

"racial purity." The name of this dark-haired Balt was Rosenberg.

The *Münchener Beobachter* became the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's especial paper, and presently passed under the control of Max Amann, a former bank clerk who had been Hitler's sergeant major, and who now was to become his publisher, head of the Eher Publishing House. As a result, both Hitler and Amann became multi-millionaires. In 1925 Hitler sent Goebbels to Berlin to take charge of Nazi propaganda and meetings there, deliberately and secretly undermining the influence of one of his earliest friends and supporters, Gregor Strasser, chief of the Party's propaganda. Goebbels immediately showed the criminal and vicious genius that has distinguished him; he invited martyrdom for his followers by hoodlum tactics, he provoked brutal incidents on all occasions, and he used language solely as a subversive weapon.

Fact by fact, document by document, date after date, original source after original source, these backed whenever necessary by direct quotation, the authors of this masterly study of the Nazi mind where it has to do with propaganda, domestic and foreign, build up the picture of the monstrous machine designed to destroy thought. There are even charts, like those of some vast corporation, whose various divisions, stemming from the fountain-head, Minister of Public Enlightenment (sic!) and Propaganda, Goebbels, spread eventually into every country, large or insignificant, and down into every function of German life. Nothing was neglected. Like the Chinese children of the sixteenth century who were brought up in vases until, dwarfed and monstrous, they were sufficiently grotesque to please, as slaves and pets, the great ladies of Europe, the lies of the Nazi Party and its theory of "categorical cynicism" warped and deformed throughout the world all those so foolish or so ignorant as to listen.

This is a fascinating book; this book, "The Goebbels Experiment." Told with lucid directness, it has the damning quality of cool, objective writing, but because of its context it is far more hair-raising and exciting than most murder stories. And that is another eerie result of the paradoxical horror of the times in which we are living . . . any true document concerning the Nazi regime in any of its aspects is as shocking as a sudden look into hell.

The Yale University Press has published this particular and overwhelmingly important aspect of hell with grave scholastic decorum. Also, three dollars makes hell expensive. The format of the book is such that none but the scholar will be tempted to look inside. This is not only a pity in a literary sense, but it is also an unwitting crime against knowledge. I sincerely trust that the Yale University Press will republish this book to the sound of bugles and in a paper edition costing not more than fifty cents and to be sold everywhere, especially on news-stands. There are still too many Americans, protected as we are by oceans, although no longer adequately, not yet fully aware of the shape of hell; the inner fiery hell of Nazi murder, torture, assassination, rapine, and rape; the cold outer frozen hell of Nazi theory and intellectual procedure where, as in Dante's Inferno, sit the treacherous, the unimpassioned cruel, the venal, the sellers out of honor, and the despisers of humanity; all these presided over by a small, sharp-faced, club-footed minor demon.

New Publication Fund

Princeton University Press has announced establishment of the MacLaren Fund in the History of Engineering and Technology, which will be a revolving fund, named for Malcolm MacLaren, pioneer American electrical engineer who is now a professor emeritus at Princeton.

AmericanDimensions

ATLAS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.
James Truslow Adams, Editor-in-chief. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 360 pp. with index. \$10.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

THIS volume is a notable service to the study of American history. It takes the place of dozens of separate works which, when pieced together, add up to a cartographical story of America. But that is only one of its major accomplishments. In addition to presenting a geographical record in compact, unified form, it serves as a fascinating study of the unfolding development of the United States. In a series of 135 pen-and-ink maps reproduced in photo-offset on good stock, the "Atlas" provides the geographical picture of the principal events in American history in chronological sequence, region by region as well as the country as a whole. Included, too, are maps dealing with topography, forestry, railroad building, survey guides, etc.

In sum, "The Atlas of American History" is an immensely valuable aid and standard reference work for anyone interested in or working with the materials of American history. James Truslow Adams, the editor, and R. V. Coleman, the managing editor, have succeeded in having their "Atlas" do for American geography what their "Dictionary of American History" does for the written record. They were assisted in this undertaking by some sixty-four specialists in history. In practical operation, it works out this way: Each map, in addition to the usual legend, carries the name of the supervisory expert. Thus Douglas Southall Freeman directs the cartography on the plate dealing with Virginia as it was in 1864-65; Carl Coke Rister on the clash with Mexico and the new boundaries, 1836-48; Dan E. Clark and Alvin F. Harlow on the Northwest as it was in 1865-90—to mention only a few.

Despite this range of experting, there is no lack of uniformity in the volume, for the maps are drawn by a single cartographer, LeRoy H. Appleton, whose work is distinctive yet direct, concise yet comprehensive. The lettering stands head and shoulders above anything being done today in historical maps.

THE MAKING OF MODERN BRITAIN

By J. B. BREBNER & ALLAN NEVINS

Here is the book every alert American has wanted, but has been unable to find until now—a concise history, stripped down to essentials, which supplies the background facts as we need to know, and is as enjoyable to read as it is informative.

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POLITICAL "WHAT IFS"

(Continued from page 10)

justices of our political institutions in the last decade of the old century and in the first two decades of this century. Bryan picked up the banner of reform dropped by General James B. Weaver in the first Populist campaign of the early nineties. Bryan carried that banner through the administrations of McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. It was a tawdry banner, possibly cheap sometimes and occasionally demagogic, though Bryan in seraphic innocence did not realize it, but millions of Democrats rallied around that banner. Bryan took them in quite a different direction from that which they were going under Grover Cleveland and the silk-stocking Democrats of the eighties and nineties. Bryan would have made a terrible President, but not more terrible than Harding, which is not exactly high praise. But Bryan in American public life made the first Roosevelt possible. He was more responsible for the nomination and election of Wilson than any other one man, even Colonel House. And to this affiant it seems that, when Mr. Stone sets Bryan down as a pigmy compared with Taft, Mr. Stone is putting too much emphasis on political erudition and not enough on political hunch.

The grouping of these Also Rans is interesting and at first seems to be foolish, but when one finishes the book he loses entirely the sense that Mr. Stone has been rather arbitrary in, for instance, classifying the generals under one head, Winfield Scott, John C. Frémont, George M. McClellan, and Winfield S. Hancock. Again looking at the table of contents one sees no reason why Book Seven should contain the stories of Louis Cass, Horatio Seymour, Alfred E. Smith, and Alf M. Landon. But they were all governors. Alton Parker and Charles Evans Hughes were judges. Bryan and Clay were three times losers. John W. Davis and Wendell Willkie were Wall Street lawyers. And when the author decided to abandon a chronological order, probably the order he has substituted is as good as any other order and the reader soon loses the feeling that the groupings are incongruous and irrelevant.

"They Also Ran" is a good book worth writing and well worth reading. It is a book over which the contemplative student of American history may well ponder. For it is obvious that in choosing between these unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency and their successful rivals, the American people have chosen well. They have generally not been fooled

by specious logic. In nine cases out of ten the wisdom of the American people at the polls has been justified in history. Democracy has proven its capacity to pick its leaders. At any rate, in picking them, the American people have followed what seems to be a definite evolutionary destiny. If the voters did not always get the better man, physically, mentally, spiritually, for instance, in choosing between Hughes and Wilson, they did follow the drift and tendency of the times. Mr. Hughes possibly would have been a better administrator than Woodrow Wilson. He might have been a more clear-headed and far-sighted statesman. He could have saved the peace that was wrecked by the intransigent obstinacy of Wilson and the peevish factionalism of Lodge. But there again "what if" raises a question. Were the people of the United States ready for the peace that Hughes would have made? Did they not have to stumble and learn their lesson? How much can leadership divert the real drift and tendency of the times. These questions and others like them will rise to confront any historical student who reads this book. Certainly Mr. Stone would not claim to be a major prophet of history. But he has stated in striking, in simple, and in dramatic terms the great question that anyone asks who reads history seriously, the everlasting cry—that unanswerable riddle—"What if?"

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 2

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. "B" for instance may stand for "E" and "M" for "I." The experienced cryptographer seeks first to spot the vowels, and looks for letters that recur frequently to give him his clue. The solution to Crypt No. 2 will be found in the next issue.

VBY SPCLZ HYL TLYLSF

ZAYHUNL KHYR PUALYSBKLZ

PU AOL LSLJAYPJHS KPZWSHF

VM NVK AOL MHAOLY!

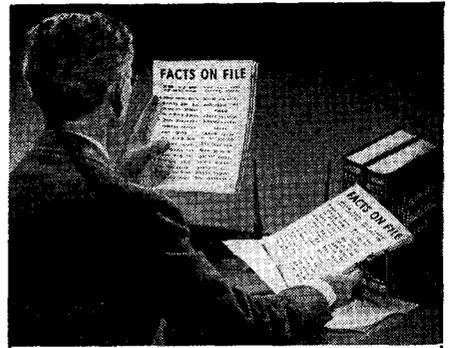
LBNLUL V'ULPSS—

"ZAYHUNL PUALYSBKL"

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1

I have known people to stop and buy an apple on the corner and then walk away as if they had solved the whole unemployment problem.

HEYWOOD BROWN—
"Chummy Charlie"



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MY realm, as I am sometimes reminded by those who feel that one not averse to verse should not venture to stick a toe into the troubled waters of sociology and economics—my realm is really that of books, and old books at that! But I do not confine my reading to books of poetry. In fact, as I get older, I turn more and more to history, biography, and s. and e. as above stated. Therefore, it is inevitable that some comment on such things, and upon current affairs, in which it is also impossible not to be interested, should creep ever and again into this wayward monologue. It annoys some people very much. It has incensed Edwin C. Crampton of Raton, New Mexico, because I have been "unfair to Herbert Hoover" (though it was Miss Rebecca West who started that!), it aroused a many-paged diatribe from someone in Jersey, it has caused Frank W. Lucas of San Francisco to tell me gently:

You announce that "we have seen unfettered initiative and free enterprise run the country into a hole." You have overlooked apparently that all nations run into a hole at intervals and then they run right out again. On a trip to Buenos Aires I had occasion to consult a telephone book. Serving a population of two million, it has the same number of subscribers as has Sacramento, California, with a population of 100,000. In the U. S. A. the poorer classes, over which you and your collaborators shed so many tears, have telephones, radios, bathtubs, jalopies, and even pianos. I enjoy so much what you write about things you know. Please omit economics.

I thank Mr. Lucas, but it is impossible for me altogether to omit economics, because I am part of an economic system which will not omit me or millions like me. It conditions my whole way of life, and it is far from being perfect. Therefore, I shall continue to lay about me at times when I think it necessary. I have even contemplated writing an article, "Conservatives Are Always Wrong," and, strangely enough, this has not been inspired by weeping into my alphabet soup over the woes of the proletariat, but by contemplating the history of aviation in which I am also interested (Sorry!) Also Mr. Lucas's picture of countries running in and out of holes with the agility of prairie dogs does not strike me as quite accurate. And, again, the idea of a self-adjusting economic system had, I thought, been thrown overboard long ago by the best minds. It doesn't self-adjust, or it takes so long to stagger back, in the present state of the interlocked and complicated world, that you have very nearly

chaos in the meanwhile. But I am a mere amateur at these matters, and I am going to play fair and give you a letter from a business man. Mr. Paul S. Grant, who is secretary and treasurer of The Milwaukee Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin (and I don't know how large a corporation that may be, or how small a business, though I probably should), has written the following. I answered his good letter in my usual random way, spilling my notions out helter-skelter—but for those of my readers who think I am unfair—and I dare say I am often quite as unfair as they are—here is Mr. Grant's view of the situation, and they have a right to take a crack at that too, if it happens to annoy them. It doesn't annoy me, though I do not altogether agree with it. It is reasoned and calm argument.

May the typewriter speak to the theorbo? You say, "if it be a moral," and that may take the edge from my comments, but let an investment man early fallen from the grace of the academic life write to the poet who discusses Big Business.

You did not capitalize the words "Big Business," but there are others capitalized, and used as an epithet, a technique of politicians who wish emotion to displace reason. Carl Snyder and Norman Silberling have analyzed factually, inductively, the historic relationship of wages paid workers to the value of the product, and have found that there is so constant a ratio that it seems to be fundamental. Perhaps that ratio will change, either by a fundamental change of our economic system, or by some shift within the present system not foreseeable by these authors. Without research, I cannot prove it, but I have a feeling that the greatest change now going on is that, out of the dollar of value produced, not labor, but the government is getting a greater share, and the shareholder less. In the long run, from study of many decades, these authors say, labor's increased rate of pay doesn't produce more real income. What produces—and has produced in our country—a higher standard of living is greater productivity per man hour.

And what produces greater output per hour per man? The application of mechanical power, electricity or internal combustion engines, doing man's work for him, so that labor is tending or directing machines which do many times what each man could do with his muscles. And it takes capital to assemble these machines, and management to plan their operations, and while you have your choice between private capital and state capital, is there any doubt of the choice?

It takes profits to attract capital and to create capital. Is there anything immoral about profits? Eliminate the emotion from the word and assume that a business is run, as most are, with a fair deal for

labor; isn't the shareholder entitled, for his risk, to an equally fair deal,—the chance to make a profit and get some dividends? There are many who would like all savings to go into government bonds. These would direct the whole flow of capital into "socially useful" projects, but I can foresee in that case a stagnant and wasteful civilization. Isn't the quick elimination through bankruptcy of uneconomic private ventures better for us than bureaucratic competition for funds raised by deficit financing, and no test but political expediency?

Probably we agree, that free enterprise policed, but not controlled, by government is what we should have, and my experiencing in financing shows me clearly some of the rules we need. But I assure you that finding the judicial temperament to administer a law is much more difficult than writing the law; and that labor needs protection against its professional organizers and spokesmen as much as it does against its employers. Money is only a symbol. It is one of the major symbols of power, but other symbols are the titles senator, or fuhrer, or state organizer. There are many ambitions, but the unselfish man rarely gains power, whether it be in an organization, or in politics, or in business. Ambitious men need to be restrained. The misled, short-sighted rank and file of workers, and the thoughtless, indifferent investor, need enlightenment and help and protection.

After all, isn't labor's interest identical with the business man's? Don't they both want full production and active business? Don't wages and profits go up and down together? If both sides can realize that they are on the same side, a constructive policy will be bound to result, and name-calling must stop.

One more comment,—on your quotation from Mr. Dreher: He uses the first year of rearmament as a sample of the excess-profits tax. The rate now is 90 percent. Perhaps now the yield of the tax is more than a drop in the bucket, but if it is still only a drop in the bucket, then what of the tenth of a drop left to business? It can't be a "cashing in" on the war for any one to mutter about except the poor business man who works 90 percent for Uncle Sam. The quotation may have been obsolete when you used it.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 483)

G. K. CHESTERTON:
ON PIGS AS PETS

We do not know what fascinating variations might happen in the pig if once the pig were a pet. There may be little frisky, fighting pigs like Irish or Scotch terriers, there may be little pathetic pigs like King Charles' spaniels.