

near Metz and Hochwald in the thickly wooded mountains of the Vosges. To their rear is the fourth line of defense—huge troop shelters sunk into the ground providing safety for reserves.

With Germany sullen, Italy defiant, Russia a lost ally and England undependable, France is not only taking no chances; it is taking no chances of having a chance to take. Doubtless many Americans believe that the French have security on the brain, as indeed they have. And doubtless we too would have security on the brain had we seen the World War from their angle.

►► Idea

IT WAS Norman Pearce, radio announcer, who, all unwittingly, gave us the idea that we herewith advance—namely, that there ought to be a microphone in every American home.

Mr. Pearce, a simple, straightforward, average citizen like the rest of us, had, we suspect, rarely or never a chance to talk. We all know how that is. Our theory is that Mr. Pearce took up radio announcing because he was eager to talk and realized that constant frustration plays hob with a man's nerves. But it was no use. The moment he got in front of a microphone someone slipped a stop-watch into his hand. As we visualize the scene, just as something had put Mr. Pearce in mind of that one about the two sailors and a girl some one would jog his elbow and tell him his time was up. Mr. Pearce had a lot to say and it looked as if he never would get a chance to say it.

Then came the Radio World's Fair in New York City. Seizing his big opportunity, Mr. Pearce got a microphone and talked continuously for twenty-four hours—about China, the Halifax explosion, Australia, brotherhood, capital punishment and nobody knows what else. At the end of twenty-four hours Mr. Pearce stepped from his booth, hoarse but happy. He was the world's champion marathon talker and he was talked out.

Now our idea is that at least one microphone, attached to a long, movable arm, be installed in every American home. When a man, just warming up to his subject, has, as which of us hasn't had, the old familiar feeling of addressing the empty air, let him adjust the microphone and fire away. Or it might work another way. When the conversation is good and some one settles back to sidetrack it with a "Did I ever tell

you about the time I—" slip the microphone in front of him and proceed as before. The idea has almost infinite

possibilities. We intend to discuss them in minute detail just as soon as we get a microphone of our own.

Christian Citizenship Sunday

IF WE ARE to believe the Presidents and Moderators of our leading Protestant denominations, Sunday, November 2, is the date set for another celebration of the marriage of the Anti-Saloon League with the Protestant churches of America. Looking forward to that date, twenty-one leaders of American Protestantism, ranging alphabetically from Dr. Atchison of the United Presbyterian Church to Mr. Fred B. Smith of the Congregational Churches—with an occasional Anti-Saloon League leader like Dr. McBride and Bishop Nicholson dotting the list—have issued a solemn call to the Christian citizenship of the nation.

Says the call: "The drive to destroy the Eighteenth Amendment and restore the unregulated liquor traffic has assumed unprecedented proportions. That drive will not be turned back unless the Christian citizenship of the nation is aroused to turn it back at the polls. It was by a Christian crusade that the legalized liquor traffic was first outlawed. It will require another such crusade if the outlawry of that traffic is to be permanently established. To the end, therefore, that the membership of our churches may squarely face their obligations as Christian citizens in the elections November 4, we join herewith to set aside Sunday, November 2, as Christian Citizenship Sunday."

According to the *Christian Herald*, through which the call is issued, liquor, however regulated, is the destroyer of those human values and that abundant life which Jesus came to provide. No alternative other than to join the prohibition ranks remains for the "individual Christian or for the church that professes to be committed to the establishment of Jesus' way of life." To refuse to follow the leadership of the men who issued the call is to be un-Christian, a Scribe and a Pharisee, and no longer a member in good standing of the Protestant churches. In fact, the full significance of Christian Citizenship Sunday, says this spokesman, is that it will reveal that prohibition is "an ideal to which Christians stand forever committed."

Protestant Christianity in these United States is henceforth dry. The

marriage at Cana is stricken from the second chapter of John. The defense of the disciples for following the ways of the publicans instead of practicing the asceticism of John is cast out of the gospels. The Pharisees' picture of Christ as a wine-bibber and a gluttonous man is forever turned to the wall. The parable of the laborers in the vineyard is deleted from the holy text. Even the cup of the covenant at the Last Supper before Golgotha must never again be mentioned. Instead, to the sayings which Mary kept in her heart there is added: "And prohibition is the moral crusade of every true Christian. On this shall my church be founded. By it shall my followers be known. Treasure the Eleventh Commandment. Thou shalt not drink."

Is it credible that the Protestantism of the Reformation has come to this? That all liberal men who carry a love for Christ in their hearts must henceforth sit outside the altars of a narrow creed because they cannot subscribe to the dicta of fifteen self-appointed Vicars of Jesus, who rule within?

The Outlook refuses to believe it. It refuses to believe that these Vicars have their authority from God or from Christ. It refuses to believe that they have the right or power to read out of the Protestant Church people who do not agree with them. It refuses to accept the *Christian Herald* as the fifth gospel. It calls on the great mass of Protestants to repudiate all church support of the prohibitionist's attempt to "dragoon the body when the necessity is to convince the soul."

Instead of resolving to vote dry on Sunday, November 2, the Outlook urges every reader to spend the day re-reading the gospels of Jesus, from the cradle in Bethlehem to the last walk at Emmaus, from the temple in Jerusalem to the anguished ascent of Golgotha. It further calls on every liberal clergyman in the country to rise and tear down the crooked cross of prejudice and bigotry which the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League are fastening upon the spires of our churches. With a full consciousness of its responsibility to its country, and with a heavy realization of the tradition which it represents, the Outlook

issue with those leaders of the Protestant churches who would sell the Kingdom of Heaven for the power here and now to coerce their fellowmen. If they prove to be the true Protestant leader-

ship, the Outlook will be content to be cast forth from the church—to read its Bible outside the gates, in company with millions of other liberal-minded men and women.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

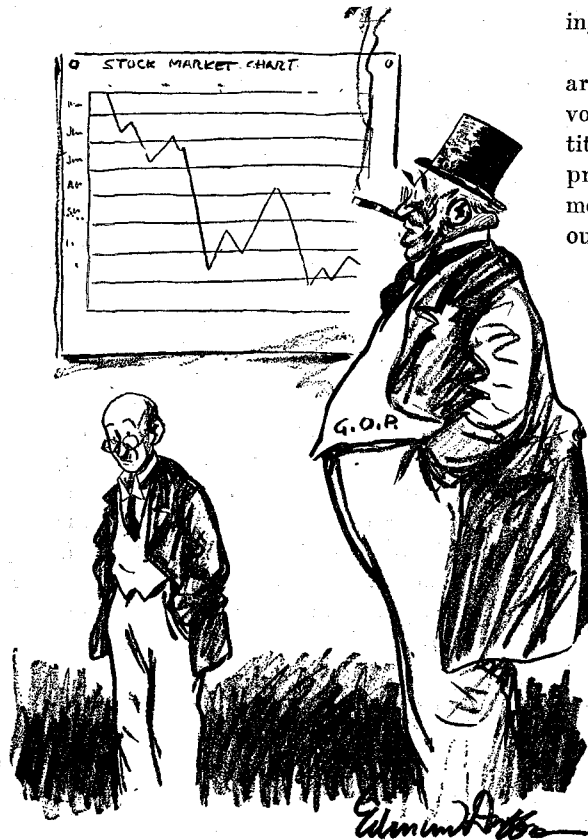
OUR POLITICAL SCOUTS inform us that the outstanding development of the current campaign, and one which seems to give unity to the scattered spectacle, is the break-up of party lines. Not since 1912, we believe, has there been such a looseness of political loyalties. In making this comparison, we pass over the pilgrimages which so many southern Democrats went on in the 1928 struggle, for it is clear by now that religious prejudice alone was the motivating force in the Hoover-Smith contest.

In every state where there are close contests we find Republicans hoping to be retained in office with the aid of independent votes they have had hitherto, and Democrats beseeching traditional G.O.P. supporters to vote. The latter's prayers will, we imagine, be answered in many instances, since we find Republicans of high and low estate to be more disaffected than their Democratic brethren. Though a well-disciplined lot who usually close ranks on Election Day, believers in the party of conservatism, whether they lost margins or jobs, seem out of sorts this year. In Ohio and Illinois they may administer a severe rebuke to the G.O.P. by electing wet Democrats—Robert J. Bulkley and ex-Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, respectively.

Perhaps the best example of the confused state of affairs exists in Nebraska, where Republican stalwarts, reinforced by the power interest, the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League, seek to punish Senator Norris for his treasonable support of Al Smith two years ago. Unlike other states, where G.O.P. leaders still prefer a Progressive who wears the party label to an out-and-out Democratic partisan, the Nebraska stalwarts plan to line up behind ex-Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock. The latter, though preaching the philosophy of the two-party system and political regularity, must rely on the votes of 100,000 Re-

publicans to elect him! We understand, however, that the insurgent state of the plains will refuse to stand hitched to any party's pole. It will, we hear, send Norris back to plague the partisans on both sides of the aisle.

Though we frequently disagree with him, we cannot but admire the Nebras-



From the Baltimore Sun

My, my, I just CAN'T understand it!

kan's courage. He alone of the Progressives, we find, dares to defend and justify his opposition to the President's program. Most of the others, including Senator Schall in Minnesota, Senator McMaster in South Dakota and even Borah of Idaho, are, in general, minimizing their anti-administration record. We can hardly blame them, however, since many Democratic opponents are promising to "co-operate," if elected, with Mr. Hoover. Strangest of all, we note that these office-seeking Democrats—like Einar Hoidale in Minnesota, Governor W. J. Bulow in South Dakota and Hitchcock himself—do not dare

criticize the votes of the Progressives.

The chief cry against the western Progressives up for re-election, we are told, is that they cannot, by reason of their opposition to Mr. Hoover, get things for their states at Washington. They cannot, for instance, obtain new and unnecessary post office buildings or invitations to dine at the White House. These latter things, it seems, should occupy them rather than great problems like the tariff, the World Court, or opposition to a Supreme Court nomination. Tom Walsh, of Montana, who is having a hard fight for re-election, has been severely berated because Sheridan, Wyoming, though a smaller town, boasts a bigger and better post office than Billings, Montana.

In view of such strange antics and arguments, we do not wonder at the voters' plague-on-both-your-houses attitude. Growing dissatisfaction with prohibition—or with dry law enforcement—is an important factor, but, to our mind, not the most important. In the order of their effect, as we view the scene almost on election eve, the chief causes of political discontent are hard times, disillusionment at Mr. Hoover's record and prohibition. All three, of course, merge and should be reflected in a Democratic sweep on November 4.

Though we discover a tremendous lessening of the President's prestige and popularity, we note striking contrasts in the general attitude toward him. The mass of people—the farmer, the working man, the small tradesman—are inclined to be more philosophical over the passing of prosperity, and to find excuses for Mr. Hoover. They point out, truly enough, that he did not cause the Wall Street collapse, the subsequent slump and the drought.

Most of them, too, think the President did his utmost to stave off a prolonged period of depression.

The "big fellows," we find, do not share this view. The financiers of New York, the grain traders of Chicago, the millers of Minneapolis, the large interest allied to agriculture and industry—these, to our mind, are the men who resent most deeply the Administration's policies and Mr. Hoover's attitude. They will exult if the Administration receives a reverse at the polls next month, and this, too, we submit, represents a startling change.

A. F. C.