

against scientists and engineers? Their life mission is to search for morsels of the eternal truth in the physical world. The most tangible rewards of this search are the discoveries of the laws which govern the action of physical powers and of the means of harnessing these powers in the service of mankind. Every machine is such a harness; it is a visible record of some new morsel of the eternal truth. The dynamo-electric machine, for instance, testifies that Faraday, a hundred years ago, discovered a new morsel of the eternal truth; this morsel he called *electro-magnetic induction*. The gas engine which drives our automobiles and flying machines testifies that Carnot, and other physical scientists of the nineteenth century, in their search for morsels of the eternal truth, discovered the laws which govern the action of the power of heat. These morsels are our most precious treasures in the physical world. Without these treasures mankind would never have raised the beautiful material structure of our modern civilization. An utter lack of understanding of the meaning of this material structure is responsible for the belief that it hides the source of modern materialism. This source is much deeper than the deepest foundation of any material structure raised by the genius of man. It is in the deepest depths of the human soul where selfishness and greed, hatred and fear, have invaded the very habitation which the soul of man had reserved for the nursery of its celestial twins: beauty and goodness.

"These favorite children of our soul reveal to us the world in which Praxiteles and Raphael lived when they presented to mankind their immortal art. It is

the world of Homer and Milton. This is the world in which Beethoven first heard his heavenly melodies. In such a world toiled the tireless chisels of the pious artisans who carved the Gothic cathedrals of the middle ages. From such a world came the voice which sounded the command: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and love thy neighbor as thyself.' This is the spiritual world. It is outside of the boundaries of the physical world in which the scientist and the engineer are devoting their lives to the exalted mission of strengthening the material foundations of our civilization. The powers discovered and harnessed by them have no control over the spiritual world. These powers cannot banish the demons of materialism from the habitation which the soul of man had reserved for her favorite offspring, beauty and goodness. The spiritual powers of the human heart are the only powers which are destined to banish them and to exterminate selfishness and greed, hatred and fear, from the soul of man. But who can arouse these dormant powers of the human heart and develop their irresistible force? Not the scientists and engineers, the leaders of the physical world. We must have similar leaders in the spiritual world. It is the highest mission of our civilization to find and to train such leaders and to aid them in their gigantic task of delivering the soul of man from the demons of materialism. The family and the school, the college and the university, and above all the church are called upon to carry the burdens of this sacred mission. They will receive every aid which science and engineering can give and are already giving today. This is my Message from Science."

## EARLY SPRING

*By Philippa Galloway*

THE fire leaps and falls; outside, the birds  
Sing in the cold gray dusk of early Spring.  
Again, again their sharp sweet twittering,  
Their flights of tune, their little piercing words  
Like shining knives sever the gloom and come  
In shafts of sound to drown the fire's song.  
But Bright and wild the gay flames leap and throng,  
The wood whistles and crackles and the gum  
Drips sizzling down in golden amber drops,  
Sing, Birds, sing on!—and fire burn more bright!  
But hush! the fire sinks, the bird-song stops—  
And Night comes creeping, dark and cold and still;  
Frost shivers on the grass and trees and props  
A tiny frozen leaf, stark on the window-sill.

# France—the Reactionary Republic

*By Robert Briffault*

*In their realistic but world-weary stand for nationalism, the French appear a bulwark against modern world forces. These forces, Doctor Briffault believes (and Christian Gauss agrees with him in his article in this number) are inevitably breaking through old boundaries. What part will France finally play in suggested world unions for peace?*

I HAVE seen Paris when it still bore the scars of the Franco-German War; I have known it in the years between, in the tense days of Armageddon, and in the hour of triumph. But no change that I have witnessed has been more marked than that presented by the "Ville Lumière" today, when it is enjoying a European hegemony which fulfils the most sanguine Gallic dream. Never did triumph wear so incongruous a mien. Paris looks rather like the capital of a defeated and hardpressed nation than of one which is able to dictate to Europe. Not only does it exhibit none of the buoyant brilliancy of its former days of glory, but it wears an aspect more chastened and subdued, not to say decayed, than at any time during the long years of political depression and humiliation. It is, in fact, suffering from a greater devastation than any wrought by the siege of 1871 or by Big Bertha. It is suffering from the first gusts of the economic cyclone.

Americans need, unfortunately, no description of the outward symptoms—notice of receiver's sales, luxury shops closed or about to close down, anxious managers on the doorstep scanning the horizon for the sight of a millionaire. Some restaurants that were world-famed landmarks have vanished; others that were too exclusive to put out a sign exhibit notices announcing meals at popular rates. The efforts of cabarets and "boîtes" to provide a factitious gaiety have about them something pathetic, so evident is the anxiety to attract the shy foreigner. The pavement of the boulevard has assumed a decency without precedent in its record. The "accrocheuses" appear to have gone into retreat or out of business. The Parisian crowd lacks its habitual vivacity; the city and the people wear a sober and deflated look. The symptoms are not yet as pronounced as in America; France is still relatively the least unprosperous of countries. Owing to local conditions and police regulations, beggars are not so much in evidence as in New York, but a stalwart and respectable-looking workingman will occasionally accost one furtively, and ask for the price of a cup of coffee.

As in America and elsewhere, the interpretation of

those now familiar symptoms involves the whole of our standards of evaluation. Do they spell decadence? The Spanish philosopher Ortéga y Gasset was lately contesting the view currently whispered, if less commonly set down in cold print, that Europe is in process of decadence. What tangible grounds, he asks, can, after all, be put forward for the verdict?

Decadence is, of course, a vague and relative conception. It is a phenomenon to be properly perceived in a historical perspective only. The Romans of the fifth century did not, in general, perceive or admit decadence, conspicuously as the fact shows up in retrospect. But our historical insight should be clearer than the Romans'. Concrete facts are, for that matter, not wanting. Lord Lloyd, speaking the other day at a Conservative dinner, sought to lay down such facts, so far as England is concerned, in tangible form. "We entered the War," he said, "as the greatest sea-power and air-power, and with incomparably the most efficient and competent land army." Today, he went on to say, England "has no mastery of the seas, we are fifth in air power, and our Expeditionary force could scarcely garrison our over-seas coasts." He spoke of the change as a decline "without parallel in history."

Military power may not be the sole, nor the essential, measure of national rise and wane. Yet, political forces being what they are, the means of which a nation disposes to back its will, which has generally been correlated with the degree of vitality of political states, military power still remains to a large extent its measure. But the present position of France offers a strange and striking comment upon that age-long standard. For close on half-a-century after her crushing defeat by Germany, humiliated France occupied a questionable political status as at best a third-rate power. What prestige she retained was largely sentimental. Today she is restored, politically, strategically, economically, to a position of European dominance which she has not held for over a century. Her prepotence in relation to other European states is more unchallenged than it was under Napoleon, more solid than under Louis XIV. Her two