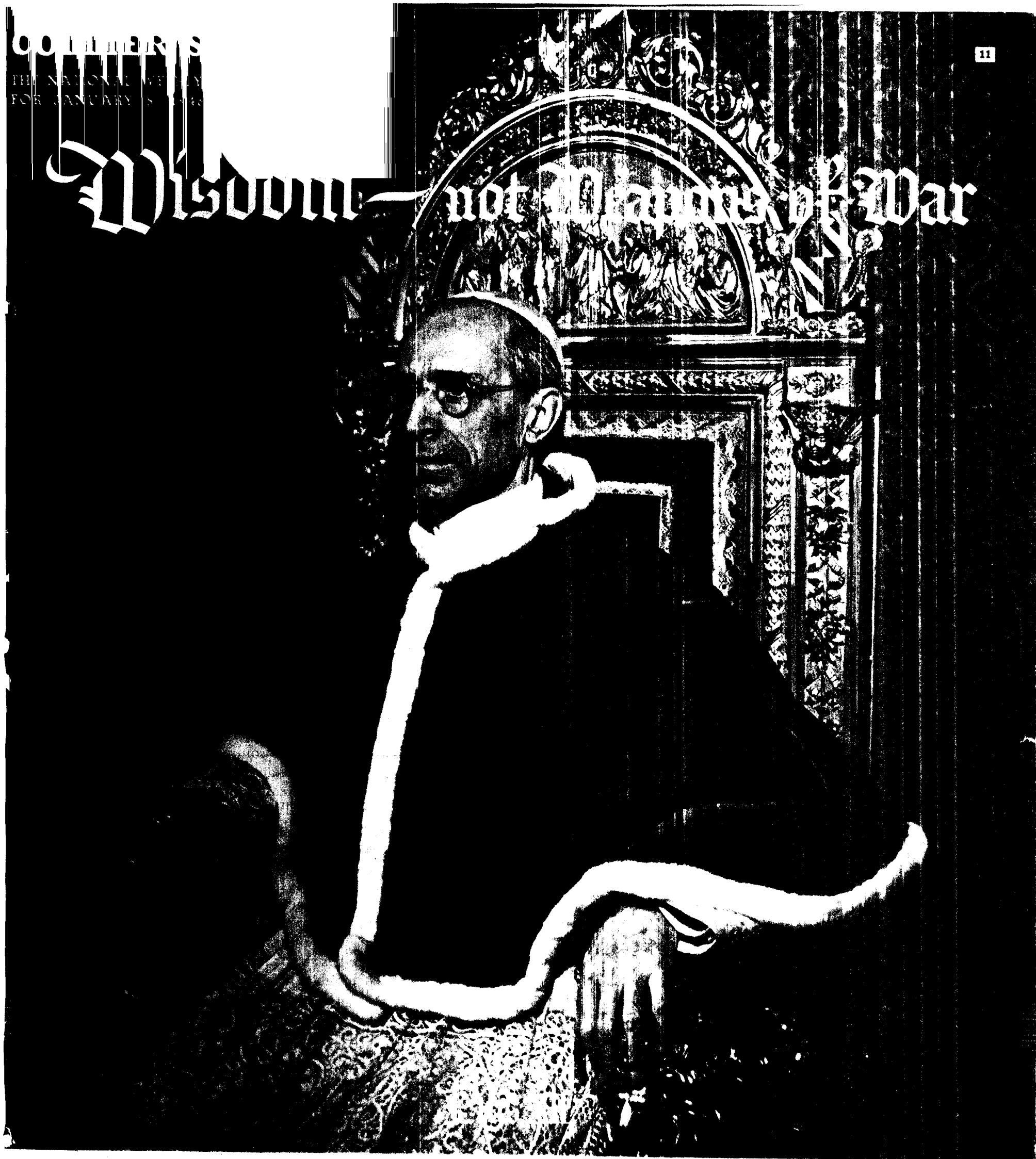


# Wisdom not a Dream of War



INTERNATIONAL

**T**HE peoples of the earth have witnessed the perfection of the science and the art of destruction through a war which has not only changed the physical map of the world but has profoundly altered the spiritual countenance of humanity itself. Every

Christian sentiment has been crushed, the light of reason eclipsed, and fulfilled have been the words of Wisdom: "They were all bound together with one chain of darkness."

It is true that the road from night to full day will

Countless times, countless people throughout the world have asked me questions regarding the opinions of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, on problems of vital interest and concern to all peoples. I have accepted the invitation of Mr. Henry La Cossitt, Editor of Collier's, to present the viewpoints of the Holy Father on some of these problems.



Archbishop of New York

be long, but he who would have the Star of Peace light the world must help to give back to the human person the dignity given to him from the very beginnings; he must oppose the herding of men as if they were a mass without a soul; he must protect man's political, intellectual and moral rights. Peoples must no longer disdainfully deny the fact that moral principles are a guide to life. The terrible torrents of the war years have refuted, in a more tragic way than one could ever have imagined, those who shared this belief and spread this doctrine. Deliberately blind to the brilliance of Him Who is the splendor and light of the Father, willfully straying from Christ, man has fallen into chaos and into the denial of his own dignity.

War is an unnatural condition for mankind. Fed by hatred, envy and jealousy, the war spirit reached a peak of insane action. If mankind and democracy are to be saved there must be a return to Reason and to Charity. There must be a return to God. Otherwise there can ensue only the repetition of the horrible experiences and consequences of brutality, iniquity, destruction, annihilation. The world threatens to perish in violence because too many men lack heart—heart that is the courage and strength to govern other men with right and justice and to open their own hearts to God's great causes and man's great miseries. To enjoy true peace, men responsible for the government of peoples must renounce the cult of might against right; they must thrust aside greed and evil; they must accept the supreme authority of the Creator as the basis of all morality.

We will not renounce our confidence that the peoples who have passed through war's school of suffering will remember the heart-rending, anguishing lessons war has taught. We must not remain helpless in the midst of these ruins. The Power of God has lost nothing of its force to heal humanity. It has triumphed before over paganism. Why should it not triumph again today when sorrows and delusions demonstrate the vanity, the deception and the tragedy along the roads hitherto followed in public and private life! Peoples of this war-wrecked world now searching for new ideals have learned one supreme lesson: that an end must be put to the criminal game

of war. In every land, the soul of the people draws back in horror from the cult of violence and from the brutality inherent in the methods of total warfare, whose condemnation is implicit in the welter of death and destruction that they have wrought.

A will is rising within the spirit of man, growing ever more evident and strong—the will to make this World War the last, the starting point of a new era and the impulse towards a new world in harmony with spiritual ideals and the needs of the human family. This is the one passionate desire of the martyred peoples of the world who feel a deep yearning to satisfy the need of their agonized hearts, the need for the rebirth, throughout the world, of the spirit of Christmas—the spirit of Peace on Earth to men of good will.

World peace will not by itself be born. It must be born of the Spirit. It must be rooted, nurtured, guarded and preserved in the soul of man. Hatred and the lack of mutual understanding in peoples have formed a fog too dense for Reason's light yet to penetrate. But with wisdom will come crystal-clear the realization that there is only one way of escaping from the mesh in which war and hate have wrapped the world. That way is return to unity, a unity not restricted to any one people, but a universal solidarity established on the foundation of mutual interests and common destinies of all peoples.

The gravest obstacle to this unity is the disruption of the family. War has struck at the heart of human society which is family life and wounded it unto death! War has forcibly separated husbands and wives, parents and children. It has let youth escape from the normal discipline of home and school. It has weakened the bonds of wedded life. It has released a flood of lusts. It has caused the greatest and most tragic migration of peoples in all history. It has created a vast multitude of exiles, deluded, disheartened, desolate, chained in a servitude not less despotic than the very tyrannies that the war aimed to shatter. In these homeless masses is the yeast for revolution and disorder. Sensitive to the costs of war in blood and goods, every man and every woman must realize that the fate of the family, the fate of human

society, the fate of world peace rests within their hands. The women of the world especially must help reconstruct the family, resanctify the home, restore society, re-establish peace.

The Church teaches that a sound democracy is based on the changeless, unchallengeable principles of natural law and revealed truth. The Church contradicts and condemns various forms of Marxist Socialism and Atheistic Communism as enemies of Christian civilization and world peace. She contradicts and condemns them because it is her right and duty to safeguard men from currents of thought and influences that jeopardize their earthly peace and eternal salvation. She contradicts and condemns State Absolutism based on the false principle that the authority of the state is unlimited and controls the entire field of public and private life, invading even the realm of ideas, beliefs and conscience. Such denial of liberty can have only those catastrophic consequences that experience sadly shows! Whether this slavery arises from unfair exploitation by the power of the state or by the misuse or abuse of any other power, the result is the disastrous same.

In the very order of nature the world is one universal, organic society divided into social groups, nations and states, severally independent and mutually interdependent. The indispensable element in all peaceful living among nations—the very soul of the juridical relations among them—is Mutual Trust based on the belief that each party will respect its pledged word and the conviction that “better is wisdom than weapons of war.” To insure and safeguard peace, peoples must be bound by moral and juridical ties builded on the solid rock of natural law and Divine Revelation; welded into a great commonwealth obligated to smother at its source any threat of isolated or collective aggression; ruled by laws which, immune from selfishness and passions, protect unity, preserve independence and promote prosperity. Tearing peoples and nations from their anchorage in this Divine Revelation—even scuttling the Law itself—has brought agony, affliction, darkness and depression, inevitable consequences of the abandonment of God.

We have always maintained and proclaimed the principle that war as a means of solving international differences is obsolete, and We have constantly striven

to make Christian and religious men reject modern war with its monstrous means of conducting hostilities. Nations and their leaders must be governed and govern by God's laws if the world is to have peace, that peace which St. Augustine describes as ordered harmony among men.

A peace worthy of the name can only be a peace built and consolidated in sincerity and loyalty, in justice and reality; a peace of resolute force to overcome or preclude those economic and social conditions which might, as they did in the past, lead to new conflicts; a peace that can be approved by all right-minded men of every people and every nation; a peace which future generations will gratefully regard as the happy outcome of a fearsome period; a peace that will restore human dignity and liberty.

A peace worthy of the name must be a peace with justice which, with impartial measure, gives to each what is his and exacts from each what he owes; a justice which does not give all things to all, but to all gives love and to no one does evil; a justice which is the child of truth and the mother of freedom and greatness; a peace that under the merciful guidance of God may let us so pass through temporal prosperity that we may not lose eternal happiness.

In October, 1936, a transatlantic voyage afforded Us an opportunity of catching a glimpse with Our own eyes, of America, so young, so sturdy, so glorious. The American people have a genius for splendid and unselfish action, and into the hands of America, God has placed the destinies of afflicted humanity. May the noble flame of brotherly love be kindled in your hearts. Let it not die quenched by an unworthy, timid caution in the face of the needs of your brethren, let it be not overcome by the dust and dirt of the whirlwind of anti-Christian or non-Christian spirit. Keep alive this flame, increase it, carry it wherever there be a groan of suffering, a lament of misery, a cry of pain, and nourish it evermore with the heat of a love drawn from the Heart of the Redeemer.

Armed with the arms of spirit and heart, the merciful weapons of peace: wisdom, justice and charity, we must stand united against the wanton weapons of war: tyranny, hatred and greed. Then the griefs of the world's bereaved and the graves of their martyred dead will be sealed with the tranquillity and the glory of God's peace. ★★★

**In appreciation for this article which was contributed without compensation, Collier's has made a donation to WAR RELIEF SERVICES, INC., which, without distinction of race, creed or color, distributes food and clothing to the suffering throughout forty-two war-stricken countries of the world.**

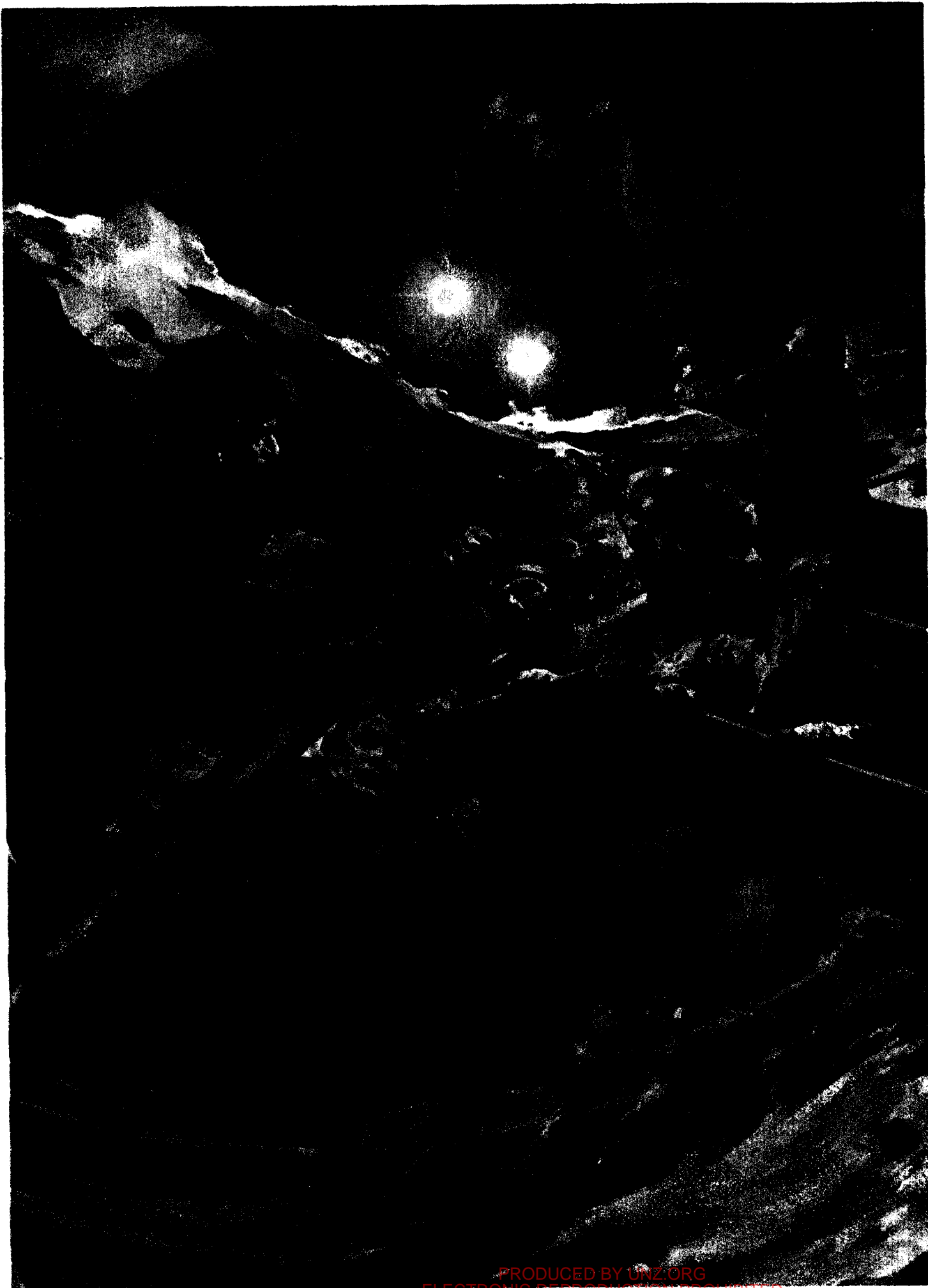


# MURDER HAUNTS THE SHIP

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Beginning a baffling and stirring mystery romance—the story of a girl's escape from the terror that stalked the hospital ship which rescued her and her strangely assorted companions from disaster at sea



THE three women sat rably in the cramped stateroom and waited for orders to abandon ship. The stateroom creaked and the tiny Portuguese vessel groaned and strained and camown in the trough of a wave with a shaki trembling series of shudders so strong that Marcia held her breath, listening, thinking: Now the ship will be torn apart; this time will go. Its rotten timbers cannot hold together; its long-worn and rusted bolts must part.

Marcia knew that the other feared her thought. Daisy Belle's thin, fine-worn, over-civilized face wore a taut and living look, too, and Gili's enormous green eyes slanted to one side, warily, like those of a cat which senses danger creeping upon it.

The Lerida was three days and nights out from Lisbon, for Buenos Aires. They had passed the Azores with all windmills whirling; they were on the broad dark Atlantic and there was no help anywhere.

The ship gave a plunge and lurched ahead; Gili's long yellow hair hung over her face as she looked down again at the coat she was wearing; she was hunched together in the upper berth, her handsome legs down up to her chin. Marcia and Daisy Belle shared the lower berth which was a trifle larger. The stateroom was very small and in antic disorder, with suitcases open and clothing strewn about. They'd had to select quickly the small articles as they could take on the lifeboat with them, when and if they had to take to the boats. Nobody had taken much, naturally: passports, such money as they had. Daisy Belle had pinned a chamber bag full of jewels under her sweater and brassiere and now sat in slacks and a mink coat, her thin hair tied up in a woolen scarf smoking a small cigar coolly and—always—listening. She'd put a flask of brandy in the pocket of her mink coat; and some morphine and more cigars. Gili had given her own battered box one contemptuous look and taken nothing from it. She, too, wore slacks and a fur coat which Daisy Belle had given her—another mink coat. Only Daisy Belle Cates, thought Marcia a little wryly, could emerge from five years of warring Europe with two mink coats. And only Daisy Belle would have presented one, casually like that, to Gili.

"You may as well take it," she'd said ten minutes ago. "If you don't, it'll only go down with the ship."

GILI had snatched the coat and put it on, looking down at herself and stroking the fur, greedily. "Suppose the ship does it go down. Suppose somebody picks us up. Will you want it back?"

A queer expression flickered over Daisy Belle's face. "Then you can keep it," she answered.

"Oh," said Gili, twisting around to get a glimpse of herself in the small, fuzzy mirror over the washbasin. "Good, then. Of course, if we ever get out of this, you'll have all the fur coats you want."

Daisy Belle's mouth tightened. "I doubt it."

Gili, exactly like a cat at an unexpectedly profitable garbage can, seemed almost to lick her full lips. But then you couldn't really blame her, thought Marcia wearily. In all probability Gili had actually scavenged for food, literally in garbage cans. Gili had not talked of her past during that short, now interrupted voyage; she never made an allusion or said a word that could indicate even that she had a past. She might have sprung into being just as she appeared at the dock there at Lisbon—brightly blond, luxuriantly curved, with a heavily handsome face and full, round chin and long, bright green eyes. Her blond hair had been dyed and was getting rapidly darker at the part; her eyebrows and lashes were darkened. She had a certain strength that was rather attractive in a queer way, for it went with the frank rapacity of some small, harried and hunted animal. Nobody who had not had to go without them.

The darkness was broken into by a sort of glow ahead. All of them watched it—dully, at intervals, preoccupied with that increasing struggle to keep alive another minute as Mickey began to send up rockets