

The American MERCURY

February 1927

THE PARSONS AND THE WAR

BY GRANVILLE HICKS

THE spectacle offered by the high, heroic activities of the American clergy in the late war was not without precedent in the history of the Church nor without parallel in the war-time actions and utterances of members of other learned professions. The extent to which the Church itself employed force so long as it was able and the readiness with which, since the days of nationalism, it has fallen in line whenever the drums have sounded are both matters of history. And the parsons differ from the professors and lawyers and editors and doctors only in their ability to metamorphose any national conflict into a struggle between God and the Devil, and to apply the sulphurous trappings of orthodox theology to their denunciations of the current foe.

Any examination of the brave deeds of American clergymen in the late memorable struggle for democracy must begin, though unfortunately it cannot end, with an account of the exploits of the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, A.B., A.M., D.D., L.H.D. It was the combination of the stock ecclesiastical achievements with his own rare and peculiar talents which brought Dr. Hillis his deserved preëminence. The pre-war history of the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was little different from that of many another man of God who has risen to a prominent pulpit and a

comfortable salary by the adroit use of high-powered salesmanship. But when the great conflict came he revealed many singular and precious gifts.

Dr. Hillis was one of the far-sighted Americans who, in the first hot days of August, 1914, heard the trumpet of Armageddon and saw, in the invasion of Belgium, a sin against the Holy Ghost. In the ensuing Autumn, while still paying a dutiful obeisance to the Woodrovian doctrine of "neutrality," he began his active propaganda for American participation. The first blow was struck in a series of sermons in which he essayed to interpret to his parishioners the moral issues of the conflict. Out of these sermons came a book, "Studies of the Great War." In this work one discovers, re-reading it today, that even Dr. Hillis was not sufficiently myopic in 1914 to ignore altogether the less immaculate ambitions of France and Russia and the perilous situation of a hemmed-in Germany. But the occasional sentences which thus show a realistic grasp of the nature of the war—sentences which a little later Dr. Hillis found it convenient to forget—are even here buried in hearty eulogies of the Entente Powers and bold generalizations regarding the pernicious past and present of the Central Powers.

From 1914 to 1917 the will of the Lord became steadily clearer and clearer to the

prophet of Brooklyn, and by January of the last-named year he was damning Dr. Wilson furiously and demanding an immediate declaration of war. The severing of diplomatic relations in February raised him to a high pitch of enthusiasm and occasioned a sermon on the symbols revealed by the combat. After describing the symbols of Athens, Jerusalem and so on, he said: "The symbol of Prussia is a soldier with a firebrand in one hand, a bombshell in the other, breathing fire from the nostrils as he tramples down with feet of mail Belgian women and children." In the same sermon he painted a revolting picture of the pacifists "blowing kisses across to the begrimed gunners." A little later he asserted that the German soldiers made him "think of an escaped mad dog, or an insane man, biting like a rattlesnake and tearing like a hyena," and he added that the "civilized races must unite to kill the mad dog." His opinion of Dr. Wilson in March, 1917, sank almost to the level of his opinion of the Kaiser, and in one of his weekly discourses he returned to the subject of symbols. "What is the symbol of the United States," he asked, "coming together for discussion seven hundred days after the *Lusitania*? Not the leopard, not the war eagle, not the airplane. Stamp this symbol upon the country's flag: the tortoise! Underneath write this text from the first chapter of Genesis, 'God made every creeping thing.' " It was in the same sermon that he made what, for those gaudy days, was a truly astounding statement. "Descended from a family of Quakers," he said, "and reared by a father who practiced and taught the doctrine of non-resistance, I am in principle a Quaker and deeply sympathize with the pacifist movement." This congenital pacifism, however, was so admirably concealed that the late Col. Roosevelt, at the time energetically engaged in trying to get command of a division, wrote, "I would rather have Dr. Hillis as chaplain than any other man I know."

Col. Roosevelt never led that division

against the Hun, but the zeal of Dr. Hillis did not go unrewarded. The American Bankers' Association, appreciating his patriotic correctness and ardor, promptly commissioned him as a missionary in the holy cause. It was he who wrote the canned sermon sent to one hundred thousand preachers to help them prepare for Liberty Loan Sunday, but this was as nothing compared to the challenging addresses he delivered personally the country over. This first missionary journey completed and the loan successfully floated, he determined to equip himself to speak as one having authority. That is, he went to Europe to study at first-hand the atrocities of the German hordes. On his return his sermons shook Brooklyn to its very foundations. "Shall this foul creature that is in the German saddle, with hoofs of fire, trample down all the sweet growths in the garden of God?" he demanded, replying, one presumes, in the negative. He declared that anyone who criticized England was a traitor to the United States and he mentioned "particularly three merchants and two newspaper men" of Brooklyn.

With this equipment Dr. Hillis, on behalf of the Second Liberty Loan, spoke more than 400 times in 162 cities. When one examines these addresses today in his best known war book, "German Atrocities," one is a little surprised, in view of the efficiency of the Allied propaganda bureaux in those days, at the paucity of the facts he sets forth, but his mastery of the art of rhetoric, it must be remembered, made facts of any kind superfluous. "Whose bloody fingers were lifted upon their heads when his mildewed lips christened them Huns?" he would ask, to reply, unless the audience antiphonally anticipated him, "Their Kaiser!" "In a hundred years of history," he asked again, "where shall you find a record of soldiers, whether red, black or yellow, save Germans, who were such sneaking, snivelling cowards?" To which, obviously, there was no answer whatsoever.

II

It was perfectly simple to this zealous ambassador of Christ: "All that John Milton taught, as to the fall of Satan as an angel, becoming a devil, has been literally enacted on this stage before the nations of the earth." And it was perfectly logical for him to deduce therefrom that any satisfying atrocity, whether one had records of it or not, was sure to have been committed by the hellish Huns. The Devil, it appeared, had entered not only the Kaiser but every German man, and every German woman as well:

Note that a train of English soldiers passed through the town, a train loaded with prisoners, packed in freight-cars, without sanitation, wounded men who had been without food or drink for three days, men who, with black lips, begged the German women for water, and that these women held water just out of reach of these English soldiers and then, spilling it on the ground, spat in the faces of these wounded men!

There were, also, it appears, other kinds of atrocities. In the book one finds a chapter entitled "The Foul Crime Against Women," a chapter which relates that "the Germans slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers, violated little girls until they were dead," a chapter full of gruesome tales, though "the worst atrocities cannot even be named." There is in it an authoritative explanation of the utilitarian motives which led German soldiers to cut off the breasts of French and Belgian women. It is a masterly chapter, and delivered as an address in crowded halls to war-crazed people it must have brought to many a patriot a sense of the imperative necessity of purchasing bonds, the while its innuendoes titillated his libido.

The appeal to fear was also useful: "Do not deceive yourselves. When the full story is known, this country will wake up to discover that the Hun has reserved his most exquisite tortures for American boys." And when other resources failed Dr. Hillis could always arouse the patriot-

ism of his audience by referring to the menace of the German-Americans, a device which must have been especially potent in the hyphenated Middle-West. Imagine the effect of the following on the 100% Anglo-Saxons of Milwaukee:

Under cover of hospitality the German guest was planting bombshells in the home of his host. With infinite cunning the German diplomats built a German kingdom within our kingdom. How thoroughly they alienated many German-Americans is proven today by the fact that many members of German societies, the moment any American comes out against Germany, break with the banker, drop the newspaper, give up the pew in the church, for while their lips announce that they are Americans, in their heart they feel that their first loyalty is to the Kaiser.

Nothing, of course, could satisfy Dr. Hillis, after the United States got into the war, but unconditional surrender. When Lord Lansdowne suggested in December, 1917, that the time had come for peace negotiations, the Brooklyn apostle of the Prince of Peace delivered the divine dictum: "It is all right to forgive an enemy when the enemy is repentant, but it is another thing to forgive him when he is at the height of his brigandage." Germany must "plead guilty to murder, arson, and rape," he declared, adding, with the true Hillisian artistry, "When Lord Lansdowne dies and meets the martyred boys, I would rather he have the task of explaining his letter than for me to have it." The gist of the matter is summarized in a chapter in "German Atrocities":

Whether this war goes on one year or five years, it must go on until the Hun repents and makes restitution—so far as possible. . . . Thoughtful men doubt whether the German will ever learn the wickedness of his own atrocities and the crimes of militarism until his own land is laid waste, until he sees the horrors of war with his own eyes, and hears the groans of his own people with his own ears, sees his own land laid desolate, finds his own heart crushed with anguish.

To which he adds, his eyes rolling toward Heaven, "Yet retribution in kind would be unthinkable for the Allies."

At this time, suggesting the precise ingredients of a Just Peace was one of Dr. Hillis' favorite occupations. Thus:

When this war is over, every stone in the cathedral of Cologne should be marked. German prisoners should be made to pull these stones apart, German cars be made to transport every stone to Louvain, and German hands made to set up the cathedral of Cologne in Louvain or Arras.

Throughout the Winter of 1917-18 Dr. Hillis continued to preach such expositions of applied Christianity in all the intellectual centers of the country. The next Summer he left once more for Europe, and during his absence his third war book, "The Blot on the Kaiser's 'Scutcheon,'" appeared. "These brief articles," says the preface, "are sparks struck, as it were, from the anvil of events. They were written on trains, in hotels, in the intervals between public addresses." The book contains all the usual Hillis repertoire: curses for the Kaiser, picturesquely told atrocity stories, praises for the Allies, sniping at the German-Americans, and tales of the nefarious activities of German spies. Practice can improve even the technique of a Hillis, and so the doctor achieved new marvels in chapters bearing such headings as: "The Original Plot of the Potsdam Gang," "German Burglars Loaded with Loot Are the More Easily Captured," "Must German Men be Exterminated?" "The Judas Among Nations," "The Black Soul of the Hun," "Polygamy and the Collapse of the Family in Germany," "The German Sniper Who Hid Behind the Crucifix," "Was This Murder Justified?" "In Praise of Our Secret Service." Most parts of the book are little more than extracts from "German Atrocities" presented in new and more horrific dress, but one section was new at that time:

Society has organized itself against the rattlesnake and the yellow fever. Shepherds have entered into a conspiracy to exterminate the wolves. The Boards of Health are planning to wipe out typhoid, cholera and the black plague. Not otherwise, lovers of their fellow man have finally become perfectly hopeless with reference to the German people. They have no more relation to the civilization of 1918 than an orang-outang, a gorilla, a Judas, a hyena, a thumbscrew, or a scalping knife in the hands of a savage. These brutes must be cast out of society. . . . We know that Tacitus said, nearly two thousand years ago, that "the German treats women with cruelty, tortures his

enemies, and associates kindness with weakness." But nineteen centuries of education have not changed the German one whit. . . . In utter despair, therefore, statesmen, generals, diplomats, editors are now talking about the duty of simply exterminating the German people. There will shortly be held a meeting of surgeons in this country. A copy of the preliminary call lies before me. The plan to be discussed is based upon the Indiana State law. That law authorizes a State Board of Surgeons to use upon the person of confirmed criminals and hopeless idiots the new painless method of sterilizing the men. These surgeons are preparing to advocate the calling of a world conference to consider the sterilization of 10,000,000 German soldiers and the segregation of their women, that when this generation of Germans goes, civilized cities, states and races may be rid of this awful cancer that must be cut clean out of the body of society.

Failing the adoption of such scientific methods there was only one course for Christian men and women to take:

No man of large mind and great heart will ever make friends with a soldier from Germany, will ever buy an article of German stamp, so long as he lives, will ever read another German book, or support another German business. It is our duty to forgive the transgressor who is repentant, but it is a crime to forget the unspeakable atrocities, the devilish cruelties of the German Kaiser, the German War Staff, and the German army, with its 10,000,000 criminals.

To the end of the war Dr. Hillis continued these heroic efforts for Christianity and democracy. It was the opportunity of a century for a man of his gifts, and he has never been known to neglect his opportunities.

III

The standard that he set was beyond the reach of his fellow parsons, but they did their best, even in the days before the United States declared war. Admiral Fiske testified to this fact as early as 1915, saying: "The Christian religion is at this moment being made to exert a powerful influence, not towards peace, but towards war." Thus in 1916 it was quite natural for the Rev. William H. Hubbell, D.D., pastor of the Second United Presbyterian Church, of Cleveland, to urge his Sunday-school children to give their dimes to build a battleship for Uncle Sam. By New Year's Day of 1917 the ecclesiastical pack

was howling in full voice. Such venerable saints as Dr. George A. Gordon and Bishop Lawrence clamored for the Kaiser's blood, and the Right Rev. William T. Manning, now the beloved shepherd of the J. P. Morgan & Company diocese, lent his dignified voice to the growing tumult. The strident yelp of the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday provided a picturesque obligato. With the severing of diplomatic relations the hand of the Lord fell heavily upon His servants, inspiring in them an ecstasy reminiscent of the primitive Church. In Brooklyn the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., S.T.D., D.H.L., who was even then engaged in answering the questions reverently asked by frequenters of the Bedford Branch of the Y.M.C.A., made reply, when someone demanded to know what we should do when Gerard returned, that we should "Prepare! Prepare! Prepare!" When he was asked his opinion of students who refused to engage in military training, he called them "Parasites and suckers . . . rubbish," adding this observation, "The teacher that teaches them that they have no right to bear arms for the state should be fired out of his position."

In Boston all the right-thinking clerics similarly girded up their loins for the battle. A mass meeting in Tremont Temple adopted resolutions repudiating indignantly "the utterances and actions of certain so-called pacifists." Father Van Allen, lordly and dignified High Churchman, presented the resolutions, and after their adoption remarked, "that he had never done anything more befitting a Christian minister on the Lord's Day." The Episcopalians everywhere were eager for the slaughter. New York, in addition to the talented Dr. Manning—like Dr. Cadman, an Englishman—boasted of its fighting rector, Dr. Reiland, and the Massachusetts Clerical Association, an Episcopalian body, voted for war early in March. Episcopal clerics were also prominent in the great April crusade, when a distinguished delegation of parsons hastened to Washington to combat the un-Christian

influence of the pacifists, who were then making their last stand.

Once we were safely in the war all these gentlemen of God settled down to the gaudy business of egging on their parishioners. The flags inside and out every sacred edifice proclaimed that the Church had become an official recruiting station, with its parsons urging enlistments, supporting conscription, selling bonds and war saving stamps, preaching sermons on food conservation, and teaching the laity to hate the Huns with true Christian fervor. Every denomination that held a convention during 1917 hastened to endorse the war. Hundreds of patriotic meetings were held in the opening months, and so many war sermons were preached that not a few unquestionably loyal church-goers begged for a respite. Of this ecclesiastical enthusiasm the high authorities at Washington took full advantage, showering the preachers with requests to speak on every possible aspect of the war and deluging them with propaganda to pass on to their clients. It was thus natural enough for Secretary Lane to say later that the war could not have been won without the churches.

In addition to the work of the local pastors there was a vast amount of denominational and interdenominational activity. "War-Time Agencies of the Churches," the official statement of the Federal Council, reveals that there were thirty-one special organizations in the denominations and twenty-one that were interdenominational. Toward the winning of the war these Christian organizations strove not only by the propagation of favorable publicity, but also by bringing aid and comfort to the soldiers and sailors, furnishing them with sermons and cigarettes, and protecting them from the scarlet women—in German pay—who hovered about the camps. To the greatest of all war-time industries—the publishing business—the various societies contributed to the extent of more than a thousand books, pamphlets, and tracts. The National Com-

mittee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War, comprising such eminent laymen as the Hon. William H. Taft as well as many prominent clergymen, did a wholesale business in converting the raw materials of Dr. Hillis, the Hon. James M. Beck, Major George Haven Putnam, the Hon. George Creel and the like into high-grade propaganda couched in the Wilsonian diction. The *Congregationalist* described the committee thus: "No pacifist note is sounded. No quarter is given to the Kaiser, who is regarded as a murderer of women and children, to be treated so when the war is won."

Not all the ministers, alas, perceived from the first the whole moral significance of the struggle. Such men as Dr. Charles Jefferson, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch, and Dr. Washington Gladden considered themselves pacifists in those simple days, and sought to prevent American participation. But once the war was on they gradually changed their views, becoming firm, though in most cases not violent, advocates of war. Following the lead of the messianic Woodrow, they accepted the full orthodox doctrine of German war guilt and German *Schrecklichkeit*, and denounced the imperial government as a clique of madmen. Included in the list of pacifists which the intelligence department of the army submitted to the Senate in January, 1919, were the names of six ministers, four theological school professors, and one ex-minister. At least two of the ministers on the list had lent some support to the war, while a third had kept a discreet silence. When one calls the roll of war-time pacifists, three names come to mind: Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Bishop Paul Jones and Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. There were others—but not many.

As I have said, most of the ex-pacifists showed a certain restraint in their final support of the war, but there were one or two who displayed all the typical zeal of the convert. A conspicuous exemplar of this rapid and rabid conversion was

Dr. Charles Parkhurst, editor of the aristocrat of Methodist journals, *Zion's Herald*. In the latter part of March, 1917, Dr. Parkhurst still thought war could be avoided, but one month later he was shrieking for the Kaiser's scalp and demanding that Roosevelt be given command of the expeditionary force. During the ensuing Summer he became enthusiastic over the blockade of Germany, damned the pacifists with true Methodist zeal, and urged the government to jail everybody opposed to the war. In four months Dr. Parkhurst turned *Zion's Herald* from a moderately pacifist sheet into the most uncompromisingly bellicose force among the denominational journals.

Considering the fact that such conversions were many and surviving pacifists few, the vigor with which the clergy sought for new and nasty epithets for those who held back seems a little forced. Dr. Charles Eaton, pastor of the Madison Square Baptist Church, referred to them as "poor pussy pacifists" and then called them eunuchs. Dr. S. E. Young, an eminent Presbyterian, called them "cowards and traitors." Bishop Kinsolving of Texas declared, at the time when Mayor Thompson permitted them to meet in Chicago, that "such men should not only be driven from the country, but from the earth." When the Rev. E. F. Weise of Bridgeport, Conn., declared at a Methodist conference, "I am an American, but a Christian first," the assembled clergy cried, "Sit down! Shame on you! Traitor!"

The Rev. Howard Ganster, of Christ Episcopal Church, at Waukegan, Ill., suggested "the organization of a society for the committing of murder of persons who do not stand up or who leave the building when 'The Star Spangled Banner' is played," and the distinguished Dr. Henry van Dyke, at the time Morris Hillquit was running for mayor of New York, screamed, "I'd hang everyone, whether or not he be a candidate for mayor, who lifts his voice against America entering the war." Father Gillis, a Catholic, averred that "Jesus

Christ is the Prince of Peace, but Pontius Pilate was the Prince of Pacifists." Bishop Cooke recommended that the conscientious objector "be deprived . . . of all political and social and civil rights," and rejoiced "that the Legislature of Wisconsin last Spring held up to the scorn of civilization one of its citizens whom it had honored, but who himself failed to honor the State." The Rev. Isaac Lansing referred to the pacifists as "bloodless tools" of the Germans. And the American Unitarian Association voted "not to grant financial aid to any church which employs a minister who is not a willing, earnest, and outspoken supporter of the United States in the vigorous and resolute prosecution of the war."

IV

Accompanying these denunciatory flights, which characterized almost every sermon in the early days of the war, were more reasoned expositions of the errors of pacifism, prepared by such estimable clergymen as Dr. Fosdick, President Faunce, Dr. MacKenzie, and Dean Shailer Mathews. The chief of the egregious errors of the opponents of war, it appeared, was the assertion that Jesus was a pacifist. As a problem in New Testament exegesis there was, to be sure, much to be said of this on both sides, but the war-time speculations of the theologians were anything but dispassionate. Few of the apologists were as courageous as Dr. Fosdick, who stated quite simply that Jesus never faced an analogous situation. Most of them had to get Jesus uproariously on their side, and they interpreted the sacred texts with a diligence and an ingenuity which paved the way for Bruce Barton's later masterpiece of Rotarian higher criticism. The actual data being slight, the arguments were always the same. Dr. Benjamin Bacon, of the Yale Divinity School, erudite scholar in New Testament history, produced arguments very much like those of Harold Bell Wright, the novelist and ex-clergyman, who elucidated the subject in the *American*

Magazine. Dr. Bacon, Dr. Wright, Dr. Shailer Mathews, dean of the Chicago Divinity School, Dr. Gordon, the Congregationalist, and Dr. Rihbany, the Unitarian, both of Boston, not to mention Roger Babson, the pious statistician, the venerable Dr. Lyman Abbott of the *Outlook*, Horace Bridges, of the Chicago Ethical Society, and William Forbes Cooley in the *Bookman*—all employed the same formula: the cleansing of the Temple and the tribute to Cæsar: "I came not to bring peace but a sword." Add to that the assurance that one can love one's enemies at the same time that one kills them, and we have the substance of a hundred thousand articles and a million sermons. Demonstrate, finally, that the pacifists base their case "on one or two texts torn from their context," and we have the complete method by which the parsons proved that Jesus was as much a Hun-hater as they.

In addition, they joined the professors and the editors in the great war-time sport of spy-hunting. In this activity Dr. Hillis had a formidable rival in the person of the Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the rich Madison Avenue Baptist Church in New York. Dr. Eaton was made chairman of the National Service Section of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with the pleasant duty of going about delivering fight talks to workers in the shipyards. At the Newark submarine works he advised the workers that "when he [the spy] comes sneaking around with a bomb don't say, 'Let us pray,' but take him out there on the marsh and tie him down and place the bomb on his chest. Light it and stand off and watch him blow to his Kaiser—to hell! Be regular he-men." Speaking to a gathering of workers after his return from a tour of the country, Dr. Eaton said:

Out on the Pacific Coast the men have what they call the Rail Committee. This is formed of workmen and is charged with seeing that every hand in the yards is 100% American and on the job eight hours a day, six days a week. In a yard at Seattle the Rail Committee has an iron pipe which is called the Liberty Rail. It is kept near the blacksmith's forge. When a workman utters a disloyal sentiment, fails to buy bonds or war-

savings stamps, or in other ways proves he is lukewarm, the Rail Committee waits on him. The Liberty Rail is heated at the forge and the disloyal workman is ridden about the yards on the hot rail. At one time, I was told, there were twelve men in a Seattle hospital recovering from Liberty Rail rides.

After the war, Dr. Eaton found the church tame, went into business, and is now a New Jersey congressman.

Nothing could equal the present ecclesiastical zeal for the Constitution and its amendments, but in 1917 the parsons were as indifferent as the rest of the populace to the sections of that divinely inspired document which relate to freedom of speech. The distinguished Dr. Cadman stated the case neatly: "When the commonwealth is threatened he is an irrational believer in liberty who would breed confusion in the public mind." In the opening days of the war the Socialists of Boston held a parade and were promptly mobbed by soldiers and sailors. The military and civil authorities deplored the violence that had been done, but not so the parsons. The Rev. Arcturus Zebijah Conrad, D.D., Ph.D., the Brimstone Corner apostle of Fundamentalism, spoke thus in the course of his next Sunday's sermon: "The assistant janitor of the church lighted the fire which burned the Socialist banners and literature, and I am tempted to promote him to be assistant pastor." Quoth *Zion's Herald*:

Back of the Boston near-riot is the un-American socialistic propaganda that has been a thorn in the flesh of this country from the very beginning of our trouble with Germany. . . . The blood boils before such demonstrations of un-Americanism.

To which the editor piously added, "But law above all!" Perhaps this was more than a mere sanctimonious phrase, for Dr. Parkhurst did become very enthusiastic over the laws which restrained sedition:

This act should do much to help bring an end to the seditious propaganda which has been rife in this country from the very beginning of the war. As a nation fighting with its allies for the cause of liberty and human freedom, we cannot be hampered at any point, and least of all by the publication of treasonable matter.

He also gloated over the persecution of the I. W. W.:

It is to be hoped that this round-up of the leaders, which is a great credit to the Federal authorities, will result in bringing to an end their nefarious propaganda.

Equally zealous for law and order was the *Outlook* under the sanctified leadership of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. The dismissal from Columbia of Professors Cattell and Dana brought joy to the heart of this life-long crusader for righteousness, while his journal clamored for the arrest of the pacifists and the expulsion of the late Robert M. LaFollette from the Senate. Regarding the sedition laws the *Outlook* voiced these views: "Thus, under these two acts, if prosecuting officers now do their duty, there will be less excuse for lynch law as an evidence of patriotic Americanism." Of course Dr. Abbott heartily disapproved of lynchings.

Another apostle of social justice, Father John A. Ryan, director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council, wrote for the *Catholic World* a learned article on the limitations of free speech in war-time. It was his contention in this essay that criticism of the government is permissible only if the government is wrong, and that the presumption must always be that the government is right, wherefore the government has the privilege and duty of suppressing criticism until it is proved wrong.

The pastors were all alert to the pervasive and corroding influences emanating from Germany. There was no deceiving them here. They could detect any German propaganda, however subtly it might be concealed. They found it in the higher criticism, in the doctrine of evolution, in the newer methods of education, and in the gospel of efficiency. One acute doctor of divinity, the Rev. R. W. Gammon, an editor of the *Congregationalist*, even traced the opposition to Prohibition to German influences. Naturally enough, the gifted Dr. Manning was one of the stalwarts of the campaign against Teutonic snakes, and

his opportunity came when Dr. Karl Muck proposed to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York. Mrs. William Jay was leading the current effort to combat this threat against the security of the nation, and Dr. Manning came to her assistance by saying, "It is not fitting nor decent for us at concerts or in any other place to give our countenance to avowed friends and supporters of the Kaiser." In this crusade he was joined by the Rev. W. H. Wood, official purveyor of sweetness and light at Dartmouth College, while Dr. Henry van Dyke succinctly added, "Now that he [Muck] has played 'The Star Spangled Banner,' nothing better could be done for his improvement than to make him play 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Dixie.'" But, as was so often the case in those heroic days, it remained for Dr. Hillis to deliver the final blow in the struggle against the Hun menace in music:

What shall be said about men who enter into business with Muck and Kreisler? It is well known that Kreisler is an Austrian captain; that to obtain his release he entered into an agreement to send back to his home government a large percentage of his income. An Austrian gun costs approximately \$20. Every night that Kreisler is paid \$1,000 Austria can buy fifty rifles with which Germany can kill our American boys.

Mr. Kreisler, who cancelled his American tour the same day that Dr. Hillis was delivering this denunciation, called the attack "cowardly, irresponsible, and unethical," and demanded a retraction. It is presumed that Dr. Hillis simply laughed.

V

The most thorough examination of the Teutonic threat to religion in those days is to be found by the historian in Dr. Isaac J. Lansing's instructive little volume, "Why Christianity Did Not Prevent the War." Christianity, according to Dr. Lansing, did not prevent the war simply and solely because Germany was not Christian. "What," he asks, "has made Germany a pirate among states, a murderer, a monster?" The answer is: *a*, Strauss and the higher criticism; *b*, Haeckel and the doc-

trine of evolution. "Germany has led the world in accepting the general doctrine of atheistic evolution. [The Germans] despise morals, possess none, and seek to destroy them in others." Dr. Lansing made it known that these soul-destroying influences had not been allowed to corrupt Germany alone. He realized that it had long maintained a constant propaganda on behalf of evolution and the higher criticism for the sole purpose of undermining the *morale* of those nations which it intended to conquer. As *Zion's Herald* put it:

One good thing to come out of the war will be the liberation of religious thought from the thralldom of Germany. . . . Christianity will thus be freed from one of the most baneful influences that have been at work within its fold for more than a generation.

Dr. Cadman, when asked, "What is the present state of the Lutheran Church in Germany?" answered, "So far from being the Bride of Christ, she is the paramour of Kaiserism." For theologians such as Drs. Lansing, Parkhurst, and Cadman, the Kaiser, who now spends his idle moments at Doorn writing treatises on Fundamentalism, could be none other than Anti-Christ. As Dr. Lansing declared, "Beyond all doubt, our pure motives and purposes have received upon them the divine sanction. God could not express Himself in antagonism to what we are doing."

Nowhere was the richness of the theological vocabulary more in evidence than when the parsons joined in consigning the Kaiser to perdition. This was either done baldly, in the manner of John D. Rockefeller's loyal servant, the Rev. W. W. Bustard, who declared with the simplicity of greatness, "To Hell with the Kaiser!" or more subtly, in imitation of the Rev. Herbert Johnson, the Boston Baptist and, at present, traveling agent for the Massachusetts Public Interests League. "I believe in a Hell," said Dr. Johnson. "I can't help believing in the old doctrine, because of the Kaiser." Certain other parsons, observing the Wilsonian distinction, limited their anathemas to the Kaiser, but most

of them vented their Christian indignation on the entire German race. "The brigand—brigand on land and pirate on the seas—" said Dr. Abbott, "unrepentant, self-satisfied, self-willed, with all the bitterness of a defeated will and a fiery wrath burning within him." And he added:

In strictness of speech there is no war in Europe. There is an international *posse comitatus*, representing more than twenty civilized nations, summoned to preserve the peace and protect the peaceable nations of Europe from the worst, most highly organized and most efficient band of brigands the world has ever known. This is not rhetoric. It is an accurate and scientific statement of the facts.

It was also Dr. Abbott who pointed out: "It is a disgrace to a noble profession to call the German officers soldiers or the German forces an army."

In January, 1918, the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday was invited to deliver the morning prayer in the House of Representatives. "Thou knowest, O Lord," he began, "that no nation so infamous, vile, greedy, sensuous, bloodthirsty ever disgraced the pages of history. Make bare Thy mighty arm, O Lord, and smite the hungry, wolfish Hun, whose fangs drip with blood, and we will forever raise our voices in Thy praise." The House applauded, "the first time in history," according to the newspapers, that it had so signalized its approval of a prayer. Dr. Sunday spent his talents unsparingly in the enterprise of denouncing the Germans, achieving, among others, the epithets, "thousand-footed, thousand-headed, thousand-fanged demon," and "outlaw and murderer." He also added "that rotten snake, Prussianism."

At the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in New York, one Sabbath morning, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst declared, "I would rather see my country under the domination of the Koran and its prophets than subject to the cultivated barbarism of Berlin . . . German devilishness is instinct with the genius of Hell." To which another eminent Presbyterian, Dr. Henry van Dyke, added his conception of his duties as ambassador to Holland:

We were bound to be neutral in conduct. . . . But to be neutral in thought and feeling—ah, that was beyond my power. I knew that the predatory Potsdam gang had chosen and forced the war in order to realize their robber dreams of Pan-Germanism. I knew that they were pushing it with unheard-of atrocity in Belgium and Northern France, in Poland and Servia and Armenia. I knew that they had challenged the whole world of peace-loving nations. I knew that America belonged to the imperiled world. I knew that there could be no secure labor and no quiet sleep so long as the Potsdam Werewolf was at large.

It is said that Dr. van Dyke originated the phrase, "predatory Potsdam gang", and it is certain that he employed it with a frequency which suggested parental pride. It was also his boast that he had conceived the idea of calling the Kaiser "the Werewolf," and this term appears only somewhat less frequently in his writings of the time, wherein one is constantly hearing of the Werewolf's "ululations in the forest."

Zion's Herald, speaking of the Kaiser and his cohorts, sounded this ringing challenge:

The churches must speak and speak in no uncertain terms. Germany must be revealed in all her hideousness. Her rapacity, her disregard of obligations, her wantonness in destruction, her menace to our civilization must be made clear. . . . The churches must speak officially, not in pious platitudes, not in sweet words of sisterly comfort, but in red-blooded words that will call things by their right names and cause a people to spring to their feet. . . . We will minister to the conscientious objectors by and by. Just now we have a war on our hands—the greatest in all history. . . . We are face to face with the Huns of modern civilization and we must defend against their barbarism the fruit of two thousand years of Christian civilization.

The theopneustic ingenuity which, through the ages, has devised more than a thousand titles of honor for Christ could easily invent many devastating epithets of opprobrium for the Kaiser and his hosts. "This ilk of pirates and murderers," was the contribution of *Zion's Herald*. The godly Dr. Howard N. Brown, Boston Brahmin and high-hat Unitarian added, "a nest of robbers, a band of thieves." "There is," said an anonymous clergyman, writing in the Unitarian *Christian Register*, "a human wild beast at our doors—a

human beast who knows no pity and who has forgotten all the rules of honor." "Untamed barbarians and maritime murderers," was the invention of the Rev. Francis Peabody, author of "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." "'Made in Germany,'" averred Dr. Frederick F. Shannon, "is synonymous with 'Made in Hell.'" "

Eager for the Kaiser's blood, the patriotic parsons all demanded his execution or at least a painful exile. Thus the Rev. R. S. McArthur, speaking at Tremont Temple, Boston:

His only right is to take what the Allies see fit to give him. I would like to see the Kaiser banished to some lonely island—far lonelier than St. Helena was when Napoleon was sent there—and I would like to have him spend his days reading the articles that I would like to write about him.

When the armistice had been signed and the world made safe for democracy, *Zion's Herald* announced its views thus: "Germany, having sinned against civilization grievously, must meet the consequences of her wrong-doing. . . . Those who have brought this terrible scourge to humanity must feel the heavy hand of Justice." After much more about hanging the Kaiser and exacting reparations, it ended with the pious reflection: "How different this, however, from a bitterness of spirit that would wreak vengeance!"

But in this department there were two sources of disagreement, both of which furnished subject-matter for many a riotous sermon. The first of these, as has been suggested, centered in the official contention of Dr. Wilson that not the whole German people but merely the Kaiser and his "predatory Potsdam gang" had gone to Hell. At first this distinction was apparently popular among the parsons, but ecclesiastical fervor in a great cause is not conducive to hair-splitting. "All Germany," said the usually moderate *Churchman*, "is a single unit and a continuous organism." Dr. Cadman not only knew that the Germans were corrupt but knew why: "The reasons for this diabolism are found in her treacherous statecraft, her

boasted frightfulness, her reptilian press, her suborned educational system, and her debauched pulpit. When the light within a people turns to darkness, how great is the darkness! And that darkness reigns and riots in Germany." Dr. Lyman Abbott, displaying the true theological flair for generalization, declared: "The Hun of to-day is in his spirit and his methods identical with the Hun of the Fifth Century. Fourteen centuries have not made any improvement in his character. Time is no cure for sin." To this Dr. Gammon, of the *Congregationalist*, added: "It is a case in Germany not of a few leaders and junkers that have gone astray, but of a whole nation morally bankrupt." And the Rev. John Whitehead, writing in the *Outlook*, summed up the case:

It is assumed that the German people are not responsible for the crimes of their autocratic militaristic government. In all these four years of massacre, rape, arson, robbery, murder, have the German people protested against the crimes committed in their name? . . . What is our duty towards the thieves, the murderers, the rapists?

The other debate concerned the limits of Christlike forgiveness. Here, also, there came to be unanimity of opinion: the Germans could never be forgiven until they formally repented. Dr. Hillis, as has been recorded, became so pessimistic about the possibilities of this repentance that he advocated their unanimous extinction as the only Christian solution. The saintly Dr. Abbott thus stated his views after prayerful meditation:

But I cannot pray for the Predatory Potsdam Gang, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," because that is not true. . . . I do not hate the Predatory Potsdam Gang because it is my enemy; . . . I hate it because it is a robber, a murderer, a destroyer of homes, a pillager of churches, a violator of women. I do well to hate it.

And the *Outlook*, carrying to a logical conclusion the Christian spirit of its mentor, remarked editorially: "A justifiable measure of restoration would be to make it that no German submarine officer or seaman found and seized should ever be heard from again."

Another religious liberal, avowedly

much more liberal than even the Modernists or Unitarians, contributed to this instructive discussion of forgiveness. He was Horace J. Bridges, leader of the Chicago Ethical Culture Society, and he wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* an article to which he gave the enticing appellation, "The Duty of Hatred." "In my judgment," he said, "there really is a duty of hatred, an imperative of conscience prescribing resentment as unconditional as the very law of love itself." Soon afterward Dr. Fosdick sent the editor an epistle explaining that Mr. Bridges was really talking about love all the time. One parson, the Rev. Sidney Strong, ventured to suggest that possibly Jesus didn't have His fingers crossed when he recommended forgiveness, but the editor of the *Congregationalist*, which published his views, soon received a letter, the author of which complained, "I really think that a discussion of this matter of forgiveness of enemies, at this critical time, is inopportune."

With most of the pastors so thoroughly in the clutches of the Holy Spirit, the mildest criticism of the national cause became dangerous. In February, 1918, the Rev. Robert Speer, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and chairman of the General Wartime Commission of the Churches, spoke at Columbia at a Y. M. C. A. meeting. Dr. Speer, who was discussing domestic problems, had the temerity to assert that the United States had one or two faults, and even called attention to the fact that it had committed certain of the sins for which it then condemned Germany. He was in favor of the war and had written a book which, though moderate, strongly urged a fight to the finish, but that did not save him. The *Times* contained echoes of the hubbub for weeks. Dr. Speer was called a pacifist, a pro-German propagandist, a "little cousin of La Follette," and many other such names. The Y. M. C. A. officials issued reassuring statements, and its spokesman, Fletcher S. Brockman, roared out, "The Y. M. C. A. stands for winning the war. . .

No known pacifists have ever been used or will be used as speakers or workers." Dr. Speer explained, but to no avail. Irate clergymen continued to write to the *Times*, and Professor Charles P. Fagnani, of Union Theological Seminary, pointed out that "Any meetings that pro-Germans could attend with satisfaction are not such as loyal Americans . . . can consistently lend countenance to." The religious weeklies were all horrified, and Dr. Bridgman of the *Congregationalist*, who had himself opposed the war down to March, 1917, wrote in tones of shocked amazement: "The implication was that Germany was hardly more guilty than other nations. It is for such excessive emphasis on our national shortcomings and for failure to recognize the unprecedented and colossal wickedness of Germany that Dr. Speer's critics . . . take him to task, and we think justly."

VI

So far this hasty recital, obviously incomplete, would certainly seem to indicate that the parsons were a great deal more than half-hearted in their support of the war. On the whole, one would expect that everyone from Dr. Wilson and the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer down would be proud of their efforts. But in February, 1918, along came the Rev. Joseph H. Odell, whom Dr. Brown of Yale lovingly described as "an Englishman who for several years has been vacillating between the ministry and journalism," and threw a bombshell into an ecclesiastical world more united in hatred of Germany than it had ever been in love of Christ. In the staid pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title, "Peter Sat by the Fire Warming Himself," Dr. Odell excoriated his fellow divines with a warmth usually reserved for the Kaiser:

Thoughtful men and women are asking what became of the spiritual leadership of America during those thirty-two months when Europe and parts of Asia were passing through Gehenna. What prelate or bishop or ecclesiastical dignitary essayed the work of spiritual interpretation? . . .

What voice from altar or pulpit liberated a passion of righteous indignation and set this continent aflame with holy wrath?

Imagine how Newell Dwight Hillis must have felt when he read that! And Mr. Odell continued:

Ordinary laymen, who have not been accustomed to the limpid simplicity of German Biblical criticism, theology, and philosophy, may be pardoned for failing to divine the temper and trend of Teutonic thought. But every minister knows that . . . there has been a patient, indefatigable, and relentless effort to squeeze every possible trace of supernaturalism from the Old and New Testaments. If the task had been undertaken by minions under an imperial fiat it could not have been performed more faithfully.

Surely the sequence is as inevitable as the law of cause and effect could make it: the Kaiser is what he is because the preachers are what they are; and the preachers are what they are because the professors of theology and philosophy and Biblical exegesis sold themselves to the Kaiser to tear the truth and righteousness of God out of their system of thought and leave nothing but a vacant throne in heaven and earth subject to the claims of His Imperial Majesty. It is the most damnable circle of atheistic conspiracy that the ages have known. Nevertheless, the preachers of America . . . never uttered an indictment loud enough to cause the male members of the churches to soozle a drive in their Sunday morning foursome at the Country Club.

Dr. Odell achieved the desired effect. The Hon. James M. Beck made his article the text of a Boston all-college student rally, and the parsons hastened to redouble their whoops. As was proper, the most thorough answer to Dr. Odell's strictures appeared in the columns of the *Atlantic* itself. The Rev. George Parkin Atwater, rector of the Church of Our Saviour, at Akron, O., thus replied:

The complete representative of the American Church in France is the United States Army overseas. [The italics are the Rev. Dr. Atwater's.] Yes, an army, with its cannon and rifles and machine-guns, and its instruments of destruction. The Church militant, sent, morally equipped, strengthened and encouraged, approved and blessed, by the Church at home. The army today is the Church in action, transforming the will of the Church into deeds, expressing the moral judgment of the Church into smashing blows. Its worship has its vigil in the trenches, and its fasts and feasts; its prayers are in acts, and its choir is the crash of cannon and the thrilling ripple of machine guns.

Do you think, Mr. Odell, that if the Church as a whole had opposed war, or had sat by the fire warming itself, the nation could have put an

army overseas without draft riots? No, from the beginning the Church has been patriotic and loyal. . . . While neutral in act, the Church was not neutral in thought and judgment. Neutrality in thought was immoral. No power on earth could have silenced the thousands of voices that arose from Christian pulpits. . . .

And the clergy and the Church of our nation spoke, and spoke with power. Hot, flaying, excommunicating, scarifying words of righteous indignation and anger have been poured forth from our pulpits. Rousing and enkindling appeals have startled the people from their stunned complacency. I have heard many of them. Even before the United States declared war the words were uttered. . . .

Many other pastors agreed with Dr. Atwater that the church had "interpreted" the great crisis satisfactorily, but there were others, clerics among them, who were evidently filled with doubts by Dr. Odell's charges. For example, the eminent Dr. Cadman wrote to the *Congregationalist*, "I have reread Mr. Odell's article and I am still convinced that he has a case." The president of the National Security League, a very difficult man to please, thanked God that the church had at last been aroused from its lethargy of pacifism and pro-Germanism. Then the Rev. Albert C. Dieffenbach, editor of the *Christian Register*, added to the uproar by suggesting that the religious press had not been doing its full duty. This was all the harsher because the editors of many of the leading journals had been opposed to the war down to its very declaration, and then had suddenly discovered that we were engaged in a holy crusade. They had then taken to preparing editorials which, while failing in most instances to reach the heights of *Zion's Herald*—there is nothing like a good Methodist background!—were surely by no means half-hearted. Yet the fire-eating Dr. Dieffenbach said:

What is wrong with many of our contemporaries of the so-called religious press? Why do they not mightily declare their passion to win the war? . . . Our leaders must talk about the war and their passion to help win the war, and not about even Jesus Christ in such wise as to divert them from their duty. . . . Only once in a hundred times does either speaker or writer go to the center and soul of the business and utter a ringing

challenge to win the war for God and Christ and mankind. . . . There is nothing to our hand and soul now and for months to come but the conquest of a race lusting to wrest our freedom from us. Hear this, ye editors, and gird up the loins of your mind.

Even when the armistice was signed and the world presumably made safe for democracy, the fury of the pastors was unabated. Dr. van Dyke, the pride of Princeton, echoed the substance of many post-armistice sermons when he wrote in the *Outlook* for December 18, 1918:

Now we face the problem of the great peace. The anæmic pacifists did nothing to win it. They must have no hand in it. . . . Right must reign, and might must back it. . . . But what to do with the criminals—the German rulers and those who have supported them in the wanton destruction of at least ten million human lives? . . . On the German Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Ludendorff, and the rest of the Potsdam Gang justice must be done according to international law. . . . Have the Kaiser's gang really repented? No sign of it yet. . . . Have the German people really repented? No sign of it yet.

Two years later we find Dr. Hugh Black, professor in the Union Theological Seminary, publishing a volume entitled "Lest We Forget," meaning, of course, lest we forget to hate the Germans. Perceiving that the subsiding of the war fever had restored a considerable proportion of the population to relative sanity, Dr. Black averred: "We must not let the original conscience that brought us into the bloody conflict be submerged." To restore that conscience he indited, two years after the war had ended, such blistering sentences as these:

We were not outwitting a rival; we were judging a criminal. . . . Like a ghastly vampire the Germans sucked the life out of every land they touched. . . . If one asked the question any time during the last fifty years, What is the matter with Europe?, the answer was always Germany. . . . The victory then is a vindication of justice and honor. . . . The predatory nation that went out for loot needed to learn, for the sake of all as well as for their sake, that looting is not allowed. . . . We cannot forget that until there is evidence of a change of heart in Germany, which is more important than a change of government, France still stands at the frontier of civilization.

Even to this day many of the clergy refuse to be demobilized. When the em-

battled Babbitts gathered at Concord, Mass., to resist the Bolshevistic attack of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, in June of last year, there were three clergymen on the platform: the Rev. Gail Cleland, local pastor and chaplain of the local American Legion post; the Rev. Col. Axton, Chief of Chaplains, U. S. A.; and the Rev. Herbert Johnson, apostle of the Massachusetts Public Interests League, to whom reference has been made. Many of the current warlocks are pillars of Fundamentalism. In the July issue of the *King's Business*, a journal edited by such sterling defenders of the Rock of Ages as C. E. Macartney, Mark Mathews, and One-Gun Norris, appeared an editorial entitled "Pernicious Peace Propaganda," inquiring: "Do you know what his majesty, the Devil, is doing? Are you conscious of the seductive, seditious, satanic influence which is at work in our land?" Then the editorial goes on to demonstrate that all the peace movements originate in that suburb of Gehenna, Moscow. Hating pacifists and Reds is a poor substitute for hating Huns, but it does very well *faute de mieux*.

But on the whole the drift is again toward pacifism. Many pastors who were stalwarts before and during the war have now lapsed into quasi-pacifism, and there are not a few apostates like Sherwood Eddy, the Y.M.C.A. magnate, who has disavowed his war books and leaped into the ranks of the non-resisters. The characteristic phenomenon, however, is the silent return to the cause of peace. The Rev. Charles Clayton Morrison, the Rev. Frederick Lynch, the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, and the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick were pacifists before the war, and they are pacifists now. They prefer silence about their war-records, and perhaps we should humor them, since, in view of the general war-madness, they were models of moderation. The only important question is what their attitude will be when the trumpets sound the next crusade against the powers of Hell, personified in, say, the armies of England, France, or Japan.

THE COMPLETE AMERICAN

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

Prelude

ASKED to name the three Americans who incarnate the American spirit, the tongue of the man in the street will glibly roll off Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt; or Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln; or Washington, Lincoln and Wilson. Whatever combination he gives, Washington and Lincoln will always be in the running. He plays two myths, and leaves the third choice open for a "live one." The third may be even Bryan or Grover Cleveland.

But the diverse elements which constitute the psyche of America and other countries are seldom found in their most famous names. Peter the Great, Joan of Arc, Bismarck, Garibaldi, Oliver Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson are the incarnations of certain events in the histories of countries. They do not convey the characteristics of a people or a race. They are show-window men and women. You have got to go into the dark recesses of the shop to find the goods—or down in the cellars.

The one hundred per center rules the roost in every country. By American, therefore, I mean the hundred-per-center. His psyche is multiple. He is *the* American in the literal sense of the word, for he is the completest differentiation from anything that is European. He is something new on the globe. Each one of the elements that constitute the Complete American has been incarnated. So I present here an attempt to reach the soul of American America through eight of its flesh-and-blood representatives.

II

P. T. Barnum

Barnum is the circus-humbug soul of America. His bland, smiling, benevolent face, his white elephants, his Beautiful Ladies riding on globes, his What Is It?, his clowns, his three-legged men, his Wild Man of Borneo were the infantile play-instinct of America made real. The hoax is the American's imagination. Buncombe is his fairy-legend need fulfilled. He conceives his amusements in terms of the circus. His baby-spirit must have make-believe around him night and day. He prefers the fake to the real (it is curious the number of persons one meets who prefer moonshine liquor to the real). This instinct, the love of fake, is a manifestation of the American's innate fear that whatever is real is harmful.

Barnum sensed all this, or, rather, the American spirit of hoax, fake and infantile clowning chose him as its avatar. He was also the utensil of that instinct for extravagant statement and chromatic publicity, so closely allied to the hoax, fake and play instinct, which manifested itself in those rip-roaring twenty-four sheet posters and newspaper advertisements, and which today has turned every newspaper in America almost wholly into a mere publicity channel for scientists, politicians, Presidents, Kings, crazy evangelists and gold-digging light-o'-loves of the modest sex.

Barnum has almost become a common noun. He is a world-synonym for camouflage, bulling and sucker-baiting. In Europe his name connotes America from heel to