



## NEW EDITIONS

## Genesis of the Social Conscience

ONE CANNOT read far in the literature of modern social reform without coming on references to Beccaria and his importance as a pioneer thinker in the field of penology, but the short book to which he owes his fame has long been out of print in English. Now, thanks to Academic Reprints (Stanford, California), it is again readily available, in a reproduction of the second American edition of 1819—"An Essay on Crimes and Punishments," with a commentary by Voltaire (\$4). The fact that so many of Beccaria's ideas are today commonplaces is proof of the accuracy and power of his thinking; certainly they were not so when he wrote in 1764, nor for many years afterwards. A gifted mathematician, a lawyer, and an economist, Beccaria took a broad philosophic view of his subject, analyzed its elements, and reduced his consequent arguments to syllogistic simplicity. After establishing what he believed to be two truths—that the punishment should fit the crime, and that the measure of a crime is the amount of harm it does society—he proceeded by logical steps to his grand conclusive theorem: "That a punishment may not be an act of violence, of one, or of many, against a private member of society, it should be public, immediate, and necessary, the least possible in the case given, proportioned to the crime, and determined by the laws." Beccaria is one of the writers who have made history.

Speaking of which, Robert S. Hartman has given us an excellent translation of Hegel's "Reason in History" (Liberal Arts Press, 75¢), in which Hegel presents a philosophy of history that is, to my mind, one vast tautology. But, as Mr. Hartman says in his first-rate introduction, both Hegel's "revolutionary form" and "conservative content" have been widely influential. Not least of his sons by the left hand is Karl Marx—and that brings us to "Letters to Americans 1848-1895," by Marx and Engels, edited by Alexander Trachtenberg (International Publishers, \$4). This valuable collection throws much light on the rise of Communism and Socialism in the United States, reveals the Marx-Engels determination to keep their special brand of Communism undefiled by other left-wing thought, and exhibits conspicuously the doctrinaire narrowness, short-

sightedness, wishful thinking, and ill-temper that made Marx call all who disagreed with him rogues, rascals, scoundrels, jackasses, and nonentities.

From Marx it is a natural step to what he called the opium of the people—of which I find a goodly supply on hand at the moment. Here is "The Belief of Catholics" (Sheed & Ward, \$2.75), by Ronald Knox, a vigorous, brilliant, famous apologist who cogently presents the credentials of the Catholic Church; who logically contends that, if the doctrines of his Church are true, other doctrines are not; and who refuses to have any truck with "the milk of nineteenth-century liberalism" or "cloudy formulas and indefinite compromises." Here is "Seven Words of Jesus and Mary" (Garden City, \$1), by Fulton J. Sheen, who believes that "if a sufficient army of us said the Rosary every day, the Blessed Mother would now, as in the past, obtain from her Divine Son the stilling of the present tempests, the defeat of the enemies of human civilization, and a real peace in the hearts of tired and straying men." Here is "The Church and the Catholic and the Spirit of the Liturgy" (Sheed & Ward, \$2.50), by Romano Guardini, who tells us that the Church, because it liberates man from "the tyranny of the temporal," is the "road to freedom" for everyone who lives in her; and that it is through the liturgy that a man's life is made one with the life of the Church. Here are "The Confessions of Jacob Boehme" and "The Spiritual Maxims of St. Francis de Sales" (Harper, \$2.25 each). And "How to Know God" (Harper, \$2.50), the Yoga aphorisms of Patanjali, translated with commentary by Swami Prabhavananda and Christopher Isherwood. Here is Roland H. Bainton's "The Church of Our Fathers" (Scribner's, \$3), with 200 illustrations, an attractive book for youthful readers that recounts the stormy history of the Christian Church from its beginnings until now. And, finally, here is a beautiful, scholarly edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" (Cambridge, \$5), with 3,450 variant readings, prepared by Jean-Jacques Denonain from manuscripts and early editions . . . "to believe only possibilities," wrote Browne, "is not faith, but mere philosophy." —BEN RAY REDMAN.

## What happened to the Liberals?

A century ago, liberals, championing struggling middle and lower classes, denounced as "meddlesome influences" with individual rights social legislation that would be described "humanitarian" today. By 1914, they had abandoned their laissez-faire attitude, adopting a welfare state philosophy. Why?

For the answer, read . . .

## THE RISE AND DECLINE OF LIBERALISM

Thomas P. Neill

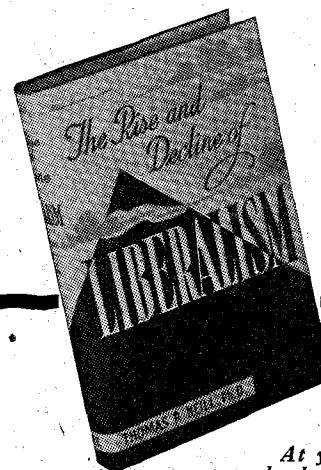
Author of *Makers of the Modern Mind*

A conservative liberal's objective evaluation of the 19th and early 20th century "Liberal Era," tracing the origin, growth, failures, and successes of a doctrine always in favor of a change as its most consistent element; one in which persons once "liberals" are later "conservatives."

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## BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

## Ah, Fla.

## MIAMI BEACH.

ON nights when the cares of the North have evaporated with the warm air, and the mind is relaxed to the point of vacuousness, I sometimes dream a palm-tossed, air-conditioned dream of how it would be if Ponce de Leon sailed back to these shores for another look. For one thing, he would have the devil's own time making a landing, since nearly a solid wall of concrete and glass runs the twenty-five-mile stretch from Miami Beach north to Fort Lauderdale, and the chinks that still exist are being filled, steadily and relentlessly. A look at the fifteen-story pueblas that edge the silver strand of Miami Beach, a glance at the beach on a day that blooms clear and sunny, a peer at iron machines that clog Route 27 when the dobbies are running at Hialeah, would convince De Leon, the old searcher, that the Fountain of Youth had at last been found.

And he would not be wrong, for Florida has become the fountain of rejuvenation, and the castles to house the seekers after youth and health are rising like biscuits in the warm-oven

temperatures. This has been what you might call a quiet year here along Miami Beach. There have been three new hotels with 463 rooms and 107 new apartment buildings with 973 units. That means there is room for 3,000 more people every night. The count is now up to 28,500 hotel rooms and 18,000 apartment units. Sixty new hotels have gone up since the war.

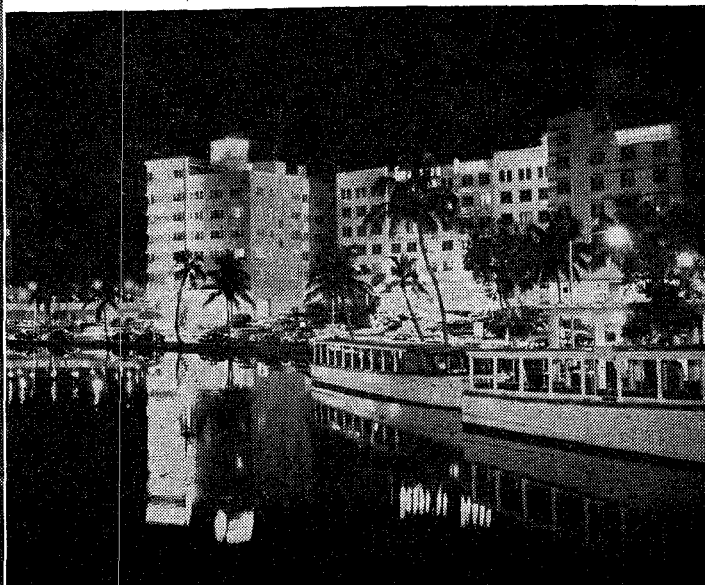
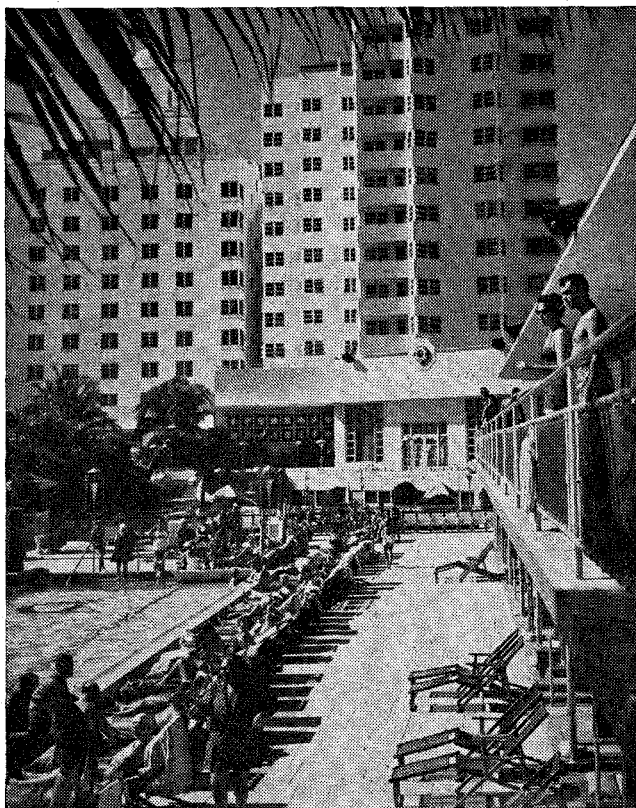
Artistically the year is noteworthy for the trend to bird cages in lobbies. It started with the Sans Souci some years back. The architect built a magnificent brass cage and suspended it between poles that ran from the floor to the ceiling. But in the end he was talked out of birds in favor of plants, which are easier to nurture and also not as noisy. But the new rakish Biltmore, which is the last hotel inside the city limits of Miami Beach, has eighteen cages, many of them filled with parakeets. The new Di Lido, a 350-room extravaganza sandwiched into an L-shaped plot, has a minimum of six lobby bird cages, three of them bird-filled, but then its black-and-white Venetian bar is fitted with stained-glass windows. As far as I can determine, the sleek new Sterling is the only place where the pickled pine panels have been sprinkled with silver dust.

The slow start of this year's season

has been the cause for considerable nervousness along the beach, especially among the entrepreneurs who buy and sell hotels like stock certificates. True hotelmen, like the Jacobs brothers who run the Lord Tarleton, say the number of visitors is at least as large as in previous bountiful years, but there is just more room available. Such analysis has not deterred the building program, and a new 350-room inn is about to rise on the once-cloistered acreage of the Firestone estate.

NOT a little of the competition is coming from the rash of motels that has erupted on the beachfront area three to four miles north of the Miami Beach city limits. The appearance of such a formidable bloc on the immediate borders is causing the biggest Florida battle since the last uprising of the Seminoles, some years back. Like that other imbroglio, the object is to scalp the paleface. The new skirmish, however, is sort of limited to a jurisdictional dispute to decide who will get the privilege. The motels have hit the Miami Beach hotels where they are soft and vulnerable. One advertises "Come as you are," which implies that jewels and furs are not necessary equipment. The provision for free parking space in front of your living quarters releases the vacationer from walking the avenue of the outstretched palms each time he needs his automobile. Parking space is critical near the beachfront hotels, and among sports the proper tip to a doorman who parks a car and retrieves it is one dollar per park-and-retrieve.

In naming themselves the motels have invoked the sultry spirits of Maugham and Michener, for they are



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