

Celebration of Birthday of Robert Burns Comes on Wednesday, 25th

ROBERT BURNS THE POET OF HUMANITY

His Birthday, On Wednesday Next, Calls for a Study of His Works

(John Moore, writer of the following article, is a native of Great Britain, but he is pastor of the Main Street Congregational church of Amesbury, Mass., and a man whose writings are sought for by the great magazine editors of the country. The contribution below is taken from the current issue of The Congregationalist, Boston and Chicago, and is especially appropriate on account of the fact that the birthday of Robert Burns will be celebrated on Wednesday next in Salem and most places throughout the English speaking world.)

Robert Burns possesses a popularity that is unique in the world of literature. He has fashioned and polished a pedestal of his own. His Parnassus is in Scotland; but from it he holds sway in the hearts of the nations of the world. If one should seek a vital and fruitful example of nationalism and universalism combined, one might run and hold speech with men of every tongue and race and clime, and then find no finer embodiment of that synthesis than the great Scottish bard. He is "Scotland expressed in personality," yet from Ayr to Sydney, from Chicago to Calcutta, his birthday, January 25, will be remembered, and his songs will go echoing round the world.

This unique place that the poet occupies, and this supreme power that he wields over the hearts of mankind, are exceedingly difficult to account for. What is the secret of that power by which he lives in the hearts of his fellow men, and unites mankind into a great league? What is the secret of his enduring fame? With the object of endeavoring to discover that, I have lived for weeks with the poetry of Burns at my elbow, and have read most of his collected poems. I have been struck afresh with the poet's quick sense of wonder, the strange and solemn beauty of the world that flashed into his consciousness and filled him with awe; his passion for liberty that welled in his heart like a scorching fire; his grand affirmations of his kind, that spiritual penetration to the innate nobility and royalty of man as man; his awakened and heightened sense of the dignity of human toil; his authentic and poetic love of the simple pleasures of his people—all these qualities have impressed me anew in the rereading of his wonderful lyrics and dramatic descriptions. His secret, so far as this experience of mine can discover it, resides in certain qualities that I will try to point out as clearly and distinctly as possible.

The Magic That Creates First of all, Burns had a wonderful degree THE MAGIC THAT CREATES. Not out of nothing, of course, for every poet must have materials to batter into shape and mold after his own heart's desire. Burns devoured books and assimilated them; he lived with a book of songs, carrying it around with him until it was all tattered and until its treasures had passed into the depositary of his mind, to be exhaled anew—like the drop of dew that trembles on the flower, is caught up and refined in the alembic of heaven and falls in the thunder-showers of summer. Burns creates poetry spontaneously, intuitively.

For me, an aim I never fash—I rhyme for fun. There you have his pure creative and instinctive quality! It makes itself felt in those lyric outbursts of his that sound like the song of a bird in an April dawn, or like the lark at heaven's gate. He seems to have had little leisure to cultivate his art, and it would be true to say that his best field-work was the open sky and field, but what he lacked in leisure he made up for in freshness, spontaneity, originality. He moved in no conventional groove, but sang with such perfect naturalness as to make his lyrics imperishable. They issued hot from his heart, when wrapt in poetic mood, when he could steal a few hours from the night or his daily toil. Effortless naturalness reveals that "touch of nature's fire" which he craved above all learning. Says Stopford Brooke: "He bubbled up into poetry like a spring well into an arid plain, and the plain grew fertile as the well made itself into a stream and watered the desert of his own days. There lies his magic. No poet catches the world as it flies past in all its mutable moods more magically than Burns.

Na'e man can tether time or tide, yet he seems to tether both in his lyric outbursts and his descriptions—the one being the mood or moment, transcripts of an experience, the other being kaleidoscopic snapshots of the natural world.

As I have I rovd' by Bonnie Dean, To see the rose and woodbine twins; And like a bird sang o' its love, And fondly saw it's o' mine. (Continued on page 7)

CITY SIGHTS AMAZE ESKIMO TOTS WHO HADN'T SEEN BEAR



They set up in the Arctic, at East Cape, Siberia, 2,700 miles from Seattle, Wash., Eva and Johnny Carbondale had an exciting time trying to count the stories in a Seattle skyscraper when they visited the city, where they also saw a polar bear for the first time.

SEATTLE, Wash. (AP)—Eva and Johnny Carbondale can return to the Far North happy now. They have seen a live polar bear. Although born far up in the Arctic, at East Cape, Siberia, the youngsters had not seen a real, live polar bear until they came here on a visit and saw one in a park zoo. Back home, in the natural habitat of the polar bears, all they saw was the furs and carcasses of the animals brought in by the hunters.

Next to the polar bear the most wonderful thing Eva and Johnny saw here was a 42-story building. They rode to the top in an elevator to see if any dog teams of igloos were in sight. Automobiles and street cars first frightened, then fascinated them.

Their parents are taking them to Canada, having left Siberia because of Soviet rule.

CANCER CURE PRIZE GOAL OF HUNDREDS TRAINING STUDENTS IN MAKING OF HOME

Many Remedies Being Suggested; Commercial Propositions Put Forth

NEW YORK (AP)—Twenty-three hundred grandmothers, housewives, amateur scientists and novices, scattered through 27 countries, are certain they have a cure or a preventive for cancer. They have submitted their remedies, ranging from axle grease to walnut meats, to the American Society for the control of cancer in competition for the \$100,000 prize money offered by William Lawrence Saunders, of New York, for solution of the world's deepest medical mystery.

It is a case of laymen rushing in where professionals fear to tread, for very few of the "cures" offered to date have come from physicians in good standing or from competent research workers.

Most of the letters declare that such homely household doses as salt, goose-grease, sulphur, iodine, yolk of egg, raw onions or castor oil will "positively" cure or prevent cancer.

Herbs and Roots Suggested Other correspondents depend on herbs and roots to win them the awards, extolling the merits of violet leaves, mustard seed and dry ginger, red clover tea, sorrel "cooked in a brass kettle and applied as a paste with a black ribbon," or fresh cranberry poultices.

Still other applicants for the prize have advocated sea water from North Wales, hypodermic injections of pure oxygen, nicotine, candle grease from a brass holder, coal oil and hot water, roasted walnuts, epsom salts, the sting of insects, the bite of a serpent, or contact with a toad, mole or crab.

Dr. George A. Soper, managing director of the society, reads each letter carefully, files it away in a scrapbook and sends an abstract to the Board of Reference, composed of world cancer specialists, which will decide whether a real cure or preventive has been found. Mr. Saunders' offer expires next February.

"Most of the offerings," says Dr. Soper, "are from persons evidently attracted by the mistaken belief that Mr. Saunders has cancer, wants to be cured and is willing to pay well for the service. Some even want to go into business with him. Others are so commercial that although they themselves haven't a cure to offer they know of someone who has and are willing to part with the name and address for a tidy consideration.

Seven nationalities were represented on a New York boxing card. And some people still believe in world peace! (Continued on page 12)

LITERATURE TREND SAID TO BE ELUSIVE

Cobb Declares He Does Not Know What War Did to Literature

NEW YORK (AP)—Irvin S. Cobb finds the trend in letters so elusive that he can not place his finger on it. He is not even convinced that there is one.

"No, I don't know the trend, if any, in literature," said the writer. "Maybe we won't know for a long time. This generation, in my opinion, is not the best judge of the work being done now. The only safe critic is posterity. I have an idea that when Shakespeare was writing his plays there were a lot of critics hanging round with their tongues in their cheeks, saying, 'Why, you can't write; Spencer is our best writer.' Or some may have said Beaumont and others Marlowa.

"We were told that the war would play a big part in our literature. There were two schools of thought on this, some viewing with alarm and some expecting great things as after-war developments. What has happened? What has the war done to literature? I don't know, and I don't think any one else does.

"In my opinion we will have to wait a while to find how good we are today. Neither the current writers nor readers are competent critics. They are too close to the stage or the ring side.

"It has always been so. I can imagine Dickens writing his Pickwick Papers which he had to have ready and set up before press time saying: 'This stuff isn't much, but it will do until I can write an immortal novel. Wait until I do Little Dorrit. There will be a book for you.' How did it work out? Pickwick Papers will probably poll a bigger vote today than Little Dorrit.

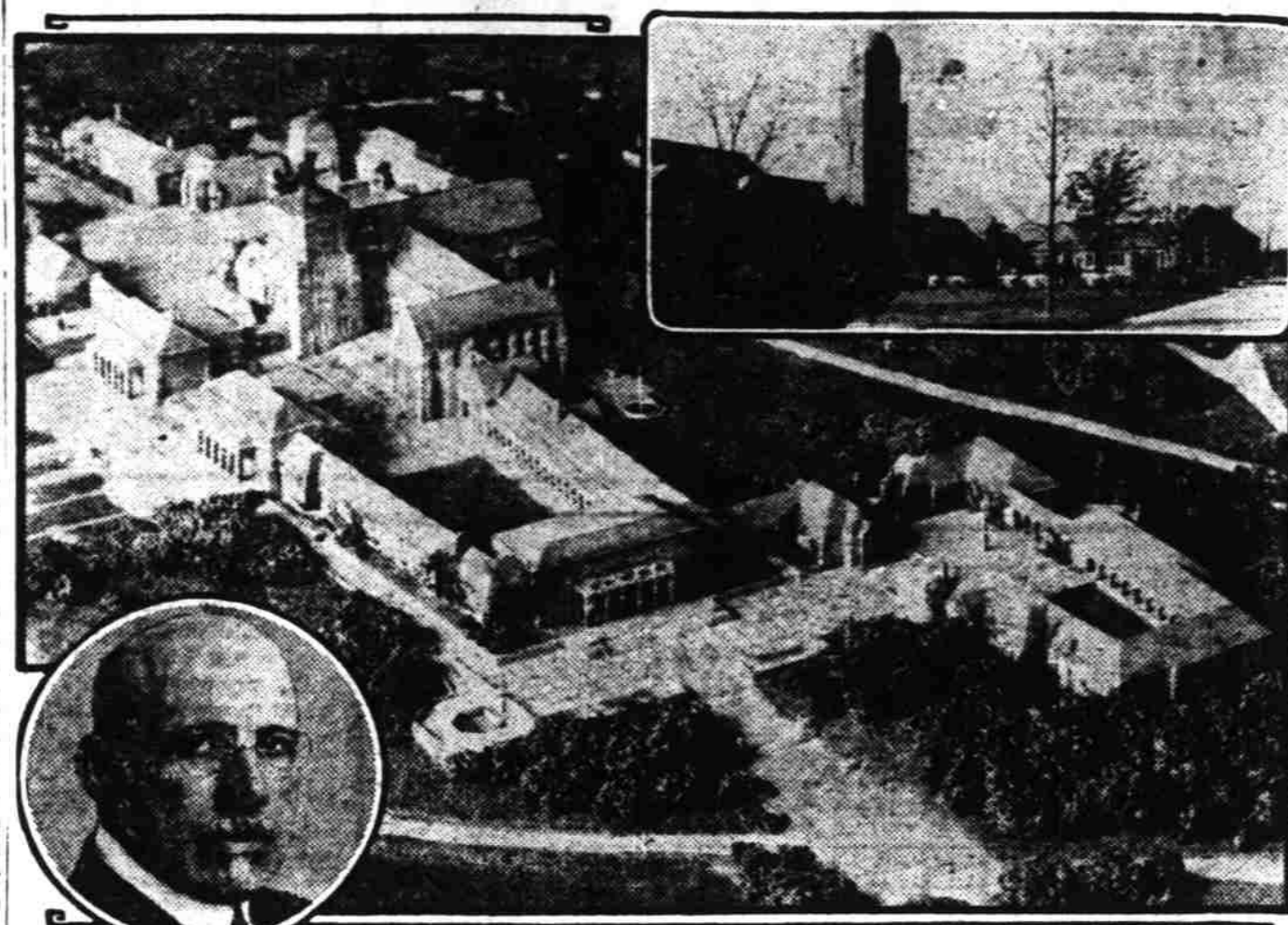
"I can't find myself in sympathy with the critics who turn on the spotlight and arm themselves with a microscope when they go to a play or read a book. I have heard people say after seeing a play or reading a book, when they were moved to violent laughter and perhaps shed a tear or two, in effect that they found it easy to laugh and had their emotions stirred, but after all it was not art or literature.

"What if it isn't? When we go to the theater or take up a book for an evening's reading it is like joining a club. The price of the book or the theater ticket is the initiation fee and the evening is the dues. If we are bored we have suffered a double loss, but if we enjoy it we reap two dividends on our investment.

"I am no Isalah or Ezekiel, sitting up in the rarified atmosphere and looking down at the plodding folk below, to say, 'This will live.' I can say, however, that I like this book or this short story. I can only look at it with the equipment given me to enjoy or dislike it.

"The book I liked best in the (Continued on page 12)

PUBLISHER DEDICATES FORTUNE TO MAKE YOUTH BETTER CITIZENS



As capstone of an educational scheme to make good citizens, an academy of arts at Bloomfield, Mich., is planned by the Cranbrook Foundation created by George G. Booth (inset), Detroit newspaper publisher. A model of the projected academy is shown, as well as the main building of the Cranbrook preparatory school for boys (upper right), one of the units of the scheme.

DETROIT (AP)—George G. Booth, newspaper publisher, has dedicated the millions he has accumulated through the years to the task of making "good citizens."

Through creation of the Cranbrook Foundation with a trust fund of \$6,500,000, Booth has converted virtually his entire personal fortune to complete development of a \$12,000,000 religious, educational and cultural center on his picturesque country estate in Bloomfield Hills, a Detroit suburb.

The project was begun several years ago by Booth and his wife, Ellen Scripps Booth, daughter of the late James E. Scripps, founder of the Detroit News, who conceived the idea as a means of dedicating their wealth to public service.

They already have spent more than \$5,000,000 in development. This includes building the Christ Church-Cranbrook, considered one of the largest Episcopal churches in America, erection and endowment of a school for children of Cranbrook and in establishing the Cranbrook school for boys.

To that, Booth has added his personal wealth for building a school for girls, an academy of arts and a school of arts and crafts.

The purpose of the donors—to make good citizens—will be achieved, Booth believes, by giving students thorough training, morally, religiously and intellectually, in the midst of beauty. The buildings are to be the best available products of architecture, enhanced art work and craftsmanship drawn from all over the world.

Reserving only their home at Cranbrook, the Booths have given property consisting of 225 acres of rolling hills and dales, watered by small lakes and branches of the Rouge River. They expect even their home eventually to be worked into the educational scheme.

The foundation sets up a board of trustees to control the property. The one unalterable feature of educational and cultural purposes. Booth is president of the Detroit News and chairman of the board of the Booth Publishing company, a separate corporation which publishes eight daily newspapers in Michigan.

Every Little Bit Added Makes A Little Bit More

BERLIN (AP)—The record prison sentence here—211 years—is held by Herr Buchmann, 37, and a vaudeville artist before he became a first-story man. Recently he was released from his cell to appear again before the local court on another robbery charge.

The theft in question was in 1921. The prisoner couldn't remember it for he had committed some 500 robberies up to that time for which he had received sentences totaling 208 years.

Under the law, the judge might have given Buchmann 15 years for the robbery. But he decided three years was enough to add on to the 208. Buchmann took the three years as a joke.

Cowboy Boots Correct At Ranch Town Dances

SAN ANGELO, Tex. (AP)—Cowboy boots still are a source of pride to the men of the range, and in the ranch towns they still are "proper" at dances in even the most fashionable hotels.

Nearly every ranchman has a pair of gaily decorated boots for such occasions, but frequently an ordinary pair of boots is seen on a dance floor. Nearly all dancers wear shoes or pumps, but the presence of boots does not cause any comment.

CHURCH MEMBERS AND PROHIBITION

Neither Use Nor Tolerance of Liquor Has Any Place With These

(The following editorial article, by the western editor of the Congregationalist, Boston and Chicago, is printed in the current issue of that journal, Jan. 19th.)

H. L. Mencken thinks that prohibition will not last long if we can have an exposure of all the hypocrites who are supporting it. Apparently he thinks the whole crowd behind the dry movement is made up of hypocrites. That seems to us a slight exaggeration but, undoubtedly, there is some truth in the remark. Pastors of large churches sometimes imply that perhaps some of the church members are publicly dry, but personally wet. A pastor of a large church, speaking on prohibition at a young people's conference a year or two ago, indicated that there were people in his church who patronized bootleggers, who served liquor in their homes and who broke the law in other ways. Dr. Albert W. Palmer of First church, Oak Park, struck at this in his New Year's sermon, "Ideals for the New Year." He said:

"Trader Horn, in one of his quaint observations on life, suggests that the most valuable thing about education is that it gives one independence and the courage to part with things. 'You can stand on your own spear,' he says, 'when you come to the place where you can say "good-by" and say it clear!'

"One of the things to which I hope an ever-increasing number of people will say 'good-by' this year is the use or tolerance of alcoholic liquors. There seems to be no question that prohibition has been vastly beneficial to the laboring classes. Professor Feldman of Dartmouth College, in his recent study of the economic and industrial effects of prohibition, indicates that, even with our present incomplete enforcement, industrial life has greatly benefited—working men's families are better cared for and the pay-check which used to leave a large percentage in the saloon keeper's till, now goes into clothing, shoes, radio, automobiles and better-furnished homes.

"All this is reinforced and corroborated by a conversation which I recently held with the industrial relations manager of one of Chicago's largest and most enlightened packing plants. In spite of home-brew, bootleg, and half-hearted enforcement, the working man and his home are profiting by prohibition.

"The group which is profiting least is the prosperous, successful well-to-do, especially the gilded youth, when supplied with too much money which it never earned. I do not know how many people in this congregation serve cocktails or other liquors or drink booze in any form, or joke and laugh at the prohibition law, but I make this appeal to you this morning: For the sake of the working man and his family and for the sake of our own youth, I urge you this New Year's Day to renounce an unnecessary and antisocial indulgence in that which science and experience have abundantly demonstrated to be a racial and individual poison. If we can produce a genuinely non-alcoholized nation, we can lead civilization into a new era! Now is a good time both by practice and example to say 'good-by' to alcohol—and say it clear!"

Would it not be helpful for the enforcement of prohibition for all of our congregations to hear now and again courageous speaking of the kind given above?

Good War On Corn-Borer Possible With Wormwood

PARIS (AP)—The corn-borer which threatens disaster to the corn belt of the middle west, can be fought successfully, think French scientists, by introducing wormwood into the United States.

This was given definitely as a fairly certain solution by Dr. E. Roubaud, of the Pasteur Institute. In a paper read before the Academy of Sciences by Dr. Bouvier, Dr. Roubaud is chief of the Pasteur Institute's entomological laboratory.

The devastating corn-borer called here "pyrale," is prevalent in France and is said to have been taken to America by way of Canada. Here, however, it prefers life in the weed-like plant wormwood, says Dr. Roubaud and therefore is not a menace to agriculture or horticulture.

Wormwood, fairly rare in the United States, is prolific here, where it was used in the manufacture of absinthe, the liquor now prohibited.

Dr. Roubaud proceeded on the theory that since the corn-borer never bothered corn in France that it found something else more to its taste. Since "armoise" or wormwood seems to be its usual breeding and feeding ground, he came to the conclusion that the wide cultivation of this weed in the corn region of the United States would solve the problem.

A small town may be defined as one that hasn't at least one traffic light, whether needed or not.

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U. S. Makes Shepherds Of Warlike Apaches



MESCALERO, N. M. (AP)—The Apache Indians, most warlike of southwestern tribes, are settling into the quiet life of herdsmen on their reservation here.

Under the leadership of Chief Geronimo, the Apaches once spread terror among the border settlements. They would strike, scalp and plunder and then escape across the border into Mexico. Troops of many times their number were mobilized in both the United States and Mexico before Geronimo was captured, disguised as a squaw, and his tribesmen were taken back to the reservation.

Today they are gradually adopting an agricultural life. Experimenting with the raising of sheep, Apache descendants of the warriors of Chief Geronimo (upper right), who were feared as the scourge of the southwest, are becoming herdsmen near Mescalero, N. M. Squaws are shown preparing an evening meal. The sheep are part of the herds of 25,000 animals on the reservation.

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