuse: "I wuz just standin' there and they jumped on me." . . . From those days comes our axiomatic belief that the innocent bystander always gets the dirty end of the stick. . . .

Whenever we have forgotten that axiom, trouble has followed. . . . Readers of THE CRESSET may remember that last month (in the *Editor's Lamp*) we cautiously approached the war between *The Alembic* and the *Music Column*. . . . Honestly, we did no more than look over the fence to see what was going on. . . . We said that we had heard something like "The Ballad of Unhatched Chickens" and we did not like it. . . . And what happens? . . . Our music critic turns on us and we get socked on the beezer. . . . In the first place, he avers, it was not "Ballad" but "Ballet" that we heard. . . . In the second place, Moussorgsky's little number by that name is one of the finest examples of humorous music. That's that. . . . The noise you hear is the squish of cantaloupes. . . .

And yet—harking back to the philosophy of the streets of New York—now that we're in the fight we may as well stick around. . . . What, after all, is the difference between "Ballad" and "Ballet"? . . . We thought the unhatched chickens were singing and our music critic tells us that they were dancing. . . . That is precisely the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. . . . Either way, we submit, they present a problem which would not have occurred to Bach and Beethoven. . . . As for humor in music, well—we shall have something to say about that when we know something about it. . . . Our supply of cantaloupes is not what it used to be. . . .

Staff's End

EVERY worker with words will sympathize with the novelist who recently wrote his editor concerning his difficulties with the word "psychiatry": "I can't spell it because I can't find it in the dictionary, and I can't find it because I can't spell it." . . . And was it Mr. Dooley

who said: "I never made but one mistake in grammar in my life, and as soon as I done it I seen it"? . . .

A letter in the austere *London Times* presents a not uncommon error of males when they are confronted with the mysteries of feminine makeup: "Recently I visited the seaside," says the writer "and was flattered to find myself the object of attentive curiosity, until I realized that the ladies who met me with arched eyebrows were not surprised or delighted, but merely plucked, and therefore incapable of any other expression." . . .

There is no truce in the Pilgrim's war on Dorothy Thompson. . . . Fortunately we have found an unexpected and anonymous ally in Detroit who forwards a book review by Miss Thompson in which the following sentence occurs: "But Minna, though the daughter of an innkeeper, might have been the child of a Lutheran pastor for all she knew of cooking." . . . Again Miss Thompson is talking through her hat—and her talk is as fantastic as her hats. . . . That's bad.

Not so long ago Sinclair Lewis called needed attention to Thoreau's attack on Dale Carnegie's vaporings eighty-two years before *How to Win Friends and Influence People* was published. . . . In *Walden* Thoreau wrote: "It is very evident what mean and sneaking lives many of you live. . . . lying, flattering, contracting yourselves into a nutshell of civility or dilating into an atmosphere of thin and vaporous generosity, that you may persuade your neighbor to let you make his shoes or his hat . . . making yourselves sick that you may lay up something against a sick day." . . .

Jotting at midnight. . . . There seems to be deadly parallel between a modernistic sermon and Guy Lombardo's orchestra playing Liszt's *Liebestraum*. . . .

And seldom have we seen anything better than John Jay Chapman's brief remark on the New Testament: "You cannot criticize it. It criticizes you."

Prosperity—Prophecy

"No long period of prosperity can be expected any more in this country. The rises and dips in the business cycles will be more and more frequent in the years to come until prosperity disappears altogether, then the nation will resort to war as Japan has done, as a desperate, although temporary remedy."—DR. SCOTT NEARING.

An educator says some sharp things about modern education—and proceeds to offer a solution which merits scrutiny—

Are We EDUCATED?

By P. E. KRETZMANN

Are We Educated?

WE Americans, generally speaking, think we are. In fact, the average American considers himself a member of the most enlightened nation on the face of the globe and is apt to look with condescension, if not with contempt, on the members of most other nations in the world. Our British cousins and the "Nordic" races of Europe may generally receive consideration as being on a level with us educationally, if not mentally or intellectually. But the people whose original or present homes are along the Mediterranean will usually not fare so well in the American estimate; in fact, here the comparisons are apt to become odious. Still farther down the scale of the educated are the people to the south of us, not only in Mexico and Central America, but especially in South America. In fact, a man who considered himself rather well-educated, asked, a short time ago: "Do they have universities and writers and newspapers and periodicals and similar evidences of civilization down there?" To which query we were tempted to answer, not only with biting sarcasm in general, but also with apologies for a civilization which measures its education in terms of many American periodicals in particular. It was only the sense of utter futility in presenting facts which prevented a vehement outburst. Yes, we Americans think we are educated; and we have not yet made reference to a possible comparison with states and nations in Africa and Asia. Is it possible that the ability to use the English language more or less correctly is regarded as the one essential characteristic of education, the fundamental requirement of true enlightenment?

Are we educated? We ought to be, if results may be measured in terms of the monetary investment. For, according to President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, our educational plant represents an investment of ten billion dollars, or about one-fourth of our present national debt.

Also, the schools of America cost the taxpayers and others the sum of two and one-half billion dollars annually, which is a staggering total even to one who once saw, at the World's Fair in San Francisco in 1915, one million dollars in double eagles, good government money, in one exhibit. To multiply the evidence there presented by 2500 and then to visualize the aggregate goes beyond the ability of the average bank president, to say nothing of one whose lot in life is cast in much humbler places. Yet this unbelievable amount is actually spent every year in what we fondly consider a legitimate effort to educate all the sons and daughters of our fair land, to give them all "an equal opportunity educationally," if we may be permitted to quote some current spread-eagle oratory. If we consider our investment and then calculate the amount allowed for current expenses (which, incidentally, includes only the upkeep of the buildings and equipment and the salaries), we Americans should be educated. We are not, at this time, going to indulge in a reverie on the classical example of an ideal education which would place Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and the American pupil (or student) on the other, for this would, obviously, be the lowest common denominator and might not let our discussion reach a functional stage.

What Is Education?

At this point, however, it may be well, before we proceed with this investigation or diatribe (we hope it will not degenerate into the latter), to present a definition—or at least an explanation of what we might agree on as a definition—or an explanation—of what might be understood by the term "education." Let us begin with this statement: "To be educated means to possess a sufficient body of information, together with training and skills, not only for making a living, but also for taking an intelligent and helpful interest in the ordinary affairs of life, social and political, to enjoy life in a clean and wholesome way, and to serve others." This may sound very academic, but we shall let it stand, for the present.

Parenthetically, we may also offer the two definitions of education found in the pedagogical writings of John Milton and frequently quoted. The first one reads: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war," which, as the American undergraduate might say, is a large order. The other definition, not so generally known, carries an appeal to most readers of these lines. He states: "The end of all education is for a child to gain the knowledge of God in Christ, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, and to grow like Him."

Let us now return to the definition given above and attempt, by at least a partial analysis, to understand what may be meant. Till now it has been

generally agreed, even in the circles of the most progressive educationists, that education must include a body of reliable information, in some way transmitted to an educable person. Opinions may differ as to the amount of such information, or the variety, and certainly as to the manner in which the transmission is to take place, but the fact remains that at least a nucleus of knowledge must be transferred from the store in the mind of the educator, or from a stated number of books, to the mind of the learner, for "an empty mind cannot think," and therefore material for at least a basis of thinking must somehow be supplied.

But it is just at this point that we encounter a difficulty. The human mind is not supposed to be a mere receptacle, but an organism; it is not merely to receive and store up the knowledge of the ages, but to make use of this knowledge, to apply it in a manner which will make it valuable to both the possessor and to others. The information of the past that is not, at least in some manner or fashion, brought into relation with the present, so as to have either a practical, a moral, or an esthetic value, will, in most cases, be little else but dead ballast. The person who is a walking encyclopedia only, will seldom render any great service to his fellowmen, no matter how much he may be admired for his intellectual achievement, or at least for the capacity of his memory and his ability to absorb a printed page.

The Functional Approach

Education, therefore, cannot consist merely in the transmission of information. A prime requisite, rather, is that knowledge acquired become functional, that it be a working capital. It should not only enable a person to make a living, but should also provide a training toward an intelligent and coöperative interest in the affairs of life. This will necessarily include emotional and social maturity, or a mental balance connected with spiritual maturity, all of which together will make for social poise. In other words, in the field of education we must add to cognition emotion, properly guided and controlled, and volition, under the restraint of freedom, and action, which culminates in the enjoyment of life and in the service of others.

How have our elementary schools, and our high schools, and our colleges, and our universities, and all our other educational agencies, of whatever kind they may be, met this objective of education? To what extent have they made systematic attempts to train their pupils and their students to see and understand the manifold problems of life and to find the right solution of these difficulties? Has the matter of the proper approach to children and young people been given the attention which it deserves in this connection? Are educators of all types constantly aware of the need of adequate motivation if the organism of their pupils' minds

is to function? Is the complaint justified that the minds of pupils and students are crammed with useless material? Is it true, as has been stated, that only from ten to twenty per cent of the material treated in classes in the various schools actually carries over into life? If so, then we have a strong indictment against education as at present carried on in our country.

But let us become even more searching in our inquiry. What does the definition of education as given above involve? If we intend to exalt thought above mere words what shall we do about education?

Perhaps it will be advisable to address ourselves first, or at least principally, to those in charge of education. According to President McAfee of Wellesley College, the educated man is one who thinks more than is necessary for mere existence. Professor Seyfert of Harvard would like to expand this definition by stating that an educated man is one who chooses to devote his mental powers and his accumulated experience to the solution of problems beyond those associated strictly with the grosser aspects of physical education; or, since the expression "physical education" has now been given a connotation of a specific technical nature, we might bluntly declare that the chief mark of an educated person is this that he has the ability to use his intellectual powers and his mental and social attainments for something beyond the making of a mere bread and butter existence.

Books vs. Persons

For the persons in charge of the education of others this means that, if our vision is clear, we must maintain that education does not start, as it surely should not end, with a book, but with a person; that it is not based primarily on words, but on needs; that it does not begin with a tool, but rather with a human situation. For that reason it is necessary constantly to set up learning situations which will lead the members of any group, no matter what its nature, in desirable directions. As Professor Geismar of Copenhagen says of Socrates, that his teaching consisted in awakening the self-activity of others, in helping them to independence of thinking on the basis of a clearly established need, so every human teacher must conform to the Socratic pattern; his art is merely the art of the obstetrician, and his task is to eliminate himself, to nullify his own authority, so that the pupil may learn to depend on himself, to go forward on his own initiative.

What will this call for, in any system of education, whether in the more formal schooling of the institutions which we call schools or in the more informal training provided in scores of organizations and societies that are more or less incidental in their efforts at offering phases of education? The answer is: Opportunity must be provided for every person to participate actively in solution-making as well as to listen to the solutions offered by

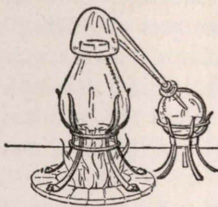
others; and we must concentrate upon the technique of problem-solving, at least in the same degree as we are now insisting on the answer to problems.

Adult Education

But we must also consider the side of the learner, if we would appreciate education in its full significance. Hitherto the notion has prevailed, has, in fact, largely governed educational institutions of all kinds, that education is a matter of childhood and youth. And the trouble with a great many people whose diplomas, neatly framed, are hanging on the walls of their offices or in the spare room, is this, that they stopped learning as soon as they had their diplomas and thus put the life of the mind behind them together with the worn-out shoes of yesteryear. But if we intend to have culture we are bound to realize that much of the education received in youth is necessarily repetitious. Just as emphatically must we get rid of the idea that adult learning is a deficiency-repairing project. The right viewpoint is this, that education should continue, in a more or less systematic manner, from the time of the first unfolding of the intellect until the mental decay of actual senility sets in.

Against the centrifugal forces of modern society, education, and civilization we must set a new evaluation of personality. In addition to that everyone who is truly concerned about the problem of education must himself explore, and assist others to explore the way to social health. All our educational agencies and institutions, of every degree and type ought to help those who have ears to hear and eyes to read so that they may apply the best results of all experiments in true living that have been made since the beginning of time, to the specific problems with which they are confronted. The American charter in education is an emancipation proclamation to liberate the individual from the fetters of a dead traditionalism, so that initiative and native leadership may emerge without impediment. If it were possible for all our schools and educational agencies to send people into this world supplied with glittering prescriptions of how to use unerringly the information which has been transmitted to them, then every person would be a success in his respective profession, business, or position in life. Obviously this is not the case, and the aim of every individual, whether connected with a school or not, must be to make some contribution to the application of the knowledge acquired. The educated mind, educated, if you please, in agreement with the points set forth, is better prepared to make such contributions than the untrained mind.

As for all the rest that might be said, we shall close with the remark: In the final analysis, the best education is one in which the learner has absorbed, and is able to apply, the eternal verities of the one absolute truth, the Word of God.



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*

Strange Quirks of Memory. I do not rate Charles I a saint in my personal calendar. He is not to me "St. Charles The Beloved," as he is to an Episcopalian order of monks down somewhere in Kentucky; and I do not covet the single red hair from the beard of Charles which they treasure as a relic. But whenever January 30 comes around, I remember that on that day (in the year 1649) Cromwell's sentence of execution was carried out on the British King.

I have a hard time remembering the birthdays of my children; but I never fail to observe such irrelevant anniversaries as the birth of Leibnitz, the taking of the Alamo, and the sinking of the *Titanic.* A hundred facts of true importance to me personally or professionally refuse to stick in the memory; I cannot for the life of me tell you the day of Luther's death, nor the year of the St. Louis tornado—which I witnessed, nor the date of my confirmation, without having recourse to some record.

Undoubtedly, a good psychoanalyst, by putting me through an hour's probing of my subconscious, could explain to me exactly how it came about that a groove has been worked in my brain synapses so that a date on the calendar pad will call to mind some particular event—events linked with no religious, material or sentimental interest to me. But there is one of these surgings up in the association area more simply accounted for. Whenever the 15th day of April is on the desk pad, the black headlines again rise up before the eye which on that day of the year 1912 announced the loss of the *Titanic* to the world. It is the story of Mrs. Futrelle that has staked the date in the memory. I see again the lighted port-holes of the liner form slanting parallel lines, and then go out by sections. The cries of those who died —the 1513 who went down with the sea queen—still echo down the years and across the triumphant sea.

She lies today where she plunged 26 years ago at the bottom of the North Atlantic. She was the floating palace, grander than all others; the luxury liner that couldn't sink, and it was her maiden voyage.

She was the $10,000,000 *Titanic.*

A quarter of a century has made the name a synonym for the uncertainty that underlies all certainty. For the *Titanic,* sleek, powerful, luxurious, couldn't sink—but she did.

It was exactly 2:20 A.M. on April 15, 1912, that the pride of the White Star Line surrendered to a placid sea and was swallowed whole. Just three hours earlier she had struck the submerged iceberg that had ripped her smooth body cruelly, mortally. No one had paid much heed then. The *Titanic* was unsinkable. There had been a grinding lurch. That was all. The card games continued. There was no break in the laughter that rang in the lounges; no pause in the rhythmic breathing of those sleepers who had retired early.

But in the wirelessroom!

White-blue sparks flashed the dreaded electric scream for help: "CQD; CQD!" Come quick! Distress!

Help was only 19 miles away. The steamship *Californian* was there, hardly more than an hour's run distant. But the wireless operator of the *Californian* had retired just a few minutes before. With death to starboard, the *Californian* ploughed steadily on its way, unaware. The steamship *Carpathia* heard, 58 miles away. "SOS—SOS—CQD—CQD," came the message. "We are sinking fast. Passengers are being put into boats." The *Carpathia* driving forward at full speed, accomplished the rescue of those 711 who had left the sinking *Titanic* in small boats.

This is the story of the loss of the *Titanic* as it was told by Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, wife of the well-known novelist and herself an author of distinction. No better story of this supreme tragedy of the sea has been written. Some parts of it attain to the highest standards of English narrative prose. There is space in THE CRESSET only for extracts.

"The *Titanic* was sailing on her maiden trip. We thought it a good adventure to go with her. The very afternoon before we started we made our decision, packed in a hurry, and just got on board. I remember that while we were throwing our last possessions into our bags I had a thought which made me faint for a second, and I expressed it to Jacques. I said: 'I'm a little afraid. This boat is new. She has never been tried out.' But he answered carelessly: 'Don't you ever worry about that. She'll never be so safe again as on this trip. They're out for a record every way. Besides, those big boats are practically unsinkable.' . . .

"The ocean, all the way, was like an inland lake. Crowds came on the pier at Cherbourg, and at Queenstown even the peddlers who crowded

about the ship with laces cheered us. The nights were so brilliant that you could see far ahead by starlight. We were very gay. No one was seasick, and we made a great occasion of the dinners. The women got out their new Parisian gowns and the men all dressed. . . . Sunday night came. We had started on the last leg of our trip; we were almost home, and eager to see home sights and faces, as people are at the end of a foreign trip. The dinner was the most beautiful I ever saw. We remarked that we might have been in a hotel ashore for all the motion we felt. You had to look out of the portholes to realize that you were at sea. Once we turned and drank toasts to the next table. Not a person at that table was alive in the morning.

"After dinner some of the passengers left the saloon for a turn about the deck. They came back reporting that it had turned freezing cold. I poked my nose out of doors to feel for myself. From a casual conversation I caught the one word, 'icebergs.' The night was so beautiful and everyone so gay that I wanted to sit up late; but a little after dinner Jacques was taken with a headache. I thought it best to go below with him. I saw him to bed and made him as comfortable as I could, and presently he fell asleep. I debated with myself over going back, decided that Jacques might need me, and ended by undressing. But I was so wide awake that instead of turning off the light I got out a novel and lay reading. Once or twice I nearly fell asleep over it, but as I was nearing the end I shook myself and went on reading. I had fallen into another sleepy spell when I felt a shock and a kind of shiver of the ship. It was so slight that it did not disturb anything, but I sat up in bed. I heard the engines pounding below—reversing. For about twenty seconds, I should say, this pounding continued. Then followed another shock, scarcely heavier than the first. We had struck the submerged part of the berg; it had bounded away from us and bounded back to rip out the bottom of the *Titanic*. . . .

"As I crossed the entry to our stateroom I saw men rushing down the passageway tying on life-preservers. With every moment the danger and my terror seemed to grow. But Jacques held me to my nerve by assuring me that he had looked into it and found it not serious; that going on deck was only a precaution. Sometimes I believed him and sometimes—I did not dare to think. At that very moment, I think, Jacques began to be a hero. From that time on he was sure of the worst and was facing what he had to do.

"Yet we dressed carefully, if swiftly. Jacques put on all his clothes, even to his eyeglasses. I even fastened on the brooch which held my sailor suit at the throat, and my belt pins. I pulled on a pair of warm gloves, I threw on my fur coat, I took a blanket-wrapper over my arms. I remember noticing my pretty dresses which I had bought abroad, and thinking how

little such things mattered now. In a drawer of the dresser lay my purse and a pearl necklace which we had got in Paris. I never thought of them, although the necklace was Jacques's last present to me. We did not even think of the manuscripts of four or five stories which we had finished abroad. . . .

"And as we stood there an officer came among us calling: 'Women remain here. Men back to B deck.' I had never thought of that before. It struck me all of a heap. But I remembered Jacques telling me that it was 'only a formality,' that the boats would stand by until they were sure that there was no danger, that the *Titanic* was the stanchest thing afloat and couldn't sink. All about, I suppose, men were struggling in this way with their women, but I did not know it. I was sensible only to my own agony. They knew, those brave men, as my husband knew, that there was only the slightest chance in the world for them, and that this parting of which they were making so light was probably forever. . . .

"The orchestra had come out on the boat deck, where there was a piano, at about the time when they launched the fourth boat. As we made our way across the deck they were playing 'Alexander's Ragtime Band'—to keep us moving, I suppose. Another officer picked me up and fairly threw me into the boat. . . .

"I never saw such a quiet, clear, beautiful night. It was dead calm, perfectly clear, brilliant with stars. The surface of the ocean was just heaving gently; there was not a ripple. The *Titanic* still floated, the rows of lights indicating her decks. We watched numbly to see if she was going to stay up. We talked it over as impersonally as though it had been no affair of ours. We encouraged each other with false hopes, while our eyes told us that the rows of lights were getting nearer and nearer the water. Only when we saw those rows of lights beginning to get aslant did we give up hope and sit dumb. The rows of lights began to go out by sections, as though some one had gone along the boat turning off the control switches one by one. But the night was brilliant, and they were setting off rockets continually. We could still see her great hulk. She began to settle by the nose. Then came two dull explosions. We saw her break in two. The bow, which had been pointing downward, dipped, turned up again, writhed and sank with the stern—exactly as though one had stepped on a worm. There we sat, dumb, moveless, we women, watching the execution of our heroic men. . . .

"I think we must have been a little crazy. Rather, I should say, that we were exalted with the very greatness of the tragedy and its heroism. . . .

"They must have sighted the *Carpathia,* and made sure of her, long before I realized it. When it did come home to me, I dared not look toward her. But I raised my head and perceived that dawn had broken—beautiful, rose-pink dawn.

"And there the cruelest, most wonderful sight I ever saw, were three great icebergs—one of them, doubtless, the murderer. From where we sat by the surface they appeared as tall as skyscrapers. The light made their spires and pinnacles glisten like rose quartz. And among them, near and plain, was a steamer, approaching under full steam *with her flag at half-mast. . . .*"

Two cartoons, from the pen of two masters of the craft, appeared in two New York dailies on the day following the loss of the *Titanic*. Macauley, in the New York *World,* outlines against a black sky the threatening figure of an iceberg bearing the resemblance of a scowling monster who uplifts his clenched fists over the doomed vessel. The idea conveyed by the artist's pen is obvious. Even without the subscription of the cartoon—"Reaching Out for His Prey"—it cannot be misunderstood. Malignant fate encompassed the great ship's ruin. Senseless horror, meaningless destruction. Every line of the cartoon preaches a resentful despair. "Have we not," said Edward J. Wheeler in *Current Literature,* "Have we not, by wireless telegraphy, water-tight compartments, collision bulk-heads, and double bottoms, rendered the perils of the sea a negligible quantity? And, in the midst of our pride, the vast ice-cap of Greenland breaks off a huge fragment and sends it scouting down the Atlantic, and behold! the finest floating structure ever made by the hands of man, throbbing with a tremendous power that responds to the touch of the master's finger-tips, equipped with electric nerves capable of hearing a message that is ticked off a thousand miles away, sinks with 1600 souls on board in three thousand fathoms of water, beaten and overwhelmed by this big, inert, blind, and senseless monster from the resentful Arctic Sea. It is humiliating. It is outrageous. It is unreasonable. One feels at first like lifting clenched hands toward high heaven in futile protest."

Mr. Wheeler gave point to his blasphemy by reprinting the *World* cartoon.

There was another cartoon which appeared on the day after the disaster. Hal Coffman, in the New York *Journal,* pictured a huge iceberg, against which, floating in mid-ocean, a four-funneled steamer is silhouetted. But look closely, the towering mass of ice, rising far above the vessel and extending into the depths below it, is shaped like a mighty hand, in the upturned palm of which the great liner rests. And the picture is inscribed: "In the Hollow of His Hand."

Sunk three-thousand fathoms deep; yet, Resting in His Hand. What a different conception from that of the grim, icy monster, reaching out for its prey!

As we look back we still refuse to read into this disaster a special judgment meted out to the White Star line for its ambition to own the finest

and largest vessel afloat. Yet there is no doubt that the tragedy of the *Titanic* had its moral implications.

It was man's sin that wrecked the great liner and murdered the more than fifteen hundred men and women for whom there was no way of escape. The newspapers were right when they insisted on this. The loss of the *Titanic* need not have been, and ought not to have been. That any such pressure should have existed, either from public sentiment or from the company's management, as to have occasioned the speed under which the steamer was running in waters known to be perilous from ice, was the result of men's sin. So was the fact that the number of life-boats carried was sufficient for only a fraction of the lives on board—even though such steamers were supposed to be "unsinkable." Had either or both of these two conditions been different, as they have been since and ought to have been before, there need have been no such disaster.

But how about the cartoon picturing the vessel "In the Hollow of His Hand"? That conception stands unassailable. God is Love. Nothing happens but by the ordering or permission of a loving God. By His ordering of permission the *Titanic* was lost.

"Have we any right to speak or think about God's love in connection with such a stupendous calamity? The mind seems almost to revolt from the merest suggestion of linking His love with such a horror." Yet there were those among the survivors of the *Titanic* who knew God well and trusted him to the uttermost, and who found even in the shock and sorrow of this experience the peace and comfort and joy that no earthly circumstances can molest.

We receive from such a calamity as that of the *Titanic,* what we bring to it. The mechanist and materialist brings his scepticism, and he carries home new shadows. The believer in a personal God who is Love, brings an unfaltering trust, and he receives a new accession to it. Even as in every calamity of life God invites us to find new evidences, new treasures, of His Love.

Mistakes Are Not Failures. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian or the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.—Robertson.

VERSE

Prayer of Consecration

Dear God,
Let me walk again the quiet ways
Of snow,
Or rains shaking out the garden's sachets.
You know
How best to tune me for a perfect song
And so,
Let me be a stillness in the throng
Of sounds
Which smash the quiet or whimper low;
Then splinter me,
Lips and heart, with the awful blow
Of Your music.
Pour me into the hands of the world
To be lost
Among siftings of dust and be whirled,
In a cloud stirred
By countless tramping feet, to an immortality.
Oh, God,
Be the everlasting Music and Musician for me!

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

The Prayer Eternal

Look out upon this meadow.
There is living green that changes with the breeze;
And where that gleaming flower
Looks through grasses intricately crossed and bent,
There lies a gem that grows, a pulsing jewel;
And in the silken wind there is a song
As subtle as the coming of a star—
The prayer eternal—
From man's deepest soul:
"Father, I thank Thee."

ROBERTA STEGER

—And Spring Again

It seemed so cruel now to leave you there
when well we knew
That soon the earth would chill your heart
and snow would cover you
That you should have to brave the storms
though cold the wind that blows
And we have faith that from it all
Some day shall come a rose . . .
We ached for you as day by day
you stood a soldier true
and wondered if perhaps the frost
Had killed the heart of you
But true to God's own promises
The birds began to sing
And new life echoed every song
For now we know 'tis spring
The tiny bud upon your stem
We know will soon unfold
And we God's miracle of love
Within our hand shall hold . . .
Dear Father, in our tangled life
plant Thou a rose
and let the storms of time and tide
some day disclose
If but in part; such beauty as
lies hidden in a rose . . .

ESTHER A. SCHUMANN

Stillness

What stillness is there
Like the stillness of snow?
—The stillness of a dream
The heart has let go.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

The Ability of Bruno Walter and Eugene Ormandy Is Discussed

As we resume our discussion of some of the prominent conductors of today, let us bear in mind first of all that music, like each and every one of the fine arts, flourishes in direct proportion to the number of sincere, enthusiastic, unpampered, and knowledge-hungry amateurs it enlists. This is but one of the many reasons why it is incumbent upon us to insist relentlessly and even ruthlessly on the highest standards in the work of those professionals who are looked up to as guides and mentors. We can have no truck with mere time-beaters and baton-wavers who rush in where angels fear to tread and thus prove to the hilt that a little learning is an exceedingly dangerous thing. Charlatanry and empty pretentiousness should be pilloried whenever and wherever they raise their ugly heads; but one of the most effective ways of doing so and one of the best ways to counteract the baneful influence exercised by fakers is a judicious use of the denuding and devastating power of silence. Critics who are not aware of the crushing might of the unspoken or unwritten word have not learned one of the most precious secrets of their craft.

One need not hesitate to speak in glowing terms about the phenomenal ability of Bruno Walter, the distinguished Jewish conductor who, in common with many other noted musicians of his race, was compelled to shake the dust of Germany from his feet when the Nazis came into power. Although Herr Walter is an excellent pianist, his fame rests not on his skill at the keyboard but on the potent magic of his baton. He is at home in the field of opera as well as in the purely orchestral literature. His readings show that he goes through a score with the finetooth comb of a painstaking scholar; yet the blunting and deadening taint of pedantry is always refreshingly conspicuous by its absence. To the thinking of this commentator, his masterful expositions of the limpid beauty of melody, harmonization, and part-writing, which set the symphonies and the operas handed down to us by the great Mozart in a class by themselves, are exemplary in the best sense of the term

and nothing short of electrifying in their persuasiveness.

Let us digress for a brief moment in order to point out that the works of no other composer will reveal the fundamental weaknesses of a conductor more sharply, more scathingly, and more cruelly than the symphonic and operatic masterpieces which are part of Mozart's inestimably glorious legacy to the world. These marvelously lucid products of the fertile brain of one of the most amazing geniuses of all time demand the utmost in clarity, precision, and penetrating insight. Woe unto the baton-wielder who makes light of their formidable difficulties! If he fails to recognize the fact that the artistic delivery of these compositions presupposes comprehensive and unfaltering mechanical dexterity in addition to the most conscientious attention to rhythm, phrasing, and dynamics, his performances will invariably expose him as a clumsy bungler. The quality of Mozart's music needs no advocates today, because its place in the scheme of things is too firmly established to be affected in any way at all by what any one of us may have to say or write; but it most assuredly cries out for deliverance from the manhandling fingers, bows, larynges, and batons of those concert-givers who are afflicted with the all-too-prevalent belief that it is not rigorously and almost tyrannically exacting in its demands. Strangely enough, we find biographers who belch forth the unspeakable drivel that Mozart was not what they are pleased to call an "intellectual." A plague on such ridiculously vapid reasoning!

Walter is an ideal conductor of the works of Beethoven. He renders unto Wagner the things that are Wagner's and unto Brahms the things that are Brahms's. In numerous instances, the frequently heard statement that the four symphonies given to us by that mighty shaker of the earth whose name was Johannes Brahms are cumbersome, abstruse, and turgid is directly traceable to the fact that so many leaders of orchestras have never learned that the subtly managed workmanship of these masterpieces, with their ingeniously devised cross-rhythms and their deftly spun contrapuntal texture, demands a highly specialized type of technical skill in addition to the *n*th degree of solid musicianship. To hear Walter's reading of the majestic Fourth Symphony is to realize to the full that this composition stands like an impressively towering monolith amid the endless profusion of gimcrackery and artifice with which so many glib tune-fabricators continue to cumber the good and longsuffering earth.

Music and Scholarship

♪ We may be convinced that the findings of Edward Lee Thorndike have conclusively exploded the age-old theory of the "transfer of training," or we may hold to the notion that Kurt Koffka's Gestalt psychology can be used as a potent counterblast to the tenets of those

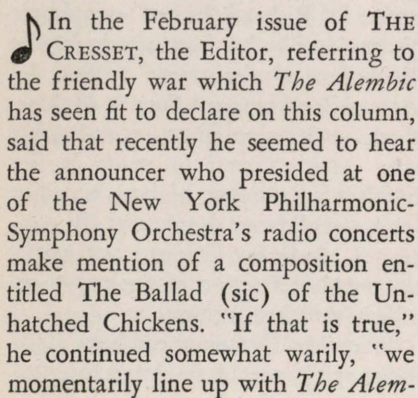
who do not set much store by the belief in the possibility of a "carry-over" in the learning-process; but whether we are asked to accept the conclusions of the methodical experimenter of Columbia University who has done so much to put the I.Q. on a pedestal in our land and who startled many of us with the marvelous "discovery" that satisfaction and rewards help us in our learning, or whether we decide to cling to views propounded by other schools of thought, the writer of this column does not blush to believe with every fibre of his being that scholarship and a broad cultural background are factors of inestimably great value in the equipment of a musician. Some years ago, he had a long talk with Eugene Ormandy, who at that time was the leader of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, but has since moved to Philadelphia. In the course of the conversation, the extraordinarily gifted violinist and conductor suddenly began to quote in the original from one of the satires of the nimble-witted Horace. As luck would have it, your commentator was able to complete the quotation, and naturally the deftly chiseled hexameters of the worldly-wise poet of ancient Rome turned the discussion to a consideration of the role which a liberal education can play in the achievements of those who devote their careers to music. Both Mr. Ormandy and this scrivener gave vigorous and whole-hearted expression to the conviction that breadth of learning is far-reaching in its helpfulness to a musician, and that those practitioners of the tonal art who sniff superciliously and self-complacently at other important fields of brain-activity are like the bright little boy who turned up his nose at delicious strawberries merely because he had never tasted them.

It is safe to say that Mr. Ormandy, who was educated in Budapest, has not yet reached the zenith of his unusual ability as a conductor. His readings of the works of Beethoven and Brahms still lack something of the perspicuity and the overwhelming eloquence with which Walter is able to instruct and edify us; but when he addresses himself to the symphonies of Tchaikovsky, his baton becomes surcharged with the compelling power of a conquering hero. There are times when he almost succeeds in convincing this reviewer that the neurotically inclined Russian was infinitely more than a second-rate composer. Mr. Ormandy has an exceedingly keen feeling for rhythm. He pierces to the core of the complicated scores of Richard Strauss' symphonic poems, and he has been a redoubtable champion of the music written by Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler, those two significant symphonists who have suffered so much at the hands of a number of hostile critics whose shallow and superficially concocted condemnations are not worth the smallest fraction of the paper on which they are written.

Since Mr. Ormandy conducts from memory, it would be interesting to

learn his reaction to what Igor Stravinsky has to say about this particular matter. The doughty Russian modernist writes: "Everyone knows that Toscanini always conducts from memory. This is attributed to his shortsightedness. But in our days, when the number of showy conductors has so greatly increased, though in inverse ratio to their technical merits and their general culture, conducting an orchestra without the score has become the fashion and is often a matter of mere display. There is, however, nothing marvelous about this apparent tour de force (unless the work is complicated by changes of tempo or rhythm, and in such cases it is not done, and for very good reasons) ; one risks little, and with a modicum of assurance and coolness a conductor can easily get away with it. It does not really prove that he knows the orchestration of the score." (Stravinsky. An Autobiography. Simon and Schuster. New York. 1936).

There Came a War



In the February issue of THE CRESSET, the Editor, referring to the friendly war which *The Alembic* has seen fit to declare on this column, said that recently he seemed to hear the announcer who presided at one of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra's radio concerts make mention of a composition entitled The Ballad (sic) of the Unhatched Chickens. "If that is true," he continued somewhat warily, "we momentarily line up with *The Alembic.*" It is unfortunate that this particular reason was advanced, because it so happens that the work in question is one of Modest Moussorgsky's Pictures at an Exhibition which have been orchestrated with such amazing skill by the late Maurice Ravel. The title is Ballet (not Ballad) of the Unhatched Chickens. It is based on a drawing by Victor Hartmann, a gifted Russian artist and architect, and was written more than 50 years ago. By no stretch of the imagination can Moussorgsky be looked upon as an exponent of modern trends in music. Many regard him as the greatest of all the Russian composers even though he did not possess the technical skill of a Tchaikovsky, a Rimsky-Korsakoff, or a Rachmaninoff. The Ballet of the Unhatched Chickens is a remarkable example of the expression of humor in music.

The feathers of this column have not been ruffled by the first attack of *The Alembic.* One who ventures even to hint that the works of Sibelius are to the slightest extent either influenced by or expressive of what some are in the habit of calling Dadaism reminds your commentator of the three blind men who indulged in a heated discussion concerning the appearance of an elephant. It is evident that the author of *The Alembic* should hear the great Finn's seven symphonies again, and it is equally apparent that his acquaintance with modern music is a secondary matter in the wide range of his interests. His

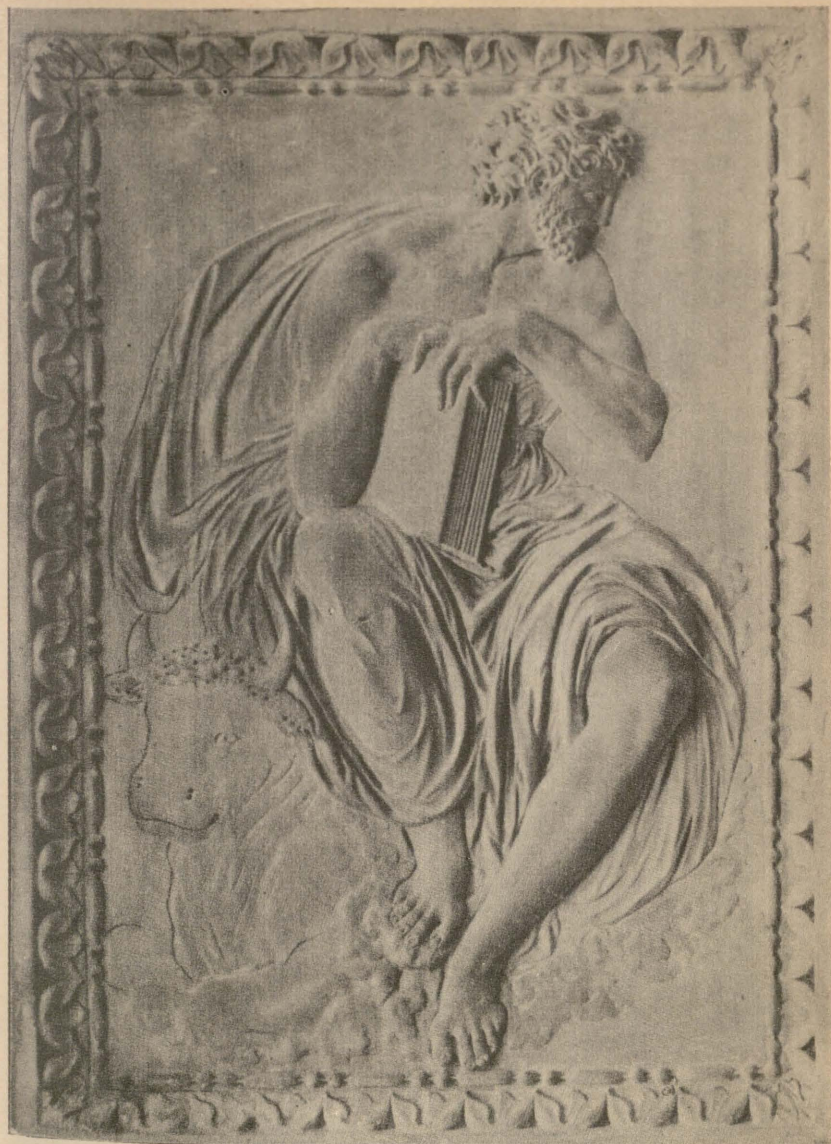
(Continued on page 41)

From "Deutsche Dorfkirchen."

Some of these beautifully simple churches are found throughout Germany. Their graceful proportions are due, undoubtedly, to the skill of native builders who had experience in erecting houses and other structures under the difficulties of mountainous country. This Church in Durnholz (Sarntal) dates back to the XV century and shows the transition from Romanesque to Gothic in the tower.

Courtesy of the Louvre, Paris.

"Diana with the Deer," ascribed to Jean Goujon, shows, under the skillful lighting of the photographer, the fine artistry which characterized Goujon's work, both secular and religious. The Louvre is undoubtedly the most important as well as the largest art museum in the world and we are happy to be able to bring some of its lesser known treasures to our readers.



Courtesy of the Louvre, Paris.

"The Four Evangelists" have been favorite subjects for the artists of all centuries. Jean Goujon has in the four reproductions offered on this and succeeding pages brought fine understanding to the figures of these great men and to the symbols which identify them. St. Luke is here identified by the Ox, because he exalts the sacrifice of Christ.

Courtesy of the Louvre, Paris.

ST. MARK is symbolized by the Lion, because he opens his Gospel by describing St. John the Baptist as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Sometimes the lion was used to symbolize the Resurrection, since the lion was once thought to be born dead, and only raised to life on the third day by the voice of its parent.

Courtesy of the Louvre, Paris.

The symbol of the eagle is ascribed to ST. JOHN, because his Gospel soars continually on the highest plane. The eagle also symbolizes the Ascension of our Lord.

Courtesy of the Louvre, Paris.

The winged man is typical of ST. MATTHEW who traces the human descent of our Lord so thoroughly in his Gospel. When properly used, as in medieval times, on crosses, book-covers, etc., the symbol of St. John is at the top, St. Luke at the bottom, ST. MATTHEW on our Lord's right and St. Mark on the left. Occasionally ancient baptismal fonts are found supported by the foot of a man, the paw of the lion, the hoof of the ox and the claw of the eagle.

From Histoire de l'Art.

This powerful and vigorous bust of Scipio Africanus, the Younger, by an unknown artist of Italy, shows the high development of this type of portraiture at the close of the XV century. The work is worthy of the man represented. A genuine soldier, whose conquests included proud Carthage and stubborn Numantia, he was, nevertheless, also the chief speaker in Cicero's "De republica." The plaque is at present in the collection of the heirs of Paul Rattier.

From Histoire de l'Art.

Leonardo da Vinci is known principally for his paintings, although all who have read Dmitri Merejkowski's beautiful story *Leonardo da Vinci* will know him as a many-sided genius. This statue in gold bronze is one of the most beautiful examples of delicate modelling remaining from the golden age of the arts. It is at present in the Andre collection.

(Continued from page 32)
sword will leave us untouched and unrepentant. Nevertheless, differences of opinion in matters pertaining to the arts tends to add much zest and interest to our life on what Shakespeare calls "this terrestrial ball."

CODA

Arturo Toscanini has been the most important figure in the current radio season. But let us be on our guard lest we permit whatever critical discernment we may have accumulated in our brain cells to be warped by consideration of the fact that NBC is reported to have paid him $4,000 per broadcast in addition to an allotment for his income tax.

Those who declare with unctuous and dictatorial glibness that each and every one of Toscanini's readings is pointedly and positively the last word in perfection are doing a service neither to the great conductor himself nor to the art of music. When the nimble-tongued Dorothy Thompson wrote in one of her syndicated articles that the maestro "knows by heart, bar by bar, note by note, passage by passage, backward and forward, every scrap of the great symphonic and operatic literature of the world," she was resorting to a type of adulation which can do an artist infinitely more harm than good. Does the wife of the clever Sinclair Lewis expect sincere and well-equipped students of music to swallow the arrant nonsense contained in her fulsome pronouncement? We know that Toscanini's memory is nothing short of marvelous; yet even he, with all his fabulous mastery, cannot hope to have all the great music of the world stored away in his brain. He, too, has his shortcomings, just as he has his decided predilections.

When I ventured to say to an internationally famous pianist some time ago that, in my opinion, the Latin elements in Toscanini's makeup operate to prevent him from giving unassailably authentic expositions of the works of Brahms, the immediate response was: "I believe you are right." Up to the time of this writing I have listened intently to every one of Toscanini's broadcasts, and it would be falling foul of the truth to say that his reading of Brahms' First Symphony was not glorious in more than one respect. Yet I prefer Bruno Walter's conception of the great masterpiece. It may lack Toscanini's absorbingly sinuous lines, but it contains more of the authentically Brahmsian "guts."

Toscanini has conducted masterful performances of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Richard Strauss' Tod und Verklaerung, Sibelius' Second Symphony, Haydn's Symphony No. 98, and of that magnificent example of Wagner's contrapuntal wizardry, the Prelude to Die Meistersinger, but his exposition of Schubert's Symphony in C Major was somewhat Italianized and a bit coldblooded in spite of the fact that each and every measure was projected with crystalline clarity and

with ravishing tonal beauty. Under the Italian's baton, the work failed to sing in the best Schubertian manner. Many will disagree violently and declare with fullthroated conviction that such a statement is heresy of the rankest kind. Perhaps they will follow the example of *The Alembic* and come forth to measure swords.

In Defense of Schubert

The mention of Schubert brings to mind the frequently expressed notion that the miraculously gifted melodist was more or less amateurish in his craftsmanship. It would be fine fun to pulverize the hollow arguments of those writers who persist in maintaining that Schubert was not a master of form, who shout from the dignified folds of their academic accoutrements that his harmony lacked finish, who croak out of the depths of their hidebound pedantry that his counterpoint was crude, and who berate him for what they are pleased to call his repetitiousness; but it gives one infinitely greater pleasure to observe how the intrinsic strength and beauty of Schubert's music invariably drive all the would-be-wise detractors back into their little holes.

Toscanini's exhumation of the dry bones of the scholarly Ferruccio Busoni's stillborn Rondo Arlecchinesco and his delivery of Cherubini's pallid and incurably anaemic Overture to Anacreon were interesting from an archaeological point of view. Of far greater significance was Eugene Ormandy's superb and rhythmically buoyant performance of Lucien Caillet's excellent orchestration of the venerable Dietrich Buxtehude's Passacaglia in D Minor for Organ. I happened to be in a box in Carnegie Hall last Spring when the fascinating transcription had its New York premiere at a concert of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Ormandy. It was more than a pleasure to hear a performance by way of the ether lanes.

For many reasons, Rossini's Barber of Seville happens to be one of your commentator's favorites among the operas of Italian vintage. These paragraphs are being written but a short time after a broadcast of the work from New York's glamorous "Met," and its delightful melodies persist in trying to insinuate themselves into the rhythm of the sentences.

A few days ago, I had the opportunity to speak with Vladimir Golschmann, the capable conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. "I believe you are partial to modern music," I made bold to say. "No," he replied, "I couldn't say that I am partial. But we are living in modern times. Therefore we must reckon with modern music." "Don't you think," I went on, "that we should be sympathetically inclined toward what the moderns are doing?" His answer was: "By all means!"

In three of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra's concerts, broadcast by CBS, Georges Enesco has shown that he is a more sensitive musician than John Barbi-

rolli. His impressive readings of Beethoven's Eroica Symphony and of the Fantastic Symphony, by Hector Berlioz, were exhilarating experiences, and his performance of Edward MacDowell's symphonic poem, Lancelot and Elaine, served to strengthen this writer's conviction that the world is still waiting for a truly great American composer to appear upon the scene. MacDowell's music is fading rapidly.

Recommended Recordings

Readings by Bruno Walter

Gustav Mahler. Das Lied von der Erde. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra with Charles Kullman, tenor, and Kerstin Thorborg, contralto. Columbia Album 300.

Johannes Brahms. Symphony No. 3, in F Major. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor Album M-341.

Johannes Brahms. Symphony No. 4, in E Minor. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-242.

Richard Wagner. Act 1 of Die Walkuere. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra with Lotte Lehmann, soprano, as Sieglinde, Lauritz Melchior, tenor, as Siegmund, and Emanuel List, bass, as Hunding. Victor Album M-298.

Ludwig van Beethoven. Leonore Overture No. 3. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor discs 11958 and 11959.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Symphony in E Flat Major (K. 543) B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-258.

Readings by Eugene Ormandy

Gustav Mahler. Symphony No. 2, in C Minor (Resurrection Symphony). Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra with the Twin City Symphony Chorus and Corinne Frank Bowen, soprano, and Ann O'Malley Gallogly, contralto. Victor Album M-256.

Anton Bruckner. Symphony No. 7, in E Major. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-276.

Arnold Schoenberg. Verklaerte Nacht. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-207.

Johann Strauss. The Music of Johann Strauss. Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-262.

Peter Ilych Tchaikovsky. Symphony No. 6, in B Minor (Pathetic Symphony). Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Victor Album M-337.

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

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

The Decline and Fall of Sinclair Lewis

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran and Company, New York. 1938. $2.50.

ONCE upon a time everyone who waited for the appearance of the Great American Novel thought that it would finally come from the pen of Sinclair Lewis, native of Sauk Center, Minnesota, author and creator of *Babbitt,* and the fair-haired boy of American literature. With his first major novel, *Main Street,* he had caught all the immemorial smugness, meanness, and inertia of the American small town and had presented a memorable rebel in the person of Carol Kennicutt. Two years later *Babbitt* immortalized the business man of the booster and bathtub gin era and helped to relegate the type to the limbo of forgotten things in American life. In its acid portrayal of the greed and ambition which haunted sections of the medical profession, *Arrowsmith* (1925) did another job that needed doing. But *Arrowsmith* was already weaker than *Main Street* and *Babbitt.* Its saving grace was the creation of Mr. Lewis' greatest feminine character in the person of the lovely and lovable Leora. And yet the man had power. A sharp eye for the weaknesses of American life, a delicate ear for the nuances of American speech, a sure gift for remarkable character creation, and a style that could crackle or chant—surely here was equipment sufficient to produce the Great American Novel, if not of all time, then at least of the twentieth century.

But nothing like that happened. *Arrowsmith* was Mr. Lewis' last novel. In 1927 he released all his stifled venom against religion and the Church in *Elmer Gantry.* This caricature was not a novel; it was a tract, and not a very good one at that. It was maudlin, stupid, and vulgar. The cheers from the critics became noticeably thinner and more reminiscent. Only H. L. Mencken remained loyal. But even he began to choke when *Dodsworth* (1929) showed an alarming decline in Mr. Lewis' powers of perception. *Ann Vickers* (1933) and *It Can't Happen Here* (1935) only confirmed the worst suspicions of the critics. Weak and flaccid, these two novels fell flat with a resounding thump. True, there were occasional flashes of the old power, particularly in *It Can't Happen Here,* but the vitality and truth and excitement of the earlier novels had fled.

In *The Prodigal Parents* the decline and fall of Mr. Lewis is complete. The hero is Frederick William Cornplow, dealer in automobiles of Sachem Falls, New York. He is an amiable, shrewd, apparently unimaginative business man. Mr. Cornplow has a son, Howard, who is like "a Norse god with eyes like the Baltic

Sea in summer, and a face handsome as a magazine cover and stupid as a domestic carp." (Which, by the way, is the best bit of descriptive writing in the book.) Howard is also a parlor pink. Ditto for the daughter Sara, a selfish and stupid bluestocking. Between them, these two lovelies make life miserable for father, always asking for food, moral support and money. Together they take up with Eugene Siga, a silly caricature of all Communist agitators, but, in the words of Mr. Lewis, "dangerous as a rattlesnake." These three are supposed to represent Modern Youth and the New Generation. Actually they are Mr. Lewis' exercises in taxidermy. He sets them up (not very successfully) and then proceeds to knock the stuffing out of them by sending Cornplow and his placid wife Hazel into a rebellion against this revolt of Modern Youth. The parents finally go off to find the Golden Road to Samarkand, wander about Europe, and return home in time to untangle a few threads which must be straight before there can be a happy ending. Sara marries her boss, Howard recovers from acute alcoholism, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick William Cornplow settle down (presumably) to life's evening in Sachem Falls.

The entire business is extremely puzzling. If Mr. Lewis were only presenting a pot-boiler to tide him over the winter and spring, there would be little reason for indignation, even though the *Saturday Evening Post* might have paid him more than he will get out of *The Prodigal Parents* in book form. But there is more in this book than pot-boiling. Mr. Lewis is trying to say something and has lost the power to say it. He seems to feel that there is "a revolt of modern youth" against which parents should take action. Well, perhaps there is, but it is not being engineered by such sillies as Howard and Sara. Mr. Lewis is (or was) a realist. No matter what one may have thought of the themes of his successful novels during the twenties, no one ever denied that he worked hard, assembled his materials with great care, and got inside his characters. Babbitt, Carol Kennicutt, Martin Arrowsmith, Leora—these people lived in three dimensions. And now at the end of fifteen years we have only hollow echoes (some of the characters in *The Prodigal Parents* faintly recall successful characterization in the earlier novels), shadow-boxing with stuffed straw figures as protagonists, and as unreal a theme as the wildest Red-baiter could imagine. Perhaps the decline and fall of Mr. Lewis is not permanent, but of its depth and extent there can be no question.

Mr. Lewis' paganism is of course too well-known to require extended comment. He has always been violently anti-religious. In the present volume the church is mentioned only once, and then in a passing, sneering remark. At times I suspect that this is what is wrong with Mr. Lewis, even as a novelist. He knows no permanent values. There is more religion (of a sort) in the air in 1938 than there was in 1922, and even a realistic novelist cannot escape that reality. Mr. Lewis tries to get away from it—and thereby becomes unreal. Having always been anti-spiritual he has now also become anti-intellectual. Perhaps there is still hope; but he is growing older and the years have a way of drifting down and away. Perhaps another hand will have to do the Great American Novel.

A Must Book

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS. By Leo C. Rosten. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1937. $3.00.

THIS book is the result of sixteen months of investigation which was financed by the Social Science Research Council of New York. It is well documented and well written. The author has successfully accomplished what he set out to do, to give a picture, an analysis, and an interpretation of the Washington newspaper correspondents. "In a democracy,"

he writes, "we depend upon the press for the presentation of the facts upon which our political opinions are based and the issues around which our political controversies revolve." Do Washington correspondents give us the truth? Do we get the real facts? Does the newspaper policy permit or prevent this? The men covering Washington, their character, their education, their reading, their political connections, their associations, their views on important questions are fully discussed. The various sources of information and the way the news is gathered is told in detail. The "capital press corps" enjoys a semi-official status, and is listed in the *Congressional Directory*. It has quarters in the capitol, the White House, and other government buildings. The Washington correspondents consort with the heads of the nation, with ambassadors, and with other important personages. They are given regular interviews by the President and other government officials. They receive advance copies of speeches and announcements. In a democratic state the people not only have a right to know what their government is doing, but also to know the truth. News from Washington is particularly susceptible to journalistic manipulation. "It permits elaboration, interpretation, inference, prophecy."

QUESTIONNAIRES were sent out to the 127 reporters covering Washington. The first contained questions regarding their personal history. Other questionnaires were to be anonymously answered. One of the questions was to state "the three newspapers which give the most fair and reliable news." In the opinion of the correspondents they were "*The New York Times*, the *Baltimore Sun*, and the *Scripps Howard* papers." The Hearst papers were held to be unreliable by most of the correspondents. The *New York Times* was far in the lead, and the *Baltimore Sun* far ahead of the *Scripps Howard* papers. The most reliable newspapers in the west are the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and the *Kansas City Star*. The questionnaire showed that they feel "the press does not devote enough space, enough details, enough prominence to news with a predominant social economic content, but when it does capital and labor components of the news are treated with fairly equal justice." The publishers' cry of Freedom of the Press in fighting the NRA code was a ruse to 63.8 per cent, and 46.2 per cent felt that most papers printed unfair, distorted stories about the Tugwell Pure Food Bill in the interest of their advertisers. We do not blame the author for asking, "What about the famed objectivity of the press?"

James Gordon Bennett said, "The function of the newspaper is not to instruct, but to startle." To which Silas Bent added, "and also to entertain." The Washington reporters held too, that much trivia is sent out while important matters are slighted. The President's dog and the way he scratches himself become front page matter, while a presidential announcement, a statement from the State department, or other matters of the first order are treated as insignificant." We found the chapter dealing with the relationship of the Presidents and the press corps very revealing. Only two, Theodore Roosevelt and Coolidge, despite "scraps" with individual reporters, retained the good will of the corps to the end. Regarding the first press interview with Franklin Roosevelt the author quotes an account in the *Baltimore Sun*, "The reportorial affection and admiration is unprecedented. He has captivated an unusual battalion of correspondents." Another correspondent wrote in the *Chicago Tribune:* "Never had the relationship between the press and the White House been so happy." This is no longer true. Now there is a strained relationship and an increasing bitterness. A detailed explanation of this change is presented.

Today—unfortunately—newspaper publishing has become a big business enterprise in which only the rich can engage. The *Chicago Daily News* was recently

priced at thirteen million dollars. The value of the *Kansas City Star* has been set at eleven million. "Control," Mr. Rosten states, "over the dissemination of news and information upon which a democratic society acts and according to which democratic citizens make political choice is now exercised by men who often recognize no social responsibility and who manipulate what is almost a public agency for the sake of private ends." It is easy to see how serious this is if we take into consideration a statement like this by Arthur Brisbane: "There are men owning newspapers in this country who could not be bribed by any amount outside of their own pockets. But the money in their pockets edits the editorial policy every day." Reporters admit that they are influenced by the policy of their paper even though they are instructed to be objective. Sixty per cent of the correspondents expressed agreement with the statement, "It is impossible to be objective. You 'sense policy' and are psychologically driven to slant your stories accordingly." We all agree with the author when he says, "In abusing the freedom which newspaper publishers possess, they are strengthening the possibility of political interference with that freedom." The best guarantee of freedom is the proper use of freedom. "In a larger view," Mr. Rosten holds, "the ills with which contemporary journalism is afflicted are an integral aspect of our society rather than a disease with an etiology of its own." In other words, the press is as the people want it. What will be the effect of this book? Will the newspapers change their ways? Some day they may wish they had. We have endeavored to give some idea of the contents of the book rather than a critical review. We want to whet the appetite. It is a very fine and valuable piece of work. Reporters have personally assured us that it is unbiased. We are very anxious to have it read. If there is to be any change for the better in newspapers, it will have to come from the people.—J. Frederic Wenchel

Poor Old Robinson Crusoe

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By Daniel Defoe. William Taylor, At the Sign of the Ship in Paternoster Row. London. 1719.

IT IS one of the minor ironies of fame and fate that Defoe's classic *Robinson Crusoe*—like the contemporary and almost equally notable *Gulliver's Travels*—was written for adults but has been appropriated by children as peculiarly their own. The two books are, of course, widely divergent in design. Defoe wrote *Crusoe* solely as a story (though afterward he professed to see in it a symbolical representation of his own troubled life); while Dean Swift's book—largely by virtue of a few biting passages invariably deleted from the children's editions—was fierce satire. But since the situation which provoked the sardonic allegory of *Gulliver* has passed away, it was only natural that this work, with its accounts of fabulous giants and pygmies, should be discarded by grownups and become part of the literary heritage of childhood. *Crusoe,* on the other hand, remains a book which, one would think, nobody is ever too old to read. Certainly this wholesome story of adventure ought to be a tonic for our select group of *blasé* sophisticates and our vast horde of sexminded romantics—if they only knew what is good for them.

At first thought it may seem strange that Daniel Defoe, unsuccessful haberdasher, bankrupt tilemaker, scurrilous pamphleteer and governmental spy, a bigot who had carried the "Protestant flail" at the time of the mythical Popish Plot, a shifty character—or, as they used to say, a trimmer—who changed his politics oftener than Dryden did his religion, should be the author of the immortal *Crusoe.* But he was a plausible fellow who, in the assumed character of a Tory, had written a book designed to discredit the Tories and who for years had aided in the publication of a Jacobite newspaper

with the privately avowed object of enervating it politically. Though there are errors and contradictions in *Crusoe* (which were visible even to his contemporaries under their low-powered microscopes) to do so good a job of lying takes a magnificent charlatan—and that is precisely what Defoe was.

THERE appears to be a certain glamor inherent in the desert island motif—man alone against nature—which has upheld many a paltry or fantastic later story. But the high success of *Robinson Crusoe* may be attributed largely to the specious air of uttter verisimilitude of which its author was past master—so different from the patent preposterousness of *Gulliver.* It was perhaps a somewhat renovated Defoe who now, at nearly sixty years of age, at last began to turn his experiences in duplicity and deception into innocuous channels. In *Crusoe,* his first intensive venture into the field of fiction, his unique talent for a sort of romantic realism and, more particularly, his remarkable ability to convey an appearance of utter actuality, reached its fruition and ultimate development. Other similar works followed anticlimactically from his pen. Among the best-known of these is *Moll Flanders,* a study in the progressive deterioration of character from small beginnings, which he presents with the same well-faked air of veracity and which might almost have been a case history from some imaginary seventeenth-century psychiatrist's files—so true to life it seems. Another such production is his *Journal of the Plague Year,* which reads like, and pretends to be, an account compiled by an actual eye-witness from his own experiences and those of others which were told him, but in which fact and fancy are inextricably mixed.

As it had been for a century or more previous, Defoe's age was, of course, a time when many strange voyages to far places were undertaken. Already in the latter part of the sixteenth century daring and garrulous sea-captains and pilots had begun coming home from newly discovered lands with tales of high adventure. There was, for instance, the irrepressible "Northwest" Fox. There was, too, the dauntless Willem Barents. And there was brave Captain James—whose first name does not come to mind but whose motto was, "Some has a Time," and he certainly did have a time, up there on the shores of Hudson's Bay throughout a whole cold winter, as his account amply testifies. There were others, of course, as the years passed, and in many remote parts of the world; you may read their stories in Hakluyt and Purchas. And in Defoe's own lifetime there were such men as Dampier and Woodes Rogers, who turned their attention particularly to the South Seas and wrote interesting accounts of what they found there.

It seems to have been Defoe's purpose to write just such a simple and unpretentious but gripping narrative as many of these old voyagers did—not from experience, however, but for the most part from his so vivid and ingenious imagination. The theme of the castaway was a particularly happy idea. Maroonings had been fairly common; at least three such had taken place on the island of Juan Fernandez (off the west coast of South America) alone—the best known of which was that of Alexander Selkirk, who spent four years and four months there. Strange, therefore, though such happenings might be, there was nothing essentially incredible about them. Indeed it appears that Selkirk throve in his remote solitude. He said that the outdoor life purged his body of all "gross humors," and when Woodes Rogers came to take him off in 1709 he amazed the ship's company by demonstrating how, after his ammunition gave out, he could catch wild goats for his food by outrunning them—no mean feat on that rocky isle of crags and precipices where to follow a sure-footed goat would require real mountaineering skill. But whether Defoe knew Selkirk or had heard his story is now

doubted. It may be noted, for one thing, that he placed Crusoe on an island at the mouth of the Orinoco River, near Trinidad, on the opposite side of South America from Juan Fernandez and above the equatorial line—probably Tobago.

But despite authenticated instances, there is an interesting problem connected with the possibility of surviving, sane and relatively happy, alone on a desert island. This does not seem to depend on strength of mind. Few if any people are considered to have been as strong-minded as was Dr. Samuel Johnson; yet solitude, even in London and only for a few hours, unnerved the good doctor. Napoleon, a sternly self-disciplined character if there ever was one, could not endure the large and populous island of Corsica even as its governor, and on St. Helena his magnificent morale rapidly disintegrated. Johnson needed society, Napoleon craved action; each would have met a fundamental frustration on such a place as Tobago or Juan Fernandez; madness or death must have come very soon. . . .

The evidence, one way or another, is necessarily scant, but it would seem that life alone on a desert island is best endured by contemplative persons or those who are harried by life's complexities. Selkirk was perhaps almost ideally fitted for a solitary existence, for he met both qualifications. As master of Sir Thomas Stradling's ship, the *Cinque Ports* galley, he could not get along on board. So he asked to be put ashore. And though he did suffer a momentary qualm when he saw the vessel sailing out of the bay without him, upon his return to England he kept up the illusion of his old solitude by building himself a hut in his father's garden and spending most of his time there in meditation, or by wandering through secluded pastures. One gathers that he was naturally somewhat of a recluse, with a tendency to reduce existence to its simplest terms. So it is no wonder that he got along very nicely, thank you, all by himself in that remote and sea-girt Eden.

But in our frantic day one does not need to be a hermit by temperament in order to wish at times for some comforting desert island like his or Crusoe's. What to do? Juan Fernandez is now a hangout for Chilean lobstermen, and Tobago is full of sugar, tobacco, and cotton plantations. Utterly uninhabited islands are doubtless still to be had, but few of us can afford to buy or rent one. Nevertheless we can all take *Robinson Crusoe* to bed with us some night and enjoy his adventures vicariously. If, when we have finished the book, we do not feel much better, it will be time to see a doctor Either we are jaded, or we cannot relax, or we are no longer young in spirit. In any case we shall need a general overhauling.—ELDOR PAUL SHULLS.

[*At intervals* THE CRESSET *will present reviews of classics in English and Continental literature in order to evaluate their importance and interest for our own day.* —ED.]

Another Greek

FOREVER ULYSSES. By C. P. Rodocanachi. Translated by Patrick Leigh-Fermor. 315 pages. $2.50. The Viking Press, New York, N.Y. Published in England under the title, *No Innocent Abroad.*

THIS first novel is in several respects quite different from the average run of recent novels. It is not a love story. The modern Ulysses whose tale is so fascinatingly related in this book has no faithful Penelope waiting at home while he wanders to and fro across the face of the earth. In fact, women are only incidental in the story, all the leading characters being men. This circumstance alone will undoubtedly keep the number of its female and youthful readers low. The story is told by a Greek, and the viewpoint throughout is that of the Greek. This adds an element of newness and freshness that appeals. The further fact that Ulysses is

a soldier of fortune in the fields of economics and world politics will make the book particularly interesting to men.

The publishers, in a foreword, painstakingly insist that the story is not a biography, although it involves the death of Chinese Gordon at Khartoum, the hero's service under Lord Kitchener in Africa, and is reminiscent of the mysterious career of the late Sir Basil Zaharoff, Greek financier and politician who was reputed one of the world's richest men and exerted great influence at the Paris Peace Conference. Say the publishers, "The author allowed his imagination to be guided by living models, adventurous Greeks of our time whom he himself had met. But his Ulysses is no one of these. He is pure fiction." This reviewer has the sneaking suspicion that some sections of the story are autobiographical.

ULYSSES, born on Cephalonia, "the island where the Greek spirit reaches exasperation point," is baptized Ulysses George by the local pope, as the Greeks call their priests. In due time he begins to find out that the life of the Greek is a hard and thankless one. According to the author, "he has to outwit, in a lunatic competition of enormous appetites and miserable resources, the churlish drought of his native soil and the hundred hazards of his stormy island sea. So the best among them go away; and in emigration, the Greek is forced to fling himself against hermetically sealed communities, against unjust and humiliating barriers. He must insinuate himself through closed doors, and acquire an esteem which is always denied him. He must accustom himself to all trades, all circumstances, and all climates." Starting out as a boot-black (even the small-town Greeks seem to be very finical about the appearance of their shoes), diving for pennies in Piraeus, serving as a clerk in a small shop in Alexandria, Ulysses graduates into "bigger business" when he plans to sell liquor and food to the British forces in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. Frustrated by circumstances in this scheme, he is nevertheless projected into African politics, meets another Greek, Marko, who had become a powerful potentate in the interior, and serves as his trusted agent. He sells cattle to Chinese Gordon at Khartoum. When the latter is slain by the Mahdi, Ulysses, in at the death, sees "a still serene head appear on the point of a lance; the head of the hero, stripped of fear and hope, who till the end has done his duty to his country and his God." From now on Ulysses rises rapidly in fortune. He is the Mahdi's favorite counsellor, but works as a secret agent of Kitchener to the ultimate downfall of his master. "Without Ulysses, the reconquest of the Sudan would have been impossible, at least much more expensive," is Kitchener's appreciation of the hero's work.

Ulysses now makes a fortune with the National Bank of Egypt, and then the author, rather incredibly, allows him to lose it again; perhaps in order to bring his hero to America and to pave the way for his entrance into the arena of the World War. In New York he walks the streets in search of a livelihood, finally becomes a cigarette-maker, and then, though the financing remains hazy, by means of a shrewd "publicity stunt" brings a new brand of cigarettes on the market, and sells out to a syndicate for a huge sum. From now on the financial flight of the hero is even more rapid and reaches the dizzy mountain-top from which he controls the munitions contracts of the Allied Powers. He is the "mystery man" who manipulates nations and events by the power of the enormous wealth at his command.

The closing chapters show Ulysses living in Paris, served by able secretaries, secluded, ascetic, cynical, and unimpressed by his own success. He delivers himself of a number of judgments concerning the nations with whom he has dealt, including his own. "Greece," he says, "is torn between those who think and those who express themselves. Few Greeks can do

both. The Greek language is a difficult one, and they who thoroughly possess it astonish, and impose themselves upon, their fellows. So Greece is governed by lawyers and grammarians. The only thing that saves her is that no one dreams of keeping the laws voted by the lawyers in the grammarians' language." To the Frenchman, he says, "You have just defeated Germany . . . Germany is beginning to confess, and these confessions prove that I am right. Order, in Germany, is a thin, horizontal plasm; in France it lies deep down beneath the surface. In Germany, the land is orderly, in France, the individual. There, organization is clear, and heads are muddled; here, it is just the other way about: organization is muddled but heads are clear. In France, all that meets the eye has a disordered appearance; but the things that cannot be seen—the soul, the mind, and the heart—are admirably adjusted. In Germany, it is exactly the contrary." To the Englishman this is said, "We Greeks sometimes tell lies, but, on the other hand, we often tell the truth. You English never lie; but contrariwise, you never tell the truth. All personal and clear questioning is banned in England. . . . More, you have proscribed all personal ideas; every single one of your rare ideas is a national one, and your interests become your principles. Should your interest change, it suffices you to reinterpret the principle behind which it hides. You have a chosen few who are responsible for this adjustment, and through these historic contradictions, everyone remains honest and truthful. You never lie, because your truth changes with necessity. In other words, you never say what you think, because you never think at all. But you always believe what your leaders think is most useful for you to say."

Constantine P. Rodocanachi, a Greek born in Alexandria, brought up in Egypt, served in the British Foreign Legion against Turkey in the war of 1897. He served as soldier in 1912 and in 1916 became one of the leaders of the Venizelos revolution which brought Greece into the World War on the side of the Allies. Then for a number of years he was active in the diplomatic relations between England and his country. He has been busy in literary work since about 1920. Three of his plays have been produced in Greece. He has also lectured widely on political and literary subjects. *Forever Ulysses* is his first novel. It should be said for the translator that he did a good job, but the proofreading on the Greek words interspersed here and there in the text has not always been exact.

Madness on Parade

I KNEW HITLER. By Kurt G. W. Ludecke. Charles Scribners' Sons, New York. 1937. $3.75.

THIS book, as its title indicates, is written by a former Nazi and devoted partisan of Hitler who joined the movement in 1922, when Nazidom was in its infancy. How completely the author was under the influence of the *Fuehrer,* is made startlingly clear by the closing words of a paragraph in the book: "I gave my soul to Hitler." And this is true, as is demonstrated throughout the book, of millions of Germans of all classes, ranks, and ages. It expresses itself in everyday life in the greeting "Heil Hitler!" which now has superseded all other salutations in Germany. Mr. Ludecke describes a number of mass meetings in which the enthusiasm for the Fuehrer was indescribable, reaching the heights of religious fervor. He quotes a Frenchman, Louis Bertrand, who was a guest of honor at the 1935 Party Day in Nuremberg. Describing the delirium of the frenzied crowds, Bertrand asserted that no hero ever received such adulation as this little man in the brown shirt, with the air of a worker. It was an adoration that was something more than popularity: it was religion. Hitler, in the eyes of his admirers, was a prophet, exalted as the

Chosen of God. Though colossal, all the demonstrations escaped the stigma of vulgarity. They combined popular appeal with great simplicity. The throng of hundreds of thousands in the immense Zeppelin meadow, the invisible Wagnerian orchestra swelling into the march of the Niebelungen, the array of twenty thousand standards moving forward in time with the triumphal music, dipping in one unanimous salutation before the minuscule silhouette in the brown shirt, scarcely discernible high above the tribune—a bareheaded little man, who has the audacity to assume the stupendous task of ruling a whole people; who salutes them now with arm outstretched in a sovereign gesture, but wears no crown, no white, gold-embroidered tunic of a Roman emperor, carries no Marshal's baton—this is Naziism on parade. At first the Fuehrer appears quite ordinary, but the moment he mounts the platform, or salutes his men, he is another person; "caught by the *éclat* of the eyes centered on him," he is transfigured. For the Germany which acclaims him he becomes Germany itself. One no longer sees Hitler, but those sixty-five millions whose minds he has stirred to the joy of renascence.

BERTRAND'S closing words were, "There we were, a few Frenchmen, watching, our hearts oppressed, but nevertheless overwhelmed by the beauty of the spectacle." And we said to ourselves: Why don't we see this in France? . . . These multitudes, this discipline—above all, this unanimity creating the effect of an invincible force!"

Whither is this tending? This is the question Ludecke asks; and not only he, but all Europe—and the whole world. For the same Frenchman writes, "Adolf Hitler is Germany—Germany is Adolf Hitler."

The author of the volume before us was at first in full accord with Hitler's plans and policies, because he (and many others) saw in him the only salvation of Germany, able to save the Reich from its foes and tormentors, both within and without, from communists and Marxist socialists. But gradually—due perhaps in no small degree to his acquaintance with France, England, and the United States, the so-called democratic nations—Ludecke developed an antagonism toward Hitler and other leaders of the Nazi party, especially toward Goering and Goebbels. This led at first to his incarceration by General Goering. He was released by the direct command of Hitler. When he demanded full and open vindication, the Fuehrer himself had him thrown into prison. After eight months of incredibly cruel treatment he escaped through Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, France, and Canada to the United States, arriving in New York on the very day when headlines were screaming the news of the Blood-purge. A number of the most prominent party-members were slaughtered at the command of Hitler, among them Captain Roehm and Gregor Strasser, men who had belonged to the party from the very beginning of Nazidom and had rendered outstanding service to Hitler and the party. Ludecke asserts that only his escape saved him from the lot of his former comrades. It was on this occasion that Hindenburg sent a telegram of congratulation thanking Hitler and Goering for crushing "traitorous machinations" through "resolute energy and courageous personal action, rescuing the German people from grave danger." The Blood-purge proved Hitler the ruthless, absolute dictator of Germany.

IT CANNOT be denied that under the rule of the Fuehrer Germany's morale has risen enormously. Travellers in Germany are impressed by the order and cleanliness noticeable everywhere. Even the English statesman Lloyd George said, "Hitler has given the German nation a new soul." Germany is again respected, and even feared by other nations. Anxiously they ask: What does the rearmament of

Germany mean? Is it for peace, as Hitler has declared again and again? Or does he still have in mind what he clearly states in his book "Mein Kampf": the conquest and annexation of Russia's Ukraine? His words at the Party Day 1936 at Nuremberg sounded ominous, "If I had the Ukrainian wheatfields and the Ural mountains, you would be better off." At another time the Fuehrer said, "We have now eighty million Germans in Europe. In one hundred years there must be two hundred and fifty." Matters like these were discussed in private conversations between Hitler, Ludecke, and Roehm. The last always leaned toward a peaceful understanding with Russia.

Very little light is thrown by Ludecke on the religious problems of Germany, except perhaps that Hitler shares the views of Rosenberg whose *"Mythus des zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts"* should be read in connection with this book for the glaring light it throws on the ideology of some of Germany's leaders. In private the Fuehrer declares himself a heathen, as is evidenced by his address at Hindenburg's grave, when he said that Wotan had sent the Valkyries to fetch the hero to Valhalla.

I have read Ludecke's book carefully and critically. It is a bewildering picture of strange and demonic forces. When I consider it against the background of the present world situation, one thought stands out above all others—a thought which must come to the mind and heart of every American, "Thank God that we live in America."—F. C. VERWIEBE.

What Price Glory

REVOLT AGAINST WAR. By H. C. Engelbrecht. Dodd, Mead and Co., New York. 1937. $2.50.

FOLLOWING upon the heels of *Merchants of Death,* in which the author together with F. C. Hanighen exposed the international and unpatriotic machinations of the munitions makers, this volume widens the field to present many other anti-peace factors that are now at work. The author divides his book into three main sections—the Causes, the Conduct, and the Results of modern warfare. He discusses military creeds and systems, propaganda, the sex side of war, war industries, economics, epidemics and crime. The entire volume is thoroughly documented and contains many arresting photographs of the falsification of news pictures by propaganda agencies. He includes, for example, a Hollywood shot of little Farina which was used to portray the Ethiopians as Negroes in order to whip up emotion against the colored people in Mussoliniland in the recent African war. The author states the purpose of his book in a quotation from Captain Liddell Hart, "If you want peace, study war." Mr. Engelbrecht adds, "This book, then, is about war, describing its military, social, and medical phases, outlining its human and economic costs, analyzing its causes, and demonstrating its enormous folly and futility."

One cannot sleep well after viewing some of the results of war presented so vividly in this volume. Particularly disturbing are such figures as the following: 57,460 Americans died of disease in the World War, and 50,280 were killed in battle. The progress of disease from war areas into the civilian population presents an even darker picture. One shudders to think of what the aftermath of another world war would mean to civilization.

Those who still believe that war is fought by men only will find the chapter on "Suffer the Little Children" highly illuminating. The World War made 9,000,000 orphans. Two years after the end of the war nearly 3,500,000 children were threatened with death through hunger and disease. In addition to the physical tragedies, there is the by-product of the overwrought mental conditions brought on by such terrors as air raids, where children are huddled together in dark cellars,

only to emerge and see their relatives and friends maimed and dying at their very feet. This is illustrated by a report on the recent removal of child refugees from Spain to England: "The sound of sirens terrifies them, so that the Southampton municipal authorities issued an appeal to all shipping not to sound a greeting as the refugee laden steamer came up the harbor. And the mere sight of an airplane frightens them so that pilots will probably be asked not to fly over their camp. And this in an Age of Children in which all the resources of medicine, psychology, and social welfare have been mobilized in the interest of the child."

The author is not unaware of the difficulties involved in the prevention of war, neither is he optimistic in his prophecies regarding the success of the many peace movements now under way. One of the great problems to be solved before men become peace-minded is the disastrous recurrence of economic depressions which break down morale and compel the victims of unrest and poverty to seek release from responsibilities which they are unable to fulfill. "People who live in the filth of slums, or who are chained to the humdrum monotony of machines, or who slave long and arduous hours without any amusement, will probably welcome war as a relief. Peace has no meaning for them as human beings, and they see no escape from the cruel treadmill of sub-normal existence, so they may rejoice at war as excitement and adventure, as something that will take them out of the rut." To which the author also adds, "Only life in the trenches will teach them how wrong they were!" To all of which we feel inclined to add these significant words from Jolan Foldes' *The Street of the Fishing Cat:* "Do you know that in Europe lives a whole generation of men who, every time they must pay rent, and sometimes oftener, yearn for wartime again? No rents had to be paid in the trenches. It sounds strange, but the war suspended the struggle for life, relieved men of the strain, and provided unparalleled, ardent, heartrending excitement, splendid intoxication, the delirium of fear and courage, self-oblivion. A whole generation of men, millions of men are struggling all around us, who achieved the completeness of life in war, and their eyes still sparkle at the word. This does not speak for war, but against life."

Selfish nationalism, greed, hatred, lust for power, perpetuation of deep rooted militaristic systems, economic instability—these things which have forever shackled mankind and kept him from peace and progress will not be rooted out by any power or persuasion less than the Prince of Peace Himself. Yet I feel as I leave this volume that earnest contemplation of the debit side of warfare must eventually awaken a deeper feeling of responsibility in citizens, if not over against each other, then at least for their own self-preservation. This conviction may not prevent war, but it may serve to lengthen the periods of peace between armed conflicts. To that end Mr. Engelbrecht's new volume makes an important contribution.—W. F. WEIHERMAN.

Mood Indigo

ENDS AND MEANS. An Inquiry into the Nature of Ideals and into the Methods Employed for Their Realization. By Aldous Huxley. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1937. $3.50.

A WORK of great artistic merit, mordant in its criticism at times, many passages breath-taking in their sweep, Aldous Huxley's *Ends and Means* is significant chiefly because it has been even now, but two months after its publication, recognized as reflecting the opinion of a portion of the intelligentsia regarding the deepest problems of the State and of Society. It is not an altogether assuring opinion. Indeed, if true in its premise, this

is a rather terrifying book. And if the solutions it offers are the best available, it is a book that must cause all the professional joy-making of screen and radio to look like diabolical mockery of human misery. While the Titanic sinks, the band plays "Alexander's Rag-Time Band."

The ship is sinking. Of this there is no doubt in Mr. Huxley's mind. The world is in very bad shape. It is "manifestly in regression." Some progress has been marked in charity. Otherwise, deep pessimism is the only justifiable mood. The ethics of international politics "are precisely those of the gangster, the pirate, the swindler, the bad bold baron." Men who in private life behave as reasonable and moral beings, "become transformed as soon as they are acting as representatives of a National Person into the likeness of their stupid, hysterical, and insanely touchy tribal divinity." Another world war is imminent; "the machinery of peaceful settlement and international co-operation, almost or completely useless." Nor is there much comfort in looking at the masses. "They move through a life hollow with pointlessness, trying to fill the void within them by external stimuli—newspaper reading, day-dreaming at the films, radio music and chatter, the playing and above all the watching of games, 'good times' of every sort." Country and village life have decayed, and this decay is sketched in wonderful passages. The whole world is but "the valley of destruction in which the human race is now precariously living."

How preserve civilization? This is the theme of the book, a subject vast and complex, and the author regrets his "narrow limitations." For one thing, he has no hope in a planned economy. "We run the risk of planning our world into the likeness of hell and ultimately into complete destruction. There are cures which are worse than disease." The remedy must be sought in many different fields, and this leads to a discussion of domestic and international politics, of war and economics, of education, religion and ethics. Everything depends upon finding the proper means to attain the end of social reform. "However good the end aimed at may be, its goodness is powerless to counteract the effects of the bad means we use to reach it." All depends upon a correct philosophy of life.

IT IS not possible to follow the intricate though never obscure progress of Mr. Huxley's book. However, these facts stand out in his reasoning: To begin with, all militarism is evil. To get at this, "the central evil of our time, the overpowering and increasing evil of war," which blocks every road toward a better state of society and which is at the bottom of all fascism, particularly, he proposes the principle of pacifism, "the systematic practice in all human relationships, of non-violence." A germ of hope he finds in the fact that groups of individuals pledged to take no part in any future war already exist; but the principle must be extended to all the ranks of society. The only methods by which a people can protect itself against the tyranny of rulers possessing a modern police force are "the non-violent methods of massive non-co-operation and civil disobedience." But how attain this attitude? The road is difficult, since the first step must be that people "cure themselves and the world of the prevailing obsession with money and power." This leads Mr. Huxley into profound speculations in sociology, especially in education and religion. The principal thesis developed under this head is the absolute need of overcoming human selfishness through giving wide scope to the principle of "unattachment," the attitude which praises ideals above natural things, above financial independence, above the satisfaction of physical appetites. Confronted with this crucial problem, the author makes the confession which has startled the radical university crowd as no volte-face since Alfred Russell

Wallace (in 1902) declared man to be the focal point of the universe. Face to face with the question, fundamental to all religion and ethics, whether the world has a meaning beyond the interaction of waves and atoms, he says: "This is a question which, a few years ago, I should not even have posed. For, like so many of my contemporaries, I took it for granted that there was no meaning. This was partly due to the fact that I shared the common belief that the scientific picture of an abstraction from reality was a true picture of reality as a whole; partly also to other, non-intellectual reasons. I had motives for not wanting the world to have a meaning; consequently assumed that it had none, and was able without any difficulty to find satisfying reasons for this assumption." We cannot follow in this review the moral argument for belief in a god which he develops on the following pages, beyond saying that it is a masterpiece of close reasoning. We are particularly interested in the motive which he discovers in the antagonism to the belief in a god. Most of the texts, he says, which argue materialism philosophically are simply the author's "theoretical justification of his erotic practices." What these people want is "liberation from a certain system of morality." This begins to read beautifully like some old-fashioned theology. The Christian Church has maintained a long time that it is the love of sin that causes men to deny the existence of a god. Mr. Huxley describes in detail how radicals strove to find a philosophical basis for their unbelief, "that one might be free from prejudices—above all prejudices of a sexual nature." This he says "is of course especially true in the case of civilized and highly conscious individuals —individuals who 'know better'," but who have become enslaved to sex, with whom "addiction to the sex evil" has become "a demonic possession." On the other hand, Mr. Huxley ties up the preservation of culture absolutely with the proposition in which society "imposes pre-nuptial and post-nuptial restraints upon sexual opportunity." In the end he comes to the conclusion that even to conceive of the salvation of society, the "energy created by sexual restraint" must be the motive power.

WE FIND in Mr. Huxley's book the highest contemporary thought on our present system. He believes that our economic system will definitely fail. While he opposes revolutionary communism, he pleads for a system in which "individual members should possess nothing and everything—nothing as individuals, everything as joint owners of communally held property and communally produced income"; yet he admits that with the present industrial system the ideals of the older communistic societies can serve no purpose. He is quite vague on this point. "Some form of communal ownership of property and income seems to be a necessary condition of successful living in an association of devoted individuals." Of course, he has nothing but scorn for patriotism, which he refers to only as nationatism—"an idolatry that inculcates hatred, pride, hardness."

Mr. Huxley's change of attitude has not made him a believer in a personal god. That idea he fights with hands and feet. He has nothing but scorn for Christianity. In his hatred of Christian theology, he can see only "brooding on sin, damnation and an angry God, arbitrarily dispensing or withholding grace and forgiveness." To him the Old Testament is "a savage Bronze-Age literature"—a description which flies in the face of modern archeology for one thing and which completely ignores the descriptions of Jehovah as "merciful and gracious, abundant in goodness and truth," in which the Old Testament abounds. His pacifist sympathies have betrayed him into an admiration of Buddhism which completely ignores the degradation, especially of womanhood,

under that system. He disregards the facts which demonstrate the unique power of Christianity in introducing the principle of Love into all human relations. He mentions the horrors of persecution under the Medieval system and of the Thirty Year's War, but fails to recognize the source of these horrors in the Roman perversions of Christian doctrine. He shuts his eyes resolutely to such facts as the origin of all modern charity work out of the institutions of Christianity. He has a single reference to this momentous truth in his mention of Elizabeth Fry's prison reform, but even in this case he deliberately avoids any mention of the Christian background of Miss Fry's labors. Not a word about the modification of the horrors of warfare through Hugo Grotius and Gustavus Adolphus. The veil has not yet been taken from the eyes of this brilliant man. He has not yet a conception of the Kingdom of God. He plainly does not know what to do with Jesus, and for the Christian Church, with its spiritual worship, its love for the fallen and the enemy, he substitutes, as an ideal for a better human society, an oriental superstition which causes Hindu parents to sell ten thousands of their daughters into temple prostitution and which permits men to view without horror and without pity the human carcasses that float down the Holy River Ganges.

Ludwig Examined

THE NILE. The Life-Story of a River, Emil Ludwig. Translated by Mary H. Lindsay, 1937. The Viking Press, New York. 619 pages. Price $5.00.

THE past dozen years have seen a veritable flood of biographies. Many of them were for a time "best sellers" and brought fame to some authors, notoriety to others, and fortune to a few. On the crest of the wave rode Emil Ludwig; no less than sixteen biographies published by him are named in this book; and it is reported that he is at present writing two more. A number of them were profitable ventures, which I have no doubt helped to swell the flood. At the same time, Ludwig pointed the way of making biographies "best sellers" . . . something new under the sun! Responsible in great part for the deluge . . . which netted him much "Schmul" . . . which encouraged new production . . . a vicious circle!

This is a large book . . . too large! It would be better if it were half as large. Ludwig's strength lies in painting pictures. "In the same way as in my former biographies, pictures take the place of ideas." That made his Napoleon, for instance, interesting because of the changes and contrasts offered. Not so here; a long series of pictures will grow monotonous if there is much similarity. And the book covers much space . . . 4000 miles (not counting detours) and 6000 years (not counting hints of a longer past). Add to this that Ludwig lacks a sense of true humor. Only once will you chuckle in reading the 600 pages: when he gives Herr Hitler a smart slap; and then only because you think he feels safe now behind the mountains of Switzerland!

Yet it is profitable to read, if . . . to paraphrase . . . you do not weaken; the first 100 pages are the hardest; and if you know your history; if you do not, two things may happen: many of the allusions will mean nothing to you; and you may absorb a good many things that are not true. Ludwig has either a poor historic judgment, or . . . and this, I think, is the case . . . no historic conscience.

The reader of this review will by this time gather that this reviewer does not like Ludwig. My impression, gathered from the reading of more than this book, is that, given the choice between a striking phrase and the truth, Ludwig will choose the "wise crack" every time. The reader cannot tell whether what he reads rests on substantial basis or is mere gossip, added because it is "catchy." Now I sup-

pose it is every writer's privilege to follow the example of the Father of History, Herodotus, and tell stories, not because he believes them true, but because he has heard someone tell them; but at this day and age to pass that off as history is a little provoking to us who spend our time trying to show people the difference between history and fiction. It isn't merely a question of ethics. In the same tone in which he relates facts he tells, with evident glee, the old fable of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, adding his own vulgar details. The pygmies, he says, live like most of their neighbors, without a faith . . . when it has been proven that these very pygmies have a religion of their own. A virgin birth "of the Holy Spirit" was "invented" three thousand years before the birth of Christ. . . . Ludwig has, of course, the same privilege that others have: to hold his own kind of faith or none at all; but my contention is, when he claims to write history he should feel himself bound by the same rules to which truth-loving gentlemen submit, and not expect the reader to cull the wheat from the chaff.

IT CANNOT escape the reader of Ludwig's biographies that he likes to stress sex and the Freudian complex. I do not mind saying that I was curious to know whether he could find room for this predilection in a biography of the Nile. Well, he managed to do so! There are passages that are unspeakably vulgar. Perhaps they are true . . . but must you tell all, simply because it happens to be true, for no apparent purpose? Much of his "wise-cracking" falls under this head . . . sly remarks that appeal to the beast in man. There is some similarity here between Ludwig and his compatriot, Heinrich Heine; how much of Heine's poetry is rarely beautiful . . . yet how much of it dare you quote in society!

In line with this I should mention . . . though that, perhaps, is natural with the author . . . his inclination to ridicule sacred things, to throw doubt, especially, on things that Christians believe. Not openly, directly; perish the thought! That might cost readers! But again with sly interpolated remarks. "It was all Noah's fault (slavery). Probably he was still drunk when he cursed his son Ham." "The most immoral idea that the white races have produced," the difference between legitimate and illegitimate children. His slurs upon Christ's birth have been mentioned.

As a rule, Ludwig's books are interesting. Barring its length, that is true of this volume. There is an enviable command of language, a wealth of imagination; above all, a happy faculty of coining phrases that arrest your attention. But when this becomes an end in itself the charm is lost. A wave "can see the sun sink, tinged with the smoke of the burning bush, vanishing behind violet-gray clouds, reappearing below them, shimmering orange, *like love after temptation*" (?). . . . The last of the Pharaohs fled before the army of the Persians, from the silken cloaks of the Persian nobles to the naked brown men upon the rocky cataracts of the Nile, "as though in a last attempt to unroll the history of the river backwards."

Some sections are unintentionally funny. He has the queerest idea of paradise and happiness. The people of Uganda, a gifted savage people, untouched by a definite faith in God or moral doctrine, were a happy people in 1860, living in a paradise developed without the agelong struggles of the white man for God. Perhaps Emil Ludwig would feel different about that happiness if he had been the man whose ears the king cut off in a moment of royal playfulness, or one of the seven men who were beheaded to insure a safe crossing of the Nile, or one of the young men who were killed as a sacrifice, a hundred every day, while the king was ill. And they waged war and stole beautiful women until they had so many that they bought and sold them at six sewing-needles apiece. But were they never defeated and had their beautiful women stolen? And were

the women happy? . . . Some writers are so anxious to give Christianity a slap in the face that they fail to see the inconsistencies of their own arguments. . . . In another "paradise" all the wild animals live fearless and happy, in heaps, pell-mell, "in delicious ignorance of the thermometer." . . . Do lions and leopards and crocodiles in that "paradise" eat grass? But he speaks of quantities of "animal and vegetable food" in that jungle.

To sum up: I see no excuse for a book like this. The subject is, of course, one in which every Christian takes a keen interest; Egypt and the Nile furnish the background for so much of sacred history. But there are so many better books on the market that furnish authentic information on land and people, at even less than the exorbitant price charged for this book.—THEO. HOYER

Remembered Power and Glory

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME. By Fred H. Lindemann. The Lutheran Press, New York, N.Y. 1937. $1.00.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME," these words of the blessed Savior become a haunting refrain as one reads these twelve communion addresses delivered during the course of one year by the Rev. Fred H. Lindemann to his congregation in Long Island, New York. In these deeply spiritual talks one can feel the warmth of the soul of a pastor who desires to impress upon the hearts of the people of his parish the blessing of peace and power which is to be had through frequent fellowship with the Savior at the holy feast of the Eucharist and who encourages his people to come to the Table of Grace often and there, while receiving with the bread and the wine the holy Body and the precious Blood of the Lord, to remember in faith and love their Friend of friends.

"In remembrance of Me," means much to Pastor Lindemann, as it ought to every Christian who knows and accepts the historic account of the Gospels and the Biblical interpretation and significance of the life and death of the Son of God. Remembering Christ aright at the Lord's Table, Jesus becomes unto us Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption.

The Sacrament reminds us of the reality and hideousness of sin. "We are apt to make a truce with sin. It approaches us in attractive disguise and hides its deadliness. We are told in most persuasive language that sin is merely a misfortune, an inevitable result of environment. We are ever in danger of being deceived into believing that God will condone sin. Then the Sacrament speaks. It cries out against sin. The Bread and the Cup declare that sin is a deadly peril, rebellion against God. The broken Body and the shed Blood proclaim that sin destroys, mutilates, crucifies, kills, sounds the death knell to hope."

But remembering Christ we have comfort against the guilt of sin and healing for a broken heart. "As we do this morning what He commanded and celebrate the Holy Communion, may we not forget for a moment that we are to do it in remembrance of Him. There is probably little danger that as we eat the Lord's Body and drink His Blood we should fail to recall that He gave His life to purchase for us forgiveness of sins, life, and salvation. The words, 'for you,' will assure us that in making the price paid for forgiveness our own by eating and drinking, we have all that Christ purchased with that price. All His is ours, His righteousness, His perfection, His holiness, His glory."

Remembering Christ, Christians are urged and impelled to a Christ-centered life of unselfish service, and the Sacrament is the means of grace to empower the communicants to a life dominated by love. In every address there is an appeal to sanctification of life, and the appeal is a Gospel appeal, a call to service based on Christ's love to His own and answered by impelling love to the Savior. "Remem-

ber Me, and how unselfishly I labored. I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. I humbled Myself and became the servant of all. My Father sent Me to do His work, and with never a thought of self or of honor, I did that work. As My Father hath sent Me, so send I you. Forget about greatness and honor. Remember Me, and become great through service." The Sacrament is brought into relation with many phases of the Christian life and offered as a power to effect wholehearted devotion to the Father's business, the work of the Church, proportionate giving, as an encouragement for the practice of brotherly love and charity. A Christian but must be stirred to action when He remembers Him who alone is to be the object of our affection and the center of our life.

REMEMBRANCE of the Christ at the feast of His love means hope, certainty of triumph and glory. "As we gather about the Table of our Lord and do this in remembrance of Him, celebrating His death for us, we hear Him speak to us: You weary men and women, I shall drink it with you again in My Father's Kingdom. Now you drink the cup in weakness, but some day you shall drink it with all frailty gone completely; now you drink in sorrow, but some day with all tears wiped away; now with Satan dogging your steps, but some day with Satan in chains forever; now with the sound of battle in your ears, but some day with the cheers of triumph and the songs of everlasting peace. Let your thoughts go forward confidently and joyously to that hour. As surely as I meet you here invisibly in the Sacrament, so surely I shall meet you visibly on that day."

This booklet endeavors to make participation at the Lord's Supper an occasion for thanksgiving and joy. In explaining the beautiful liturgy which the Lutheran Church has connected with the celebration of the Eucharist, the writer drives home the truth that "our liturgy is designed to unite us in a joyous celebration and breathes the spirit of rejoicing and thankfulness." There is much neglect of Holy Communion in our Church, and the reviewer shares the conviction of the writer of this booklet that much of the weakness and the lack of spiritual vitality evident in the life of the members of our Church is attributable to this neglect of the Sacrament. Christ's desire and command is that we commune often. "Often" is a relative word, but by no stretch of the imagination can twice a year be termed a frequent participation. Many members of the Church have come to look upon Luther's minimum of four times a year as a good member's maximum. The author pleads for a more frequent celebration of the Eucharist in the congregations of the Church, and he states in his Introduction that we must strive toward the ideal that every member commune every week. This ideal is in keeping with the practice of the early Christians. Certainly the very least that we ought to be willing to accept as an ideal would be the participation of all members at least once a month. The only way to attain more frequent participation at the Lord's Table is to teach the Christian to "learn to find in Holy Communion the seal on every gracious promise of God, to gain in Holy Communion the strength and courage to face victoriously every trial and temptation and sorrow of life, to find the motive and constraint in Holy Communion for the practice of every Christian virtue in imitation of his Lord and Master. The Sacrament will then become to him the sweetest and loftiest and most hallowed experience of life, so comforting and strengthening that while looking back upon the last celebration with extreme happiness and satisfaction they will look forward to the next with keenest anticipation."

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME, serves well to bring to the mind and the heart of the Christian the glory and joy of Holy Communion.—W. E. HOHENSTEIN.

The FEBRUARY Magazines

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

Scribner's

Billion Dollar Service Station

By DON WHARTON

This article examines the Hawaiian Islands, not as a resort spot, but as a wartime asset. The author shows the importance of these islands for our defense, if there should be a war in the Pacific. There is nothing jingoistic about the article, which deals with facts and presents what our navy and army departments have done to make these islands a really valuable base of naval operations, and also points out the shortcomings that must be remedied before Pearl Harbor will be ready to provide all the aid the navy may require. This article goes behind the scare headlines.

Are You Allergic?

By ROLAND H. BERG

The author, formerly associated with the Rockefeller Institute, now a medical technician in the allergy laboratory of a large New York hospital, discusses the many substances to which one may be allergic and the methods employed in treatment. In spite of much study and experimentation the "why" of allergy is still a riddle, but we may hope that a basic cure will eventually be discovered. A fascinating and popular exploration of a comparatively new field. Perhaps you feel bad because you are allergic to your powder.

What the Workers Want

By WHITING WILLIAMS

This article is the crystallization of twenty years of contact with the labor problem from almost every angle on the part of the author who is now an independent consultant on labor relations. It is by and large the most common-sense article on a most vexing problem we have read in a long time and is worth careful study both by the worker and the employer.

Forum

Henry Ford's Commander in Chief

By JOHN H. O'BRIEN

The difficulties of ascertaining the truth even about much publicized

contemporaries are clearly revealed in the mystery of Henry Ford. Is he demon or saint, the friend or the enemy of the worker? John O'Brien indirectly suggests an answer which, to say the least, throws no halo around some methods of the Ford Motor Company. It is an account of the activities of Harry H. Bennett, Ford's Personnel Director, and of "his mob of punchers and spies." And it is told with considerable feeling and, we suspect, also with some bias. As a contribution to one side of the Ford controversy with organized labor it is of value and of interest to those seeking the truth.

Birth Control and Prosperity

By Elbert H. Clarke

Here we have a startling presentation of a retarding factor in the long and hard pull toward economic recovery which is quite generally disregarded. That Margaret Sanger will receive considerable attention from the historian of 2000 A.D. is a suggestion that is disturbingly probable as the evidence adduced by the author forcibly demonstrates. The hope in a vast expansion of the basic material needs of the people which has in other periods of depression and recession sustained us, is today a delusion in the face of a shrinking population. The author asks pertinently: "Shall we plan new apartment buildings in which to house fewer and smaller families?" He describes our position as a "standing in a dense fog at the border of a vast, unknown gulf on the edge of an economic universe which has, it seems certain, ceased to expand." This article very decidedly merits attention for the light which it focuses upon a dark corner of American life.

Man Must Work

By Jay B. Nash

A plea in defense of the values of work is timely and necessary. It is likewise ominous. As a solution for many of the problems of "this pleasure-seeking but not pleasure-finding generation," the author proposes the possible alternative of "regaining the personal interest in and enthusiasm for work or capturing workmanship challenges in our leisure." The analysis of the dangers inherent in a depreciation of work and in a misuse of leisure is particularly keen and suggestive. This article ought to be widely read and deeply pondered.

Atlantic

Jew and Gentile: A Symposium

Since this symposium is typical of the "religion" which appears in our journals of opinion, it is worth careful attention. In the December issue of *The Atlantic* Mr. John Cournos wrote "An Epistle to the Jews." It was a passionate appeal to Jews to accept Jesus Christ, if not as Savior, then at least as the last and greatest of the Jewish prophets. Mr. Cour-

nos's "epistle" is now answered by three representatives of religion, the Rt. Rev. George Craig Stewart, Bishop of the Episcopalian Diocese of Chicago, the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Vice-president of Georgetown University, and Rabbi Louis I. Newman of the Congregation Rodeph Sholom. The three answers are exactly what one might have expected. The Episcopalian Bishop writes beautifully and vaguely about the common historical background of Judaism and Christianity. He soft-pedals the very essence of Christianity when he makes the definition of the deity of Christ just as hazy and meaningless as possible. The Rabbi is definite and bitter: "We Jews repudiate the invitation to purchase immunity from persecution by coming to terms with Christianity through accepting Jesus as our greatest prophet, the keystone of our ultimate faith. It is an obnoxious bargain; we will have none of it." At least that has the merit of being clear.

Far and away the best contribution is made by the Jesuit. Father Walsh writes: "If Jewry accepts the invitation to consider Christ hereafter as its greatest prophet, Judaism must accept the prophet's two major contentions, that He was the Son of God and the Messiah. . . . This historic dilemma, which Jewry has faced since the Apostolic age, will not be softened or mitigated by evasion or compromise." Father Walsh adds that Christendom should be quick to decline any invitation to devitalize the living Christ.

The entire symposium makes constructive and important reading. *The Atlantic* announces that the debate will be continued. It should be followed by all who are interested in the status of the three great western religions of our time.

The German Mind

By Emil Ludwig

The bias of the author is well known. If it is kept in mind, this article on recent developments in Germany is well worth reading. Mr. Ludwig's thesis is: "The decisive difference between the spiritual history of Germany and that of other people's lies in the opposition between the State and Mind. While the great epochs of English and French culture coincide with the epochs of power of the two nations, Germany was always powerless without and torn within when German culture was flourishing." As a historian Ludwig leaves much to be desired; nevertheless the article is well worth some time and attention.

Harper's

The American Way

By David Cushman Coyle

This treatise won the $1,000 prize offered by *Harper's* for the best contribution on "The American Way." As the outstanding article among the

fifteen hundred and seventy submitted, it is at the very outset of unusual interest. To read it, however, is to appreciate fully the choice of the judges. It is an exceptional piece of work. The lucid exposition of the varied problems facing America as well as the idealistic solution suggested are most stimulating. The author is convinced that there is an American Way; communism or fascism are not the only choice. "In the pursuit of liberty itself we shall find the only security that is secure." Because the article applies this intriguing proposition to our present difficulties in a very penetrating way, it is most timely and significant. We should not like to have missed reading it.

The Riddle of Hitler

By Stephen H. Roberts

The author of this article is an Australian, Professor at Sydney University, and hailed as an authority on international affairs. The results of his investigation and study of Naziism made in Germany during a period of sixteen months will soon be published in his book *The House That Hitler Built,* of which this article is an excerpt. It is an absorbingly interesting and surprising portrait of Der Fuehrer, a psycho-analysis which repeatedly disturbs the picture that propaganda of every variety has impressed upon our minds. It is not the Hitler of caricature who emerges from this analysis, but just a frightened, abnormal man who moves us to pity rather than to resentment. The professor makes a strong case for his exceptional presentation which sheds a novel light upon the strange phenomena of the New Germany and of Hitler. Very instructive reading.

I Didn't Have a Teacher's License

Anonymous

To mistake the trappings of learning and of teaching for the real things is perhaps inevitable in a day of standardized education with its exaggerated emphasis upon the acquisition of specified credits. Not a few of us have long suspected that a teacher cannot be compounded out of a variety of credits alone. It is somewhat startling to realize that there are requirements for a teacher's license which would make it impossible for a Toscanini to teach music and debar many a Nobel Prize winner in chemistry from teaching chemistry. Such are the absurdities revealed in the story of this anonymous author. Or are they merely the evil which is inherent in the good of rigid standards—just another of the bewildering paradoxes of education as we have it? The irony of this story is wholesome. It impresses the need for a greater insistence upon teaching ability in the State requirements for a teacher's license. Obviously this need will not be met by merely adding more courses in method.

Check List of Books Reviewed

SEVERAL times a year THE CRESSET will present a check list of books reviewed in the columns of the journal over a period of four months. This list may serve as a reminder to our readers as well as a brief survey of the books THE CRESSET for one reason or another has considered worthy of notice.

The following system of notation will be used:

*** Recommended without reservation. THE CRESSET believes that these books have exceptional and lasting merit.

** Recommended—with reservations. The reservations are indicated in the reviews and are usually concerned with errors in morals or in facts.

* Not recommended. Reviews of these are printed in our columns for negative and defensive reasons. Usually they are almost entirely without merit.

*** RELIGION AND THE MODERN STATE.
By Christopher Dawson.

*** THE EDUCATION OF HYMAN KAPLAN.
By Leonard Q. Ross.

*** THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND, 1815-1865.
By Van Wyck Brooks.

*** NORTHWEST PASSAGE.
By Kenneth Roberts.

*** FORTY YEARS ON MAIN STREET.
By William Allen White.

*** VARIETIES OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.
By S. V. Norborg.

*** AN INTRODUCTION TO MUSIC.
By Martin Bernstein.

*** THE GOOD SOCIETY.
By Walter Lippmann.

*** THE FALL OF THE CITY.
By Archibald MacLeish.

*** MIDDLETOWN IN TRANSITION.
By Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd.

*** WE OR THEY.
By Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

*** THIRTEEN O'CLOCK.
By Stephen Vincent Benét.

*** THE HERITAGE OF THE CATHEDRAL.
By Sartell Prentice.

*** MADAME CURIE.
By Eve Curie.

*** REFORMATION LECTURES.
By E. G. Schwiebert.

*** GOD-CONTROLLED LIVES.
By Sverre Norborg.

** HEARST, LORD OF SAN SIMEON.
By Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates.

** THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.
By Charles W. Ferguson.

** DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK.
By Walter D. Edmonds.

** THE CITADEL.
By A. J. Cronin.

** NEW FRONTIERS OF THE MIND.
By J. B. Rhine.

** POISONS, POTIONS AND PROFITS.
By Peter Morell.

** CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT.
Edna St. Vincent Millay.

** AMERICA'S 60 FAMILIES.
By Ferdinand Lundberg.

** THE LOST KING.
By Rafael Sabatini.

** JOHN CORNELIUS.
By Hugh Walpole.

** THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA.
By Louis Adamic.

** THIS IS MY STORY.
By Eleanor Roosevelt.

** THE RAINS CAME.
By Louis Bromfield.

** HORACE MANN AND RELIGION IN THE MASSACHUSETTS PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
By Raymond B. Culver.

** LITERARY TREASURES OF THE BIBLE.
By Oscar L. Olson.

* THE ARTS.
By Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

* BRENTWOOD.
By Grace Livingston Hill.

* APES, MEN, AND MORONS.
By Earnest Albert Hooton.

* THE TURNING WHEELS.
By Stuart Cloete.

* HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE PEOPLE.
By Irvin D. Tressler.

A traveling American has discovered that the name of the contractor who has been carting off the excavated earth from the foundations of the new Palace of the Nations at Geneva is "Babel." Thus does History come a full turn.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Who Agrees?

SIR:

THE CRESSET is very enjoyable, but I believe the book reviews are too long, that is there is too much space devoted to certain books, space which might have been used to better advantage. Your intent is, of course, to guide your readers in their selection of reading material. Then why include *Turning Wheels* and *How To Lose Friends and Alienate People,* since you admit they are "terrible"?

The budget limitations of the majority of your public prevent them from purchasing more than one or two of the reviewed books at the most. Then why waste their precious time and your equally valuable space to proscribe the silly, the lewd, and the blasphemous volumes at such great length? Why not dismiss them with one or two skillful adjectives? You render your readers a disservice when you dissect the cadavers.

HERBERT BRUMMER

Roseville, Michigan

[*We shall be pleased to hear from our readers concerning the problem raised by Mr. Brummer. The editors have felt that our readers must know why a book, especially when it is a best-seller, is hung out for fumigation.*—ED.]

The Answer is Yes

SIR:

I have read your new publication THE CRESSET with great delight. The articles are excellently written. The list of major articles for the coming issues is very inviting.

I notice that the entire contents is copyrighted. May I use Dr. Graebner's *Seven Reasons Against Gas-light Illumination* in our young people's publication, acknowledging, of course, the source and the contributor?

J. E. NOPOLA
Editor—*The Lutheran Youth*

Port Arthur, Ont., Canada

[*With the usual necessary acknowledgments journals published within the Church are free to reprint material from* THE CRESSET.—ED.]

Mr. Van Loon Should Explain

SIR:

Especially interesting to me at this moment is the review of *The Arts,* by H. W. Van Loon, as appearing in the November issue and also the article "Luther, The Artist," in the January *Walther League Messenger.* A friend excitedly told me about a book review given before a large audience on this very same book; and it was of course painted with bright enthusiasm. So it will be over the entire nation.

I have not read the book—but have a strong inclination to cut the pages from the *Messenger* and enclose an inquisitive letter, sending them to Mr. Van Loon. We have a right to an explanation, as I see it—from what sources did he obtain information of the sort he has given on Luther. If he has erred in one place, certainly he has erred in other places.

VERNA PAPENFUS

Toledo, Ohio

From Another Editor

SIR:

Here is my reaction to the first number of THE CRESSET. The variety within the departmental limitations was good. If I may make a recommendation, don't lose this quality. Regardless of how important or how earnest the material or the ideas, strive to keep the copy readable, varied and entertaining—intellectually so, if possible.

On to the music section. Congratulations, three cheers, and other forms of exclamation! I like Mr. Hansen. He made me feel that he knew what he was talking about—which I insist is important in reviewing. Let's have more of Mr. Hansen.

"The Literary Scene" was the most pleasant surprise in the whole magazine. Each review showed real evidences of careful thinking. I respected the opinions of the reviewers. I must compliment your staff on a catholic taste, something which I feared would be lacking. When you review *Religion and the Modern State* alongside of *The Education of Hyman Kaplan*—well, you've got something.

The department on magazine articles was very fine, but for my own tastes, too brief. How do you divide the magazines to be covered? Or, how do you determine what magazines shall be covered? [*Three individuals do it. Selection of magazines not final.*—ED.]

As to the movies and such, I noticed that the theatre was left out completely. Was this intentional or just unavoidable? If someone can be found who will do for the drama what Hansen did for music, it would make the publication tops. You know my sentiments on motion pictures. I think if for no other reason than the fact that everybody goes to the movies, you should do something about them.

EARL REINKE

Evanston, Illinois

The Old Question

SIR:

Why not have the Editors sign the articles? I personally like to know who the writer is.

HAROLD MEYER

Valparaiso, Indiana

SIR:

Would it be possible to initial the "Notes and Comment"? Some had me guessing.

W. E. KRAEMER

Cordelia, California

SIR:

I would prefer to see the articles signed in full or with initials. In "Notes and Comment" I'd enjoy "Dic, cur hic" more if I were certain that you did the squirming after a little day-dreaming. "Black 1937 vs. Black 1927" made me yield on some points, but I still disagree with the writer—and I'd like to know who he is. I'd get some satisfaction out of knowing whether my opponent is Doctor So and So. As it is, the comment has me doing a little mental shadow-boxing. And as I begin to swing mentally at the entire Staff, the gleam from the Editor's Lamp suddenly checks my blow with the remark, "only a few of the editors agree on the editorial 'Black 1937 vs. Black 1927.' " So there I stand helpless with a bunch of shadows dancing around and each one saying, "I'm not guilty." There stands "Abie"! Peculiar that I had the same thoughts about "Abie." I wonder who of the Staff had the same thought and put it down in print. The same goes for the book reviews—I'd like to know who reviewed the book.

JOHN BAJUS

Granite City, Illinois

[*To make life more interesting the Editors offer a year's free subscription to* THE CRESSET *to any and all readers who identify all "Notes and Comment" and un-*

signed book reviews correctly in one issue. It would be a significant experiment in the identification of style and approach.—ED.]

He Tells Them

SIR:

Very much interested in the "moral indignation" complaint and the cry of "Preacher." No matter how you say the truth the name-calling libertines are sure to raise the cry of "Preacher."

I hope you continue as is. Such a mistake as *Crescent* for CRESSET lies in the inaccuracy of the critics' powers of observation. If someone doesn't know the meaning of *Alembic* he ought to either get a dictionary or take up reading matter designed for his mental level.

A. C. MEIER

Vandalia, Illinois

Kind Words

SIR:

Your CRESSET, judging by two issues received, shines with a steady, yet scintillating light. Its flames do not flare and fume, thus obscuring its brightness. In our day it is quite refreshing to discover a new magazine that does not zigzag from a purposeless point to a pointless purpose, but starts from a positive standpoint and heads straight for a definite goal. It is particularly satisfying to have a magazine that outspokenly and uncompromisingly throws the searchlight of Christian truth upon the ever-present questions of art, music, literature, and current happenings. Your book reviews have a fine flavor and a tip-top tang to them. There is nothing vague and equivocal about them. Your other departments thus far have been so timely, sprightly, and thought-provoking that it is difficult not to read THE CRESSET from cover to cover. You have started a magazine which in format and contents can without embarrassment take its place among the top-notchers. It deserves a wide reading. All success to your venture!

H. B. DICKERT

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Concerning a Comma

SIR:

A thing that struck me as unusual was the omission of the comma after the word "Arts" in the subtitle of THE CRESSET. I have always followed the rule, "If commas are used at all (in separating words in a series), the best usage requires a comma also before the conjunction." I am well aware that much liberty is granted in punctuation in the English language, and that very few hard and fast rules are laid down. One rule, however, I believe, can safely be followed, and that is this: If the insertion of a comma helps to clarify a sentence, use the comma. I know of at least two people who were puzzled by the lack of a comma before the conjunction in your subtitle, and who tried to figure out for some time what sinister meaning those ordinary words could have.

W. O. BISCHOFF

South Euclid, Ohio

New England Economics

SIR:

I do not like your editorial: "Mary Had A Little Lamb." The last four lines on p. 7 are correct. That is Biblical. But the rest of the editorial is colored with demagoguery.

The popular conception of "Wall Street" and "Lambs" and such stuff is nonsense, as any intelligent person ought to know. The *New York Times* of January 2, 1938 had a fine editorial on "The New Mythology" which, I will confess, I do not understand any too well myself. The boss painter on the job of painting our house in June 1937 said that we would be having a depression by October and he was very much in the dumps about

it. I admit that a boss painter is no authority—but when ideas are widespread among people there is usually a reason.

You quote "financial advisers" but you do not say whether they are trustworthy. Carroll Tillman, of Boston, said in December 1936 that about March 10 the high point of the stock market for the entire year would be reached. One of my friends, about a year ago, called my attention to a very pessimistic prognostication that appeared in *Forbes Magazine.* This was borne out to the letter. There are many warnings. Granted that we cannot always believe the best men in this field and that they make mistakes, very bad ones sometimes, yet when so many warnings are sounded, at least one could be cautious. In view of all this, and reams more that could be written, it would have been appropriate to head that editorial: "Fools Will Never Learn," or "Greed Blinds the Keenest Eye" or "Avarice Warps the Sharpest Mind" and then tell people some real truths.

Some questions I hope the staff will study:

"What is Money"? That's the old teaser.

Effect of gold production on prices.

Effect of governmental deficits on prices.

Effect of changing ratio of bank reserves to deposits.

Effect of changing ratio of commercial loans to deposits.

Keynes'—*Managed Currency.*

Effect of draining the wealth of the New England and Eastern states for the benefit of Western and Southern states.

Can the government *successfully* take from the "haves" and give to the "have-nots"?

Government regulation always produces the most violent depressions.

Read Roman History of the first 150 years A.D.

JOHN CONNOR

Salem, Massachusetts

De Gustibus

SIR:

You asked for it. Just simply had to send something after I had read "Cinquain" by Miss Lange. Is that verse or poetry? Why not this:

Quintuplet

More pleasant sound
Than this
Is nowhere found:
A brindled bossy's moo
Across the field to you.

F. W. WIEDMAN

Dundee, Illinois

SIR:

I knew of a teacher who had the good sense to open the windows to change the air in the room, replenish the lungs, and clear the cobwebs from the upper chambers between the somewhat trying sessions.

I know of a magazine which had such little windows where freshets might blow in and pick one up between articles. These windows were signed "Helen Myrtis Lange." Your latest number suffers for the lack of them and your substitutes remind me of war-time "Ersatz."

A. C. MEIER

Vandalia, Illinois.

Contributors — Problems — Final Notes

THE major article this month is contributed by P. E. Kretzmann, Ph.D., D.D., professor of Education, Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri. A theologian by profession, Prof. Kretzmann has devoted much time to educational research.

The Editor's Lamp

IN ADDITION to the book reviews by members of the staff, our reviewers this month include Henry Rische, pastor at Dunsmuir, California; F. C. Verwiebe, pastor at Gethsemane Church, Buffalo, and President of the Eastern District of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and Other States; J. F. Wenchel of Washington, D.C., whom our readers will remember as the author of "A Preface to Naziism" in the February issue; W. F. Weiherman, assistant executive secretary of the International Walther League; and W. E. Hohenstein, pastor at Trinity Church, Bloomington, Illinois.

IT HAS become necessary to call attention to the fact that in a monthly review of current books the publication date of a new volume makes considerable difference in the date of the review. For example, the date for the release of Sinclair Lewis' *The Prodigal Parents* was just too late for the February issue of THE CRESSET. For this reason we shall at times be compelled to beg the patience of our readers for a month before the review of a best-seller can appear in our columns.

THE examination of *Life* and *Look* in the January issue of THE CRESSET has aroused much comment. Apparently this comparatively new feature of American journalism is becoming increasingly significant. In a recent issue of *The Saturday Review* Mr. Bernard DeVoto writes:

"The photographic press goes on expanding, and we hope to make a survey of it soon. *Life,* whose original formula called for equal parts of the decapitated Chinaman, the flogged Negro, and the surgically explored peritoneum, has decided to appeal to more normal and more intelligent minds. It now spends much more energy on the news and on a kind of visual journalistic investigation which becomes increasingly interesting as it

becomes more expert. *Look* has also moderated the sensationalism and obscenity of its earliest issues, and has done some elementary but promising crusading. The blood-and-nakedness formula abandoned by the pioneers has been taken up by a dozen new accessories of the moving picture business, and by several vicious but probably ephemeral sheets which carry salacity and vicarious cruelty to a new high. The profits latent in scandal, horror, and obscenity are always large, but they involve a certain risk. If the money which supports these new ventures does not dry up as the business-index falls, various organizations will probably take action against them. This magazine is frequently asked whether it does not believe in any limitation whatever on the freedom of the press. It does not, but it intends to be busily occupied elsewhere when the censors get to work on the keyhole magazines."

When secular critics begin to gag over the obscenity of our magazines, the Church should be thoroughly concerned.

WE SHOULD like to call particular attention to the theme of "The Alembic" for this issue. It presents a fascinating picture of the loss of the *Titanic*. The 26th anniversary of this catastrophe occurs next month.

WE ARE certain that many of our readers will be especially interested in our Music Column for next month. Mr. Hansen will present a thorough review of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew*—a fitting contribution to the observance of the season of Lent.

DUE to the publicity given to it by members of the administration in Washington, Ferdinand Lundberg's *America's 60 Families* has received wide attention. As we write, the controversy concerning its truthfulness and the value of its statistical information still rages. It appears, however, that Mr. Lundberg's fundamental thesis has not been invalidated. We are interested in receiving the opinions of our subscribers who have read the book.

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Dirt

"Many persons seem to believe that nice dirty snow is prettier than nice clean snow. It seems unfashionable to think nice clean snow is the prettier. A subject has to be dirty to be art, some believe. But we'll get sensible and find the truth again."—BOOTH TARKINGTON.

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:

- Radio's Account with Religion
- Studies in Modern Literature
- Communism and Fascism
- War and Peace
- Indian Legends in Nebraska
- The American Newspaper
- Religion in the Dust Bowl
- Detective Stories
- A Preacher Looks at Life
- A Look at Spain

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

Hell on Ice............................*Edward Ellsberg*
Brisbane—A Candid Biography............*Oliver Carlson*
The Tyranny of Words....................*Stuart Chase*
RFD..................................*Chas. A. Smart*
Letters to Phillippa...................*Dorothea Brande*
Man the Unknown........................*Alexis Carrel*
Father Malachy's Miracle...............*Bruce Marshall*
Science and Music......................*Sir James Jeans*
Ulrich von Hutten and the German Reformation.......
....................................*Hajo Holborn*
An Illustrated Handbook of Art History..............
....................................*Frank J. Roos, Jr.*
The Folklore of Capitalism..........*Thurman W. Arnold*
Le Petit Catéchisme....................*Martin Luther*
The Importance of Living...................*Lin Yutang*
An Artist in America...................*Thomas Benton*
Assignment in Utopia...................*Eugene Lyons*
Religion and Public Affairs............*Harris F. Rall*
Beyond Horizons........................*Lincoln Ellsworth*
Heinrich Heine—Life—Poems..........*Louis Untermeyer*
Plot and Counter-Plot..................*M. W. Fodor*

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