sitic bureaucrats, and have been manipulated to selfish ends by oligarchies of materialistic mammon worshipers. Long before Maritain and other voices in Europe, particularly in Germany, France, England and Ireland, began their task of arousing the Christian conscience to its duty of following the teachings of Pope Leo XIII and the present Pontiff, Ralph Adams Cram has been proclaiming "the primacy of the spiritual," and promoting the struggle against the substitution of quantity for quality so rife in almost every department of modern American life.

And there are those of us who know that it was his position as a leader in this awakening of the Christian conscience which led him to take so great a part in establishing this journal, which has done its best, largely through his inspiration, to coöperate with similar movements, such as that led by G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and their associates in England, and with the group surrounding Mr. Christopher Dawson, whose "Essays in Order," published from time to time in pamphlet or book form, serve as their organ in place of a periodical; and with the many vigorous and even militant leaders of the groups in Germany, France, Poland, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Canada and most particularly in Ireland, who are striving to preserve the true values of Christian civilization against attacks from without and corruptions from within.

In pointing out the leading part played by Mr. Cram in the new movements to give Christian leadership to society, we do not mean that we are in favor of the particular plan he advocates in the present article. We confess that we are dubious as to the advantages which he considers would flow from its application. But as one more sign of a growing desire on the part of many thoughtful people to rescue American society from the materialistic mediocrities who have sat in the seats of the mighty—but have not exercised a beneficent power—for so long, his brief essay is a tremendously significant sign of the times. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in a speech to the American Club in Paris, gives weight to the reasoning behind Mr. Cram's suggestion, by saying that "we have made a mess of government by somehow managing to exclude largely from public office the highest type of brains and character in our land. If we could only get some politician to go to his political death for a principle, he would be immortal."

In the current number of the *Nation*, that keen if scornful observer of politics, Mr. Paul Y. Anderson, brings evidence tending to show that some such plan as that advocated by Mr. Cram is actually being considered by several powerful groups. He believes that a Fascist dictatorship has been discussed seriously by financial leaders, meeting for the express purpose, in New York and in Chicago. In these discussions, the idea advanced was that Congress should be superseded by a "Coalition Cabinet," ruling the country with the President in command, or, perhaps, only nominally in command. Mr. Anderson thinks that there really exists a chance that some such plan may be attempted. He puts his case as follows: "Consider the problem that faces Mr. Hoover. If the Democrats avoid political suicide at Chicago, and if the campaign proceeds along conventional lines, the President must reasonably expect to be defeated. The obvious strategy in that case will be to see that it is not conducted along conventional lines. Nothing could be more characteristic of the Hoover mind than a proclamation to the general effect that a state of national emergency exists, that partizan politics should be adjourned, that he stands ready in the event of his reëlection—or perhaps immediately—to choose a Cabinet consisting of the greatest minds of both parties, and that patriotism demands the immediate abandonment of all campaign activities! It is true that such a step would require more audacity than we should normally expect from the trembling man in the White House, but he may be subjected to powerful pressure from sources which he is not accustomed to resist. Whatever its abuses, the fundamental structure of this government is democratic; hence I always have believed that the first formidable attempt to change it would come from the top of society rather than from the bottom."

We do not agree with Mr. Anderson any more than we agree with Mr. Cram as to the actual imminence of such drastic measures—but we do agree with both writers, and with a growing body of public opinion, that the inadequacy of the type of men who have seized political and economic power has been shockingly exposed, and that some form of dictatorial reaction against such a situation is more than likely.

WEEK BY WEEK

Democracy True to Form

THERE WILL naturally be differences of opinion regarding the quality of the Democratic achievement in Chicago, but no one will deny that as a political show the convention was grippingly spectacular. From beginning to end one dramatic moment followed another, as the forces aligned in conflict manoeuvered for advantages. The outstanding surprise was no doubt the adoption of a plank which commits the party to repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Many practical politicians will doubt the strategic wisdom of this move. If the nation's antipathy to Mr. Hoover's administration is deep and strong enough to evoke a landslide of votes for the Democratic candidate, it will of course matter very little that groups of fanatically dry citizens in every state look askance at this year's crop of successors to Thomas Jefferson. But—as history abundantly proves—July is not the same thing as November. Nevertheless there cannot well be a lover of popular government who will not rejoice to see that the manifest will of the people has, for once, triumphed over political sagacity; and we shall not be surprised if this bit of daring brings to the support of the Democratic party the good will of many thousands otherwise little disposed to see in campaigns much more

than a change of administrative mechanisms. The hour during which spokesmen for prohibition were able to talk only in fragmentary sentences, by reason of the opposition of the delegates, was epoch-making in the nation's history. It demonstrated, regardless of what coming months may bring, the end of a period of subterfuge and sheer hypocrisy. And much else stated officially in the platform, or remarked from the floor, stressed a note of conviction or of thoughtfulness no longer too frequently identified with the history of political conflict.

THE NOMINATION of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt likewise has great significance. However much one may have admired the character and ideas of "Al" Smith, however deeply one may have been conscious of the charm of such men as Governor Ritchie, it is abundantly evident that the Roosevelt management gave to the Democratic Party something which it has desperately needed. This is organization. Outside the South and a few large cities, Democratic candidates have hitherto been forced to rely largely upon direct appeal or upon more or less scattered lieutenants. Roosevelt brought to the Chicago convention a machine, the coherence of which in operation was genuinely a surprise. Few trained observers had believed such a thing possible, and it was widely felt that delegations corralled as far back as March could not withstand the pressure of convention debate. Yet despite the bad blunder of an attempt to break the two-thirds rule (a blunder attributable to fear on the part of the organizers themselves) this "new Democracy" held together like the several parts of a good Packard. Even wet enthusiasm and Tammany were powerless. And so, whatever else may be said on the subject of Mr. Roosevelt, it is abundantly evident that as a political captain he has earned his laurels. We who are committed to no party and to no man, simply pause here to remark that he has finished one task well.

In Memoriam: Father Duffy

ONE OF the many tales told of the late Father Francis Duffy is that after one of the bloodier overseas engagements, he went out under fire (as he was known to do, in bland defiance of regulations, again and again) and brought in, by slow and agonizing stages, a badly wounded Jewish soldier. After he had made the boy as comfortable as he could in a first-aid hut, he started for the door saying that he would go and find a Jewish chaplain. The soldier clung to him desperately and held him back. "No," he said, "don't go. You're good enough for me." True or not, the story is characteristic enough to be true. It is no aspersion on the devotion to their own religious beliefs of the many Protestant and Jewish fighting men to whom this great soldier-priest rendered the corporal works of mercy, often at the risk of his own life, that they instantly felt and accepted the authority of his faith as it came to them through his actions and character. And this has been increasingly true of countless others, of varying beliefs, and no beliefs, as the years since the war have widened Father Duffy's influence and added to the immortal title, "Chaplain of the Fighting Sixty-ninth" (we do not say transformed the title, for it apparently always was a source of unique pride to him), the enhancements that rightly belong to an established national personage.

IT IS true that he was helped in achieving his extraordinary appeal by that combination of happy natural gifts which, while they do authentically make what is known as a personality, have no necessary connection with spiritual worth. He was a brilliant scholar, a witty talker; he had an almost fabulous physical bravery, which made him a legend among the lifesavers during the war, and earned him practically every earnable decoration; and, to crown it all, a handsome, electrical presence, very much in the military manner. "He looked," says the *World-Telegram,* "the way a general ought to look. He talked the way a general ought to talk." But it is by this very enumeration of his natural gifts that we realize that his secret must have transcended them. There were other brave men in the war, even among the non-combatants; there are other agreeable and magnetic figures at home in the world of sports, the theatre, books; to move up higher, there are others—though not very many—equally at home among the obscure and the poor. Yet it is impossible to think of one of them whose death would impose upon thousands the sorrow which Father Duffy's death has imposed. For he was first, truly and literally, a soldier of Christ, serving the altar and loving souls, and many indeed felt that fact who could not have defined it.

SHORTLY after the war, Father Duffy was made pastor of Holy Cross Church, a post he retained till his death. It is in West Forty-second Street, the very center of the Times Square district—and it is not frequented by the well-to-do, but emphatically by the plain people, for whom Father Duffy's devotion has only increased with the years. He must have felt doubly at home there. It was only a few years ago that, in answer to his plea for the acute needs of this church, a very large public subscription, with very diverse contributors indeed, was raised. Appreciation of his great labors in fostering and solidifying the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, New York, is probably more confined to Catholics than the appreciation of Father Duffy's enterprise was apt to be. Yet there is no doubt that the good effects of that splendid and growing achievement are already spreading far beyond Catholic confines. It will be hard to replace such a man, as President Hoover, who valued his personal friendship, has justly said. There is at least a certain satisfaction in observing how widely his loss was felt, and how instinctively it was proclaimed. It is not so much the

utterance of national dignitaries that we are speaking of, the pages given to his influence and career in the public press, the concourse of the great at his vast and impressive military funeral in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the police lines, the half-masted flags, the federal airplanes dipping in final salute—though these have their significance. It is rather the hundreds of his fellow priests who came to share his last Mass, the weeping children from his parish school, the thousands who blocked the streets waiting patiently for their last look at a priest whom they loved.

Paying the Bill

CONGRESS in session during the entire summer? The idea is not pleasant to contemplate, very particularly from the congressional point of view. But no recess seems in sight, less because of such conceivably dangerous phenomena as the bonus army than because the budget balancing operations may have to be thoroughly revised. The recipes so far devised were risky enough before relief legislation was sponsored; today there is hardly an informed person who believes they will stand the test. It is the new schedule of inheritance taxes which has so far suffered most from contact with reality. The true effect of these cannot be gaged from a few cases, and yet the following instance is, no doubt, quite representative: An estate, consisting mostly of stocks, was appraised at $19,000,000 in 1930; today the heirs owe the government $80,000 in taxes! We are assured that similar shrinkages affect the whole body of taxable legacies. Nor have the "nuisance" taxes borne up as well under scrutiny as had been supposed. Legal ways and means of dodging the charge on bank checks have, for example, appeared in number. Accordingly it is thought that before the summer is over the administration will have to revise its entire fiscal program. Many think it not unlikely that the final result will be a vote for the general sales tax, advocated originally by the Treasury, in exchange for some inflationary measure desired by the majority of members of the House. These possibilities are not agreeable to meditate upon, but the absence of all signs of industrial betterment give them a sadly factual appearance.

Protecting the Drys

AS OPPOSITION to the prohibition amendment in the Constitution suddenly comes out of the disorganized and powerless—though none the less exasperated—state in which it has been for the last ten years, the drys protest loudly that outright repeal will throw the whole country wide open to the liquor traffic and that communities that are preponderantly dry, will be as helpless to defend themselves against this traffic as they were fifty years ago. There can be no doubt that the commercial liquor interests prior to the turn of the century did ride pretty roughshod over the wishes of states which desired to be dry. As late as 1898 the Supreme Court upheld the right to ship liquors from wet states across the borders of dry neighboring states. However, in 1913 the Webb-Kenyon law was enacted, prohibiting the transportation of intoxicating liquors into any state in violation of its local law, and in 1917 came the Reed amendment to the Webb-Kenyon law making it an offense against the United States, punishable by fine or imprisonment, to cause intoxicating liquors to be imported into any state the laws of which prohibited its manufacture or sale. And no longer ago than May 16 of this year, the Supreme Court affirmed that the Webb-Kenyon law is still in effect. In other words, there is plenty of law at present on the statute books to govern this matter. What is needed, is to pare away to the fundamentals, see that these are understood and respected, and that they are firmly and swiftly enforced. Fewer laws, better enforced, is a working rule for our times. It is conceivable that the drys may trek to arid states, and allow the others to live in peace. This however is not probable. The drys would not enjoy working on each other. The struggle against multifarious and pernicious nuisance laws is not over. Weak politicians will still hand them out to special groups. But the growth of a saner, more united public spirit is in prospect.

The Mantle of Sullivan

THERE seems to be unofficial agreement among the great majority of the sports experts who saw the business, that in the recent heavyweight bout Max Schmeling, the German boy, was jobbed out of the world title. It has revived the queries, never very deeply laid, as to what is wrong with the prize-ring. There was (to consult only recent memories) the Long Count in Chicago; there was the Foul in the Fourth, in the last Sharkey-Schmeling fight; and now there is this. The answer is fairly obvious, we should say, and has nothing to do either with the brutality of pugilism (now largely non-existent, judging by the bitter complaints of spectators), nor with the alleged "inferior type" attracted to it—never, we venture, conspicuously existent, by fair comparison with similar fields. What is wrong with the prize-ring, especially in the heavier divisions, is simply that too much money is paid to the fighters. The purses run up by the Dempsey prestige and the Tunney business acumen (aided, of course, by the unexampled ballyhoo of the late Tex Rickard, and the ever-growing mechanics of publicizing) constitute a tradition that, in the long run, would corrupt any sport. Sharkey and Schmeling were paid less, of course, but there is always the possibility—so recently an actuality—of a million-dollar guarantee, and that makes the heavyweight title an immense vested interest. That cabals should line up behind a man to capture it, that it should be guarded, when won, by dull and overcareful boxing (such as was the overwhelming rule the other night) on the good old principle of taking no needless chances, seems so inevitable that we, for one, shall express no surprise whenever it is proved to be the case.