

your own percentage, but make it high enough.

Another, who marks his preference for the Republican party if they "clean it up, otherwise for Coolidge as Independent," writes:

A clean independent party is much needed. Confidence has gone in the Republican bosses and their political henchmen.

Others put in as proposed planks:

Less red tape and more efficiency in Congress.

Reduce size of lower house of Congress to one member per million with minimum of one per State.

A "Truth Foundation," on the order of the Supreme Court of the United States, should be established.

House-cleaning of Veterans' Bureau.

So conduct the Government that there will be more individual initiative.

A return to more individual freedom of action, unhampered by bureaus and meddlesome restrictions.

These quotations indicate the widespread discontent with Congress—both with its failure to do what it ought to do and its disposition to interfere by law with the freedom of the individual.

Other suggestions vary. Among them are the following:

The protection of coastal waters against pollution.

The maintenance of camps for military instruction.

The protection of National parks from invasion under the plea of forestation or reclamation.

Extradition treaties for narcotics.

Retirement of disabled emergency officers with the same privileges the regular officers now receive.

Uniform marriage and divorce laws.

National license for physicians properly qualified to practice in any State.

A secretary of education in the Cabinet.

Encouragement of medical research.

Greatly increased activity of Government in the study of sanitation and the prevention of disease.

A six-year term for the President.

Rejections of all attempts to limit power of the Supreme Court to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional.

Some of those who marked their ballots frankly say that on some subjects they are not qualified to express an opinion; and on those they do not vote. Others explain that in marking certain planks to be ignored they would record, not their indifference to the subjects, but their doubt as to whether the proposed method is the right way of treating them.

The more widely this ballot is discussed, the more useful public service it

will perform. Remember that we are glad to send extra copies of the ballot upon requests from any individuals, schools, clubs, granges, or unions that may desire to co-operate in the undertaking.

Faith and the Creeds

A GREAT deal of what appears to be a discussion about religion is really a discussion, not about religion, but about theology. It is not about knowing God, it is about knowing about God. It is not about faith, but belief.

A small boy is trapped on a window ledge by the flames of a burning building. His father, seeing his danger, calls to the boy: "Jump; I'll catch you." And the small boy, knowing that his father can be depended upon, jumps from the window ledge into his father's arms. That is faith. The boy grows older, and as he reaches manhood he learns about his father's business; he learns about his father's relations with his customers, with the stockholders of his company, with the directors, with the concerns that provide his company with the goods that he sells. And as he comes home from college, the young man goes to his father and says to him: "Father, I know that you are expecting me to start in your business and work my way up; but I have a chance to continue my studies and enter a profession. I think I shall have to choose now between that profession and your business. Tell me what you think of my capacity and advise me as to my choice." And the young man makes his decision, determining his whole future career, in accordance with his father's judgment. And that too is faith.

Knowledge about his father and his father's business was not necessary for the faith of the small boy. There was a great deal about his father that the boy did not understand. He imagined that his father did many things in the course of his work that his father never dreamed of doing. As he grew older, he found that his faith in his father grew bigger and broader as he knew more about his father. At first his faith concerned only the simple things, like jumping into his father's arms; but as he grew older he found that his faith concerned such matters as choosing a career.

Faith in God is religion. Knowledge about God is theology. During all the ages men have been learning more and more about God. Once they thought of

him as simply the Protector and Ruler of a tribe. To-day they think of him as the Spirit resident in the universe—in the electron inconceivably small and in the most distant of inconceivably distant solar systems—as the personality of a man is resident in his whole body. But the faith of those who believed in that tribal God has not essentially changed in the process of becoming the faith of the profoundest scientist.

It is right that there should be symbols of this continued faith. Creeds which assumed to define knowledge about God as a test of faith in God have been gradually laid aside as men's growing knowledge about God has made them aware of their ignorance about him; but creeds which are confessions of faith, though framed in terms that belong to an earlier day, are not likely to be discarded. If they are recognized, not as definitions of knowledge about God, but as expressions of faith in him, these symbols belong as truly to the people of the twentieth century as they did to any epoch of the past. It is a pity when a boy becomes ashamed of his earlier expressions of faith in his father, even though they are not in terms that he would use in young manhood. It would also be a pity if the churches of to-day should become so sophisticated as to look with pity or reproach upon the expressions of faith of those earlier Christians who were ready to give their bodies to be burned because they believed in their Master.

It is well that the ancient creeds used the language of an earlier day. Those who cherish them and employ them to-day as expressions of their faith need not think in the terms of those creeds. Indeed, they ought to have a wider view of the world and of God than those earlier creeds could compass. But the very language should be a reminder that the faith of the past is the faith of to-day.

That is why the Apostles' Creed, which is the oldest of the creeds in common use to-day (for it is substantially the same as the Old Roman Symbol which was in existence in the third century), is probably the most highly cherished of all the creeds of the Church. The cowboy whose letter appears on another page has become confused, as many others have become confused, as to the history of that Creed. It was originally called the Apostles' Creed because of a legend as to the way it was produced; but it retains its name because it is Apostolic in feeling. The various

councils to which our cowboy correspondent refers had nothing to do with the Apostles' Creed and left no mark upon it. They have left their marks upon other creeds of the Church, but not those commonly used in worship. We of to-day are not as interested in the philosophical subtleties that interested the Church of certain earlier ages. Per-

haps we do not think as deeply about theology; but if any of us in these days are going to discuss theology instead of religion we ought to know something about it. If we are going to find fault with the creeds, we ought at least to know what those who made them meant by them.

If a creed is not helpful to the faith

of any man, it has lost its chief value for him. If it enables him to see in his own faith a continuance of the faith that has survived through the ages, it belongs to him even if its language is that of another day. He has a right to use it which no one can deprive him of.

With this comment, we commend to our readers Bishop Parsons's article.

Raymond Poincaré

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

I HAD always heard that M. Poincaré was a cold man—some said, a wooden man. When I had seen him in public, he never impressed me with any contagious warmth of manner, especially alongside the more exuberant President Millerand. But my personal reception the other day accorded harmoniously with the warmth of the red-damask walls and curtains and the rare tapestries at the French Foreign Office. For Raymond Poincaré is not only Premier, he is also Foreign Minister.

M. Poincaré meets you at the door of his *sanctum sanctorum*. A short, thick-set man, he gives you a warm hand-grasp as he pronounces your name without Gallic accent. He has a large mouth and smiles a benevolent, expansive smile. His face is not pallid and parchment-like, as you had been told it was, but has color. Above all, his conversational voice is not "*une voix de métal*," as Frenchmen say it is, but a gentle, winning voice with warm tones in it.

Many a man appears at his worst on the public platform. Certainly I would never suppose that the unmagnetic figure, the sometimes harsh, rasping voice, the hammer-like gestures of the orator Poincaré, speaking in Parliament, were typical of the Poincaré before me. For this man *was* magnetic. When he says, "I am very pleased to express myself through you as intermediary," one has a really pleasant sensation. And when he adds, "I am glad you are a friend of France," you are stirred. Then he nods vigorously at some observation of yours with a "*C'est juste*," which seems almost more emphatic than our "That's right."

I was prepared for the usual three-minute audience, for the usual compliment to America. But the Premier gave me twenty minutes, talking with much simplicity, directness, and entire absence of stock phrases. I found myself talking back at him, telling him a lot of things about America and England and



Wide World Photos

Premier Poincaré

Germany that never entered my head in the little plan sketched in advance of presumable questions and answers.

Raymond Poincaré is a Lorrainer, and a typical one. Were you to meet him on the streets of Amsterdam you would think him a Dutchman, and I have seen Americans and English and Swiss, and even Italians, who look like him. You would hardly take him for a Frenchman. In truth, Lorraine is so situated that its

people seem a bit more Teutonic in appearance and manner than do other French men and women. They have, indeed, a certain reticence, well-nigh a shyness, greater than one finds either to the east in Germany and Luxemburg or to the west in France proper.

For very many years M. Poincaré's home has been at Sampigny, a little village on the Meuse. That stream saw much of war. So did the Poincarés from their view-point. The other day I was there. Instead of the splendid trees and shrubs of aforetime, I now beheld mutilations—stark trunks cut half off; others, taller, with bare, dead branches still standing, like gaunt, naked arms raised in protest to the sky; much soil still mined and useless; many new red-tiled roofs here and there amid the valley fields or marking the scattered villages; yet these roofs only accentuated the ghostly houses still remaining roofless and in ruins.

Never for an instant does Raymond Poincaré lose sight of the fact that, of all the war combatants, France was the most invaded, that France lost more in dead and mutilated than any of the Allies, that France alone has suffered more than half of all the war damage. She has indeed the right to the fifty-two per cent of reparations agreed upon by the Allies. Yet from the signing of peace Germany has steadily sought by hook and by crook to break her signed promises and to defraud the Allies. During this period the German industrialists were shamelessly piling up great fortunes. The oligarchy of these magnates is the real German Government.

Constrained by the imperious necessity of restoring her devastated regions, and, while waiting for reparations due, having borrowed for this purpose more than she can pay in interest and amortization, the Poincaré Government was forced to seek something as guaranty for those reparations.

This guaranty, the Prime Minister