

## The Manifold Life of Albert Schweitzer

"How to Lead a Triple Life" might be the subtitle of Albert Schweitzer's inside story of his astounding career, but this superman, who is acclaimed as the most romantic figure in religion to-day, has not been content to lead three lives only. There is, according to the religious press, no counting his manifold accomplishments and achievements. While the enthusiasm of the sectarian weeklies pushes his autobiography, "Out of My Life and Thought" (Henry Holt), into the steadiest-selling class, this Hercules of the spirit buries himself anew in the jungle of French equatorial Africa, spending long hours in arduous manual labor in his effort to save his hospital for natives at Lambaréne from the relentless encroachments of the jungle. (Of this work much was recounted in THE LITERARY DIGEST for March 21, 1931.)

The success of this autobiography, acclaimed in the religious press as a sure cure for blues and discouragement, may eventuate, if the hopes of his American disciples are realized, in a visit from Schweitzer to this country next winter. In that event, we shall be able to judge for ourselves the manifold accomplishments of a man who recalls to certain admirers the genius of Leonardo da Vinci.

Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's, New York, who is Schweitzer's American representative, describes him as doctor, scientist, philosopher, theologian, organist, authority on and editor of the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, missionary, manual laborer. "Was there ever such a capable, versatile, ubiquitous and altogether human and companionable giant among men? Yet how humble and with what a sense of humor!"

Should Albert Schweitzer accept the invitation of his American disciples—they would like to raise at least \$10,000 for his Lambaréne hospital—we may expect him to arrive third-class, carrying his own luggage, wearing hobnail boots and bulging out of badly-tailored clothes. This Alsatian giant of fifty-eight suggests in appearance one of the more genial film characters of Emil Jannings. He is as shaggy and uncouth, and as lovable as a sheep-dog. When he gives a Bach organ recital, all seats are reserved days in advance, and a pair of house-slippers are substituted for the hobnail boots.

Before he was thirty Schweitzer had achieved an international reputation: first, as an *enfant terrible* of modern theology; second, as an organist and authority on organ building and interpreter of Bach. Then, out of a blue sky, he announced that he would consecrate his life to the natives of the Kongo. Five years he spent in the study of medicine, in preparation for this task. "I prepared to make three sacrifices: to abandon the organ, to renounce academic teaching activities . . . and to lose my financial independence. . . . Now there happened to me what happened to Abraham, when he prepared to sacrifice his son. I, like him,

was spared the sacrifice. The piano with pedal attachment built for the tropics . . . and the triumph of my own health over the tropical climate allowed me to keep up my skill on the organ.

"During the many quiet hours I was able to spend with Bach in the loneliness of the jungle I penetrated more deeply into the spirit of his works. For the renunciation of my teaching activities in Strassburg University, I found compensation in opportunities for lecturing in others. If I did for a time



Courtesy of Henry Holt & Company

### A MODERN SAINT

So admirers characterize Albert Schweitzer, man of many lives

lose my financial independence, I was able to win it again by means of organ and pen.

"That I was let off the threefold sacrifice I had already offered was for me the encouraging experience which in all the difficulties brought upon me . . . by the fateful post-war period, has buoyed me up, and made me ready for every effort and every renunciation."

For Evelyn Underhill, outstanding authority on mysticism, Schweitzer's fourfold life vindicates belief "in the greatness, the spiritual energy of man's nature, which is sometimes hard to maintain in the muddy currents of the common life."

### Isaiah's Prophecy Fulfilled

"In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria. . . ." This prediction of Isaiah (19:23) is an actuality at last, we read in *The Moslem World*. But only within the past year has the final link in the highway between Cairo and Bagdad been completed.

"It remained for the motor-truck, one of transportation's newest tools, to finally fulfill the prophecy of Isaiah, by connecting Egypt and Palestine (Israel) with Iraq, which State contains the major portion of ancient Assyria.

"Since last July a Wisconsin boy, driving a big FWD truck, has been traveling across

this cradle of civilization, helping to build the forty-million-dollar pipe-line of the Irak Petroleum Company. This modern ship of the desert, with its four-wheel trailer, is hauling from twenty to thirty tons of steel plates and equipment per trip. It is assured that with improved economic conditions there will be a high-type road paralleling the pipe-line from Kirkuk to the sea at Haifa."

### University in Exile

Driven from their home posts by the attempt of Chancellor Hitler "to enslave the scholar to the political will," a dozen or so distinguished German professors will begin in a few weeks to function as an independent faculty in the political and social sciences in the heart of New York City. This so-called "University in Exile" will be housed in the New School of Social Research, 66 West Twelfth Street. Funds have been raised to insure each of the exiled savants a salary of \$4,000 per annum for the first two years. "The University in Exile will be no center of propaganda, even for just causes," asserts a preliminary announcement, "but a center of scholarship where each faculty member will make such studies as he would have if political forces had not displaced him from his post." Some of these visitors are Social Democrats, some conservatives, some liberals, some Protestants, some Catholics, some Jews. Dr. Alvin Johnson offers the hospitality of the New School to the German exiles; and on the advisory committee we find the names of Oliver Wendell Holmes, former Justice of the Supreme Court; Gov. Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut, John Dewey, and Herbert Bayard Swope.

### Anglican Black Bishops

The friendly little chapel of Lambeth Palace was crowded with imposing dignitaries of the Church of England. The registrar read the King's mandate, signed in George V's own handwriting. The Archbishop of Canterbury examined the Bishop-designate in certain articles of the Church. Returning, after putting on his episcopal habit, the applicant knelt while the Archbishop and six assistant bishops laid their hands upon his bowed head. Thus, narrates the Manchester *Guardian*, was Canon Alexander Babatunde Akinyele consecrated as assistant bishop of Lagos.

This new black bishop is the seventh West African to be raised to the episcopate of the Anglican Church. The first was the late Samuel Adjai Crowther, whose son Archdeacon Crowther is already far advanced in age. The new bishop is described as a slightly-built little man, possessing "a rich brown skin and live expression of a young man, tho he is actually fifty-seven." He was greatly impressed, adds *The Guardian*, with the beauty and solemnity of the consecration ritual at Lambeth.

## Old-Timers Get a New Day on the Stage

*Old Vaudeville Favorites, Whose Ages Aggregate 829 Years, Tread the Boards Once Again and Reminisce About the Broadway That Was*

**G**RANDFATHERS and grandmothers may renew their youth in association with old vaudeville favorites. A group of "old-timers," who aggregate 829 years in ages were entertained by Al Smith not long since on the tower of the Empire State building; from there they went to the

hoped, 'a trouper' ever since she went into the show business in 1873.

"The saddest moment I can remember," she reminisced, 'was when Fox's Philadelphia burned down in 1876. I cried and cried when my little drum went.' Bob Fitzsimmons, John L. Sullivan and Weber and

"Forget it," advised Hill. 'It's all over now.'"

Those who still think of "Peck's Bad Boy," or admire Angna Enters in the "Cake Walk," will find some history here:

"Harry Brooks, seventy-five, ceased being America's premier banjoist for long enough to interject, 'I've got a picture of myself as the original Peck's Bad Boy.'"

"Shaggy white-haired, Kentucky colonel mustached Tommy Harris, still dancing like a kid at eighty-nine, remarked, 'I've got a picture of you as Peck's Bad Boy. Ha!'"

"Was it," demanded Gus Hill, 'Abe or was it Mrs. Lincoln you danced for? And who was that little blonde waiting for you at the stage door?'"

"Tommy waved the questions aside. 'I danced at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876, and I danced at the Sesquicentennial in 1926. I'm going to be dancing until I can't walk.'"

### The Original Cakewalk

"Speaking," observed Dave Genaro, sixty-three-year-old 'juvenile' of the group, 'of salaries,' as Swan had been, 'started at \$15 a week.' In and out of Times Square for forty years, Genaro originated the cakewalk when his wife happened to strut across the stage during one of their presentations as Genaro and Bailey, and brought the house down. But it's not, he lamented, what everybody calls it. It's the cakewalk 'dance.'"

To conclude with the remaining two of the trio of ladies:

"Lizzie Wilson at sixty-four grinned like the adolescent she had been when she created the Schnitzelbank Girl, which, she recalled with the hurt still poignant, they wouldn't let her do during the war lest people might suppose the Germans were merry, good-natured people."

"Old-timers' acts were nothing new to Lizzie. As much as eleven years ago she was featured in 'Stars of Yesterday.' She traveled with Eddie Dowling's 'Youngsters of Yesterday' for three years, and expected to break that record with Joe Laurie's 'Memory Lane.'"

"Emma Francis, the prettiest, sweetest, tiniest sixty-three-year-old dancer—and an acrobatic one, too—looked as excitedly thrilled over going to Philadelphia as she had the week before over returning to Broadway. She was the strong-willed little lady who lay helpless for five years after breaking her back and now, after ten years, leaps, taps and cartwheels as agilely as stage youngsters."



Wide World

### TROOPERS AS LONG AS LIFE LASTS

*The ladies from left to right, Emma Francis, sixty-three; Annie Hart, seventy-four; Lizzie Wilson, sixty-four; men too numerous to mention*

Capitol Theater for a week's performance, and lo! they found a welcome that looks to stretch to a full season's tour of the country.

It was predicted that Broadway, supposedly the street of youth, would have no use for "Memory Lane," the name that Joe Laurie has given his act, produced by troopers, none of whom is under sixty. "But 'Memory Lane' went over like Balbo's fleet, and now five guys have offered to bank-roll it for me," he triumphantly retorts.

Annie Hart, seventy-four, remembers when they threw \$20 gold pieces on the stage in Leadville, Colorado, and her last appearance was in Ziegfeld's "Show Boat."

### Down Memory Lane

Leo Fontaine, in *The Morning Telegraph*, gives us some pegs upon which to hang our own memories:

"Annie Hart, once the greatest of serio-comics in America, the gal who made 'Sullivan's Chowder' and 'The Hat My Father Wore,' best sellers in the music trade, and was the 'toast of the town' in the '80s, sauntered over and asked for a cigarette."

"Don't tell the folks I smoke like a trooper," she begged, but she has been, she

Fields were her best remembered show partners among men; Lillian Russell and Fay Templeton among women.

"Put down," she insisted, 'that I never had an agent in my life.'"

Billy Maxwell, seventy-two, starred in Niblo's Garden with George Rignold in "Henry V," and after his voice changed became a "top-notch minstrel man":

"My voice," said he, 'is as good to-day as it was fifty years ago,' and then opined 'the present generation doesn't know what a real character is, like Joe Welch, for instance.'"

Gus Hill repelled the insinuation that he was seventy-nine, but admitted to seventy-five. He and Bill Swan have a little run-in:

"Bill Swan confessed to seventy-one and was glad he didn't look as old as Hill. Bill Swan had worked for Gus Hill's company at Tony Pastor's in '97, and Hill had just given him his original contract, which he had found in an old trunk."

"Notice the salary," Swan pointed out. 'It was \$60 a week, and when I made a hit the skinflint refused to raise my salary.'